

Editorial Now & Then

What to start with? Well, as we collapse into September we find our dance card filled for fall. Locally, nationally and of course globally. Locally we are concerned with the safety and well being of our family and friends. Tragedy has visited. We lost another at the Notorious North Entrance (more on that later) and we came damned close to losing an artist. **Bob Legg**, who plays banjo with your beloved Rev. and the boys at Bill's, missed death and almost lost his arm on the Astoria Bridge. He is doing better, but if you have a moment, you might think about the joy you have felt watching live music, and then give a thought to Bob, and when you get behind the wheel of an internal combustion machine, remember that music and the soft gentle people who often make it. We will keep you updated next month.

Nationally, the **Packwood Problem** is reaching critical mass. Rep. Furse, D-Or, dropped by Jupiter's as she is wont to do during recess, and promised that things would come to a head in September. Since then Battlin' Bob has belatedly asked for public hearings. So, another live action television series on CNN (they already made an offer) that runs at least 'til Christmas if not election day '96. Please, Senator, (does he read the Edge? Well, it's worth a shot.) get a note from your Nurse, saying, perhaps, "The strain of my efforts to deal with an alcohol problem and the damage done by my past behavior have put me in a position where I do not feel that I can represent the people of Oregon in the manner they have a right to expect. I feel that the work I have done is something to be proud of, but to continue would not be in the best interests of the country, the Senate or the people of Oregon. Thus, I must resign." (Well, we can dream.) If dreams come true, we, and quite a few others, suggest that Oregon could do worse than to replace the junior Senator with Norma Paulus, a Republican more in the McCall mould, who would speak with -- how shall we put this -- perhaps not as dangerous a tongue.

Speaking of keeping a civil tongue in your head, the **American Civil Liberties Union** is celebrating 75 years of defending the constitution. (Strange, it seems like the rights of women to vote were just 75 years old this last month, huh?) There will be tons of events all over America this month, so take a chance, and read something you aren't supposed to or listen to someone you disagree with. It's democracy; try it, you'll like it.

Okay, now for the **North Entrance from Hell**. Several folks have dropped by and talked about the situation; we have been on hold all over the Edge, to Highways, Police, the City, the Media. A local man lost his sister recently at this intersection, which has taken six lives in five years. There has been, for longer than that, an ongoing fight between the community, the city and the Dept. of Highways. Arguments, explanations, studies, meetings, task forces; done it, been there. We suggest a simple solution: first -- now, and from now on, **we refuse to use the North Exit**. Use Sunset Blvd. if you head North from Cannon Beach; a few blocks could save your life. We plan to put informational pickets on the bridge over Ecola Creek to encourage folks leaving on Labor Day, to turn around in the Les Shirley pumping station lot and use Sunset to get on 101, heading either way. We encourage the City and ODOT to work together to reduce the speed limit approaching the North Entrance to 35 MPH on 101, for the length of the Cannon Beach Exits and Entrances. As soon as the Fire Station is relocated, we encourage the use of 2nd St. as an exit from downtown at least in the Summer and that the North Exit be closed to traffic entering 101. No, this will not make it absolutely safe to enter or exit Cannon Beach, but short of putting a parking lot on the east side of 101 and shutting them in, it is the best thing we can think of. Until this all happens, please, **don't use the North Exit**. The brother of the woman tragically killed has asked that no one send flowers, just help change the situation.

Well, we warned you our plate was full for September. Now, updates. **Sahallie** is, as we speak, hopefully, back on the drawing boards. The Seaside City Council, in a fit of good old common sense, stood its ground, and said fix it or ... you know that works. And lo and behold, a new design would actually (if the city and developers can speak softly, even though they both have sticks) make the developers more money (a favorite of theirs), and save the tiny sliver of a sand dune that is the last reminder of how it use to look, when the people who used the word Sahallie with respect lived there (a favorite of ours). We are reminded that the word 'value' has many different meanings.

Sept 5th the Cannon Beach City Council will discuss the spraying of 2,4-D by **Cavenham Industries** on the Watershed. We, as is well known about town, loathe meetings, unless they are held in comfortable civilized place like Bill's Tavern for example. Taverns, in America, used to be called public houses, and there was born the idea of liberty, freedom and democracy. Nonetheless, we will be in attendance (be forewarned, after bracing ourselves with a couple of pints) to do our duty as citizens, because this matter has become greater than this small community. Recently we were appalled to learn that the State Legislature passed a bill that demanded that no municipality make any law having to do with pesticides. We were delighted to see Gov. Kitzhaber veto it. We were again appalled to see it become a "caboose" on the Light Rail Bill and pass into what passes for law. If we do not challenge this idea that an industry (in this case the petro-chemical industry) can mandate the rights of a community, we are not worthy of the freedoms we have fought and died for. Any 'Nam Vet can tell you how 2, 4-D works on plants and people. And it usually takes a decade or two to surface, often in our children.

