

# THE ASHLAND

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*INSIDE: Righteous Livelihood p.3, Hey Dude, Where's My Silver Mines? p.12, Free Speech Weathervane p.17, The Haight-Ashbury Post Office p.19, School Zones or Speed Traps? p.22, The Anti-Pornography Movement p.26, AND MORE...*

## **LIFE WITH FATHER: THE NEW PATERNALISM**

by Lo Fi Nikita

The outlines of the average American's relationship with the current regime, at least in theory, are clear. The government is entitled to know everything about you, and you are entitled to know nothing about it. The government has an absolute right to know what phone numbers you

dial, what websites you visit, where you shop, what you buy, whom you email, what you watch, and so much more, including your genetic identity. They have to know everything so they can thwart dangers to national security.

You can't know anything about the government, because government in the new age of global terror has to keep

its operations secret from security leaks. The leaks of photographs of prisoner abuse, the domestic spying program, doubts about the validity of grounds for invading Iraq, all these leaks show how important secrecy is. The entire domestic spying program itself, which is vital to national

See "FATHER" Page 43

## Editor's note...

The last issue, in which we told the true story of Pete Seda, and plucked the Chicken Democrats, rubbed a lot of people the right way. Thanks to each of you who have thanked me for the message that the AFP delivers, and especially thanks to those who joined us as new advertisers. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

In this issue, please enjoy "Life With Father," by Lo Fi Nikita, on why those who pay taxes get to set policy, "Let's Argue," by Mitchell Frangadakis, on how reasoning leads to clarity, and "Righteous Livelihood" by Sumner Wellbourne, on how we can build wealth in our community. We have three articles specifically on free speech: Ana Carreon's feminist critique of "The Anti-Pornography Movement," Lo Fi Nikita's "Free Speech Weathervane," and Holly Sheehy's "Down on The Corner," about a local artist who has made a lot of people uncomfortable. My own byline appears on "Dude, Where's My Silver Mines?" a response to the supposed groundswell of anti-immigrant sentiment in the nation. I also take credit for the photos of my neighbors in Medford protesting the abundance of cheap immigrant labor in the sincere belief that their life would be better if they had work in the agricultural, janitorial, and valet-parking industries.

You will have to wait until next month, though, for my article on the firing of Chief Bianca and the sympathy resignation of longtime Ashland probation officer Jan Janssen. Why, fellow-citizens, with this fabulous scandal before me like a five-course feast, am I not inveighing against "public servants" who serve their own interests first, those of their friends next, and those of the public in the world to come? Be content, gentle readers. I have an

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excuse and a promise to make.

First, the excuse. During May I took the time to finish a book I've been working on for five years, *The Sex.Com Chronicles*, about a cycle of lawsuits in which I became involved as a result of helping my client Gary Kremen to recover the stolen Sex.Com Internet domain. Finishing my book, in fifty-eight chapters plus an epilogue, required so much time and consumed so many neurotransmitters that I was forced to remain in my cabin for weeks on end. Thus, despite the outrages taking place at City Hall, it was impossible to set my torpedoes on that target this month. Now here is my promise: the AFP U-boat will be on patrol in July, and the guilty parties will be sent straight to the bottom in a feeding frenzy of explosive fish. Bon voyage, mon ami! ❖

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# RIGHTEOUS LIVELIHOOD: *Doing Well, Doing Good*

by Sumner Wellbourne

## Invisible Hand, 101

Adam Smith was one of the first economists, and those who feel that the government should stay out of labor relations, or at least refrain from supporting the goals of workers and restrict itself to benefiting industry, often claim to quote Adam Smith. They say Smith's "invisible hand of commerce" will guide the operations of the economy, setting prices for labor, food, and commodities, making wage and price controls such as those Nixon imposed, completely unnecessary and totally objectionable. The invisible hand makes no distinction between licit and illicit trade, and for years kept the retail price of a quarter-ounce of marijuana at parity with an ounce of gold, and provided Johns with twenty-dollar prostitutes and prostitutes with twenty-dollar bags of heroin. All things work together for good in this best of all possible worlds, as Dr. Pangloss might say. Your average person's knowledge of Adam Smith usually stops at this level, but Smith's massive work, *An Inquiry Into The Nature And Causes of The Wealth of Nations*, does not exhort us to have faith in an invisible hand that will adjust our economic fortunes into the black, but rather advises us to watch the movement of labor, goods, and money to learn how people adjust prices and engage in trade.

## The policies of communities affect the creation of wealth

People, not an invisible force, drive production and trade. Smith's metaphor was meant to

turn attention to the rather amazing characteristics of the marketplace, much as modern scientists have pointed out the marvelous operations that the planet and living beings perform without conscious thought. It is true that Smith was sanguine about the coexistence of poverty and wealth in a single society, and saw no inherent evil in an economic order that he could describe thus:

"Among civilized and thriving nations ... a great number of people do not labour at all [but] consume

“...a fast-food worker...would be unable to even pay for a day's worth of parking that an executive would simply put on an expense account.”

the produce of ten times, frequently of a hundred times more labour than the greater part of those who work; yet the produce of the whole labour of the society is so great, that all are often abundantly supplied, and a workman, even of the lowest and poorest order, if he is frugal and industrious, may enjoy a greater share of the necessaries and conveniences of life than it is possible for any savage to acquire.”

One would certainly agree that today many consume hundreds or thousands of times what one other person can produce – a fast-food worker working all day in Los Angeles would be unable to even pay for a day's worth of parking

that an executive would simply put on an expense account. It is also true that Ray Kroc, the popularizer of the McDonald's fast-food system, got his big idea when he was but a traveling salesman selling milkshake mixers in Southern California, so he may very well count as a "frugal and industrious" workman who rose to "enjoy a greater share of the necessaries and conveniences of life." But Smith's positive attitude toward disparity of wealth is not the point of his book, and he is well aware that government policies affect the occupations and prosperity of nations and their citizens:

"The policy of some nations has given extraordinary encouragement to the industry of the country; that of others to the industry of towns. Scarce any nation has dealt equally and impartially with every sort of industry. Since the downfall of the Roman empire, the policy of Europe has been more favourable to arts, manufactures, and commerce, the industry of towns; than to agriculture, the industry of the country."

A good example of differing policies toward similar industries might be the US government practice of licensing industrially-produced narcotics manufactured by pharmaceutical giants, while simultaneously fighting a "war on drugs" by spraying toxic materials on coca crops in Colombia and Bolivia, while simultaneously pumping new life into the opium economies of Afghanistan and Pakistan by getting evil tyrants like "the Taliban" off the backs of legitimate poppy growers who supply the increasingly bargain-priced street heroin now flooding American cities. Eventually the invisible hand will bring this strong,

cheap heroin to Ashland, but for now our local junkies will have to stick with Mexican “black tar” heroin.

The new president of Bolivia wants to legitimize coca growing and use of the native plant, that has no more harmful effects on the native population than tea has on the English. He says it can be used to make soap, toothpaste, herbal remedies, and many other useful substances. Dr. Andrew Weil, the new age doctor whose paunchy good health is now advertised from a thousand Sunday magazines, once suggested we substitute coca chewing gum for coffee. Of course, in the US, we’d have people buying a thousand packs of gum, soaking them in a bathtub, washing the result with gasoline to extract the cocaine, and blowing up their house and kids trying to get a buzz. As Adam Smith might say, some people are just savages.

## Everything has a price

Having dispensed with the idea that Smith’s Invisible Hand is predestined to provide benefit for humanity, or that it will do the work of wholesome laws made by ethical politicians with the approval of informed citizens, we can move on to what Smith was really saying. Smith’s thesis is that the cost of goods is established by the cost of the labor required to produce them. Nothing has an intrinsic monetary value. Everything is priced according to how much it costs to get a skilled person to produce it.

Gold and Oregon green bud remained at parity for a long time because it cost a similar amount of money in labor to employ poor blacks at starvation wages in South Africa to produce, smelt and ship bars of gold as it did to employ hippies (not very hard workers, but willing to risk getting arrested and to be paid in product) to grow a finicky psychoactive weed in a secret location someplace near Williams, Oregon, and smuggle it to San Francisco. Take note, however, that gold lasts forever unless you lose it down a rathole, and cannabis must be consumed to extract its value, and will become worthless after a couple of years. So you might argue that cannabis is far more costly, since your ounce of gold will last a lifetime, but your bag of pot will be empty next week.

## Raiders of the labor of others

Now that more Indian and Chinese people are getting into the middle class, they are buying more gold for marriage ceremonies, there is greater demand for gold, apartheid is over in South Africa, and people are getting paid a wee bit more to extract gold from the earth, and of course, people who think the dollar

is going to sink in value want to buy “hard money.” The notion that gold has a fixed value is, however, utterly mythical. During the “Age of Gold,” Spain and Portugal stole so much gold from the Incas and Aztecs that they flooded the European economy with the damned shiny stuff, reducing its value to one-third, much to the chagrin of other European nations, who found their existing stock of gold ever shrinking in value as the conquerors of the New World became the dominant players in the precious metals market. Spanish gold was cheap, please take note, because they didn’t pay for it – they stole it – so it didn’t reflect the cost of feeding, clothing, and managing the dead Incas and Aztecs whose wealth was thus acquired.

Stealing from other nations is what one anthropology professor of mine called “a raiding economy,” such as was traditional among the Apache Indians of Arizona and Sonora. Once they got horses from the Spanish, who had introduced the whole concept of mounted cavalry to the New World, they started raiding other, richer tribes, and their mounted warriors were skilled at scooping up a goat, a child, or a bag of corn with equal facility while marauding through a little village full of squash-growers. Labor costs are affected by many factors, and different “nations” require people with different skills. A farmer would have fared badly in an Apache tribe, but would be appreciated by the Hopis, who moved way up on high mesas to avoid raiders, and there skillfully collected water in cisterns to feed small irrigated plots of beans, corn and squash using unique methods of dry-farming. Interestingly, the Apaches have adapted to the ways of the white invaders better than most tribes, as their facility on horseback and indisposition to surrender gave them a leg up in the larger economy, and many tribes adopted ranching, farming and logging when they were forced to give up raiding.

## Of Brickmakers and Woodcutters

The productivity of a community is enhanced, Smith explained, as people become more skilled in particular productive activities. This is called the “specialization of labor” to exploit “the relative advantage” of different workers. Exploiting “relative advantage” can be illustrated by the story of two couples with different skills. The first couple was Jane and Wanda, two lesbian brickmakers. The second couple was Jeff and Sally, two heterosexual woodcutters. Since they enjoyed each other’s company, the two couples at first decided to work Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on brickmaking, and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays cutting wood. After about a month they took a tally

of the bricks and the cords of wood produced, and discovered that they had produced both less bricks and less firewood than when the two couples worked separately. Why? Jeff and Sally were unskilled at making bricks, so they made errors, and Jane and Wanda had to spend time training them, and even then the hetero couple didn't produce as many usable bricks. The same result occurred when the lesbians tried to cut wood. They weren't as good at it as Jeff and Sally, and due to their inexperience, produced less wood at greater cost in time. Facing the possibility of not having enough bricks to build the house or enough wood to get through the winter, the two couples focused on what each was best at, and in the end there were not only enough bricks and firewood for their personal use, they had some left over to sell. Eventually, Jane and Wanda adopted some war orphans that they turned into a tribe of little brickmakers, and Jeff and Sally gave birth to several children who were handy with the saw, loved the smell of the woods, and branched off into reforestation. A few generations later, the two couples were barely remembered, but their wise choices left a legacy of brick homes and leafy avenues in a town where sexual inequality was a forgotten memory.

## The roots of modern unemployment

In the story of the brickmakers and the woodcutters, everything is happy, because workers specialize by choice to their greater communal benefit. Of course, this is not how it works in the real world, where people no longer follow the traditional occupations of their parents, and acquire few specialized skills besides what are gleaned from channel surfing, playing video games, driving dad's car, and purchasing fast food. Most young people are losing specialized abilities like cooking, sewing, and gardening, that help them keep expenses down. The value of acquiring a standard credential like a high school diploma has become vague to many young people. College degrees are very costly to procure, and employers increasingly doubt that college graduates have the skills needed. Top hourly wages in our techno-driven economy go to people with certifications issued by private computer companies like Cisco, Microsoft, and Novell, not to college graduates. The old question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" is now impolite to ask, since it is likely to throw the child into a quandary that, parents fear, will cause anxiety. Besides which, how could a child be qualified to decide that he wants to be a Linux networking specialist until after he hacks his way into the school network to change his girlfriend's

biology grade? Experiences guide choices, and in this world, choosing what type of labor to specialize in often defaults to "whatever someone will pay me to do." Which explains why the price of marijuana keeps dropping.

## The war economy and the market for soldiers

The disconnect between young people and gainful employment explains why the sudden desire to go open a can o' whupass on them Arabs took root so quickly in the apocalyptic soil of the unemployed, working-class young people in this country. There was a genuine crisis on hand, fueled by the public murder of over four thousand people in downtown New York. There was a charismatic president leading the nation, there was a fire in the desert, a Holy Grail to chase, and a lot of people wanted in. Money was easy to get in Iraq. In fact, huge stashes of bundled hundred-dollar

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bills were left completely unguarded, and uncounted billions have gone missing. War is good business, especially when the Vice President is still getting a \$300,000 annual payment from Halliburton, the prime no-bid contractor on the project to level Iraq under the guise of nation-building. The invisible hand is working overtime these days.

Two billion dollars have been spent developing and deploying technology to block increasingly sophisticated cell-phone-detonated bombs in Iraq. People often say “think what that would have done if spent on schools.” But they don’t say it when the nation is “at war.” Typically, too much is being claimed for the use of this term. Certainly we aren’t at war like we were in World War II, when we entered a two-front war against two industrial giants that had defeated all of Continental Europe and the South Pacific. Certainly we aren’t at war like we were when I was in high school, when the American death toll stood at over 40,000, everybody was buckling down in school to avoid being drafted, and ultimately they turned it into a negative lotto game where the unlucky ones got picked out of a hat, and student or no, it was time to go. We are “at war” because the president said we were. “Being at war forever” has officially become our policy, and like all other policies, it is an economic policy.

Since we are at war, money goes first to guns, then to butter for the soldiers, then to pay for the creation of

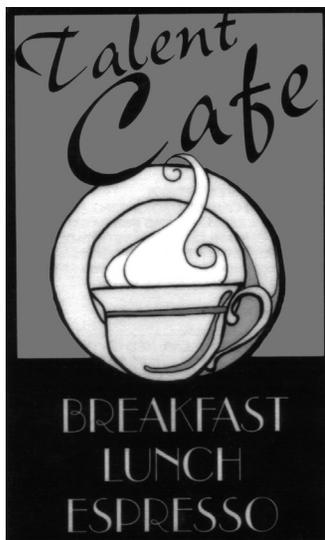
a gigantic, unwieldy security apparatus to strangle the airline industry, then to pork-barrel projects necessary to grease all of the palms that wrote the campaign checks and bought the dinners and paid for the trips that a Congressperson just can’t live without. If the sleaze of politics seems far from you, be assured it is not. The wages that never go up, the jobs that cannot be found, the housing that isn’t available, the opportunities that don’t appear, have all been swallowed up by a national economic policy that is far more monstrous than one would think from watching TV. Some folks don’t believe in conspiracies. Okay, we’ll chalk it up to the work of the invisible hand.

## What money buys

No one is going to advocate the end of money if they are sane, because money is the most amazing thing in the universe – it is the equals sign between anything and anything. Using “money,” we can put a value on anything from apple pie to a course in Zen, and the price will always be based on how much it costs to produce the product. It may be more charming to pay for Zen in apple pies, but most Zen masters want cash, because using money, they can buy whatever they want. The flexibility of money makes it useful, but it doesn’t give it any intrinsic qualities of value. A lot of the time we think we want money, and forget that ultimately, we want what money buys. We usually don’t think about this until we go out looking for a midnight snack, and unable to find a grocery store open, return home with gratitude to find a single ice cream bar stuffed in the freezer.

Nevertheless, the vast majority of exchanges are going to be facilitated by money, including, ironically, the establishment of social policy to expand productivity beyond the monetary realm. There is a cost for everything, including an economic policy to increase real wealth among the citizens. The calculation of wealth goes beyond tallying dollars, because one may be wealthy without having a dollar, like an eccentric hermit living happily in a distant location, tending a garden and feeding the birds. Wealth, distinct from money, is an abundance of what we want and need. If our community priorities are straight, we will strive to become rich in essential goods like clean air, fresh water, arable land, inspiring housing and livable towns. We will give people an incentive to increase the wealth of knowledge and skills they carry within them, so we can have excellent teachers in our schools, skilled medical care for those in ill health, and media resources that foster communication in an environment of free thought. These things usually cost money, because people create them, but they can be created

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and exchanged without money, and can enrich us concretely and directly, giving us more of what makes life worth living.

