



The Solar Powered Clothes Dryer
by Margi Curtis

Riding down the back alley on laundry day, pulling a hand-built plywood bicycle trailer behind, it occurred to me that the most famous item this trailer had ever held was a full size keg of beer. My religiously non-conformist brother had done that probably more for the eventual story value than beer for his friends. He had built this funny contraption during his "self-powered" summer, his proof to himself and the world that a diverse and productive life is possible without gasoline.

Today it was carrying, less famously, dirty diapers. The car was not running, but even if it were this was the most efficient method, easier than maneuvering across traffic lanes and finding parking. On sunny days, which I purposely chose, it was sort of fun, even with the occasional stares of the neighbors.

Laundry day held another intrigue, it was a young student/mother's valid excuse to steal 30 minutes of junk-reading time alone. To me those minutes could be compared to a cruise on the south seas. While the washer chugged and swished away (Bravo technology!), I lost myself in People magazine to see what sorts of amazing hats they'd found for Diane to wear, or what the latest movies were. The concept that this other world really didn't exist was always in the back of my mind, but truth is stranger than fiction.

I may have been out of touch with pop culture, but not with dreams of a realistically feasible utopia. My inventive husband (whom I met through my inventive brother) was delving into the wonders and miracles of solar energy. Free, unmetered BTUs was Jim's mantra. Just think of it. And we did. To young adult citizens of the country which held 15% of the earth's population and arrogantly consumed 75% of its resources, solar energy was a renewed belief in the future, rather than dread of it.

After the laundry had finished, I began stuffing it wet into bags. The owner of the laundromat, a man probably in his thirties, approached me and introduced himself. "So you must have a dryer at home," he volunteered pleasantly, noticing that I wasn't dropping quarters into the huge dryers on the far wall.

"Yeah." I suddenly felt mischievous. "I have a solar dryer." I smiled my most innocent, young mother smile.

He looked at me quizzically, and finally asked, "How does that work? It sure sounds interesting." Visions of technology danced in his head.

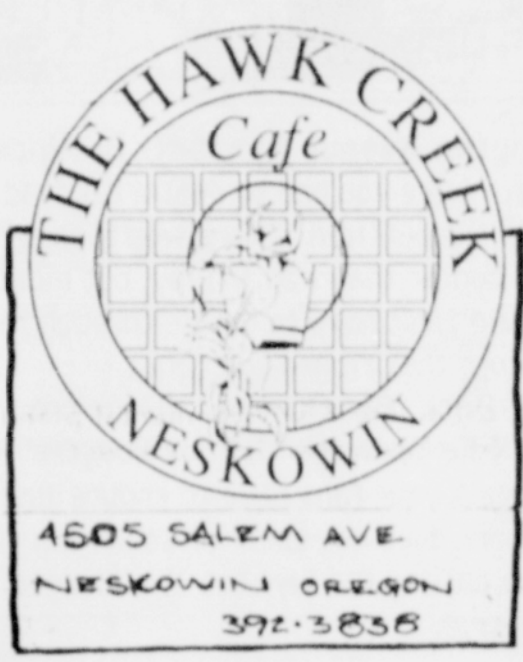
I smiled wider, unable to contain the irony, and felt slightly guilty about the ruse. "It's a clothesline in my back yard."

The young owner looked sheepishly back at me, then quickly laughed and acknowledged that I'd really "pulled one over on him", like it was only a joke.

The ride back home was slightly uphill and the wet laundry heavy in the trailer, but I felt strong and real as I pedaled my bike. Pinning the clothes on the line, I could feel warm sun on my face, like free, unconditional love.



May 14: Walk/Run For Our Lives Benefit for **Women's Crisis Service**. 10AM at Fort Stevens State Park, NW Oregon Coast. Approximately 3.5 Miles relatively flat, paved course; beautiful coastal trail; \$12, kids under 12 free; registration begins 8:30 May 14; pre-registration available; families encouraged; **Laura Snyder (503) 325-3426**.



Seaside High School presents:

Running

A dramatic one act play that focuses on the problems of child abuse

May 5, 6, and 7
7:00 P.M.
Admission: \$2.00
Seaside High School Cafetorium

All proceeds will be donated to the **Victory Over Child Abuse Camp Fund**

Counselors will be present during all performances
Directed by Erin Buckmaster, Angie Maitman, and Melissa Robison

Running is a very truthful play. It makes one point: abused children, adolescents, and even adults, need to go on suffering. Help is available. However, the play contains many emotionally charged scenes dealing with the abuse of children and adolescents. Those who might have difficulty with such material should probably not attend the performance. It is recommended that children under the age of fourteen not attend because of serious content in the play.

BLAZE GALLERY presents
BLACK EAGLE

BLACK EAGLE, American Indian artist, has a lifelong love of art, and art is a natural expression of his life. He derives profound pleasure from creating echoes of his heritage, as expressed through Shoshone artifacts. Many of his creations are from dreams. Drawing from personal experience and the omnipresent spirits of his grandmother and ancestors, BLACK EAGLE expresses his belief in the full circle of life. This is evidenced in all of his work. His concepts revolve around the real importance of living as a part of nature.



BLACK EAGLE was born in Elko, Nevada, and lived his first two years on the To-Modak Reservation in Lee, Nevada. He spent another eighteen years growing up on the Tule River Reservation in central California, where the deep forests of the Sierras provided him with solitude and the opportunity to learn about himself and his place in Nature.

BLACK EAGLE takes great pride in using genuine materials in his art. He uses real bison and deer sinews, rawhides and ground pigments from Mother Earth, the way his people have done for centuries. Certain items have always been traded to the Indian, such as iron, and he continues this tradition. Though they are very difficult to obtain, Shoshone brain-tanned smoked deerskin and pre-1900 antique beads are used on many of his finest artifacts.

BLAZE GALLERY
Native American & Contemporary Fine Art

P.O. Box 44, Manzanita, OR 97130
(503) 368-7585

Ecola Square, 123 S. Hemlock
Cannon Beach, OR 97110
(503) 436-2001

EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

Cannon Beach
Saturday, May 14
1-6 p.m.
Upstairs at Ecola Square
123 S. Hemlock

Manzanita
Sunday, May 15
Noon-4 p.m.
220 Laneda

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