"In this ambience I practice the art of sitting still"

a smiling scowl to let them know we're friendly but I want no part of that knife. I turn away. The kid calls. I turn back. He is holding a lit match like a candle between our faces. He throws his free hand up, makes a whooshing noise with his lips, and giggles over the image he has described in the air: my beard igniting. My smile straightens and I just stare. I walk away.

Jan. 9, 1978 11:45 am

We sit drinking cafe negro at a sidewalk cafe on the zocalo. My wife picks up her camera whimsically whenever she sees something she wants a picture of and snaps it.

A van stops in front of us at a red light. A crude black cat and the name EVEREADY are painted on its side. My wife clicks her camera. The driver jumps out of his truck and charges our table. The angry mouth fires a burst of Spanish words at us. I defend us against this raging: "It was perfectly harmless. She just admired the logo on your van and wanted a picture." His attack, in Spanish, continues.

Two federales see his truck blocking traffic and advise his moving the van across the intersection. The three of them talk, the frowns of the officers gradually erased by his words. Smiles appear. But the exchange is lost to us.

The van driver walks to our table. He says, "You are interested in my cat logo?" His tone is polite, his mouth is smiling, his language is English. "That which you see will soon be replaced by our fifth such logo, a new cat in a different design. I would be happy to send you copies if you give me your address. May I sit?" The transformation is stunning. He isn't the same man. But my hospitality is quick to respond to the English he now speaks.

I've been greedy for a meeting with an English-speaking Mexican. Apologizing for his receiving a ticket, we invite him to sit. He says, "It is nothing," and sweeping the air with his hand, "I have tickets all over Mexico." He is bragging in the way an American might brag of having both a country house and a town house.

He settles in the chair and talks, blowing cigarette smoke out from a grimacing face. We invent remarks about the heaviness of the traffic around the square. He says the traffic problem is a result of a population boom -- he has personally seen Oaxaca grow from a town of 35,000 to one of 200,000. We ask politely about the position of Oaxaca in the state of Oaxaca. It is a capital, he tells us, located in the center of an arid region. Its needs are supplied largely from the state's borders. During this talk we are puzzling about who this man we are talking to really is.

As population has risen, so has crime. He remembers some papers he has in his van. He hurries to his truck, grabs a briefcase, and hurries back. My wife says, meanwhile, "Do you think he's going to try to sell us dope?" I have no answer. His lingering presence at our table is mysterious. His mood shift is mysterious. His desire to know our home address is scarey -- he could be either a federale or a dope dealer mistakenly assuming we could do business.

At our table again, he lifts the lid of his Samsonite and, to our relief, takes out a bundle of pamphlets and brochures. These are materials sent him by the Puerto Rican Kiwanis Club (he is a honcho in the Oaxacan Kiwanis, he says). He laments the rise of crime that has followed the upward sweep of the population curve.

But the Puerto Ricans have supplied the Oaxacan Chapter with a packet of crime-prevention ideas. One scam: stickers which gave the phone number of the police station were posted on every phone booth in Puerto Rico. Another: ten thousand crime whistles were distributed. "Unfortunately, on the day they were given out, the children all blew them. Imagine the noise of 10,000 whistles!"

Perhaps, I suppose, his piercing stares between sentences are warnings to me to add not a particle more to the Oaxacan crime rate. Perhaps he is CIA. I decide I can't read anyone in Mexico, that the good or evil of any Mexican or Mexican experience will remain ambiguous.

We must go. We've promised to meet friends at 12:15. "You're late," he says, checking his watch. He wants our address very much, so he can forward a cardboard copy of the new cat logo. Reluctantly, I give him the address of my workplace. We shake hands.

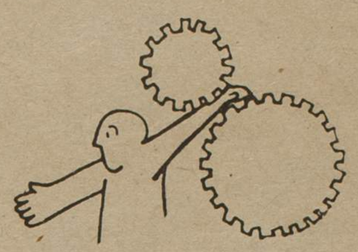
The cat logos never arrive.

Consumers Support Stevens Workers

BY BARRY SHALINSKY

Workers at J.P. Stevens Textile Factories are still fighting for economic justice. Stevens has been found guilty of fifteen violations of the National Labor Relations Act and was convicted of "systematic racial discrimination" by a U.S. District Court.

