

THE ASHLAND

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THE TERRORIST WHO LOVED ME

The Betrayal of Pete Seda

by Charles Carreon

The year was 1982. His name was Falcon, and he was a handsome, brown-bearded, long haired young man looking for help in his English composition class at the college Writing Lab. He happened to be a dyslexic Iranian eco-activist to boot, so we hit it off well. His life was more

exciting than mine, because nightfall might find him in a teepee at the fringe of some at-risk stand of old-growth, whereas it would probably locate me with my wife and three children in the Ashlander two-bedroom apartment that we thought was such

an improvement over living in a yurt in a field full of mud. I was on my way back into the system, while he seemed to be drawing the battle lines on behalf of mother Earth.

See "SEDA" Page 4

Editor's notes...

We Love Our Critics: I haven't been at this job very long now, so you would think people would cut me some slack. For those who wonder, though, I now know Ron Kramer's name, and how to spell Rich Holbo, thanks to all the editorial helpers peopling the streets of Ashland. We have initiated a policy of giving a free subscription to people who report goofs in the paper, and the first winner is Terry Miner of Ashland, who contested my claim that the City's population hasn't grown since the early eighties. He wasn't sure about his numbers, either, and said his brother-in-law Pat Hansen didn't support his personal recollections, but at least he called to flick me some abuse, so he gets a free subscription, and so does Pat, who loves to read provocative stuff and has my favorite bumpersticker in the world stuck on the wall of his study: "Revenge Is A Moral Imperative." For penance, though, I promise I'll dig into the Census numbers and back up my assertions on population non-growth in this town.

We Unload On The Democrats For A Change: The Rights of Spring issue is highlighted with Josh Carreon's original art satirizing, for once – Democrats! "Why do that?" some of my friends are likely to say. Because every now and then you have to look at yourself as your adversary does. Like Bob Dylan sang, "I wish that for just one time, you could stand inside my shoes, so you could know how bad it feels to see you." Locals 'round here will remember the virulence of the Hillary-hatred that raged in Southern Oregon for the entire eight years of the Clinton era. Now some people think Hillary can become the first First Lady to be elected Commander in Chief. Hillary is the product of the same primary system that gave us Gore and Kerry. The Democratic

National Committee doesn't get my donations anymore because its leaders always nominate the candidate who pleases the largest number of big campaign donors, and nowadays that means they load up the platform with deal-breaker campaign commitments that alienate poor and middle-class whites: gay marriage, gun control, and abortion on demand. In a backassward bow to framing a "middle-of-the-road" agenda, the DNC platform ignores all issues important to the poor: healing urban crime, protecting civil rights, moving towards equal pay for women, providing children with health and day care. Here in Jackson County, the poor are preponderantly young women and their children, and guess what – you can waste your time telling them to vote for a Democrat – they know better. They get all their drug treatment, surplus food, politics, and free childcare from their Republican church friends. With "faith-based aid" clocking in at \$2 Billion this year, there will be plenty of faith-based voting in 2008. Just a heads-up.

We Tell The Untold Story: For the cover article, I drew from my personal experiences as Pete Seda's friend, and applied my experience as a former Federal Public Defender to a study of the pending indictment against Pete Seda. I discovered that no charges of terrorism are alleged against Pete, who is in exile from his adopted homeland of Ashland, Oregon for allegedly failing to file a financial document concerning some money received and disbursed by an Oregon nonprofit corporation. You would think that, with all of the scandals about misuse of funds by the Red Cross, and all the preachers violating the restriction on not politicking from the pulpit, that the US Attorney's Office would get on the stick and prosecute some of *those* nonprofit swindles. But those nonprofits aren't called the "Al-Haramein Islamic Foundation."

We Cover The Local Bummers: In the late-breaking bad news department, we actually delayed the printing of this issue to report accurately and angrily on Chief Bianca's resignation. There is sure to be a great deal more news in the coming weeks about this gigantic elephant that has appeared in our local civic living room, so our fulminations will no doubt continue in the May issue.

We Have A Den Mother: On the personnel front, the AFP has snagged Dee Fretwell to serve as our Operations Director. Dee will manage Advertising Sales, Production, Accounting, and Community Relations. Dee's unofficial title is "Den Mother."

And We Have Deadlines: Proposed articles, art and poems must be submitted by the 12th of the month to be considered for publication in the next month's issue. Advertising art should be submitted by the 15th of the month, and those received later will appear in the next issue. ❖

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ARRIVERDERCI BIANCA?

The Citizens of Ashland Reject the Chief's Resignation

By Charles Carreon

On Tuesday, April 4th, the last hours of Mike Bianca's tenure as Ashland Chief of Police were ticking away. The rumor was everywhere that he had been fired or would resign. Young people were speaking about the departure of the popular Chief in somber tones. One young man stated his feelings bluntly -- "I'm scared the cops are gonna get rougher." There was more than enough shock and surprise to go around. Most solid citizens thought that the Chief's position was secure, and that the \$60,000 consultants the City hired were working out problems in management at the APD.

Sure, this was probably naive, but the City had been all reassurances as part of cleaning up the highly public mess made last year by APD officers and their off-duty boosters, who went public with groundless complaints against the Chief in what appeared to be a bungled attempt to oust a popular City officer. The City hired the consultants, the answer to every problem in governance, to iron things out within the APD, or at least that was the story. Anybody who ever worked at a large corporation knows that if your bosses hire consultants to help manage your department, the consultants have been hired to tell your bosses how to get along without you. It's common sense -- in an organization, the organization can never be the problem -- it's always the individual who is at fault. But people in Ashland are idealists, not realists, and they particularly put on their rosy lenses when viewing local politics. Good thing, too, otherwise the corpse-like hue of corruption would depress them.

The Tuesday City Council meeting on April 5th was the natural flashpoint for widespread citizen anger about Bianca being forced out. As per its usual stealth methodology, the Council hadn't put any item on the agenda that remotely related to Mike Bianca, but agenda item or no, folks who knew and cared geared up for one more showdown with a City government that seems bent on showing citizens that the job of governing is a party to which they are not invited.

As shadows stretched across the town under cloudy skies, a small group of Bianca's supporters gathered in front of City Hall to oppose his rumored resignation. At around six o'clock, an hour before the

scheduled City Council meeting, the Chief came out to speak to the group, and announced his resignation. Asked whether the Chief's brief announcement took the fight out of the crowd, one observer said that Chief Bianca himself appeared to have little fight left in him. That tallied with my own observation of the Chief when I spoke with him briefly at another City Council meeting about a month ago. However, he said nothing about resigning, and instead said he was looking forward to making a presentation in May that would review the status of his Department and his achievements. Asked how the personnel problems were working out, he responded with only a touch of bitterness -- "I just wish people would spend as much time working for the community as they spend fighting with me."

See "BIANCA" Page 12



Rubba's
smoke shop

Mike Welch
Owner/Philosopher

1908 Ashland st.
Ashland, Oregon
97520
(541)482-9253

Seda...

Continued from Page 1

Our relationship was based on concrete concerns, however, and these types of musings took place only in the back of my mind. Falcon needed to complete some English composition papers, but due to his dyslexia and very Arabic habit of reading letters from right to left, he was an atrocious writer. So he talked his papers to me, and I typed them up on an old pea-green IBM Executive B-Model, my favorite typewriter design, with a clutch, and a gorgeous typestyle with variable spacing, and a long carriage return that came back with a slam like Ali's left hook at the touch of a button. We enjoyed a few hours there at the keyboard of the B-Model, and although I can't recall what we composed to satisfy his class requirements, he passed his composition class. Another successful mission at the writing lab, and a welcome relief from the humorless criminology majors who couldn't spell, but were smart enough to know they'd go farther as cops if they could.

Quite a few years later, we met again. He walked into my office in the Old Armory and asked me to represent him in a lawsuit about trees.

He was The Arborist now, and he'd gotten sued by a California lawyer over a tree-rehabilitation project. Having just come out of the DA's office, I was more familiar with rehabilitating meth heads and domestic abusers, but the case was easy to resolve because I knew Judge Karaman would hate the lawyer who was suing Pete – he always hated impatient, arrogant California lawyers, like he hated me for a while until I mellowed out. I never had to get to the bottom of the facts in that case, but it had its roots in Pete trying too hard to please someone who should have been told to pound sand early on. Because that was how Pete was – he would rather care too much than not enough, and he not only wanted to be successful in business, he wanted to be good.

In Arabic literature it often appears that goodness and profit go hand-in-hand as the two pillars of the Prophet's teachings, although the patience of Job may be required of the good man as Allah tests his goodness before delivering the profit. One of my favorite Sufi

stories illustrates the traditional statement that Sufis are known for two characteristics – they are generous and haughty. This would be true of Pete, so perhaps the story is worth telling. A merchant fell on hard times when several of his caravans met with disaster, so he sent his sons to see a famous, wealthy Sufi, reputed to be generous, to request a loan. The sons went, and had only just stated their request when the Sufi, who barely deigned to acknowledge them, ordered his servant to take them to the courtyard, where they were handed the reins of a long train of camels loaded with silks, oil, dates, silver, gold, and other luxury commodities. Several months later, by trading energetically and wisely, the young men returned to the Sufi with a train of camels longer than they had been given, packed more heavily with precious items. The Sufi refused to see them, and would not accept the repayment that was offered. Bewildered, the young men stayed on, and finally gained audience by explaining that their father would in no way accept their explanation if they returned without repaying the loan. When the Sufi admitted them to his presence, he explained that Sufis are both haughty and generous, and they had evidently overlooked the significance of that second trait. He had never loaned them anything, and thus repayment was not welcome.

Pete will probably take the same attitude toward the enormous personal and financial costs he has suffered during the last four years. If he was haughty, he was also generous, and after reading the indictment against him, it is clear to me that generosity was his downfall. Everyone in Ashland knows that Pete did charity work, that he published brochures that explained Islam as a peaceful religion, and that he was constantly busy running his business, The Arborist, that employed a goodly number of local residents and gave tender, loving care to our leafy citizens.