## Markets encourage trade and increase actual wealth

Leaving money out of the equation, we still have our skills and creations to exchange, but we lack a “medium of exchange.” A medium of exchange is used to reduce what economists call “transaction costs.” Transaction costs are evident in all activities. Take sending someone a letter. It involves the following transaction costs: time spent writing the letter and addressing the envelope, plus the expense of a piece of paper, a stamp, the time it took to buy the stamp, the time you’ll spend mailing it, and a few days waiting time for your recipient to receive it. The telephone eliminates transaction costs. Email reduces transaction costs greatly, but only at the cost of knowing how to use email and getting access to a machine with Internet. Transaction costs prevent communications and productive exchanges from taking place.

Markets are intended to overcome transaction costs by having everyone bring their product to the same place, so a purchaser can visit many merchants at once, and the merchants can trade with each other. Nowadays, markets have migrated online. Everyone is getting in on the action. Myspace is a marketplace for attention. Craigslist is a marketplace for everything that’s cool. eBay is a marketplace for people who are willing to take risks to get a bargain, and for many legitimate sellers, as well as for scammers looking to turn over questionable goods.

## The missing marketplace

Local marketplaces, however, have disappeared, especially ones that serve the needs of young people looking for work, housing, rides, or musical and cultural events that don’t cost a bundle. While granting full dignity to all those people who work the outdoor markets here in Ashland, their offerings are largely focused on the tourist trade, and boxing the farmer’s market into the Armory instead of allowing it to operate in the open air like Portland, Santa Monica, and other cool towns, seems altogether too resonant of the state-of-war attitude that somehow is trickling down to the local level. The entire length of our main drag is dedicated to supplying young people with trinkets, media discs, and t-shirts, and supplying older people with pricey food. Miraculously, a laundromat and a drugstore, the last bastions of ordinary commerce, cling to life in the heart of town, but we know this is

not forever.

Recently The Tidings ran an article on how much money there is in being spiritual. The next day they ran an article on how much money there is in being fun. Ashland is both spiritual and fun, so let’s make money! Ah, if it were only that easy. The most spiritual people I know are the poorest, and it is impossible to generate enthusiasm for the teachings of people who are making money in the spirit business. All of the money in the guru business is at the top. Everybody else works for smiles.

## Taking stock of our assets

If we’re going to find any way to increase the productivity of Ashland people, we’re going to have to do what the hero Wesley does in *The Princess Bride* when it’s time to storm the castle and rescue Princess Buttercup. Even though Wesley himself is limp and unable to move due to the effects of Prince Humperdinck’s poison, he asks his companions, the Spanish swordsman and Fezzick the Giant, “What are our assets?” By skillfully using each one of the assets, he storms the castle, captures the Prince, and frees Buttercup. The Spaniard also kills the Six-Fingered Man, thus avenging the death of his father. Fezzick procures four white horses, and they all ride off happily together. If we are to accomplish anything remotely as miraculous, we must remember to first take stock of our assets.

Listing Ashland’s assets, first I see the amazing environment, then the strategic location on the highway between San Francisco and Portland, then the intelligence and sensitivity of the citizens, coupled with intellectual and information resources like the University, the municipal fibernet, the new libraries, and the theatres. I also see the large population of professionals, and the sensitive people who are talented cooks and gourmet food crafters, and institutions like the Geppetto’s garden, blending into the larger texture of family farms and vineyards that surround the area. Finally, I count as an asset the convenient proximity to Medford, with its many gritty, useful realities and international airport.

## Alternatives to money as a medium of exchange

When we remember that money is but a mechanism for equating one person’s labor to another, we may intuit something clever – we don’t need US Treasury Notes to keep track of people’s labor. We can record their relative work outputs in a spreadsheet or other

database, or even on a piece of paper. Strictly speaking, that is all the banks are doing anyway, and people who move large amounts of money around are well aware of this. Computers allow us to create and manage databases quite easily. Your paycheck is only good if your boss's account has enough money in it, which is to say, it appears to have enough money in it when the bank teller looks on her screen. What is handy about the designation of your labor as money is that anyone else will take it in exchange for their goods and services. What is not handy is that you can't get enough of it to do everything that you want to do.

People will trade for what they could not pay for with cash. Why? Between rent, gas, food, insurance, child support and a DUI diversion, there's no money available. Statistically, a guy like this in Oregon will likely go bankrupt trying to make money at video poker, which is statistically unlikely. Instead of pecking at a screen like a pigeon, a guy in this situation might wisely choose instead to spend his time sawing boards and pounding nails – building stuff for a friend in exchange for some goods or skills. Maybe he'll pick up a nice TV by building some shelves for a friend, and then he'll end up with a girlfriend to clean up a little. Skills and goods exchanges allow a community to grow more wealthy by consuming its own local products and employing its own people. Local skills and goods trading improves individual living standards, gives young people a chance to apprentice in a non-wage environment, and allows community members to preserve cash resources by reducing reliance on money.

Money developed based upon exchanges of concrete trade items or particular services, and was used to facilitate exchanges,

not to monopolize the means of exchange. Where economic squeezes by national governments and international bankers impose embargoes and sanctions, barter can keep national economies alive. For example, Venezuela ships oil to Cuba, that sends back medicines, doctors and teachers. Thus Venezuela supplies Cuba's energy needs, and Cuba helps Venezuela care for the education and health of its people, and they both get the satisfaction of telling Uncle Sam to take a hike.

Historically, people in love have exploited their relative advantages by dividing labor along classic sex-role lines, and family life has been the great factory of non-monetary wealth-generation. People used to routinely help each other build a house, then spend a lifetime washing clothes, making and raising babies, cooking food, growing gardens, fixing cars, chopping weeds, all that stuff. Some relationships are very elevated transactions that produce works of art that humanity will enjoy forever, like the music of Chopin and the writings of George Sand, or the sculptures of Camille Claudel and Rodin. For this and many other reasons besides producing soldiers for the fatherland, society has for a long time made it a legitimate social and governmental goal to make it easier for young people to get married, have children, live productive lives, and contribute to the life of the community. Skills and goods exchanges can be great resources for young people who have the energy and motivation to help themselves by working for others, because they benefit three ways – connecting with creative people, learning skills, and getting something valuable from their labor.

## Putting the invisible

## hand to work for the good of the people

Skills and goods exchanges between individuals don't happen on our local level mainly because there's little thought given to non-monetary exchanges, and no place is dedicated to making them happen. There is no forum that is specifically focused on facilitating skills and goods exchanges within our community, and thus money is virtually the only avenue for trade in goods and services. Particularly at a time when the capital for business development is so difficult to obtain, the City would demonstrate vision by establishing a local skills and goods exchange database, available online and in a walk-in office open to the public.

Money can be used to build a community, only because money commands labor. It is of great benefit to a community to mobilize all of the creative resources of its people, including that which cannot be tapped by spending money. The City should first explicitly declare that the primary asset of the City is its people, and that the care, cultivation and development of their welfare, wealth, and well-being are the primary concern of City leaders. The City should establish a skills and goods exchange, using City office and technological resources to increase non-monetary economic activity. The City should establish grants and subsidies to supplement the efforts of gleaners, food banks, and homeless shelter-providers, who are distributing actual wealth to those in need. The City should also adopt a purchasing and hiring policy that requires giving first consideration to local goods and service providers in all City purchasing decisions. Such policies will put Adam Smith's invisible hand to work accomplishing acts of social benefit, and we will all be the gainers. ❖

# SOCRATES NOW! *Lets Argue*

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by M.J. Frangadakis

We all argue, and this is a good thing. We discuss our personal and social ideals in a lively fashion, bantering about freedom of speech, the right to privacy, social justice, and yes, the American Way of Life. When we argue, we stand up for what we think is true, and justify our conclusions. Argument fosters clear thinking. Through argument we hope to discover: What's going on here? What's the truth of the situation? Is this man guilty of the crime as charged, or not? What's the evidence? Should we raise taxes? Change our school system? Allow more immigration? End the war? Restrain oil company profits? Let's get the facts out on the table, and sort through them in a give and take.

When we sit down to discuss these things, we each often start by thinking we have the right answers on these diverse, complicated issues, and eliciting agreement from our fellows. But once we earnestly communicate our feelings and thoughts, we realize how differently most of us view the same situation. On one planet, different personalities adopt innumerable views. And since these diverse views very often contradict one another, they obviously can't all be right.

Beyond the inherent difficulties that are necessarily a part of any honest discussion, the real problems rear up when we argue unfairly. Both psychology and philosophy books give detailed accounts of how we manipulate one another through our speech, how mightily

I want to convince you that I am right and you (sadly enough) are wrong. This might be perfectly acceptable if my original intent in taking issue with you is not clarity, but in fact manipulation, or, in extreme instances, intimidation.

For example, a politician might use the common, logical fallacy referred to as *argumentum ad hominem*, which means an "attack against the person". Rather than debate the merits of their opponent's ideas, the maker of an ad hominem argument challenges his motives for making the argument. It is

“  
Threaten  
someone, and  
they'll usually  
come around  
to your way  
of thinking.  
”

suggested that the person on the other side of the aisle has too many personal shortcomings to be trusted—shortcomings that, even if true, may yet be irrelevant to the issue at hand.

Another logical fallacy that most of us are familiar with is the "slippery-slope." This fallacy has been used by our government in the war on drugs and by the N.R.A. in the war against firearm regulations (to name two obvious instances). Take a puff, and you've got an E-ticket to hell; regulate firearms, and prepare for U.S. storm troopers to crash through your front door. Despite, or because of its blatantly manipulative motive, this type of fallacious thinking is very effective

in deterring opposing viewpoints. One more step in that direction--the direction I oppose--and your slide into damnation is assured.

Recently we are asking ourselves, assuming that the government must give substantial weight to thwarting possible terrorist attacks, how much of our right to be free of search and seizure should we surrender? When has the trip over the edge gone too far? At what point have we lost our personal liberties irretrievably? With wire taps? Spying on the Internet and our personal e-mail? With profiling suspects and detaining them at undisclosed locations with no bail? With the loss of attorney-client privilege? When do we really know that our ride down the precipice has begun?

Yet another commonplace fallacy is referred to as *argumentum ad baculum*, or the "Argument of the Club". This operates much in the same way as it sounds: Threaten someone, and they'll usually come around to your way of thinking. Although this might seem more like the intimidation the mafia or a Saddam Hussein type character might use, it can be quite subtle... and very effective. For example, in a political race I could argue that if my opponent wins, then jobs—your jobs!—will be lost. This is definitely a veiled threat, and simply infecting you with that strain of fear might be enough to put aside any truly reasonable arguments I might offer in order to prove my claim. The current political debates over illegal immigrants are heavily front-loaded with this fallacy. Why use clear thinking, when I can muddy the situation through turbulent emotions?

Somewhat related to this tactic is another favorite ploy consistently promulgated by our politicians: The "Black-or-White, Either/Or" fallacy. This method of persuasion is almost embarrassingly transparent,

# *SHEBREEZE*

*By Michael Wear*

*She touches me just so,  
The Wind is my Lover ...  
Her fingers in my hair,  
On arms and body and soul.  
With all my defects She,  
Embraces me as I am.  
The Wind is my Lover,  
Her scent Intoxicating ...  
Of pine and flowers with  
Exotic fragrance she fills my head.  
The Wind is my Lover ...  
Coy and playful she hides,  
Behind the trees and rushes  
Upon me with Delight...  
To shake my Body with Passion.  
The Wind is my Lover ...  
Never too close and not too far,  
She comes to me day and night,  
Only to whisper in my ear,  
You are never alone my dear.  
The Wind is my Lover ...  
She breathes me and I breathe Her,  
And in this moonlight glow ...  
She touches me just so.*

yet still extremely effective in bringing people to your point of view. It's almost as if we want to be taken in by the ruse.

Begin with an inherently complex problem, such as trade tariffs (over which many a war has been fought), and reduce it to an either/or situation. You could say something like: "Either higher tariffs are levied on imported steel, or our valued steel workers will all be out of a job in the near future, and our economic base will end in ruin." It's an all-or-nothing game, with no alternative solutions possible.

Of course, it could very well be that some changes in political policy will have to take place so that our workers will not lose their jobs in the near future, but social and political issues such as these are rarely so simple as to be soluble with black or white explanations. Gray is usually the predominant color in these situations. Once again, this is a veiled appeal to emotional reactions under the pretense of logical certitude.

When we look at social and legislative issues in general, we find that determining the absolutely right answer is virtually impossible. Proponents on both sides of any argument usually resort to the same kinds of fallacies: Start with a strong undercurrent of emotion, such as fear or animosity or greed. Then over-simplify the facts by throwing in a fistful of hasty generalizations. Once this is accomplished, claim with the utmost sincerity that the issue is essentially a black-and-white affair, and anyone with common sense knows which side is correct. This is called "Poisoning the Well." Emphasize your meaning by looking directly into the camera and saying emphatically that things can only go one of two ways: Our Way or the Wrong Way. As added insurance, bulwark your position by insisting that the other side cannot prove you wrong, therefore, by implication you are obviously right. This is called "arguing from ignorance," and its persuasive power cannot be overstated.

So now you are forearmed against all manner of fallacious arguments. But be careful not to discard the infant with the effluvia -- not everyone who relies upon fallacious reasoning is wrong. Some may reason poorly, but still have a good answer. Take for example the issue of whether to have extramarital sexual relations. Even if adultery does not result in eternal damnation, there are many good reasons to avoid it -- health, psychology, and economics all argue in favor of keeping the marital bond inviolate. Going to hell may just be shorthand, after all, for going to court.

Most philosophers believe that reasonable arguments, arguments that have mutual understanding and clarity as their shared objectives, are indeed possible. However, it takes skill to have a meaningful

argument. When we engage in an argument, no matter how trivial or significant the issue, we must keep an eye on our own obsessions. Not just because we are each driven to convince others that our view is correct, but even more-so because we must convince ourselves. Since we are rarely willing to question the conclusions we've already established as the foundations of our thinking, behaving "reasonably" often just means rationalizing our prejudices. When we argue from that perspective, what I wish were true, and what is true, become one and the same to us.

Assuming that this is the case, I would like to offer my own version of truth: Our society should cultivate faith in reason. The only alternative is to accept a devalued vision of human potential. Stanley Cavell defined philosophy as "a willingness to think undistractedly about things that ordinary human beings cannot help thinking about." Presumably, he means that everyone thinks about the big issues – birth, death, freedom, slavery – but philosophers stick with the inquiry, and remain undistracted by the fact that these things are hard to think about. Learning to think "undistractedly" means applying the rules of reasonable argument to the process of thinking, and following thoughts through to their logical conclusion. To think undistractedly, one must avoid shortcuts like rejecting an idea because of prejudice toward the speaker, overstating the negative consequences of a decision, or being "politically correct" to avoid social rejection. By thinking undistractedly, an individual can achieve clarity. By arguing honestly with our fellows, clarity can arise between us. By having faith in reason, that clarity can be communicated to society at large. So let's argue. ❖

# LINCOLN'S HEAD

By Charles Carreon

*Down at the entrance to  
Lithia Park  
To the left by the stairs  
at night it gets dark.  
Just like Prescott Bush  
stole Geronimo's skull,  
Some Oregon crackers  
gave Lincoln's the pull.*

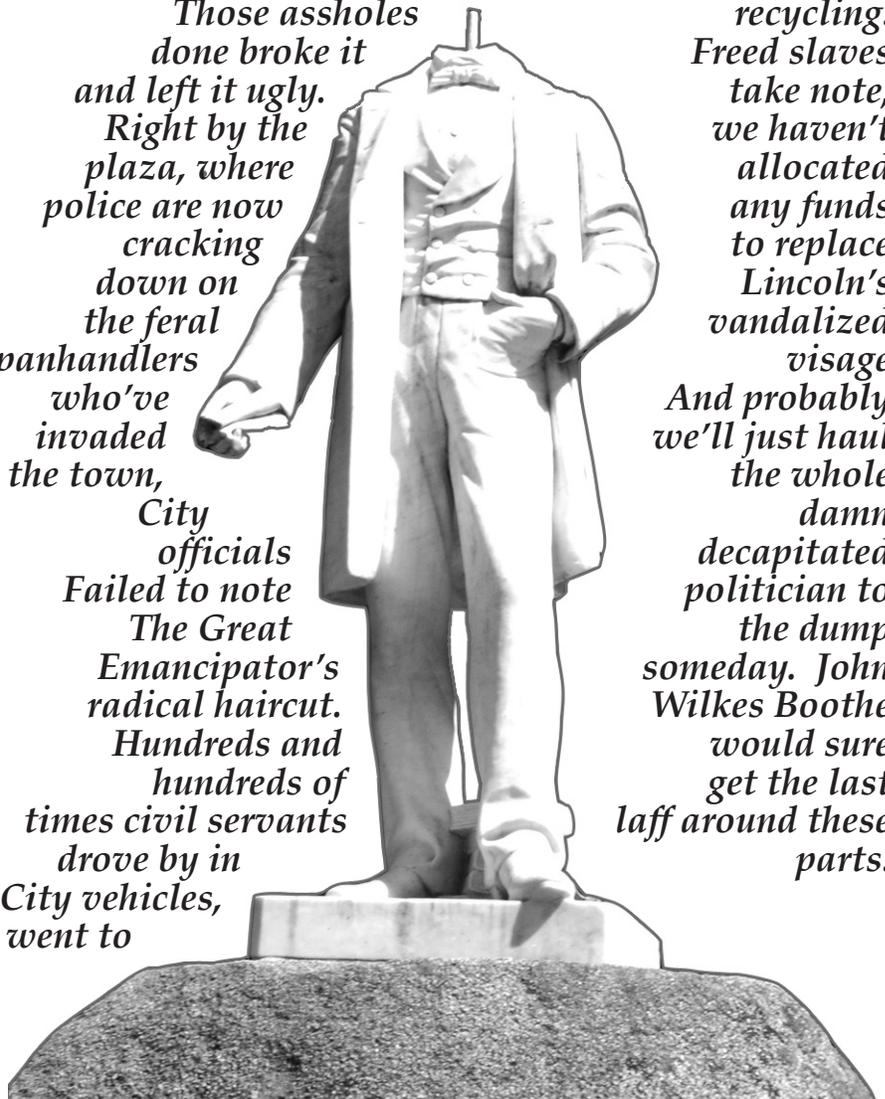
*You might try  
to imagine what it  
looked like,  
The beard, the head, in  
the lovely moonlight,  
But it's gone, my friend,  
there's nothing to see,  
Those assholes  
done broke it  
and left it ugly.*

