

Gas Pump Politics • Sizing Up The Men Who Would Be Governor
The High Desert Through A New Looking Glass • Vic Atiyeh's Burden

OREGON

MAY 1982

MAGAZINE

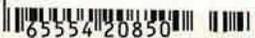
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ANTELOPE'S LAST STAND

Suddenly outnumbered by exotic newcomers, they are like strangers in their own land.



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TO TEST OUR MELLOW SOUND WE NEEDED AN UNBIASED OPINION.

We at KINK have long held to the notion that laid back, mellow music is far less aggravating—far more enjoyable—than the raucous, thumping sounds of hard rock.

Further, that prolonged exposure to hyper-rock can often contribute to strange behavior. And unusual side effects.

Recently, we put this hypothesis to the test. Our findings should be of interest to anyone who listens to radio.

INTRODUCING THE KINK PRIMATE TEST.

(Perhaps you have seen the filmed version of our test on television. If so, you know what happens so you may proceed directly to the last few paragraphs. Otherwise, please continue reading.)

The experiment was kept simple. One primate, one cage, two radios, a few bananas. All factors were carefully controlled so the only significant variable introduced was the *type* of music played.

What happened is wild.

FIRST, A STIFF DOSE OF HARD ROCK.

Technicians placed a pre-tuned radio into the cage and switched it to the on mode. Immediately, our subject reacted to the throbbing, pulsing clamor. He became restless. Agitated. Then irritated.

The frantic pitch of the disc jockey didn't help matters any. Nor did the obvious lack of variety in the music played. In fact, the repetition of several songs only seemed to fuel the subject's indignation.

He threw bananas. Jumped up and down. And finally, with one crushing blow, silenced the radio.



NEXT, THE ASSORTED, ASSUAGING SOUNDS OF KINK.

Step two: Technicians placed a new radio tuned to KINK into the cage. It was switched on.

The subject turned, then halted. Some observers swear they saw him sway, ever so slightly, to the gentle rhythms. He retreated to his perch and relaxed with a banana or three.

Soon he was drawn back to the radio's side. As if he wanted to be near.

He seemed to delight in the wide variety of music. The less commonly heard album cuts by noted artists such as Jimmy Buffett, James Taylor and Joni Mitchell. He really kicked-back during the uninterrupted music interludes like Album Preview Monday night at 10 p.m., "Lights Out" at 11 p.m. and "Sunday Night Jazzz." And, though there is no scientific explanation, he seemed to respond almost wistfully to the frequent oldies. Even the warm, soothing tones of our on-air personalities visibly impressed him. He too, apparently, prefers to be talked to. Not at.

In summary, the primate exhibited a dramatic personality shift; from aggressive with the typical hard rock sound, to relaxed with the mellow KINK sound. (Indeed, the subject became quite attached to the KINK-playing radio. And our technicians decided it prudent to not try and remove it.)

INSIDE EVERY APE THERE IS A MAN.

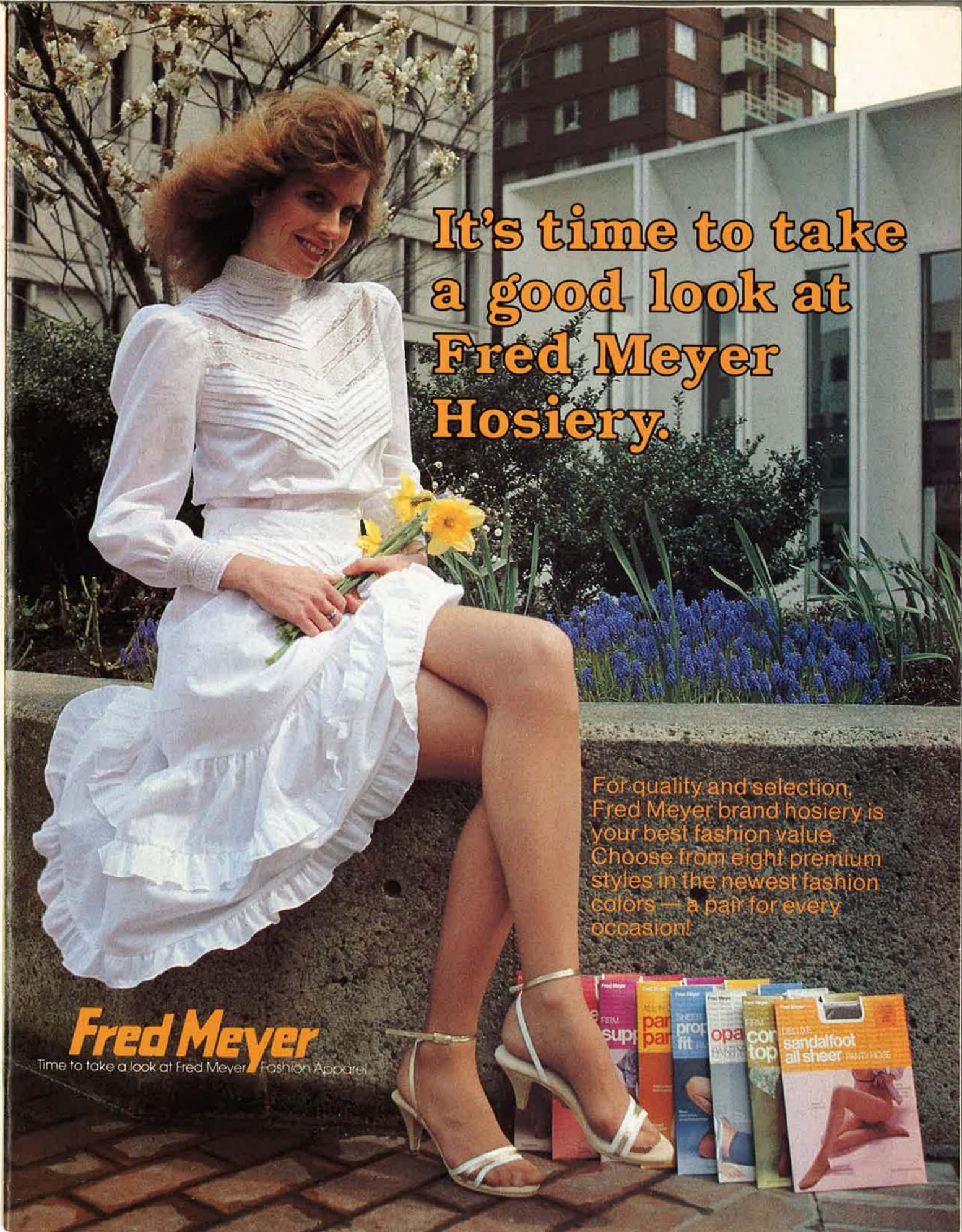
The frequently asked question is, how do our findings apply to man? The answer, a lot more than you might realize.

A steady diet of raucous, repetitive rock can bring out the animal in almost anyone. Conversely, too much sedative elevator music can induce drowsiness.

At KINK, we try to fill the void. With variety that's upbeat but not brow-beating. Bright but not beastly.

For primates who want a bit more civilized sound.

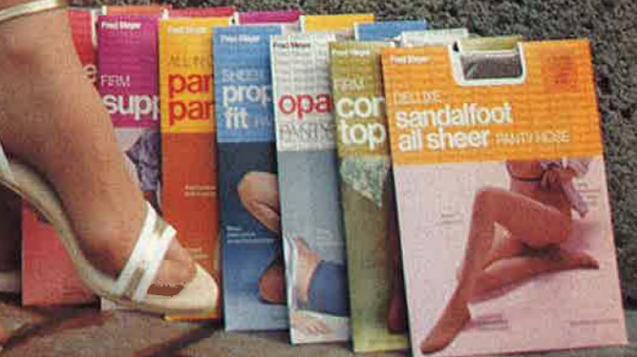
kink
fm 102



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Fred Meyer
Time to take a look at Fred Meyer Fashion Apparel



PULITZER PRIZE FIGHTERS.

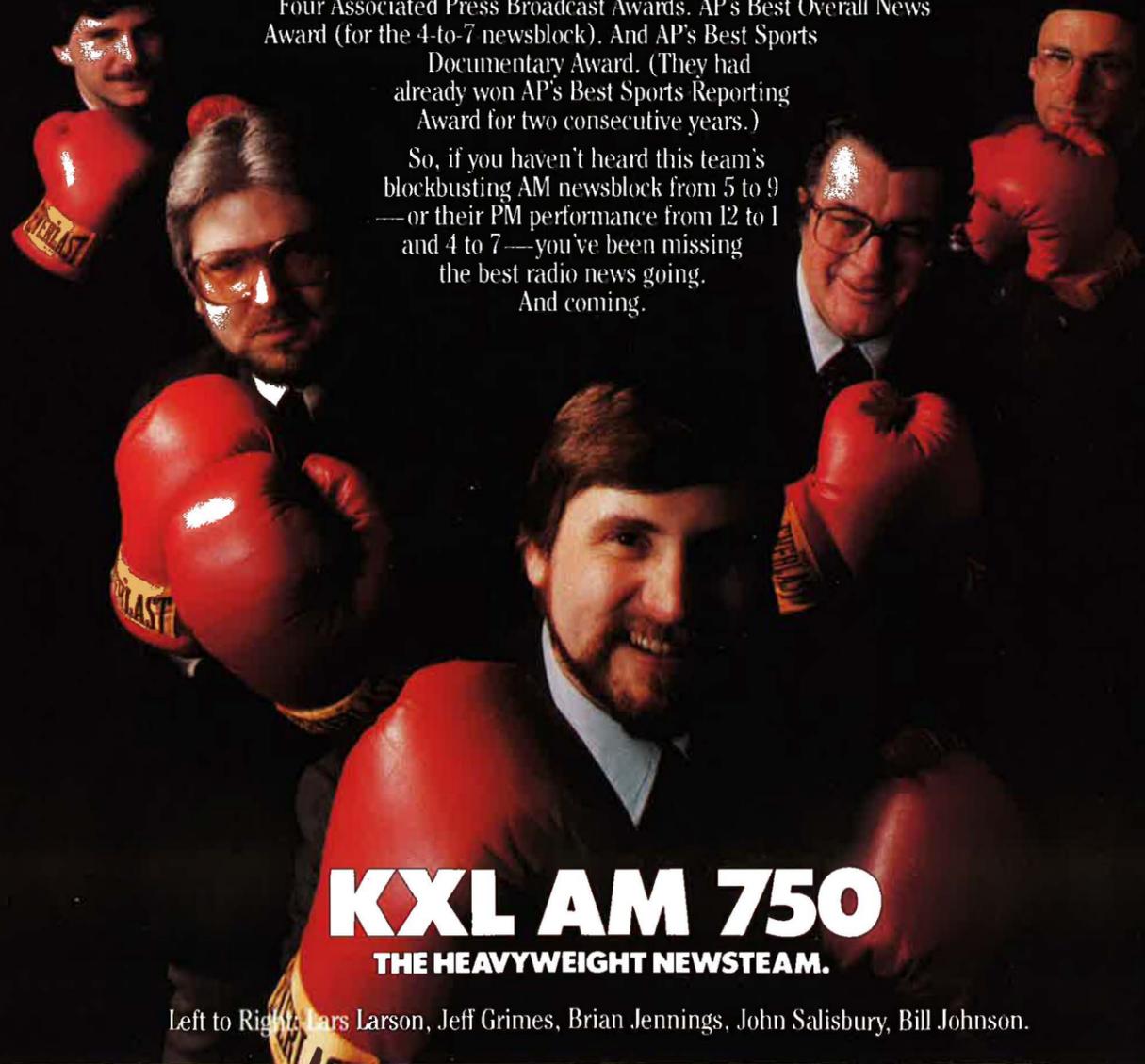
If you like hard-hitting headlines delivered with plenty of editorial punch—and considerable commentarial clout—you'll like hearing these heavyweights. Because they like winning awards. (This team is so competitive, their awards list reads like Ali's record.)

In just the last few years, they've won more national journalistic awards than any other radio newsteam in Oregon. Including three Abe Lincoln Merit Awards (for public service through journalism). A Clarion. A Golden Mike. And the coveted Columbia duPont (broadcasting's Pulitzer).

Then in '81 they added an Ohio State Award (for their Mt. St. Helens "radio diary").

Four Associated Press Broadcast Awards. AP's Best Overall News Award (for the 4-to-7 newsblock). And AP's Best Sports Documentary Award. (They had already won AP's Best Sports Reporting Award for two consecutive years.)

So, if you haven't heard this team's blockbusting AM newsblock from 5 to 9—or their PM performance from 12 to 1 and 4 to 7—you've been missing the best radio news going. And coming.



KXL AM 750
THE HEAVYWEIGHT NEWSTEAM.

Left to Right: Lars Larson, Jeff Grimes, Brian Jennings, John Salisbury, Bill Johnson.

MAY 1982

CONTENTS

MAY 1982 Volume 12 Number 5 © NEW OREGON PUBLISHERS, INC.

FEATURES

Sagebrush Gothic

By David Sarasohn
Photography by John Maher

The residents of Antelope say that the followers of an Indian guru are trying to drive them away. The newcomers say that a "May-flower mentality" is trying to keep them out. Both sides say they're not leaving.

PAGE 24

On The Beach

By Harriet Moger Watson
Photography by Sjeff Wildschut

Even in Oregon, summer comes eventually. When it does, here are some great ways to be ready for it.

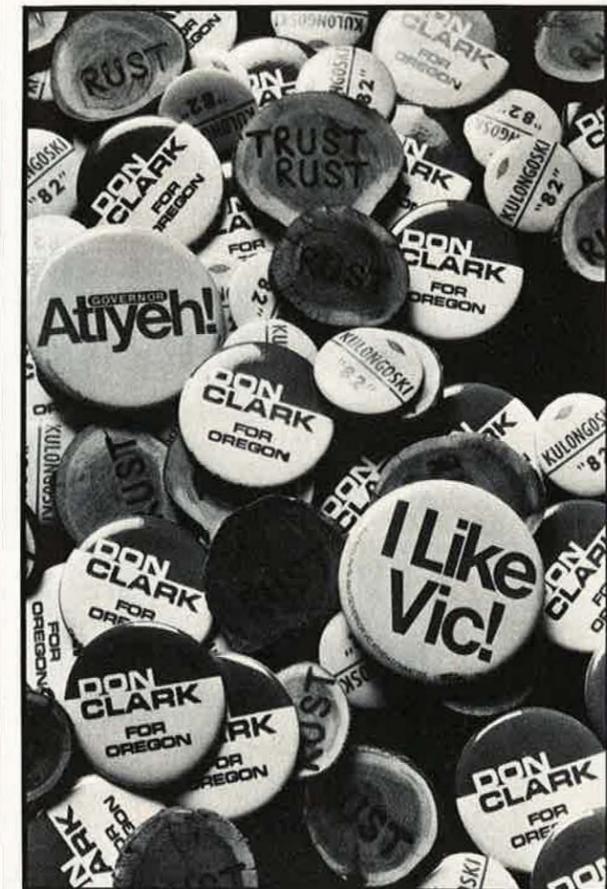
PAGE 33

The High Desert Through A New Looking Glass

By Don Roberts
Photography by Mike Epstein

Outside Bend, a new museum celebrates the High Desert, proving vividly that in Oregon it's not bad to be left high and dry.

PAGE 36



JOHN MAHER

CAMPAIGN '82

The State Of Attyeh

In a wide-ranging interview, Oregon's governor discusses economic redevelopment, and why his first term entitles him to another.

PAGE 41

And In This Corner . . .

By Dana Tims, Lauren Kessler and Richard Sanders

Three Democrats who have different ideas, and someone else in mind for the job.

PAGE 45

Cover photograph by John Maher.

DEPARTMENTS

Editor's Notes 6

Letters 8

State of Oregon 10

Darting Upward.
Missing from Oregon.
Filed Away. Judicial Restraint.

Calendar 12

A statewide guide to May events.

Movies 18

Victor/Victoria is lousy/lousier.

PeopleCurrents 22

Design 49

Going through the roof.
BY GINNY BUTTERFIELD

Travel 52

Germany's Heidelberg.
BY DANIEL AND SALLY GROTTA

Dining Out 55

The Iron Maiden in Cottage Grove.
BY DAVID SARASOHN

Leisure 58

Look what the tide brought in.
BY MARILYN MCFARLANE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE BAETJER

Politics 62

Gas-pump jockeying.
BY CAMERON LAFOLLETTE

Oregonians 70

Frank Nelson, the McMinnville impresario.

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Richard Jester, in a sense, is this magazine's stage manager, choreographer, set designer and concertmaster all in one. He doesn't write the words or take the pictures, but as Art Director he sets them to music—the frozen and sometimes soaring music of graphic design. You have seen his considerable talents displayed on these pages since the January issue.

Although only thirty-two, Richard has brought to us the benefit of extraordinarily rich experience: He was Art Director/Manager of the *Washington Star* until that estimable newspaper ceased publication last year. He was responsible, as a consultant, for the bright new design of *The New Republic*. For two years he was Art Director of *New West Magazine* (since renamed *California*). And before that he was "ringmaster" of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey art department, responsible for all of the circus's promotional and advertising material.



Richard Jester

He came to *Oregon Magazine*, despite opportunities at far larger publications, partly because he wanted to come home to Oregon. He was born in Astoria and is a fourth-generation Oregonian.

Richard is more than an art director, he's a motivating force here. He pushed for a story about Antelope and the ongoing confrontation between long-time residents of that little Central Oregon town and the several hundred followers of an Indian mystic, the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, who bought and moved to the nearby Big Muddy Ranch last summer. I was hesitant because the clash out on the High Desert had turned into a fast-breaking story, and our ability to respond to late developments always is limited by the long lead time between editorial close and ultimate publication. Our story had to probe far deeper than daily press reports to make it worthwhile, and I wasn't sure we had the time.

Senior Editor David Sarasohn and Chief Photographer John Maher were asked to go to Antelope and Rajneeshpuram, the new name given the Big Muddy Ranch, and see what they could discover. What they came back with allayed my fears. John's photographs represent a haunting and eloquent record of a struggle by the people of this little town to understand and deal with something that is totally alien to their experience. David's story, starting on page 24, sensitively examines the phases and roots of the confrontation.

The story had another attraction. Assembling all of the pre-Rajneesh residents of Antelope in front of the town's Protestant church would make a powerful image on the cover, we felt. With the help of Antelope Mayor Margaret Hill and school board member Frances Dickson, nearly all of Antelope turned out for us late in an afternoon a few weeks back, and they stood there until dusk as John shot them, and reshot them from atop a six-foot ladder. For one local rancher, Frank MacNamee, the photograph was filled with symbolism. Although he was not able to be in the picture because of other business, he ordered his two sons to show up. "Your great-grandfather gave money for that church," he told them, "and I think you should be there." The church not only is the second largest building in Antelope, after the school, but an emotion-laden pawn in the dispute.

Quipped Lottie Borthwick, one of the town's older citizens, when she saw the assemblage: "We could have had a potluck supper."

Harry A. Lenhart, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MAHER

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 YOU TO MEET
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 Dale Moyer
 Laurence Gibney
 Vicki Carson
 Joseph Marzucco
 Bruce Kroese
 Steven Buckstein
 Kent Myers
 Ben Johnson
 Shannon Grant
 Gregory Lutz
 Peter Boris
 Jean Monroe
 Gerald Webster
 James Field
 Shelley Schlecht
 Stephen Amdahl
 Don Beazely
 Jim Williams (not shown)



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LETTERS

DELIVERING

Oregon Magazine is finally realizing its potential. After years of skimming the magazine I found myself reading all of almost every article in your latest number. Your man [Charles] Culhane touched all the bases in his article about the Oregon delegation ["Capital Clout," April], and I enjoyed your column about the latest evidence of megalomania at the *Oregonian* ["Editor's Notes"].

STEVE FORRESTER
Washington, D.C.

RIDING THE RAILS

Kudos for David Sarasohn and John Maher for bringing us back to that feeling for "riding the rails" ["Riding the Rails," March].

Having taken only one round-trip on Amtrak (once up north on the *Coast Starlight*, once down south on the *Mount Rainier* and the now defunct *Willamette Valley Express*), your article brought me back to that romance that I had on my one trip. I could see that view of the wilderness again and that elegance that no Greyhound, Trailways or airline could match.

HAROLD DOWLING
Eugene

BRUNCHES

We wish to commend *Oregon Magazine* for including in the write-ups on the various eating places mentioned in the article "Out to Brunch" [February] a reference to whether the establishments were accessible to the physically disabled or not. It was very thoughtful and helpful to the estimated one in ten of the state's population who has mobility problems. So often, the general population, and the media, forget that the disabled's need for recreation and to go out for a nice meal once in awhile is the same as anyone else's, but they need a little more information, i.e., just which places are accessible to wheelchair users. So, it is very refreshing and welcome when someone does remember this consideration.

DAVID E. INGERSON
United Cerebral Palsy Association
of Northwest Oregon
Portland

ROADRUNNERS

I am disappointed in assertions and implications made by Suzie Boss in her recent article, "The Roadrunning Carnival" [February], regarding Wally Larsen's use of his position with the Oregon Road Runners to assist in obtaining a

"second income" as a race director.

Wally Larsen has donated his time and efforts on many runs put on by a variety of charitable and nonprofit interests. With respect to all races in which he has been involved, he has *not* used Oregon Road Runners Club sanctioning activities for his own purposes. Indeed, the board of directors would not permit such conduct.

Larsen has not abused sanctioning but instead in all prerace literature has told runners what to expect for the event. If anything, he has had to undergo closer scrutiny of the runs with which he is involved. Moreover, to date the Oregon Road Runners Club has not requested any organization to submit a fee to the club for help with sanctioning guidelines.

LES SMITH
President, ORRC
Beaverton

CORRECTIONS



JOHN MAHER

In our photograph of Bill McCormick and Doug Schmick in the April issue (above), our caption was reversed. Bill McCormick is on the left, and Doug Schmick is on the right.

Also, in our April guide to "Recession Resources" (page 34), we listed an Oroweat Bakery Thrift Store at 8303 SE Woodstock, Portland. Oroweat no longer operates an outlet at this address.

We regret any confusion caused by these errors.

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O THE STATE OF OREGON

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS FROM VARIOUS PLACES

Darting Upward

Jenny Johnson holds her dart in front of her, sighting in on the board about eight feet away. Perhaps a hundred people are looking on, drinking beer and smoking absently, as she concentrates on the throw which could make her the women's singles champion in the Portland Open Dart Tournament.

She has worked her way down from 401 points, tearing off 40 to 100 with each flight of three darts. Now she is at 34 and needs a double 17 to win. If she misses, her opponent needs only a double five on her next turn.

"As the pressure builds, the throwing gets better," says a long-time watcher of the local darts scene. Johnson's concentration is such that she does not seem to notice the clanging and whistle of the kiddie railroad that runs through the surrounding Oaks Amusement Park. She throws, and her dart lands cleanly and precisely in the right place, a small wire-bound slot about a quarter-inch wide and one inch long. The muted thud of impact is drowned by the crowd's whooping. Johnson's opponent hugs her.

Winning the third annual Portland tournament, held in an auxiliary skating rink at the amusement park, was not about to make the Eugene thrower rich; she took home a



first prize of \$90, and Bill Arnold of Vancouver, B.C., winner of the men's event, claimed \$100. Although winners of some East Coast events spear up to \$1,000, darts in the Northwest is still in an incubatory stage. But, its supporters claim with a manic glint which makes you wonder whether they really should be trusted to toss sharply pointed objects around, it's the fastest growing sport in the country.

Besides the fun and challenge, the game is remarkably cheap by American standards. At the nearly two dozen dart taverns in the Portland area (five years ago there were six), the deposit of \$5 or a driver's license is all that is needed to line up and squint. And if the bar darts get frazzled—a common result of intense use—a good set of brass darts can be had for \$15.

Armed with a personal set of darts, and several hours practice, the neophyte tosser could join an estimated 500

who bend their elbows at the line and elsewhere in places like the Horse Brass Pub and The Elephant and Castle in Portland, The Exchange in Eugene and Murphy's Harp in Vancouver, Washington.

Although darts seems to be rising in popularity, the people involved are hardly your typical trendy types, for whom darts might be the next step after est. In the Portland tournament, the contestants ranged from Arnold, a twenty-six-year veteran of dart battles, to Seattle's seventeen-year-old Lisa Copeland (ranked in the top thirty nationally) to a woman very obviously very pregnant.

With ever more darts flying through the air in Oregon taverns, Maynard Corl, operator of Maynard's Trophy and Dart Shop in Portland, is confident that the game "is here to stay." If he's right, Oregonians should start to look both ways before crossing a tavern.

—Tom Gauntt and Tim Dieter

Missing from Portland

When Harvard graduate Charles Horman came west in the mid-1960s, he reportedly told a friend he was looking for some "different people" than he had met in the Ivy League. Whether he found them in Portland remains a mystery, for Horman apparently didn't stay long enough to make many ties. But his name is becoming familiar today as filmgoers watch *Missing*, the chilling tale of his execution during the 1973 coup that toppled Chile's Salvador Allende from power.

Recruited from Harvard by Stimson Bullitt, then the president of King Broadcasting, Horman began his journalistic career in Portland, where he spent about a year as part of a special KGW-TV documentary film team that later moved to Seattle. Horman's first film effort was a program on the effects of LBJ's war on poverty in Portland's Albina neighborhood. He also worked as a writer on documentaries dealing with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, Cesar Chavez and on an international-award-winning film titled "Napalm."

"Rather than an organizer and leader, Charlie was a theoretician," remembers one associate. "He was interested in ideas. He was politically active, but a big part of what



Charles Horman

was important to him was to record and synthesize what was going on, to pull things together as a writer." Another friend says, "Although *Missing* is an important film, it did not do justice to Charlie. The person in the film was sort of a dilettante; Charlie was much more intelligent, serious and politically committed." Horman headed back east in the late sixties when the King documentary unit began to be plagued by financial woes (it was eventually disbanded in 1971), and his political curiosity eventually led him to the Chilean episode which cost him his life.

—Karen Pate

Judicial Restraint

The competition, admittedly, was tough, but probably the worst excuse heard during a week of attending traffic court in Portland came from a man who had been stopped for a traffic violation and was found to have an open pitcher of beer beside him in the front seat. Faced with the task of explanation, the defendant simply said that it wasn't his. "I just picked up a hitchhiker," he explained, "who gave it to me when I dropped him off."

After looking at the accused for a moment, Municipal Judge Anthony L. Casciato peered over the rims of his glasses and inquired, "Do you expect me to believe that?" Unfortunately, most

defendants lack this kind of imagination, and many explanations follow familiar ground:

- 1) I was told my house was being burglarized.
- 2) My brother was committing suicide.
- 3) My mother was dying.
- 4) My mother was dying and my brother was committing suicide.

