

Hitting below the belt.

In the recent contest, we noticed that certain members of certain parties seemed to be overly concerned about what was going on "below the belt", as in our private parts and our wallets, for instance. We are told this was the dirtiest campaign to date. And as we contemplate the victors we see some real "street fighters". An example of this crap is the Furse/Witt campaign.

Mz. Elizabeth is as good a creature as walks this earth. A human being does not work for a goal like Peace for as many years as she has for the money, the ego, or the power, no, she loves the work of what some call the "Lord", God, The Great Spirit, Buddha, Mohammed, the work of the Golden Rule, in all its facets. And we have been lucky or wise enough to let her work for us.

When the type of marketing produced by the 1/2 Witt succeeds to gather 1/2 the vote, who, we wonder, are these people? These who profess to hear the word of the Lord at the new 1-800 FAX number, and shoot doctors from hiding. No, the beloved reverend can not see the convicted thief, (he was fined, for a violation of the law) point to an honest woman, and well, say the things he said. . . We are not amused.

Ms. Furse, by a narrow margin, will be returned to Congress to work for all of us, for two more years. We will all be thankful in the long run.

**COYOTE**  
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A heretic. . . is a fellow who disagrees with you regarding something neither of you knows anything about.  
W. G. Brann

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In the battle of existence, Talent is the punch; Tact is the clever footwork.  
Wilson Mizner

To the Editor:

I respond to your November issue, "Politics is the Art of the Possible. . . politics can only do the possible, not the impossible, like make everything perfect."

I think politics is subservient to perceived public opinion. So far it's been a cinch to make public opinion appear to be what the power people want it to be.

I think this can change. Starting as a child, a bully is able to seemingly control public opinion, and cause other children to side with (him, her) or stay quiet, as a meek person is being "bullied". I've been victim of this, seeming to side with the bully, and later regretted it. I've been a coward.

On the positive side, I've often sat around the dining room table here and listened to people who may seem to be meek, but, boy, do they have strength. And, are their ideas wonderful!

The thing that has to be figured out is how the voices of people like this, superficially seeming to be meek, can be heard, and contribute their part to public opinion in time to put pressure on the politicians.

I have faith that, not only can it happen, but that it is already starting to happen. I don't know how, but I have trust that some day, the "meek. . . shall inherit the earth". And, by meek, I don't mean just human beings.

Joseph L. Miller Jr

To the Editor:

The L.U.B.A. oral argument hearing took place on Wednesday, November 2, in Salem OR, for our appeal of the Sahhalie condominium proposal on the Necanicum estuary. The following is a brief summary of the proceedings.

Bart Brush, attorney representing the Chinook tribe, took five minutes to discuss two assignments of error contained in his brief, essentially establishing that the City of Seaside has not shown that there are no cultural resources on the building site. Mr. Brush cited the developer's own archaeological report, compiled by Dr. Rick Minor, regarding phase two results of their analysis, yet to be released. He also cited eye witness accounts describing cultural resources. (By the way, in November of '93, right after a rushed construction of a bridge piling, we made an inquiry of the City of Seaside's building inspector, Mr. Jim Brien. He reported, "significant cultural artifacts have been found, and they are working it out.")

Lyn Mattei, ONRC land-use director, then discussed the wildlife, biological values in which we are all familiar, but a critical argument to make

Peggy Hennessy, attorney for the Petitioners, addressed the skewed conditional-use process for the bridge, the conflicting zone designations and the City of Seaside's refusal for a continuance request, made by ONRC in December '93. (This pertains to the record being closed before our documents could be filed to show Cascade Trust's boundary survey to be flawed.)

Michael Robinson then argued for the City of Seaside, attorney for Cascade Trust, the Respondents

- 1) His argument regarding the conditional-use for the bridge -- that the ONRC was too late to appeal this decision.
- 2) Argument regarding the mis-zoned salt marsh -- conceded that in reality the marsh is designated correctly in Necanicum Estuary Plan, but contends the mistaken zoning map should be basis for approval criteria.
- 3) Argument on north boundary issues -- contends that the City of Seaside has a right to believe what we all know to be a flawed survey done by Mark Mead, and that his registered stamp on the original site plan is enough to satisfy Seaside requirements.
- 4) Argument regarding continuance request -- contends ONRC was late in making request and was done incorrectly.

Peggy then had 4 minutes left for rebuttal in which she clarified the salt marsh designation in the Necanicum Estuary Plan for the referees and answered questions regarding the north boundary issue.

In summary, it was gratifying to be audience to a forum in which significant questions were asked and explored by the three L.U.B.A. referees. This was very unlike the Seaside Council hearing. The focus of inquiry was directed at important central issues, leaving us hopeful that a remand will be forthcoming within a few weeks.

Chris Cowan for  
Friends of the Necanicum



Ah, December, the cruelest month. It's time once again for our annual holy days column. It's not fun for any of us, so the sooner we get it over with the better.

We spent a week last month in Eastern Canada. No, we're not someone who piles up frequent flyer miles. In our income bracket, vacations usually boil down to wild weekends in Scappoose. We had a chance for an expense paid trip to Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, and we went for it like a trout.

In six days, we heard one siren. It was in Ottawa, about four in the afternoon; everyone stopped and stared. In six days we saw no one pushing a shopping cart and were panhandled twice, both times in French. There were no mental patients wandering the streets like human ghosts. There were no gangs of angry young black men. Canada never practiced slavery, and it shows. We walked the dark streets of Old Montreal at three in the morning. There were women walking alone who nodded as we passed on the sidewalk. We felt like a stranger in a civilized land.

Even Portland, one of the most liveable cities in America (or The States as we're called in Canada) is a war zone by comparison. It's an apt term. America is the front line in what can only be called a culture making war on itself. We discuss human rights in China while denying health care to our children. We fight wars over oil while our young men fight wars over crack. We pit religion against politics and, confusing the sacred with the profane, manage to gut both. We pit brown people against beige people, haves against have-nots, women against men. Forgetting the distinction between freedom and license, we elevate political correctness, a hilarious contradiction of terms, to the level of moral philosophy.

We are, in short, in serious trouble. Regardless how one feels about last month's power shift in Washington (we're still gassing), nothing could be more clear than this: for the America we dreamt of to survive, the citizens must rise above their government. The revolution is not about seizing power. It's about regaining our humanity. If we win, we'll win one human at a time. To be or not to be comes down to hanging together or hanging separately.

Which brings us to the holy days. We do not say Christian Holy Days because, like the rest of time, they belong to everyone. What we celebrate is the holiness of all days, all births, all acts, all beings. We celebrate the human spirit and the web of space/time that, by connecting us with all parts, renders us whole. It's the reality the Carpenter from Gallilee called love. Salvation is as close as the person next to you.

God bless us all.

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It is better to deserve honors and not have them than to have them and not deserve them.     Mark Twain