*Right by the  
plaza, where  
police are now  
cracking  
down on  
the feral  
panhandlers  
who've  
invaded  
the town,*

*City  
officials  
Failed to note  
The Great  
Emancipator's  
radical haircut.  
Hundreds and  
hundreds of  
times civil servants  
drove by in  
City vehicles,  
went to*

*meetings, and  
Performed Important  
Jobs, none of  
which involved  
replacing the former  
president's missing dome.  
The City budget  
doesn't include  
replacing the heads on  
historical statuary, and  
perhaps removing the  
Great Proclamation  
From the hand of the  
Great Assassinated One  
was an attempt at  
recycling.*

*Freed slaves  
take note,  
we haven't  
allocated  
any funds  
to replace  
Lincoln's  
vandalized  
visage  
And probably  
we'll just haul  
the whole  
damn  
decapitated  
politician to  
the dump  
someday. John  
Wilkes Boothe  
would sure  
get the last  
laff around these  
parts.*



# HEY DUDE, WHERE'S MY SILVER MINES?

by Charles Carreon

## A family of Gascons

My mother was named Eloisa Ainsa, and her sisters were named Filomena and Perla. Her brothers were named Juan and Alfonso. The Ainsa family were miners, and the town of Ainsa is in the foothills of the Pyrenees, just south of the French border region called Gascony. The people there, called Basques in Spain, and Gascons in France, were never conquered by either nation. D'Artagnan, the hero of Dumas' great adventure, "The Three Musketeers," was a Gascon, to which Dumas attributed his inclination "to fight on all occasions." The Basque separatist political group recently agreed to abandon violent resistance in pursuit of their goal to separate from Spain. The Basques are miners, shepherders, makers of wine, good cheeses, hams, and the excellent fish they pull from the Cantabrian sea. They are descendants of the first cave painters of Altamira, who rendered their prey, the giant bison, with faultless artistry, making the first crayons by filling the marrow holes in bison bones with colored clay and animal fat. They were among the first toolmakers, creating bone needles to stitch skin clothing. If they had a religion, nobody knows what it was.

The Ainsa family migrated to New Spain in the 1700s, when they came to extract ore for the King of Spain. The line of the Ainsas blended with that of the famed explorer, Juan Bautista de Anza, the founder of both Los Angeles and San Francisco, and the first man to ever lead an expedition of "white people" across the Mohave Desert. A plaque in front of the Santa Barbara Courthouse, placed by the Daughters of the American Revolution commemorates de Anza's arrival at the location on July





4, 1776. Thus, my relatives were busy settling the west coast for the King of Spain, while the Mayflower descendants were telling George the First to piss off.

De Anza was apparently a tough and literate man. Although rarely seen without two pistols and a sword, he kept a detailed diary of his travels up the California coast. He was also an effective manager of men and women and skillful negotiator. On the entire trip from what is now the Arizona-Sonora border, through territory peopled by Yaquis, Comanches, Apaches, and Mohaves Indians, they recorded no pitched battles with the natives, and only one of his band of settlers died. The final head count in Los Angeles was the same as when the party started out however, because on the way, one child was born.

## The Arizona story

My mom and her brothers and sisters were all raised in a town called Morenci, Arizona, which was then the site of the world's largest open pit copper mine. The Phelps-Dodge mining company owned the entire town, down to the dirt and everything below it, all the way to hell. All of the miners were Mexicans, all the houses were owned by Phelps-Dodge, and my grandfather Jose collected the rent from the Mexican miners. You didn't have to be a citizen to work in the sweltering mine, or to man the hellish smelters where fires raged night and day, billowing sulfur-filled smoke that generated acid rains and snows so toxic that nothing green was seen for miles around.

The family was as proper as any you can imagine. They had indoor plumbing, and all three girls learned to play the piano and assimilated well. Filomena became "Phil," and went to work for the State of Arizona. My mom became "Eloise," and also

became a secretary for the Highway Department. Perla became "Pearl," and became a gifted schoolteacher. Both brothers enlisted in the Army. Alfonso became "Al" and stormed the beach in Italy on D-Day. Juan became "Johnny," the supply guy who kept the other GI's stocked with materiel. When the war was over, they came home, got educated on the GI Bill, and married their sweethearts. They assimilated further, moving to the suburbs of Phoenix, Arizona.

My father was born Conrado Santiago Carreon, on a little ranch north of Tucson, Arizona, near the Catalina Mountains that he loved with a passion. Tragedy stalked his early life. At the age of three or four, the flu epidemic of the thirties took both his parents, and he was adopted by a Swiss-Italian couple, whom he called "Mama and Papa Busigny." He had a little brother who was taken in by a Chinese family, and my dad remembered how the little boy developed a Chinese accent to his Spanish. It was heartbreaking to hear Dad tell the story of the last time he saw his brother in the Tucson Chinatown. The little boy told him, "You bring another mama back here." He wasn't able to do that, because the flu killed both the Busignys a few years later.

My father was transferred to live with some relatives in Los Angeles, but the family was poor and already had three sons, and they treated him so badly that he left. From the age of twelve to his late teens, Dad shined shoes for the people of Los Angeles, and slept in twenty-four hour movie theaters, "the nickelodeons," he called them, where a boy could watch W.C. Fields, Jimmy Cagney, Clara Bow, and get a little rest in the back row. Early on, he took refuge in amateur boxing, "Golden Gloves," as it was then called, and fought his first professional prize-fights before he

was an adult. Ambitious and not afraid to over-train to fight in a variety of weight classes, he could gain or lose up to thirty pounds for a match. The training practically killed him. At twenty-one, he was dying of tuberculosis, for which there was no cure. The surgeons cut out one lung, and told him if he could do without morphine, survive the pain, and stay flat on his back for two years, he might live. He followed their instructions, and lived to ninety-two with one lung. Along the way, he had two sons by his first wife in LA, and two sons by my mother, Eloise.

After leaving behind the ring, Dad learned bookkeeping and went to work for the tax assessor in Phoenix, Arizona. He met my mom, then in her mid-twenties and projected to become an old maid because of her love for reading, and a great romance began. He adopted her family as his own, and hit it off very well with my Grandpa and Grandma. Dad was the kind of guy who would win a big poker game and give all the winnings to Grandma, who would bless him with the words, "May God give you more." God gave him more, and he kept giving it away in a life of public service. He became the first member of the Arizona State House of Representatives with a Spanish surname, and served for six two-year terms, authoring laws to make a better state, including the law that put women on juries, and another law, among the first of its kind in the entire nation, that made it a felony to kill someone with a car while driving drunk. Prior to that time, drunks pretty much ran over anyone they wanted, and paid modest fines for the privilege. When his legislative career was over, he put in eighteen years as a contracting specialist for the U.S. Department of Labor. For over ten years he lived in Washington, D.C., while my mother lived in

Phoenix, Arizona. It was what was needed to pay for the education of my brother and myself. He was immensely proud of his photograph shaking the hand of the great Texan who then ran the country, Lyndon Johnson.

## Talkin' 'bout my generation

My Dad spared no expense in the education of his sons. I had to learn Spanish perfectly, so I went to summer schools in Mexico City. I also had to learn to speak English "without an accent." My father emphasized that I had the advantages necessary to succeed in Anglo society – fair skin and no accent. While I should never abandon my heritage, I should not disadvantage myself by sounding like a foreigner. Although he despised violence and refused to own a gun, he sent me to a Catholic military school in Virginia for three years, which meant I lived with him in Washington, D.C. on vacations, and thus learned about segregation, bigotry, and racial violence when the city exploded in flames after the murder of Martin Luther King in 1965, when police and snipers traded fire in the streets of the nation's capital.

My Dad's plans paid off. It took me longer than he expected, but I became a lawyer, which caused my Dad to remark, one day as we stood, dressed in our business suits, on Bunker Hill in downtown Los Angeles, the skyscrapers rising around us and the traffic flowing by, "Son, you've really made it. I wish your mother could see you now." Alas, she could not, having died suddenly during my last year of college at Southern Oregon State College, but he told me she had said to him, perhaps in a moment when he was lamenting how I was wasting my talent meditating in the woods, "Someday honey, that boy

will really do something." I'm still trying.

My older brother Aaron also became a lawyer, and he's been a prosecutor for the City of Phoenix for thirty years, accounting for thousands of drunk driving convictions in a town where drinking and driving still seem to go together. He married a lawyer, Gloria Aguilar, and their daughter Aubre attends Wellesley. When I married Tara, a blonde from a Mormon family, it brought out my Dad's latent prejudice. He said he didn't approve of the marriage because Mormons had two undeniable defects – they were liars and hypocrites. They were liars because as farmers, they cheated their Mexican laborers. They were hypocrites because they owned bars and didn't drink. Little did I know that my Mormon relatives weren't pleased with their blonde daughter marrying a Mexican. Meanwhile, Tara and I were unaware of racial issues at all. We were hippies.

## The "Immigrant" problem

Recently, there has been a great hue and cry about the "immigrant problem." I have no idea what immigrant problem they are talking about. I was in Medford yesterday, and saw people holding signs saying stuff like, "I'll Mow My Own Damn Lawn," and "No Amnesty." None of them looked mean or nasty. The skinheads were friendly as hell as Tara leaned out the window to snap their pictures. I can only conclude that someone has decided that race hatred is a good thing to feed at home, as well as abroad. Perhaps their attitude was best explained by Ross Davis, former Chief Judge of the Jackson County Circuit Court. I tried my first case in Jackson County in 1994. I was a new prosecutor, and had just won a conviction in my first

DUII trial in front of a Medford jury. Judge Davis liked me, and said, "You'll do all right here. The thing to remember is that people here are so stupid, when the Republicans tell them that the poor are trying to steal from the rich, they think they're the rich!"

## My prejudices and yours

I have lots of experience with prejudice, even though most people think I'm "white." In Mexico, I was called a "gringo," and treated badly. In Washington D.C., I was called a "honky" by black people. Innumerable "white people" have asked me what I "am." When I answer, "I'm a Mexican," they often reject the idea, telling me "Oh no, you're Spanish." To which I respond that once the Mexicans and Spaniards got in bed together, it got hard to tell. In the blood of my family, there are many people called Native Americans – two hundred years in the desert will erode a lot of race purity – but my Mom, whose own mother was obviously a tiny woman of indigenous origins, never thought of herself as "an Indian." Blindness is in the eye of the beholder.

I've traveled around the world with Tara. I was in Turkey, Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan when it was still safe for Americans to go there. Islamics didn't hate Americans then, so I'm not sure who taught them to do so – perhaps it was our own government, with all its hate speech toward Islamic peoples, pursuing a stealth agenda to court Israel without favoring Jews. Or maybe the Ayatollah did it all by himself. I traveled up and down the length of India, where people are divided by caste, Brahmins won't touch you, and "untouchables" won't even look at a Brahmin. Everywhere, people are made of flesh and blood, love

their children, and need shelter, food, clothing, health care, and education. As a lawyer, I have convicted and defended people of every race, except Asians, who are just too rare in Southern Oregon to get in trouble in large numbers. I have represented white men who robbed banks to pay the mortgage, and a white boy who robbed a bank that was owned by the man across the street, because he had to buy cocaine. I have represented many Mexicans who were in jail solely for being on the wrong side of a border that wasn't there when my ancestors first arrived. I represented a redneck meth dealer who candidly told me it was just bait for blondes.

The people who treat me most like family are Spanish and Mexican. When I first came to Southern Oregon in 1976, I picked fruit with the other Mexicans in Talent and Medford, and they treated me like a brother, albeit a little brother who could barely pick fruit. Sometimes they'd throw a bag of pears in my bin just out of pity. I also get pretty fair treatment from Jews, and most of the affluent people I've known socially were Jewish. Anglo lawyers didn't open up socially, so I only saw them at official firm parties. Most of the Texans I have known were swindlers. People from LA lie with the greatest facility, but it's not that hard to tell. New Yorkers act like your stuff is theirs, but that's because legally, it is. Florida people are mostly New Yorkers who move south, where their lack of scruples is fully appreciated. People all over Arizona hate to think. People in Oregon sort into two groups – those who live in Ashland, Eugene, Salem and Portland, and those who live everywhere else. These kinds of generalizations may be funny, or you might find them irritating. They are my prejudices, and I apply them in life and business. A Portland jury is not like a Grants Pass jury, or a Medford jury, or an LA jury, or a San

Diego jury. A Portland jury most resembles a San Francisco jury, and a Medford jury most resembles a San Diego jury. A Grants Pass jury is a creature like no other.

I trust my prejudices for my own purposes. It's easier to manipulate rednecks if you adopt a southern accent, which is why the president uses words like "nucular," and is "keerful" about his way of "tawkin." It's sad the way Mexican immigrants get suspicious when you try to help them, and would rather give up their rights than try their luck in the legal system. It's sad the way hippies from good families pretend they are going to redeem a world in which they can't buy food without a government card. Further, I enjoy all of these people, usually because of their characteristic foibles, and not despite them.

While my prejudices may be accurate, they are not a basis for law. My Dad was disappointed when I married a Mormon, but he wouldn't have made a law against marrying them. He thought it was better for society if women stayed at home and took care of the kids, but he passed a law to put women on juries. Prejudice is here to stay, in my mind and yours, based in thousands of years of history. Black people, Native Americans, and Latinos have no reason to trust Anglos (aka "whites"). Nevertheless, we can't get rid of them. When we make laws based on prejudice we simply ratify and compound the mistakes of our ancestors. If I were to demand historic justice, I could demand the return of all the silver and gold mines the Ainsas and Anzas once had, before the Mexican-American war destroyed those holdings, turning New Spain to the western United States. But what would I say to the Yaquis and the Apaches, who lived in Sonora and Arizona long before my people arrived? I don't want anything more than my Dad got – a fighting chance

to live a decent life in the country where I was born. Whatever the anti-immigrant protesters think, most "Mexicans" want nothing different.

## What to remember, what to forget

Recently, I called my Aunt Pearl down in Phoenix, where she's been laid up with a broken leg. She told me proudly that my brother Aaron and his wife Gloria were out in the streets protesting the anti-immigrant laws being proposed in Congress. She laughed that there were a hundred thousand people in the streets, and "all of them are citizens." Yes, we're citizens – citizens of the United States, as our ancestors were once citizens of New Spain. Before that, we were Gascons, and before that, cave dwellers in Altamira. The question is, what heritage will we claim?

Balthasar Gracian, the fifteenth century Spanish Jesuit philosopher, said, "Most people remember precisely what they should forget, and forget precisely what they should remember." Those who raise hatred against other people, based on skin color or language or national origin, are reminding us of "exactly what we should forget." We can nourish the memory of all the nasty epithets our ancestors hurled, or had hurled at them. We should remember the hard work our ancestors did, the way they got along with their neighbors, the way they mined the earth together, were educated together, even fought wars against other nations together. We should keep scrubbing away at the tradition of bigotry that stains the history of this, our present nation, and fight fearlessly to be sure that no one, not one single person, is treated like less than a human being, from sea to shining sea. ❖

# FREE SPEECH WEATHERVANE

by Lo Fi Nikita

*"You don't need a weathervane to know which way the wind blows."*

-Bob Dylan

## ***Bard Banished From SOU***

What are the priorities of a University in a town dedicated to profiting off the memory of a deceased, bisexual playwright? Not teaching Shakespeare, that's for sure. Reliable sources tell the AFP that come academic year 2006-2007, there won't even be one Shakespeare class on the entire campus, all year long. This can't make it easy to get an English degree at SOU, because I don't actually think you can get one unless you take at least one class that sweeps you up in the magic of iambic pentameter, showing you that speech can be poetic and perfectly natural at the same. *Romeo & Juliet* is a perennial classic in Braille and umpteen languages, and *Julius Caesar* contains more political science than you could squeeze out of Kissinger's entire career. There's only one "greatest poet in the English language," and yet, while the Oregon Shakespeare Festival mints money out of his royalty-free oeuvre, and the City of Ashland throws treasure at its feet, SOU can't find the money to keep the Bard on the schedule. To paraphrase Dylan, "This place ain't got no culcha!"