Stevens employees labor under hazardous working conditions, subjected to unsafe machinery and cotton dust levels which cause a disease called brown lung. Disabled Stevens workers receive no compensation for lost fingers or diseased lungs.



Efforts of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers to unionize are being supported by a nationwide boycott of J.P. Stevens products. Stevens' profits for the last quarter of 1977 were down 27 per cent from the previous year. In an effort to counteract the pressures of the boycott, Stevens has mounted a public relations campaign, including attempts to solicit the support of **state legislators.** Rep. Norman Justice, a black Kansas City Democrat, sent a stinging reply to Stevens, advising that they not peddle their lies to Kansas legislators. Justice is a powerful merber of the House Labor and Industry Committee.

The consumer boycott of J.P. Stevens is a difficult project because the products are marketed under various labels. The latest information from the K.C. boycott office is that J.C. Penney's markets Stevens products under the following labels: Baghdad, Deerfield, Forest Fantasy, Glenwood, and Strawberry Field. Wards and Sears sell Stevens products under their own labels. These products carry the following identification numbers assigned by the FTC: 14905, 14907, 14909, 14911, 14913, 14917, 14921, 14923, 14925, 14927, 14929, 14931, 14933, 14935.

Other Lawrence department stores sell Stevens products under the following brand names: Beauti-Blend, Beauticale Fine Arts, Peanuts, Tastemaker, Utica, Utica & Mohawk, Forstmann, Contender, Gulistan, Merryweather, Simtex, Finesse, Hip-Lets, Spirit, and designer labels: Yves St. Laurent, Angelo Donghia, Suzanne Pleshette, Dinah Shore.

Boycott
J.P. STEVENS PRODUCTS

FREEDOM AND JUSTICE FOR J.P. STEVENS WORKERS

Lawrence consumers can help J.P. Stevens workers by refusing to buy the above products and by asking department stores to remove them. Films, information, boycott bumper stickers and t-shirts are available from the ACTWU office in K.C. Contact Katherine Papa, 1605 Baltimore #211 or in Lawrence, call 841-0816.

CLASSIFIED

Car for Sale- 1976 Chevette Scooter.
Low Mileage, clean, $1750.00
Call 842-1875 or
842-9617 after 6:00

For Sale or Trade for other Volvo Parts:
Air Conditioner from 1968 Volvo 1445.
Call Galen: 843-6239

SWAP SHOP

WE HAVE USED FURNITURE, DISHES, POTS AND PANS, MIRRORS, TABLES, CHAIRS, COLLECTIBLES & ANTIQUES.

WE BUY, SELL AND TRADE

620 MASS.

☆ EXPERT HAIR DESIGN FOR MEN AND WOMEN ☆
☆ CREATIVE PERMANENTS AND HAIR COLORS ☆
☆ TRICHOANALYSIS AND RECONDITIONING ☆
☆ SKIN CARE, FACIALS AND MAKE-UP ☆ GIFT IDEAS ☆
☆ YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY ☆ SPECIAL HOLIDAY STYLES ☆
☆ MEN'S HAIR REPLACEMENTS ☆ FREE CONSULTATIONS ☆
☆ ARTIFICIAL NAILS & LASHES ☆

headmasters INC.

809 VERMONT LAWRENCE, KANSAS 66044

(913) 843-8808

WE'RE PROUD OF OUR NEIGHBORHOODS!

THE FIVE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATIONS OF LAWRENCE'S OLDER NEIGHBORHOODS ARE ANNOUNCING SPRING CLEAN-UP TIME!! AN EXTRA TRASH PICK-UP FOR EACH AREA IS SCHEDULED DURING MAY & JUNE. HEAVY PICK-UPS WILL TAKE CARE OF REFRIGERATORS & OTHER LARGE OBJECTS THAT ARE SITTING AROUND YOUR YARD. ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES AND PITCH IN. THIS IS A COMMUNITY EFFORT, BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GROUP.

CONTACT:

EAST LAWRENCE
Barbara Willits
842-2713

OLD WEST LAWRENCE
Karen Goodman
842-4575

OREAD
Marie Lynch
843-1601

NORTH LAWRENCE
Margaret Brun
843-5531

PINCKNEY
Steve Gilham
841-3342