Most everyone has seen the headlines referring to Pete as a "terrorist" who was the local leader of the "Al-Haramain Islamic Foundation, Inc.," an Oregon nonprofit corporation. Some people know that one of the "bad things" the FBI told Federal Judge Bob Jones that Portland lawyer Brandon Mayfield had done was allowing his Islamic wife to make one phone call to Pete Seda. When I read that Mayfield had been secretly arrested and hidden away for two weeks without access to his wife or attorney, I realized that knowing Pete Seda might be dangerous to my health. After all, I had received a few thousand dollars in fees from him, and even ate at his house once. If just one phone call to Pete's house, by Mayfield's wife, was worth listing in the secret affidavits filed by the FBI, I realized that my guilt by association would be far more compelling. I had known Seda for years, and whatever evidence

the FBI seized in its various “sneak-and-peek” searches of Mayfield’s home and office, certainly they could have more fun at my place, with thirty years of marital clutter, and about forty boxes of client files that include more infamous associations than just Pete, including numerous illegal aliens, many youthful drug dealers and bank robbers, several swindlers and a couple of international criminals. I have traveled widely, whereas Mayfield had never even been to Spain, the country where the FBI said he helped bomb a train station on March 11, 2003. Besides, Mayfield was a former Air Force lawyer, didn’t have a ponytail, and didn’t even work in the criminal defense field! Further, the Oregon State Bar Association was so silent in the face of the secret internment that I found yet another reason to be ashamed of lawyers.

So I made a poster and went out to the streets with it, trying to make a spectacle of myself so that at least if I disappeared, people could say, “Well, that’s suspicious. Wasn’t he just protesting about people being secretly locked up?” However, it was not very satisfying, to tell the truth. I remained upset, feeling genuinely threatened by this move

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state, at least in part because of an association with one of my longtime personal friends. I didn’t and still don’t think that it’s wise to discount the possibility of being spied on, kidnapped, and falsely accused of terrorist offenses that are prosecuted with secret evidence in sham proceedings that guarantee conviction. Mayfield did get out of jail, and represented by Gerry Spence, may someday get something out of his suit against the FBI. Mayfield narrowly escaped god-knows-what fate at the hands of his captors, however. He was released from jail only because, ironically, the Madrid train bombing that killed hundreds of people, resulted in an electoral upheaval when the Spanish people replaced longtime Bush ally President Aznar with Zapatero, a socialist who promised to pull Spanish troops out of Iraq, and did so promptly after he was elected. Zapatero’s government also captured the Tunisian man whose fingerprint, found on a piece of plastic in a car in Spain, the FBI had been insisting belonged to Mayfield. Zapatero’s police also refused to go along with the Bush Department of Justice request to keep that arrest hushed up, in order to maintain the myth that there were lawyer-terrorists living in Portland, conspiring with a mysterious Iranian operating a charity in Ashland.

Recently I decided to learn what I could about the charges against Pete. I logged onto PACER, the online records of the US Courts, and found the latest indictment signed by Christopher L. Cardini, Assistant US Attorney, whom you can email at <chris.cardani@usdoj.gov> or call at 541-465-6771 if you want more information on Southern Oregon’s most infamous Middle Eastern male. If you can get hold of Mr. Cardani, he will tell you that Pete Seda is charged with no

terrorist offenses whatsoever, and that the government alleges only that in February 2000, Soliman Al-Buthe, a director of Al-Haramein, deposited a \$150,000 check from a Saudi donor to Al-Haramein’s Ashland Bank of America account, and used \$130,000 of that money to buy a hundred and thirty \$1,000 Traveler’s Cheques that he then took out of the country without properly reporting the disposition of the money on IRS Form 4790. Pete allegedly was present when the transaction occurred, which should be easy to verify using B of A security videos, and might shed light on whether Pete, dyslexic and not that good with paperwork, knew that Al-Buthe, his fellow-director was going to misreport his disposition of the money. Pete personally issued a cashier’s check for \$21,000 payable to Al-Buthe, with a notation that it is a “Donation for Chichania Refugees.” To record these transactions, Pete and Al-Buthe signed an agreement, that to the eyes of anyone who knows Pete’s way of doing business, virtually breathes innocence. On page ten of the indictment, Mr. Cardani quotes the agreement, that refers to Pete as “Abu Yunus,” his Islamic name:

“Abu Yunus is turning over all monies and responsibilities that were collected by the Brothers and Sisters in Chechnya over to Brother Soliman. Soliman states that he has received monies in the amount of \$186,644.70 and he also fully relieves Abu Yunus of all responsibilities to the money.”

If I had been handling Pete’s corporate affairs, I would have advised him against handling the money in this way, but I know Pete well enough to know that he might think, in a sort of camel-trader kind of way, that if this is what it takes to get money to Chechnian refugees, this is what has to be done. I can see the old Falcon flying again in this gesture, and of course I would have

advised him against it, as I would have corrected his dyslexic grammar years before, but I would not have expected it to result in his indictment for a crime.

It has turned out to be ironic that Pete was tainted by his association with Al-Haramein, which was branded as a terrorist organization by the "911 Plaintiffs" who have filed wrongful death lawsuits against a large number of Saudi-based organizations. Ironic because Al-Haramein, using high-powered lawyer Marc Blackman of Ranson Blackman LLP, has actually gotten all charges against it dismissed and its name edited out of the indictment, changes that Mr. Cardani obligingly accommodated after being confronted with Mr. Blackman's well-planned strategy. The government tried to dismiss the indictment altogether, leaving the option of re-indicting open, because the government had been unable to arrest either Pete or his co-defendant Al-Buthe. Al-Haramein, however, insisted on going to trial immediately, arguing that the absence of Pete and Al-Buthe was not grounds for delaying a trial, and that its inclusion in the indictment was giving strength to the 911 Plaintiffs' claims that Al-Haramein was in fact a terrorist organization. The government capitulated by removing Al-Haramein's name from a "redacted indictment," such that the corporate wrongdoer is now going scot-free, while Pete remains under the shadow of indictment. It has ever been thus.

It isn't possible to know the entire history of the case, because 17 documents are not appearing on the PACER website, so I don't know what Pete's lawyers might have filed. What does seem clear to me is that as it stands, Pete is not charged with any crime of terrorism, as in trying to kill or injure people for political purposes, and the only connection between Al-Haramein and terrorism alleged in the indictment is some language that appeared on a website based in Saudi Arabia that allegedly spouted off about the duty to engage in holy warfare. First of all, it is highly unlikely that Mr. Cardani was able to present evidence of what the Al-Haramein website was displaying back in year 2000, because there is nothing being hosted there now, and it is even more unlikely that this domain, that is registered to Alharamain Foundation, Box 69606, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, was under Pete's control. Pete was not a website operator, whatever he was.

In any other time, Pete, accused of tax fraud, would have hired a lawyer and fought the case, but in these times, when the government bends heaven and earth to avoid fair trials in open court, invoking the power of vengeful hatred to terrorize rulings and verdicts from judges and juries, Pete has perhaps wisely taken another route, forsaking his business and home in Ashland to return to Iran. He had tried to get established in the United Arab Emirates, but the US influence there was too strong, and he had to move back to his original homeland. I understand his two sons, that he fought a long custody battle for the right to care for, are in Portland.

When I think of the friend that I sat with, banging out essays to satisfy academic requirements, and how years later he remembered me and sought me out when he had a legal problem, I know that we people of Ashland have lost a good friend to a witch hunt that happened with our silent complicity. Pete was driven from his home by the fear that he would not be treated fairly by our courts, that he would be framed and punished as an example. No one can say that his fears were unjustified. Now he bears the personal shame of being a fugitive, which must be bitter indeed to a man as proud as himself. And we bear the shame of having allowed the standard of justice in our nation to fall so low. ❖

ROGUE INDEPENDENT MEDIA WEEK

by Brenda Gold

The Rogue Valley Independent Media Center is sponsoring its Second Annual Independent Media Week. In April 2005, the City of Ashland officially proclaimed its first Independent Media Week. Last year's headline speaker at the event was Amy Goodman of "Democracy Now". Indy Media Week 2005 showcased Rogue Valley efforts to expand independent media and focused on local grassroots campaigns to broadcast "Democracy Now" and launch KSKQ, our local low-power FM radio station. The Rogue Independent Media Center has asked the City of Ashland to proclaim April 16--22, 2006 Independent Media Week and we are working to put this proclamation on the City Council agenda for early April. Once again, KSKQ <<http://www.kskq.org>> and the Committee for Democracy Now volunteers have joined forces with the Rogue Independent Media Center to organize the week's activities, and is inviting participation and attendance from all interested citizens and community organizations. Read the 2005 Proclamation at <<http://rogueimc.org/en.2005/04/4404.shtml>> ❖



A PROPOSED RESOLUTION TO IMPEACH PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH AND VICE PRESIDENT RICHARD CHENEY

WHEREAS, George W. Bush and Richard Cheney intentionally misled the Congress and the public regarding the threat from Iraq in order to justify a war against Iraq, in violation of Title 18 United States Code, Section 1001 and intentionally conspired with others to defraud the United States in connection with the war against Iraq in violation of Title 18 United States Code, Section 371; and

WHEREAS, George W. Bush has admitted to ordering the National Security Agency to conduct electronic surveillance of American civilians without seeking warrants from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court of Review, duly constituted by Congress in 1978, in violation of Title 50 United States Code, Section 1805; and

WHEREAS, George W. Bush and Richard Cheney conspired to commit the torture of prisoners in violation of the "Federal Torture Act" Title 18 United States Code, Section 113C, the UN Torture Convention and the Geneva Convention, which under Article VI of the Constitution are part of the "supreme Law of the Land"; and

WHEREAS, George W. Bush and Richard Cheney acted to strip American citizens of their constitutional rights by ordering indefinite detention without access to legal counsel, without charge and without the opportunity to appear before a civil judicial officer to challenge the detention, based solely on the discretionary designation by the President of a U.S. citizen as an "enemy combatant", all in subversion of law; and

WHEREAS, In all of this George W. Bush and Richard Cheney have acted in a manner contrary to their trust as President and Vice President, subversive of constitutional government to the great prejudice of the cause of law and justice, and to the manifest injury of the people of the City of Ashland, Oregon, and of the United States of America; and

WHEREAS, it is the uniform practice of the US House of Representative to receive petitions or resolutions from primary assemblies of the people;

Be it resolved that George W. Bush and Richard Cheney, by such conduct, warrant impeachment and trial, and removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States;

Be it resolved further by the City of Ashland, Oregon, That our senators and representatives in the United States Congress be, and they are hereby, requested to cause to be instituted in the Congress of the United States proper proceedings for the investigation of the activities of the President George W. Bush, to the end that he may be impeached and removed from such office.

Be it resolved further, That the Clerk of the City of Ashland be, and is hereby, instructed to certify to the Clerk of the House of Representatives, under the seal of the City of Ashland, a copy of this resolution and its adoption by the City of Ashland, and that this resolution be entered in the United States Congressional Journal. The copies shall be marked with the word "Petition" at the top of the document and contain the authorizing signatures of the Mayor and City Councilors of the City of Ashland. ❖

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CHICKEN- ITS WHAT'S FOR DINNER

by Charles Carreon

Dick Cheney likes quail, but your average Republican eats a lot of chicken. What is great about chickens is that they all roost together, they never fight back when you capture one for the cooking pot, and they never catch on or organize against you. Just grab the next one, wring its neck, pluck it, and it's ready for the stewpot. The last five years have been an endless feast of chicken dishes for our rancher-president. He snapped Al Gore's rooster neck like a twig, broke Kerry's beak, and has Hillary so tame she follows him around, pecking at every little bit of feed he drops. And he keeps collecting all those billions of dollars worth of eggs they keep laying in that chicken coop they call the Halls of Congress.