Other, more modest, excuses blame defects within the car:

- 1) The dashlights must have just blown out.
- 2) The speedometer was broken.
- 3) I was driving the vehicle to the junkyard.

The problem with such excuses is obvious: The judge has heard them before. Instead of explaining how a UFO forced you to drive 60 mph in a residential zone, it would be wiser to understand the system, and what works.

If you are pleading defective equipment, evidence that the problem has since been repaired will usually bring a suspension of your fine. Any other excuse had better match conditions and what you said at the time you were stopped; the judge sees a copy of the officer's comments. But if your excuse is not inconsistent, and plausible—such as another car tailgating you into running a yellow light—your chances of suspension are good. If you decide to plead Not Guilty, and the arresting officer does not appear—a not unusual event—you are automatically acquitted, and leave the courtroom a much happier person.

In all cases, it is advisable to appear friendly and genuinely repentant. Telling the judge you can't afford the fine, and when asked, admitting to being unemployed, can also help with the sentence. As Judge Aaron Brown, Jr. (who had a man whose fine he suspended tell him he was like State Farm Insurance: "Fast, fair and friendly") tells his courtroom, "I try to make my fines as accessible as possible."

—Attilio

THE STATE OF OREGON

Filed Away

Violet Reck, at least, had a good reason to be at Filing Day. "The decision to run wasn't made until yesterday," explained Reck, a Republican running against a Democratic incumbent in a Southeast Portland legislative district. So on the last day to file, she drove down to Salem, got some technical help at the House Minority Office and was now standing in line at the front of the House of Representatives chamber, waiting to pay her \$25 to appear on the primary ballot. "I think I'll enjoy it," she said positively. "It's nice to be involved."

Most of the other several hundred people who thronged the chamber, staring up at two huge boards listing everyone running for anything in Oregon this month, seemed to be there less for any particular purpose than from a feeling that something might happen. They didn't know exactly what it might be—Jack Ramsay suddenly filing for the state senate from Lake Oswego, maybe—but waiting for it gave them a chance to catch up with some old acquaintances also waiting for something to happen.

"Back when McCall was governor," reminisced one state senator, "he used to

come in here and make people think he was running for the Senate, and sometimes even stand in the filing line for a while." Various other observers were also talking about the old McCall days and lamenting that nothing that interesting had happened at Filing Day since.

For candidates, of course, especially those hoping to run without opposition, the board has a particular fascination, and they watch it like an anxious mother, their concentration mounting as the deadline approaches, now two hours, one hour, twenty minutes away. Anticipation, however, can be cruel; one incumbent running for re-election was twelve minutes from a relaxed summer and fall when a name finally popped up opposite his.

For observers, the atmosphere can suddenly shift from boring to perilous. Getting on the ballot requires signing your name, writing down your name and address and the office you want, and checking three boxes. After several hours total immersion in Filing Day, it can seem like the only reasonable thing to do.

Those who may have gotten carried away are given three days after filing day to remove their name from the ballot, which they can do without 400 people looking on.



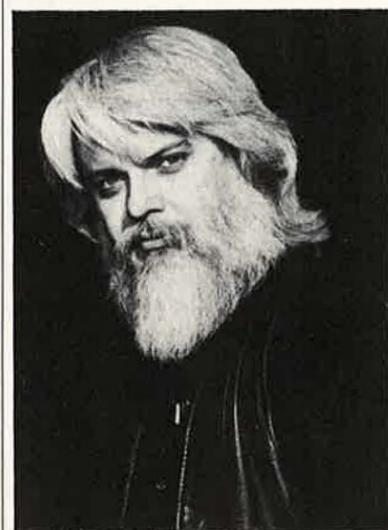
Watched closely, a Filing Day worker lists another hopeful.

Calendar



Big as Life

Life-size wooden statues with frozen frontal stares represent folks from Richard Wagner's life and characters from his operas. Artist Jim Lawrence, of Portland's Museum Art School, currently carves in California. Through May 30, Portland Center for the Visual Arts (222-7107).



Leon's Back

Blues/rock star Leon Russell brings a new show to Portland featuring an eleven-piece Rock and Roll Revue. Opening set by Tower of Power, one of the best horn bands around. The Paradise Road Show, 8pm May 14, \$9, \$9.50, \$10, Portland Civic Auditorium (226-4625 or 248-4496).

Whistlin' Along

Open-air railroad cars are pulled by wood-burning steam locomotive on four-mile run through game refuge and past old dredge tailings on the Powder River. \$3, \$2 children, \$8 family. Sumpter Valley Narrow Gauge Railroad, weekends and holidays, May 29-September 26. West of Baker on Highway 7 (372-3555).



New Girls

New girls are Kay Starr and Martha Raye. Original girls are Rosemary Clooney and Helen O'Connell. 4 Girls 4, 8pm May 15, 16. \$13.50-\$20.50, Paramount Theatre, Portland (226-0034).

EDITED BY GINNY BUTTERFIELD

MAY 1982

Theater PORTLAND AREA

As You Like It, by William Shakespeare. 8pm 5/1, 2, alternating weeks thereafter with **Talley's Folly** until 6/12. \$4-\$7, New Rose Theatre, Portland (222-2487).

Candida, comedy by G. B. Shaw, 8pm 5/10-15. 50c-\$3, Fir Acres Theatre, Lewis & Clark College, Portland (244-6161).

Father's Day, comedy by Oliver Hailey, 8pm Thurs-Sat 5/7-6/26. \$5, \$6, Blue Room, Portland Civic Theatre (226-3048).

International Brecht Symposium, 5/14-31, sponsored by International Brecht Society, Portland State University and Reed College, with a grant from the Oregon Committee for the Humanities. Performances: **The Caucasian Chalk Circle**, 8pm 5/14, 15, 20-22, \$3-\$5, PSU (229-4440). **Brecht/Kurt Weill Concert**, featuring Roswitha Trexler, 8pm 5/26, free, PSU (229-4440). **The Threepenny Opera**, 8pm 5/25-29, \$3-\$5, Lewis & Clark College (224-6161). **The Seven Deadly Sins**, Eugene Ballet Company, 8:30pm 5/28, \$3-\$5, Reed College (771-1112). **Lectures**: "Brecht in Hollywood," James Lyon, 3pm 5/27, free, PSU (229-3522). "The Dramaturg as Director," Carl Weber, 8pm 5/27, PSU (229-3522). "Brecht in Performance," Klaus Völker, 2pm 5/28, free, PSU (229-3522). Live scenes, recitals, symposia, 5/29-31, free, Reed College (771-1112).

Li'l Abner, musical, 8:30pm Thurs-Sat 5/14-6/19. \$5, \$6, Lake Oswego Community Theatre (635-3901).

The Member of the Wedding, by Carson McCullers, 8:30pm Fri, Sat 5/21-6/26. \$4, Firehouse Theatre, Portland (248-4737).

My Cup Runneth Over, midnight play Saturdays through 6/12. \$3.50, New Rose Theatre, Portland (222-2487).

The Removalists, by "Gallipoli" author David Williamson, 8pm Sat, 7pm Sun through 5/16. \$5, \$6, Storefront Theatre, Portland (248-0199).

San Francisco Mime Troupe presents "Factwino Meets the Moral Majority," comic political theater, 3 and 8pm 5/1. \$4-\$6, Northwest Service Center, Portland (226-6116).

The Sea Horse, by Edward J. Moore, 8pm Fri, Sat through 5/8. \$3.50, \$4.50, Wilson Center for the Performing Arts, YWCA, Portland (223-6281).

The Sound of Music, Rodgers and Hammerstein, 8pm Thurs-Sat through 6/12, Sunday performances to be announced. \$5-\$8, Mainstage, Portland Civic Theatre (226-3048).

Talley's Folly, comedy by Lanford Wilson, 8pm 5/6-6/5, alternating weeks with **As You Like It**. \$4-\$7, New Rose Theatre, Portland (222-2487).

True West, by Sam Shepard, 8pm Thurs, Fri through 5/14. \$5, \$6, Storefront Theatre, Portland (248-0199).

Two for the Seesaw, by William Gibson, a Willamette Repertory Theater production, 8:30pm Fri, Sat through 5/29. \$7.50, Willamette Center Theatre, Portland (226-1605).

AROUND THE STATE

The Boyfriend, '20s musical, 8pm 5/14, 15, 19-22. \$4.50, Robinson Theatre, University of Oregon, Eugene (686-4191).

Dylan, based on life of Dylan Thomas, 8pm Thurs-Sat, 7pm Sun 5/7-9, 13-16, 20-22. \$2.50, \$3.50, Gal-



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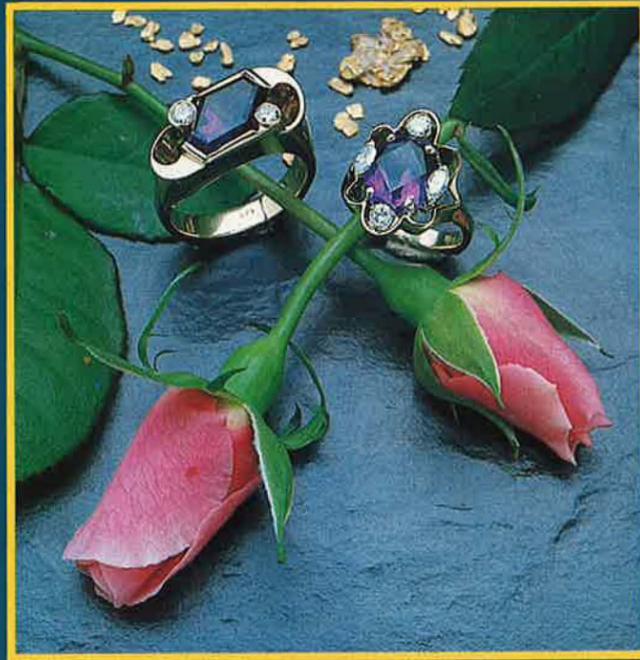


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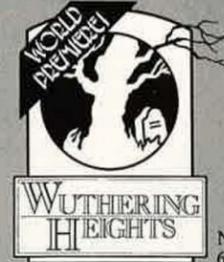




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lery Players of Oregon, McMinnville (472-2227).

El Grande de Coca Cola, comedy revue, 8 and 10pm Thurs-Sat through 5/30. \$4 advance, \$5 at door, Mark Antony Hotel, Ashland (482-1721 or 488-0411).

How the Other Half Loves, comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, 8pm 5/1. \$2.50, \$3.50, Studio Theatre, Gallery Players of Oregon, McMinnville (472-2227).

Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams, 8:15pm 5/14-16, 19-22, 27-29, matinee 5/23. \$3, Pentacle Theatre, Salem (363-2211).

Once Upon a Mattress, musical, 8pm Fri, Sat 5/14-29. \$5, Coaster Theater, Cannon Beach (436-1242).

Oregon Shakespearean Festival: Spokesong 2pm 5/1 (opening), 2, 7, 9, 15, 22, 29, 8pm 5/16, 23. **Julius Caesar** 2pm 5/8, 16, 30, 8pm 5/1, 9, 14, 22, 28. **Blithe Spirit** 2pm 5/2, 23, 8pm 5/8, 15, 21, 29. **Hold Me** 2pm 5/9, 15, 22, 29, 8pm 5/2, 7. **Wings** 2pm 5/8, 16, 23, 30, 8pm 5/1, 9, 14, 22, 28, 29. The first three plays are in the Angus Bowmer Theatre, \$5.50, \$8.50, \$11.50; the last two are in the Black Swan Theatre, \$9.50. Ashland (482-4331).

The Threepenny Opera, by Brecht/Weill, Fri, Sat through 5/29. \$4, Naterlin Community Center, Newport (265-9073).

Music

PORTLAND AREA

Roy Clark, 8pm 5/17, 18. \$13.50-\$20.50, Paramount Theatre, Portland (226-0034).

Mary Craford, cellist; **Linda Showman**, pianist, 3pm 5/16. \$3.50, \$5, Warner Pacific College, Portland (287-2175).

Sheena Easton, British singer, 8pm 5/4. \$9-\$10, Paramount Theater, Portland (226-4625).

Handmade Musical Instruments Concerts, 8:15pm 5/21, 28, 6/1, \$5. Exhibit of instruments 5/13-6/18, Oregon School of Arts and Crafts, Portland (297-5544).

Al Jarreau, 8pm 5/13. \$10.50-\$11.50, Portland Civic Auditorium (226-4625).

Jeff Lorber Fusion, 8pm 5/21. \$7.50-\$9, Portland Civic Auditorium (221-0288).

Manon Lescaut, by Giacomo Puccini, 8pm 5/1, presented by Portland Opera. In Italian, starring Ermanno Mauro and Heather Thomson. \$7-\$25, \$6 for students and senior citizens one-half hour before performances, Portland Civic Auditorium (248-5322 or 248-4496).

Paul Manz, organist, 8pm 5/6, to benefit Lutheran High School. \$6.50, First United Methodist Church, Portland (760-5844).

Ian Mitchell, classical guitar, 3pm 5/9. \$3, \$4, Lincoln Hall, Portland State University (229-3011).

The New 4 Girls 4, 8pm 5/15, 16. Helen O'Connell, Kay Starr, Rosemary Clooney, Martha Raye. \$13.50-\$20.50, Paramount Theatre, Portland (226-0034).

The Oak Ridge Boys, 8pm 5/20. \$10, \$12.50, Memorial Coliseum, Portland (239-4422).

Orange Orange, formerly Craig Carothers Band, 9:30pm 5/13-15. \$3.50, The Last Hurrah, Portland (224-1336).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra: Classical Concert, 7:30pm 5/9, 8:30pm 5/10, 12. James DePreist, conductor; Martina Arroyo, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; Portland Symphonic Choir with Bruce Browne, director. Program: Verdi, Requiem Mass. \$5-\$9.50, Portland Civic Auditorium (248-4496 or 228-1353).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra: Family Concert, 3pm 5/16. James DePreist, conductor; Mi-



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chael Foxman, violinist. Program: Sibelius, Concerto for Violin; Tchaikovsky, Manfred. \$2.50-\$4, Portland Civic Auditorium (248-4496 or 228-1353).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra Marathon Concert, 6pm to midnight 5/25. Program includes Portland Brass Ensemble, Florestan Trio, Vincent McDermott, Trio Sonore, Oregon Repertory Singers, Mark Westcott, as well as Oregon Symphony Orchestra. Informal seating, picnic food available. \$7, Portland Civic Auditorium (228-1353).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra: Music for Youth, 11am and 12:30pm 5/4, 12. "Stars of the Future," Norman Leyden, conductor; Jennifer John, violinist. Program: Saint-Saëns, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Bridge, The Sea; Handel, Water Music Suite; Smetana, The Moldau. \$1, grades 3-12, Portland Civic Auditorium (228-1353).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra Pops Concert, 8pm 5/2, 8:30 5/3, 4. "Those Were the Days," Norman Leyden, conductor; Sue Beacock and Bruce Howlett, soloists. \$8.50, \$10, Portland Civic Auditorium (228-1353).

Reed College Sunday Music Matinee, 3pm 5/9, The Clarion Wind Quintet. Free, Reed College Commons, Portland (771-1112).

University/Community Orchestra, 4pm 5/2, free, Mago Hunt Hall, University of Portland (283-7202).

Glenn Yarbrough ("Baby the Rain Must Fall") and six-piece band, 8pm 5/18, \$7.50, \$9.50, \$10.50, Portland Civic Auditorium (226-1605).

AROUND THE STATE

Central Oregon Symphony, 8pm 5/7, \$2, \$3, Central Oregon Community College, Bend (382-6112).

Madame Butterfly, by Puccini, Eugene Opera, 8pm 5/17, 19, 21-23. \$5.50-\$9, \$2 discount for students and seniors, Sheldon High School Theater, Eugene (687-0020).

Oregon Symphony Orchestra Pops Concert, 8pm 5/19, \$5-\$7.50, Glencoe High School, Hillsboro (648-6669).

Rogue Valley Symphony, Concert IV, Yair Strauss, music director. Program: Prokofiev, Romeo and Juliet (excerpts), Opus 64; Poulenc, Concerto in G Minor for Organ, Strings and Tympani (Larry Crummer, organ); Elgar, Enigma Variations, Opus 36 for Orchestra. \$3-\$5, 3pm 5/2, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland (482-6353).

Salem Youth Symphony, 8pm 5/2, Stephen Nelson, conductor. Program: Brahms, Tragic Overture; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"), Allegro con brio; Respighi, Pines of the Apennines. **Salem Junior Symphony**, Michael Dunlap, conductor. Program: Mozart, Viennese Sonatina; Bizet, Farandole. Combined orchestras: Williams, Star Wars suite. \$1, \$2.50, \$4 family, Smith Auditorium, Willamette University, Salem (370-6454).

Art

PORTLAND AREA

The Art Fabric: Mainstream, through 5/5. Also "Texture in Prints," from Gilkey Collection, through 5/14. Portland Art Museum (226-2811).

Avant-Garde German Photography, 5/25-7/4, Portland Art Museum (226-2811).

Sarah Bryant, fabric sculpture; **Sarah Chamberlain**, prints; **Mike Smith**, porcelain sculpture. 5/20-6/19, Attie Gallery, Portland (228-7830).

Lawry Gold, Seattle artist, three-dimensional cut-out paintings. 5/8-6/5, Augen Gallery, Portland (224-8182).

Nancy Hathaway, Works on Paper; **Gary Westford**, Drawings of Incidental Happenings. 5/21-6/30, Elizabeth Leach Gallery, Portland (224-0521).

John Killmaster, paintings, 5/18-6/6, Gallery West, Portland (292-6262).

Robert Kipness, New York printmaker, lithographer. 5/22-6/19, Spectrum Gallery, Portland (228-6020).

Jim Lawrence, California artist, life-size opera carvings. Through 5/28, Portland Center for the Visual Arts (222-7107).

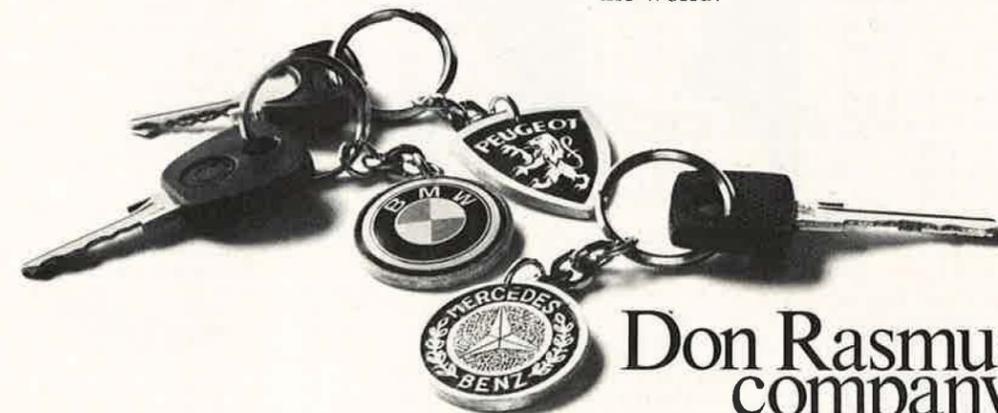
Museum Ahoy

If you've been wondering about that strange building on the waterfront in Astoria with a roof like a crested wave, it's the new Columbia River Maritime Museum, opening its doors on May 11 after six years of construction. Inside the 37,000-square-foot building is a Great Hall exhibiting a number of small craft, including Columbia River gillnetters and Coast Guard boats, as well as a reconstructed sternwheeler pilot house. Visitors can gaze at river traffic through the periscope of the World War II submarine "Rasher," visit the seven thematic galleries dealing with shipwrecks, whaling, naval history and Northwest exploration, or tour Lightship 88 moored nearby. Cost of the museum was \$2.75 million, raised entirely through private contributions. Open seven days a week from 10:30am to 4:30pm. \$2.50, students and senior citizens \$1.50, children under six free. Astoria (325-2323).

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MOVIES

REVIEWS OF RECENT RELEASES

VICTOR VICTORIA

This is the Julie Andrews film about a woman pretending to be a man pretending to be a woman. Julie protests to drag queen Robert Preston, when he first conceives the idea of passing her off as a female impersonator, that she couldn't pos-



Garner, Andrews and Preston.

sibly fool anyone. (She is right.) James Garner spends a good deal of footage sitting at a night club table looking disconsolate and old and baffled by whatever role he is supposed to play. Preston has a golden opportunity at the end to shine as a transvestite performer but turns it into fraternity vaudeville. The film fizzles slowly to the credit roll with the actors toasting and applauding each other, activities in which we are not tempted to participate.

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID

Mocking the clumsy gumshoe is the gist of this movie, and weaving in nostalgic clips from old movies. The humor is ho-hum and the plot is non sequitur nonsense, but the old clips are fun to watch, although they limit the film to black and white and a sense of technical creakiness. For Steve Martin and Carl Reiner this was clearly a hilarious experience.

PENITENTIARY II

The male lead's name is Too Sweet, the hideous thug who is out to get him is named Half Dead, with a sidekick called Do Dirty. This would all be comic except for the violence which reaches rape, blood and murder pitch within minutes of the show's opening. Cheap sets and an unfair emphasis (echoed in other releases this month, among them *Death Wish II*) on blacks as murderous derelicts.

DEATH WISH II

The brutalization of women is too sickening a subject to be treated as irresponsibly as it is handled in this film. Charles Bronson once again turns citizen vigilante when his daughter is raped and killed (only raped in *Death Wish I*; wife was killed). After the horrifying opening scenes, the movie deteriorates into a surrealistic crime festival. But the vigilante formula worked once, pulling in megabucks at the box office, so why not again? It certainly can't be much fun being Charles Bronson's daughter.

PAYDIRT

Locally made movie has Oregon vintners growing subrosa crops of sinsemilla marijuana. Unspoken "Oregonian" attitudes dot the plot: If it's illegal but harmless, to hell with the laws. Or: There's something wrong with a woman who can't set choker or drive Cat if she's needed. The classic western plot has the farmers running off the Bad Guy dope thieves. The pace of hill life seems right, however, and the photography is excellent.



Manoff and Matthau.

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

Walter Matthau plays the has-been Hollywood writer padding around his rundown bungalow in dirty pajamas. He is paid a surprise visit by a gutsy kid from Brooklyn (Dinah Manoff), a daughter he hasn't seen in sixteen years. The Neil Simon one-liners are funnier at the begin-

ning, during the father-daughter scraps. When Dinah turns into Little Mary Sunshine and tries to tie everybody up into a happy domestic package, we wish she'd left the old man in his dirty pajamas.

TRAGEDY OF A RIDICULOUS MAN

One of the best movies seen this month was an Italian release, with subtitles. A wealthy businessman must suddenly liquidate everything he owns to raise ransom for a kidnapped son. With cold suavity his colleagues circle for the kill, offering him ridiculously low sums for his villa, his cheese factory, his wife's paintings. The "ridiculous man," as he sees himself, worked in the fields from the age of nine, spent a lifetime building his business. Midpoint in the proceedings we begin to suspect, and so does he, that the son initiated his own kidnapping to raise money for terrorist comrades. A rare pleasure, considering other offerings this month, to see a film made by pros, with serious attention to understanding real people in stressful circumstances. Also an impressive visual sketch of Italian domestic life.

OTHER MAY RELEASES

The Whiz Kid (Willie Aames), Humongous (Janet Julien), Wrong is Right (Sean Connery), Young Lust (Dorothy Constantine), White Dog (Kristy McNichol), Conan, the Barbarian (Arnold Schwarzenegger), Independence Day (Kathleen Quinlan), Paradise (Willie Aames), Soup for One (Saul Rubinek), Aviator's Wife (Eric Rohmer), Visiting Hours (horror).

FOR FILM BUFFS

Roseway Theatre: 5/1-4 Mr. Roberts (Henry Fonda); Operation Petticoat (Cary Grant). 5/5-11 The Great Ziegfeld (William Powell); Singin' in the Rain (Gene Kelly, technicolor). 5/12-18 Neptune's Daughter (Esther Williams); The Barkleys of Broadway (Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, technicolor). 5/19-25 The Robe (Richard Burton, cinema-scope). 5/26-6/1 Casablanca; To Have and Have Not (Humphrey Bogart). \$1.50-\$3, Portland (287-8119).

Bijou Theatre: 5/1-6 Blood Wedding (Spain). 5/7-27 Montenegro (Sweden, Susan Anspach). 5/28-6/3 Sixteenth International Tournée of Animation. \$3, members \$2. Midnight Movies: 5/1 No Nukes. 5/5-8 Paul McCartney and Wings. 5/12-15 Rust Never Sleeps (Neil Young). 5/19-22 Quadrophonia (The Who). 5/26-29 Tommy (The Who). \$1-\$2.50, Eugene (686-2458).

Ashland Film Society: 5/2 Woodstock. 5/9 Every Man for Himself, and God Against All (Kaspar Hauser). 5/16 Beauty and the Beast (Jean Cocteau). 5/23 Dersu Uzala (Kurosawa). 5/30 Lies My Father Told Me (Jan Kadar). Two showings, 6 and 9pm. \$1-\$3, Vintage Inn, Ashland (482-1120).

Stephen Lyman, watercolors and acrylics of wilderness and nature. Through 5/31, Fellows House Gallery, Oregon City (655-9521).

Piece of Mind, winning entries of Designer's Roundtable juried show, record jackets to billboards. Through 5/14, U.S. Bank Plaza, Portland (228-5307).

Faith Rayhill and Maria Simon, handbuilt stoneware; **Peggy Quist,** off-loom wall hangings. Through 5/19, The Real Mother Goose, Portland (223-9510).

John Whitehead: latheworks, turned forms in wood. Contemporary basket forms: **Hisako Skejima, Carol Adecock, Susan Lyman, Carol Westfall.** Through 5/29, Contemporary Crafts Gallery, Portland (223-2654).

Harry Widman, recent paintings and watercolors; **Marlene Bauer,** new paintings; **Lucinda Parker,** drawings. 5/6-29, The Fountain Gallery, Portland (228-8476).

AROUND THE STATE

Avant Garde Exhibition, from museum collection. 5/11-29, Grants Pass Museum of Art (479-3290).

Arts and Azaleas Again, 5/8-6/16, Pelican Bay Arts Association, Harbor (P.O. Box 2568).

Sam Bernardi, pottery; **Lorraine Balsallie,** paintings, 5/15-6/8. United Nations Benefit Group Show 5/1-12. Lawrence Gallery at Sheridan (843-3633).

William Brooks, paintings; **Ruri,** porcelain. 5/15-6/8, Lawrence Gallery at Salishan (764-2318).

