

the People's Pressan independent alternative
newsmagazine**Contact us at:**

P.O. Box 514
Manton, CA 96059
(530) 474-3961 home/fax
peoplespress@jett.net

Editor/Publisher

Suzy Coffee

Co-Editor/Publisher

Del Coffee

the People's Press is distributed in:
Manton, Shingletown, Redding, Red Bluff,
Chico, Weaverville, Dunsmuir,
Montgomery Creek, Round Mountain,
Burney, Mt. Shasta and Hayfork.

Circulation: 3,000**Deadline for submissions:**

Send them!

Opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors and not necessarily of **the People's Press**. No reprint of any portion of this publication is authorized without permission from the editors and or authors. All submissions are welcome and will be carefully considered. We reserve the right to edit submissions for clarity, length and libel.

Front page cartoon by Theodor S. Judge.
Drawing of Eleanor Roosevelt on page 24,
by Kate Hulbert.

Thank you, to everyone that has made this issue possible.

Mission Statement

To provide an alternative voice to corporate media and a forum for local activist groups; to be a vehicle for social and political change where diverse groups can debate issues, build consensus and pull together for the causes of justice and peace.

Some Metaphysical Reflections

by Lyn Relph

Like every successful University of Notre Dame student, I graduated with a minor in theology. That was back in 1961, but even today Roman Catholic theology cannot be separated from the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, that great 12th century synthesizer.

Thomistic philosophy is a kind of intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage up a mountainside: at its peak is the realm of metaphysics where everything that is True must by its very existence somehow be One and Beautiful and Good.

If you're at all like me and have a contrarian streak, your mind begins to boggle after only a few minutes of thinking metaphysically; you begin to think up real, true things that are, as the saying goes, ugly as sin.

Serial killing, for example, might be looked on as beautiful by the serial killer himself, but if I go on for very long picturing what I would have to do to myself to become a serial killer I have to say this is one huge uglification process. If I as a serial killer should complete one of my dastardly deeds and then, reviewing my handiwork, say "Hey, that turned out really beautiful," I clearly have put great distance between myself and ordinary users of the word 'beautiful'. I have to resort to considerable bending and twisting to apply the word to the nauseating facts.

That's an example at the everyday earthly, human level. If I try to launch my sensibilities upwards through the layers of the metaphysical onion into the mind of God, I find myself quickly at a loss. I don't see how any functioning mind might think the serial killer beautiful and love him. God loves the sinner and hates the sin, I've too often heard it said. But to my way of thinking it takes a weird dude to love the serial killer or predatory pedophile.

By contrast I can easily agree with the idea that crocodiles and great white sharks are beautiful creatures marvelously attuned to their habitat. I wish I were so attuned to my surroundings. And what's true, good and beautiful about crocodiles and white sharks also applies to other fellow creatures like killer bees, lethal trapdoor spiders, scorpions and ticks.

Go up the scale to tsunamis, earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, atom bomb blasts — all such mass-scale killers are terrifically, surpassingly beautiful, awesome (no twisting or bending required here) in their giant size and scope. Take a look at those satellite photos of hurricanes as they achieve their size out in the Caribbean, definitely a terrible beauty.

AIDS? Cancer? Kidney-destroying mushrooms? Subtle parasites that can live on inside us for many long years? They too can inspire awe. It's like they're somehow magical, wonder-work-

ers, each one in their special way. Constant reminders of how little we actually know about this world we are born into and eventually will die out of. Stimulating in us a thirst or hunger for wonders, adventures, discoveries of new things. Enriching our lives because we would all die of boredom in a world we knew cold, hands down, with our eyes closed, like the palm of our hand. It's our ignorance that keeps us going. We're always sure that something new and astonishingly beautiful awaits us around every bend. And often enough our expectations turn out to be true.

The whole time, however, there remain humans we keep calling evil because their ugliness of spirit crosses over into the unimaginable. Scorchers of the earth. Genocides. People who start unnecessary wars (even the necessary ones have little of the beautiful in them). People who make and sell bogus medications, preying on the sick and desperate. People who run dangerous coal mines or drag down whole mountain ranges because of their addiction to coal. Serial killers, pedophiles, rapists, poisoners, terrorists.

Looks like it's we the humans who don't fit into metaphysics. What humans do, often add up to very ugly truths, and therein lies a challenge to the notion that there is some thinking being who occupies a place called God. After all it is God's place to find all these true things beautiful, and then to love all those pip squeaks who can look on the sufferings of their fellow humans with cold indifference. Must God also love collateral damage?

"Little wheel spin and spin,
and the Big Wheel turn around and around."

Buffy Sainte-Marie

"We Speak Mac"
JETT.NET

JET Technologies LLC**1320 Yuba Street, Suite 101****Redding, CA 96001****530-242-1800****Internet Service Provider****Web Hosting - Website Design & Maintenance****Database Development - Hardware Upgrades****Software Installation & Updates****RAM Upgrades - Hard Drive Replacements****Batteries - Cables - Adapters****Software Instruction**