



There comes a time, in the course of any magnificent dream, when the dreamer can no longer afford to sleep. Left to themselves, lies become reality as easily as truth, and, if our dream was about love, human dignity, and sense of place, it has unravelled badly as we slept.

We are told, on awakening, that our dream is an illusion, that some kinds of love are abominations, that some children must starve, that some life is not worth preserving.

We are told, waking to this most profitable of all possible worlds, that there is only enough for those who already have too much, that power is more virtuous than compassion, and that nobility is the handmaiden of extinction.

We are told by the priests and kings that our dream was an idleness for fools, that war is the only peace, lust is more honest than love, envy is the root of progress, and greed is the only prayer that's ever answered.

We are told that God hates, that the gentle Carpenter from Galilee has risen to crucify innocents, that races have need of cleansing, that we can have our world and eat it too.

The priests and kings tell us our dream is dead but, speaking as a peasant, that is for us to say. As a poet once cautioned those announcing the death of jazz: "You got to be careful of those premature autopsies."

What the magicians do not mention is the new magic rising from the ashes of a malignant myth.

The earth is not a cache of commodities, it is a living being whose forests breathe once each day. It does not belong to us, we belong to it. It lends us our bodies and feeds us.

The creation is a continuum whose only events are relationships. We are no more separate from the furthest galaxy than we are from one another. We are neither islands, you and I, nor enemies. Your success is not my failure, your pain can never be my joy.

There is, in our new magic, no more of thee than me. E pluribus unum is a fundamental truth. We are not many, we are one.

We are Soweto and Birmingham, Auschwitz and Wounded Knee. We starve in Somalia, endure in Sarajevo, face down tanks in Beijing. We are the Dalai Lama, and the murdered monks of Tibet.

We are Father Romero, Desmond TuTu, Bob Marley, and Leonard Peltier. We are Mother Theresa, Chief Joseph and Albert Einstein. We are Ghandi and Malcolm X, Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King.

We are the dreamers, and we are awake.

(This is a reprint of an October '92 Behind the Times. We thought it was worth reprinting, and besides Michael has been too hammered lately!)



It's mushroom season. Time for those seeking profit, provender or psychodelia to hie themselves to field and forest in search of the wily fungi, hi ho. For those who are new to 'Shroomin' some advice.

If you're a tyro, get someone to show you what a chanterelle looks like. Once you've received this instruction you are no more likely to mistake a poisonous mushroom for a chanterelle than you are to hit on your own mother in a disco. (Well, most discos. Most mothers, too.)

Now it's time to make some soup.

1. Pick some chanterelles. A half gallon is about right.
2. Melt 2 tbsp butter in a 4 qt saucepan and saute a half cup each of onions, celery and carrots, chopped fine, until onions soften.
3. Add chanterelles. Lower heat to low. Cover and let chanterelles sweat down to 1/4 of original volume.
4. Add 3 cups good chicken stock, preferably home made.
5. Bring to a boil.
6. If you prefer a thick broth, mix 2 tbsp of corn starch in 1/4 cup cold water and stir into soup now.
7. Add 1 qt half and half. Reheat to serving temperature, add salt, black pepper and any other spice you might like, to taste, ... now ... enjoy.
8. Do not count calories.

Chanterelles can be frozen and are delicious. Here's how:

1. Go pick a bunch of chanterelles.
2. For each 2 qts of mushrooms, melt 1/2 lb of butter in a large, lidded pan. Add mushrooms, cover and sweat down to 1/4 original volume over low heat. (Go ahead, be a sport, use real butter.)
3. Pack into clean 1/2 pt freezer jars. Pour hot broth from the pan over the mushrooms to the top and seal them perfectly from freezer burn. Put lids on jars and freeze.

These are especially delicious folded into an omelette.

For those who absolutely must seek the psychic high ground, **BE SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE INGESTING!** There is an old and important truism in mushroom picking, NEVER EAT AN LBM! LBM stands for Little Brown Mushroom and there are several that grow in this area that are DEADLY. Eat them, you die.

If you simply must do it, get instructions from an old, grizzled freak who's been doing it for years and can still count his fingers and toes accurately. I am not volunteering.

Philip Thompson

architect

Every Boundary Stone is Unique, Deserving Expert Attention

architecture & environmental planning
25925 N.W. St. Helens Rd., Scappoose, OR 97056
(503) 543-2000



Tolovana Gallery

Elaine Elliott

(503) 436-9644

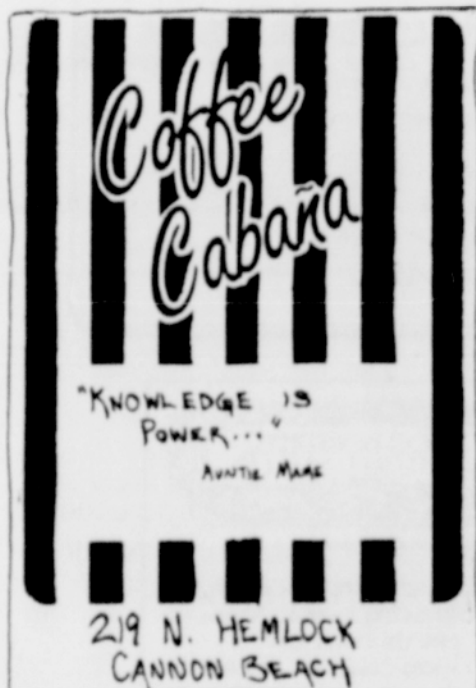
3301 S. Hemlock • P.O. Box 965 • Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Cannon Beach Leather

Fine Leather Garments and Accessories

P.O. Box 116
239 N. Hemlock
Cannon Beach, OR 97110
(503) 436-0208

Sandra L. Ward



nbv

NEHALEM BAY VIDEO
In Manzanita, Wheeler, & Nehalem

368-5538

Noon to 8 p.m., Sunday through Thursday
Noon to 9 p.m., Friday and Saturday

FOR QUALITY VIDEO SELECTION & SERVICE!

WE'RE TRADING MORE MOVIES - SO CHECK OUT OUR INVENTORIES!

HAYSTACK VIDEO

In Cannon Beach
436-0436

Noon to 9 p.m. Daily

Manzanita News & ESPRESSO

- FEATURING STARBUCKS COFFEE
- WIDE SELECTION OF MAGAZINES
- HEALTHFUL SNACKS

HOURS
EVERYDAY 8:00-4:00

368-7450

500 LANEDA AVE.

P.O. BOX 698

MANZANITA, OR 97130

LICENSED BONDED INSURED

AB CHILDRESS BUILDER

NEW CONSTRUCTION
REMODELING
FOUNDATIONS
FLATWORK



BB #3718700
Phone 436-2400

P.O. Box 31
Cannon Beach, OR 97110