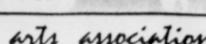
carnon beach



Post Office Box 684

Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Ocean Haiku

We watch the sun set and walk back to the cabin. Others watch it rise.

Moonlight dazzles her. Sends her running to the sea. never to return.

a gold sun tonight a seaguil flies inside it -my sadness leaves me.

a dozen seagulls standing beside the ocean. they begin to move

covering the shore where there were none yesterday, thousands of smooth stones

- Bill Clunie



Open 9:30-5:30 Mon.-Sat.



DORI SANDERS, Author and peach farmer, will be reading from her new book Her Own Place, September 23 at 7 30pm Her first novel Clover. published in 1990, received rave reviews. multiple printings and a movie deal. causing speculation that she might quit working on her family's South Carolina peach farm and concentrate full time on writing She has continued with the family business, however, proving that with enough energy and talent you can be both a writer and a full time farmer

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in the touching of you there is a knowing of means and a way of seeing, there is in the touching of you (It's like a dancing in the waves) that your eyes become a brightly spray. and when you're shining on my face ! have to laugh and say that in the touching of you there is a feeling like a child beside the sea at play.

-- Bill Clunie



Parnassus Books 234 Tenth Street Astoria, Oregon nday through Saturday 10-5:30 325-1363

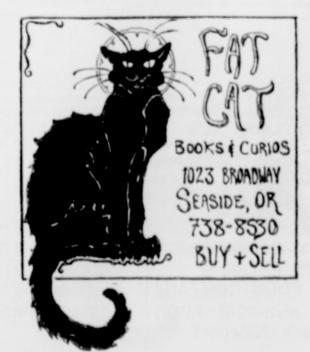


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Notes Toward a New Grammar

Society is a language, an exchange of meanings, an agreement upon definitions. But the old definitions no longer do -our world must be appraised a new

Somewhere between the idea and the thing is the word, which is neither idea nor thing. We trust it too much, I think, even in its lies.

The meaning of television is consume. of newspapers, conform, and the meaning of school should be carved on stone: behave, or you will cease to be.

In the complexity of our grammar lies its ability to continue. The learning of our language requires such effort Enough to get by is a full-time job, you know that, and on our own time we make room for the mandatory: the grooming, the preening, the frenzy of the holidays, the few imposed pleasures -the TV, the paper, the Prozac, the suicide note

Beware of fluency. Beware knowledge of the grammar of society because in the learning of its language lies the making of your cage.

But muteness is no solution either for that way oppression lies.

Perhaps it is in the momentary crack of stillness liberation can be found. The old yogis know something about that -stillness.

Or perhaps there is in the voluntary distancing from the cash-flow of my times that a place of freedom can be spied. Especially if you are there. I'm thinking there's an anarchy to our love that precludes the tyranny of symbol structures.

Or something like that

Maybe holding your hand as we walk next to the ocean is a music of non-judgment, and on that purchase we can forge a new way of talking about things that leaves a little room for quiet Or maybe we'll find a chant that melts the cotter pin at the center of this language of rapaciousness and around our ears will fall the broken buttresses of acquisition like a trillion trays of dishes being dropped, their crashes dying to a tinkle of bird notes, of musical new words and a friendly paradigm of verbs that soothe and heal, of nouns that are collective and articles that state our rights to tend the earth with tenderness and speak our minds with reverence and love with hearts unsullied by the million lies of modern life, and live ten thousand days in paradise.

-- Bill Clunie