The two-party system, I learned in school, is the best system for voting in qualified candidates for public office in a representative democracy. One party rule is tyranny, three party rule is chaos, and two party rule is just right. Most of us don't question this until later in life, when we realize that two is hardly enough politicians to choose from, especially when they are in agreement about most everything that matters to you.

Today, politicians of both parties are nearly indistinguishable on important issues. They virtually all voted the President the authority to invade Iraq, none of them want to do anything to challenge his authority, the secret prisons are still open, the lies in and to Congress about weapons of mass destruction are no more than a passing embarrassment, and out-of-control spending on everything the president wants continues apace.

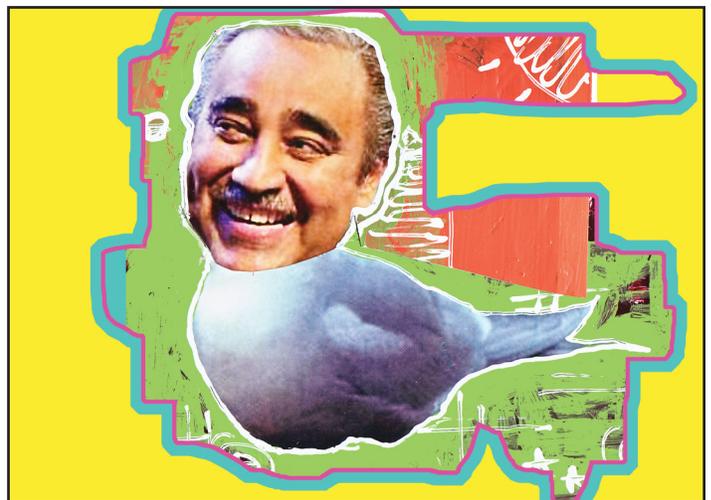
I for one am glad that John Kerry was not elected, because he would have continued all the same policies and performed a fantastic job of absorbing the blame for the wrongs his fellow Skull&Bones-man had committed. Our withdrawal from Iraq will very likely happen sooner than if Kerry were in office, and while it is painful having a dimwitted phony in the Oval Office, it would be more depressing to have a phony liberal pretending to be a "war president," and repackaging imperialist oppression as a Kennedy-esque mission to spread liberty around the world. That's what we're getting from Bush anyway.

In the last five years, politicians of both parties have been pressured to stand united behind the president, rubber-stamping his edicts, ratifying his misdeeds, and failing to take effective action to stem a rising tide of civil rights abuses at home and abroad. Utterly cowed by our leader, who mercilessly uses the megaphone of mass media to induce mass braying in his bully flock of angry jackasses, the Democrats have been boxed into the strategies created by Rove and Cheney to make them look like traitors if they question the president. They are each terrified that they will be pilloried by some version of the mugging the media gave Howard Dean after he emitted his famous scream. The death of privacy, the experience of living splayed out like a butterfly in a collecting case, seems to have frozen politicians into immobility.

Meanwhile, armies of neocon lawyers have worked high-speed, non-stop to crank out huge volumes of repressive legislation, giveaways for Cheney's cronies, regulatory rollbacks that will enrich industry and despoil the environment, all against the backdrop of a mythologization of the Bush mystique as the man who should be king. Overwhelmed by the onslaught, lawmakers now sign everything they are presented, asking few questions. When they are seen, liberals



Al Gore



Charles Rangel

are most often caught frozen in the gunsights of some conservative talk host, who is pumping them full of lead. Because on the networks, chicken is what's for dinner.

There's no need to go over the serial betrayals by Gore and Kerry at length. Gore proved to everyone that he was a terrible negotiator by first conceding, then attempting to uncede. Memo to Al: never give up if you hope to win. Kerry proved to everyone that he was a dang fool, dragging around his rich wife with her Swiss accent, letting her open speeches for him, trying to play the war hero and promising to "kill terrorists." Still, I was willing to swallow it all, as long as he would keep his promise to not concede until "the last vote was counted." Instead, he conceded while the polls in Ohio were actively cheating people out of the right to vote, and completely defused Democratic focus on the possibility that widespread voting fraud was re-electing the president. Memo to Kerry: Fuck you.

What could cause Democrats to lose their ignominious plumage and turn into real fighting birds? Easy—a radical, new agenda directed

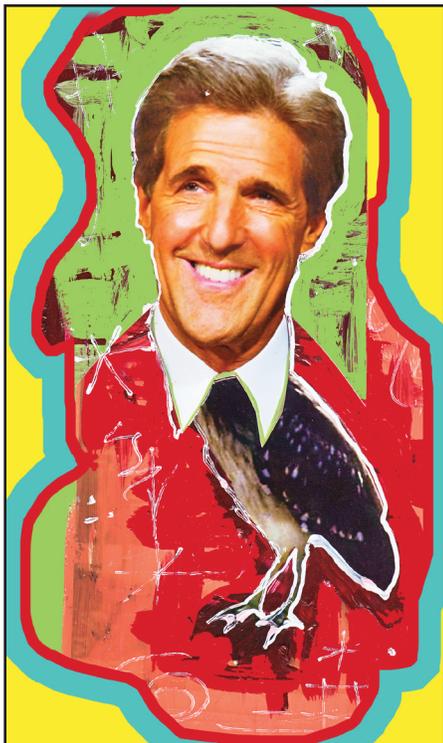
toward the largest class of non-voters with a large influence base – single mothers and poor couples with children. Yep, if Hillary wants to get votes, she needs to promise one thing – not universal health care, not prescription drug benefits, not more funds to rebuild midtown Manhattan. If Hillary, or Barak Obama, for that matter, wants to get votes, they should promise health-care and day-care for working parents. There are millions of single, black mothers working two jobs in the big cities to care for families of children that the mass media wants to turn into gangsters and whores to populate the prisons of America. There are thousands of mothers in Jackson County who make dinner out of a jar of peanut butter, who can't keep a job or get an education because there's no one to take care of the kids. One thing – you'll probably have to get them registered, because many have never voted in their lives.

Certainly the recruitment of the unrepresented to join the Democratic party would be easy if

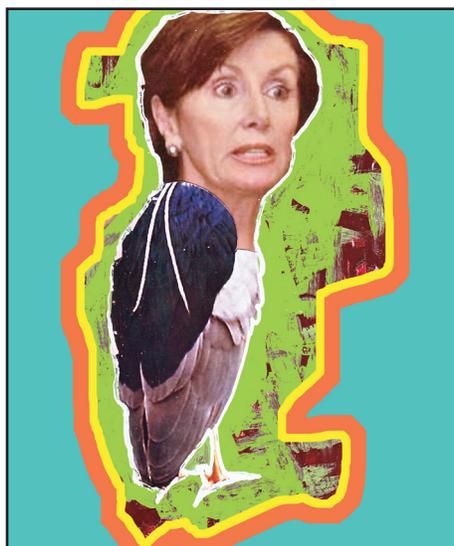
“What could cause Democrats to lose their ignominious plumage and turn into real fighting birds?”

...universal health-care and day-care for working parents”

the platform offered something for poor, working parents. And if the movement toward treating women and children decently became a Democratic standard, you can bet that large numbers of people would get the message, and crazy agendas like bombing Iraq to save it would get the dirty-Pampers treatment. The next generation of Democratic voters would be raised in preschools and in homes that were made decent with the money and dignity that come from living in a home built with hard work. And young women, standing straight and tall with a wallet full of cash and a refrigerator stuffed with healthy groceries, could tell their child it was all thanks to the Democrats. ❖



John Kerry



Nanci Pelosi



Condoleezza Rice

SOCRATES NOW!

Intelligent Design Falls Short of Perfection

by M.J. Frangadakis

The psychedelic guru and philosopher Terrence McKenna once remarked that the scientists of today are insisting that if we grant them one small miracle, they can explain all the rest. He was referring, of course, to the current Big Bang Theory of creation. He was implicitly asking how it was possible to move from nothing to something, a question first asked by Aristotle some 2500 years ago.

I don't believe he was suggesting that an incredible Creator Guy was hiding behind the veil of human ignorance. However, he did arouse the perennial question that has hounded philosophers and theologians since the beginning of their time: How did we get here? Was the cosmos created, and so someday will end, like the birth, growth and decay of us mortals? Or is it like the Buddhist cosmology, with no true beginning or end, but instead the eternal recurrence of Samsara, re-birth after re-birth?

The Orthodox Christian view of a Father Creator certainly fits in with what we already know about ourselves. In fact, the philosopher Thomas Reed demonstrated how our notion of the creative act arises from the human will. We can be, and very often are, the agents (creators) of change. For example, as in infant we discover we can cause the world to go dark by simply closing our eyes. What a revelation! So, if it's a white-haired, long-bearded, magnificently wizened old man you

see peeking from behind the curtain, then at least this view is in keeping with the fundamentals of human psychology.

The creator theory has probably been with us since Eve first gave birth. More sophisticated versions of this theory began with St. Aquinas and St. Augustine, finally finding forceful expression in the writings of William Paley (1743-1805), the Anglican clergyman and teacher at Cambridge University. Again, the well-spring of his theory is mother nature herself. She proved so wondrous and fundamentally inexplicable that two possible reasons for this popped immediately to mind: Either it has all arisen through chance, or it was designed.

One of Paley's favorite examples for the case of intelligent design was that of the human eye. Putting aside the eye's elegant complexity, he noted that for protection it was lodged in the recessed, dense, bony matter of the head. There are also these wonderfully placed flaps that further protect its delicate membrane. Internal glands constantly moisten the eyes. Once we peer behind the lens we cannot help but be struck at the ingenuity of it all. Are we to then assume this was all chance, the eventual effect of some lightning striking swamp ooze eons ago? No, Paley insisted, this is a ridiculous assumption. It is much more reasonable to infer that all of existence, the human eye included, was designed.

Paley is best known for his "watchmaker's analogy" which he proffered as a further proof of God's existence. Imagine, he said, that a man is walking alone on a beach. As he is walking something shiny, half-hidden in the sand, catches his eye. He reaches down and picks up a gold, encased pocket watch. Now further imagine that the man has never in his life seen anything like this watch. He's been a recluse most of his life, and the industrial

mania of his society has passed him by unnoticed. So, he examines the watch and finally discovers how to remove the covers from the internal mechanism. And once inside, what a wonder he beholds: springs, wheels, levers of such complexity, beauty, and interconnection that there is but one way to explain how such an object ever came to be: It was designed by some supreme intelligence.