## ***Frida and Diego Overheard at Starbucks***

What if Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo came to town? They might

have a conversation like this:

**Frida:** Diego, I like this town. The gringos are so friendly.

**Diego:** I don't like it.

**Frida:** Why not? Aren't there enough beautiful girls for you to cheat on me with?

**Diego:** Oh no, there are plenty of those, maybe even more than other places, but they have stupid laws.

**Frida:** Really, like what?

**Diego:** They have laws against the size of a sign that a restaurant can have, and they have nosy inspectors who go around and take signs from the shopkeepers.

**Frida:** The sign on this Starbucks is really big. I bet they don't take it away.

**Diego:** Of course, they are big capitalists, so they have big signs, and no one would take them away.

**Frida:** So what, are you a sign painter?

**Diego:** No, Frida, why are you teasing me? You know I'm the great muralista.

**Frida:** Yes, and when are you going to get to work? I notice a lot of blank walls around here that don't have any murals. There's that Coca Cola sign on the wall of the Peerless, but it's so commercial. How about a mural of the massacres of the local natives, the destruction of the forests, and the suburbanization of agriculture? It would be beautiful, and awaken the conscience of the local people. They seem so depressed.

**Diego:** That's what I'm trying to tell you! They won't let me paint anything here. Like that big empty wall in the parking lot of that youth hangout over there, that Evo's place. I heard the owner of the building wanted a mural, and

I would be glad to do it, but the political bosses here won't allow it.

**Frida:** It's the same as in Mexico. Corruption everywhere.

**Diego:** Of course, *mi amor*, corruption. Are you going to finish eating that cookie?

## ***Do Merchants own the sidewalks in front of their stores?***

Free speech supporter Will Lewis has made waves on the international fashion circuit with his fair-haired good looks, but they don't want to see his face around the Ashland Food Coop. Scrapper than he looks, Will was apparently not backing the right side of some cause, because at least twice during the first couple of weeks in May, Will had the police called on him for standing on the sidewalk outside the ultraliberal food store and refusing to leave when so directed by store managers. The first time he was forced to leave by a cop with a flawed view of the first amendment. The second time the responding officer apparently realized that the people, not the Coop, own the sidewalk in front of the store, and that the Jehovah's Witnesses already won the battle to leaflet on the streets back in the forties. Or so we thought. Will tells the AFP, however, that merchants all over town pull this trick and police back them up. So it's no surprise that the Coop, ever in step with the community, is following suit. We'd hoped they'd set a better example. Question for Richard Katz: As members, when do we get to vote on these store policies? ❖

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# NOTED PHYSICIST NASSIM HARAMEIN TO SPEAK AT RVML

by Asha Claire Deliverance

Beyond Einstein, physicist Nassim Hamein has completed Einstein's Field equations, resulting in a Unified Field Theory. He has bridged the worlds of physics, cosmology, archaeology, chemistry, biology, philosophy and religion with his comprehensive investigation into the fundamental wheel-works of nature. Through his knowledge of quantum and relativistic physics and his study of ancient texts, Nassim has decoded the Kabalistic Tree of Life, the Flower of Life and many other symbols and artifacts, including a new description of the role of the Ark of the Covenant. As well, he discusses crop circles and their relation to physics, as they lead us to the understanding of the structure of spacetime. His Unified Field Theory is changing our global understanding of the Universe and of our relationship to it; moreover, it stands to change the future of technology for the betterment of humanity. His 8 hour multi media presentation, with stunning visuals and graphics, can be understood by anyone, and his charismatic style will keep you entertained and humored while taking in profound and leading-edge thoughts.

Nassim will give an evening lecture on June 22nd at the Rogue Valley Metaphysical Library, followed by a full day workshop on June 25th. For information visit the RVML website at <[www.rvml.com](http://www.rvml.com)>. ❖



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# THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY POST OFFICE

by Arnie Gross

The Post Office is a godsend and a curse for people like me. Relatively intelligent, spirited souls who couldn't hold down a straight job if our lives depended on it. Under this insufferable bureaucratic mess there is lots of space to play with the system, and in the case of mailmen and women get out in the fresh air for plenty of exercise and a lack of supervision.

I spent over two years as a soldier, in the largest military post office in Europe, and swore I never wanted to see the inside of one again as long as I lived. Yet, fifteen years later, I wound up in the San Francisco P.O. I was a recent East coast immigrant and needed a job. There was this little notice in the Haight-Ashbury substation. I took one look around and thought to myself, what a great temporary job right around the corner from home.

But it wasn't around the corner, and ten years and ten post offices later I finally let go. I was hired on a temporary status, as were half of the unemployed people living in the Haight-Ashbury. This was the end of the era when postal work was undesirable. The union had just negotiated a sizeable raise and time-and-a-half for overtime. The word spread quickly through the neighborhood and it became bonanza time for all the poor freaks and Hippies. Everybody simply had to agree to work a seventy-seven and a half hour week until the postal crisis in San Francisco was over.

And what was that crisis? The expansion of the war in Viet Nam. One of the curious things in modern

American history, unknown to but a few, is that much of the Haight-Ashbury movement and the first flow of honest news in and out of Viet-Nam was subsidized by the San Francisco Post Office. People worked for six months

“...my head hurt and my eyes were spinning. I told my superior I was going to quit...”

or a year and saved a bundle of money. They capitalized drug deals, tourist businesses, and love generation experiments of all sorts that got seeded on Haight Street. Underground publications were blossoming, and duplicate copies by the hundreds were kicking around. They were taken to the Post Office and used to rewrap broken-open packages. They were stuffed in parcel post sacks and thrown into containers going to the Far East. Peace symbols of all sorts were stuck on letters and packages. Love messages and joints were added to letters and packages. Goods that were supposed to be confiscated from the mails were rewrapped with notes and then sent on the minute a supervisor turned his back. Our G.I.'s loved it and reciprocated in kind. They visited when on leave, they sent pictures and letters, and a lot of them joined the ranks of Hippies the minute they got out of

the service.

Meanwhile the San Francisco Post Office had the immense job of moving the mail. In a matter of weeks a small postal section became an around-the-clock operation in a six-story building. Under a mandate to move the mail America's rejects shone like a bright star in the dark nightmarish period when the great affluent American cultural machine had a policy of defusing the spirit of its gifted non-conforming youth.

The supervisory staff threw away the rule book, and let common sense rule. The practical thing to do when you are in charge and are an incompetent is to admit it and put somebody competent in charge. Let them run the operation while you sit in the coffee room receiving reports to make sure things don't get out of hand.

My second night at the Postal Concentration Center (known as P.C.C. in the trade), I was put in front of a mail case and told to sort letters. After two hours of this my head hurt and my eyes were spinning. I told my superior I was going to quit and he countered with, "Well, Arnold, this is better than a lot of dirty work around here that we have to get done." I told him I would prefer to do anything to what I was doing. He took me into a huge dark storage room that was filled with parcel post sacks waiting to be emptied and the packages sorted.

All I was to do was to empty these huge, heavy boxes. I busted my butt for hours. I was covered with dirty sacks, sweat and dirt, but the sheer physical labor exhilarated me. I felt better than I had felt in years. Others like me wound up on' the job. We sang and joked. We were doing what nobody else wanted to do, and what some people were afraid to do. We got filthy and tore our clothes on all the rough objects we came in contact with. We were a happy mess, we established

ourselves as the incorrigibles of the newly emerging night shift. Every night when we came to work the dirty jobs were assigned to us, they were even saved for us, and we loved it. We were told just what to do and then left alone to do it. We got a reputation as trouble-shooters for the midnight shift.

The Post Office built a mail chute six floors high that came out on a conveyor belt in the basement. It took six seconds for a sack to get from the top to the bottom, and this chute was acclaimed a marvel until it was put into operation. The first dispatch of sacks sent down jammed up the chute between the third and fourth floors.

Pandemonium broke out. A van at the loading dock in the basement was waiting, and it was scheduled to meet an airplane at the airport. We were brought out to appraise the situation. We lowered ourselves

by ropes into the chute and pulled out all the sacks until we got to the core of the jam. The chute kept jamming and we took turns going in and straightening out the mess. The work was dangerous and we were so filthy we were unfit to do other work. For several months after the chute was installed and before it was fixed we found a permanent gig breaking up mail jams. I was so good at it I got to riding the mail down to the basement, which blew out the crew working down there. These guys would be pulling sacks off the conveyor belt as fast as the sacks would land on it and boom, all of a sudden some poor soul would go to grab a sack and would have me in his arms instead. The shouts and screams those guys let out was bloodcurdling. Everyone was touchy about corpses rumored to come through from time to time. The famous code 15 mail probably

started the rumor about corpses. These were sacks of mail with code 15 on their slide labels that were taken to a locked room. Eventually I found out they were the personal effects of our killed in action in Viet Nam. Before being sent to the families of the deceased they were gone through by special military personnel who removed anything that might adversely reflect upon the character of the dead. The trouble-shooters all knew, but we had the sense to keep our mouths shut.

Post Office, Post Office - rings in my head. As I put together my memories I know I truly loved my work. I discovered I was O.K. and not really the colossal fuck-up that others would have had me believe. There were lots of people like me, and lots more wanting to let it all hang out like I have a tendency to do. And I say take a chance, make

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that risk; because the grief and the criticism and the flack that you get is nothing in comparison to that warm, good feeling that starts flowing inside. I found the secret to life and it's not gonna cost you any more money after you buy this book if you believe me when I say, "LET IT ALL HANG OUT BABY, CELEBRATE THE FIRST DAY OF YOUR COSMIC CAREER BY LAUGHING, SINGING, CRYING AND TURNING IN YOUR NEW CAR AND EXPENSIVE SUITS."

Post Office, Post Office - rings in my head. Oh, yeah, so I'm at the P.C.C. learning how to celebrate my existence while my brothers are getting shot up in Viet Nam. I feel helpless and a little guilty and I do what I can; and so do a few others. The rest is in the History books.

Post Office, Post Office - rings in my head. Rick is a Hell's Angel, reputedly a past president of the San Francisco chapter. We work together often unloading the conveyor belt. All five-foot-six, one-hundred sixty-five pounds of me and all six-foot-three, two-hundred sixty-five pounds of him. He is a gorilla, but his neatly trimmed goatee, round face, and soft eyes--plus his sense of humor, make him a very likeable guy. At least I like him and he likes me. We talk for hours about our past life adventures and I marvel at the bullshit stories he tells. A war broke out between the Hell's Angels and the Gypsy Jokers and I had an inside view of some of the happenings. Every morning as the night shift left work the Angels and the Jokers would be waiting on opposite sides of the street at the exit to pick up their women who worked at the Post Office. The ladies were escorted home whether or not they needed it, wanted it, or even chose it. The chivalry, chauvinism, and ritual which was ninety-eight percent of the hostilities filled me with mirth. I compared it to how many of the American Indians or the old European Feudal Barons fought their wars. Of course I shared my insights with my friend Rick, and not only did he not understand, but he really got pissed off at me.

We had a helluva fight right there on the fifth floor of the old P.O. Me standing on the conveyor belt so I could look him in the eyes. Our fists in each other's faces shouting obscenities that made me blush before I went into the army. Several hundred of our work colleagues took cover. Of course after a while we both got sore throats from all the shouting and fisticuffs would not have been in order since we both had new work shirts on and we hadn't gotten them dirty yet.

About an hour after the fracas had died down, I was sorting mail which was my punishment for the previously described incident. My supervisor came over to me and said: "Arnold, I want you to go to the men's room and apologize to Rick. He has locked himself in one of the stalls where he has been crying for

the last fifteen minutes." I did so because I was deeply touched that my friend felt so strongly about me that my angry words caused him to grieve.

I lift my cup of wisdom to a long forgotten friend. Never in my opinion was he more truly a great Hell's Angel warrior than when he sat on the shit can on the fifth floor of the P.C.C. and wept for the angry of a friend. Salute Rick, L'CHAIM.

Post Office, Post Office rings in my head. About a year after I started working the V.O. a lot of dumb, adverse publicity plus creeping bureaucratic organization brought about a cleaning up and a tightening up. The good times were coming to an end. That, plus coming home one day to my apartment in the Haight and finding a friend who was on acid taking a piss in the doorway and telling me it was groovy and natural, motivated me to put in for a transfer to Mill Volley where I immediately found a new place to live.

Post Office, Post Office - rings in my head. I am now a window clerk in Mill Valley. I also have a neat three-room basement bachelor pad overlooking a valley of Sycamore and Eucalyptus trees. My time is absorbed in remodeling my apartment. I have never built anything in my life. For the first time I pick up a hammer, saw and screwdriver, and use them with the mentality of a ten year old. The frustration is overwhelming. Fortunately, I am active in the "Foundation for Advanced Psychoanalysis" and in groups three times a week I go into tirades to get the pressures off my head.

Also in the interim of my relocation I am dealt the intense blow of my Dad's death, I am too immature, too crazy, too intellectual to accept death. I start my poem Kaddish a hundred times in my head, and it will be years before

I complete it, and it is published and I have made my statement to the world. And that statement leads to a chain of events that culminates with my writing this book.

Post Office, Post Office - buzzing in my brain. Mill

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Valley. Here I am sitting at a window selling stamps, and weighing parcel post. The Haight-Ashbury is falling apart and daily the refugees arrive. Many don't recognize me for I have shaved my beard, cut my hair, and am working on a triple chin. I am a fat, bald, middle-aged looking amiable public servant now with a bachelor pad up in the hills that came right out of Playboy. I spend a lot of time selling pretty stamps one at a time to housewives who spend a lot of time looking for something exciting to do. I endeavor to excite them and update the old myth about the milkman. I lead a rich fantasy life as I munch pot brownies that the local heads lay on me because I don't get uptight when they come in the post office and play with my rubber stamps. Tessie White is my generation and handsomely built and wears loose blouses that she can lift quickly. She loves to drop acid and come visit me, and when nobody is looking she bares her chest and I stamp airmail on one breast and special delivery on the other. The people I work with are O. K. Straight out of squaresville, except the postmaster, Jim and Mrs. K. Their spirits transcend and we all have that sense of one another, although it is never verbalized. The postmaster squeezes his healthy footballer body into his captain's chair behind his big desk, dons his horn rim glasses, and jams a pipe into the corner of his mouth. All day he leans back, puffs his pipe, watches flies and fantasizes. He is a scoutmaster, and a good one. A nice human being who has been sucked into the bureaucratic machine and is stuck. Jim hides his sensitive soul by running around all day like a lean, overgrown elf and continuously humorizes everybody with clever quips, funny body movements and a great, loving leer.

Now Mrs. K., she is something else, and I love Mrs. K. She is ninety-two years old, lean, with long grey wispy hair and an ageless beautiful face and clear, beautiful blue eyes. We talk lots and some of the guys think I'm queer, but Mrs. K. understands and she talks to plants, trees and cats just like I do. A restlessness develops inside of me, I want to spend more time playing in the sunshine, and I'm tired of frustrated housewives who come to the Post Office every day looking for something to do. My sideburns start to creep down the side of my face and my colleagues get a little nervous about my public image, and they are relieved when I ask to be transferred to the mail carrier's annex.

Now I'm a mailman and the reins are still too tight. My landlord decides to give my apartment to his sister and the leader of the Foundation For Advanced Psychoanalysis dies. All my reasons for my lifestyle are no more and I buy a V.W. camper, quit my job, and move on out to see America. ❖

## SCHOOL ZONES? *Or speed traps?*

by Charles Carreon

Social control is generally of two types – preventive and retaliatory. Most people don't know it, but the Oregon criminal justice system is specifically not dedicated to the rehabilitation of the people in its custody. Rather, it is specifically punitive. This attitude appears to have crept into the basic levels of law enforcement, which is ostensibly dedicated to preventive work. Like, for example, keeping kids from getting run over on the way to school by restricting speeds in school zones during school hours. The police like to "enforce the speed limit" by fining drivers after they speed. While they're waiting for someone to speed through the school zone, they are doing nothing to prevent the speeding from happening, because they are usually trying to hide from speeders. Meanwhile, the children are walking through the crosswalks as usual, with the elderly crossing guards standing by the side of the road rather than walking each group across the road with the flag held high to remind drivers to slow down for the school zone. While they are ticketing errant drivers hurrying to work, the police are obviously out of commission, exercising a little deterrent effect, and stimulating a lot of anxiety, by the flashing of their lights.

