

# Two in review: Magazines

## Rainbow turns Oregon beauty, art into colorful publication

By Glen Gibbons

This magazine was due: a quarterly publication by Oregonians about Oregon.

As an East Coast acquaintance observed to me recently, "Oregon is very chic these days."

The state has begun to develop an image — stronger among non-Oregonians than natives perhaps — of a latter-day, idyllic environmental paradise with public beaches and only "clean industry," sort of a Last Homely House of the West, overlooked since the California Gold Rush rerouted the Oregon Trail traffic several hundred miles south.

As a promotional brochure told prospective readers: the magazine is "For the dream that is Oregon in the hearts of those who love her... For Oregonians everywhere who have never set foot in

Oregon, but for whom the state stands as a beacon of what can be. Or be again."

Oregon Rainbow fosters this image, but projects it through the keenly fond eyes of those close at hand.

The magazine escapes easy categorization. One might describe it as a multi-media — poetry, graphics, photography, architecture — presentation of arts with a strong historical, journalistic orientation.

Contents of this first issue include: "Keep Oregon Green, etc.," a rainbow series of exquisite photographs, each designed around a strong thematic color and a poem by William Stafford, perhaps Oregon's best-known contemporary poet; "Cascade Head: A Profile," a historical and visual trek through the ruggedly alluring promontory on Oregon's central coast, recently designated a scenic research area by Congress;

"Ceramics of Ken Shores," which examines Shore's unusual conjunction of earth and air elements in pottery that uses feather motifs; "Everything's Coming Up Rose's," yet another article on former Portland restaurateur Rose Naftalin, including two unpublished recipes for pastries such as made her delicatessen in northwest Portland the caloric goal of many a fervent pilgrim; "Old Church," a pictorial study of the Portland landmark's Gothic Revival architecture; "Farewell Rosaria," which traces the 70-year development of Portland's Rose Festival — with numerous nostalgic asides — and fashions a pleasant cameo of Thelma Hollingsworth, the Festival's first elected Queen; "Men Alone: Shepherders of Oregon," a previously published journey (with new, additional photos) of a vanishing profession among the arid hills of Eastern Oregon.

Everywhere the photography, whether stark and powerful black-and-whites or lavish color reproductions, succeeds unambiguously. The natural beauty of Oregon has received photographic attention by such talents as Ray

Atkeson whose Oregon and Oregon II books have sold well. Oregon Rainbow in many places matches and occasionally exceeds these earlier efforts with the added benefit, as a serial publication, of timeliness and continued evolution of process. The visual success of the magazine seems less surprising when one learns that two of the three partners who created and publish Oregon Rainbow — Robin and Heidi Rickabaugh — possess international reputations in graphic designs.

Editorially, the publication lags behind its own artistic vanguard. Occasionally, the written copy accompanying articles — having been so overshadowed by the dynamism of the graphics — appears only to fill the intervals between pictures, rather than assert its merits in its own right, as though the story-line was merely a rest area for the satiated eye.

The Cascade Head feature lapses into National Geographic prose through several passages, as if to survive the panoramic trek of photos required making seasoned troupers of language. Author Lionel Fisher, the magazine's con-

tributing editor, swings ambivalently through his Rose Festival story — at times maudlin, almost mawkish in his second-hand reminiscences, elsewhere obscurely critical, as he touches upon the blatant commercial aspect of the festival or the tardy inclusion of racial minorities among Rose Parade royalty. The Naftalin article is fulsome in its adulation.

Words prosper most in Stafford's poetry, which provides a lean counterstroke to the richness of the "Keep Oregon Green, etc." art. Michael Mather's writing effectively embellishes and explains some points that may escape his photographs in the shepherd article.

But the most critical comment that might be mustered against the magazine pales before the extraordinary value of this publication. The art alone is worth the time and cost one might devote to Oregon Rainbow.

The work represented in the magazine comes almost entirely from Oregonians on a free-lance basis, according to Everett Thorne, third partner in the venture. Thorne, a native of Pendleton in eastern Oregon and a 1966 University of Oregon graduate, says that the magazine is seeking publication-ready photo essays for future issues. Some \$8,000 has been budgeted per issue for contributors, who, Thorne says, all too often are paid next to nothing by magazines for their work.