John Erin, oil paintings. 5/14-23, Sand Piper Gallery, Cannon Beach (436-2703).

Donna Gettel, wood-fired stoneware and porcelain, through 5/16, Valley Art Association, Forest Grove (538-5918).

Charles Heaney Retrospective, 5/6-28, Rogue Gallery, Medford (772-8118).

Indian Basketry of Oregon, through 5/14 at Oregon Institute of Technology, Klamath Falls (686-3134); 5/17-7/9 at Kah-Nee-Ta Resort, Warm Springs (1-800-452-1138).

Steve Juda, collage; **Jeff Proctor,** clay. 5/8-6/3, Carole Smith Gallery, Salem (362-9185).

Dance

Ballet Fiesta Flamenco Concert, 8pm 5/1. Free, Forum Theater, Portland Community College Rock Creek Campus (222-4625).

Ballet West's "Swan Lake," 8:15pm 5/6-8, 2:30pm 5/8. Full-length ballet, \$7-\$12, Portland Civic Auditorium (226-4371).

Jefferson Dancers, 8:15pm 5/7,8,14,15. \$4, \$5, Jefferson Performing Arts Center, Portland (287-1398). 8pm 5/28,29. \$2.50, Gallery Players of Oregon, McMinnville (472-2227).

Pilobolus Dance Theater, 8:15pm 5/19,20. Dance and athleticism combined. \$6.50-\$9.50, Portland Civic Auditorium (226-4371).

Events

PORTLAND AREA

Breaking Free, 1pm 5/9, 4½-hour multi-media motivational show designed exclusively for women, featuring **Jane Fonda.** Musical numbers, slide shows. \$45, Paramount Theater, Portland (226-0034).

Dunthorpe Garden Tour, 5/6, four private gar-

dens as well as historic gardens of the Bishop's Close, to benefit Riverdale School. \$6, shuttles to and from Riverdale School, Dunthorpe, Portland (635-5380).



Jane Fonda speaks on "Risk Taking" during half-day symposium for women May 9 at Paramount, Portland.

KEX-Fred Meyer Do-It-Yourself Show, 5/14-16, featuring Sally Struthers. Last year 60,000 viewed these displays. Free, Memorial Coliseum, Portland (225-1190 or 239-4422).

Mr. Knees Contest, 5/15, sponsored by Delta Omega to benefit Women's Shelter in Hillsboro, Doernbecker's Children's Ward. \$3 per applicant, must be 18 years or over. Washington Park Amphitheater, Portland (645-1046).

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Montessori Wine Tasting Benefit, 5/15. \$10, Providence Child Center, Portland (234-9991).

Oregon Hemophilia Foundation Wine Tasting, 7:30pm 5/1. \$7.50, Alpha Therapeutic Corporation, Portland (281-3327 or 227-2901).

Parade of Solar Homes, 5/29-6/13. Eight homes, most with passive solar systems, two with active back-up systems. Free, Jackson School site of '81 Street of Dreams, Hillsboro (684-1880).

Portland Family Fair, 5/15. 50c, Northwest Service Center, Portland (220-0459).

1982 Sports Spectacular, 5/28-31. Health and fitness show. High school competitions, dance demonstrations, health club and sporting goods booths. \$4 advance, \$5 at door, Multnomah County Exposition Center, Portland (249-0400).

Truck Show West, 5/14-16. \$2, 16 and under free, Multnomah County Exposition Center, Portland (285-7756).

Used Book Sale, 5/21-23, to benefit Multnomah County Library, basement of Galleria, Portland (228-5782 or 223-0513).

AROUND THE STATE

All-Indian Rodeo, 5/15,16, Tygh Valley (483-2238).

Azalea Festival, 5/28-31, Brookings (469-4422).

Bacchus Goes Bluegrass Festival, 5/15,16, sponsored by Oak Knoll Winery. Arts and crafts, food and wine, music by High Mountain Ramblers. Free, Hillsboro (648-8198).

Central Oregon Timber Carnival, 5/15,16, Prineville (447-6304).

Festival of the Arts, 5/6-8, to celebrate opening of new Theatre Arts Center. 8pm 5/6-8 The Miser, \$3.50, \$4. 1:30 and 10:45pm 5/6,7 Cabaret Show, \$3. 8pm 5/6 Jazz Concert, \$1.50, Music Building. 8pm 5/7 The Face on the Barroom Floor, Portland Opera, \$7.50 includes cheese and wine reception, Music Building. 8pm 5/8 Eugene Symphony, \$7.50, Music Building. Workshops all three days, \$15 series or \$8 each. Southern Oregon State College, Ashland (482-6346).

Gold Prospectors of America Show, 5/8,9. Lane County Convention Center, Eugene (687-4292).

High Desert Museum Opening, 5/29, address by Senator Packwood 5/30. Orientation Center features reconstructed Indian wickiup, pioneer homestead, living desert habitat. \$1, children 50c, six miles south of Bend (382-4754).

Imagination Celebration, Eugene's "Artquake," culminates 5/1 in parade, Maypole dance; music by Junior Symphony, Eugene Opera and Pleasant Hill High School Vocal Jazz Group; mime, dance, mural painting, art displays. Eugene Mall (485-2278).

Koi and Goldfish Exhibit, 5/8,9, sponsored by Cascade Koi and Goldfish Club. Herberger Greenhouses, Salem (363-4399).

Loyalty Days and Sea Fairing Festival, through 5/3, featuring a parade, queen and court, sports car races, Navy ships in port. Newport (265-2462).

90th Annual Umatilla County Pioneer's Reunion, 5/28,29. Rides, games, community bazaar, barbecue beef lunch, races. Firemen's breakfast and parade Saturday. Weston (566-2014).

Quilt Sale, 5/1, to benefit Western Mennonite High School. Jackman Long Building, Oregon State Fairgrounds, Salem (363-2000).

Rainbow Trout Tournament, 5/29,30. \$6000 in prize money for 100 tagged rainbow trout and 20 bluegill at \$50 each. Ten Mile Lake, Lakeside (759-3292).

Rhododendron Festival, 5/14-16. Queen's pageant, two parades, sand sculpting, tug-o-war, row-boat races. Florence (997-7081).

Rogue River Boatnik, 5/29-31. Carnival, parade, crafts, music, hydroplane races; 30-mile whitewater race for larger hydroplanes Monday on Rogue River. Major league fast-pitch softball tournament, 24 teams, largest in western states. Grants Pass (479-7541).

Tillamook Quilt Show, 5/29-31. Display of 100 quilts, sales of handcrafted items. \$1, Bay City Community Hall, Tillamook (377-2342).

ONGOING

Benton County Historical Museum, open daily, call for hours. Free, Old Philomath College, Philomath (929-6230).

Cosmic Concert II, new, multi-laser light show with special effects and music, classical to rock. Thurs-Sun at 7:30pm; Fri, Sat additional shows at 9 and 10:30pm and midnight. \$3.75, \$2.50 children, Oregon Museum of Science and Industry, Portland (222-2828).

Oregon Historical Society exhibits of woodstoves, steam-operated equipment, miniatures and dioramas of Indian life. 10am-4:45pm Mon-Sat, Portland (222-1741).

Oregon Museum of Science and Industry: planetary shows on space program, Voyager missions, astronomy, 1:30 and 3:30pm weekdays; 11am, 1, 2, 3 and 4pm weekends. Cosmic concert: multi-media presentation on Mount St. Helens, 9am-5pm, \$2, \$3, Portland (222-2828).

Ox Barn Museum, complex of five buildings dating from early Aurora Colony, settled as a German religious community in 1856. Guided tour of wash house, Kraus house, Steinbach cabin, wagon shed and ox barn. 1-5pm Wed-Sun, 50c-\$1.50, children under six free, Aurora (678-5754).

Sumpter Valley Narrow Gauge Railroad, weekends and holidays 5/29-9/26. Runs over old dredge piles above Phillips Reservoir through game refuges. Picnic facilities at Dredge Station. Overnight camping at Union Creek Forest. Baker (372-3555).

Sunday Flea Market, 50c, Memorial Coliseum, Portland (246-9996).

Symposiums

Aromatherapy, the study of essential oils, 7:30pm 5/11. Free, Food Front, Portland (222-5658).

The Bungalow: the House in a Garden, 8pm 5/12, by Robert Winter. Free, Portland Art Museum (243-1923).

Photography Safari, 5/9-15 or 5/24-28, \$175, Linfield College, McMinnville (1-800-452-4176).

Tsutsugaki, a Japanese dyeing technique, 5/21-23, by Susanna Kuo, Oregon School of Arts and Crafts, Portland (297-5544).

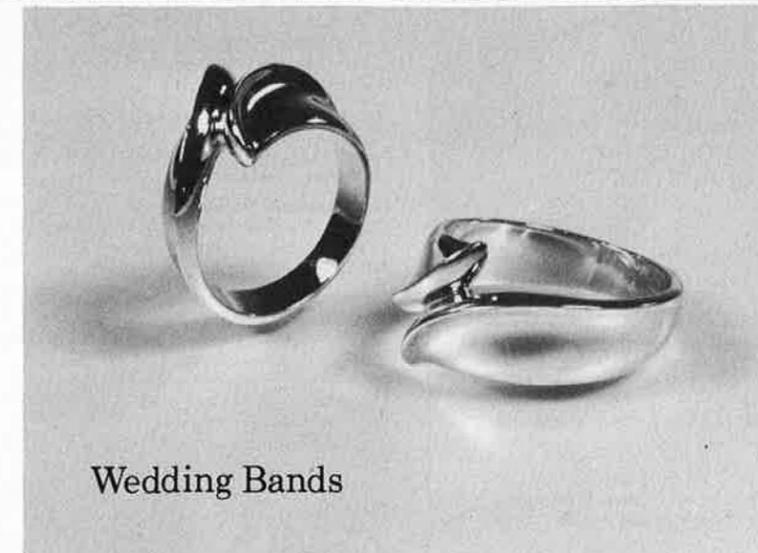
Western Forestry Center: Oregon Wildlife 5/3, 10,17,24. Women's Rock Climbing Class 5/4,11,18, 25. Perennials 5/5,12,19. South Africa 5/6. Basic Rock Climbing Class 5/12,19,26. High Adventure Whitewater Rafting 5/13. Marquetry Show 5/15, 16. Portland (228-1367).

Women's Shipping Club workshop and dinner, 5/14, featuring Admiral Roy Hoffman, Lloyd Anderson, Ron Wyden. Hilton Hotel, Portland (229-5625).

Sports

Baseball

Portland Beavers: 5/1 Tacoma. 5/9-16 Hawaii. 5/



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17 Pittsburgh, 5/21-24 Edmonton, 5/29-31 Vancouver, 1:35pm Sat & Sun, 7:35pm weeknights, except 7:05pm 5/17, 6:05pm 5/31. \$1-\$5, Portland Civic Stadium (2-BEAVER).

Oregon State University: Noon 5/7 Gonzaga (doubleheader). Noon 5/8 Washington State (DH). 3pm 5/12 Portland State \$1, \$2, Coleman Field, Corvallis (754-4455).

Portland State University: 3pm 5/5 Hawaii, Hilo. Noon 5/7 Washington State (DH). Noon 5/8 Gonzaga (DH). Noon 5/22 Alumni game (DH). \$1.50-\$3, call for location. Portland (229-4400).

University of Portland: Noon 5/1 Oregon State (DH). Noon 5/2 Portland State (DH) 3pm 5/5 Washington. Noon 5/7 Eastern Washington (DH). 75c, \$1.50, Farley Field, Portland (283-7117).

Boxing

Marriott Hotel, 8pm 5/6, 24. Five bouts, \$8-\$15, Portland (226-7600 or 771-1814).

Hiking

Tryon Creek Day Trippers: 5/4 Clackamas River Trail, Estacada, 8 miles. 5/11 Wauna Point, Columbia River Gorge, 6 miles. 5/18 Eagle Creek, Columbia River Gorge, 12.5 miles. 5/25 Falls Creek, Gifford Pinchot National Forest, 7 miles. \$3 donation; hikers meet at 8:30am at Tryon Creek State Park parking lot (636-4550).

YWCA Hikes: 5/8 Romana Falls; 5/22 Dog Mountain in the Gorge. \$10 members, \$13 non-members. 5/15 Hunt edible mushrooms, \$13, \$16 non-members. Portland (223-6281).

Running

Blue Mountain Marathon, 5/29. Races of 26.2, 12.1, 3 miles, and 10K, held in conjunction with the 90th Annual Umatilla County Pioneers' Reunion. \$5-\$9. Free runners' clinics 7pm 5/28 with Jeff Wells and John Lodwick of Athletics West. Weston (566-2227).

John McAdams Memorial Twilight Run, 4pm 5/1. 10,000-meter and 2-mile races; funds raised to set up a scholarship fund. \$5-\$7.50, Sisters (549-8981 or 389-8413).

Portland Women's 10K Run, 10am 5/8. 10K and 2-mile runs start at Warner Pacific College and go through Mount Tabor Park. Registration at Nike Downtown, \$5; \$6 day of race. Co-sponsored by KINK Radio. Portland (226-5080).

17th Annual Eastern Oregon Half Marathon, 8am 5/29. 13.1 miles, \$5, Spray (468-2133).

Soccer

Portland Timbers: 5/2 Vancouver. 5/8 Montreal. 5/19 New York. 5/26 San Jose. 7:30pm, except 3pm 5/2. \$3-\$7, Portland Civic Stadium (226-GOAL).

Track & Field

Oregon State University: Noon 5/8 Stanford (men). 5/12 Beaver Track Club Invitational (men). \$1.50-\$3, Wayne Valley Track Field, Corvallis (754-4455).

University of Oregon: Noon 5/1 Oregon State (coed). 5:30pm 5/16 Oregon Twilight (coed). 5/19-20 Pac-10 Decathlon (men). 5/21-22 Pac-10 Championship (men). \$3-\$6, Hayward Field, Eugene (686-4461).

Miscellaneous

Dallas Cowboys, 5/25, basketball game to benefit Olympic Committee. Memorial Coliseum, Portland (239-4422).

Oregon State Gymnastics Championships, 5/7, 8, results to determine competitors to USGF Regional meet in Anchorage. Tigard (639-0582).

Tae Kwon Do Tournament, 5/8, martial arts championships. \$5, Memorial Coliseum, Portland (223-2340 or 239-4422).

A Look Ahead

June

- 3-6 Strawberry Festival, Lebanon (258-7164).
- 4-13 Portland Rose Festival (227-2681).
- 5 State AAA, AA, A Baseball Championships, Portland Civic Stadium (238-4636).
- 5 18th Annual Cannon Beach Sand Castle Contest (436-2623).
- 11,12 Red Skelton, Paramount, Portland (226-0034).
- 15-7/11 "Annie," Portland Civic Auditorium (226-4371).
- 19 Rogue River Rooster Crow (476-7717).
- 20-24 N.W. Regional Roller Skating Championships, Portland (233-5777).
- 21,24, 26,28 Chamber Music Northwest, Reed College, Portland (771-1112).
- 26,27 American Continental Circus, Portland Memorial Coliseum (239-4422).
- 27 Cascade Run Off, Portland (248-5667).
- 28-7/11 Oregon Bach Festival, Eugene (686-5667).
- 30 Sesame Street Live, Memorial Coliseum (239-4422).

July

- 3-5 St. Paul Rodeo, St. Paul (633-1503).
- 4-12 State of Jefferson Days, Klamath Falls (884-5193).
- 5-11 U.S. Senior Open Golf Championships, Portland (226-2721).
- 8-10 Miss Oregon Pageant, Seaside (738-8326).
- 8-12 Crooked River Round Up, Prineville (447-6304).
- 9-11 Emerald Empire Round Up, Eugene (686-1503).
- 11-18 Oregon State Tennis Tournament, Irvington Club, Portland (287-8749).
- 16,17 Bob Hope, Paramount, Portland (226-0034).
- 20-24 Jackson County Fair, Central Point (776-7237).
- 22-25 Joffrey Ballet, PCA (248-4496).
- 23-25 Celebrity Golf & Tennis Classic, Rippling River Resort, Mt. Hood (238-8380).
- 23-8/1 Multnomah County Fair, Multnomah Exposition Center, Portland (285-7756).
- 26-8/1 Oregon Coast Music Festival and Haydn Celebration, Coos Bay (756-0317).
- 28-30 Abbey Bach Festival, Saint Benedict (845-3321).
- 28-8/1 Xerox Tennis Tournament, Portland (653-0820).
- 29-8/1 G.I. Joe's/Datsun Gran Prix, Portland International Raceway (287-3000).

August

- 1 Multnomah County Fair, Portland (285-7756).
- 4-18 Your Zoo and All That Jazz, Portland (226-1561).
- 6-21 Peter Britt Music Festival, Jacksonville (773-6077).
- 10-14 Douglas County Fair, Roseburg (673-6277).
- 12 Lipizzan Stallions Show, Portland Memorial Coliseum (239-4422).
- 17-21 Josephine County Fair, Grants Pass (476-3215).
- 27-9/6 Oregon State Fair, Salem (378-3247).

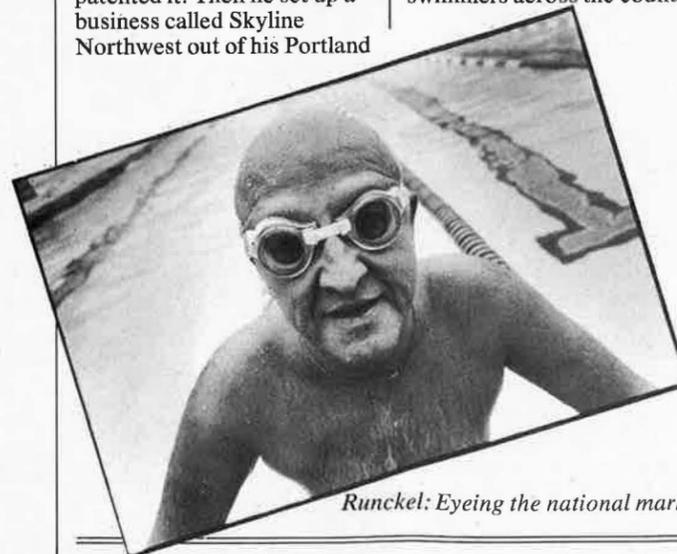
PEOPLE CURRENTS



Vogt: People's person in Portland

The slick pages of *People* magazine usually are aglitter with celebrity faces from Hollywood and New York, but once in awhile the focus shifts to a remote outpost like Oregon. Oregonians may wind up in the *People* spotlight more often now that local writer **Linda Vogt** has gained correspondent status with the magazine. Vogt heard from **David Falconer**, one of Oregon's most successful freelance photographers, that the magazine was looking for a contact in the Northwest. On a vacation to New York, she stopped in for a three-minute interview with *People's* news editor, and the job was hers. So far, she's been called upon to dig up tidbits about architect **Michael Graves** and his controversial temple design for the new Portland Building next to city hall and on Lake Oswego poet **William Stafford** for a spread on the nation's poets laureate. For the moment, Vogt says, the pay is less than glamorous. But she hopes to hit paydirt eventually by graduating from researcher to writer status.

When dentist **John Runckel** started on a swimming program to get in shape, he couldn't find a pair of goggles that didn't leak. So he invented a new model. Then patented it. Then he set up a business called Skyline Northwest out of his Portland



Runckel: Eyeing the national market

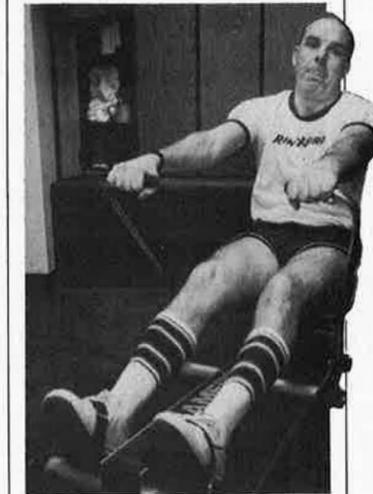
dental office to market it. And sales have been booming ever since. The secret to Runckel's goggles lies in the fit, which he approached the same way he fits dentures. His goggles adhere to the bony structure of the face instead of the soft, easily irritated tissues around the eyes. The result: No swelling, no leaking, according to the growing number of swimmers across the country

who sport his Barracuda Swim Goggles. Not one to stop with a single success, Runckel is now putting finishing touches on new designs for ski and racquetball goggles. While he won't talk figures, he calls sales "very gratifying." And he won't consider selling his innovations to any sporting goods giant. Skyline Northwest is destined to remain a family business, sink or swim.

Radio listeners in Central Oregon didn't used to hear much of Joan Armatrading and George Benson. Roger Whitaker made up most of their listening diet. And they seldom, if ever, picked up a phone to rap with a deejay. But that seems to be changing since **Les Sarnoff** came to town a few months ago. Sarnoff left behind a job with KINK, and the competitive Portland market, to ease into management as operations manager at low-key KGRL-am/KXIQ-fm in Bend. He

still spends a lot of time on the air, but he can call more of the shots than he could in Portland, where ratings and Top 40s formats remain the name of the game. Sarnoff's preference for jazz tunes and talk shows is finding a receptive audience in Bend, not only among the natives but also with those weekend visitors from Portland. Who says there's no room for alternative radio in Oregon?

When the lawyers at **Mitchell, Lang and Smith** have a frustrating day, they can duck into the office locker room and work off some anxiety on the new rowing machine. Or change into sweats and run a few miles through downtown Portland. Or unwind in the lawyers' lounge, where a cool keg of beer is always on tap next to the soft drink fountain. While similar amenities can be found at large Wall Street firms, they're a rare sight in Portland. "I guess other lawyers in town are kind of stuffy," shrugs partner **Dick Lang**. Lang says the amenities "just seemed like a good idea" when the firm was designing its new space in Portland's One Main Place. "You tend to spend a lot of time in the office," he justifies, "and it's nice to have it comfortable."



Lang: Legal exercises

BY SUZIE BOSS

SAGEBRUSH GOTHIC

Antelope was a dusty little cow town in the middle of nowhere. But it was their town until the red-clad followers of an Indian guru moved in down the road, and suddenly an alien presence hovered over every hoedown and every church social. It's a clash between two cultures lurching toward an unhappy end.

IT'S IMPORTANT to be precise about it. The feud didn't start, the townspeople say, when followers of the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh bought the 64,000-acre Big Muddy Ranch outside the little Central Oregon town of Antelope last June. It didn't start when disciples of the Bhagwan began applying for building permits in town, or showed up at a City Council meeting with a lawyer from Chicago. The real trouble began when the Indian guru's followers started inquiring about vacancies on the Antelope school board. The red-clad newcomers already had made it clear that they had no intention of sending their own children to the tiny one-room elementary school that represents the school board's sole responsibility. The Bhagwan's followers have a school on the ranch. Why, the townspeople wondered, did they want a hand in running Antelope's school? Because we're taxpayers and are interested in how our money is spent, was the response from the Bhagwan's Disciples. But if the issue really was fiscal prudence, the locals countered, the sanyasin (the name the Disciples use in referring to themselves) could vote down the budget when it appeared on the ballot. After all, the voting population of Rajneeshpuram, the new name of the ranch, already far outnumbered pre-Rajneesh registration in the Antelope school district. The sanyasin, the locals conceded, could even sit on the school district's budget board, which decided money matters. But why the school board, which sets curriculum policy and hires teachers? The townspeople thought they knew the answer. And for the first time they truly felt threatened. "As far as I'm concerned, this is nothing more than intimidation," says Don Smith of the City Council. "Essentially what they want is people to stop resisting them. This community has largely stood alone in resisting them." The original residents of Antelope—the forty or so locals—talk frequently these days about intimidation and resistance, and about the city's most dramatic response, its effort to disincorporate itself to keep the Rajneesh from taking voting

BY DAVID SARASOHN



Last December a group met at Mayor Hill's house to make Christmas wreaths. Swiftly she received three phone calls charging her with holding a secret meeting. "If you want to talk about harassment, that's it. They were obviously watching my house."

control. That effort, if nothing else, has focused attention on the town and its fears in a way that the locals had long felt unattainable. "The things we think are important," says one, "never get printed."

What the citizens of Antelope are resisting, at least in their minds, is a takeover of their community by a mysterious religious group which far outnumbers them, and which has financial and legal resources of a magnitude that a year ago was unimaginable in north-central Oregon. The Disciples, people think, have not only the resources but the desire to drive them out. Anyone in Antelope will tell you that Sheela Silverman, the sole intermediary between the Bhagwan and his followers (and the outside world), has vowed to take over Antelope and raise taxes so high that only the sanyasin could live there.

Twenty miles outside of town, in a doublewide mobile home on the former Big Muddy Ranch, Sheela Silverman denies that she ever said that and maintains that the town's problems are all of its own making. "I guess anybody would be upset. We are happy, and people who are not happy get upset with happy people," she explains. "The reason they're upset is a lot of jealousy there, a lot of Mayflower mentality—they got here first, so no one else can come in. And, people get into a habit of finding fault. At least it's publicity for them. Before this, who ever heard of Antelope, Oregon?"

The strength of Silverman's status is that she is the only Disciple who actually speaks to the Bhagwan, who now lives on the ranch and has a following of more than a quarter-million throughout the world. How many of them will eventually be living on the ranch—especially if the sanyasin succeed in incorporating the city of Rajneeshpuram there—is a subject of considerable dispute: Sheela Silverman suggests 2,000, but the locals cite a *Los Angeles Times* story saying that the Bhagwan has dreamed of a city in the desert of 50,000. Some indication of what the numbers might mean may come this summer, when the 300 already living on the ranch plan to host a Festival of the Moon for 5,000 visiting Disciples and others.

No matter what they do, the townspeople are not very hopeful. The City Council's effort to deny the Disciples a permit for a printing plant with 111 workers in Antelope may also be a passing phase. Antelope seems likely to join the long list of American communities that have been utterly changed by the perfectly legal settlement of a different group. But the change here is so sudden and yet so complete, and the contrasts both in power and in values between the two groups so sharp, that the locals feel not only outnumbered, but strangers in what they had thought to be their land.

"I would not be at all surprised if next year at this time all of us are gone," muses Frances Dickson, also on the City Council. "Unless you wear red clothes you won't be living in town."

THE LOCALS

MARGARET HILL DIDN'T particularly want to be mayor. But nobody was running for the job, and some people wrote her name in. The job was unpaid—all Antelope city jobs are unpaid, and when the city absolutely needs something, like a new water pump, the residents raise money with things like bake sales—but her husband had held the job several years earlier, and it only took two or three days a month. City Council meet-

ings were pretty informal, when enough people could be persuaded to show up.