"Crackdowns" in enforcement are based on the tacit assumption that people want to cheat. They want to speed through school zones, so they deserve to be caught and fined. More likely, nobody who is sane, and very few who are insane, would want to injure or kill a child. They would in fact appreciate it if you would help them to avoid doing such a thing. But "observe and arrest" tactics don't help citizens to stay in compliance. Since officers get more approval from their superiors for issuing citations, they view success in the field as the failure of safety. Unless someone speeds, they don't win. Children thus serve as bait for a speed trap.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The intersection by Bellevue School is long overdue for a traffic light. Bigger signs, twice the size they've got, overhanging lights that flash to remind drivers that the school zone speed is in force, and a bright logo of kids walking, painted on the pavement, would remind drivers to slow down before they enter the school zone. Also, crossing guards should cross with the students, not stand by the side of the road, and if the cops are going to be out there, they should place themselves in plain view, so drivers can slow down and comply with a law that everyone supports. ❖

# BUDDHA AND EROS

by Lila Vajra

## Sex and the life of the spirit

The sexual urge is inseparable from the basic character of humanity. Nevertheless, the life of the spirit has often been associated with celibacy. This tendency derives from the ascetic tradition, which required that one weaken the body, and the desires associated with it, in order to gain power over the spirit. Celibacy has also been justified on the grounds that it liberates clerics from the expense, work and worry associated with caring for a family.

However, celibacy has not proven to be as attractive in practice as it might seem in theory. Celibate clerics often become caught up in the work of providing for the material needs of their spiritual family, so the labor-saving concept falls by the wayside. Perhaps more important, the celibate lifestyle imposes stresses on the individual practitioner that are probably unnecessary. For most people, the fallout from attempting a celibate lifestyle is simply too much, and becomes just one more obstacle to the life of the spirit.

For your average spiritual aspirant, celibacy is highly impractical. Thus, we can consider ourselves free to explore the ways in which sexual activity can be helpful to pursuing a spiritual life. Indeed, once we take off our traditional blinders, there is every reason to believe that sex and the life of the spirit are mutually beneficial.

On a physiological level, given what we know about the way the body works, we can safely presume that the experience of orgasm releases myriads of substances into

one's bloodstream that send the body an encouraging message: "Success! We have just made another contribution to the gene pool! Every reason to keep living!" The flood of neurotransmitters and other substances that begin coursing through the body at the mere thought of sex, and which crescendo at the moment of orgasm, are very likely triggers of future vitality. Far from being a precious, limited resource that we must hold for a lifetime, our sexual vitality is a resource that we are rewarded for expending. This characteristic of natural systems was described by Jesus of Nazareth in his illuminating saying: "To him that hath, more shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

## The real Tao of sex

- Sexual fulfillment is consistent with an optimal human experience of life.
- Sexual relationships open people to criticism from their lovers, which promotes introspection and fosters growth and maturation.
- Sexual relationships generate children, who make further demands upon the parents, which often results in a deepening of character and spiritual warmth.
- A love affair generates powerful, clinically documented effects on body and mind. People in love literally can stay high for years, enjoying a little bit of paradise.
- The state of sexual ecstasy eventually wears off, presenting people with psychological challenges that, once resolved, make them even deeper people.
- Through family relations, people experience the most loving and protective emotions known to humanity. In Buddhism, the

kindness and self-sacrifice that a mother shows for her offspring is routinely invoked as an example of the depth of concern that the bodhisattva feels for all sentient beings. A parent experiences this emotion directly. Experiencing concern for others provides a way to expand beyond the narrow confines of self-concern.

## Sexual imagery in devotional art

Fertility is the first icon of worship. The primordial neolithic stone Aphrodites are a key to the psyche of humans in that distant time. For our ancestors, life itself was the primary good. We are told that neolithic peoples had plenty of spare time, but on the other hand, they didn't live very long. A headman looking about at his tribe, facing an oncoming winter and depleted by hunting accidents, would be looking extinction right in the eye. In this environment, the sight of a woman giving birth was undoubtedly the best thing after the smell of cooking meat. Replacing the dead was an important activity. Hence the image of the pregnant goddess.

We may presume that neolithic works of art were primarily objects of devotion. How would such primordial rituals have developed? What genius turned rock into the shape of the primordial mother, and lifted it before the eyes of the tribe, that they might be inspired to live? Those early priests faced daunting challenges in their efforts to rally the minds of early humans around the central goal of survival. These works of art were not idle aesthetic expressions; rather, they were psychological anchors in a world of chaos. The very act of artificing, of changing a rock to a goddess, demonstrated an ability

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# THE ANTI-PORNOGRAPHY MOVEMENT

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by Ana Carreon

*A Stanford undergraduate exposes the political underpinnings of an assault on free speech that was started by feminists and co-opted by male conservatives and religious groups. A complete bibliography of all cited sources and various illustrations are available at <[www.ashlandfreepress.com](http://www.ashlandfreepress.com)>*

The anti-pornography movement is part of the larger “moral reform” movement, which is comprised mainly of women and religious individuals. Though the movement today is known to be an issue of importance mainly to the right wing Christian groups, it enjoyed a great deal of growth and support under the guidance of left wing feminist organizations. My analysis of the anti-pornography movement will focus on this shift in movement activity, from radical feminists to conservative women. However, I suggest that throughout the span of the movement, conservative men have played an important role in legislation and enforcement.

I believe the anti-pornography movement can be greatly elucidated in the context of the Political Process Model theory of social movement. In particular, two technological innovations, the VCR and the Internet, are responsible for the growth of the pornography industry, and concurrently, the growth of the anti-pornography movement. Opportunities for anti-pornography legislation have also arisen as conservative men have been appointed to different positions in government.

The anti-pornography movement cannot be understood without also taking into account the “framing” of grievances, and I will demonstrate how the shift in movement activity from the radical feminist sector to the conservative Christian sector was accompanied by a shift in framing. Though this shift may at first appear to be a complete transformation, I will argue that it was, in fact, not absolute. Rather, the contemporary anti-pornography movement has succeeded in bridging itself to various concerns, and the result is a broader frame.

The 1970s were characterized by an extraordinarily high level of social movement activity (Baumgartner 2002). In *Social Movements, the Rise of New Issues*, and the *Public Agenda*, Frank Baumgartner suggests

that several of these movements were interconnected and simultaneously enjoyed a great increase in congressional attention. In particular, the feminist movement gained strength from the Civil Rights Movement, which preceded it. Data shows that, “the timing of the increase of attention to civil rights is somewhat earlier to that of women’s issues [...] but the correspondence between the growth of the size of the interest-group population active in the area and the amount of congressional attention to the issue is just as striking,” (Baumgartner 2002: 7).

## Women’s groups and Congressional attention

The first feminist anti-pornography movements arose in the early 1980s, shortly after the advent of the VCR. Feminist writers and theorists took advantage of this political opportunity by redefining pornography in terms of its impact on women (Cavalier, 1996: 1). The feminist movement had already seen a great deal of success before it began to address the issue of pornography. In fact, the rise of the anti-pornography movement appears to be related to an overall decrease in feminist social movement organizations.

Although women’s issues saw a continued increase in congressional attention throughout the 1970s, 80s, and into the 90s, there was already a great deal of confusion within the feminist movement itself in the late 70s. I would like to suggest that this confusion was in fact a result of the movement’s success, because many feminists harbored a great deal of resentment towards men, and woman’s significant gains were not enough to exhaust the deep well of passion that remained within the movement. The anti-pornography movement was an outlet for those who felt oppressed by pornographic media that pleased men by depicting women as subordinate. A statement made by Christina Sommers – a “dissident feminist” – in an interview with Think Tank, makes the connection between the success of the feminist movement and the rise in frustration in the radical sector. She says, “No women have ever had more opportunities, more freedom, and more equality than contemporary American women. And at that moment the movement becomes more bitter and more angry (Wattenberg 1995: 1).”

One feminist theorist in particular, Catharine

MacKinnon, helped direct this anger against what she interpreted as the “institutionalization of violence” against women: pornography. MacKinnon can be credited with framing the movement in a way that captured the hearts and minds of women on all sides of the political spectrum. She borrowed a great deal from the Civil Rights Movement; yet the anti-pornography movement was heavily criticized by racial minority women. At a conference of the social movement organization known as Women Against Pornography (WAP), many were not shy about voicing their complaints:

•“A woman describing herself as a Puerto Rican lesbian feminist complained about the trend in sectors of the feminist movement to ally with reactionaries,” (Brooke 1979: 8).

“Finally, a black lesbian responded to why more black women weren’t there: there was so much racism and fighting among ourselves at feminist events.” (Brooke 1979: 8).

To these women their sexual orientation was just as important as their race, and indeed many lesbians have been vocal about their belief that pornography is not just a heterosexual issue. Yet many feminists continue to ignore a lesbian or homosexual perspective on pornography when they speak out against it. Instead, they remain convinced that pornography is an issue of men and women. Diana Russell, in her speech at the Women’s Worlds 99 convention allies herself with the Civil Rights movement while opposing women against men, “Just as African Americans in the United States were the primary force in the struggle against racism, it is women who must initiate and sustain an organized movement to combat pornography. Hence, it is vital that women are educated about the contents of porn and the causal role it plays in promoting

misogyny as well as primarily male crimes such as rape, child sexual abuse, woman battering, sexual harassment, and femicide,” (Russell 1999: 18). Furthermore, the anti-pornography organization, Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM) went so far as to say that the proliferation of pornography in media, which arose due to new technologies such as the VCR and color TV, was in fact a response to the feminist movement: “We see this proliferation of pornography, particularly violent pornography and child pornography, as part of the male backlash to the women’s liberation movement. Enough women have been rejecting the traditional role of subordination to men to cause a crisis in the collective male ego,” (Califia 1994: 10).

In response to these claims, lesbians asked whether violence could be monopolized by men. One lesbian feminist named Pat Califia embraced sadomasochism when practiced between two women, and extended that right to heterosexual and homosexual couples. In a letter to *Off Our Backs*, she declared, pornographically, “S/M is not ‘conforming to sex roles,’ nor is it true that role-switching is ‘rare in S/M.’ My ‘slave’ regularly ties me up, torments me, fucks my brains out, and I love it,” (Califia 1980: 2).

It is clear that the anti-pornography movement of the 70s and 80s was always fraught with dissent from within. Yet images of violent pornography and MacKinnon’s claim that these images were linked to rape and battery truly struck a chord in the hearts of those who worked with battered women. One activist confesses, “Most of us had firsthand experience with women abuse. Many of us had been sexually assaulted or battered; many of us worked in transition houses or rape crisis centers. We saw pornography as

yet another form of women abuse.” (Ridington 1994: 1) However, as the movement progressed, this activist came to see different sides of the issue, asking, “Are there different standards of tolerance when violence in pornography is depicted by women [against] other women? [...] Yet when I see pictures of people in bondage, or subjected to pain, whether male or female or heterosexual or gay or lesbian context, it is pain I see and feel.” (Ridington 1994:6) She makes no attempts to hide her own confusion, which reflects the confusion that many women, on both sides of the pornography debate, felt deeply.

## Is titillation discrimination?

Intimately related to the question of whether anti-porn equals anti-gay and lesbian is the question, did the very act of lobbying for anti-porn legislation place feminists in an unholy alliance with the religious right? To answer this question, we must consider the political context in which feminist lobbyists like Cathryn MacKinnon were working. Ronald Reagan was elected president for two consecutive terms in the early 1980s, and he “won reelection in 1984 by a landslide, owing a very large indebtedness to the Religious Right,” (DeWitt 2003: 3). Furthermore, both Reagan and his attorney general, Edwin Meese, took sexual morality very seriously. Indeed, one of Reagan’s favorite causes was against “children having children” and “welfare queens” (Cocca 2002: 4). The concern over teen sexuality that burgeoned during the Reagan Administration signals an important shift in the framing of the anti-pornography movement, from the rights of women to the rights of children, *i.e.* minors under the age of 18. When MacKinnon arrived on the scene, there existed no legal definition of

“pornography.” The word that has always been used is “obscenity,” which is rather vague, as Jonathan Elmer points out in *The Exciting Conflict*: “Rather than defining obscenity, the Court’s standard simply reasserts the possibility of defining obscenity, a possibility assured by the assumed coherence of a community and a self able to judge,” (Elmer 1988: 49). The emphasis here is on community standards, which are dependent on the location of the community in space and time. But in the context of MacKinnon’s definition of pornography, “Abstract notions of obscenity become irrelevant when pornography is thus conceived as a discriminatory practice which constitutes an infringement of the civil rights of women,” (Elmer 1988: 52). Furthermore, her definition invokes John Stuart Mill’s “harm principle” as a valid excuse for circumventing the First Amendment (Cavalier 1996: 1). This newly evolved weapon in the fight against obscenity or pornography was welcomed by moralists.

It seems clear that MacKinnon was aware that she was allying herself with the right wing, when she said, “the media has been conducting a campaign out of whole cloth about our relationship to conservatives [...] We thought someday that would pay off,” (Douglas 1986: 2). However, within organizations like WAP, many women were concerned about this alliance. One woman is quoted as saying that she didn’t want to align herself with “the folks in my hometown who think sex

is evil. I don’t want government censorship, because the boys won’t censor themselves, they will censor us.” (Brooke 1979: 3). Other issues of concern were that WAP make clear that it supported prostitutes, and “differentiate itself from the right-wing on this issue,” (Brooke 1979: 4). However, the overwhelming climate of the organization appeared to be anti-prostitution (Brooke 1979: 5). Furthermore, WAP was quite willing to accept money from the right wing, considering that they had few options. (Brooke 1979: 7).

Concerns about right wing influence were not unfounded, and though legislation was passed due to feminist lobbying, wording was often corrupted or simply insufficient in the eyes of feminists (Ridington 1994). Perhaps it is no surprise that they were not satisfied, considering their apparent confusion over the issue themselves. Some issues that were never addressed were, “a legal definition of pornography that would replace the definition of obscenity and distinguish it from erotica and limit violent pornography and child pornography” and, “obscenity provisions moved out of the ‘Offences Tending to Corrupt Morals’ section of the Criminal Code,” (Ridington 1994: 3). The lack of a clear definition of pornography versus the more woman-friendly “erotica” was also a cause of confusion within the WAP (Brooke 1979: 6, 7).

Often legislation simply seemed to be gained at too high a price for some feminists. In particular, enforcement of laws that anti-pornography feminists had lobbied for was often directed at the gay and lesbian community. Canada was one of the first places to embrace the definition of pornography as violence. After the law was passed, one lobbyist named Kathleen Mahoney proudly proclaimed the key to her movement’s success, “We made the point that among the seized videos were some horrifically violent and degrading gay movies. We made the point that the abused men in these films were being treated like whores and the judges got it. Otherwise, men can’t put themselves in our shoes.” (Ridington 1994: 7). Soon enough, gays and lesbians were targeted. Specifically, gays were targeted in the search for child pornography. Pat Califia claims that, “Gay men who have sexual relationships with boys (and the boys themselves) are the real victims of the kiddy-porn crusade.” (Califia 1994: 1). She buttresses this statement by citing an incidence of the New York City police raiding the Athletic Models Guild in response to “an alleged complaint from a fourteen-year-old whom police say was photographed at the studio.” (Califia 1994: 3). Though no child pornography was found on the premises, mailing lists were seized, containing the names of “some three thousand” homosexuals.

Even MacKinnon acknowledged the difficulties

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of her task when the Indianapolis Supreme Court overturned legislation that she had helped construct in 1984: "MacKinnon said the decision will make it more difficult to find communities willing to enact ordinances like the one she drafted," (Douglas 1986: 3). Anti-pornography feminists began to differentiate between activism and legislation, and sometimes even opposed legislation. The Feminist Anti Censorship Taskforce, a countermovement that arose in response to MacKinnon's ideas, was extremely effective in opposing anti-pornography legislation (Rich 1985). Legislation was thus passed and later overturned, and the feminist anti-pornography movement began to wind down. A look at the feminist movement as a whole shows that "disputes over sexuality, class, and race contributed to the decline of the radical feminist branch of the movement" and "radical feminism gave way to a new cycle of feminist activism sustained by lesbian feminist communities," (Taylor 1992: 174).

It is my belief that MacKinnon's definition of pornography, while not perfect, would have worked just as well as any other if it weren't for dissent within the movement itself. Fear of being co-opted by the right wing and a desire to form stronger alliances with the burgeoning gay and lesbian movements were a couple important concerns leading to the decline of activity in the radical feminist anti-pornography movement. Yet despite the decline of the movement, MacKinnon's framing of pornography in terms of "violence" and bridging that frame to the Civil Rights Movement had a great deal of resonance even beyond the feminist community. Today her definitions live on as the debate over violent and child pornography continues, and to some extent her words have been appropriated by the right wing in their own fight against pornography.

## Blue-stockings are back!

The Christian Right followed closely on the heels of the Feminist movement. A comparison of the two movements reveals similarities, specifically in the importance of framing and identity. "The collective identities of sectarian evangelical Protestants were crucial to the origins of the Christian Right in the late 1970s and the early 1980s. In this sense, the movement closely resembles the origins of 'new social movements' on the left, such as feminism," (Green 1999: 155). The primary difference between the two movements is that feminists sought to change what they believed were outdated concepts, and the Christian Right was invested in maintaining what they defined as "traditional values," (Green 1999: 155). Thus, the feminists perceived pornography as a manifestation of ancient misogynistic attitudes towards women, whereas the

Christian Right saw pornography as a challenge to the stability of the nuclear family and the Biblically defined sexual roles to which men and women must adhere. The Christian movement's framing of issues within the "pro family" context "captured the most popular part of the Christian Right's moral agenda," (Green 1999: 159).

