

The Jersey Traveler

It was an old, overly large barn, settled and weathered into a hillside well out of town, well away from the passerby, the tourist, the weekend shopper. The handmade posters had only been put up around town the week before and assumed the reader knew where the old barn was located. A few questions answered by the woman who owned the small bookstore had us on our way and, despite a wrong turn, the old barn was found.

Inside, the naked and exposed joists and rafters held a welcomed embrace for both audience and performers. In the twilight the mix of people made indistinguishable those who were there to remind and entertain and those who were there to receive and remember.

Alan, Joe, Tuli and Ed in turn stood, surrounded on three sides by friends, acquaintances and admirers sitting in an assortment of chairs ten rows deep. Their music and words reverberated from a concert given at Berkeley in the late sixties.

"Don't smoke!" chanted Ginsberg. "Kill for Peace!" drolled the Fugs. Country Joe and the audience connected in a hearty highschool assembly version of the "f-i-s-h" cheer. The messages keep alive the spirit and remind us that morality and ethos are not fads.

If you were looking for nostalgia, it wasn't to be found here. Nostalgia was in the making 15 miles away at Winston Farm, surrounded by an army of private, local, county and state cops who patrolled the roads and manned checkpoints, walked the fenceline and supposedly operated the metal detectors. 15 miles away Nine Inch Nails vied with Joe Cocker, Dylan with Blind Melon and Melissa Etheridge chanteused the memory of Janis. Santana brought back his Black Magic Woman as the Doctors put their own Spin to the potion. 15 miles away Generation X and the remnant of the yuppie/hippie/child flower power generation slopped in the mud and listened to a million watts of history now and history restyled. 15 miles away the bonanza was in full throttle, disgorging thirty dollar T-shirts, seven dollar a slice cheese pizza and five dollar a can warm beer.

The barn lacked a good mosh pit, and despite a fine drizzle and an inviting hillside, no mud people materialized. But Alan was there to remind us that the first lesson in Yoga is to awaken the Muladhara Chakra, and reminiscent of the angelic choir, the Fugs joyously sang the awakening mantra "I Want To Know." In real life age has no timeline; reality endures. What is true of one generation does not diminish in another.

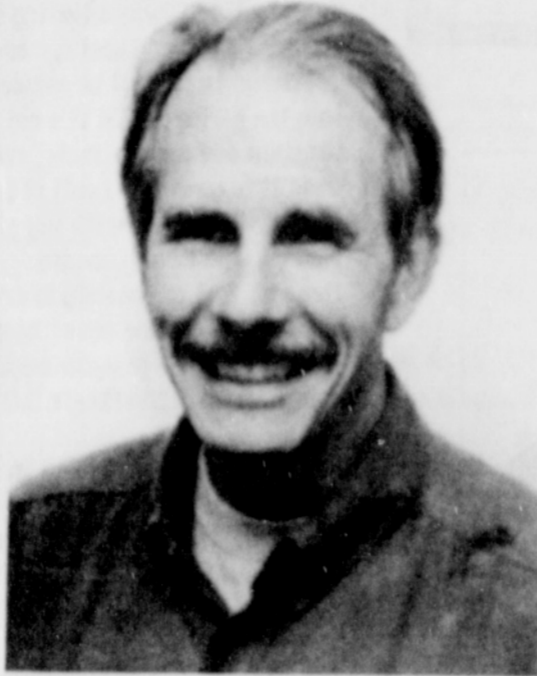
I do not know if in another twenty five years we will be as prodded and provoked by some ditty now sung by Porno for Pyros as a generation once was listening to the like of the Fugs. If doubts linger, listen to the words of Kupferberg when he laments, "Moonshine, moonshine takes the hills with Grace, and the secret of the shining seeks to break my simple face."

(Note: The Mega Celebration known as "Woodstock 94" was held at the Winston Farm in Saugerties, NY. During that weekend "The Jersey Traveler", visiting the bonafide town of Woodstock, NY came across a small concert held to remind at least some of us that the more you know the less you need.)

The difference between a politician and a statesman is: a politician thinks of the next election and a statesman thinks of the next generation.

James Freeman Clarke

VOTE
**DAVID
AMBROSE**
for
CLATSOP CO. COMMISSION
District 3



Dave Ambrose has practical knowledge:

Graduate of Drexel Univ. in Mech. Engrg.;
Supervisor for construction of drinking water filtration plants;
Small business owner - designed, manufactured and sold agricultural equipment;
Peace Corps volunteer - worked with groups on agricultural machinery projects;
Past program director and news reporter, KMUN Community Radio.

Dave Ambrose is active locally:

Secretary and treasurer of the Netel Grange, working to restore the historic Grange building as a community center;
Chairman of Clatsop County Housing Authority, working for affordable housing;
Dedicated volunteer - KMUN Radio, VOCA Camp, and Astoria Recycling Committee;
Active outdoorsman.