There are a number of other classical arguments that promote this same view. One is referred to as the First Cause Argument, which we have already indirectly addressed when we paused and considered if something could in fact arise from nothing. The logical answer is "No." All things that exist, from people, to turtles, to i-pods, have a cause. Hence, the world itself must have a cause. And so we must therefore conclude that God is that First Cause (or so goes the argument).

There are two other well-known arguments, one called the Teleological Argument and the other the Ontological Argument. I won't spend the time required to explain these accounts fully, but I will mention that the Teleological argument has to do with purpose or destination, as opposed to cause or origins. In other words, rather than look to where we came from, perhaps it would be more prudent to discover where all of this is headed. If we can realize the purpose of existence, (i.e. God's end-game), then we might be able to plan our lives accordingly.

The Ontological Argument is sometimes referred to as the Necessary Being Argument, and to me it's the weakest of the classical views. Essentially, this argument proposes that since we are able to have the idea of a perfect Being (God), the only way that idea could be fully perfect is if this perfect Being actually existed. If he did not exist the idea of Him could not

be perfect. Therefore, he is also a Necessary Being, the rest of existence simply referred to as contingent being. In response I could say that I can imagine a perfect homeland, but that doesn't mean it must therefore exist.

Today the proponents of Intelligent Design are once again exhorting the wonders and complexity of nature, and how this can't possibly be the result of chance, but must be the result of design. And the contemporary response to this argument has been Darwin's theory of evolution.

Now, Darwin's theory does not really account for the actual beginning of things, nor did it attempt to do so. Darwin was a Christian, and he too was struck by the marvelous subtlety, complexity and inter-dependence of mother nature and her creatures. But he also knew that the earth was not created in seven days some six-thousand or so years ago. The earth had been around much longer than anyone had ever imagined. Much longer. So much so that it was indeed very difficult, if not impossible, to imagine the actual duration. The way in which nature evolved through this enormous span of time became obvious to him. "The old argument of design in nature," he said, "which formerly seemed to me so conclusive, fails, now that the law of natural selection has been discovered."

Notwithstanding Darwin's Theory, there are two major obstacles before the proponents of Intelligent Design, and to my mind they are insurmountable. The first is that Intelligent Design is not a theory, at least not in the sense accepted by modern science. For a theory to be scientific it must be testable through empirical means. If this cannot be done now (as is the case with some of Einstein's theories), then at least it should be possible to do so in the future.

"...you saw him just yesterday out on the river in his new speedboat.

So what's the deal?"

In addition, for a theory to be scientific it must be capable of being proven false. In other words, rather than spend lifetimes repeating experiment after experiment attempting to prove Darwin's theory correct, simply find an instance when it is not correct, and we can quickly dispense with it. If we apply this same approach to the Intelligent Design Theory we see that it would be impossible to falsify this view. It would be like saying: "Prove that God does not exist". You can't do it. As it turns out, the Intelligent Design Theory is not a scientific proposal at all. It is a belief system, immune to scientific strategies.

The other obstacle for the argument of intelligence behind the apparent design is the Theodicy Issue. This is an ancient Greek notion that refers to God and his justice...or lack thereof. The philosopher David Hume argued against intelligent design by asking why, if it was designed intelligently, was the human body so frail and prone to disease? The Theodicy Issue raises similar questions. In effect, it

asks: Why do we suffer? And if God did create us, can this suffering ever be justified?

For example, let's say that you are a good, decent, hard-working citizen who is a tenant in some apartment complex. You pay the rent on time, your nice to your neighbors, and you do your best to maintain your quarters. Still, bad things begin to happen. First, the heat goes out in the middle of winter. Now your freezing and your children are getting sick. Then the roof starts leaking and your possessions get ruined. Then the floor gives way, and you're injured in a fall. You complain to the landlord and he does nothing. You know he's got the funds available for the repairs. He built the place, and you saw him just yesterday out on the river in his new speedboat. So what's the deal? Why does he make you suffer, especially since it is all so unnecessary?

Once again defenders of the faith have risen to the occasion and offered a variety of explanations. They vary from : 1) You deserve to suffer (see Karma); 2) You really don't know what suffering is (only Jesus and Job know this), and besides, once you get to heaven you'll forget all about it (see Christianity); and 3) You will benefit from your suffering because life is actually a test, and you'll learn whether you like it or not. (Or, suffering is really just a big joke; see Kurt Vonnegut).

I would argue that the Intelligent Design Theory fails in numerous ways. First of all, to insist that all things must have a cause, and, therefore, human existence must have God as its cause, has the pretense of being logical, but in fact is not. If everything that exists must have a cause, and God exists, then it necessarily follows that God has a cause as well. Oops! Can't really go there.

Secondly, the other arguments, such as the Ontological Argument or Paley's Watchmaker Analogy, are

either fallacious or, at best, weak. It is a given that no argument through analogy is ever conclusive.

Thirdly, the theory of evolution simply beats the pants off the Intelligent Design Theory, if for no other reason than it is a viable, scientific theory as opposed to a belief system.

And finally, the issue of human suffering—or the suffering of all sentient beings for that matter—is not sufficiently addressed in the Intelligent Design Belief System (I.D.B.S.). If God is so intelligent, wise, and benevolent, then why would he choose to create a world so filled with conflict, plagues, torture, perennial warfare and the death of innocents, to name but a few of the ongoing maladies? (You can't get off by saying the Devil made him do it). It seems to me that if we're going with the creator model, then it makes more sense to talk about a committee of dimwits at the drawing table rather than an omniscient God.

No, I'll put my money on Darwin's Theory instead, at least if I'm looking for a plausible explanation of how things came to be the way they are. If I'm looking for the original source of all existence, then I'll definitely keep an eye out for that one small miracle that Terrence talked about a few months before he died. I feel like I owe it to him. ❖

Bianca...

Continued from Page 3

City Councilor Cate Hartzell rose to the occasion by writing an extensive and candid essay on the lynching of the popular Chief, and no doubt this heartened his supporters, almost entirely a thoughtful, older crowd. These type of people are hard to buffalo, but that doesn't mean the Mayor can't try. As usual when a popular item crams the Council Chamber with citizens, the Mayor was at his most indulgent with allowing extensive discussion on every other agenda item until the time came for the Public Forum. Then the pace of the proceedings accelerated like Charlie Chaplin's factory clock in "Modern Times" when the lunch hour comes around. A dozen speakers, all speaking in the Chief's favor, were given only two minutes each, and Mayor Morrison absorbed their testimony with a stony visage.

One after another, the witnesses retraced the route to betrayal that the Mayor and other undisclosed parties had followed – giving reassurances of due process for the Chief that have proven false, making

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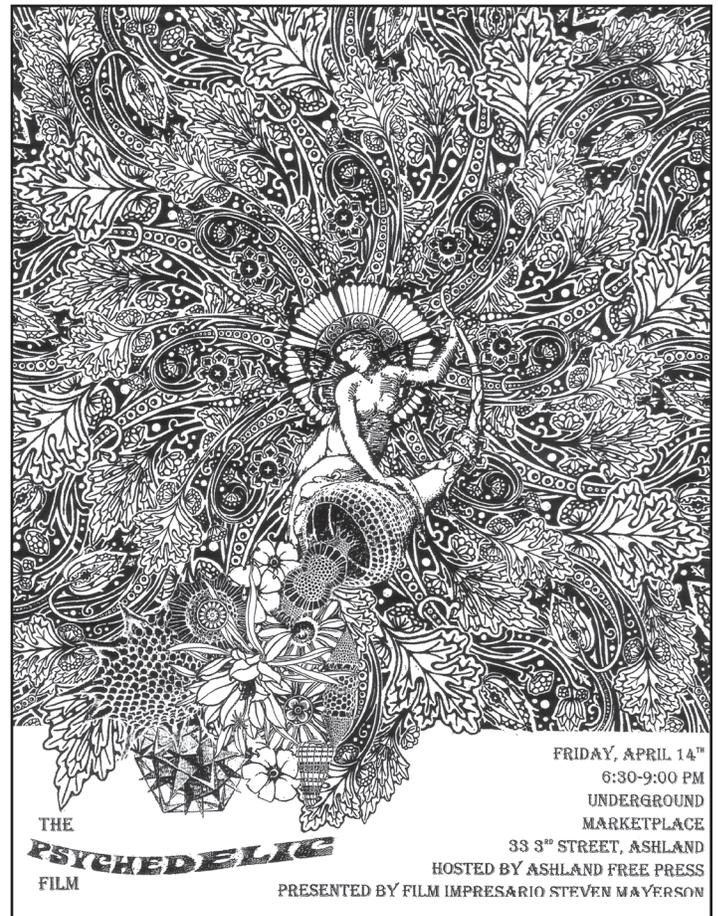
promises to allow citizen involvement that have not been fulfilled, and scheduling future proceedings to reach a community solution that has now been aborted. And never, ever, ever a peep out of the Council or the Mayor that Chief Bianca's wagon was rumbling toward the guillotine.

Rarely do City Council meetings ring with eloquence like the polished presentation of Ralph Temple, a former ACLU lawyer from Washington D.C. Ralph presented a simple case against the Mayor's unilateralist action, revealing the entire process for the backroom deal it obviously is, and closing with a moving plea for a reversal of the decision to demand, and then accept, the Chief's resignation. Providing historical precedent for rejecting resignations of good people, Mat Marr informed the City Council that "Abraham Lincoln rejected the resignation of Samuel Chase seven times." As applause rolled in for Ralph, Mat, and other speakers, Mayor Wet-blanket rigidly adjured the citizens to hold their applause. He just hates hearing people say they disagree with him, especially when he's made up his mind to ignore them. But serious faces don't deter John Dowd, who handily ticked off every occasion when the Chief had garnered support from citizens during the summer and fall of last year, including the letters to the newspaper, the rallies, the six pages of signatures on the petition that John circulated personally. He sounded like someone who knows how to demand customer service when he pointedly asked the Council, "Weren't you listening?" The audience was behind him as he declared, "The citizens of Ashland reject Chief Bianca's resignation!" But the issue seemed clearest when Linda Richards stepped forward with a slender blade of sharp insight that slid through the Mayor's chain mail -- "If you do not reverse this decision, I will always think that something corrupt happened." Wow! That got their attention!

Well, it was déjà vu all over again as Cate Hartzell raced toward the end zone with one thing on her mind -- to delay the outcome. She moved the Council to delay voting on the matter of the Chief's resignation until at least an Executive Session of the Council at 4 pm on Thursday. That's after press time, so we'll have to report later on what means were deployed to subvert the public will.