Although presently based in Portland, along with the magazine, Robin Rickabaugh also claims status as a native Oregonian, having spent his childhood in Eugene. His brother, Rene, who added the graphics that enrich Rose Naftalin's recipes, lives and works in Eugene. Rene's drawings — for menus, notices and wall display — have been seen by patrons of the Excelsior Cafe on 13th Avenue.

The design and layout of the Spring 76 issue were almost flawless. An odd juxtaposition of a full-page Old Church photo, with the cover page for the Rose Festival opposite it, seemed to be the single noticeable false step. Vigor of photo reproduction — high definition, retention of vivid color, and contrast in the black-and-whites — was accomplished through use of expensive high-gloss paper printed using a one-color process: each color layer laid on one at a time.

Consequently, the cost of Oregon Rainbow seems a little high in comparison with similarly sized magazines: \$6 per single copy, \$20 annual subscription. The absence of any advertisements on the magazine's 64 pages, however, mitigates the expense somewhat. Gift subscriptions have turned out to be popular, says Thorne, who added that 2,000 regular readers have already signed up.

Nine patrons of the magazine provided about 10 per cent of revenue for the first issue, according to Thorne. But the publishers have not decided if they will seek patrons for future editions or try to make it on sales alone.

Oregon Rainbow should begin appearing this week in Eugene bookstores, including the UO Co-op Bookstore, which will soon feature the magazine in a window display, Book Mart, J.K. Gill, Walton's and the Literary Lion.

Future issues will be released on the first day of each season — summer, autumn, winter — just as this first appeared on the vernal equinox in late March.

Address for Oregon Rainbow is P.O. Box 14935, Portland, Ore., 97214

## The University's own — Northwest Review

If the search for meaning is also the search for origins, then the latest edition of Northwest Review, appearing on bookstore shelves this week, has provided us with a gently rustic, partial map for the journey.

Loosely assembled under the rubric "Folklore," this University-based publication has gathered between its covers a selection of prose, poetry, photography and essays devoid of the academic connotations that often destroy such efforts' effectiveness.

(folk and otherwise), poems by William Stafford, a collection of original folksongs that provided inspiration for more recent renditions by such artists as Bob Dylan and Peter, Paul and Mary and even an excerpt from a novel of the future that prophesies a return to neoshamanism and intercultural folk origins.

Several translations of Ha'aninin (American Indian) tales edited and transcribed by Karl Pohrt (who tape recorded his Father's telling of them at Fort

Prophets and prophetic literature are without honor in their own land. I feel fortunate that the decision to review this magazine led me to read these selections.

Unity and continuity through the century of Applegate-Oregon history is provided in the text, skillfully and literately written by Shannon Applegate, a member of the present generation in her family. Applegate threads her narrative through a wealth of memorabilia: photos from cracked and aging albums, a family tree, poems written by great aunts, extracts from pioneer George Applegates notebook, her own diary.

Anchoring her commentary is the powerful sense of presence of Evan and Eeva Applegate, two identical twins born in the late 19th century. An overtly mystic overlay of different times and personalities, culminating nonetheless in the descendant, permeates Shannon Applegate's story.

Of a visit with her frail, debilitated Aunt Eva, then more than 90, Applegate describes this metaphysical fusion:

*My heart is beating; I feel it thrusting against the walls of my chest. I am inside this old woman, our senses merging. Beneath the marred transparency of skin, beneath the veins floating near the surface. Behind the eyes of watered green, nearly sightless, minute white islands of cataracts, pupils dilating from the Demarol, the pulse, our pulse, pulls, pushes the skin up and down, slender wrists, blood moving. Family blood...Part of the organic sum of the "family" floating down the river. Her ancestors are mine drowning the Columbia. Family women calling from the boats across a century: "Men, do not quit the oars! Men! We cannot save the boys!"*

Later she writes of occult noises in the family house where she lives near Yoncolla,

obscure rattlings and half-perceived visions of a feminine presence wearing turn-of-the-century clothes.

Elsewhere the peculiar tragedies, the irrevocable events that mark, sometimes mar, a family, are recounted with poignant, penetrating style. She tells us about a great-uncle, maimed in a childhood accident, who lived out his life in an upstairs bedroom, bound to a bed to prevent self-injuries.