The Christian Right distinguished itself from the feminist anti-pornography movement by framing the movement more squarely within the context of family values. Thus, pornography was centered on the violation of children's rights, rather than those of women. One group that exemplifies this attitude and its truly oppositional role towards feminism is the Concerned Women for America (CWA), founded by Beverly LaHaye in 1979 (Gardiner 2000: 1). LaHaye is quoted as having formed the social movement organization in response to the leader of the National Organization for Women (NOW), Betty Friedan, having said that her views represented those of many American women. Upon hearing this, LaHaye "Jumped up and said, 'Betty Friedan doesn't speak for me and I bet she doesn't speak for the majority of

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women in this country,'" (Gardiner 2000: 1). The context of Friedan's statement is not given, but it is quite possible that what she said was in fact, "I want to express my view, on behalf of a great many women in this country, feminists and believers in human rights, that this current move to introduce censorship in the United States in the guise of suppressing pornography is extremely dangerous to woman," (Cavalier 1996: 2).

Friedan, the founder of NOW, was eventually expelled from NOW (Wattenberg 1995: 6), and NOW made clear its disapproval of pornography, sadomasochism, pederasty and public sex, which it felt were "mistakenly correlated with lesbian/gay rights by some gay organizations and opponents of lesbian/gay rights who [sought] to confuse the issue," (NOW 1980). NOW is often seen as representing the views of the majority of feminists in the broader women's movement (Wattenberg 1995: 6), and its decision to disassociate itself from the pornography debate, and in fact to adopt the position that pornography "is an issue of exploitation and violence, not affectional/sexual preference/orientation," (NOW 1980) shows how threatened it was by the "moral high ground" that women such as Beverly LaHaye were taking, in opposition to the feminist movement as a whole.

## The submissive spirit

There is a distinct change in power relations with the introduction of women like Beverly LaHaye onto the anti-pornography scene. Feminists eventually relinquished their anti-pornography lobbying campaign because of the threat of co-optation by the greater Christian Right, yet women like LaHaye had no such fears. One of the greatest successes of the Christian Right is "the forging

of a strong relationship between sectarian evangelical activists and the Republican Party," (Green 1999: 162). This was already the case during the time of the feminist anti-pornography movement, and feminists disapproved of lobbying for legislation because it tended to ally them with Republicans, from President Reagan to Attorney General Jesse Helms. For the CWA, however, the existence of Christian men in key governmental positions offers a distinct advantage. Furthermore, the Christian Rightists are free to borrow feminist language, which can be very useful. The feminists demonstrated that as long as pornography is framed in terms of the harm that it inflicts, obscenity need not be defined and legislation may skirt First Amendment prohibitions. The framing of this harm, however, has been shifted away from women and centered on children and the institution of the family.

The CWA is not only more powerful than its feminist counterparts by virtue of its male supporters in key governmental positions; it also has a budget, membership, and media network that trumps that of the feminist anti-pornography movements. Membership estimates vary widely, from 350,000 to 750,000 women, yet either estimate is significantly greater than that of the WAP or the WAVPM combined. An annual budget of \$10 million makes it clear that co-optation by the left wing is not an issue for the CWA. Furthermore, the CWAs monthly newsletter has 200,000 subscribers and its radio show, "Beverly LaHaye Live," reaches "upwards of 350,000 people on twenty-eight stations nationwide." The women of the CWA also have no doubts about their role within the broader context of the Christian Right, and thus there is little or no dissent within the movement. The strength of

purpose of women like LaHaye can be attributed to the strong framing of the movement within the context of women's traditional roles. LaHaye coined the phrases, "spirit controlled woman," and "kitchen table lobbyist," and has been quoted as saying that the spirit controlled woman is "truly liberated" because she is "totally submissive" to her husband (Gardiner 2000: 1).

The CWA employs extremely effective campaigning methods, which "can be devastating as thousands of letters and phone calls bombard Capitol Hill in a matter of days." The essence of the response to the CWA has been that, "Legislators in both houses and in both parties, particularly those who depend on conservative support, know that a 'wrong' vote on one of these hot issues will come back to haunt them at the next election [...] They may not expect the support of the CWA crowd, but they definitely don't want to be targeted by them as a special enemy in the next election," (Gardiner 2002: 2, 3). The contrast between the CWA and feminist organizations, including the WAP and WAVPM, is stark. Some of the most hailed victories of the feminist anti-pornography movement were the destruction of a local movie theater showing a "pornographic thriller" called Snuff, the Take Back the Night March, which involved 5,000 women demonstrating in the streets of San Francisco, and tours of New York's "pornography strip" that led over about 2,000 women in a year's time (Lederer 1980: 15). Not only were the feminists a great deal more radical, they were operating on a completely different scale. However, they can be credited with capturing the attention of the media.

## What community standards?

Although the CWA has been

in operation since the late 1970s, the recent challenge of a new, unregulated frontier, easily accessible to children nationwide, *i.e.* the Internet, has spurred activity within its ranks, and among its allies in the Christian Right. There is no doubt that the first profitable industry to hit the Internet was pornography, and that the Internet is characterized by free-flowing sexual information, discussions and media. Like the VCR, the Internet has contributed greatly to the pornography industry's growth, but the Internet is a much more powerful tool than the VCR. One significant aspect of the Internet is that it constitutes a community with its own standards of decency; in fact, there seems to be no limit to the obscenity that one might find in this community. Naturally, the anti-pornography movement is threatened. Although attempts have been made to restrict sexual material on the Internet, the Internet

community is extremely resistant to regulation. According to one social movement theorist, "many Internet users see themselves as constituting a community that does not recognize external authorities," (Peckham 1988: 7).

Computers have moved into many women's homes and stolen the attention of their children and their husbands, for even Christian men are often "seduced" by the pornographic climate of the Internet. The threat to the family has never been more obvious, and organizations have responded to women's cries. The American Family Association (AFA), National Campaign to Stop Pornography (NCSP), Family Research Council, and Traditional Values Coalition are just a few of the numerous right wing

organizations involved in the rousing battle against Internet pornography. Although pornography may not be the most popular cause for social movement leaders to champion, many organizations have been happy to defend pornography in the name of free speech. Some of these organizations are the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), Hands off! The Net, Voters Telecommunications Watch (VTW) and last but not least, the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) which has always been a defender of the First Amendment.

Though it may seem unfair to say that the Internet anti-pornography battle was initiated by women, it is

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*REVISION*  
 By Michael Wear

*The Vision ...  
 Like a torn sky,  
 Rent By the Claw of Discrimination,  
 Or Analytic Fang to Rip  
 The Space before Us ...  
 Our seeking to Behold The Face,  
 Which lies Beyond the Thought,  
 Or touch the Quivering Flesh,  
 Which lies Beyond the Form ...  
 With blindly woven Webs of Love,  
 We seek to bridge the Mystic Gap,  
 Of the Unborn Deep ...  
 And reach the other side  
 Of our Mortality ...  
 Where Sorrow presses her  
 Thorny crown upon Our brow,  
 And yet We Bleed ...  
 But Memories and Dreams,  
 And Cease Not Striving.*

my view that women have always formed the “radical flank” of the anti-pornography movement, though they must continuously rely on the support of men in the Christian Right to pass legislation. There are a very few women in powerful governmental positions. One significantly powerful woman, Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O’Connor, declared that nude dancing is not protected by the First Amendment because “Being in a ‘state of nudity’ is not an inherently expressive condition.”

Another remarkably powerful “church lady” is Linda Smith, who once sponsored the “heavy petting bill,” which outlawed sex for those under 18 (The Position 2003). Yet there are simply not a significant number of women in the legislature. Yet those who oppose pornography have historically been overwhelmingly female, though Christian women are able to influence Christian men with the weight of the Bible into supporting the movement. One new group of male anti-pornography activists, called “Promise Keepers: Men of Integrity,” has demonstrated its commitment to the cause, however, and one might expect to see more male anti-pornography social movement organizations in the future.

## The shame game

Shame is always an important weapon in the anti-pornography movement, that has manifested itself in the form of software programs that do not block pornography websites, but rather keep an account of websites that have been visited and rate them according to their content. The idea is that wives will be able to shame their husbands into abandoning their nocturnal forays into the realms of Internet porn. Names like “Internet Accountability”

emphasize the confessional nature of the program. Accountability is the first step on the road to recovery. Here we see another, very important expansion of the framing of the anti-pornography movement: pornography becomes an addiction, necessitating treatment for men and firm regulation to protect children from exposure.

“  
I don’t want  
government  
censorship  
because the boys  
won’t censor  
themselves,  
they’ll censor  
us.”

Just as the Civil Rights movement provided a political opportunity for discussing pornography in terms of violence, the ever-popular War on Drugs allows pornography to be discussed in terms of addiction. According to Dr. Wells of the Sexual Recovery Institute of Los Angeles, “The Internet is the crack cocaine of sexual addiction,” (AFO Net).

The first legislation designed to combat Internet pornography was the Communications Decency Act of 1996. It was passed without a second glance during the Clinton Administration. Although Clinton was a democrat, it should be considered that he passed the legislation because it would be shameful not to do so. The Act was designed to protect children from indecent sexual material, and if Clinton were to deny the legitimacy of this cause, the media would likely shame him publicly. Such public shaming can have devastating

political consequences. Take the example of Randy Tate, head of the Christian Coalition, who was elected to the House of Representatives because of a mailing campaign that accused his opponent of being a child molester, (The Position). Tate disavowed knowledge of the campaign, but insisted that “it was legitimate because of his opponent’s opposition to publicizing a list of teachers who had been accused of child abuse when he was state superintendent of public instruction,” (POINT 1997). Thus, opposition to initiatives designed to protect children can be interpreted as endorsement of child abuse.

“He lusts after  
underage toons, Your  
Honor!”

The Communications Decency Act was met with opposition from the Internet community, and soon many aspects of it were overturned. However anti-pornography lobbyists have learned to de-emphasize decency and obscenity, and, taking cues from the feminists, stress the harm that is inflicted on children. Thus, the newest evolution is the PROTECT Act, which “adds a new child pornography crime which defines as obscene materials that appear to be, but are not, of children [...] and adds 25 prosecutors to mount an assault on the erotic media industry,” (DeWitt 2003: 6). This new type of child pornography is called “virtual child pornography,” in which it doesn’t matter whether any individual involved was or was not under the age of 18. The Department of Justice claims that this complication makes it “immeasurably more difficult to eliminate the traffic in real child pornography,” (DOJ 2003).

Defining child pornography as media that may or may not depict children brings up another

unique feature of the Internet: anonymity. Michael Peckham defines two important resources on the Internet in his essay "New Dimensions of Social Movement/Counter-movement Interaction: The Case of Scientology and its Internet Critics;" these resources are anonymity and "bandwidth." Anonymity allows Christian men to confess their sexual sins online at websites like "Fires of Darkness" without actually revealing their identity. It also allows anonymous individuals to disseminate pictures of anonymous boys and girls. Bandwidth, on the other hand, refers to the amount of space that is occupied in the borderless domain of the Internet by a single social movement organization. The pro-pornography movement, if it can be called that, got a head start on anti-pornography movements by "sucking up bandwidth." Today sex addiction websites and other anti-pornography activists gain ground by accumulating enough bandwidth to establish a community on the Internet that has its own standards of decency.

## The best-laid plans

The anti-pornography movement is best considered as "a political rather than a psychological phenomenon," (McAdam 1997: 172) so we can consider the unique circumstances in which the movement arose. The movement arose in the 1970s because of the presence of feminist organizations and vocal theorists like Catharine MacKinnon who believed that men were responding to the increase in power among women by turning towards violent and child pornography. To feminists, pornography constituted "a massive hate crime against women as a gender," (Russell 1999: 15). Furthermore, the movement was a manifestation of unspent aggression

towards the male population after considerable success in the feminist movement.

The advent of the VCR also contributed to a proliferation of pornography and the growth of the pornography industry. Feminists' responses to "pornographic thrillers" such as Snuff were violent and unorganized (Lederer 1980: 15), but drew media attention to the feminist anti-pornography movement's cause. Catharine MacKinnon and organizations like Women Against Pornography sought to take advantage of the conservative, anti-porn Reagan administration by lobbying for anti-pornography legislation. However, dissent within the movement and fear that "the enemy of our enemy is not our friend" (Brooke 1979: 6) led to the dissolution of the anti-pornography feminist movement. Concern that anti-pornography legislation would negatively affect gay and lesbian communities and social movement organizations was also a significant cause of dissent. Eventually the radical branch of feminism came to identify itself with lesbianism (Taylor 1992).

The Christian Right grew in response to the feminist movement, partly because it recognized the similar importance of identity in its own ranks, and partly as a counter-movement, in the case of the Concerned Women for America. When the feminists laid down the anti-pornography cause, the Christians were ready to pick it up once again, and had no qualms about using feminist rhetoric to gain movement supporters and help pass legislation. In particular, defining pornography by the harm it inflicts on women, children, and the institution of the family bypasses First Amendment Protection, and also garners support from left wing politicians. Others were simply shamed or frightened into supporting the powerful Moral

Majority (Gardiner 2000:3). Women continue to play an important role as the radical flank of the anti-pornography movement, while men in key governmental positions provide the institutional basis for implementing legislation.

Framing has been extremely important throughout the anti-pornography movement. Diana Russell helped amplify the importance of women in combating pornography by opposing women against men. In "Frame Alignment Processes, Micromobilization, and Movement Participation," David Snow points out that the "amplification of antagonists" (Snow 1997: 215) is a common method of encouraging individuals to "take a stand" on a certain issue. Furthermore, Russell bridged the frames of the anti-pornography and the Civil Rights movements when she said that black people championed the Civil Rights movement, and women must do the same for the anti-pornography movement (Russell 1999: 18; Snow 1997: 213). Similarly, the Christian Right bridged their "pro family" frame to the women's movement by adopting the position that pornography caused harm to women, children and the institution of the family. Furthermore, the advent of the Internet and the ever-popular War on Drugs made it possible to extend the framing of the anti-pornography movement even further, this time as a fight against "sexual addiction." The concept of sexual addiction has become so established that there are clinics that treat it and even the "Oregon Attorney Assistance Program" has a section designated for "Sex Addiction Resources," (OAAP 2003).

The differences between feminists and Christian women are somewhat explained by comparing two ethics, the "ethic of care" and the "ethic of justice." Whereas

feminists emphasize an “ethic of justice” in their harm-based argument, “moral lobby women” emphasize an “ethic of care” as they strive to protect their children and families. There appears to be a certain “high ground” adopted by moralists that protects them from confusion and dissent in their ranks. “Notably, the fundamentalist women, whose opposition to pornography stems principally from religious morality, experience less conflict [...] The feminists’ positions [often] represent a compromise for many,” says Diana Luff in “The Downright Torture of Women: Moral Lobby Women, Feminists and Pornography” (Luff 2001: 88).

Although the feminist standpoint may seem to be more justifiable than the moral one, one must consider the perspectives of dissident feminists. One such feminist suggests, “Advocates such as Dworkin and MacKinnon [...] have encouraged gender inequality by assuming that women are weak and cannot cope with images presented to them,” (Hedberg 2002: 2). Hedberg is not alone in this belief. An anti-pornography feminist who ended up joining forces with the Feminist Anti Censorship Taskforce asks, “Dworkin, MacKinnon, and others seem to be pushing at the question, have women any sexual appetites or fantasies which have not been expropriated through repression, coercion, terrorism and the equation of sex with violence in media and culture?” She then suggests that a new type of “discourse on women’s sexuality” has just begun (Rich 1985: 2). Many feminists believe that women must counteract violent pornography with their own types of erotica: “In educating ourselves and each others about pornography, we come to have a say about it and thus to gain a voice; in expressing ourselves through erotica of our own making, we can begin to change the contours of sexual speech,” (Carse 1995: 11).

Jonathan Elmer suggests that women are complicit in the denial of their sexuality, by saying that they in fact enjoy knowing that they are sexually attractive yet do not want to reveal this knowledge. It is as if women prefer that their sexuality remain a secret: “The woman gives herself to be looked at, provided the look is anonymous or furtive. Her satisfaction derives not from direct sight, but from the privileged displacement of the gaze, from the place of the Other: she watches the pleasure of others watching her, who by contract, do not acknowledge her vision of their pleasure,” (Elmer, 1998: 67). Whether this is true or not, it is ironic that women are the most active players on both sides of the pornography debate, both in their denial and exemplification of sexuality. It seems, then, that the fight will not end until woman says so. ❖

## LOCAL MUSICIAN SPOTLIGHT: *Bob Miner*

---

by Charles Carreon

What do you say about a guy who can hold his own in any musical company? Who can belt off an oratorio from centuries past, get funky like Stevie Wonder, sing labor tunes like Pete Seeger, and listen to Iggy Pop somewhat appreciatively, all in the matter of an hour? That would be Bob Miner, a multi-faceted sonic powerhouse whom I recently saw performing at the Camelot Theatre in the role of a vainglorious major in Steven Sondheim’s “A Little Night-music.” Bob played a pompous but virile stuffed shirt who alternates between seeking revenge over the honor of his mistress and being put out that his wife finds him disgusting -- exuding old-world charm and detestable chauvinism in a single breath.

