

September. Once again the venerable Professor mounts his high horse, cudgel in hand, armed to the teeth with bluster and pontification, prepared to assail the cloudy shapes of experience. With lance lowered, I commence my verbal charge at this month's target: rampant insensitivity.

This summer's deluge of self-centered and arrogant tourist swarms, Lexus and Volvo driving, latte-wired boors, shouting endless strings of squalling brats down main street, leaves me nearly speechless with disgust and embarrassment. What have we become as a creature? Have we no shame?

Dr. Karkeys and I collected our thoughts last Saturday on Osburn's Porch, as is our custom, and assessed the damages. The good Dr. terms them "pronoids". He tells me they're characterized by a general lack of appreciation for the subtleties of place and circumstance. They bring, like dung beetles, their baggage and values with them, modern day affluent carpet baggers and scalawags, spreading Costco across the landscape.

Mind you, I'm not asking for some hypersensitized Edgar Allan Poe characters, faculties honed and ultra-alert to the tunes of the firmament. I merely hope for some peeling away of the layers of thick skin encasing many visitors to our community and coastline. My friend Violet Thompson believes that civilizations in decline manifest certain shared characteristics, specifically disregard for one's fellow man and for the natural world. Perhaps our sheer numbers and insatiable greed contribute. One can only speculate.

Sheri Lerma opens for business at the Cannon Beach Cookie Company each morning at 7:30 a.m. Bold signs indicate that fact. Sheri, Carol, and Andrea begin their workday at 2:30 a.m. Premature patrons poke inside the door before seven.

"Are you open?"

"Not 'til 7:30, like the sign says."

"Oh, well, could I get something?" "I could give you coffee," Sheri says, wiping muffin dough off her hands.

"I'd like a double latté Americano Grande, 'skinny', if it's not too much trouble."

Sheri grimaces, wipes the flour from her hands, and sulks toward the espresso



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machine. I sit aghast on my counter stool, knocked off balance by the sheer cheek of people. After he leaves, Sheri regroups. "That's nothing!" Sheri says, "Yesterday a guy asked me if I got my baked goods from the <u>real</u> bakery down the street!"

Throughout this summer the evidence accumulated. I'm now thoroughly convinced we are the filthiest, most thoughtless, and degenerate of creatures.

At midday a cacophony of car alarms rattles the noon air. Left unattended, the devices wail and whine on and on. I pray for the blast of a rocket propelled grenade to put the moaning B.M.W. out of its misery. By mid afternoon automobile "boom boxes" shake the windows and rattle the giblets of passersby in some seismic Star War parody. I shudder and wonder what it all means.

At lunch one August weekend I wait my turn at Osburn's deli counter. A Jimmy Hoffa-looking guy butts in front of me and confronts the young checkout clerk at the register.

"My son bought some candy here that exploded in his mouth, and I want my money back."

"I'll give your 50 cents back, sir", the young clerk offers. "But we don't sell that candy here, do we Suze?"

"No", the manager, Susan, assures the clerk

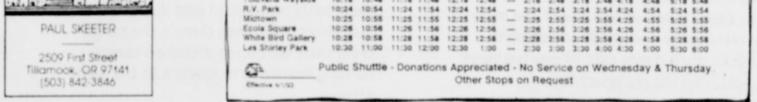
"Why you little lying S.O.B.", the Hoffa guy rages, "I saw him buy it right here in this store."

After he storms off, I confirm the facts. No exploding candy at Osburns.

Early this summer a gentleman urinated behind a rack of cloths in a local clothing store. What hath God wrought, I ask you?

Last week the final straw snapped. Victor, 80 year old lobster and long time resident of the Seaside Aquarium was kidnapped. Pursued, the perpetrator dropped Victor on the cement walkway of the Prom in Seaside cracking his carapace. Victor died 2 days later. I am ashamed for us all.

6 UPPER LEFT EDGE OCTOBER 1994





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