"You know, to go way back to the beginning, when they first got here, they said they'd fallen in love with the ranch," she says now. "And nobody cared. Many of the things they said they wanted to do sounded great. We don't care what they do down there."

Soon, however, the Disciples were appearing at City Council meetings, seeking permits to build and operate commercial projects in Antelope. Some early permits were granted, but differences soon emerged over the major request, a permit for an 18,000-square-foot printing plant to produce some of the books and literature that bring in a large part of the Rajneesh's considerable income, with a workforce three times the original population of Antelope. The council, citing the fact that the city's water supply was insufficient even for current needs (Antelope has to conserve strictly in summer), has been reluctant to grant the permit. The Disciples, pointing out that the building would be located in an area already zoned commercial, and maintaining that they would take care of the water problem themselves, have demanded it. With the ranch still limited solely to agricultural use, Antelope is the nearest urban area where the plant could legally be built.

The council and the Disciples differ sharply over what has happened in the months since. The Disciples say they have offered to work on a plan to solve both the town's and the plant's water problems; Margaret Hill says such an offer was never actually presented to the council. The council says the Disciples withdrew the request when it appeared likely that they could put a city (and therefore a printing plant) on the ranch; Sheela Silverman denies it, and says the request has been active since they first made it last fall. In March, the Disciples filed suit, through their Portland attorney, to force the council to grant it. Last month, the Wasco County District Court refused, but did direct an unhappy City Council to grant four other requested permits for houses and offices.

What both sides do agree on is that council meetings are no longer casual. Antelope's city attorney, holder of a post that didn't really exist before last summer, now comes down from The Dalles for the monthly gatherings. The Disciples videotape the proceedings, and the locals claim that when NBC appeared to shoot some film of one meeting, the network brought less equipment than the Disciples did. The council now has a formal agenda set in advance and fixed office hours, to avoid what Hill describes as Disciples "appearing at my door or on the phone at any and all hours." And large delegations, sometimes running to several busloads, from the ranch appear at meetings, a practice which the locals consider intimidation. Nobody maintains that anyone wearing red ever is physically threatening; rather they respond to statements they disagree with by laughing in unison, a practice which in itself the locals find unsettling.

On the other side, Sheela Silverman is certain that the locals are violating their own procedures and Oregon law in their dealings with the sanyasin. "I have records on secret meetings," she says firmly. "They've been holding council meetings secretly, deciding things beforehand. They've been abusing the postal laws, putting things into post office boxes without stamps, which is a *federal offense*, and I've reported them to the postal authorities." She has also twice reported the council to the State Ethics Commission (which has responded that it only has jurisdiction in cases of misuse of office for personal profit) and accused Postmaster Bill Dickson (husband of City Council member Frances Dickson) of tam-



ABOVE LEFT: Don Smith feels Antelope changing. ABOVE RIGHT: Mayor Margaret Hill didn't want the job. BELOW: Charles and Lloyd Forman walk the ranch, in the family since 1902. PRECEDING PAGE: Donna Smith watches.





ABOVE LEFT: *The Disciples on the ranch are picked from a worldwide following.*
 ABOVE RIGHT: *Sheela Silverman says that the locals won't come see the ranch.*
 BELOW: *The Antelope Cafe is under new management.*



There is resentment that newcomers should be telling veteran ranchers about the potentialities of the land. "They come in here and say they're going to show us how to farm it efficiently." "Maybe we resent them," admits one local, "because they can buy new tractors and we can't."

"I lie awake nights sometimes and wonder if I could have done anything differently. So far I haven't come up with anything. But it was maybe a little more difficult than they thought. At least it wasn't a pushover."

THE DISCIPLES

SHEELA SILVERMAN HAS to be in The Dalles for a hearing this afternoon. She also has to be in Portland to tape a television show tomorrow, there is someone to be met at the airport, there is a television crew waiting outside and a camera crew reported approaching on the road, someone wants to know if she's hungry, there is a phone call about every two minutes and she wants to talk to the construction crew before she leaves. Although that, maybe, can wait until tonight.

At the age of thirty-two, sitting on the thick carpet of the mobile home that serves as both her residence and office, Silverman is in effective control not only of Rajneeshpuram and its relations with the outside world, but of what is essentially a multimillion-dollar international corporation, with 500 other locations and more than a quarter-million employees. She is also currently Oregon's hottest media personality, engaging and animated in conversation, alternately satirical, indignant, and understanding.

She is having a wonderful time.

In Antelope, the locals say that if one of the Bhagwan's stated objectives was to eliminate "the egotistical man," the treatment doesn't seem to have taken with Sheela. They also, in their milder phrasings, consider her arrogant, insensitive and prone to lash out when opposed. "When you cross Sheela," says one, "she just goes wild."

Against the constant background noise level of the office, Silverman listens to this impatiently.

"We have not received a response on the printing plant permit for seven months," she says. "We have given them eternal, unnecessary paperwork that they demanded. If I state this, they say I'm getting angry. If I laugh, they say I'm laughing at them. The only way out is to jump off a cliff, and I'm not going to do that."

"The Antelope people refuse bluntly to come here and see what we're doing. We have invited them numerous times, I've said bring the whole town, I can send the bus. They drove four hours to Portland to see the movie *Ashram*, but they won't come here."

(Don Smith concedes that the City Council has declined invitations to come down to the ranch. "As a political body, it's none of the city of Antelope's business what's going on down there." He pauses. "As individuals, we probably should have gone down and looked around.")

"If I'm going to take over a town, why would I take over a small town like Antelope, where you can't do anything? Let's take over Portland. Hey," she calls out to her staff, "we're going to take over Portland."

If such a response, or group laughter at City Council meetings, might seem insufficiently sober to some, Silverman does not agree. "The Bhagwan says that seriousness is a disease," she explains. "Laugh your way to God."

Silverman has been with the Bhagwan since 1972, when she returned to India from college in America. Her family was wealthy ("We had enough," she says, drawing more laughter

from a listening associate), and her father, whom she describes as "a spiritual junkie," had insisted that she meet the Bhagwan before leaving for America. While attending various colleges ("I tried to go to many places, but the longest I stuck around was at Montclair State College in New Jersey"), she married an American, and the two of them began dreaming of how they might lure the Bhagwan to America.

The Bhagwan's teachings have been described as a combination of Eastern mysticism and components from the Western human potential movement, combining meditation with encounter groups and putting no great premium on asceticism; followers don't eat meat, but do drink and smoke. He stresses the de-emphasis of the individual ego, and the Disciples feel themselves members of a worldwide community, as well as of their local center. They wear various shades of red and orange and a photo of the Bhagwan on a string of beads around their necks. He maintains that he is not rejecting, but building upon other religions, and there are locations on the ranch with names like Moses Way, Zen Road and Magdalena.

The doctrine, and lifestyle, have proven highly attractive to many professional and prosperous Westerners, who thronged to Poona, the Bhagwan's headquarters in India, during the 1970s. Many of them, such as Learjet and Baskin-Robbins heiresses, made substantial financial gifts; others, such as Disciples on the ranch, work for the community without pay. Currently, there are more than 250,000 sanyasin throughout the U.S., Europe, Canada, India, New Zealand and Australia, where the group owns two other ranches. The Antelope ranch, they say, is not better than any of the rest, even though the Bhagwan himself is there now. "He could be gone tomorrow," says one Disciple. "But we feel Bhagwan's presence wherever we are."

THE BHAGWAN LIVES in seclusion on the ranch, although Disciples can catch a glimpse of him afternoons when he drives his Rolls-Royce on his daily outing to Madras and back. He speaks only to Sheela Silverman, on the evenings when she is on the ranch, although sanyasin may write to him seeking help with their meditations or personal problems, and his counsel will come back through her. She does not, she says, discuss the management of the ranch with him.

The purchase of the Big Muddy Ranch was also Silverman's decision. The Bhagwan had already come to America, in a sudden shift from Poona (which closed down) to Rajneesh Castle in Montclair, where Silverman had gone to college. (The move supplied, among other things, improved medical treatment for his seriously deteriorated health.) Silverman and her second husband, John Shelfer, looked all over the country for a site for the Bhagwan's dream of a city in the desert. As soon as they saw the Big Muddy, according to another Disciple, they knew that it was the place. Six million dollars later, it was.

"They call us foreigners," says Silverman now, "but from what I understand, anyone not born in Oregon is a foreigner. We don't feel like foreigners. We feel more Oregonian, because at least we are doing something for the land. Oregon is my home, and will remain my home. I'm sure it was my home in some past life from the way I feel about it now."

"What's happening here is creative people are being obstructed for the sake of noncreative people," charges Silverman, citing the 1000 Friends suit and what she says is a threat

continued on page 65

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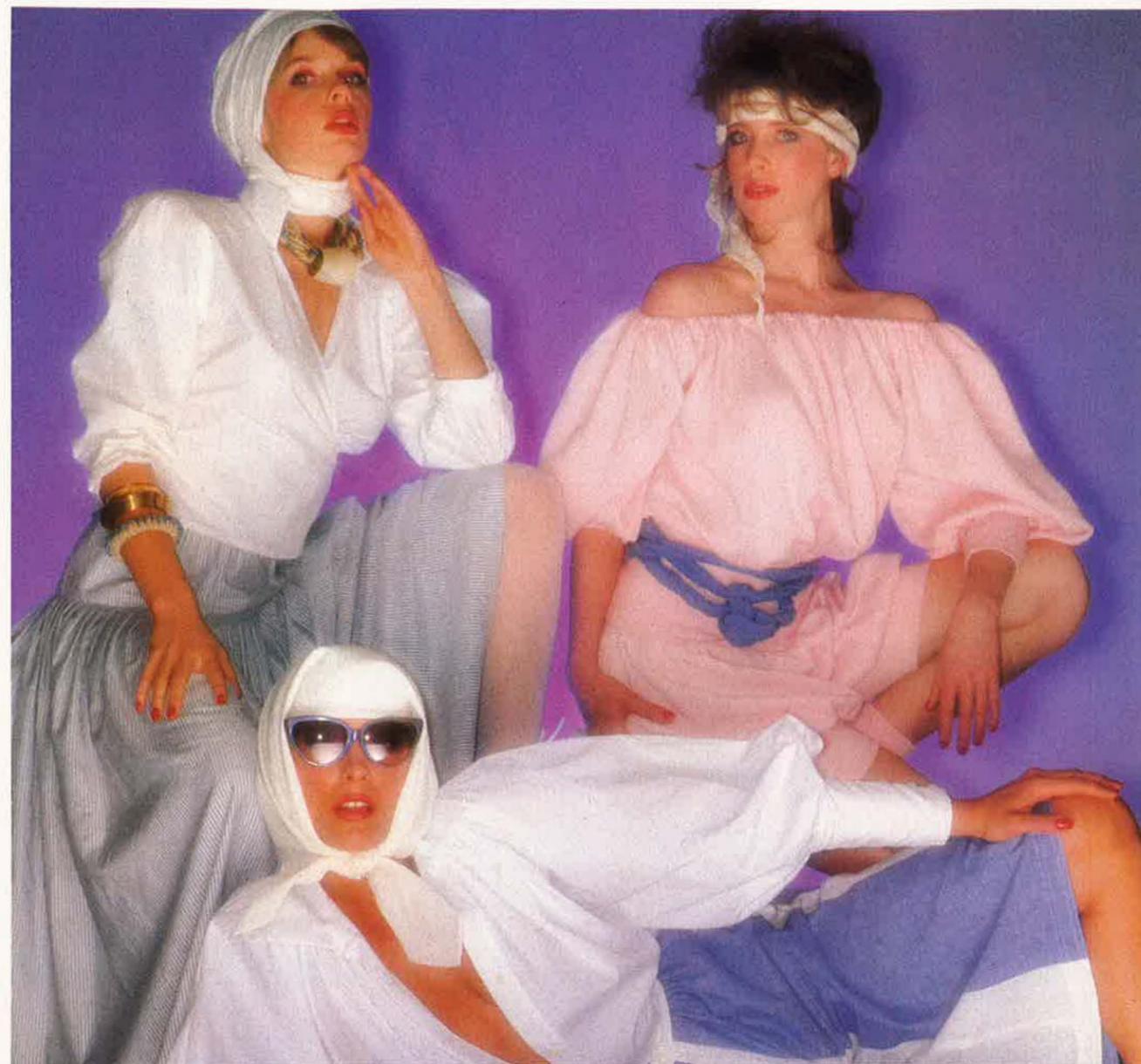
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Upstream from the mainstream

ON THE BEACH

THE LOOK OF SUMMER: LEAN AND SOFT

BY HARRIET MOGER WATSON • PHOTOGRAPHY BY SJEF WILDSCHUT



Lean, but subtly soft and feminine. That's the look of Oregon summer '82. Following spring's lead of clean-lined sophistication, summer fashion emphasizes pure design and romantic, sculptural shapes with body-conscious natural fibers of cotton, linen and silk.

The minis are back, but don't expect hemlines to go thigh-high in Oregon. "We'll be seeing shorter skirts, but that translates to one or two inches above the knee," says the manager of a high-fashion woman's store in Portland. Don't worry that you'll have to grin and bare it even though longer might be your personal choice. Bottoms go to great lengths this season as well.

What we're seeing this summer is a wide range of fashion alternatives and options. So you can go long or short. Wear a ro-

mantic flounce or spare-lined tunic. Choose an unstructured dolman-sleeved top or one with crisp, architecturally extended shoulder padding. Scuff about in an ankle-wrapped sandal or strut in high heels. Anything goes. Colors are white hot, calypso bright or demurely pastel.

It is possible, however, to isolate one universal fashion mantra this summer. It is Kamali. Kamali. Kamali.

Norma Kamali—the quiet, self-effacing thirty-six-year-old

Clockwise from top left: Norma Kamali's padded shoulder, white wrap shirt and long, hip yoke skirt, both of cotton; at Kaufman's, Eugene. Sweatshirt bloomer and matching cotton/acrylic top by Kamali; also at Kaufman's. Full-styled cotton painter's smock and cotton/linen blend split skirt by Dianne B.; at Mercantile. All jewelry from Nordstrom.

darling of Seventh Avenue—designs some of the season's most outspoken clothes. When we informally polled Oregon retailers for summer trends, the overwhelming refrain was Kamali.

Now into mainstream fashion because of her flippy—and affordable—sweat-shirt dresses, Kamali has an impressive list of firsts dating back to 1968 when she introduced hot pants to New York.

Of course, the ogles of summer always belong to swimwear, and my oh, maillot, how the seascape has changed. Mitered stripes. High-cut legs. Piped trim. Ruffles and flourishes.

The recent fitness craze has resulted in an increased demand for designs that combine fashion and function. And on that score Oregon-based companies are a lap ahead of most swimsuit manufacturers.

The Portland area boasts world headquarters for Jantzen, “the suit that changed bathing to swimming”; U.S. headquarters for Speedo, the world’s largest manufacturer of competitive swimwear and official supplier for the U.S. diving team, synchronized swim team, water-skiing team, etc; and Petticord, one of the newest entrants in the swimwear industry, which made a big splash this year with a leather chamois suit and coordinated jacket. “A Petticord suit has a superior fit,” says one of its competitors. “We look to it for fashion trends.”

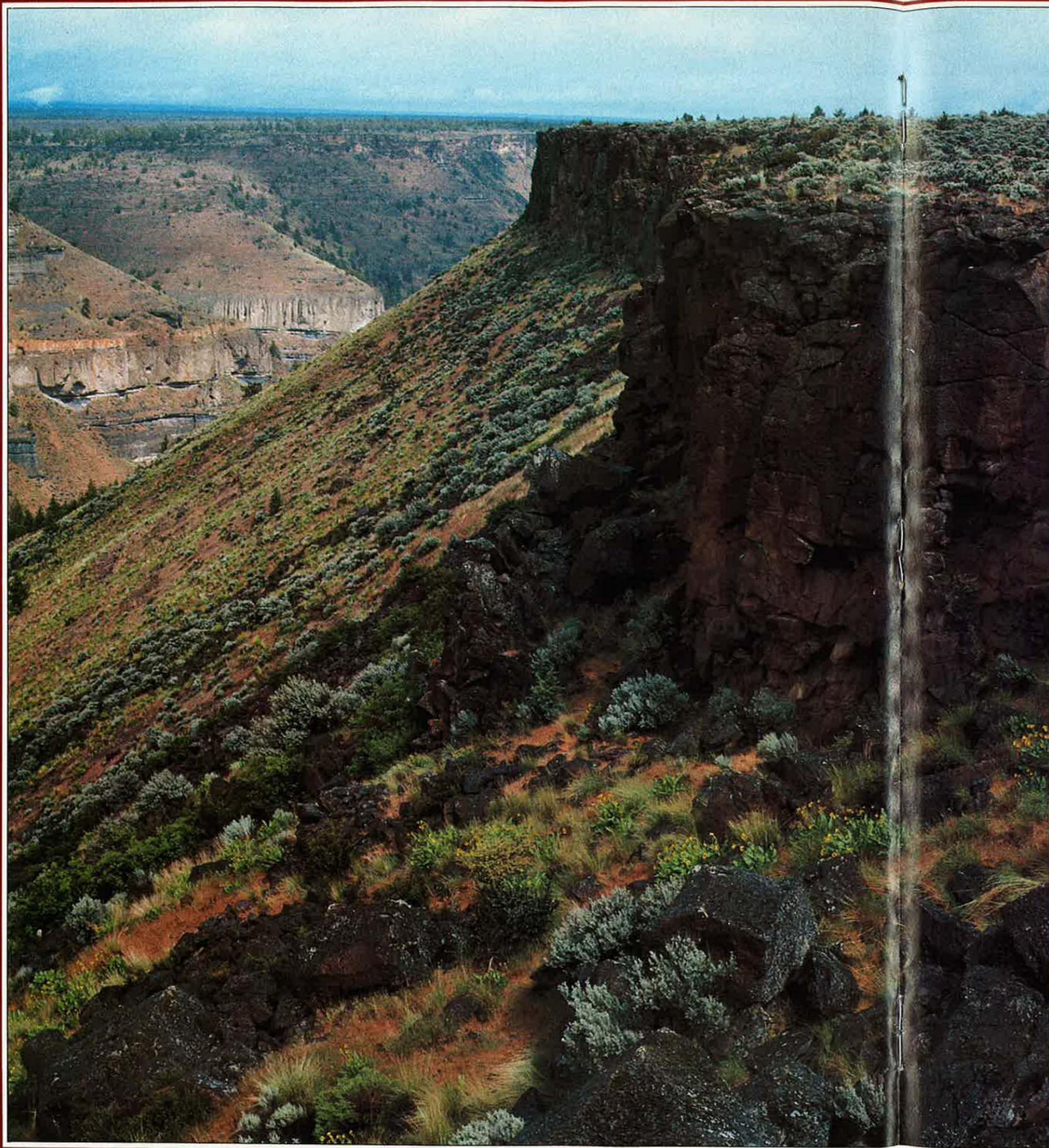
Oregon’s three major swimwear manufacturers were among the first to diversify into “weekend wear”—a new concept of total wearability including coordinated skirts, shorts and tops.

As part of this swimwear-cum-sportswear trend, look for suits (both maillots, the generic term for one-piece, form-hugging swimsuits, and the perennially popular bikinis) of cotton lycra as well as the more common nylon lycra. Cotton textures the suit like a very stretchy T-shirt and makes it a perfect companion for skirt or shorts.

Today’s fabrics are a far cry from the rib-stitch wool used by Jantzen in 1913 for its first swimsuit. Designed especially for the Portland Rowing Club, the suit weighed a waterlogged eight pounds when wet! □

Reclining figure and clockwise: “China” suit by Speedo of nylon/lycra spandex; from Bon Voyage Fashions. Man’s nylon/lycra bikini by Jantzen; at Bon Voyage Fashions. Kamali’s mitered stripe cotton/polyester/lycra maillot and white terrycloth cocoon coverup; from Kaufman’s, Eugene. Cotton/polyester/lycra spandex side-tie striped maillot in navy, red with lurex threads by Petticord; at Nordstrom. Bill Blass ruffled bikini of nylon/spandex; from Meier & Frank. One-piece, graph-checked blouson with waist sash by Jantzen; available at Meier & Frank. Coordinating towel by Utica.





THE HIGH DESERT

THROUGH A NEW LOOKING GLASS

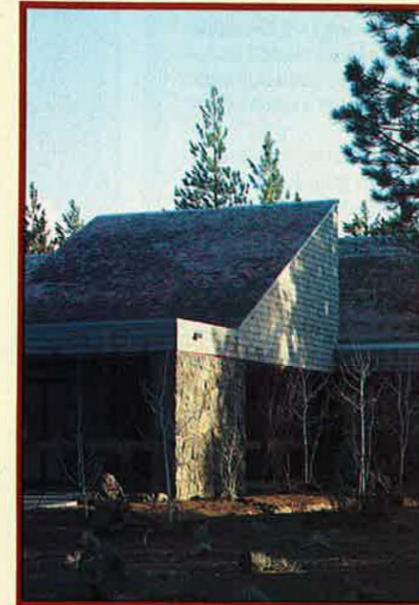
BY DON ROBERTS

Donald Kerr chose the high desert not only as the site but as the thesis for a kinetic museum—the ultimate learning lab—because it just happens to be the perfect place to search for more amid extravagant quantities of less.

The Oregon High Desert Museum, which will open to the public May 29, is an attempt to go public with private lessons—private lessons of the kind a lone explorer might distill from stumbling onto a beautiful subalpine meadow or from the rush of adrenalin in a sudden encounter with a cougar, its penetrating, yellow eyes

glowing like small fires. Private lessons of the kind that confer instantaneous Ph.D.s in the ecology of a unique but fragile environment.

Kerr is the man who dreamed and wheedled and begged the museum into existence—to focus attention on the forgotten two-thirds of Oregon east of the Cascades. His fund-raising spiel was this: “To outsiders, Oregon is a maze of lush river valleys, towering fir forests, incessant rainfall, wind-battered coastal capes and long sandy beaches. There is little mention of an Oregon where the sun seems to shine



Above: The museum, in and of the desert. Facing: Part of the museum's laboratory, the Deschutes River Canyon near Redmond.

every day, where the trees are notably scarce, where the grass dries tall and tawny early in the year, where the eye spans the miles to endless horizon. What of *this* Oregon?”

This Oregon, Kerr insists, with its vast treasures of life and landforms, of time and change, deserves to be known and appreciated. Said Joseph Wood Krutch, the Southwest's great romanticizer: “The voice of the desert is the one which has been least often heard. We came to it last, and when we did come, we came principally to exploit rather than to listen.” The Krutch quote appears in the museum's promo-

tional pamphlets because it capsulizes what Kerr's decade-long quest has been all about.

Oregon's high desert is a rare and precious terrestrial niche featuring competitive strengths of severity and diversity. But like a college divided into separate schools, the high desert encompasses clearly delineated terrain—a fine model upon which to sculpt the four distinctive mini-ecosystems comprising the museum's campus.

The museum is poised upon 110 acres of scrubland, bitterbrush and fledgling pon-

*Kerr dreamed and wheedled
and begged the museum into existence—
to focus attention on the forgotten
two-thirds of Oregon.
The high desert is a rare
and precious terrestrial niche.*

derosa pine, three miles south of Bend. Being *open* (in every sense of the word), visitors are encouraged to cruise freely and actively respond to the sensory structure of each exhibit. Cleverly designed as a "living, breathing" museum, this will not be your typical ogle-but-don't-fondle window display. Kerr has formulated a "hands-on" outdoor facility where people are expected to "touch, feel, smell and hear all of the species of the environment."

The Oregon High Desert Museum is an earthen-engraved invitation to bestir oneself from the antiseptic confines of the auto and wander into:

Ponderosa pine—scattered stands of timber which frame the native setting of the museum and a host of exhibits including stream life, a pond with sheltered bird blinds, soil composition, rock outcroppings, forest fire damage, ancient Indian artifacts, an old-time sawmill and a large, rotting, fallen log with a subterranean viewing area for watching mice, salamanders, termites and cicadas harmonize.

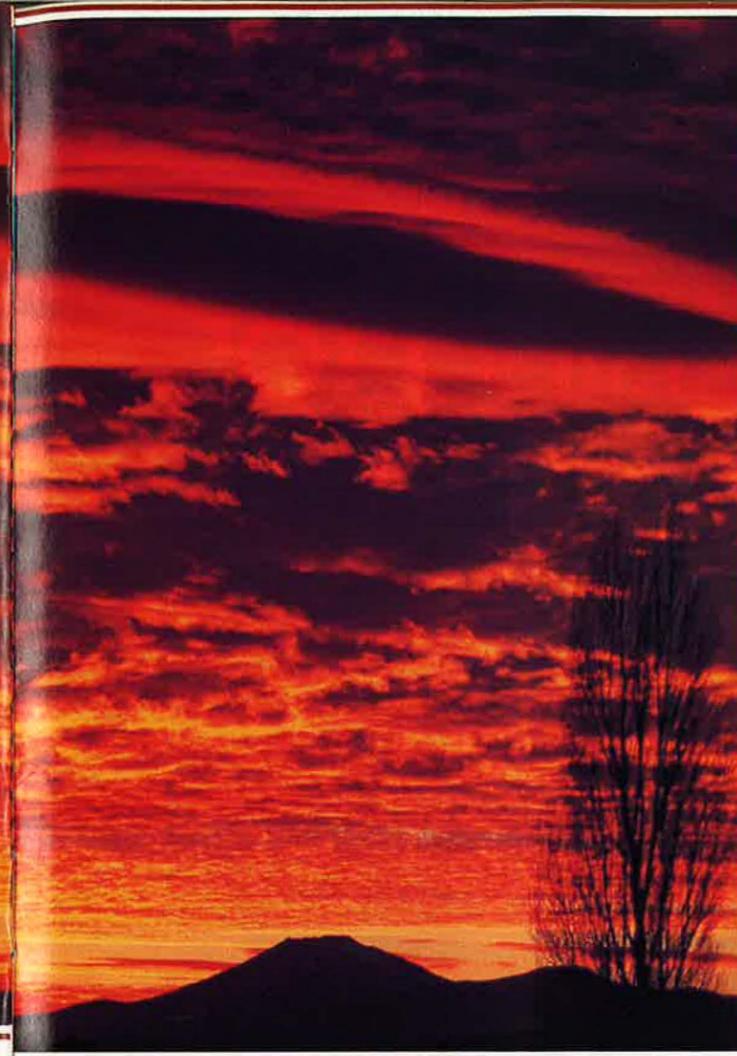
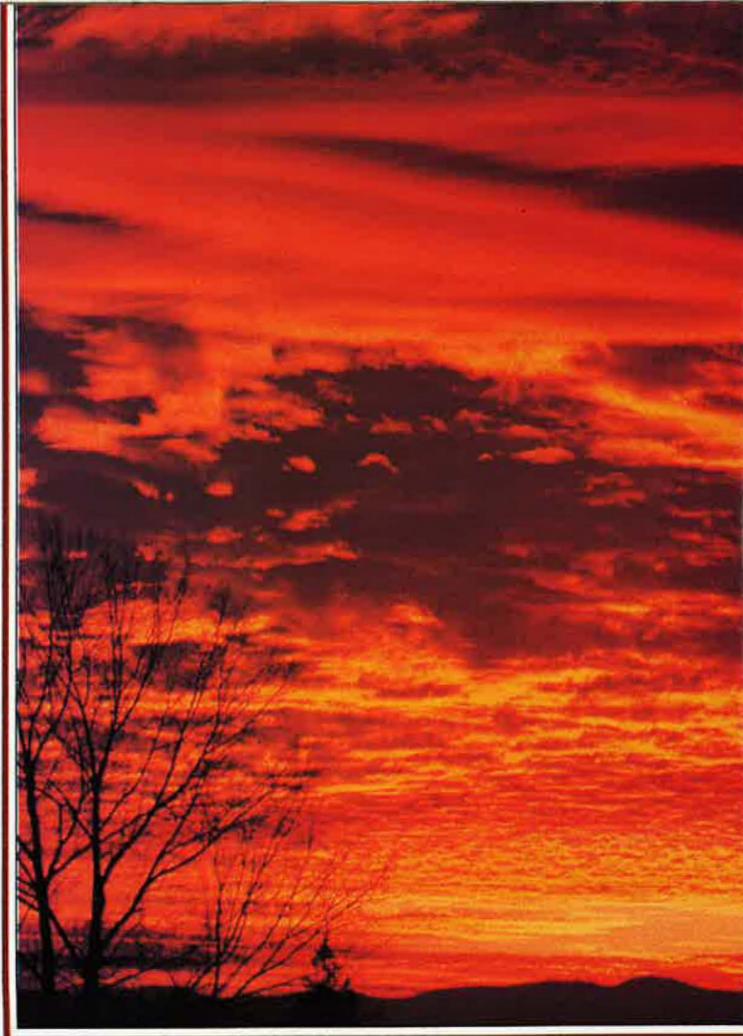
Juniper and sagebrush—the image that Oregon desert devotees hold so dear—a relentless plain guarded by sentinels of rock—is being constructed in miniature. Among the highlights in this formation will be a fossil bed, prehistoric shelters and rimrock caves, mosses, lichens and an underground view of the three most tenacious residents: Roots, rodents and rattlesnakes. Among the creepy-crawly drop-ins—critters that set up housekeeping on their own—one tiny star will be the ghostly gray scorpion which looks innocuous yet packs a tail gun that can stun an ox.