If I'm wrong about the outcome, which seems predestined in spades, I will gladly eat this page of the Ashland Free Press. After all, it's not about Mike Bianca -- it's the principle of the thing. If you let the people have a police chief who treats them like people, they'll get used to it, and that's not only dangerous, it's disrespectful of a police officer's right to be superior to ordinary citizens in all things. The

power to stop people, search them, muscle them around, put them in handcuffs, and threaten to shoot them is not small stuff. All those personal, physical interactions raise a cop's testosterone level, and that makes them moody, truculent, confidently paranoid. Their work allows them to bolster their self-image by carrying deadly weapons. They get paid good money to separate themselves from the rest of us and bond with each other by wearing uniforms, driving hopped-up cars, speeding down the main drag for no reason, and landing like a pack of dogs on any of the usual suspects they so easily find. Being policed by such people means we tolerate their juvenile behavior for our own safety, and cut them some slack, officially and personally, because we try to understand their position. But some people want to go much farther, insulating police from citizens, letting them live in an enclave of paramilitary narcissism, and uniformly backing them in any dispute with a citizen. For those who spit bile in Chief Bianca's direction, his big defect is that he listens to citizens, and gives them the idea they matter. For this, some of his subordinates think he's a traitor who encourages citizens to mutiny against the overlords. One look at Morrison's stone face will tell you what side of the argument he's on, and one look at Bianca's back will tell you whose dagger is lodged there. ❖



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GREENSWEEP

-I WAS THERE

By Bennet Tanner

The headlines of the day suggested that a woman was raped by homeless campers! This was the pretext that Jackson County Sheriff Mike Winters gave for launching the Greenway Sweep operations of Spring 2005. Hunt down those homeless criminal campers and make the greenway safe. Besides, the greenways were filled with obscenely dirty and messy campers.

The news media made sure to take pictures of the worst camps, but took none of the clean and spotless camps. It took interviews with the homeless who were dysfunctional but little or none of working or contributing members of our community. This biased, one-sided reporting painted a black and white picture that made this operation seem necessary for the welfare of our community. Day after day helicopters were flying regular routes back and forth with high beam spotlights. Their favorite hours often were 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning, keeping many in their private homes, apartments, and trailers awake at night. This high level of intensity went on for 3 weeks, with helicopters and sheriff vehicles, and subsided later. The entire Greensweep Operation went on for months.

Ahh, these homeless campers were perfect guinea pigs for sheriff training, as well as the perfect outlet for personal frustration for citizens who complained about these campers. Campers had their dogs impounded and someone even had their dog killed. One individual in a sleeping bag awoke to guns pointed at his head. People had their camping gear, clothes, personal mementos, and mail thrown out. Campers fled to downtown Ashland only to be harassed by the police for sleeping in all sorts of places after being displaced. I myself, after waking up on the first day of the operation found sheriff cars and golf cart-type vehicles shuttling officers on the greenway as I was walking there. They were just getting started and didn't bother me even though I was looking like one of those outdoor campers. I thought it wiser at that point to just leave my campsite, even though I still had clothes and gear there. I didn't want any encounters with them. I came back later that day to find my tent dismantled and personal belongings gone through.

A fellow camper told me the sheriff said all campers needed to vacate by the morning as they were going to bulldoze and take everything away. Anyone still there would be arrested. I left that morning, but my fellow camper, an ex-Navy SEAL, was arrested and said his wedding ring, watch, and vietnam War memento were taken in the process. He'd been in jail somewhere between 5-10 days as best I recollect. His irreplaceable personal items still hadn't been recovered 6

weeks later, the last I spoke with him. In another instance, a friend who lived at Jackson Wellsprings was just taking a walk on the greenway and stopped to watch 2 officers dismantle someone's tent. suddenly the 2 caught sight of my friend and charged and wrestled him to the ground. While holding him he managed to tell them who he was and eventually they let him go. I myself was moving my camp every 5 days or so for about 2 weeks, till I got ill from this. Fortunately a friend with a home provided me a sanctuary for the next few months.

The news media and authorities painted a picture of homeless campers being involved in the rape. In reality, the person charged with the crime was not homeless. Removing litter and curtailing the homeless campers were the reasons cited for the operations last spring. A year later, the litter that had been left by fleeing campers has not been cleaned up. Apparently they just wanted to get rid of the people. However many of the homeless campers from last year, and the year before, are still here and camping in the same locations or close by.

How much was spent on helicopters? Pilots, fuel, maintenance, and overtime pay? How about the extra officers and their salaries for this operation? What was the cost of the weeding equipment and crews? How much was spent on jailing inmates, processing, and administration? Oh those homeless criminals are costly! Is this sort of military response just pretending to do something useful for local citizens while really just spending obscene amounts of money to harass our most disenfranchised population?

Would it be wiser to spend money constructively, creating opportunities for people to improve their situations, jobs for the homeless, providing legal camping, and creating public work projects that the community could use permanently? This is not just for public officials to decide, this is a reality that everyone must work together to address creatively.

Our public officials have been influenced predominantly by citizens who don't want to question or challenge the traditional approach of criminalizing and marginalizing homeless people. Let our new Mayor, police Chief, and City Council people hear from constituents who want to use taxpayer money and law enforcement for better uses. Ask your minister, rabbi, and lama to get informed and to take a stand with their respective congregations. Think about what we can do together as a community.

Last year the pretext for launching this operation was the rape of a teenager by someone who doesn't even live outdoors. This year I'm hearing the reason for the springtime operation is to protect the tourist industry! They harass, ticket, and jail homeless citizens supposedly to protect economic interests. The homeless are permanent members of our community, whether we like it or not. Let's stop wasting money trying to push them out, and instead let's accept that they have a right to live with dignity. ❖

CINEMATOGRAPH

By Steven Mayerson

The Cinema is a vast, mostly unexplored realm. It has a century-long recorded history that has become partially accessible to anyone with a DVD or VCR. Most people, even cinephiles, have at best explored film history only slightly. Many countries have produced documentaries, propaganda, animation, entertainment, short subjects, and "ephemeral" productions, since the birth of the film medium.

To get a sense of the number of films available, think about one category -- animation. Major studios like MGM and Warner Brothers produced thousands of cartoon features and shorts. There are also extensive catalogues produced by lesser-known animation studios like Fleischer and Ub Iwerks. In addition to these works, the cinephile can explore the numerous sound and silent cartoons produced by foreign studios and thousands of commercial and experimental films that have been independently made.

The sheer volume of material available makes it almost impossible to see more than a tiny portion of the available films. With interest, research and tenacity we can explore this vast realm filled with surprises and hidden gems.

I consider myself an interested explorer of Film History. As a young teenager I discovered the Granada Organ Loft in West Seattle, an old movie palace with gilded decorations and velvet curtains that showed only silent films. At the start of each show, an illuminated keyboard console rose majestically from the floor. The keyboard was connected to a pipe organ on the right side of the screen and a baby grand on the left side. The keyboard could play either instrument or both at once, and had access to a gong, a siren, a bell, and gizmos that produced novelty effects.

I was usually the only young person in the whole theatre. The regulars occasionally gave me odd looks but I didn't care; I knew that this was a rare chance to see silent movies as they were originally presented. There was no inappropriate piano score tacked onto the film like I had seen on T.V. Talented, professional accompanists were hired from all over the country to play music to the image and the action on the screen. I loved it. For one night at a time, I could be transported to another era.

One of my favorite discoveries was *The Phantom of the Opera* with Lon Chaney. I was delighted to see that parts of the film were tinted to match the scene. When the phantom's mask was ripped off, the entire screen turned red, enhancing the weird effect.

When I saw these films presented as they were meant to be seen, I realized that silent films could be further improved by changing the way I looked at them. If I slowed down and accustomed myself to the slower pace of silent films, they became much more fun to watch. It is said that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. It has also been said that when you change the way you look at something, what you look at changes.

The advent of home viewing is a two-edged sword. Yes, it allows us access to the available films, but even "giant" plasma screens and surround sound systems can not duplicate the immersive experience that a cinema creates. It is much more difficult to be "lost in the picture". At home, there are endless distractions,

"The advent of home viewing is a two-edged sword."

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including conversations, and at the same time, the crowd ambience of a cinema is absent. These factors affect the way we experience a motion picture.

Perception is an amazing process. Visiting a museum can be a lot like seeing a movie, as I discovered when I visited the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in around 1971. We usually move past a series of canvases arranged for a visitor's enjoyment, and on this occasion, I enjoyed looking at many rewarding and challenging paintings, but then arrived at one which left me feeling nothing. It just hadn't registered, so I moved on to the next one, but then I thought maybe I had just not seen that painting, so I went back for another look.

The painting was by the Surrealist Matta. It was the same mass of amorphous brush strokes I had seen before, but I was determined to see it, so I just stood and stared. After awhile, something amazing

started to happen. The transparent brush strokes coalesced into a hill, and then a tree appeared, then a tunnel, and finally a cave, until my attention arrived back at the top of the hill. The painting blossomed right before my eyes!

I've never forgotten the lesson I learned from this amazing experience. We take perception for granted, as if we understood the process, but it is really a fluid and mysterious event. We see through individual "rose colored glasses" tinted by our accumulated visual, emotional, and educational experiences. Of course some people's glasses are tinted pea green or black, similarly affecting their perception. That's why two different people can look at the same picture and see completely different images. It is also true that other factors affect our perception. Even the food we've just eaten or the stress we may be experiencing can do the same.

This fact was brought into focus the next time I went to the same exhibition. I stood again in front of the same Painting by Matta and I could not make the tree or the tunnel or the cave appear, even though I knew they were there!

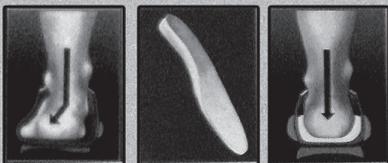
There is passive looking and there is active looking. Often I'm content to be a passive movie watcher, but sitting down and being an active viewer can bring to light a whole new level of meaning to a work. This happens when we look at the symbolism of a film and pay attention to what the film makers are doing with lighting, music design and other cinematic ingredients. Films rich in symbolism and original technique, like Fritz Lang's "Metropolis," are rewarding to explore from an informed perspective. In next month's Cinematograph, I will share some of my insights into Lang's tour de force. ♦

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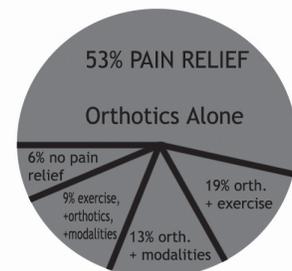
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-R. Donatelli, C. Hurlbert, D. Conaway, R. St. Pierre, "Biomechanical Foot Orthotics: A Retrospective Study," Journal of Orthopedic and Sports Therapy, 10(6):205 (1998).