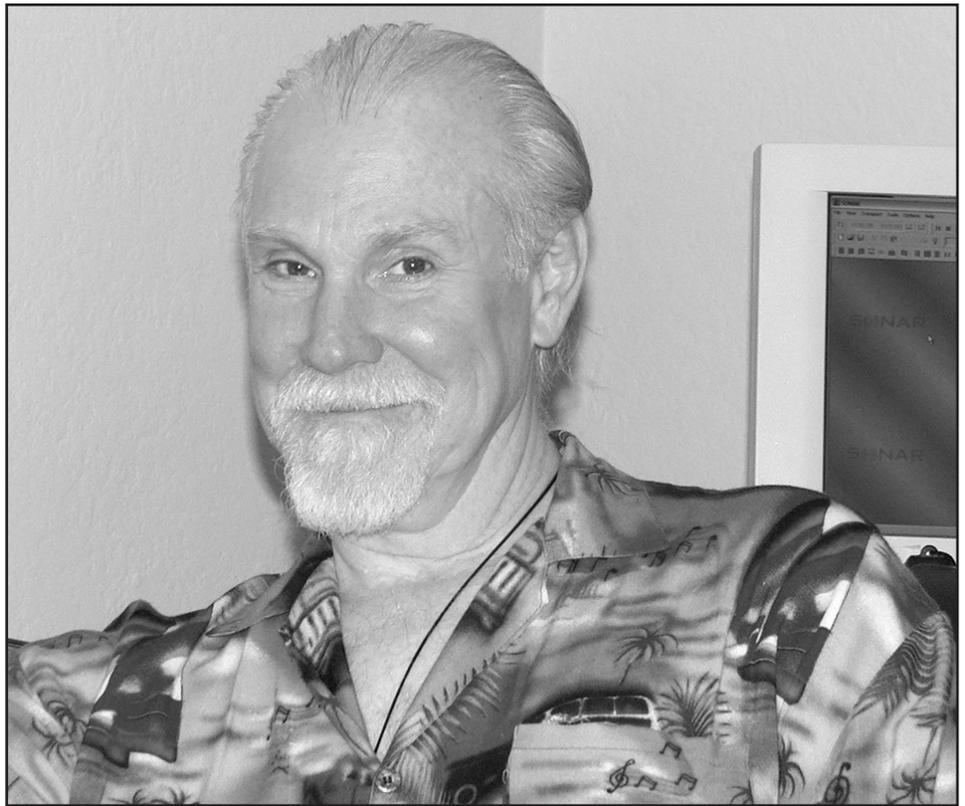
Bob’s next appearance on the intimate Camelot stage will be in the role of Edward Rutledge, South Carolina’s silken-mannered representative to the First Continental Congress, in a production of the remarkable musical 1776, scheduled to run during the patriotic time period from June 21<sup>st</sup> through July 23<sup>rd</sup>. Rutledge was the man who brought the Declaration of Independence to a vote, without the anti-slavery language his fellow-slavers found offensive. Rutledge’s big number is “Molasses, To Rum, To Slaves,” one of the most unforgettable songs in the musical, that commemorates the profitable and ignominious “Golden Triangle” that ran from the Caribbean sugar plantations to the ports of Europe to the African coast, maintaining an endless flow of profit and misery for three hundred years. Slaves farmed sugar cane, from which they extracted molasses, that was shipped to European distilleries, that shipped rum to Africa, where it was traded for slaves, and so on, a “golden triangle,” indeed. Not a pretty piece of our national history.

As Bob tells me about the role, he fills me in on the history, interspersing his observations with lines from the libretto, shifting smoothly from a speaking to a singing voice and back to natural speech. For a moment, our conversation turns into an exchange of historical knowledge of the revolutionary era, but it’s clear he has the upper hand, and I settle back to listen as he tells me how John Adams was the man who knew we needed a Declaration of Independence, and wanted to include anti-slavery language. Adams wasn’t well-liked, however, so Ben Franklin got Thomas Jefferson to write it, and recruited Richard Henry “Liberty or Death” Lee, a well-liked scion of Virginia to propose

the Declaration to the entire body. Lee's championing of the document prompted Rutledge to remark, "When a gentleman proposes it, attention must be paid." The arrogance, the courtliness of Rutledge waft from Bob's rendering of the line like perfumed powder from the shoulders of a southern gentleman.

Speaking in his own voice, Bob tells me, "This is a story that needs to be told today." I agree, remembering how the last time I saw the play, it was in downtown Phoenix, Arizona. Lyndon Johnson was president, and the daily bill for bombing Vietnam was \$50 Million. A Paris-educated revolutionary called Ho Chi Minh was said to be our problem, and our friends were supposed to be the out-of-touch Catholic puppet leader Nguyen Cao Ky and his wife, Madame Ky. The Golden Triangle of those days was the heroin triarchy of Laos, Cambodia and Burma. We sacrificed around 50,000 red-blooded American men, and turned many times that number into wrecked individuals who wandered the streets of our largest cities, addicted forever to numbing the pain of their days in hell. Those days were similar to the present time, when traitors sit in the highest seats of power, spend on war without restraint, ordering soldiers and paying mercenaries to kill innocent foreign civilians, while running a new Golden Triangle of military adventurism, oil production, and gasoline over-consumption.

So we turn again turn to an uplifting, positive production like 1776. When the strong voices of our community join together in music that celebrates the courage our ancestors showed in forming our nation, we experience nostalgia. Nostalgia for what? Let us hope we experience nostalgia for the freedom our people once enjoyed before the



militarists hijacked it with dreams of foreign conquest and the never-too-ancient-to-be-reactivated poison of race hatred. 1776 reminds us also that ideals are fulfilled one step at a time – by ordinary people who see their duty clearly and work together to achieve it. So when you go see Bob and his pals perform 1776, as I heartily recommend you do, take along a real revolutionary attitude.

Wait a minute, I hear readers exclaiming -- I thought this was a musician spotlight – let's get back on track! Here in Ashland, we try and keep the musicians light and entertaining, like the pliable players who tramp on and offstage in a Shakespeare play at the king's command. But with a few more singers and musicians like Bob in Ashland, we'll be able to challenge that cliché. Bob is a consummate performer who channels the creative power on both sides of the performer-audience polarity. Rather than teaching aspiring singers and actors how to sound as good as he does, he teaches them how to sound like themselves.

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***Bob Miner's website is at <[www.youramazingvoice.com](http://www.youramazingvoice.com)> and his phone number is 541-482-4784. ❖***



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# PHOENIX ORGANICS:

## *A natural evolution*

by Charles Carreon

It isn't always easy being ahead of your time, but when the times catch up with you, it's sometimes fun to discover that you're ahead of the game. That's where the owners of Phoenix Organics may soon find themselves, thanks to their dedication to finding a better way to do the basic things we have to do – like drive our vehicles around, grow food, and have a place to live. By now everyone knows that Phoenix Organics sells biodiesel. What I didn't know was that they have a booming nursery, an abundant stock of agricultural supplies, an Eco-Building Center, a thirty-foot yurt for permaculture seminars, and plans to keep growing. The Eco-Building Center was what I wanted to talk about, because construction is a huge industry in which we are all necessarily interested.

Since the dawn of the industrial age, our conveniently toxic environment has taken its toll on our health, that of the planet, and our fellow-creatures. Toxic building materials are a historic artifact of civilizations smart enough to shape materials, and stupid enough to not realize the consequences of using the wrong material for the job. Take the Roman love of lead – a soft metal that melts at low temperatures, they formed it into pipes and brazed them together to create water systems. Unfortunately, the soft, silvery metal rotted the brains of upper-crust Romans in large numbers. Our society has made matters worse. High rates of cancer and other environmentally-triggered diseases suggest that we have been as out of touch with physical reality as the ancient Romans were in their day. Today we are exposed to a plethora of hazardous agents from agriculture, industry, transportation, healthcare, and warfare. At least when it comes to building your house, you can use the healthiest materials available.

Abraham Harris, one of the owners of Phoenix Organics, told me he got interested in using non-toxic materials because, since childhood, he noticed chemical odors in his environment that other people overlooked. Now, his company offers non-toxic and sustainably-produced building products that are competitive with conventional building materials on quality and price. He is well-informed on the subject of healthy building, and sells by virtue of his own personal enthusiasm.

It is time we urged our civic leaders everywhere to adopt green building certification standards for all municipal buildings, and to enact regulations that

encourage building healthy houses and offices with sustainable, non-toxic materials. It would feed the market for green building materials, lower the price of wholesome housing for everyone, and lower the cost to the planet of carrying the human species. Phoenix Organics has plenty of room to grow, and the only limit on how fast will be the speed with which folks around here wake up and smell the organic coffee. See them online at <[www.phoenixorganics.com](http://www.phoenixorganics.com)> or email them at <[phoenixorganics@yahoo.com](mailto:phoenixorganics@yahoo.com)>. ❖





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**THE NURSERY**

# CINEMATOGRAPH 2

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by Steven Mayerson

Going to the movies can be like stepping into a time machine. I recently heard a young person say that it was hard for them to watch a film from 1965. I understood what he was saying. Through the magic of film, we can be whisked to another time and culture, and the older a film is the more challenging it can become. Silent films are as different from modern films as hip-hop is from Gregorian Chant, but fans of silent films do not think of them as hard to watch. In fact, silent films are appealing because they are unique to their time.

During the teens and twenties, movies became the

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first mass-entertainment media. Anyone with a dime could be transported into this cinematic wonderland. This mass popularity made movie studios wealthy. They, in turn, invested their wealth into opulent Movie Palaces in most major cities. Even the smaller cinemas of the day were custom designed and fabulous. Theatres featured architectural flights of fantasy and crystal chandeliers. They exuded a feeling of luxury, of exoticism. One of the nicest I’ve ever seen is the Fifth Avenue Theatre in Seattle. A giant three-dimensional dragon coils around the ceiling and it holds a huge flaming pearl chandelier in its mouth. It is breathtaking.

It was in such a setting that silent films were seen. It follows that the mansions of the stars should rival the glories of the movie palace. The larger theatres had permanent in-house orchestras as well as sound effects machines. At the premier of *Phantom of the Opera* (1925) the musicians put down their instruments and applauded when the onscreen audience did. Even

small theatres had piano players. Most important pictures arrived at theatres with scores written to accompany the films. Films without a score were accompanied by talented accompanists well versed in the art of adding music to the films. It was only in the smallest theatres that a phonograph played music that had no correspondence with what was going on onscreen.

Dialogue was limited by the fact that it had to be written out, but silent film actors employed an expressive form of acting that came from the stage. Expressions and movements on stage had to be big and unsubtle so that customers in the balcony could understand what was going on. Silent filmmakers had not yet realized that everyone in a cinema was not only in the front row but also on stage with the actors.

The difference in acting styles between silent and talking films is used to great effect in *Sunset Boulevard* a film-noir masterpiece made in 1950, starring Gloria Swanson, William Holden and Eric von Stroheim. It is in glorious black and white and has a slower pace than modern films. Gloria Swanson plays a faded movie Queen by the name of Norma Desmond. Her servant Max comments that “she [Norma] was the greatest of them all. You wouldn’t know, you’re too young. In one week she received seventeen thousand fan letters.” Fans of this film know that in it, ‘art imitates life’ because Gloria Swanson, now almost forgotten, was at one time one of the most famous movie stars on the planet.

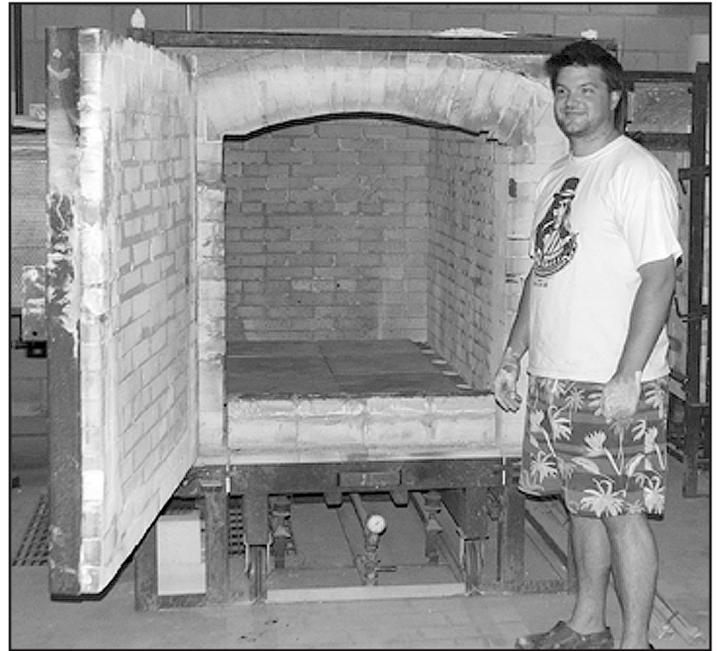
While all the other actors in the film employ a modern acting style, only Gloria uses the exaggerated style of the silents. She explains, “We didn’t need dialogue, we had faces...I can say anything with my eyes.” Norma is not only living in the past but has confused film and reality. Norma rants “those idiot producers, have they forgotten what a star looks like? ...they took the idols and smashed them. The Fairbanks, the Gilberts, the Valentinos. And what do we have now - some nobodies...” I disagree with Norma on this point. We have stars. Johnny Depp and Jack Nicholson spring to mind, but in the years before the nineteen sixties, film stars were not like you and I. They were STARS. You never saw photographs of them unless they look every inch the star. It was in their contracts. They had to appear larger than life and more glamorous than everyone else. They cultivated a mythological aura that modern actors can’t come close to capturing.

Go rent *Sunset Boulevard*. Thrill when Gloria utters those famous words; “I’m ready for my close-up Mr. Demille.” Then check out one of her silent pictures. You may find yourself quoting Norma: “Still wonderful isn’t it? And no dialogue...” ♦

# A PLACE TO PLAY SERIOUSLY

by Charles Carreon

If you ever tried to pursue the pleasure of creating fired pots, and discovered just how much equipment you need to pursue this art form, you'll appreciate the Phoenix Clay & Steelworks located on the Phoenix southbound main drag at 310 North Main Street. The facility, a converted auto-body shop, was developed by serious students who are dedicated to turning earth and glazes into ceramic creations, sharing their knowledge and resources, and providing a gallery space to display work to the community. Last week, Nick Geankoplis and John Mack, two founding members of PCS, took us on a tour of the workspace and gallery. What do they have? What do you need to create ceramics? They have it all, a big clay mixer to whip up big batches of mud, lots of electric wheels set up in a classroom arrangement, three kilns for different sized loads, including one with a roll-out floor for supersize pieces, a spray booth for applying glazes safely, and nice tidy workspaces that rent by the month. Every Saturday is Open Studio Day, when visitors can observe artists at work. We watched Peter Cerola, an artist-in-residence, working steadily on one of his imaginative handbuilt pieces, smoothly carving the leather-hard



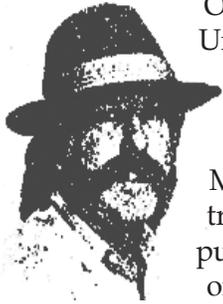
clay into a curved architectural shape that will receive a warm, natural finish, if it follows the design of his past creations, some of which were on display in the bright, spacious gallery. Gallery 310 currently has on display a number of large freestanding sculptures and many attractive paintings on the walls. The website at <[www.phoenixclayandsteelworks.com](http://www.phoenixclayandsteelworks.com)> is well-designed, and based on what I see there, it looks like in June, there will be more interesting three and two-dimensional creations on display at Gallery 310. This could put Phoenix on the map. ❖



# TRAVEL STORYTELLING:

## *A night with Michael Brein, Travel Psychologist*

by Aaron Ararat



Michael Brein

On June 29<sup>th</sup>, at 7 p.m. at the Underground Market at Second Street and Main in Ashland, Michael Brein, aka "The Travel Psychologist," will host a travel storytelling night. Michael is a local author, world traveler, inveterate adventurer and publisher of a popular series of maps on how to get about widely on public transport. He is close to completing

interviews of 1,500 travelers from around the world, and even in Ashland. Now he's ready to collect the last few treasured tales available at our local bazaar of the bizarre.

I asked Michael what kind of story he was looking for, and he sent me these examples. He claims these

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They threaten you:  
Either take a serious  
drink or get pushed  
into the volcano.

”

all actually happened to someone that he interviewed. But perhaps yours could be less bizarre, and he would still be interested.

