stand the test of time and trouble when bad weather扼pted
above the festival's second year celebration, fans and artists
alike stuck it out and held their ground until the most severe
conditions forced them indoors. As Kevin Saunderson says:
"It's nice now that people in Detroit are starting to
understand what we do. Because of the Internet, the festi-
val and the publicity in our city, it's giving us opportuni-
ties to shine. The recognition that we got in Europe in
the 80's is now coming home. Hopefully, it's gonna hit
this whole country".

The DEMF is not the only sign that techno has survived and is
swiping the nation and Detroit also in 2001 there is another
festival (this one is not free) called Arca: One where main-
stream electronic artists such as Moby and Outkast will per-
form alongside legends such as Atkins, May and Saunderson.

The fact that the music has survived says something of
the music itself being born in Detroit. Detroit the city has had
its fair share of problems, including race riots and general cul-
tural upheaval. Yet, the city has somehow found ways of surviv-
ning and living on. It would stand to reason that the fact techno
has had such problems with its growth and yet has survived is
perhaps because it has grown from a city that knows all too
well about trials and tribulations and ultimately about survival.
Derrick May speaks on the music itself and all that went into
bringing it to where it is today: "We introduced this music to
the world, but we gave up a lot of our souls to people we never
knew. People don't even realize the amount of sacrifice we
made. Juan and myself, we garbled our lives on this". He fur-
ther continues and speaks of the DEMF: "The bonus of the
festival is that it's bringing accolades where they should have
been brought 15 years ago. But it's never too late, ya know?"
And perhaps that says it best, not just for the music of techno,
but for the city of techno; it's never too late.

Bibliography on request

The Raccoon

At first we saw her tracks: scattered scads
of scat around the yard's perimeter and trails
of little paw prints, seemingly fossilized
in drying mud. Then we heard her, trapped in a metal trash
can, rattling the scraps of suppers long forgotten
and snacks of chips with salsa; chocolate
chip cookies; midnight omelettes. Eventually, we saw her
hours beyond dawn, raised on hind legs, head in the garbage
again. Some said she must be dangerous—maybe rabid—
to be out in daylight, and they wanted to call
the parks department or the sheriff, but we believed
different, understood what a cruel god hunger
can be, demanding we find food no matter what risk.
And yes, I've dined
and dashed. Twice. The first time I was 18 and cool:
exitng through the glass door of the diner
I glimpsed only for a brief interlude the counterienas
countenance—part dismay, part rage. And the lady
I collided with on the sidewalk? Her shocked Ob
fused with the st请点击 Pin door closing
and together they cloaked whatever
he may have said as I vanished
among the other leather coats across the avenue
in Needle Park. A decade later
I returned and tried to decipher the paintey patterns
of grease painted on the waite's apron,
tried to read in the erosion of his face
if he had been there that Saturday evening.
What could I do but pay
double then, seemingly without reason. The second time I ran
from a restaurant's register, I was older and poor.
I left a cigarette building to ceremonial mound
in a golden glass ashtray. I admit: I felt no shame

nor guilt, just a slight second of empathy
for the waitress, who may have cursed me the remainder of
her day,
even when starting her seven year old station wagon

that evening, stomping the accelerator twice
before turning the key. She didn't see me
on a bench across the street—my camouflage

of tobacco smoke. Or she chose
to ignore me, much like that raccoon we saw daily,
night or day, which ignore the tires of too close Kilgore Ave.

and suffered the misdemeanors of the flesh.
And yes—I fed her; everyday
I hefted a bowl of sweet cereal, left it beside the door

and watched through a window
as she ate the red, green, and yellow rings.
I carried that bowl out

despite complaining neighbors—despite, even,
the outburst of raids against my trash.
I carried that bowl in my supplicant's fingers

like a present or an offering
for benevolence. I carried it forward
as if it were sacred.

Gerry La Fenüa

HAIR OF THE DOG

Barbara A. Oakley

INTRODUCTION

In the 1970s through the 1980s, a group of American fishermen and businessmen teamed up with the Soviets to form one of the only joint Soviet-American companies in the world—Marine Resources Company. In this Joint Venture, Americans were to catch fish within the newly defined 200-mile limit, then pass them off at sea for the Soviets to process. To serve as translators, Marine Resources hired a dozen or so American speakers of Russian: university students, mostly, with a sprinkling of adult children of Russian immigrants thrown in. They were to live on board the Soviet trawlers and keep tabs on the amount of fish brought on board so that the fishermen would be properly reimbursed.

The relationship between Americans and Russians has tended toward volatility at best, and fishermen everywhere are among the most independent, obstinate, and hard-nosed of people. In reality, therefore, the company representative's main function was to grease treads—ensure that the Soviets and Americans maintained a smooth working relationship. This could be a daunting task in a world of mutual suspicion—a good representative needed a nimble command of both Russian and English, a strong streak of diplomacy, an