Dave Ambrose believes:

The County Commission should work cooperatively.
Citizens' voices must be listened to.
We must promote a people-friendly and beautiful County.
We must strengthen our planning for living-wage jobs.
We must maintain our fishing, forestry, and farming lands.
Clatsop County must remain a safe place to live.
We can have both good jobs and a good environment!

INTEGRITY, HONESTY, RESPECT

Authorized & paid for by Elect Dave Ambrose Committee,
708 Lexington, Astoria OR 97103



Come Hiden or High Water!

**Vote for Cannon Beach's own Helen Westbrook
for County Commissioner!**

Notes From Colorado

Jeff Custer

Late August -- the dog days of summer are here with us, even though it seems like summer has been here forever. At times like these, I harbor thoughts of ripping up all of my Kentucky Bluegrass (whoever thought that this stuff should be planted on the High Plains, anyway?) and letting the front yard dry to the consistency of concrete. One of our local papers predicts dust storms of great magnitude this winter if we don't break this drought soon.

This morning about 6AM, a male black bear appeared downtown on the Boulder Mall. "Boo Boo", as the local gendarmes dubbed him, led them, and the Division of Wildlife reinforcements, a merry chase for an hour, until they finally freed him in a nearby yard. Boo Boo had made his first foray into town on Saturday night, but the weekend crowds, and the presence of the Promise Keepers (more on them later), had kept the authorities from apprehending him. Our hapless visitor, now tagged and officially known as Bear #102, will be unceremoniously deposited at Kenosha Pass, about 75 miles southwest of Boulder. Boo Boo has officially earned his first strike; unfortunately, in Colorado, two strikes and you're out -- Department of Wildlife policy is to "terminate" large predators after two "nuisance" contacts with humans. It's shame we can't get that their territory and ours is the same, and that they have as much right to it as we.

The evangelical Christian movement known as the Promise Keepers held their meeting in Boulder over the weekend. Fifty-two thousand Christian men from all over the States and elsewhere gathered in the University of Colorado's Folsom Stadium to celebrate their cause and hear inspirational speeches from various evangelical folk, including Bill McCartney, Colorado football coach, one of the founders of the Promise Keepers, and board member of our old friends, Coloradans For Family Values, the authors of Amendment 2. The promise keepers emphasize the responsibility of men to be good husbands, fathers, and friends (just fine by me -- long overdue!), but also show some intolerance toward gay people, other non-Christian religions, and those members of the fair sex who insist on being human beings on their own terms (not so good). I talked to several women and other friends who were revolted by the whole event, but my partner Mary reminds me that perhaps we should get off hating and be more conscious of what we are for rather than against, and not always make the other folks wrong. Good points.

We had a primary election today, and an interesting race for one of the Boulder seats in the state Legislature. An old Boulder figure, who was responsible for pushing a lot of progressive stuff through (including our open space initiatives, the only thing that has saved this county from resembling the LA basin), is running against a new guy who is also in favor of growth limits, greater aid to education, and the repeal of Amendment 1 (our version of Prop 13 in California -- another column on that later). What's the difference? The old guy is really a libertarian type -- and sits on the board of Soldier Of Fortune magazine, opposes the Brady Law and any limits on assault weapons. An interesting turn of events! The young lion won by four votes -- a recount is mandatory. (The recount showed the same result -- the election stands.)

Yes, the election season is heating up. The Republican candidate for Governor, a wealthy businessman, who according even to the media, has little grasp of the issues, is taking on our Democratic governor, a real pro. The Republicans elected a conservative, anti-abortion (female!) candidate for our local House seat, probably assuring our Democratic congressman of re-election, in this moderate to liberal district. Stay tuned.

As I write this the strike is imminent (yes, the baseball strike, for those folks to whom the national pastime is something less than life). My team is now fighting for a playoff spot (Playoffs! What in the world have we come to?! in the Junior Circuit. As a kid of five, my father (and mother, for weekday day games) took me to the Old Lady On 33rd Street, known to non-Baltimoreans as Baltimore Memorial Stadium, to see the recent transplants from St. Louis, now known as the Baltimore Orioles. We saw a lot of the great ones including Roger Maris giving us left field bleacher residents the finger (a salute much more shocking in 1966 than these days); I got my first beer poured down my neck, and enjoyed many a humid Baltimore summer night riding home in the old Buick listening to the post-game show. I saw my heroes sweep Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale, and the rest of the fugitives from Brooklyn, four straight in the '66 World Series. After my Dad passed last year, I saw Camden Yards for the first time, and now truly believe that the game will never die as long as there are people who build stadiums like this one. If this incredible disgrace to the free enterprise system ever ends, we here in the Boulder area will journey the few miles southeast to Denver and to Coors (Hey, I didn't name it) Field, built by the folks who built the Yard; watch our Rockies take a few from the Cubs (sorry), drink a brew or two, eat for the cycle, and God will not subtract from our lives the hours we spend watching baseball.