Playa and marsh—a barren indentation in the landscape suggesting a microscopic view of the Great Basin, replete with a petite Pleistocene lake, thermal springs, a playa ("here today, gone tomorrow" desert pool), migrating waterfowl and the constant melodrama of life in a desert bog. From the vantage of an underwater lookout, museum guests will be treated to duck bottoms in motion and a muskrat's-eye view of the world.

Alpine and subalpine—at the highest reach of the high desert, this blue zone is no less a desert property than the deepest, sun-blackened pit in Southeastern Oregon. This section of the museum will be manifested in a meadow, an artificially maintained snowbank, a frothy brook and an ersatz glacier. Scattered clumps of survivalist vegetation will decorate, in the tradition of delicate bonsai arrangements, the frostscape. This section of the museum may be appropriately billed as the contemplative realm—a fine place to "cool it" while the kids go in search of exhibits that bite back.

Although the sophisticated architecture of the main, "orientation" building may seem somewhat out of context with the primitive ambiance of the high desert, it is an outpost amid the "wilds" which warrants inspection. The displays in the orientation building offer an

*Above: the desert sun explodes across the sky at dusk.
Below left: Indian Paintbrushes, wildflowers of the desert.
Below right: eagles still find a place in the high country.*



*Whether you go for rapture,
or to gauge the twitches of a woodrat's
whiskers, the philosophical purpose—
the delicate balance between
propaganda and the platonic ideal—
is pleasantly realized.*

artistic depiction of high desert phenomena—a collection of photos, sculptures and paintings well worth seeing in their own right. The glass-enclosed diorama, which compresses an introduction to Oregon's high desert into a few square feet, is a particularly impressive work compelling one to snoop with purpose.

Of course such splendor does not come cheap. When development of the museum first began in 1977, no one was giving away slices of environmental enlightenment, at least not with the same alacrity as samples of microwave-blasted pizza in the aisles at Safeway. From the moment that Brooks Scanlon donated the site, keeping the "living" museum alive has been the main preoccupation. But Donald Kerr could write a book on the care and feeding of a growing project. When it comes to beating the bushes for bread, Kerr is no slouch. In fact, he is a master, no—an artist, at raising money.

Kerr, thirty-five and a fourth generation Oregonian, has contacts—a network of nature lovers—and he knows how to make an appeal without plying the heart strings with organ music. Perhaps his shy (like a wily coyote) demeanor helps spawn dollars; Kerr speaks so softly that you really have to listen. It is hard to ignore a plea that subtly penetrates the brain, quietly mesmerizing the mind.

Whatever his magic, to date \$1.5 million worth of capital investment—\$900,000 of that in actual cash—has gone into the coffers for the cause. But the real miracle is the fact that precious little of the loot has issued from the government grotto. With the exception of some long green from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the backing has arrived via private sources—foundations and individuals, everyone from the Bend Aggregate and Paving Company to the Portland Garden Club, from school teachers to ranchers ("weekend environmentalists"). Roughly 10 percent of these patrons have donated over \$1,000 a pop.

Kerr comments in an uncompromising tone, "I'm not really thinking about public [government] money . . . grants involve formulas and restrictions, and I want to avoid the red-tape barrier." But he adds wistfully, "So far it has been all planning, planning, planning and raising money." However, when the museum opens, John Q. Public will begin defraying some of the development and operating expenses. Admission fees will be about a dollar for adults and fifty cents for children and senior citizens—less than the cost of a watery milkshake at the local drive-in.

But lofty causes are often underslung by a hungry belly, and the High Desert Museum is no exception. The education building, an annex to the main museum structure, will cost \$350,000, and the "otter project"—the glass-bottomed, see-through lake—will eat up another \$250,000, not to mention the penalty for a perpetual snowbank, a manufactured river, and a contingent of maintenance and operation people to mop up behind the tourist trade, hosing tragic ice cream cones from the trails and keeping the program greased.

Why not turn the construction projects over to a hard-nosed farmer with a back-hoe, a Cat D-9 and a subservient,

continued on page 69

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THE OREGON PRIMARY

THE STATE OF ATIYEH

Vic Atiyeh doesn't come across in an interview like a man with a burden. The atmosphere around him in the Governor's Suite at the State Capitol doesn't crackle with a sense of crisis.

The body language as he settles into his chair and lights a Tareyton says, ever so subtly, here is a man who is comfortable with himself.

He is pleasant, easygoing, candid—and utterly unexciting. He doesn't give off sparks—but he doesn't seem to feel the need to. He can walk into a room unnoticed, but the absence of adulation doesn't scar him as it would most politicians.

Ingenious schemes have not tumbled forth from these rooms during his tenure—but to Atiyeh and the voters who elected him four years ago they didn't seem necessary. Nonetheless, a lot has been accomplished, he says. "A lot," he adds with feeling. People aren't aware of all he's done, he says, because he isn't one to brag via press release. He'd rather do the job than play demagogue. He betrays no hint of a doubt that his record entitles him to a second term.

But Republican governors in states less afflicted than Oregon—Quie in Minnesota, Ray in Iowa, among others—have surveyed the carnage of Reaganomics and decided they would rather quit than fight. It is not shaping up as a good year for incumbents

Oregon Magazine: Governor, what if unemployment continues to rise for another six or eight months and deficit projections go through the ceiling? Do you have any contingency plans for dealing with a full-scale depression in Oregon?

Gov. Victor Atiyeh: You take it a step at a time. Clearly, I've already identified another \$33 million in cuts which the Legislature did not choose to make. If it goes further, we'll just have again to make priority decisions.

You ask if I have a contingency. Obviously you don't have one for something that's undefined, because you don't know

with ties to Ronald Reagan, however tenuous those ties. Like Congressman Denny Smith and Sen. Bob Packwood, Atiyeh lately has taken pains to dress up as a GOP renegade. He fired off a critical letter to the White House, with due notice to the press. But that may not be enough. Thirteen other candidates filed for governor in the May 18 primary, a sure sign that a lot of people sense Vic Atiyeh's vulnerability.

Now fifty-nine, Atiyeh has been a fixture in Oregon politics for over two decades, having served in both houses of the legislature and as Republican leader in the State Senate. He ran for governor the first time in 1974 against Bob Straub. Straub won by hammering at Atiyeh's negative votes in the legislature on labor, environmental, consumer and civil rights issues and successfully pasting a right-wing Goldwaterite label on the former rug merchant. In the rematch four years later, contending with an image as a bumbler, Straub lost to a man who, by comparison, seemed dignified, businesslike and

forthright. Atiyeh still is all of those things. But he is also painfully unimaginative, his critics charge, at a time when the creativity of the governor could be critical to the state's economic health.

Oregon Magazine visited the governor in the Capitol recently and asked him about leadership, the economy and other issues during the course of an hour-long talk.



Atiyeh: The turnaround is coming.

where you stop and where you start. I don't expect that, however. I really don't.

Oregon: But there are economists who are imagining the unimaginable at this point.

Atiyeh: Well, it's kind of nice to walk around with a sign saying the world's going to come to an end tomorrow, and then they become the gurus if it does. And if it doesn't no one really remembers. But they are very limited.

Oregon: There does seem to be an agreement that when recovery starts, Oregon is likely to be one of the last

places out of the recession.

Atiyeh: Yes. Our forecast goes: Turnaround, late spring/early summer; recovery, late '83/early '84 at a 1979 level. That's our estimate.

Oregon: A year ago, even six months ago, you were viewed as a very strong, if not unbeatable, candidate for a second term. Now there are thirteen other candidates running who apparently smell blood—there's an increasing sense of your vulnerability.

Atiyeh: It comes from the economy and the people's general frustration, the restlessness of the people, that the governor

should be doing something. At this stage of the game, people are wanting answers, easy answers. I'm talking about nationally as well as just within Oregon. We've kind of gotten used to quick fixes, easy answers, instant gratification. Clearly, that's a good campaign issue. It's hard to sort it out. Everyone seems to understand that the economy of Oregon is down because the timber is down, and the timber is down because of the high interest rates. I can't really think of anything I can do as governor to bring down interest rates. But there's that feeling they could target the governor. Certainly the governor could have done something dramatic to turn around the economy of Oregon.

Oregon: How do you answer charges that you've been a caretaker governor and haven't been innovative enough?

Atiyeh: "A caretaker and I haven't been innovative enough" depends on where you're looking. First of all, there has been a lot that's happened. A lot. Oregon really has moved into export-import during my period of time. Industrial revenue bonds for economic development, which have been attacked, nonetheless have created a large number of jobs. There have been some industries that have both expanded and come into the state—during my period—less so within the last year. But I think that's true around the nation; we are no different than anybody else. Maybe Texas has been doing some growing—I suppose Texas is the only one I can think of right now. We have done things; there's been a tremendous number of things that we've done. There's been a tremendous amount done. The problem is that I was hired to run the government, and I've been busy doing that, and I have not geared myself to every time I did something to send out a flutter of press releases. So nobody really knows about it.

Just for instance, I've been dealing with the Department of General Services, which is the business arm for state government. I'll just read you the first line of this report: "From February '79 to date, the Department of General Services has developed new operating policies, business strategies and management practices and has implemented sound, private-sector business concepts which will or have produced direct cost savings to state agencies totaling in excess of \$46.1 million." This is the first time I've seen it accumulated, but I've known about that. Human resources, welfare reform—we have done some tremendous moves forward in welfare reform, and I'd hate to think what this special session would have been if we had not done welfare reform, which then allows us to take care of those who have no other alternatives or are in genuine need.

As the campaign moves along, there

will be a turn-around. We will be announcing some new developments in business. The economy will get a little better, unemployment will go down. The question is will I then get credit for the upturn in the economy as I've been criticized for the downturn. I doubt very much if I will.

Oregon: Have Oregon's land-use policies and pollution policies discouraged economic development?

Atiyeh: Only by comparison to some other states that have no restrictions, where you just go in and do whatever you want. Certainly we'll never be able to compete on that basis. But it's also been a

"You'll have to tell me why, before the Legislature looked at anything I did, they decided they were going to do something different."

problem in Oregon, not from the land-use policies themselves, but how long the thing drags out. And that's more vexing than anything else. They just really don't want to wait that long.

We're going to get the state geared up in the sense that we're not going to dally or wait too long. [We'll tell them:] These are the rules, this is how you get from here, this is what you have to do, and then send it up. Certainly, if it comes to a state that has no restrictions environmentally or on land use, we can't compete. If that's what they want, we just might as well forget it, because we can't compete. However, I consider both of those to be selling tickets, not negatives but positives. I don't make any apologies for it. It's something that Oregon has. There is no way to keep people from coming into Oregon or any other state. They're going to come and go as they want. However, legally and constitutionally, Oregon can decide how it will grow. That we can do, and we've done it with our land-use laws and our environmental laws. In the end, we'll find ourselves in a selling position.

Oregon: But in promoting economic diversification, won't Oregon be at a disadvantage

in attracting businesses because of the cuts being made in higher education? There's been a lot of talk recently about the Research Triangle [research facilities centering around North Carolina, North Carolina State and Duke universities] and how that's attracted business to North Carolina. Why haven't we done something like that here?

Atiyeh: You have to take things in sequence. Everyone says, how come you didn't do this, as if today was yesterday. Let's look at yesterday. The electronics industry really was at the very, very beginning of its desire to move out of Santa Clara Valley. I'm talking of my beginning [as governor], 1979. There were some looking at it [moving], but not so much. We had Oregon State. It did accommodate quite well. Tektronics and Intel, they were being accommodated. The [Oregon] Graduate Center [in Beaverton] was at least moving somewhere into that area. So to the extent of our needs then, we had what we needed. So how would one say that we're going to go out and deal with all those folks in Santa Clara Valley who really hadn't yet decided they wanted to go? As it became more apparent that they in fact were a viable type of company to go after—because now they really were looking for somewhere else to go—that's what triggered my recommendation during the special session for \$500,000 to start moving into that area.

However, there will be some concept announced fairly shortly—not within our educational system—of beginnings of that kind [Research Triangle] of an atmosphere. Now at the same time, however, we needed to get a breakthrough in higher education, and there's no way even under any circumstances, even 1979 circumstances, we could have added a beefed-up science branch in all of our institutions added to everything else we have. There needed to be a re-examination, which is yet to take place, of all of what they're doing. You know, you look at it at least in the [Willamette] Valley, there's University of Oregon, Oregon State University, Portland State University, Western Oregon State. They're all teaching education courses, programs. We don't really need that many institutions for teaching teachers, I don't think. But a priority certainly is that which would give us some money for beefing up our high-tech and science. You can't keep everything and [also] add to it.

Oregon: What do businesses see as the major barriers to moving into Oregon?

Atiyeh: Oh gosh, there are barriers. There are barriers not uncommon to the past: Distance to market, available transportation—we have available transportation, but electronic companies like to be very close to major transportation so they can fly to wherever they want to fly

to, headquarters—that's a little barrier for our spreading that industry around the state of Oregon. Our population is small, so whatever their business, they've got to do their business outside the state, so they will have to ship it somewhere, and that costs them transportation. But there's no state I know of that has no warts, and I've tried not to dwell on ours. We sell our livability, and I think that's something to sell, because we have some things that no other states have, just pure livability. Not only in the sense of our land-use laws and environmental laws, but just recreation.

Oregon: The one place where there appears to be a likelihood of strong growth is in the business of exporting coal transshipped through Oregon. What will that do to livability, having unit coal trains running down the Gorge twenty-four hours a day? Is that a concern at all?

Atiyeh: Sure. It has to be a concern. I worried and thought about it when they were thinking about taking coal to Astoria. Actually, coming down the Gorge isn't all that bad, when you stop to think of what communities the train might go through. It would go through Pendleton, but actually it would skirt town pretty well, so you don't interrupt traffic too much. La Grande, not a great deal. Then you come down the Gorge, and even when you go down through The Dalles or Hood River, there's not much interruption of traffic. Cascade Locks, there again I don't think it interrupts traffic.

However, when you go down from Portland to Astoria, we know about St. Helens and Scappoose, right through the middle of town in Scappoose. And certainly it severs St. Helens, Rainier.

Oregon: How close are we to achieving some sort of deal on coal?

Atiyeh: That seems to be pretty close. We did break ground on the coal-loading facility at Port of Portland, and the only other one is down in Long Beach, California, and one up in Canada. So the best place for Wyoming and Montana coal is through at least Washington and Oregon, and the only one around is going to be this one that's going to be built. It has always been a chicken-and-egg thing, so at least one thing has been put to bed. And a very important one thing.

Oregon: How many jobs will it mean?

Atiyeh: Not a great deal, 100 or 125, something like that. The best deal of all, if Coos Bay puts it together, is a coal-loading facility. But "best deal" in the sense that they also—Canasia [Coal] was looking at it—would do some mining down there, so that you can add the mining to the coal transshipment, and that will add some jobs. But just pure and simple coal transshipment doesn't produce that many jobs. It does, however, help like the Port of Portland or Coos Bay or Astoria, who-

ever had it, to get income, and therefore they can improve their other facilities to attract more jobs, so they can use it as a springboard to create more jobs.

Oregon: It is widely believed that even after recovery, timber is never going to support Oregon's economy as it had in the past. Do you have some kind of vision of what the Oregon economy might be like in the year 2000 and after?

Atiyeh: Timber will still be very important. We will have been diversifying into something else, probably high-tech among others, whatever we can get to diversify. We may want to go into manufacturing, in the sense that we send our two-

"Will I get credit for the upturn in the economy as I've been criticized for the downturn? I doubt very much if I will."

by-fours and plywood somewhere else, and somewhere else sometimes makes it into kitchen cabinets and moldings and whatever you make out of wood. And we could begin to do that secondary manufacturing here. But we grow trees; we can do that. It always will be a very important part of our economy, and we must make sure it is.

Every governor I've been involved with, starting with Mark Hatfield, has been concerned about spreading industry around the state. We already have those sawmills around the state. They are the job producers. This recession has made it so that some mills will no longer be operating—many of them are antiquated, [requiring] a large capital investment to rebuild them again—whether it would be warranted or not, I don't know. Looking at it in the sense of what we call old-growth timber and second-growth timber, we're kind of in the middle of that right now. We still have a lot of old-growth, but it's not enough to sustain, and the second-growth really hasn't picked up. We'll find our future out there. The second-growth timber will be there, and we will be on a more sustained basis,

and we'll have a little bit more stability in the timber industry.

Another part of our problem obviously is that 52 percent of our land is owned by the federal government. A good chunk of our timber is in the public ownership. They'll have decided what's going to be wilderness and what isn't going to be wilderness by the year 2000, I hope. So I'm saying to you, timber will be part of our economy and an important part of our economy.

Oregon: You have indicated recently that you plan a fundamental review of the state's tax structure. What will that involve?

Atiyeh: It's going to involve a real-world look at where taxes are going in Oregon. "Real-world" in the sense that I'm looking toward establishing for a brief period an economic council, I'll call it, and I want to look at how we attract industry into the state, how we help industry in the state expand, look at education, tourism, etc. [Atiyeh has since named an Employment Recovery Council headed by U.S. Bancorp chairman John A. Elorriaga.]

Oregon: Would a sales tax be considered in this review?

Atiyeh: I'm sure it would. In regard to my opinion on the sales tax, I'm not supportive of it, but certainly they [the committee] will, or I presume they will [consider it]. What I really want them to look at is how much of a deterrent [to economic development the tax structure is], what's the problem with Oregon's tax structure and what the general thinking is in regard to it.

Oregon: What circumstance would change your mind about the sales tax?

Atiyeh: I haven't thought of one. There might be a compelling story of some kind that would persuade me. My basic thinking is that we as taxpayers really ought to know what taxes we pay. That then keeps the pressure on elected officials not to spend money. With a sales tax, you really don't know how much tax you pay. That's where I'm coming from. I'll bet you that there isn't a person who keeps track of all the sales tax he pays. But you surely know on income tax, and you get kind of angry about it.

Oregon: When the question of your leadership is raised, what is cited most often are your dealings with the Legislature. It is said that you were not able to influence legislators of your own party last year and didn't try for any compromise to end the deadlock in the special session this year.

Atiyeh: I deny that. I deny that categorically. It's a delightful argument, but let me recount first in '79, in my whole package I suppose I got 85 percent of everything that I asked for. In the 1980 special session, they came and went and bal-

anced about \$213 million; in four-and-a-half days they accepted my proposal. Let's go to the regular session. There was a flashpoint at which time there was a solution, and we'd gotten ten Republicans to join the effort. Now understand that we start off with the fact that the Democrats have thirty-three, and we were able to add ten to it.

After all, who's leadership? Who was speaker of the House? Who was chairman of every committee? And I'm to be blamed as a Republican governor that I wasn't able to give them thirty-one votes? I'm going to come out attacking on something like that. If some good things happen, whoever's in charge is entitled to praise. However, they can't just accept the praise and say it was somebody else's fault when things went sour. You can't do it that way. You have to accept responsibility for everything.

As to the regular session last year, people always forget where we were. I do a lot of listening, a lot more than some elected legislators do. I work hard at it. Coming up to the '81 session of the Legislature, I looked at the budgets, what needed to be done, what I thought was important to get done. Now, I went around up and down asking questions. I said how's business? "Business is pretty good." Understand, I made my recommendation to the Legislature in December of 1980 for the '81 session. Then they ground through that session. Everything related to my view of not only what was required in the state, but the people's ability to support it. I felt, okay, I know it's kind of tough out there, but things aren't really all that bad. Oregonians can, in fact, support the kind of budget I'm proposing.

As I got into the latter part of last year, and I began asking these same questions, I was getting different answers. How's business? "Well, it's not so good." How's accounts receivable? Almost exclusively, "it's way, way up, way up." Now that's a dramatic change in a year's time. So when I came to this special session and made my recommendation in light of what the people's ability to afford was, I said, okay, what we really have to do is to share this budget shortfall between budget cuts and revenue raising. And that's exactly what I did: \$120 million in revenue raising, \$120 million in budget cuts. I knew, however, I'd pushed my budget cuts as far as I could push them. I knew that better than the Legislature did.

You'll have to tell me why, before they looked at anything I did, I mean actually sat down and looked at it, they decided they were going to do something different. You tell me why. Ways and Means didn't really look at my budgets. The word came to Ways and Means subcom-

mittee chairmen to cut the budget half as much as Atiyeh cut it. They hadn't even started! They hadn't made any priority decisions! They hadn't looked at what I'd done! Just cut it in half.

Oregon: Do you have any plans or ideas on how electric ratepayers can be cushioned from the liability of the WPPSS [Washington Public Power Supply System] disaster?

Atiyeh: Outside of [plants] four and five, the only relief they have is the Regional Power Bill. The concept there is if you've got all this relatively cheap hydro-power, and you bring all this more expensive power—coal, nuclear, whatever—and you put it in this pot and thereby dilute it a little, that it's going to cost all of us less money. That's the way it will happen with [plants] one, two and three. The only alternative for four and five is that everybody pay for it. You, me, everybody else. That's not a good answer. But there are no good answers. Congressman

"Everyone says, how come you didn't do this, as if today was yesterday."

[Jim] Weaver says that the utilities ought to turn their backs and walk away. That's a totally irresponsible answer. School districts, water districts, cities, counties, state, all have to pay more money in their tax bonds if we just turn around and walk away.

There was a better answer. We appointed a blue ribbon committee—John Elorriaga, [Edward] Carlson and [George] Weyerhaeuser—they came up with the only answer with at least some softening effect, and that was mothballing four and five. Let's just control it there and pay a little bit on it and see what can be done out of this whole mess. They weren't able to put that together. So we are now left with closing shop on those things. There isn't any way to protect those that are involved in that—there are eighteen PUDs [public utility districts], co-ops and municipals in Oregon and one investor-owned utility which is PP&L—other than spreading the load on all other ratepayers. It certainly isn't a good answer, but I don't know any other. There's been a cost, there's some investments, somebody has to pay back bonds borrowed. Congress is not going to bail them

out. I guess that would be another way, the taxpayers of the United States would help share in that. I talked to [Bonneville Power Administrator] Peter Johnson about maybe phasing this in at a slower pace. Congress is on his back too, though, you know.

Oregon: If you are defeated for re-election, it will be because of Reaganomics. Would you agree with that?

Atiyeh: You're presuming that conditions of today will be the same six months from now. I don't know. I worry about the projected deficit that the President has proposed. It is too high, and because it's too high, interest rates will remain high. As long as interest rates remain high, both the national and Oregon's economy are going to suffer. The only thing we can do is cut the budget more than the President has. I think certainly we ought to cut the budget more in the military. I don't know how in the world they can spend that much money well. And I'm more hawk than I am dove. We have to get our financial house in order.

I believe the theory that Reagan is pursuing is a good theory. But he's not allowing his theory to work. It doesn't make any sense when you start thinking about incentives to business to produce jobs and capital expenditure if nobody's going to go out and borrow money because interest rates are too high. I already told the President I thought he ought to make housing a national policy. Apparently that's not their intention. It seems ludicrous to me that there's room in the borrowing market for the federal government to borrow, but there's no room in the market for a homeowner to borrow. That doesn't make any sense to me.

Oregon: We'll close with a Barbara Walters question, Governor. If you're elected to another term and serve eight years as governor, how would you like to be remembered?

Atiyeh: As a good governor who brought credibility back to state government. I want people happy with it. I really do. There'd be many other things, but that's my overall goal. I do want to move higher education up, high-quality higher education, really badly. I did in my 1979 budget. I finally moved it a step ahead of just the normal raises, and then I've been retrenching ever since. I've wanted to get government more involved in preventive kinds of things, rather than repair. We're always in repair in terms of government. It's awfully hard to design a fire-prevention program when you're in the middle of a forest fire, trying to put it out. So I haven't been able to do that. I'd like to get government to move in that direction. We'll always have to repair. That is the role of government. But if we can do more of the other we can do a better job of repairing.

IN THIS CORNER...

Fighting for the right to face Atiyeh are a passel of Democrats who smell blood. These are the three who count.