Northwest Review has scored a coup in securing the Applegate documents. Readers of the magazine might well consider themselves richly gifted with the entire contents of this issue.

Copies of Northwest Review are available for reading in the University main library. The magazine will go on sale at the EMU Main Desk and such local bookstores as The Id, Koob-dooga, UO Co-op, Book and

Tea, Book Mark and Merlin's. The press run for this edition was only 1800, according to Northwest Review Editor Mike Strelow.

Northwest Review, until 1970 funded by the University, is an independent publication operating out of the English department. Single-issue price remains \$2, a figure below the publishing costs of the magazine, which is made possible by funds from patrons and institutional donors. Subscriptions are also available at student rates of \$4 a year, \$6 for two years.

A radio drama, written by Shannon Applegate, which deals further with her family and Oregon during the Civil War, will be broadcast between 9:30 and 10 a.m. Sunday on Portland FM station KINK.



Eva and Eeva Applegate

Folkish wisdom that escapes time past arrives, cluttered but honest — a cultural heritage that circumvents the political inventions of most formal histories.

(Ah, cultural heritage — the kiss of death for honest endeavor in this clumsily commercial Bicentennial year. But Northwest Review has nothing to apologize for in its skilled, diverse and sophisticated collection.)

Editors of this issue apparently offered a wide latitude to the categorical direction of Folklore. The articles cast about among photo essays of bull-riding and architecture

Belknap Reservation) testify to the power of oral tradition. Pohrt presents the tales divided into lines based on breath units — the pauses inserted by the Ha'aninin narrator — in an effort to convey something of the character of the spoken stories. A number of drawings by Pohrt's brother, Thomas, used for a calendar printed by Bear Claw Press, accompany the tales.

Probably the thematic kernel of the magazine is a lengthy section devoted to history and reflections of the Applegates, an Oregon pioneer family. Americana and pioneer history usually do not attract me.



Thomas Pohrt calendar drawing

Surface and Symbol  
Edited by Bob Webb  
and Glen Gibbons



Thelma Hollingsworth  
Early Rose Festival Queen

Photo by Michael Mather  
Courtesy of Oregon Rainbow

## Persuasions are coming; R & B steamroller runnin'

Let's see, need to hit the books...hmmmm...need a cup of coffee, a pack of smokes, matches, highlighter, and the background hum of the FM.

Chapter one...what's this? Better turn up that tune on the box.

"I'm lookin', lookin', lookin', lookin' for a love to call my own."

By Barbara Geiser

That certainly ain't the J. Geils Band — matter-of-fact — there's no band at all, just panting voices.

Who is this emitting energy through the airways? Better sit right down and call the station.

Oh! It's the Persuasions! Man, they're hot, movin' like a musical steamroller chuggin' and rollin' a steady beat. Real catchy tune they're running.

So began a lasting, casual relationship with a group that specialized in singing acapella, the Persuasions.

The blend of Jimmy (Bro) Hayes, Joseph (Jesse) Russell, Willie C. Daniels and Herbert (Tubo) Rhoad perfected their multiple-voice singing style over a decade ago. Originally calling the Parisians, the group turned professional with a diverse repertoire ranging from tight R & B to spiritual rockers.

Keeping up with the times and remaining true to their roots convinced the Persuasions to incorporate instrumentals into their act. Their second album, *More Than Before*, was a first attempt at combining the group's controlled voices with instruments. The album, *I Just Want to Sing With My Friends*, not only reflects the group's attitude towards music, but also was their first album fully incorporating orchestration.

Maybe you've wondered who those five dudes singing behind Phoebe Snow in "Let the Good Times Roll" were. Well folks, that's the Persuasions.

Clean, crisp and full of fire, they lift "Good Times" with a certain characteristic spark.

The double bill is rounded out with the Booker T & the MG's style of the Meters. The Meters appeared on the 1975 Stones tour and backed Dr. John on his 1973 release, "Right Place, Wrong Time."

The New Orleans musical legacy shines through the Meter's graceful, yet reggae funk. The boys have been in the biz as long as the Persuasions — a decade — signifying their dedication to professionalism.

A group doesn't hang around for 10 years without offering audiences a taste that's palatable.

Get ready for some high-energy output, then get your body in the EMU Ballroom tonight at 8 p.m.