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CYRANO

What would you have me do?
Seek for the patronage of some great man,
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree crawl
upward, where I cannot stand alone? No
thank you! Dedicate, as others do, Poems to
pawnbrokers? Be a buffoon
In the vile hope of teasing out a smile
On some cold face? No thank you! Eat a toad
For breakfast every morning? Make my knees
Callous, and cultivate a supple spine,
Wear out my belly grovelling in the dust?
No thank you! Scratch the back of any swine
That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns of
Mammon with my left hand, while my right,
Too proud to know his partner's -business,
Takes in the fee? No thank you! Use the fire
God gave me to burn incense all day long
Under the nose of wood and stone?
No thank you!
Shall I go leaping into ladies' laps
And licking fingers? Or, to change the form-
Navigating with madrigals for oars,
My sails full of the sighs of dowagers?
No thank you! Publish verses at my own
Expense? No thank you! Be the patron saint
Of a small group of literary souls
Who dine together every Tuesday? No,
I thank you! Shall I labor night and day
To build a reputation on one song,
And never write another? Shall I find

True genius only among Geniuses,
Palpitate over little paragraphs,
And struggle to insinuate my name
In the columns of The Mercury!
No thank you! Calculate, scheme, be afraid,
Love more to make a visit than a poem,
Seek introductions, favors, influences? No
thank you! No, I thank you! And again
I thank you! But . . .
To sing, to laugh, to dream,
To walk in my own way and be alone,
Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
A voice that means manhood--to cock my hat
Where I choose-- At a word, a Yes, a No,
To fight--or write. To travel any road
Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne--
Never to make a line I have not heard
In my own heart; yet, with all modesty
To say: "My soul, be satisfied with flowers,
With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
In the one garden you may call your own."
So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,
Render no share to Caesar--in a word,
I am too proud to be a parasite,
And if my nature is not that which grows
Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,
Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes--
I stand, not high it may be--but alone!

LE BRET

Alone, yes! --But why stand against the world?
What devil has possessed you now, to go
Everywhere making yourself enemies?

CYRANO

Watching you other people making friends
Everywhere--as a dog makes friends! I mark
The manner of these canine courtesies
And think: "My friends are of a cleaner breed;
Here comes--thank God!--another enemy!"

"DUDE, IRAQ SUCKS," Letters from soldiers to Michael Moore

"GREED AND ABUSE"

FROM: Anonymous
SENT: Thursday, April 15, 2004 12:41 AM
SUBJECT: From KBR truck driver now in Iraq

Mike,

I am a truck driver for KBR right now in Iraq. I will make this short because we have a time limit on using the Internet. Shortly after I got here, we were given memos from our supervisors disputing different claims in the media about KBR scandals. One memo was about an investigation by two congressmen and I had to laugh because what they are accusing is only the TIP OF A HUGE, GIGANTIC ICEBERG.

Let me give you this one small fact because I am right here at the heart of it: Since I started this job several months ago, 100% (that's right, not 99%) of the workers I am aware of are inflating the hours they claim on their time sheets. There is so much more I could tell you. But the fact is that MILLIONS AND MILLIONS of dollars are being raped from both the American taxpayers and the Iraqi people because of the unbelievable amount of

greed and abuse over here. And yes, my conscience does bother me because I am participating in this rip-off.

"A 'FOOT SOLDIER' IN THE 'WAR ON TERROR'"

FROM: Andrew Balthazor
SENT: Friday, August 27, 2004 1:53 PM
SUBJECT: Iraqi war vet-makes me sound so old

Mr, Moore,

I am an ex-Military Intelligence officer who served 10 months in Baghdad; I was the senior intelligence officer for the area of Baghdad that included the UN HQ and Sadr City,

Since Bush exposed my person and my friends, peers, and subordinates to unnecessary danger in a war apparently designed to generate income for a select few in the upper echelon of America I have become wholeheartedly anti-Bush, to the chagrin of much of my pro-Republican family. I very much appreciated your movie Fahrenheit 9/11, your publications, and your persistence in attempting to de-throne Bush from his place of power.

I fail to understand how Bush can be so strong regarding national security matters. As a "foot soldier" in the "war on terror" I can personally testify that Bush's administration has failed to effectively fight terrorists or the root causes of terror, A lot of people have already discussed the faulty reasoning for going to war, but even within the execution of the war, there are significant failures by the national leadership to execute the "war" on Iraq and to "reconstruct" Iraq.

For instance:

1. Bush stated that our troops would have everything we would need to fight in Iraq, Why then was I given only 19 rounds of 9mm ammunition for my only weapon, a pistol, when I crossed the border into Iraq on April 8th, 2003? Why did hundreds of soldiers in my unit not have armor inserts for their body armor? Why did we have to use "creative accounting" to come up with cash to pay Iraqi sources for information -- sometimes even using our personal funds? When we needed cell phones for Iraqi sources so they could contact us without putting themselves in danger, why were they unavailable? (Perhaps because every other person within the highly ineffective CPA [Coalition Provisional Authority] had one?)

2. The White House and the DoD failed to plan for reconstruction of Iraq. Contracts weren't tendered until Feb-Mar of 2003, and the Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance (the original CPA) didn't even come into existence until January 2003. This failure to plan for the "peace" is a direct cause for the insecurity of Iraq today.

Immediately after the "war" portion of the fighting

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(which really ended around April 9th, 2003) we should have been prepared to send in a massive reconstruction effort. Right away we needed engineers to diagnose problems, we needed contractors repairing problems, we needed immediate food, water, shelter, and fuel for the Iraqi people, and we needed more security for all of this to work -- which we did not have because we did not have enough troops on the ground, and CPA decided to disband the Iraqi Army. The former Iraqi police were engaged far too late; a plan should have existed to bring them into the fold right away.

Unemployment is also a contributing factor to the lack of security, since idle hands are dangerous when those hands belong to people who are hungry, thirsty, and armed. The fact that Iraq was mostly a socialized industrial economy within its cities was known. Why then was the employment of urban Iraqis during reconstruction not a priority?

3. Contractors hired by the national decision makers (no bid contractors) contributed to problems in Iraq, instead of helping. They did this by driving out or discouraging some international and non- U.S. NGOs who were working the same areas that contractors like Bechtel were hired to fix. When areas were being double-tapped, CPA would instruct the NGOs to go away and let the contractors work. Additionally, the sub-contractors employed by U.S. contractors hired Iraqis -- but they found Iraqis in rural areas outside of urban areas (to reduce the amount they would have to pay them -- urban areas have a higher average daily pay), and then bring the rural Iraqis into urban areas to conduct work. This resulted in a lot of irritated, unemployed Iraqis in areas where they could see work being done, but no work (and no pay) for them. And the rub of all this is that the rural Iraqis didn't really need the work -- most rural Iraqis were subsistence farmers, with a loose barter economy in the undeveloped areas outside of cities.

4. CPA was as much our enemy over there as the people planting roadside bombs and shooting weapons at us. Several times they put U.S. profit or CPA control as more important than security for either Iraqis or the U.S. troops over there. CPA was mostly staffed by young Republicans who want to put CPA/Iraq on their resume so they won't be left out of the Party.

One example of this: In late May 2003, CPA had designated a Sunni to be governor of Najaf, which was militarily under the control of a battalion of the 7th RCT of the 1st Marine Division. Najaf is The City for Shi'ites, so they didn't like this Sunni mayor. The Shi'ites protested. The Marine Battalion Commander decided to hold free elections for an interim mayor to replace the Sunni. Many different factions in Najaf put forward candidates; posters were put up all over the city, and people tried to

sway the vote using street-corner speeches. The week the election was to be held the Marines had managed to rebuild a local TV station using their unit funds, and they televised the election results to the immediate area (this was the first TV station in Iraq to be operational, by the way.) This was democracy in action: the people spoke and gave their power to an elected individual. This was in late June 2003 if I remember correctly.

Several days later CPA stated the election was invalid because the Marines didn't have the authority to hold elections or change the CPA's designated mayor. What had been a victory for the U.S. and the people for Najaf had been turned sour by CPA's "don't step on our turf" mentality. By doing this, the Marines were made to appear impotent, and the Shi'ites of their Holy City lost any hope for the U.S. occupation of their land.

Is it any wonder that Sadr found an audience for his anti-American rhetoric in Najaf?

I'm sure this has gone on long enough. If there is anything I can do to help get Bush out of office, please let me know. I've left the military and am currently setting up my own business, but have time and flexibility to spare. ❖

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DEPLETED URANIUM IS WMD

by Leuren Moret

My grandfather, U.S. Army Col. Edwin Joseph McAllister, was born in Battle Creek in 1895. He does not know that his first grandchild is an international expert on depleted uranium. I have worked in two U.S. nuclear weapons laboratories, and in 1991 I became a whistleblower at the Livermore lab. Depleted uranium is very, very, very nasty stuff:

-Depleted uranium (DU) weaponry meets the definition of weapon of mass destruction in two out of three categories under U.S. Federal Code Title 50 Chapter 40 Section 2302.

-DU weaponry violates all international treaties and agreements, Hague and Geneva war conventions, the 1925 Geneva gas protocol, U.S. laws and U.S. military law.

-Since 1991, the U.S. has released the radioactive atomicity equivalent of at least 400,000 Nagasaki bombs into the global atmosphere. That is 10 times the amount released during atmospheric testing which was the equivalent of 40,000 Hiroshima bombs. The U.S. has permanently contaminated the global atmosphere with radioactive pollution having a half-life of 4.5 billion years.

-The U.S. has illegally conducted four nuclear wars in Yugoslavia, Afghanistan and twice in Iraq since 1991, calling DU "conventional" weapons when in fact they are nuclear weapons.

-DU on the battlefield has three effects on living systems: it is a heavy metal "chemical" poison, a "radioactive" poison and has a "particulate" effect due to the very tiny size of the particles that are 0.1 micron and smaller.

-The blueprint for DU weaponry is a 1943 Manhattan Project memo to Gen. L. Groves that recommended development of radioactive materials as poison gas weapons - dirty bombs, dirty missiles and dirty bullets.

-DU weapons are very effective kinetic energy penetrators, but even more effective bioweapons since uranium has a strong chemical affinity for phosphate structures concentrated in DNA.

-DU is the Trojan Horse of nuclear

war - it keeps giving and keeps killing. There is no way to clean it up, and no way to turn it off because it continues to decay into other radioactive isotopes in over 20 steps.

-Terry Jemison at the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs stated in August 2004 that over 518,000 Gulf-era veterans (14-year period) are now on medical disability, and that 7,039 were wounded on the battlefield in that same period. Over 500,000 U.S. veterans are homeless.