DON CLARK

Don Clark is a child of the Great Depression who grew up under the paternalism of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, came of political age during the Kennedy years of Camelot possibility and now, in his political maturity, may have moved into an era suddenly skeptical of government activism.

Clark, however, is not one of the skeptics. He is a true believer who thinks of government as an instrument of social reform. And he is running for governor, promising to mobilize state government against a spreading economic paralysis in Oregon. As often as anyone will listen, he recites a detailed list of proposals, including the creation of 23,000 temporary jobs. If this is New Deal liberalism, he seems to be saying, make the most of it.

Oregon's economic plight, Clark insists, "is as much a result of the way our economic and political leaders have chosen to operate as it is of larger economic forces. There are limits to what one state can do," he concedes, "but we are not yet close to those limits."

It's a familiar stance. Clark has been saying things like that as long as he's been in politics. "We need to face the problems of our poor and elderly and provide compassionate care that lends dignity to their existence," he said in 1975. "As long as there is an individual who becomes sick because of malnutrition and dies a lonely death in substandard housing without benefit of needed care, our mission must be clear."

But according to Dean Smith, a close aide of Clark's, most of his activism during his twenty-year career in Multnomah County government "has been without going out and getting new tax money for it." Smith points to Clark's reorganization of the sheriff's office (which involved reorganizing himself out of a job) and Project Health, which provided services for the county's medically indigent through a variety of private health plans. Clark has also created the Office of County Management in order to better calcu-

late revenue prospects and improve fiscal planning.

On the other hand, Ken Gervais, a longtime Clark associate in campaigns and government, has "mixed feelings" in looking back. "Don is an extremely creative guy in terms of people. I think he's terrific in a legislative function. But I think he's a weak administrator." Ger-

—especially the poor."

According to Clark, his sense of the proper role of government runs deep into his family background. He remembers sitting on the lap of his grandfather, a one-time Democratic legislative candidate, and listening to the radio, "and he'd get mad about this thing that happened. Then he'd always go on about what he thought ought to happen." He remembers his father reading to the family from a public library book and telling them that the libraries and the schools meant everyone in America had an equal chance at success. Don Clark as much as "those kids from the Hills."

But Clark's chances for success this year are likely to depend on more than his political convictions, or his administrative skills and experience—although he likes to point out that with his years as sheriff, chairman of the Multnomah County Commission and county executive, he has more administrative background than Kulongoski, Rust or, for that matter, Atiyeh. Victory this year will also require political skills that some would say Clark has not consistently demonstrated.

"The criticism that Don Clark is not always the best politician is fair," he himself admits. "I've always taken things head on." He has often been at odds with members of the County Commission and with some major constituencies. In 1980,

he dealt with a bitter five-week strike of county employees, one reason for labor's strong support of Kulongoski this year. Since all of the county positions he has held have been nonpartisan, he has not developed extensive party ties. And few would describe Clark as a stump spell-binder.

"No question, he's not a typical politician, a glad-hander, a trader," concedes Smith. "He will compromise and lobby, but it's not his forte. But the county's been very effective in its dealings with the Legislature, and he's had good rapport with most of the Multnomah County delegation." Clark, he feels, would be an effective governor in both administrative and legislative roles.

First, of course, he has to win the Democratic primary. The strategy calls for a strong showing in the tri-county Portland



Clark: Better at ideas than politics.

metro area, some inroads downstate, and perhaps Rust cutting into Kulongoski's expected margin in Lane County and environs. If that seems a long shot, Don Clark—who entered the governor's race last fall, when Atiyeh still seemed largely invincible—has played long shots before.

—Richard Sanders

TED KULONGOSKI

A short but sturdy-looking man hobbled up to the receptionist's desk at a Eugene sports medicine clinic recently to make an appointment for his ailing, pavement-pounded left knee. The woman behind the counter handed over a small sheaf of papers for his signature, then asked his name so she could pencil it into a blank spot in the crowded office schedule.

"Ted Kulongoski," he replied.

"I should know that," she said apologetically, "but could you spell it for me, please?"

"K-U-L-O-N-G-O-S-K-I."

"Well," she said quickly, recovering from the momentary lapse, "next time bring in your running shorts and the shoes you use, and we'll get you out running again."

For the first time in the brief exchange, the man smiled, perhaps at the irony of the suggestion.

Ted Kulongoski, bum knee or not, already is out running again—pounding the political pavement for all he's worth. The forty-one-year-old state senator is tackling his second statewide political campaign in two years. He made a bid to unseat U.S. Sen. Bob Packwood in 1980, garnering a respectable 44 percent of the vote. His showing in that race has given Kulongoski a leg up on other Democrats even though some pollsters argue that his vote total was inflated by conservative Republicans who were knifing Packwood and are unlikely to support him against any other Republican. The conservative vote, they say, provided the 5 percent that lifted Kulongoski's performance from hopeless to impressive. Still, despite a name that much of the state probably still can't spell, and organization delays he attributes to the longest special legislative session on record, Kulongoski is trying for the governor's chair.

In keeping with the "if you want votes, go where the voters are" theory he formulated against Packwood, Kulongoski has taken an indefinite leave from his labor-oriented law firm and Junction City farm and opened his campaign headquarters in downtown Portland at the opposite end of the Willamette Valley from the

place where his political roots were sunk. Despite a large field of Democratic contenders, he has no doubt that the November general election will feature a fight between himself and Vic Atiyeh. The stakes, in his estimation, will be a public repudiation of Reaganomics and an endorsement of an "activist" governor charged with "coalescing competing interest groups" and "moving them ahead to a new level of decision-making and compatibility."

Many Oregon Republicans, of course, perceive that kind of "big government" talk as blatant liberalism, largely borrowed from a book on leadership by James MacGregor Burns given Kulongoski by Polish soulmate and University of Oregon political science professor



Kulongoski: Big gains from 1980 loss.

Jim Klonoski. But they also know that, this year, it will be tougher to dismiss it. If voters blame Reagan for the recession, observes State Sen. Robert Smith (R-Burns), himself running for Congress, Republican candidates will be badly hurt. And, he admits, "If Reagan is looked at as the cause, the governor could also be seen the same way."

So it is a new version of an old political game that Kulongoski is struggling to master—pin the tailspin on the Elephant. Yet no matter how much energy his breakneck, statewide campaign swings can muster, he faces a sticky political contradiction which states flatly that the people he is aiming at, "working-class voters, the guys who bring home a paycheck," are the ones least likely to make it to the polls on election day.

"Ted's problem is how to take the people who don't very often have government working for them and somehow get them revved up so they'll support him," says a former staff member, who adds that the current campaign organization "is several months behind where we were two years ago." Nonetheless, he continued, "I think the race is winnable. But the money aspect worries me. Vic just has so much of it."

Kulongoski agrees. "It irritates the hell out of me that Vic can raise \$1 million and I can't," he snaps, perhaps recalling the relatively meager \$250,000 he was able to dredge up against Packwood's \$1.9 million in 1980. "But the nice thing is, I hold my own destiny. If people view me as someone they can have confidence in, someone who can generate hope, I will win. I don't think Vic Atiyeh will beat me because he outspends me."

The general unavailability of early, and therefore vital, campaign money flowing to self-styled progressive Democrats is compounded by Kulongoski's own trouble in asking for it. Another former staff member recounts several instances early in the race against Packwood where Kulongoski simply withheld his request for money during important meetings with potential backers because he could not "appropriately" work it into the conversation.

Former Kulongoski campaign manager Mike Kopetski, also a congressional candidate this year, echoes Fjordbeck's point, noting, "Ted's own economic background may have something to do with it, but it is definitely a problem for him to ask for money. His shyness tends to come out in that area."

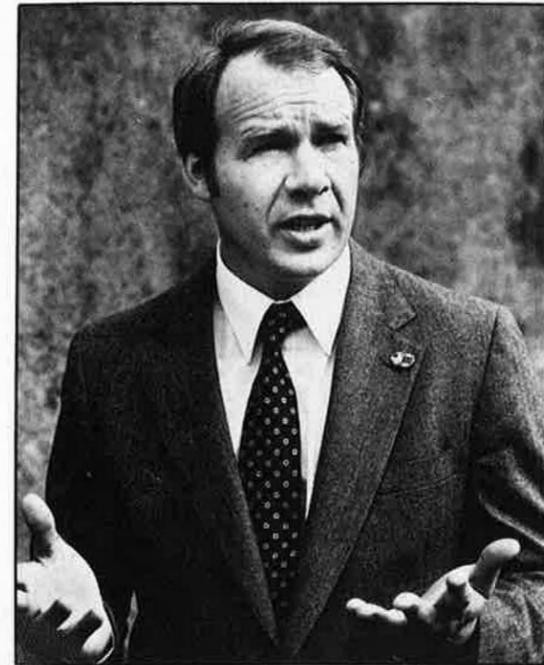
There are numerous other areas where Senate colleagues scoff that Kulongoski is hardly shy, calling him everything from "flamboyant," to "pretty damn stubborn." Kulongoski grudgingly admits that most of the traits he is known for—strong speaking skills (he handles most of the trial work for his four-lawyer law firm), a willingness to compromise and a seemingly universal projection of affability—were formulated during the throes of an admittedly tumultuous childhood. But he adds quickly that he does not want to be the only candidate evaluated on the basis of the platform he had developed by age thirteen.

"I find it embarrassing," he says of stories that have appeared in the press about his impoverished early years in a boys' home in southern rural Missouri. His past, however, even in Kulongoski's opinion, is of particular importance in evaluating a decision to mount a second grueling statewide campaign against a

JERRY RUST

The yew was once a prized hardwood. A native evergreen, it was used for archery bows, canoe paddles and fine cabinets. But in the modern forest, the yew is not a moneymaker. It grows too slowly; its trunk is often twisted and irregular. Today it is felled and burned to make way for the taller, straighter, faster-growing Douglas fir.

Jerry Rust's buttons are made from yew salvaged from the slash pile. They are eighth-inch slices of small branches, and no two are the same. In the back room of Rust's campaign headquarters, a



Rust: Recycled buttons and populism.

popular incumbent in two years. Growing up with 200 other boys in an orphanage, many of whom preferred pounding to pondering, honed a competitiveness that still burns through a four-mile morning run. He responds by aggressively throttling forward to the point that a sports medicine specialist must eventually be consulted at the height of the primary campaign. "Maybe it's the Marine in me," Kulongoski explains. "I think I can run through the pain, that I can run in spite of it."

His mother, whom he characterizes as "a very strong, very dedicated person," remarried when he was thirteen and brought him home from the orphanage. Four years later the need to prove himself to others sparked again and prompted him to run off to join the Marines, where that same competitiveness earned him the "top Marine" award at the end of boot camp, a dubious honor that still pleases him immensely.

Kulongoski moved to Oregon after earning a bachelor's degree at the University of Missouri in 1967 and a law degree in 1970. He joined his present law practice in 1973 after a clerking stint for a Lane County circuit judge and assumed his first notable political position the same year as legal counsel for the House Labor Committee. He was elected to the House in 1975, chosen to fill a vacancy in the state Senate in 1977, elected to the same seat in 1978 and is currently serving the last of this four-year term.

"Ted's ambition is inner-directed and extremely strong," says one senator who recalls Kulongoski referring to himself occasionally as an orphan. "But the way he measures his overall worth is outer-directed. I don't think he would be satisfied with just his own scorecard. If needing the approval of other people is defined as being insecure, you could call him insecure." A former staff member puts it another way. "Even if you can't agree with Ted, he wants you to like him," he says. "He works very hard at that."

"Everybody is running on an economic development platform," says Kulongoski in assessing the Democratic primary field. "It's become a ubiquitous idea, like designer jeans and video games. But the tough part is explaining how you intend to pay for it. Unless you can provide some substance, it's nothing more than flashy words on a candidate's political marquee."

Ted Kulongoski clearly believes the message he is putting on his own marquee will draw them in at the box office and even, perhaps, ensure a four-year run.

—Dana Tims

field Creamery. The crowd, mostly mid-thirtyish and stretching the definition of casual, is friendly. Many have worked on Rust's two successful county commissioner races or planted trees with him in his prepolitical days, and they sit at picnic tables eating popcorn and talking mill closures and renewable energy. An open parachute decorates one wall; another is covered by an American flag the size of a billboard. And on every wall there are pictures of Jerry Rust smiling his determined smile.

But there is more to him than the smile.

Rust knows something about winning. Six years ago he came down from the Wallowa Mountains—he was tree planting with the Hoedads, a worker cooperative he helped start—to run for a seat on the Lane County Commission. He was a thirty-two-year-old University of Oregon graduate who had worked as a Peace Corps volunteer, a carpenter, a roofer, a millworker and a tree planter. No one had ever heard of him. He ran as an independent against two long-time Lane County politicians, one of whom was the incumbent. Rust won.

"I had a lot of time to think about things as I bent over planting a thousand trees a day," he says about his decision to enter politics. It is a few days after the opening of his headquarters and Rust is eating lunch at a restaurant across from the county courthouse. He is talking fast—a rarity for him—and gesturing with both hands.

"I thought about the exploitation and degradation of our natural resource base. I saw waste and overcutting of trees. I saw streams muddied by poor logging practices. I saw people get sick from herbicide spraying. I saw land-use planning so lax that I feared we'd end up like so many other parts of the country. I

knew that the county commission had a major role in resource management and land-use planning, and I knew that's what I wanted to do.

"Back then I was in awe of government," Rust says between sips of his zucchini-tomato soup, "I thought there was some mystery to it, some magic." Now half-way through his second term on the commission—he handily beat his Republican opponent in 1980—Rust knows better. "There's no magic," he says. "There's lots of inefficiency and there's definitely no magic."

Rust is having a hard time finishing his soup. It seems that half of the lunch crowd recognizes him, and a quarter of them decide to stop by the table. He smiles, shakes hands, makes appointments and then settles down to

talk about his five years on the Lane County Commission.

He's proudest of his work in fiscal planning and talkback management. "There's lots of talk about making government smaller," he says, "but not much attention to making it more efficient. We've reduced the size of government without disrupting the delivery of services. Smaller and more efficient."

During Rust's tenure on the commission, the number of county employees was cut by almost 30 percent. "And," he adds hastily, "we do a good job in relocating those employees, finding them new jobs." Gas consumption by county employees was cut 25 percent by moving to fewer and smaller vehicles and encouraging carpooling and bicycle riding. (Rust himself often rides a bike to work.) And the county is saving \$2.4 million a year on its \$7 million public works budget by keeping track of all public works activities, determining the time needed to do each activity and keeping employees to this time schedule.

"The public insists on fiscal responsibility," Rust says. "We're not getting it at the state level. What we're getting is crisis management."

As chairman of Lane Council of Gov-

ernments' local energy committee, Rust is currently involved in evaluating all local opportunities for renewable-resource energy generation.

"I subscribed to the anti-nuclear position as an article of faith when I first ran," he says. "Now I subscribe to it as an article of fact." He wants to develop solar, geothermal, small hydro, methane and wind energy sources in Lane County and, if elected governor, statewide.

"We've got 3,000 megawatts of renewable energy out there—that's the equivalent of three Trojans—and we don't have to dam up one wild stream to get it." He sees renewable energy as a multi-billion-dollar industry, and he wants to make Oregon "the renewable energy capital of the United States."

As county commissioner, Rust has taken the hardest knocks for his land-use-planning decisions. He recently helped defeat a multi-million-dollar Weyerhaeuser project for an 800-unit residential development on the McKenzie River twenty miles east of Eugene. For this and other land-use decisions, he has been called "anti-growth."

"I just don't want to see us overrun," he says. "I've been criticized for my land-use-planning decisions, but none of them

has ever been overturned, and nothing has dampened my commitment to sensible planning.

"Atiyeh is beatable," insists Rust. "He's a caretaker governor, a status quo politician. And look at the status quo. We're not talking about economic diversification here in Oregon. We're not talking about recession. We're on the verge of talking about economic survival. Oregon could be the Appalachia of the West Coast."

But when Rust discusses economic recovery, he's not referring to enticing outside industries into the state. He's talking about growth from within, aid to small businesses, assistance to workers who want to buy bankrupt mills, jobs created by exploiting renewable resources, a state accident-insurance system, a state bank. He's talking populism.

"There's no reason to be elected if we're not talking about social change."

The candidate reaches into the pocket of his not-very-chic blue suit and takes out a Rust button, a thin slice of yew rescued from the slash pile. "Here," he says to a supporter who's stopped at the table to shake his hand. "Take one."

—Lauren Kessler

How The Challengers Would Deal With Oregon's Economic Woes

DON CLARK—Create an Oregon Employment Corps and a Youth Employment Corps to provide 23,000 jobs on state and local public works projects. Funding would come from a job loss tax on unprocessed log exports, the corporate income tax, federal funds and local matching funds.

—Spend state tax revenues on a "Buy Oregon first" basis and encourage Oregon financial institutions to use deposits of state money to provide venture capital for small businesses.

—Encourage in-state processing of forest product resources by disqualifying any firm or individual exporting unprocessed Oregon logs from receiving any future state timber contracts.

—Seek legislative authority and funding for an Oregon Job Development Corporation to provide technical assistance, loan packaging, loan guarantees and investment capital to assist small Oregon firms and communities facing plant closures. Funding would come from the proposed jobs-loss tax, sale of general obligation and revenue bonds and cost savings generated by elimination of the state department of economic development.

—Create a Resource Commodity and Re-

search Commission to assist in developing new products that utilize the state's natural resources and to promote new domestic and international markets for Oregon products.

TED KULONGOSKI—Implement economic strategy that puts aid to existing small businesses in the state uppermost and aims at maintaining public facilities and services.

—Abolish Department of Economic Development, replacing it with an agency reporting directly to the governor, to be known as the Office of Economic Development. The aim is more effective and responsive development programs.

—Establish regional business information and training centers in the state's major cities to help small businesses find venture capital, cope with government regulations and acquire needed managerial skills.

—Establish an Oregon Economic Development Fund to help finance small business expansion by providing venture capital from both private and public sources, including public pension funds.

—Establish an Institute of Small Business as a joint venture of the state's insti-

tutions of higher education to conduct research and provide information and training necessary to stimulate the growth of small businesses and develop programs for attracting outside firms to Oregon.

—Appoint a blue-ribbon task force to review the state's tax system and recommend reforms, and to seek the most efficient ways of maintaining Oregon's public facilities and services.

JERRY RUST—Create jobs by developing solar, geothermal, wind, low-head hydro, cogeneration and biomass energy resources and making Oregon the "renewable energy capital of the United States."

—Prod the Bonneville Power Administration to use its authority to offer billing credits to local utilities for home conservation and solar efforts. BPA has "the financial tools and resources to make conservation and solar energy a big industry," Rust says.

—Establish a state bank to finance small businesses and economic development programs out of the \$3.5 billion of capital accumulated in public and private pension funds in Oregon.

—Ed.

DESIGN

Room at the Top

Reaching for the sky from a Will Martin viewing tower

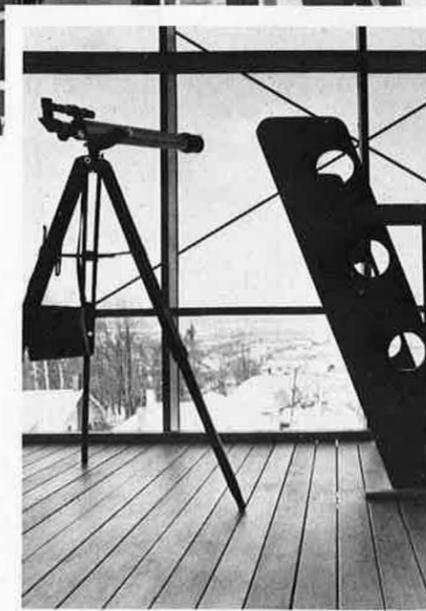
By Ginny Butterfield



Occasionally a new homeowner will succumb to the impulse to get up on the roof and look around. Especially if a house is hemmed in by other houses, it's nice to know what you could see if you could only build a room out on the roof.

When Tom Dant, Jr. bought his two-story bungalow in Northwest Portland, he didn't get out on the roof, but he went on an exploration of attic eaves. Three feet into one unusable attic room he banged his head on the slope of the roof. "Now if I could just drill a hole through the roof right here," he said to himself, "I could look at Mount St. Helens."

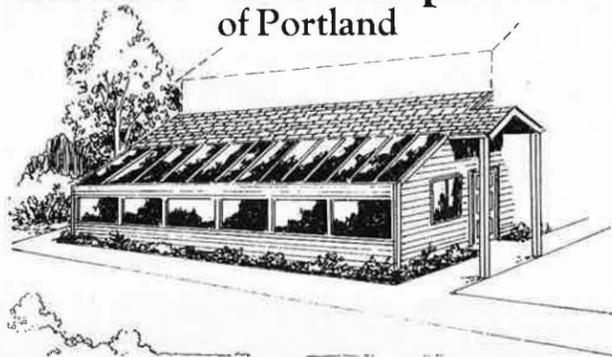
Will Martin, architect for Portland's Pioneer Square, was called in. "It's basic to



nature," he says, "to want to look out on the world, to feel like you're standing on the bridge of a ship or in a crow's nest. Or a tree house. It's the exhilaration of having a special place high up for your painting or your poetry. Call it the escalation heavenward." Yet when he returned with plans to renovate Dant's house, he disclosed all the other structural changes first—the addition to the east wall, the creation of a basement apartment, the changes in every single room except the dining room. Then he pulled out plans for the roof loft—or viewing tower, as he

Above: The loft area stretches through roof to capture view. Left: Top level provides a private perch for star watching.

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called it. "Now let me explain this before
you reject the idea," said Martin. A sec-
tion of the roof would be lifted in a trian-
gular flap, jacked up to point to the sky,
and a two-story glass structure inserted in
the space provided.

"He thought I'd object," remembers
Dant. "I took all the fun out of it for him. I
said, right, go ahead." Did Dant himself
ever visualize this geometric viewing
tower when he first wanted to punch out
the roof? "No," says Dant. "If I could
see things that way, I'd be an architect
and run Will out of town."

The architect, of course, sees the po-
tential in an existing space. He sees
through broken walls and sagging ceil-
ings. He sees the form of the house, the
site, the potential views. He is not de-
terred by what appears at first glance to
be a disaster. The Dant home, built in
1917, had been in the possession of a sin-
gle family until 1978, a year before Martin
started reconstruction. It was hopelessly
in need of help. Certain elements of the
romantic nature of the house have been
left intact—the ceiling woodwork in the
living room, for instance, and even the
skewered slant of some of the walls and
ceilings. The new viewing tower adds a
contemporary touch, but the lines in no
way conflict with the exterior shape of the
house.

The lower level is furnished as a study,
with a free-standing, cast-iron stove
against a giant brass wall backing. The
brass smokestack rises through the loft to
the roof. Martin used sturdy oak in the
floors and ceilings of the loft, with brass
hardware to match the smokestack and
brass kerosene lanterns in other sections
of the house. A telescope is set up in the
upper section of the loft; an oak ladder
connects the two levels.

Oak, brass and massive design con-
cepts are trademarks of Will Martin's
work. That and purple. "Tom resisted the
purple at first," he admits. The dark
brown exterior has purple trim, and purple
is used extensively throughout the
house, even in the room with the red Ja-
cuzzi, or a second bathroom with antique
brass shower and royal-blue footed tub.

Dant complained to Martin about the
bathroom. "I couldn't see Mount Hood
from the Jacuzzi. I'm a man of simple
tastes. All I want is to be able to sit in my
tub and look at Mount Hood." So Martin
doubled the window size vertically to
bring Mount Hood into view.

In this Northwest neighborhood where
the houses are close together, it is that
much more important to reach out for a
view. But Martin, creator, by the way, of
every child's favorite restaurant, the Or-
gan Grinder, managed to bring two moun-
tains into Tom Dant's home. There is a
sense of childhood fantasy in this sophis-
ticated tree house looking out over the
rooftops of industrial Portland. □

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The Song Goes On

A medieval university and a Hollywood musical have made Heidelberg famous, and the city lives up to both.

By Daniel and Sally Grotta

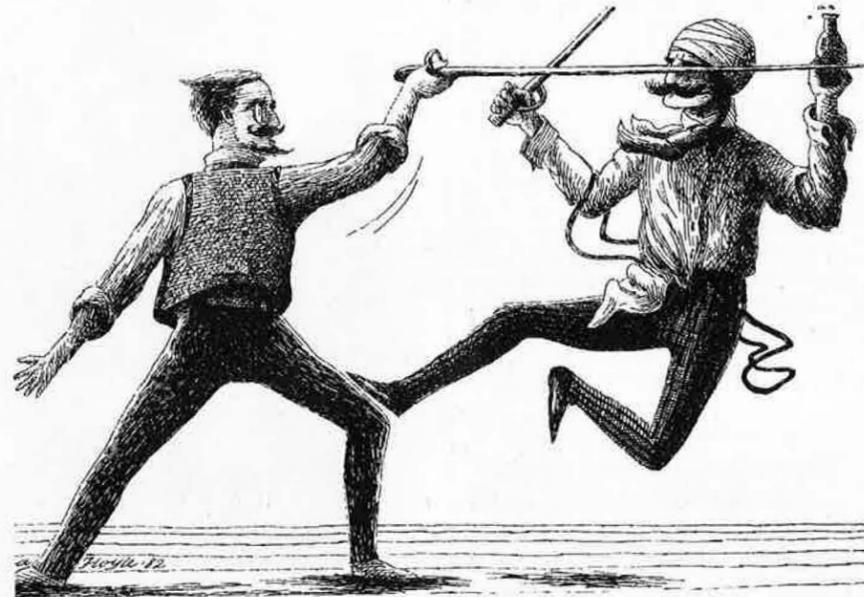
The ragtag remnants of a once-Invincible German army staggered across the last remaining bridge over the Neckar River, pursued by the fighting-fresh, hot-for-blood American Third Army. The Nazis blew the bridges in a desperate attempt to keep the Allies out of the ancient university town. It was, everybody knew, only a matter of time before the Americans would begin leveling the town with artillery.

Then, in an astonishing move, the Americans offered to spare Heidelberg if the defending garrison surrendered immediately. They did, and Heidelberg was saved from annihilation. Years later, it was revealed that the *real* reason Heidelberg had been spared was—strange as it might seem—solely because of Sigmund Romberg's operetta, *The Student Prince*!

A town saved by a song? It boggles the mind. Believe it or not, so many Americans loved the idea and image of romantic old Heidelberg as portrayed in the Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald movie version of *The Student Prince* that, despite the war, they did not want to see it reduced to a pile of rubble. Sensing the sway of public opinion, the army spared the town. Heidelberg, therefore, probably has the distinction of being the only town in history saved from destruction by a Hollywood musical!

