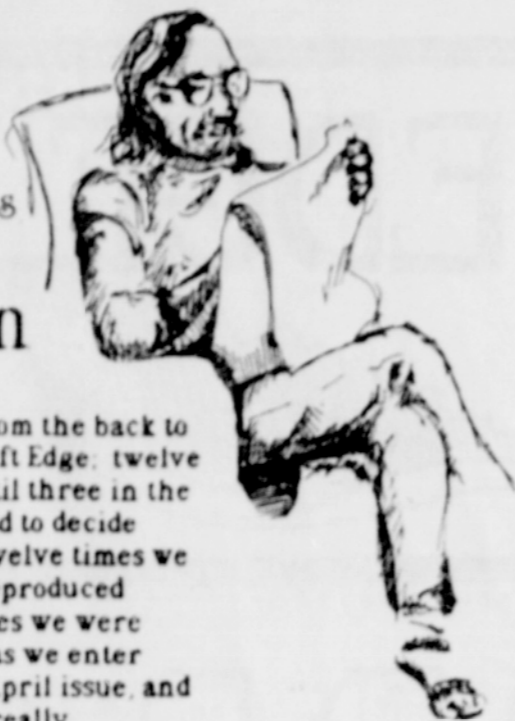


# Editorial

Rev. Hults

## Now & Then



This is (for you folks who read from the back to the front) issue 12 of the Upper Left Edge: twelve times the Edge staff has stayed up til three in the morning, twelve times we have had to decide between the paper and the rent, twelve times we have had to look at our mistakes reproduced thousands of times, and twelve times we were proud of our meager efforts. Now as we enter volume 2 of our history with our April issue, and we would like you to know who is really responsible for what you are holding in your hand.

First on the list is Sally Louise Lackaff, our assistant editor and graphics department, proof reader, layout dept. and heart. Ms. Lackaff is a native of Cannon Beach, though she was raised in Europe and Eastern Oregon, and comes from an artistic family (her father's paintings hang in the City Council Chambers). Her drawings have been sold at the Cannon Beach Arts Association Gallery, and she has recently been approached by the Daily Astorian to do a variation on the Wildlife Column she draws in the Edge. (No, Spud doesn't draw them, or write them for that matter, he is the guy who goes out in the rain, comes back, and shows Sally the birds he's seen, and are in his bird books.) Even though she is still in her early (very early) twenties, Sally also does all of the "incidental graphics" in the Edge, and has a great deal to say about what goes in the Edge, from ads to stories to headlines... yes, a great deal!

Second, Uncle Mike! We get more mail about Uncle Mike than any other part of the paper. And also the Edge was a twinkle in his eye from the beginning. Mr. Burgess is the only real newspaper person (that means: somebody pays him to write) on the staff of the Edge. He lives in the Valley (PDX) and keeps us somewhat in touch with our urban roots, so we don't get too in touch with "nature". He is our science editor, and yes, the voice of sanity at the Edge.

Third, (it's a tie!) Spud and Dr. Karkeys do all the music organizing, plus their own columns. They gather information on events, musical, environmental, & political, and are the closest thing we have to reporters. Each, in his own way, is unique and essential to the Edge as we know it.

Fourth, and most important, YOU, our friends/contributors/subscribers/advertisers. Without your support, feed-back, and MONEY, the Edge wouldn't be, and certainly not for a whole year!!!

I suppose we should thank our contributors (it's better than paying them). Like Alison Pride, a real writer who occasionally lets us hear her voice; Alex LaFollet, whose "Meanwhile in Newport" is something we, and a lot of others look forward to every month; the enigmatic Soup, who always gives us something to read twice; Mr. Baseball, our leading authority on the only professional sport that still makes sense in spite of the big bucks and endless bull; Margi Curtis's insights; Tom Carlson's poetry; Marsha Morgan in Chicago, our Cubs correspondent; Mary Anne Radmacher-Hershey's wonderful sense of humor and compassion; our Surfing Crew who sort of rotate (not uncommon in their particular sport) the duties have done a lot to enliven the dialogue in that community; Peter Lindsey's wonderful, literate prose always adds class to these humble pages; Wickland, our foreign correspondent, gives us a great deal of joy and hopefully more copy in the future! and the rest of you, who missed deadline, again!

Also, a special thanks to St. Judy and "Grandmother Superior" Kitty, they know what they did. Thanks!

## Behind the Times

Michael Burgess

On the Friday before Christmas, Rhonda Kennedy -- doyen and ringmistress of Women In Blues, public relations director for the Tibetan Foundation of Oregon, producer of the Tibetan Cultural Festival, and easily the huskiest voice at EB00 -- got a chilly blast of holiday good cheer. Her purse, containing a painful amount of money, disappeared from her storefront office in a picturesque upscale warehouse in Northeast Portland. "It wasn't what I needed to have happen, if you know what I mean."

So Rhonda's sitting at her desk, surrounded by Oriental artwork and accounts payable, humming Wagner arias and wondering which vein to open first when the phone rings. It's her agent, Sam "Scarlett" Downey, calling to tell Rhonda she's landed a couple of voice-overs. Sam notices a lack of excitement and asks what's up. Rhonda tells her.

"And suddenly," Rhonda says, "I'm starring in 'It's a Wonderful Life'." Before midnight the money's been replaced by friends, a few of whom Rhonda didn't know. A nice story, but only the lead in.

Next morning Rhonda gets another call. This one from Jack Coble and Camille Scheewe. Her wallet's been found in some bushes a block from Rhonda's office. Care to guess by whom? A 24-year-old Tibetan refugee named Tenzin Phuntsok who works at Architectural Reproductions, a couple doors down. For those who like to figure odds, there are exactly 25 Tibetan refugees in Portland.