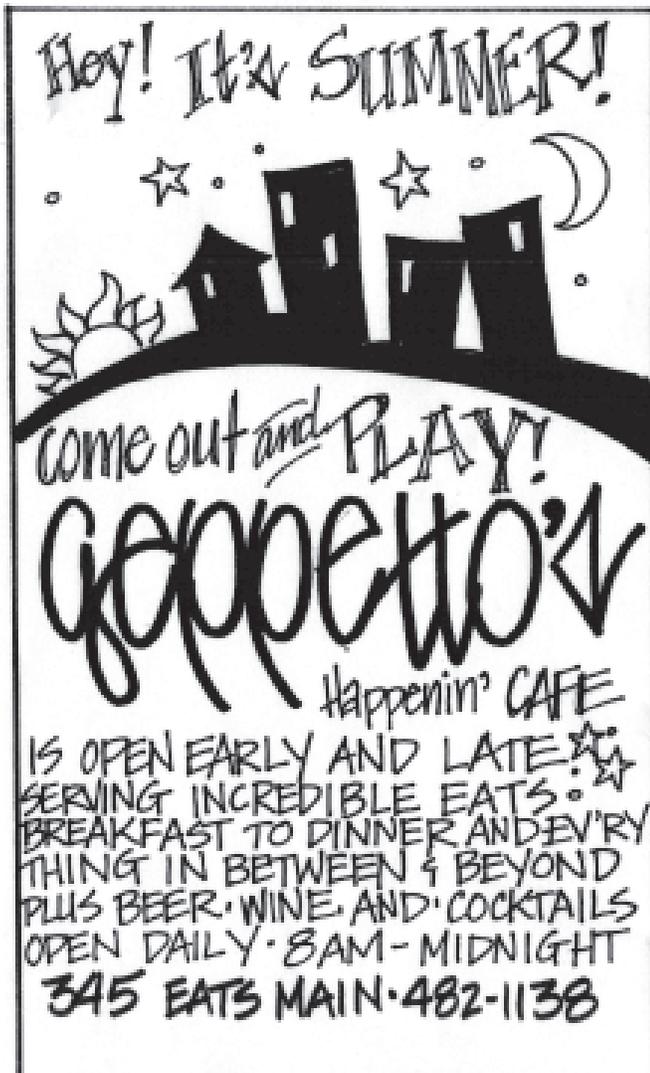
- You go into the airplane restroom, but, guess what? You FORGET to lock the door! Suddenly in the space of a second, the door opens, a very overweight woman backs into the stall. She drops her drawers and SITS RIGHT DOWN ON YOUR LAP you are horrified and speechless beyond belief it's all too quick.

- You hike all the way up a volcano in Costa Rica. You come to the rim. You discover that you are not alone. There's a truck nearby with a group of Indian men standing around drinking. They beckon you to take have a drink with them. But it is a green vile liquid. You don't drink the tap water; and you're certainly NOT GOING TO DRINK THIS! You fake taking a drink, but they do not take lightly to your gesture. They threaten you: Either take a serious drink or get pushed into the volcano. So, what do you do? What do you do?

- You are walking down the streets of Guatemala City. Suddenly you feel a hand in your back pocket. In a flash, a thief grabs your camera and bolts. But you are too quick for him. The camera falls and, somehow, you have his head in a headlock!

Think about what you would do in these situations. Then, visit Michael's website: <[www.michaelbrein.com](http://www.michaelbrein.com)> to see how his travelers dealt with the weirdness. You'll also be able to look at a list of themes of Michael's collection of travel stories.

If you think your story stacks up, please give Michael a call at 535-9971. ❖



# Father...

Continued from Page 1

security, is now in danger due to these leaks. The ACLU and Electronic Freedom Foundation lawsuits against the government for unlawfully gathering data on Americans also endanger national security.

You also don't need to know anything about the companies you pay your monthly phone and Internet bills to, the ones that help the government to spy on you, like Verizon, AT&T, and all the other private defendants in the lawsuits. To protect national security, the Department of Justice just filed a secret brief on behalf of AT&T, saying the case has to be dismissed, because the plaintiffs can never win, because the government will not give up the evidence the plaintiffs would need to win against AT&T, because that would compromise national security.

You can't know what the evidence is against people who are charged with terrorism offenses, because to reveal that evidence would compromise the ever-ongoing investigation of the international terror web, and endanger national security. So when they take away your neighbor in a van, the Homeland Security people might have to tell you they can't answer questions about why they took him away. They'll be more concerned with your security. Were you friends with your neighbor?

There is only one relationship that mirrors this one, and that is the relationship we have with our parents. Parents are free to search through their kids' possessions at any time, but children are forbidden to dig through parents' private things. Parents tell their children who to play with, what to watch, listen to and read. Under the law, parents are effectively all-powerful with respect to their children. Many parents wield their absolute power well, and many not so well, but all children are conditioned to obedience.

The current regime spends lavishly to solve problems of its own choosing – sealing our borders, keeping tabs on domestic communications, pursuing military power plays in the middle east, managing a juggernaut of spiraling debt, granting billions to churches to provide social services, and making the marriage altar safe for heterosexual couples. Great generals, powerful bankers, brilliant lawyers, and rich lobbyists, we have seen, can manage our world, so long as they are given an infinity of tax revenue to pay for it.

Children have no control over their parents' finances, but then they don't pay the bills either. Taxpayers, however, do pay the high cost of intrusive and abusive edicts that subordinate individual and social good to

a great, grey abstraction – national security – that was equally worshipped by Hitler, Stalin, Franco, Fujimori, Pinochet, all the great ones. All tyrants love to make the nation secure, and to pauperize the nation doing it.

But our ancestors realized that we do pay the bills, and therefore a popular rallying cry of the American Revolution was "No taxation without representation." Today's average taxpayer would have no idea what "representation" in such a context would mean. Wal-Mart and Halliburton would not be similarly tongue-tied. Their tax lobbyists write legislation, and the President signs it. That's called representation. I'd like some o' that, Daddy. ❖



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## DOWN ON THE CORNER: *Sean Kelly's* *Public art*

by Holly Sheehy

"I want to create something that will cause people to think in a different way." – Sean Kelly

I remember when Sean Kelly first revealed his name to me I felt surprised, as the Irish connotations brought forth into my mind the image of jolly Irish lads doing a jig, an image that didn't quite jive with the unsettling feelings his paintings stir within me. There were actually many things that surprised me about him—his immediate friendliness and hospitality towards me, a stranger walking onto his property inquiring about his art—his complete willingness to discuss his works as I walked about his menagerie of paintings, pointing like a fascinated child—and his immediate agreement, enthusiasm, and lack of expectation for compensation for a sign I asked him to create.

Being a student and therefore a walker by necessity, I'd pass by his house every day on my way to school or work. Each time I'd have an impulse to stop, stare, and consider. His paintings seemed to mimic a deep feeling inside of myself that I'd always wanted to express but never knew how to pinpoint or externally realize. My growing appreciation evolved into anticipation for new works, and eventually I just had to know—what was he trying to say? And most importantly, what gave him the balls to say it?

It was surprising to hear him explain that the first painting was displayed outdoors because it was simply too large to fit inside the house. Eventually the reason became the desire to create a barrier for privacy for him and his roommates from the busy street. Perhaps space and privacy truly are his reasons, but I can think of no better way to attract attention than blatantly going against the norm.

So who is Sean, the man behind the painted doors? He's been an artist from the start, churning out artwork since he was a wee lad, pursuing his passion in the wake of his own father's disapproval (who has since become his biggest fan.) As a child he would often wonder to himself why he was drawing instead of socializing with other kids his age—because of this he believes he possesses underdeveloped social skills, but I found him to be quite amicable and articulate. He admits to being influenced by Dali and Picasso but has made the

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conscious decision to refrain from serious study of art history or works of other artists, as he does not want his own unique flavor, his personal vision, to be influenced in any way. He is a man of many talents, a person who seems to do well at anything he puts effort into. Besides being a visual artist, he is also a composer, guitarist and vocalist for the band Harry Tracy and the False Face Bandits. He enjoys creating amateur films with his friends. And by the way... if you're planning on drinking with the man, hand him a Pabst.

He's been asked by many people why he chooses to paint "disturbing" subjects, but he claims to consider them humorous—but trailing the statement by saying, "Sure, you can paint a pretty picture, but underneath, everything is disturbing." He says he has no particular message he's trying to convey or that he purposely incorporates symbolism, explaining that each creative vision is "never really conscious and it never ends up where it starts." He did comment, however, that he feels his paintings as a whole tell a story, and you can't truly hate one while loving another.

He doesn't need expensive canvases to incite him—he paints on old, unhinged doors, found pieces of wood and other random objects such as sinks and TVs. He doesn't require fine paints to express himself—he uses what is given to him and whatever he has on hand, be it acrylic or puffy paint. He knows he's talented—but only to the point of rational self-realization, not arrogance... at least not yet.

It would be difficult to maintain humility with the growing amount of attention surrounding his works, both from the possibility of head-swelling caused by having a large number of fans and supporters, but also from having to defend his work in response to critics. His house is in

such a prime location—at the corner of Mountain St. and Siskiyou Blvd., a spot many Ashlanders pass by every day—people can't help but notice the bright, mostly primary-colored paintings as they go by. There in the sea of unremarkable, typical houses is something different, something that catches interest and consideration. Themes of contorted bodies, daunting trees and haunting eyes are difficult to merely dismiss. And, when many

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...at the corner of Mountain St. and Siskiyou Blvd., a spot many Ashlanders pass by every day, people can't help but notice the bright, mostly primary-colored paintings as they go by.

”

people notice something, they start talking.

Although he receives ample positive feedback, apparently not everyone is so impressed by the display, as rumors are circulating of a campaign to have his art taken down. It is said that the unhappy instigators are older citizens of the town who aren't too keen on the "invasion of aesthetics" and would prefer to have Sean's abode transformed back into... well, a house like any other, a house devoid of color or controversy.

He doesn't enjoy being misunderstood or misrepresented, resenting being written off or looked down upon by people who seem to judge too quickly and without honest deliberation. Aside from the commentary, Sean is happy about one thing at least—people have been shaken out of their daily routines to talk about, even if it is to complain, about art.

No matter if his expression is enjoyed by all or not, the fact remains that his works are an

expression of himself and he possesses the courage to bare it in an environment containing inevitable rejection and criticism. If the public can't agree on whether or not they should be displayed outside his house, he should and deserves to be recognized as an admirable individual who walks his own path. If he is forced to remove his works from the public eye, he won't be forgotten and will have been a part of the lives of many people. As an

artist, I have been inspired by him to create more and have become more willing to express myself to others, as he has demonstrated the impact that one person's art can have and how important it is to share what you create. He may not be trying to convey a particular message, but he definitely makes a statement.

But this is not the end, of course, even if this chapter comes to a close. I can't help but feel like I'm privy to something great, that I've chanced upon a strange exotic bloom that is only beginning to blossom. As Sean himself has said, what he has created thus far is only preparation for something bigger to come, although he does not know exactly what. With him being in the midst of his own creations he may never be able to step back and fully appreciate all that he has accomplished, always striving for that perfect vision. But that, my friend, is the mark of a true artist. Sean currently has art on display at Los Gordos restaurant in the Underground Marketplace, 33 3rd St. #3. ❖

# Buddha...

*Continued from Page 23*

beyond that of any other animal. It was proof of human superiority, of our ability to turn even ordinary earth into a mirror of our own human features.

Those familiar with tantric imagery from India, China and Tibet know that explicitly sexual art has again and again found its way into mystical religions. Like the ancient Aphrodites, these works are meant to be used, and provide a mirror of the inner self. Traditionally, a meditator visualizes their own body as consisting of both a male and female deity clasped in sexual union, united by a single mantra in their unified heart. Thus, the individual experiences a simultaneous duality and unity. The inner experience that the meditator triggers by use of the visualization soon makes the image that is painted on canvas or wrought in stone a matter of small moment. Traditional sexual icons are often crudely drawn, and frankly exhibit a lack of aesthetic refinement. Sensory beauty is simply not the object of these pieces. Their raw, evocative power is simply intended as a catapult for contemplation. Once having invoked the inner experience, the art object ceases to be of importance.

## The contrabandization of the body

People are born naked. Usually, they are conceived by people who are naked during the act of conception. In a medical setting, nudity is not considered shameful. Nevertheless, modern humans routinely have embarrassing dreams in which they find themselves naked out in society. We may presume that such

dreams do not afflict people who live in primitive tribes and wear little clothing.

The nudity prohibition is, however, internationally accepted. I am sure that you can get yourself thrown out of most any restaurant in any country for going around bottomless. Indeed, "no shoes, no shirt, no service," gets the idea across pretty well. So, we are all born naked, but required by law and custom to conceal ourselves. To go about wearing little is to earn the name "exhibitionist," a pejorative, last I checked.

Which is not to say that nudity is unavailable. As many a standup comedian has noted, the United States seems to have developed a rash of "gentleman's clubs," where partial or total nudity is sold one dollar at a time by girls working "for tips and tips alone." Video store shelves are burgeoning with x-rated films that generate billions in revenue. Hollywood films market their own soft-core versions, having progressed from titillating by exposing the lascivious conduct of the underclass to depicting the freewheeling sex life of the affluent. All of which keeps the wheels of commerce turning.

What more can we say than that our own images have been stolen from us and licensed back in socially-approved and disapproved versions. The approved version appears as glamour, fashion, and privileged promiscuity. The disapproved version appears as pornography. This is a difference in marketing style, not a moral distinction. Hand in hand with the nudity prohibition we find pervasive and profitable commerce in images of nudity and sexual activity.

Sexual repression has turned the body itself into an item of contraband. As with the prohibition against alcohol and drugs, efforts at suppressing the illicit substance

only give birth to profitable black markets. A prohibited line of business that remains profitable will attract criminals, who will conduct business in a criminal and extortionistic fashion. Compared with the tremendous financial value generated by the sale of their images, models in the pornography industry are grossly exploited. Worse is the situation for prostitutes, who face an elevated risk of being robbed, infected with venereal diseases, assaulted and murdered, all because society is unable to come to terms with its sexual appetite.

Modern western society has rid itself of many superstitions. However, the nudity prohibition remains. It is unlikely that anyone will formulate an agenda to repeal the nudity prohibition. One can hardly imagine a political platform more likely to incite obloquy. "Crackpot," would be the kindest epithet applied to a candidate who would champion such a social initiative. Which simply shows how deep rooted some prejudices are. As usual, society cannot be changed.

What can be changed is your own awareness. You are free to experience the effects of sexual art on your body and mind. You are free to do so without feelings of guilt or immorality, once you realize that these emotions are merely the artifacts impressed on your personality by the social pressure of the nudity prohibition. Consider the source of the anxiety you feel when you find yourself naked in a group of people while dreaming. Once you relax internally with the idea of nakedness, these dreams will either become less frequent, or you will find yourself surprisingly nonchalant about your nakedness. Appreciate your own body. Appreciate the bodies of others. Appreciate the genetically engineered perfection that makes us live, breathe, walk, talk, flirt, love, and mate.

## Cruelty-free sex

Once we step off into the realm of sexual art and experience, we find ourselves in a strange new world. By exposing ourselves to greater and more diverse sources of sexual stimulation, we will likely find ourselves thinking and engaging in sex more often. The question is, where does this lead us? There are plenty of negative images already pressed into our minds by society.

As in meditation, difficult thoughts will arise, so in sex, difficult experiences will be stimulated. The sexual experience is one of vulnerability, but social norms make it difficult for men to accept vulnerability. They may substitute sexual performance for emotional tenderness, feeling obligated to satisfy their partner through stimulation. Women, on the other hand, feel obligated to protect their partner's self-image, and famously pretend to have orgasms they have never felt.

The fundamental purifying factor in sexual relationships is gentleness and empathy. Social depictions of sex, in pornography soft and hard, caricature genuine sexual experience. Due to generations of bad acting in film, people have exaggerated notions of how to behave in bed. Frustration and misunderstanding can bubble up in intimate moments, making a love relationship a source of embarrassment and humiliation. To navigate these experiences with a lover is the work of a relationship that is sexual in and out of the boudoir. Whether one may grow through sex without love is a matter of contention. One thing is certain -- it is an inestimable aid.

Finally, there is the business of sex. The creation of erotic images has been thrown into hyperdrive by the digital cameras and the Internet, and funding for the business of

photographing naked bodies has never been more abundant. Ethical rules are needed, and notably lacking. Balanced against the right to enjoy free access to sexual art and imagery is the need for fair treatment of the human beings who work in the industry. At a very minimum, erotic art should be created in a safe, healthy, non-threatening environment in which

the vulnerabilities of the models are respected. The prohibition against child-involvement in creating erotic imagery is of course fundamental. And the industry as a whole should move toward fairer compensation of the people whose images feed sales. Simply put, like any other product, sex should be cruelty free.❖

## AMERICA, AMERICA

By Arnie Gross

*America, America, this is the second time I set out to wander your face and seek your soul. Many times more will I do the same before I am satisfied that you are O.K. I have penetrated the myth that Uncle Sam is everybody's uncle, and knowing that is a great relief. What a bore to have everything the same. Homogenized people make homogenized children who play with homogenized toys and read homogenized stories about homogenized fairies and goblins, and homogenization makes more homogenization, until a freak is born who is allergic to anything homogenized and that little bastard ruins it for everybody, and nobody cares anymore, and says; "fuck it, I don't care anymore. I'm just going to go out and have fun because everything is going to hell." Right on! you little allergic bastards. Keep growing and kicking America's ass, because she almost lost her soul to Uncle Sam until you were born.*



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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?

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