When one thinks of old Heidelberg of song and legend, it is an ultra-romantic image of festivity and frivolity, courtship and camaraderie and, of course, drinking and dueling. It is a timeless place of youth and ideas, philosophy and music. Heidelberg holds memories of a thousand years of German history, a university attended by the rich and famous, the powerful and the revolutionary.

But often the image in such glorious hypes is shattered by a sleazy reality. We were quite prepared to find the real Heidelberg far less romantic than advertised in song and legend. But we were pleasantly surprised. The Heidelberg of today is beautiful and exciting. What we discovered was a completely captivating city



nestled in the picture-postcard Neckar Valley. What's more, the traditional student life survives, if not quite in the style it did in previous generations, then certainly close to it in spirit.

Heidelberg is only an hour's journey from Frankfurt Airport, but sometimes it seems that the distance should be measured in millenia. Dotted the surrounding countryside are Celtic and Roman ruins that attest to the region's antiquity. Over the centuries, a ring of fortified castles was erected to make the powerful principality of the Palatine—and its capital, Heidelberg—impregnable, but the invention of gunpowder made the stone citadels obsolete, military albatrosses. By the time of the Reformation, the Palatine had become poor and powerless and was periodically sacked by foreign armies. The deathblow came during the seventeenth century, when a French army burnt Heidelberg to the ground and severely damaged the magnificent castle overlooking the town.

Heidelbergers insisted on not just reconstructing but *restoring* their de-

stroyed town to its former medieval splendor. When they finally finished rebuilding a few years later, *new* Heidelberg looked just as old as ever.

You can't help tripping over the ghosts of history while walking through the ruins of Heidelberg Castle. Romantic apparitions dance in the gardens where, in the best fairy-tale tradition, a lovely little archway was built in one night by the future king of Bohemia as a birthday present to his young English bride. On the facade of the six-story, beautiful Baroque structure called the Friedrich Building, droll stone specters—life-sized statues of the many Palatine counts—glare at those of us who dare to enter their presence. And the sozzled spirit of Count Friedrich himself prances in his vast wine cellars on the world's largest wine casket, arm-in-arm with his drunken dwarf jester, Perkeo.

The castle's most spectacular ruin is the Otteinreich Building, which was known throughout the continent for its incomparable art collection. It burnt to the

ground not once, but twice, before it was finally abandoned. Today, all that remains is the facade, standing like a propped-up movie set.

But it is the university—one of the world's oldest and finest—that has captured people's imaginations. Goethe and Bismarck and other immortals of history studied there.

Long after most European universities progressed into the twentieth century, Heidelberg University remained a bastion of medieval laws, regulations and rituals. That included such quaint anachronisms as the famous Studentenkarzer, or student's prison, where wayward scholars were locked up for minor misdemeanors like rowdiness or public inebriation. Rather than being a dreaded punishment, a leisurely week or two in the Bohemian-looking, graffiti-covered prison rooms (which were given names like Grand Hotel, Throne Hall and San Souci) was considered almost obligatory for any socially minded student. The Studentenkarzer is now a museum and, alas, errant students are turned directly over to the police for punishment.

The flip side of Heidelberg's romantic student life was the dangerous bloodsport of dueling. Remember all those bon-bon movies with monocled Prussian villains, the ones with dueling scars crisscrossing their cheeks? A stereotype, certainly, but dueling was in fact widespread at Heidelberg right up until World War I. The duels fought there were really quite impersonal and dispassionate, fought by strangers for no other reason than the thrill of combat. There were five fraternity-like dueling societies that arranged matches between students, who had to fight at least twice a term or face being branded cowards.

The duels were polite and formal, each lasting fifteen minutes, or until one of the opponents was badly wounded, whichever came first. The students were padded and goggled to protect the eyes and vital organs, and then they advanced to a line, stood face to face about two-and-a-half feet apart and began flaying their sabers at one another. The idea was to split your opponent's face open. The blood sprayed as blades slashed cheeks, cut foreheads and split lips. When things got too bloody and slippery, a referee would throw some sawdust on the floor and the duel would continue. Of course a student doctor would always be on hand to sew up wounds (no anesthesia), but many students preferred to let the deep cuts fester in order to produce more vivid, macho scars. Gruesome, but true.

Do such things still go on in Heidelberg? Officially, no, but we were told on good authority that there are certain flag-topped mansions near the castle where duels still take place in secret. And we did see several students in smoky rathskel-



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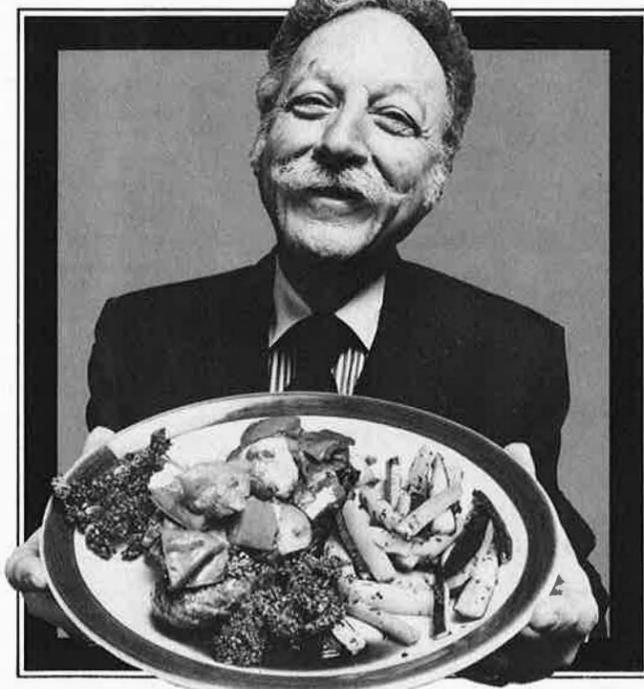
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lers who had suspicious scars on their faces.

Student life in Heidelberg may be like any other college town, only it seems much more romantic. Take the centuries-old, ivy-covered university buildings in the old section of town; a great image, but in fact they're used only for administrative purposes today. Classes are held in ugly square buildings in a more modern part of the city. Still, we found that the crowded, noisy rathskellers of cinema fame do really resound with beer-sloshing drinking songs, and ironically, one of the most frequently sung is a German version of *The Drinking Song* from—you guessed it—*The Student Prince*!

The best way to explore and enjoy Heidelberg is on foot, especially since much of the old quarter is now restricted to pedestrian traffic. During our week's stay, we began to appreciate that Heidelberg is really an onion-like, layer-within-a-layer town. On the most obvious level, it is an ancient town with many historical landmarks and sites. But it also happens to be a modern metropolis and an important center of industry and science, the U.S. Armed Forces headquarters for all Europe and a medical research center with more Nobel laureates than anywhere else in Germany. And through it all flows the Neckar, which has a life all its own, attracting not only thousands of commercial river barges but also lovers, fishermen and artists.

When Mark Twain visited Europe ninety years ago, he exclaimed that he had never in his life enjoyed a view that had such a serene and satisfying charm as Heidelberg in the morning. It is somehow appropriate that Heidelberg, the home of philosophers, poets and princes, should have been saved by an operetta. Poetry and song are the very definition of this charming city. □

Travel briefs

Ashland's Oregon Shakespearean Festival will be leading its annual tour of England, Scotland and Wales, August 24 to September 14. The tour includes plays, the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama and a banquet at Ruthin Castle in Wales, and visits Shakespeare's birthplace, the Lake Country and the Scottish Highlands. Cost is \$1,670 (not including air fare), including accommodations, transportation in England, theater tickets and many meals. Further information may be obtained from Shakespeare Tour, Box 158, Ashland, Oregon 97520.

Twelve days of top-level French cuisine are offered in a gastronomic tour led by Portland cooking teacher and writer Emily Crumppacker. The group will eat its way through eight days in Paris, with the rest in Champagne and Lyon, dining at three-star restaurants, watching demonstrations in the world's leading cooking schools and tasting wines in the cellars of Moet et Chandon. The tour leaves Portland September 23, costing \$2,553 including air fare. For more information contact Imperial Travel (224-8300), Portland.

DINING OUT

Iron and Butter

A Cottage Grove restaurant raises the cholesterol level of the Willamette Valley.

By David Sarasohn



The Iron Maiden, at The Village Green, Cottage Grove (942-2491). Dinner, Mon-Sun, 6-10; SB, 10-2. Reservations, full bar, wheelchair access, ACDMV.

In an earlier, more innocent time, before the release of *Last Tango in Paris*, the great French chef Fernand Point once cried, "Give me butter and more butter." For what were doubtless good reasons, M. Point never made it to Cottage Grove. But if he had, he might have been gratified by the Iron Maiden, where the menu is designed along lines that must have every cow in southern Lane County working double shifts.

The Iron Maiden—a name which may not be among the warmest and most welcoming of restaurant designations, but unquestionably conveys a certain seriousness of purpose—has pleased a number of people who did make it to Cottage Grove; it was recently named a Mobil Travelguide Five-Star Award winner. Doubtless the judges, having swum through sauces of raspberry vinegar and meat stock reductions elsewhere, were deeply moved to find a restaurant that could still make a cardiologist cry, that

still feels that food is most comfortable in sauces of heavy cream, alcohol and butter.

They were probably also impressed by the high quality of the ingredients used, a spectacular wine list, flawless service and the fact that most of the sauces involved turn out very well.

The restaurant serves as the dining room of the Village Green resort, and is, in fact, one large inviting room, with a fireplace, high ceilings and a baffling wire mesh curtain down the center. In a welcoming posture at the entrance is a large lady in cast iron, holding a bowl containing a small fire.

Inside, the menu is sizable, both in choices and in bulk; this is not a restaurant for half-measures. Appetizers include an unpriced selection of caviars, oysters both raw and Rockefeller, and smoked salmon, which is brought around on impressive display, an entire side upon a large varnished oak burl. Thin slices are gracefully removed at tableside and garnished with chopped onions, capers, sour cream and a small but seriously misconceived bagel. The salmon itself has a lovely texture, but the flavor could be more pronounced.

Among hot appetizers, mushroom bouchees are far more successful. Fresh mushrooms in a rich, gently flavored cream sauce are poured over patty shells, and the result is not only satisfying, but vividly illustrates two persistent themes of the restaurant: Extreme richness, and more than substantial portions.

A classic lobster bisque was notable not only for the perceptibly maritime creaminess of the soup, but for numerous chunks of lobster throughout. The onion soup gratinée would benefit from a stronger broth, but the overall effect works.

The Iron Maiden offers an impressive range of twenty-five entrees, including

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nightly specials, ranging through meats, fish and fowl, from Chateaubriand to fresh salmon. Simplicity is not the hallmark. A brace of quail are wrapped in bacon, roasted, placed on patty shells filled with goose liver paté, and covered with a Madeira sauce; the result is splendid, if a bit daunting. Breast of chicken Oscar is a well-prepared version of the dish, with a large amount of carefully sautéed chicken. Filet of sole Tout Paris, one night's special, covered a small pile of fried filets with shrimp and two sauces, a lobster sauce and a model hollandaise. Only a dish of veal with morels was disappointing, despite three large pieces of high quality veal and considerable morels; the sauce's consistency had toppled over the other side into pastiness.

Dinner tends to take a while at the Iron Maiden, with food appearing slowly. But the slowness of the service is more than made up for by its nature. The waiter confides the night's specials with the air of someone imparting a wonderful secret that he knows you'll be glad to hear; his account of the sole sounds like a Hare Krishna discussing enlightenment. The effect is not only warming, but reassuring: You calculate that if the waiter takes the food this seriously, the chef is probably paying attention himself.

The Iron Maiden has an entirely separate dessert menu, a recognition of that course's importance that too few restaurants make. The selections draw heavily from ice cream, whipped cream or, most often, both. For Strawberries Romanoff (served for two), the berries rest for a while in port while ice cream, whipped cream and Grand Marnier are beaten together to form a topping. The berries, commendably large and sweet to begin with, held up well beneath the onslaught. The restaurant's profiterole is a giant éclair-like form, filled with ice cream and covered with chocolate sauce and whipped cream; it is also well beyond the capacities of any two people.

The wine list numbers around 200 selections, probably one of the largest in the state. It is strongest on imports—nearly forty red Bordeaux, grouped by region—but there is also significant Northwest representation, notably a choice of eight Oregon pinot noirs, including the '75 Eyrie at \$75. The list in general is fairly pricey, although good choices can be found in the \$11-\$12 range.

The Iron Maiden is expensive. Entrees range from \$11.50 up past \$20, with most in the neighborhood of \$15. Appetizers are \$4 and up and desserts a bit less, with Strawberries Romanoff and a number of flambéed offerings costing \$9 for two. Dinner for two, with one of the less expensive bottles of wine, might well approach \$60. But on a cost per calories basis, and in several other ways, the Iron Maiden is a steal. ☐

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String of Pearls

Here are ten places on Oregon's Coast where the briny habitats of nature's most colorful creatures offer a wondrous show

By Marilyn McFarlane

It has been said that there is more life and death in the twelve-foot-wide strip between high and low tides than in any comparably sized area on earth.

Each year at about this time busloads of field-tripping Oregon school children rumble to the Coast to observe the tidal pools. They examine starfish and poke at sea anemones as they absorb some appreciation for the fecundity of these teeming intertidal zones.

Add to the busy curiosity of all these youngsters the trampling feet of thousands of tourists and beachcombers, and it is easy to understand why sea life in the most popular tidal pool areas has decreased in recent years. Haystack Rock at Cannon Beach, for example, has few of the rare and interesting life forms that once populated its surf-washed crannies. But even Haystack is far from depleted.

Elsewhere along Oregon's 400-mile-long coast, dotting it like a string of magnificent pearls, are tidal pool areas that still nurture as dazzling an array of sea creatures and ocean flora and fauna as there is to be found anywhere.

There are ten special places, including Haystack, that Laimons Osis of the Marine Science Center in Newport, one of the state's leading experts on rocky intertidal areas, considers unique either for their scenic splendor or the rich variety of plants and animals to be found there.

Because the collecting urge can be so damaging to a frail ecosystem, permits are required in most places for gathering intertidal invertebrates not normally used as food. The permits can be obtained from the Marine Science Center, Marine Science Drive, Newport, Oregon 97365. There is no charge for a permit, but a report must be filed stating the numbers of animals taken, from where and for what purpose.

The best time for exploring is at low tide. So you'll need a tidetable, available at any sporting goods store and at almost every shop and motel on the Coast. Knowing when the tide will rise and fall is also a safety measure; the power of the surf and tides merits extreme respect. Other sensible precautions to remember before wandering among pools at low tide are:

- Keep your eye on the ocean. Don't get so involved watching creatures in pools that you're cut off from land by a rising tide. Don't keep your back to the sea.
- If exploring near deep water, wear a life jacket.
- If caught by an unexpected wave, don't try to run. Cling to a rock and let the wave wash over you.
- Never walk on floating logs; they roll unpredictably.

Among the myriad plants and animals you can expect to see are starfish (sea-stars), mussels, barnacles, sea urchins, tube worms, sponges, sea anemones, ascidians, crabs, sea slugs, sea palms, sea lettuce, kelp, coralline algae, chitons, limpets, snails, pillbugs, sea squirts, sea cucumbers—the list goes on.

Osis's ten favorite intertidal gems from north to south:

Haystack Rock, Cannon Beach: Because Cannon Beach is a crowded summer haunt for northern Oregonians, Haystack Rock's diversity of life has suffered from overcollecting and overuse. But starfish, barnacles and mussels are still abundant. The seastack itself is a federal bird refuge and may not be climbed.

For serious tidal pool exploration, avoid the rock during the sandcastle-building contest in June. The major life form will be human, at times seeming

When the tide goes out at Harris Beach, puddle-sized worlds remain.



more dense than the barnacles.

The permit area extends 300 yards north and 300 yards south.

Haystack is Oregon's favorite drive-in rock—cars may be driven and parked on the sand, and a few have had nasty skirmishes with waves and incoming tides. Unless you are elderly or handicapped, park in town and walk the few yards to the beach.

Boiler Bay: Tide channels and inlets curve through flat bedrock; these and fields of boulders provide homes to algae, surf grass, mussels and purple sea urchins.

The permit area is bounded by Fogarty Creek on the north and Government Point (Boiler Bay State Park) on the south.

Boiler Bay State Park is one mile north of Depoe Bay. Two hundred yards east of the park is a small, gravel parking lot. Follow the steep trail from here to the beach.

Yaquina Head: A basaltic headland juts into the sea three miles north of Newport. Its south side, full of boulders, islands and tidal pools, is one of the most heavily used intertidal areas in the state. For good reason. It has extensive colonies of purple sea urchins, mussels, starfish and anemones.

The permit area extends to the sandy beach south of the pools.

To reach the head, turn west off Highway 101 at Lighthouse Road in Agate Beach. Parking is available. The trail to the beach is poor to adequate, depending on weather conditions.

The north side of Yaquina Head is much less popular, since it is relatively inaccessible unless the tide is very low. Ledges, cliffs and isolated rocks are scattered on the sandy beach. Several caves in the headland are homes to sponges, colonial ascidians (considered a possible link between vertebrates and invertebrates) and coralline algae. Look for seals, too, on the offshore islands.

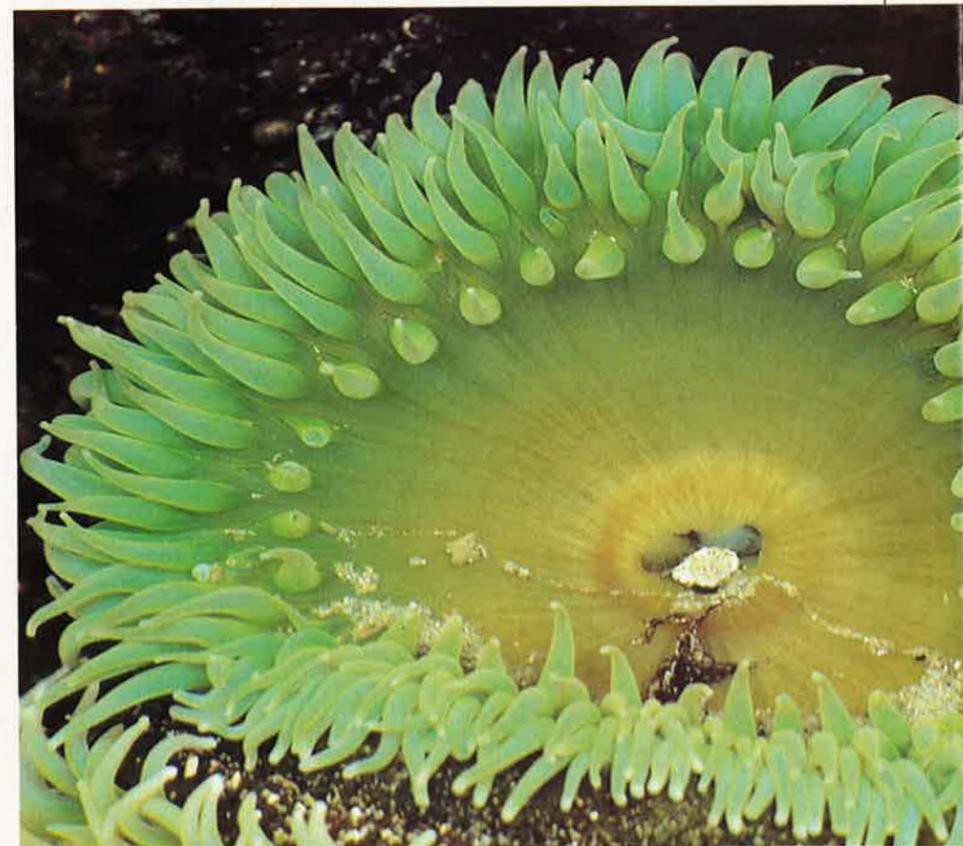
The permit area boundary is the sandy beach north of the rocks.

To get to the north side of the head, take Highway 101 to Shell Road, the first road north of Lighthouse Road in Agate Beach. Follow this to Fossil Street. Turn west and drive to the end. Parking is limited. A trail leads from here to the beach and to rocky areas a quarter mile to the south.

Yachats State Park: For about a half mile along the Coast north of the Yachats River, channels, small caves and tide pools create shelter for vast quantities of sea life. In the lower intertidal rocks, colonies of featherduster tube worms wave their colorful tendrils. Since there is little protection from the surf here, large plants are scarce. Rather, you will see small, tough flora such as the sea palm that is capable of holding its own against the tearing sea.



In the teeming tidal pools of Bray Point, sea stars (above) and sea anemones (below) find, and vividly decorate, their temporary homes.



In Yachats, turn west on Second Street or Ocean Drive. Several trails lead to the beach from the state park's large parking lot.

Cape Perpetua: Created by ancient lava flows, Cape Perpetua's massive basalt mountain drops steeply into the sea. The craggy rocks and incoming tides at Neptune State Park on the south of the cape can be hazardous, and the intertidal zone is limited, but sea life is lush. Sponges, colonial ascidians and encrusting algae line channels and caves. Green anemones live in the pools and among mussel beds; starfish and barnacles are common. Explore during the lowest tides, if possible.

The U.S. Forest Service Visitor's Center in Yachats offers guided tours and special programs. For details, call 547-3289.

Cape Perpetua's permit area lies between the northern boundary of Neptune State Park and the mouth of North Cape Creek.

Two miles south of Yachats, follow the signs to the Visitor's Center and take any among the network of trails to the beach. Or park at any nearby highway turnoff.

Bob Creek to Bray Point: From the southern boundary of Neptune State Park, the Cape Perpetua basal shelf continues for several miles, interspersed with tide channels and pools that provide a briny habitat for shellfish, starfish and anemones. In exposed areas, you'll find sponges and ascidians. Look for tube worms in the lower tidal zone.

Parking sites and access to the beach are just south of Bob Creek.

Cape Arago: Of the three coves at Cape Arago, the north cove is the largest, with rocky areas accessible to Shell Island and beyond during the lowest tides. Among the boulders on the cove's sandy beach are pools and channels with algae and a wide variety of animals. Sea lions and seals can be seen offshore.

The middle cove, separated from the north cove by reefs and rocky outcroppings, is smallest. A steep headland on the north is broken up by deep tide channels, cliffs and reefs. Scattered among the boulders are bedrock shelves and pools lined with purple sea urchins and, occasionally, solitary coral.

The south cove's sharp vertical cliffs break down to flat bedrock shelves and hundreds of boulders. The intertidal area has moderate algae growth and beds of bull kelp. Sea urchins, starfish, crab and chiton are plentiful.

The south boundary of the permit area is three-quarters of a mile south of Cape Arago State Park.

The park is eleven miles south of Coos Bay. Parking is available at all three coves. The north cove is easily accessible, while trails to the others are steep.

Cape Blanco: The westernmost point in

relatively undisturbed. Algae growth is heavy. Purple sea urchin beds are common, as are red sea cucumbers and kelp. Extra caution is advised, especially toward the northwest point of the cape, where large cliffs break into islands offshore. Many of the channels are deep and there is a chance of being trapped by the incoming tide.

The north and west ends of Cape Blanco are connected by a narrow tunnel that is passable only at low tide. The intertidal area on the north of the cape is about 400 yards long and extends 50 to 100 yards into the ocean.

Cape Blanco is ten miles north of Port Orford. An unused Coast Guard Station is on the cape; before reaching it, park along the road and look for the sheep trail in the thick, springy grass of the hillside. It leads down a slope to the beach about 300 yards from the road. Trails leading to the west side of the cape are less safe.

Lone Ranch State Park (Cape Ferrello): Tide pools are few, but life within them is rich and, for the most part, undisturbed by explorers. Rocky overhangs and caves offer protection from the waves.

Parking is ample at the state park five miles north of Brookings, and a number of trails provide easy access to the beach.

Harris Beach: There are several intertidal areas near Harris Beach. The main one is directly west of the campground. A sandy beach, boulders of all sizes, caves and a tunnel filled with surging waves create nooks and homes for much tidal life. Some unusual species such as solitary corals and umbrella crabs can be found.

The permit area extends from the north bank of the Chetco River to a half-mile north of Harris Beach State Park.

The state park is near the Chetco River at Brookings. Parking space is ample. To reach the rocky areas, take the trail leading from the main park road to the beach; then go south.

Marilyn McFarlane is a Portland writer who enjoys getting her feet wet in quest of a story.

Poolside Reading

The following well-illustrated books are excellent aids to identifying tidal pool specimens. They are available at the Marine Science Center bookstore in Newport.

A Field Guide to Seashore Life on Rocky Beaches of Oregon, by Jack and Marion Whitney, \$7.75.

Exploring the Seashore in British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, by Gloria Snively, \$9.95.

Between Pacific Tides, by E. F. Ricketts and J. Calvin (fourth edition revised by Joel Hedgpeth), \$9.50.



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The Right to Pump

Is self-service an opportunity for consumers, or for Big Oil?

By Cameron La Follette



By this time next year, depending on the will of the voter, your corner gasoline station may be displaying an unfamiliar sign—a sign inviting you, for the first time in Oregon's history, to pump your own gas.

Oregon and New Jersey now are the only states in the country that forbid self-service at gas stations. Efforts to lift the ban in the 1975, 1977, 1979 and 1981 legislatures foundered on the solid opposition of the Oregon Gasoline Dealers' Association (OGDA), and this year, proponents of self-service are seeking to put the issue directly on the ballot. They cite polls showing that 61 percent of Oregonians favor the self-service option, and the traditional popularity of consumer choice issues in the state.

But, according to the OGDA, self-service is not a question of consumer choice, but of the survival of small businesses. The OGDA and its supporters are afraid

self-service will allow the big oil companies to move in with company-operated stations, sell gas at lower prices and bankrupt the independent dealers. "Why would we want self-serve?" asks Wayne Bowlby, president of the OGDA. "Our profit margins are too low now for us to survive."

OGDA members undoubtedly feel the pinch affecting dealers nationwide. The Lundberg Letter, a nationally respected market observer, has estimated that the number of stations declined 16 percent between 1972 and 1976. Oregon stations have declined 11 percent to a current population of about 14,000. The big oil companies, says OGDA, have harassed dealers out of business with unsavory tactics across the country.

Most of the members of OGDA are lessee-dealers, who lease their stations and buy their gasoline from the so-called Seven Sisters: Exxon, Standard, Shell,

Union, Arco, Texaco and Mobil. They are full-service stations offering car accessories and repairs, something that is rapidly becoming a rarity elsewhere.

But the coalition supporting self-service also includes independent gasoline dealers, who own their own service stations and who buy gasoline from whatever refiners are offering the best price. They often have their own brand names, and they emphasize cash sales and quick service, but offer no car maintenance. For them, self-service means lower costs and greater volume.