-In some studies of soldiers who had normal babies before the war, 67 percent of the post-war babies are born with severe birth defects - missing brains, eyes, organs, legs and arms, and blood diseases.

-In southern Iraq, scientists are reporting five times higher levels of gamma radiation in the air, which increases the radioactive body burden daily of inhabitants. In fact, Iraq, Yugoslavia and Afghanistan are uninhabitable.

-Cancer starts with one alpha particle under the right conditions. One gram of DU is 1/20th of a cubic centimeter and releases 12,000 alpha particles per second.

Before my grandfather died, he told me that his generation had made a mess of this planet. I wonder what he would say to me now I would tell him to see "Beyond Treason" (www.beyondtreason.com), a new documentary about the history of treason by the U.S. government against our own troops: Atomic veterans, MK-Ultra, Agent Orange and DU. After Vietnam, Henry Kissinger said, "Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy. . ." (from Chapter 5 in the "Final Days" by Woodward and Bernstein).

Previously published in THE BATTLE CREEK ENQUIRER, Tuesday August 9, 2005. The Ashland Free Press is pleased to reprint this work with permission of the Author. The subject will, unfortunately, remain a topic of current concern as long as the planet exists -- depleted uranium has a half-life of around 780 million years. See <http://volcano.und.nodak.edu/vwdocs/frequent_questions/grp13/question1420.html> ♦

"DU is the Trojan Horse of nuclear war - it keeps giving and keeps killing"

Leuren Moret is an international radiation specialist, with a B.S. degree in geology from University of California at Davis, a M.A. degree in Near Eastern studies from University of California at Berkeley and has done post-graduate work in the geosciences at UC-Davis. She is environmental commissioner for the City of Berkeley, Calif.

SAGE MEADOWS VISITS THE HOUR OF DAVE

A report from The Hour of Dave Podcast, <<http://dave.ashlandfreepress.com>>



*Sage Meadows regards
"The Tattooed Sprite"
in the HOD podcasting
Studio*

Sage Meadows, the irrepressible singer whose crystalline voice has won the hearts of uncounted numbers of admirers, made her first appearance on The Hour of Dave on the March 22nd show. The show featured the unique dynamics of Dave in the slightly conflicted dual role of devoted husband and podcasting host. Notwithstanding occasional bouts of silence that were no doubt skillfully removed by Dave playing a third role as sound editor, the evening was sweet and serene as Sage lulled listeners into tranquillity with one beautiful original song after another. Sage is working on her first recording, while nurturing the growth of Dave's child, sex still unknown, name still "Baby Fruit," and as Dave proudly declares each week on our podcast, "STILL ALIVE!"

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DELIGHT

by michael wear

*The 'Right' of Spring ...
In a Significant-other found.
Not an Alien Duality but a Seeing
into the Mirror of Divinity
Lady, you Are ...
Goddess in the flesh,
At whose Lap and Lips
My soul does sing your praise, W
Wrapped in your embrace,
Enfolded in your gaze.
Great waves of Bliss ...
Breaking over gentle Hearts
Like throbbing stars in the sky,
On a cloudless Springtime-eve.
At the noon of Night ...
Sifted by the Fire of Passion,
Tangled in the net of
Sensuous Delight.
You are the very Bait of Love,
The very Love of Light.*



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LOCAL MUSICIAN SPOTLIGHT:

Jeff Ebnother, Guitarslinger

by Charles Carreon

Musicians sometimes get famous as performers, but many of them have an even more amazing talent – they can teach others to play music. Jeff Ebnother is a guitarist and bass player with more than enough talent to grace any stage, which he's done all over the Rogue Valley, opening for many major acts. He has numerous recording credits, most recently with The Rhythm Kings, and his professionalism is evident in the relaxation with which he cradles his instrument, the ease with which he frets, plucks and strums the strings, producing sounds that are magically simple. Studying with Jeff, though, reminds me of what was said about the greatest fencer of the twentieth century, Aldo Nadi, who bested virtually every opponent who ever met him on the fencing strip – that to really appreciate the man you had to see him teaching a seven-year-old, allowing his young pupil to score one hit after another, gently grooming the talent that would benefit for a lifetime from this early attention.

Would that I had met a music teacher with Jeff's love for music and respect of people when I was young. Sister Maria, my piano teacher in fifth and sixth grades, was beautiful and kind, but understandably not at her best teaching the rough trade that she was forced to teach at Linton Hall Military School in Virginia. My only attempt to study guitar at age fourteen was a total disaster. Then, after being inspired by Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull, I took up the flute and had a great teacher for about six months before she and her husband died in an airplane crash. My next flute teacher was Michael Andreas of Venice, California, son of a professional studio musician who was a big fan of "rhythmic articulation," and reminded me that it's helpful to read the key signature and the time before you start playing the notes. All good stuff, and I always enjoyed playing the flute, but it has its limitations. When I decided I

wanted to study guitar here in Ashland, my young friend Gabe Granach, a budding local talent told me to hook up with Jeff. Well, I studied with a couple of other guys for about a year before I called Jeff. I won't call that year wasted time, because my first teacher, Tom Freudenthal, was phenomenal in his way.

Jeff's attitude of "let's just play this puppy" fits much better with my slacker approach to music, however. He's indulgent of my failure to practice regularly, with the result that as the months go by, I practice more and more. It helps that he can play any tune you bring in on



a CD, and that he doesn't wince when I bring in a tune by Iggy Pop to work on. Instead, he works out the piece in about five minutes, makes a few (mostly inscrutable) notations on the page, and shows me the fingerings. Jeff also gives great advice on equipment (when it comes to electrics, spend a great deal more on the amp than on the axe). Perhaps even more important for most of his young proteges, his calm face and gentle voice prove that a musician's

lifestyle need not do you in, and that talented people can find a way to live their own creative life and still fit into society.

Even if you're not a youngster craving the lights, the fame and the power of standing onstage wielding an amplified instrument, or an old guitar player who just wants to hone his chops, in other words, if you are a musical dilettante, you can still benefit. After about a year of frequenting Jeff's studio up the stairs next door to Cripple Creek, I enjoy listening to music more all the time, and have even made some slight progress toward reproducing the sounds I find pleasing to the ear, and which most people think of as unmitigated noise. Jeff's sums up his philosophy of teaching music in a few words: "Just have fun playing music." For most of us, that's probably the most important thing to learn. If you'd like to hear Jeff pick, he plays locally with The Rhythm Kings. For the wannabe guitar-slingers among us, Jeff's phone number is 541-512-1294. ❖

WHITE MAN TWEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE: *The government-Sponsored speed plague*

by Lo Fi Nikita

Warrier tweakers good! Citizen tweakers bad!

They're tweaking again. The military, I mean. It's not just the throttle jocks, I'm sure, who are popping Dexedrine to stay alert. It's a war on, man, and if you can't sacrifice a little sleep to the war effort, then what kind of patriot are you? That's speed thinking. Compelling, so compelling of course that virtually all of the pilots flying combat missions in Iraq are in an altered state.

An altered state, may I remind you, that in an ordinary citizen is considered illegal in the extreme, a dangerous self-indulgence in a forbidden psychic kick that renders you outré. You're a meth-head, a dangerous, child neglecting, spouse-abusing, larcenous scab on the body of society, in need of treatment and scorn. As a former prosecutor and criminal defender, I know the depictions are not far-fetched, either. Cranksters can be vile creatures, and meth induces a callousness of character that is definitively anti-social. Delusions of grandeur can feed notions of gangster mystique, and facilitate violence. I once had a client tell me in jail about how he brutally broke the kneecaps on a total stranger after taping him to a chair in his garage, because he had mistaken the poor fellow for some guy who ripped him off. After another tweaker friend came home and informed my client that the fellow was not the ripoff, they put him in the back of a pickup and threw him out in front of the emergency room and sped off. Of course, some meth users merely become weasely thieves, and do not commit mayhem. At all events, it has a corrosive effect on character.

So why do the military rate? Eliminate from your mind first the notion that the drugs are not the same. Dextroamphetamine is what the Air Force hands out to pilots, and they take extras along in the jet to self-administer as desired. Dextro just means the molecule "turns to the right" instead of to the left, but to your brain it's all the same – left turn, right turn, speed on. To fight fatigue is said to be the reason. But a great side effect is the creation of the callous, anti-social character necessary to drop weapons of mass destruction on fellow humans. It takes a certain distance to do this

sort of thing. Speed helps.

It makes me think of the lyrics from "Lucretia," by the Sisters of Mercy:

*"I hear the roar of a thin machine,
Hot metal and methedrine.
Love lost, fire at will,
Dum-dum bullets and shoot to kill,
I hear a dive bomber ...
Empire Down ...
Empire Down ..."*

Returning to the question – why do the military get to take speed? Because they need to, we are told. The Iraqis are probably doing speed, too. They're not stupid. It gives them a little bit of advantage, what with having to stay up all night soldering together bomb-timers, and repairing assault rifles, not to mention keeping a prayer schedule. Speed helps.

Wheres the money?

The origins of amphetamine are recent. Discovered just before the turn of the century, methamphetamine was synthesized by Smith, Kline & French in 1929. The company filed two trademarks on the trade-name "Benzedrine" in 1936, one as a tablet "medicine for the stimulation of the nervous system," and another as a decongestant inhaler, citing first use in commerce in 1933. Glaxo, Smith Kline is still the big distributor of Dextroamphetamine for the military, and related stimulants like Adderall, for obnoxious little boys who won't sit still in school. Merck developed a simplified synthesis during the second world war to fuel the Blitzkrieg. I assume we aren't holding back from giving infantry their share of the crank. After all, the infantryman and mechanized armor guys have the hardest work. So they're speedin' legally, driving humvees, tanks, fuckin' rockin' and rollin' for real, and their commanders don't mind that they're listening to death metal with titles like "Cook Your Balls and Eat 'Em," 'cause it's a new crankin' Army muthafucka.

War is hell, but peace is sooooo boring!

Our little cranksterized killers are going to have a hard time adjusting to civilian life. Death metal they'll still have, but speed will be dearly bought with social ostracism. And they may begin to reflect on the horrors that they committed when the tunes were crankin' and their reflexes were cleanly, smoothly distributing

ammunition among the Iraqis. It seemed like a video game, but after the smoke and heroics are blown away, there is a terrible wound that the heart does not know how to heal. I knew that wound in some of my uncles who were in the infantry during world war two. They drank a lot.

Of course, the speed experience is not all exhilaration. There's depletion and exhaustion and paranoia. No amount of speed will move the weariness out of bones that have been worked sore, and the business of dispensing ammunition is terribly wearying. I like to shoot my daughter's .44 magnum lever-action gun, but it doesn't have a cushion on the butt, and I've never

shot a whole box of 50 rounds at a time. My shoulder just gets too sore. I'd hate to have to use that rifle in a war. They'd win just because my shoulder would get sore. Speed might help.