Though Rhonda'd heard there was a Tibetan working there, they hadn't crossed paths. "I thought about him one day when I was carrying a couple of Taras (the Tibetan goddess of compassion) to my car," Rhonda recalls. "I thought it'd be neat if he happened to look out the window." He didn't. Rhonda hadn't met Jack Coble, AR's owner, or his partner, Camille Scheewe, either. At least, not exactly.

When Rhonda stopped by their place to pick up her wallet, Scheewe's jaw dropped noticeably. "You're the woman from my dream!" The one she'd had the night before where Rhonda, dressed in black, came to stand behind three monks praying beside a lake. Talk about coincidence, hey.

So Christmas comes and goes. Like most of us, Rhonda spends some of the holy days sorting things through. Am I really the person on my resume, she asked, or am I just playing grownup in my new office? So, driving in the next Monday, Rhonda (who describes herself as a Buddhist wannabe) asked the universe for a sign. And when she opened the door of her office, there it was.

"How about a 7-foot tall Kwan Yin standing behind my desk?" Kwan Yin is the Chinese goddess of compassion and friends had placed Rhonda's 4-foot bronze statue on a handcarved table they'd brought as a gift. Nothing magical but the effect. "She was looking down at me with such compassion," Rhonda says, "that I suddenly understood. I needed to come from love and not fear."

Which brings us to the next phone call. This time it's Steve Salamonovich with Central Casting in Seattle. It seems Bernardo Bertolucci (director of, among other films, 'The Last Emperor') is making a movie called 'The Little Buddha'. They'd heard of Rhonda's work with the Tibetan community and wondered, could she help with the casting? She could.

Now then, remember Tenzin Phuntsok? The young man who found Rhonda's wallet -- and returned it with the two \$50 bills the thief hadn't found? Care to guess how he spent his youth in the monastery in Dharmasala, India after fleeing the Chinese rape of Tibet? Winning honors in drama and dance. He and several fellow strangers in a strange land auditioned and got parts. And an agent who knows which side her bread is buttered on.

It's a pretty funny world.

## ETERNAL MUSIC

Taxes, groundhogs, and drear abide. Late winter doldrums plead for antidotes. My spirit yearns to break free from the torpor of coastal darkness, to shed the dank and gloom of the dark time. A good tonic for me is reflection, a harking back to times of value. I would invite you to drift back with me to a morning in the early sixties in Cannon Beach, a time when our village and strip of beach glistened, a silver, blue-green jewel, unsoftened by the hurly-burly of merchandising and tourism.

Come along with me to Chapman Point on a morning in late September, 1962. We will be accompanied by Frank Lackaff, Cannon Beach's sole artist in residence, Barbara Inglesby, my brother Tim Lindsey, and a burr-headed Western Union bicyclist named Doug, a crab and crowdad gleaner extraordinaire. Dawn pinks the eastern sky beyond the north Elk Creek foredune as we rattle across sand moguls in Frank's 1948 Anglia, a round, black beetle English car loaded with rakes for crabbing.

Our destination? A deep pool at the base of Chapman Point, chest deep at this morning's lowest tide. The sky above the beach and ocean as we drive the sand north is inky black with myriad star points at false dawn. A lone cormorant ranges toward the point from the east, a shadow silhouette against the eastern light, riding morning thermals to the sea.

We halt the Anglia and unpack crabbing equipment: tennis shoes, long-tined rakes, old gunny sacks. Warm east winds, pungent with mountain conifer scent, mingle with the sea air. The morning insists on silence. We respond.

Doug and I approach the pool delicately. Crab hunker down into sand beds deep at the base of this tidal tarn. Their bodies can be dislodged from these sandy pools just at first light by raking. They vanish with sunlight and flooding tides. Timing is critical. Doug inches to the rim of the pool. Stars embroider its surface like a sequined opera purse.

As we commence wading in the pool, a sensory event occurs that approaches mystical proportions. Above us the sky's dank bowl broadcasts star showers. The pool's still skin mirrors the lights of the firmament. Suddenly hundreds of crab, sensing our motion, begin scuttling across the bottom of the pool, each movement igniting explosions of phosphorescence deep in the water. This pelagic ballet continues for some time below the surface.

We watch in silent awe. The impression on my senses is profound. I imagine a high pitched ringing in my body. Were the stars above us in the sky? Were they flickering on the surface of the water? Or were they submerged beneath the liquid of that pool?

Microcosm and macrocosm juxtapose and merge in a splendid visual harmonic. On that morning I heard the soft point and counterpoint of the music of the spheres.

"Five windows light the cavern'd Man,  
Thro'one he breaths the air;  
Thro'one, hear music of the spheres,  
Thro'one, the eternal vine  
Flourishes, that he may receive  
grapes; Thro'one can look  
And see small portions of  
the eternal world that ever groweth;"

William Blake  
1794

## Letters to the Edge

We received a call the other day from a woman who asked about our advertising rates and policies. We explained that we try to tell our readers about folks who are trying to make it without doing too much damage to the planet or each other. When we asked what her business was, she said real estate. We explained that our policy was not to run real estate ads. (Something about selling your mother puts us off.) She explained that she enjoyed the paper and thought we were more "open" than to condemn a whole industry for the faults of a few. So, here is her card, no charge. She seems to have more interesting things on her mind than some of our local "developers".

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### More Stuff:

Be advised we are growing, and so are the costs of bringing you more and better stuff, so we are asking (just like President Billy) for some sacrifices (no not virgins or goats this time), just enough to pay for printing and mailing. So... all NEW ads for April, will be \$30 and all NEW subscriptions will be \$20. We hope this doesn't cause you too much trouble, and if it does give us a call, we'll work something out!