Self-service proponents don't fear the emergence of Seven Sisters-owned stations; they argue that the giant oil companies rarely operate their own retail stations because they don't like the controversy. "The Seven Sisters are a low-profile industry," says Dwight Rudd, District Manager for Gull Oil, an independent supplier. "They hate publicity, good, bad or indifferent."

Farm groups, another component of the self-service coalition, are involved in the battle for another reason. There is a loophole in the present law that some independent oil companies are exploiting so fully it is in danger of being closed and farmers are afraid they will be the losers if that happens. In 1966, the Attorney General ruled that a service-station owner could make agreements with commercial customers who bought more than 2,500 gallons a year to pump gasoline themselves using automatic keylocks. The idea was that the general public would not be involved, since only the customers with keys—in most cases farmers—could unlock and use the pumps.

Gradually, keylocks are giving way to cardlocks, in which a computerized card opens the pumps and automatically charges the right amount for the purchase. Cardlocks are irresistibly profitable; they allow big volume sales with no labor costs.

Unfortunately, the Attorney General did not define "commercial," and the agricultural-supply cooperatives, many of whom invested in \$25,000 cardlock systems, are nervous. "We're afraid that in-

dependent oil companies are letting just anyone have a card," worries Dick Wilcox, executive secretary of the Agricultural Cooperative Council of Oregon. "If there is an investigation, it will show cardlocks essentially being used at retail, and that is definitely illegal." Fearful of the response, and wanting to expand, cardlock supporters are throwing their weight toward legalizing self-service for everybody.

Another alternative to self-service that has emerged in Oregon is the "mini-service" bay, where the customer does everything but pump the gas, and prices are usually cheaper. The OGDA fought mini-service too. Says Bowlby, "Dealers have to ask, 'What did I do to bring that customer back, just standing there with my hands in my pockets pumping gas?' We need better margins, not more volume." Traditionally, the dealer's profit has come from so-called TBA—tires, batteries, accessories—rather than gasoline volume. Mini-service, like self-service, increases volume at the expense of car repair to keep prices low. According to the Lundberg Letter, dealers' profit margins at full-service stations hover around thirteen cents a gallon, while self-service profits hover around five cents a gallon, and operators hope to make up the difference on volume.

"We oppose self-service because the return is too small," says Bowlby. "Only the oil companies can survive on such small margins, and our survival depends on keeping them out. Dealers' strength has always been in customer services, but it provides little profit to the oil companies. Self-service might well mean a decrease in those traditional customer services, with corresponding drops in dealer profits."

The OGDA's warnings of big oil company feudalism, likely to strike a responsive chord in many hearts, gain extra weight from a Congressional study, *The Problems of Small Retail Petroleum Marketers*, a 1976 report of the U.S. House of Representatives Subcommittee on Energy and Environment. The report did indeed blame the oil companies for dealers' problems: "By concentrating on self-serve and low retail gasoline prices, these refiners undercut their own branded dealers. . . . They [the dealers] cannot long endure the coercive economic pressures which can be exerted against them by a refiner upon whom they are dependent for their supply."

The OGDA also stresses that gasoline is just as flammable in 1981 as it was in 1959, when the state legislature outlawed self-service for safety reasons. Bowlby's testimony to the legislature invariably in-

Cameron La Follette is a Eugene writer.

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cludes a package of gruesome newspaper articles about fires and explosions at gas stations.

Self-service supporters don't think that it will lure the big oil companies to come in with company-owned stations and gobble up local dealers. The *Oil and Gas Journal* looked at company stations in 1977 and found them declining: Shell alone dropped from 600 stations to 150 nationwide, and the same trend seems evident in Oregon. It is doubtful the Seven Sisters would put the cornering of Oregon's retail gasoline market high on their list of priorities anyway, say self-service supporters. The state has less than one percent of the national gasoline market.

Dwight Rudd, of Gull Oil, agrees. "As an independent company, I'm always looking back at the Seven Sisters to see if they're trying to put us out of business. But they're just not equipped to run street operations. They need the dealers." Rudd said that Gull, with thirty stations in Oregon and 100 in Washington, tried company stations and is now returning to dealer stations.

"If safety were a problem," says Dick Allen, a Salem attorney who represented independent oil companies lobbying in the legislature for self-service, "it would have been demonstrated by now." Insurance rates seem to bear him out. The Insurance Service Office of New York, which establishes rates for commercial properties in forty-three states including Oregon, has no rate differential between full-serve and self-serve stations.

Many petroleum marketers predict that the traditional service station will disappear, replaced by self-serve stations with convenience stores where the grease pits used to be. Dealers, they say, must adapt to refiner and consumer needs. Refiners must increase retail profits, which increase with volume sold, to finance expensive explorations. Consumers want fast gas and lower prices.

That apocalyptic prediction is usually aimed at gasoline dealers who resist self-service in the name of survival. Even in Oregon, these market exigencies may simply drown dealers' objections.

But how much cheaper will prices really be if self-service is legalized? Right now, Oregon is a highly competitive market. Price wars are especially common in Eugene and seem to be spreading to Portland. According to a Lundberg Letter survey in November, Portland's mini-serve prices are already a full eight cents cheaper a gallon than full-serve prices. Nationally, self-service is still at least one or two cents cheaper, but the gap narrows as competition forces all prices down. If the petition gets on the ballot, the only thing Oregonians can be sure they're voting for is the right to pump their own gas. □

continued from page 31

to tie up the county in obstructive appeals. "This kind of organization should be shut down. They're destructive. It's because of organizations like this that Oregon is in economic paralysis." In the last year, she says, the Disciples have already put \$15-\$20 million into the Oregon economy.

THE SANYASIN, CLAIMS David Knapp, are caught in "kind of a Catch-22." Knapp, a southern California psychologist who became a Disciple four years ago in Poona, now largely handles the group's dealings with official bodies. The Antelope people, he complains, want to keep them out of town and are denying building permits, "which we need and deserve." At the same time, 1000 Friends of Oregon, with Antelope's support, is seeking to prevent the incorporation of Rajneeshpuram, which would allow for urban development and services on the ranch. "According to the 1000 Friends brief," he says, "the solution is to go to Antelope, the nearest stated urban growth area."

The only reason the Disciples are in Antelope at all, claims Knapp, is the difficulty they've encountered with Rajneeshpuram. "We regard our presence in Antelope as definitely temporary," he says. "As soon as 1000 Friends drops its suit, we will withdraw."

The increased Rajneesh population in town, he says, is not due to Disciples moving in before the disincorporation vote. "As long as we have a housing shortage on the ranch, we'll need places in Antelope," Knapp explains.

But the locals, although admitting that the Disciples have ascribed their presence to temporary necessity before, are dubious. They are even more dubious about claims that the community's population in Antelope was not swelling as the election approached. The total had grown, they charged, from twelve at the time the vote was called, to twenty-seven by late March. At that time, Knapp estimated a population "certainly no more than thirty-six," with fifteen or twenty registered to vote in Antelope.

Although the Rajneesh attempted to block the disincorporation vote, Silverman maintained that she could not say how the Disciples registered in town would vote. "Our people are not robots," she says firmly. "The man who runs the store in town is a very political animal. I wouldn't dare tell him how to vote. Voting is a private privilege. I don't know anything to say about that."

What does she think is going to happen in the Rajneesh dispute with Antelope?

"What's going to happen is what they've brought upon themselves," she says. "Let's divert attention from this

pettiness to something more essential, more vital. Let's look inside ourselves."

THE LAND

THE WAY to get to Central Oregon from the Willamette Valley is to drive east until you reach the West. Past the Cascades, where the rain stops and the people thin out, the West Coast ends and the West starts, and it runs from there to the Great Plains. When the rain reappears, you've reached the Midwest.

The lack of water has shaped the land and the agriculture and the politics of the West since settlement began. It has started range wars, sparked Supreme Court cases and caused millions of people who moved there to pick up and move again. Most of the ones who stayed were probably secretly pleased with that part: It left them to enjoy not only the region's most scarce commodity, water, but its most abundant, space.

Water and space, and feelings about people moving in to share them, are crucial issues in the dispute between the Antelope locals and the Disciples. The town's claim that it does not have enough water to permit a 111-worker printing plant is writ much larger in the locals' concerns about the water needed to maintain large-scale experimental agriculture and a new city of 2,000. But just the prospect of that many people, even if their total water needs were supplied by a daily airdrop of Perrier, is enough to unsettle people whose ideas of space have been shaped by living among vast dry expanses. "When I had to go to Portland for the doctor," recalls Lottie Barthwick, a great-grandmother who has spent her whole life in the area, "it was just like being in prison."

To an urban eye, the Big Muddy Ranch seems an unlikely population-density danger area. It totals 64,000 square acres, plus 18,000 owned by the Bureau of Land Management and leased by the Rajneesh, for an area well over 100 square miles, about one-fourth the size of Multnomah County. You drive for ten miles, already on the property, before seeing any significant signs of settlement. It does seem as though 2,000 people could be put into the area without courting urban sprawl.

But the local ranchers, who manage spreads of 10,000 acres with one family, find a proposal for 730 agricultural workers and a slightly greater supporting population incomprehensible and threatening. To this, the Disciples respond that they will be doing not open-range livestock ranching, but entirely different,

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Council meetings are no longer casual. The Disciples videotape the proceedings. And large delegations, sometimes several busloads, appear at the meetings and respond to statements they disagree with by laughing in unison.

more labor-intensive agriculture. Questions about why they need so many people, they say, are usually answered by a tour of the ranch.

The work done so far by the ranch's 280 inhabitants is impressive. Selected from sanyasin all over the world for particular skills, they work from 7:30 in the morning until 7:00 at night, with a half-day off every two weeks; a notice on the cafeteria bulletin board invites Disciples to give their half-day to "beautify the ranch" by planting trees.

With the aid of a sizable investment in heavy equipment, they have put up a cafeteria, six greenhouses, a dairy barn for fifty Holsteins and have begun road work. They expect to plant 6,000 fruit trees this spring, using an Israeli drip-irrigation system. They say they have planted 1,000 acres of winter wheat (the locals are skeptical of the figure) and will put in another 2,000 acres of oats and barley this spring. They have improved the roads, and a rock crusher is slowly turning a cliff to gravel. And they have successfully dug wells and are beginning a dam to hold the spring runoff.

"We have ample water," says Silverman. "Not only that, we are creating projects to conserve water. We are more careful than anyone in the past has been. The people complaining are upstream from us. Their carelessness will affect us." To their requests for incorporation, and for permits from Wasco County for another 400 mobile homes, the Disciples have appended statements from several water experts.

The locals, however, are not persuaded, and the fact that the Disciples' wells are bringing up water does not reassure them. "There's not much water out there," complains one rancher. "There are some good springs, but we're afraid that their wells will dry up those springs." Like everything else the Disciples do, their water policy is seen as a threat. "Water rights are water rights," says another, "but they've got pretty good lawyers."

And there is also an undercurrent of resentment that newcomers should be telling veteran ranchers about the potentialities of the land in southern Wasco County. "They come in here," complains one, "and say they're going to show us how to farm it efficiently." Others say that the Disciples should first show that they can farm the land successfully before they set up the city the farming is supposed to sup-

port. Like the wells, the new technology is not comforting. "Maybe," admits one local, "we resent them because they can buy new tractors and we can't."

Martin Zimmerman, of the Jefferson County Agricultural Extension Service (two-thirds of the ranch is in Jefferson County, although all of the proposed city is in Wasco), does not think that the Disciples are likely to suck up all the water from under their neighbors' property. But he is not optimistic about the Big Muddy Ranch's prospects.

"With unlimited capital, drip irrigation and a few pumps, you can do some pretty interesting things, but not usually on a large-scale basis," he says. "People have attempted dry-land farming before, and the soil is rather poor. Greenhouse attempts have not been profitable in this area. To have 1,500 irrigated acres of crops, you need about 5,000 acre-feet of water. I really question whether they're going to have that."

But, Zimmerman admits, his calculations may be beside the point.

"From a practical, commercial agricultural standpoint, the things they're doing aren't very feasible. But from where they're coming from, they don't have to be practical. They're looking at it from quite another perspective. The Egyptians, thousands of years ago, watered some pretty barren hillsides with a six-mile bucket brigade. You can't say it's impossible."

BUT THE OPPOSITION to the group's most cherished project, the city of Rajneeshpuram, does not hinge upon questions of water or the likelihood of agricultural success. The three separate pieces of land, totaling a little more than three square miles, where the Disciples propose to incorporate are composed entirely of soil Level VII or worse, land on which growing anything is difficult. Silverman complains that, on the one hand, people say that they'll never grow anything on the ranch, but when the Disciples want to use part of it for a city, suddenly they claim it's valuable agricultural land. The group also insists, despite claims by opponents, that the city will not exceed 2,000 Disciples. "It would be fantastic if a lot of others wanted to move in," says David Knapp, "but we don't expect that."

The 1000 Friends of Oregon brief maintains, however, incorporation violates

the state's land-use goals. "Once established, a city has a license to expand without any power on the part of the state to question," warns Bob Stacey of 1000 Friends. "The Rajneesh could change their mind and decide that they wanted a large urban area with a large population there. Now is the time to question whether we want that."

The residents of Antelope, unsurprisingly, doubt whether the new city would remain that size. "I think it's entirely possible that the population may well exceed 2,000 in a short time," darkly warns Keith Mobley, Antelope city attorney, who practices in The Dalles. "I think that they would like to have a very substantial city, larger than the population of Wasco County [21,750]. Unless some resistance is there, it's going to be a relatively short time before they control Wasco County."

To such charges, Sheela Silverman only laughs and spreads her arms wide.

"Where I am going to put them?" she asks. "Can you find me space? It's common sense." She projects only a city of "2,000 people residing happily in 1995."

Even at the projected levels, Rajneeshpuram would have an impact on the area.

"There might be long-term impacts that would keep the problems going for a long time," carefully says Bob Oliver, executive assistant to Governor Atiyeh, who has met with both sides. "If the population continues to grow, it would be a political force in Wasco County. As the population increases there will also be a need for more services from the county."

The settlement would also, however, change more than the politics. To the intentionally isolated residents of Antelope, it would affect the entire nature of their lives, something they thought they had the power to choose.

"I consider it pretty valuable, the sense of space out here," says Lloyd Forman, who works on his father's ranch outside the town. "I don't say all these people are going to ruin it, but it's sure going to change things."

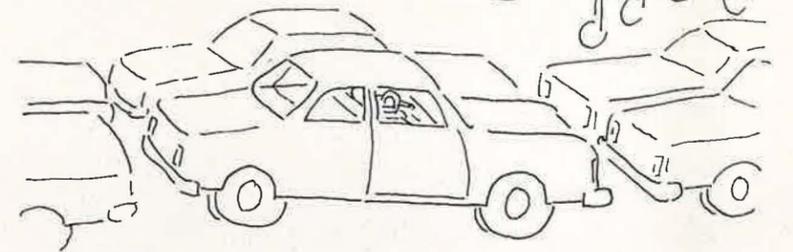
Another Antelope resident, Frank MacNamee, says that he has no plans to leave. But when pressed, he hesitates. "You get to the point where you feel like you're fighting the whole world. Sometimes you wonder if you're doing right. But what those people believe in is really different from what we believe in, what we were brought up to.

"I just wish I knew what's right."

At about twenty minutes to three on the day of the vote, out of a clear sky, hail suddenly started to fall on Antelope. Up to that point, inexplicable natural phenomena had been all the day had lacked.

For weeks before the election, the townspeople had warned that the Disci-

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ples would simply move enough people into Antelope to control it. But when it became clear that exactly that had happened, they seemed, if not surprised, at least taken aback.

Knowing that the last two days' registration had turned the odds against them, they gathered in glum groups outside the school where the votes were being cast and in the parking lot where the media cars created Antelope's first parking problem, watching the stream of new voters, most of whom were wearing red. Still, a certain local cheerfulness persisted in the basement of the school, where Antelope's women sought to raise money for legal expenses by selling homemade sandwiches and pie to people with expense accounts.

Before any votes were cast, the town was planning to challenge, arguing that the fifty-five Disciples who registered—and voted against dissolution—could not all be legal residents. Had the election somehow gone the other way, the Disciples had planned to appeal; the election was less a referendum on dissolution of the town than on which group would go to court the next week.

In the back room of Zorba the Buddha, Sheela Silverman propped up her phlebitis-stricken left leg and talked to the people from "60 Minutes" about the progress of tree-planting on the ranch and the events of the day. "It's a good circus," she said. "I enjoy it." Earlier, in a jammed press conference, she had repeated that if the group could get what it wanted on the ranch, it would be willing to sell its Antelope properties.

Talk of a compromise, which comes up intermittently, always seems to run head-on into a wall of obstacles. Both the commune and its opponents, 1000 Friends of Oregon, say they regard the incorporation of Rajneeshpuram as non-negotiable. The townspeople of Antelope say they wouldn't trust the Disciples to keep an agreement. And on all sides, there is evidence of the certain solidifying of position that results from explaining oneself too often on television.

Still, Ed Sullivan, the Disciples' lawyer, is guardedly optimistic. "There'll be some resolution. It may not be exactly what anybody wants. But somewhere, good sense and good will will prevail."

Keith Mobley, Antelope city attorney, doesn't disagree. But as he counts up the conflicts at the city, county, state and federal levels—the Disciples have given notice that they may sue for violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and civil rights acts—he phrases his expectations differently.

"This," he said on election day, looking around at the townspeople, the Disciples, the cameras and the hostility, "could go on for a long time." □

continued from page 39

minimum-wage work crew? Why is everything so bloody expensive? Kerr points at the ceiling of the orientation building and smiles resolutely, "Because I wanted wood, not sheet-rock . . ."

Donald Kerr frankly admits to creating a job for himself: "I wanted to be in the desert environment, and there was a desire to do something good." For Kerr, "good" doesn't mean just cheap altruism, but stubborn attention to quality and detail. The museum will never resemble Disneyland, nor the Washington Park Zoo, where Kerr once worked as an instructor. A pox on cages and the dizzy dementia of amusement parks. At the High Desert Museum there will be no cardboard cutouts, no papier-maché mockery. It is "wood, not sheet-rock" all the way.

The price of constantly evolving capsule environments is dear, but well worth it. The educational value of the museum cannot be measured in filthy lucre. Like the living exhibits themselves, education squirms around in one's grasp, defying simple labels and price tags.

Donald Kerr has been busting the buttons on his Levis for the last ten years—planning, pounding pavement, pumping piasters—because he has as much desire to teach as to administer. Mr. Chips of the high desert. The participatory, plants and animals à la carte, concept of the museum is the central impetus for learning; Kerr firmly believes that waking up the senses will also wake up the mind.

Although Donald Kerr has an environmentalist background, he is no nattering nabob of naturalism. Kerr states resolutely that the museum will "not advocate stands on specific resource issues." The museum will not be a platform for politics . . . simple as that. Preservationist, agricultural, real estate, ranching and recreational interests will have to go for each other's throats on their own turf.

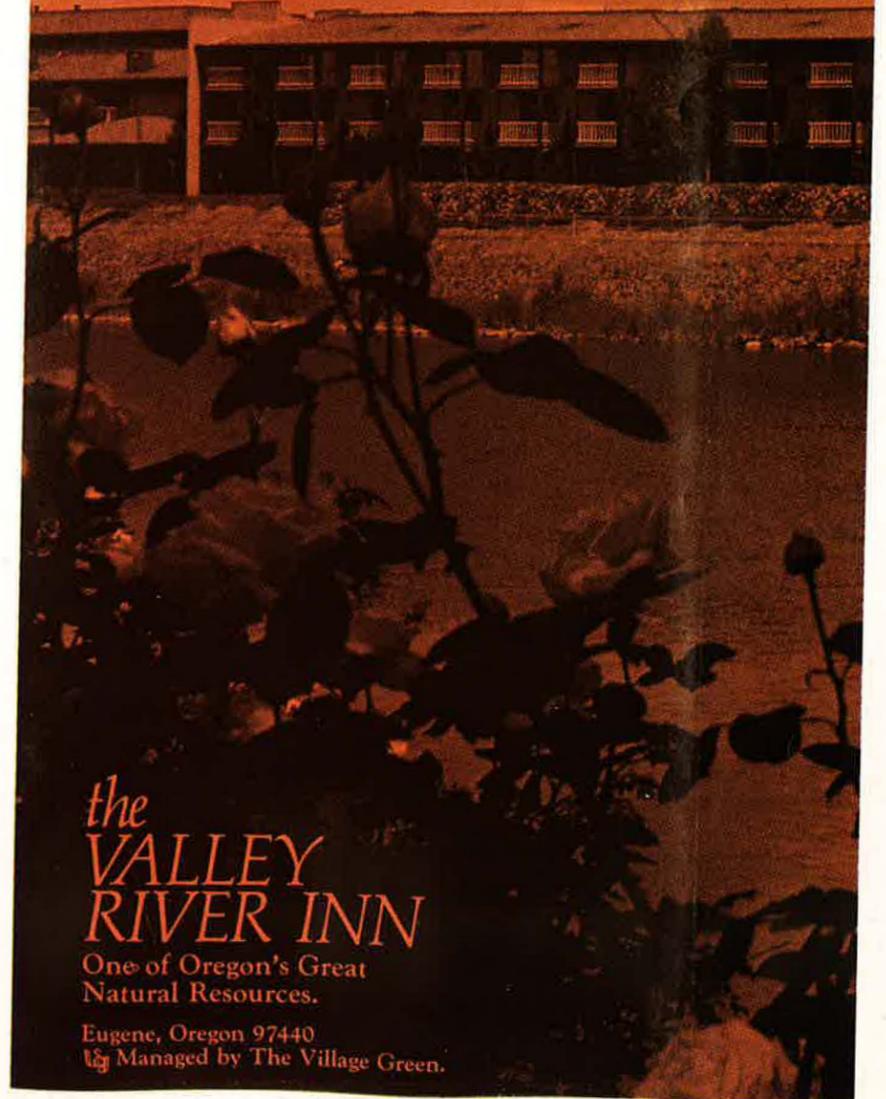
Despite the studied neutrality, it is obvious that if you introduce a kid to the taste of chocolate he's not going to burn down the corner candy shop. Besides being a dispensary of heavy-duty life sciences information, the High Desert Museum is a fun place to be. Whether going there for the purpose of rapture, or to gauge the twitches of a woodrat's whiskers or simply to entertain a stationwagon load of kids, the philosophical purpose—the delicate balance between propaganda and the platonic ideal—is pleasantly realized in this museum's touchy-feely environment.

Knowledge blazes the trail to appreciation and appreciation guides the protective spirit. This natural repository is clearly an intelligent investment in the future of Oregon's high desert country. □

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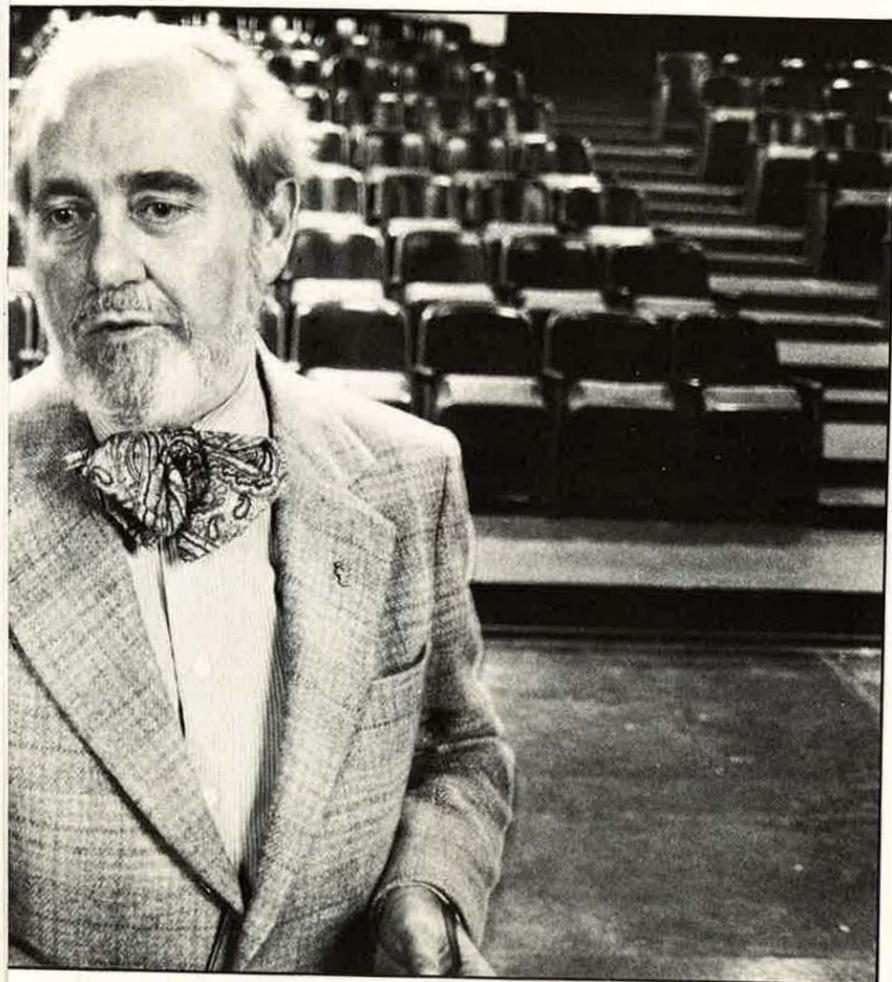
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Undaunted, Nelson began his trek to government and corporate offices, remembering the words of an early idol, Chicago's Daniel Burnham: "Make no small plans, for they have not the power to excite men's souls."

"Frank is intimidated by nothing," says Anna Elliott, costume designer and a close friend who has known him since his days at the University of Chicago. "He has supreme self-confidence. He is tenacious, thorough, stubborn. And he loves the arts."

"People seem willing to give me money," reflects Nelson as he stands ready for fundraising in his plaid suit and oversized bow tie, with architectural drawings tucked under his arm. The new Gallery Players of Oregon building on McMinnville's Main Street, completed in the spring, contains dance studio, arena stage

and kitchen facilities for dinner theater. It connects with the old mainstage building, which is next on the docket for renovation. Already, \$100,000 has been spent in making all parts of both theaters accessible to the handicapped.

Nelson makes it clear that he and his cohorts are not aiming at professional theater. This is *community* theater, for the locals, by the locals, with the hope that a summer repertory of plays from the American Theater will bring overnight guests to McMinnville. In a recent production of Arthur Miller's *The Price*, the lead was a car salesman who hadn't acted since high school. Other top roles were played by two Linfield College professors and a nurse. Nelson hopes to prove that with vision and drive, even a little town of under 25,000 people can have a first-rate performing arts center. □

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