This shit works!

I wonder if it's just possible that the policy makers, munitions makers and pharmaceutical makers might have realized how beneficial it would be for them to encourage the use of a drug that makes people more productive, less sensitive, more able to commit mayhem, less concerned with how they feel about what they are doing. Alfred Nobel created dynamite, some nameless chemist created speed. Who did the more powerful deed? Well, certainly their inventions worked hand in hand to make the world a far more detonated place.

Celebrity cranksters, celebrity killers

Genies have a habit of getting out of the bottle, and the meth genie has been out of the bottle for about seventy-plus years now, fueling an expansion of manic energy that has probably resulted in the unnecessary damming of rivers, cutting down of forests, annihilation of entire tribes, species and ecosystems. And the toxic mentality has spread from the top down. Both Adolf Hitler and John F. Kennedy had "Dr. Feelgoods" who injected them with methamphetamine daily. Dr. Theodor Morell was Hitler's psychiatric physician and constant companion, just as Dr. Max Jacobson was always present to serve as Kennedy's pharmaceutical nursemaid. Both doctors supplemented the stimulant regimen with downers to moderate the manic effects of speed. It has been observed that Hitler's mania for annihilating the Jews developed in intensity during the period of Morell's influence.

Dirty deeds, done dirt cheap

Hitler's allies, the Japanese, were also tweaking freely throughout the second world war, as the Imperial government doled out speed to the military and civilian populace alike, to keep up the "war effort." The Rape of Nanking, a horrific war crime perpetrated by Japanese soldiers against no fewer than 369,366 Chinese men, women and children during 1937-38, was a murderous orgy that continued for months, during which the Japanese troops raped no less than 80,000 women of all ages. Reliable historical reports indicate that the Japanese killed many millions of Chinese during the second world war, although this

HOLLYFEY

by michael wear

*Check her pointie ears!
Methinks a Celtic Faerie she Be,
Sidhe Shee Fey She Fe...
Ages ago away, away.
Of Tuatha de Danann was she,
'Twas to the Isle of Tir Nan Og,
She set her sail to flee ...
Into my arms she fled, she fled,
Niam of the Golden Hair ...
A thousand Lifetimes ago we wed.
On the meadow Enchantment she said,
Just beneath the surface of the Sea:
"Sidhe Shee Fey She Fe" ...
Ask Finvarra if what I say,
Be the wonderous truth or nay.
Wounded by the Stings of Spring,
In the Autum of my Life,
I find her now ...
In the Bloom of Youth,
Without a memory of our strife,
Sidhe Shee Fey She Fe ...
Beneath the faerie hill of Knockma,
We may find our way one day.*

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Sino-Japanese holocaust has received little attention or commemoration. This type of lethal productivity has the feel of a meth-fueled murder nightmare. The suicide pilots of the Japanese air force were given amphetamines to overcome the desire to survive. The Japanese reversed course on their people after the war, made meth illegal in 1952, and arrested over 50,000 people. The country still has a serious problem with intravenous methamphetamine users, who comprise a large proportion of the 2 million meth users in the land of the Rising Sun.

African children turned into killing machines

Many of the approximately 100,000 children under arms in the world are manipulated with amphetamines. For example, in Sierra Leone, Rwanda, Burma, and other war-torn nations, children are taken captive, raped, starved, brutalized, and then injected crudely with amphetamines, cocaine, and other drugs, and directed to commit murderous rampages. A Washington Post article by Douglas Farah, published April 8, 2000, quoted international aid sources as follows: "In Sierra Leone, said social workers and the child combatants, taking drugs-especially amphetamines and cocaine-was a regular part of 'military training.' Human Rights Watch found in a 1999 report that 'child combatants armed with pistols, rifles and machetes actively participated in killings and massacres, [and] severed the arms of other children. . . . Often under the influence of drugs, they were known and feared for their impetuosity, lack of control and brutality.'"

American children turned into substance abusers

That's one way to get folks into drugs young, but we are more subtle in the USA, and we use what is called "treatment." Under the guise of treating ADD and ADHD, two "diseases" that seem to afflict little boys who eat junk food and watch a lot of TV, our little preschool punk rockers are "treated" by school nurses who dole out speed from a jar. Of course, first they started out using "methylphenidate," aka Ritalin which supposedly "wasn't an amphetamine." This label-switching was ordained by the pharma marketing geniuses who started this project to turn kids into cranksters back in the fifties, because the diet pill craze was winding down, and amphetamines, bennies, white crosses, pink hearts, and black beauties had all got a bit of a bad name at the courthouse and in popular

literature. The Rolling Stones helped break the bad news about diet pills in their song, "Mother's Little Helper," with its pleading refrain "Doctor please, some more of these!" and its jabbing rejoinder, "Outside the door, she took four more!" But the pharma hacks are always good at finding another use for powerful substances, and now, it turns out that Dextroamphetamine, mixed with meth, in a formulation called "Adderall," is even better than silly old Ritalin. So what good is it to give speed to kids who are speedy?

Thanks for asking. To answer, I must introduce the vaunted "paradoxical effect" of amphetamines on children under some uncertain age. Marvelously, the pharma hacks explain, speed slows down speedy kids! And you know, with proper medical care and monitoring, maybe it is helpful in extreme cases. But in the USA, what's good can get force-fed down your throat, whether you need it or not. Think lobotomies for excitable mental patients. The same thing has happened to children. Researcher Nadine Lambert recently presented data at the Consensus Development Conference indicating that prescribed consumption of stimulants during childhood predisposed young adults to cocaine abuse. This sort of obvious connection occurred to me when I heard that one of my nephews, a longtime Ritalin-kid, was doing hard time in the penitentiary because he couldn't stop using meth. Soon, some criminal defense attorneys are going to wake up and realize that when the state gets you addicted to a controlled substance, that should be a defense to criminal possession.

Shockingly, recent medical reports indicate that dosing children with Adderall and Ritalin causes children to hallucinate. What's shocking is that, after thirty years of giving this crap to kids, the doctors are finally letting this story leak out. That speed makes you hallucinate is no surprise to speed freaks the world over. Moreover,

the hallucinations are often quite frightening, which is why seeing them is a sign that a tweaker is "crashing," and it's time to gulp a handful of downers and get some sleep. If the can't knock themselves out with downers, they keep the lights on. With



"...school nurses dole out speed from a jar."

Bombing Babylon

By Doug Draime

Does it matter that the walls have been blown away? A child's mangled, red tricycle the only thing left standing? How many people witnessed, averting their eyes? The toxic gas and burning bodies climbing up into the sky, with no regard for life, sowing death in the hearts of the living.

MAMA'S HOME

by Charles Carreon

Kay Kay Kay took my bay-bee away --!
protestants stole my sweetie, catholic ripped
off my condoms, bankofamerica repo-ed my Brain.

Blue blood thrift executive slime
took Mother Mary for a ride in a credit card scam
(mastah-charge and veeza downthedrain)

SHE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT NO MORE !

She rips off her bra in an agony of relief,
AND WITH A BEATIFIC SMILE ON HER FACE
takes out Wayne Newton, Frank Sinatra and Ronald
Reagan

in that order, with three measured blasts.

Then it's on to others, annihilating them before
they can see her, making kitty litter out of headlines
that advertise a "second coming": she only comes
ONCE.

Rupert Murdoch and Patty Hearst will have to find
some other flabby universe to screw up
now that she's back, asserting her **BIG MOUTH --**

YEAH YEAH YEAH!

the lights off, during a speed crash, the speeder sees a really horrifying living mosaic of multicolored insects – yep – creepy caterpillars, earwigs, spiders, all in fluorescent colors. Even with the lights on, paranoia plays tricks on the crashing speeder's perception, causing the sudden lurching glances over the shoulder common in tweaky circles, prompted by the repeat seeing of people who aren't there, as a coat on a chair, a shadow on the door, or nothing at all, suddenly trigger the feeling that "someone's there." This isn't fun for speed freaks, but it's at least something they know about and expect. Little kids have no idea, and the experience is probably terrifying or at least terribly disorienting. Now the doctors are admitting that when little Johnny is seeing roaches all over the ground, he's crashing on his medication. The reports are that this affects 2 or 3 kids out of every hundred, a figure that is probably grossly understated, and is still a high enough number to justify banning the use of these drugs on all children. Given that in 1995, the UN Warning on Ritalin said that 10 – 12% of all American kids are on this drug, there are millions of children hallucinating their way through life for the sake of maintaining classroom discipline and pharmaceutical industry profits.

Houston, we have a problem!

Meth has crept into our lives very quietly, and will not leave easily. It may very well explain the extreme bellicosity and hardheadedness of many white American males, who develop a strong loyalty to the drug because of its association with productivity, the work ethic, and a positive, can-do attitude. There is a great false optimism that is brimming over among the nation's military leaders. We are going to export democracy, uproot tyranny, and kill all the bad guys. With a little crank, it's all in a day's work, because speed helps. On speed, we can do more. Somewhere Hitler is smiling. ❖

ADVERTISING RATES

Your Ad	1 month		2 months		3 months	
	Color	B&W	Color	B&W	Color	B&W
Full page	\$400	\$300	\$360	\$280	\$300	\$250
½ page	\$235	\$180	\$215	\$160	\$200	\$150
¼ page	\$100	\$80	\$90	\$70	\$80	\$65
1/8 page	\$50	\$40	\$45	\$35	\$40	\$30
Calendar	\$150	n/a	\$125	n/a	\$100	n/a

ASHLAND INDEPENDENT FILM FESTIVAL 2006

by Josh Carreon



The fifth annual Ashland Independent Film Festival attracted cinema enthusiasts to a five-day event at the Varsity Theatre in downtown Ashland. Featuring independent films from around the world, the festival attracted throngs of crowds.

The AFP Editor got into the AIFF April 6th opening night bash thanks to the interception of event organizer Tom Olrich, pictured above. Good wine and cheese. Unfortunately, the AFP wasn't able to get in to see any films despite waiting in two different lines, one against the wall, and one in the center of the sidewalk. Although we were the only people standing in either line, our attempts to gain admission were in vain. It's too bad though, we really wanted to see the one about the Neo-Nazi with the black girlfriend. Sounds almost as confusing as getting a ticket to the film festival.



Don't Let a DUI Ruin Your Life!

Peter Carini
PJC Law Group



A DUI arrest doesn't mean you are guilty.

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?

Call today for your free driver's rights card.

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?

Emergency Advice 24/7

Statewide Representation - Practice Limited to DUI Defense

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