The only dues you'll pay are \$3.75 for UO students and \$5 for non-students.

"Everybody get in the groove and let the good times roll! We got to stay here till we loose our souls! Everything's all night long..."



Persuasions to perform here tonight

By John Loeber

When the Very Little Theater opened "A Doll's House" by Henrik Ibsen last week, a dull thud rolled across stage.

This classic drama concerns a young wife who decides to leave her husband and look for truth — and punctuates her exit by slamming the front door. Like a cannon shot.

In this case though, if you didn't know the play you wouldn't know that the muted sound-effect provided was actually intentional. But then that's fitting. If you didn't know the lines, you wouldn't know they were intentional either.

There's a spot in the first act where Nora wheedles some money from her husband. She goes on and on pestering him until he gives in.

Now this is important: while she's pouting with her back to him he pulls out his wallet to get the cash and when she turns around she yells with surprise.

The content of the action is about values and the form about contracts. And any Freudian can extract a juicy interpretation from the wallet.

Well, in the VLT production the whole bit failed. Nora yelled with surprise before she turned around. The scene fell apart.

If you think this is a small point you're doing more head work than the director did. You're imagining what she failed to create — a sense of possibility for the action.

Now the play did get better in the second act and even showed some beautiful moments.

A solo dance by Nora tops off a long non-stop run of hysteria just short of total release, drops down to exasperation and rockets back up until she finally hurts a shattering thunderbolt into the audience.

It's quite a display and well handled. But it only points out the weakness of the rest of the production.

The basic flaw exhibited is letting the words do the job of acting. Of settling for reading instead of characterizing.

The most emotional dialogues in the play are delivered as soliloquies and final scene plays as reader's theater with Nora bearing up under slings and arrows just like the rock of Gibraltar.

This is after a desperate struggle for emotional life is carried off as a polite fencing match.

Somehow the skittish jumps in tempo don't create much realism or expectation.

On the technical side the production displays a set that is

good-looking but with so many dimensions and planes it loses direction and doesn't ever quite support the acting.

The lighting is also a bit undisciplined with more light behind the actors than in front, if one is going to act on the edges of the stage in a realist drama, some light needs to be there, too.

If it isn't clear yet, I found this production of "A Doll's House" technically undisciplined and emotionally unmotivated.

Throughout it showed a restrained, contained movement symptomatic of apprehensive direction. I assume this was meant to keep control of Ibsen's melodramatic lines, but in this case too much control and too little motivation abandoned Ibsen's structure and left the audience with an unconvincing play.

And a note on convincing — this play should be never be taken so lightly as to assume it a sexual drama. If it were that, the play would be simply melodrama.

There is much more to it, much more in the structure than in the lines. This is a play about human motivations and about human history. About options and growth and what is left behind. It is not merely about sex or a tract on women's liberation.

If you enjoy Ibsen, a night spent with the VLT — only after a reading of the play — is recommended.

Tickets are still on sale for \$2.50. "A Doll's House" will play each night through Saturday, beginning at 8:15 p.m. at the Very Little Theatre, 2350 Hilyard.

## Vermont jazz lab open for summer

Bennington Summers Jazz Laboratory, an educational and experimental American music program to be conducted July 5-August 15, at Bennington College, Bennington, Vt., has extended its deadline for applications and audition tapes until May 1.

The Lab, non-academic in structure, will be led by approximately 50 professional "Master" musicians, singers, composers and critics who will live, study and play together with the "Apprentices"—advanced music students and beginning professional musicians. The Lab is not associated with the Black Music Division of Bennington College.

Strongest emphasis will be on personal experimentation in the jazz idiom. Technical instrumental training, improvisation, arranging, composing and ensemble-playing by practitioners rather than theorists will be offered.

Apprentices will choose their own mentors and divide their time among workshops, individual practice and group interchange.

Applicants must be completely familiar with basic music language, standard notation systems and diatonic harmony; read easily; construct and play scales, intervals, and no modes; differentiate qualities of major, minor, augmented and diminished chords through the ninth, and be able to perform — including solo improvisation — with confidence.

Room and board are included in the \$1,500 tuition fee.

Requests for additional details should be addressed to Bennington Summers, Inc., 35 West 92nd St., New York, N.Y. 10025.