Where is there dignity unless there is honesty?
Marcus Tullius Cicero

2. UPPER LEFT EDGE SEPTEMBER 1995

Now, finally, thanks for all of the support we have received this summer. We shall survive, we will get by. Thanks to you. But ... the gentle Ms. Sally, Uncle Mike, your beloved editor, et.al. are looking for some serious help. Has anyone out there ever done anything vaguely resembling this? **We think we need a publisher.** Some gentle, intelligent person, who can figure out how to get the paper to and from the printer and to the outlets, and get the bills to the advertisers, and get new folks involved, and mail the papers to the subscribers, and figure out the books and the taxes, and all that stuff that Microsoft probably sells the software for, but in a better way. So, if anyone happens to be interested in talking about something this silly, give us a call. We, too, would like to see the Edge survive and prosper. This month we will be printing 6,000 copies, due to demand. We will be newly available in Ashland, and Vancouver, B.C. as well. And no, we are not kidding.

Dear Cannon Beach,

When Oregon poet William Stafford died, I was stunned speechless: I was shut down by the shock of his actually dying -- it was as if I didn't think it was possible, or even plausible, that this particular man and poet would, or even could, die. And when someone said to me, "But Kelly, he was seventy six years old," trying to be of comfort I suppose, I was floored again. "So what? What's your point?"

Less than a year later, when a beloved family member died, I was shocked by death more than ever, in spite of having been prepared by their having had a terminal illness. But there is no preparing for death and all the sensible explanations in the world both prior and post fail to impale the mystery of this most mysterious and disturbing event.

At my father's funeral, everyone present was horrified when a revered and respected dear friend of my father's brushed right by my mother at the end of the ceremony without expressing a single word of sorrow to her. As he ran out the door I followed him and took hold of his arm, and he pushed me aside so hard I fell, and while many persons there tittered and whispered words of shock and indignation at this toughbutt of a retired naval captain's lack of correct procedure regarding condolences to the departed one's family, I had never felt so moved by anyone's demonstration of love for my father in my life. I even raised my hand in a kind of crude salute, and busted out laughing with a kind of crazy joy as he sped away in his car, for I found his reaction to be the most honest and genuine response of anyone else there. To a man who'd served alongside my father in the Korean War and Vietnam, my father's dying of a terrible disease made no sense to him, it made absolutely no sense at all.

When someone we love leaves us suddenly through death, it isn't supposed to make sense; it isn't supposed to impart new wisdom, or leverage heroism to new levels. It isn't supposed to open up a window in our eyes to better ways of doing things, new possibilities, etc., in spite of the paradoxical fact that it often does.

I'm not sure death is supposed to do anything. But I know that it does do this to those who are left behind: it hurts. It simply and absolutely hurts all over. And it's probably just human nature that tries to speed the process of grieving along, by trying to make sense of the death of a loved one.

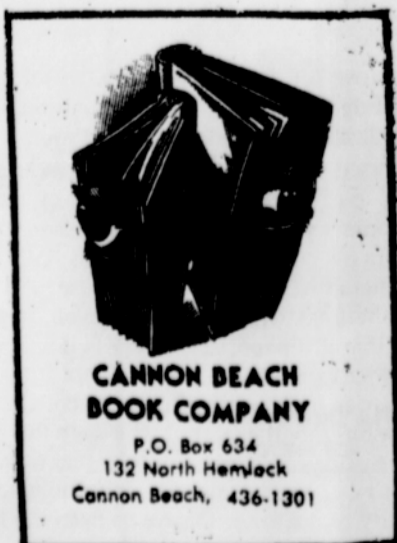
Many of you might have read the front page story the other day in the Oregonian about a young woman who was so threatened for her life, that she leapt to her death off a bridge in Detroit in her frantic attempts to get away from a group of men who were beating her up. Not only was her forced -- and to her terrified mind, necessary -- suicide outrageously senseless, the group of onlookers who cheered her violent tormentors on were as ravaging and senseless as any group of monsters could possibly be. The story was paralyzing, it brought my mind to a complete stop -- I felt about as helpless and hopeless as anyone could feel. Later on, the only fragment of peace I could glean from the story was the fact that her tortured soul had gotten away from her tormentors at all, and then I wondered what kind of a world am I living in that I could find any semblance of peace in such a thought as that? No sense there, no sense at all. It makes for tremendous rage and pain and grief for all who were a heck of a lot closer to the woman of that story than I, a mere reader of the news, was though. It makes for all of that and more, but it still doesn't make any sense.

So, I won't begin to try to make sense out of local resident Jim Hall's having recently lost a beloved sister in an automobile crash at the north end exit of Cannon Beach. I won't dare try. But if we don't simply shut the north end exit off to all outgoing traffic, and also take every and any single fierce action we can take to severely slow all traffic both north and south of this Death Pocket in the curve of 101, then that, well, **that makes absolutely no sense at all.** And for any of us to quietly stand by and not do or change anything in regards to that Death Pocket is just one more of those senseless monsters that the world needs no more of.

My heart goes out to Jim Hall and his family. William Stafford wrote in the first stanza of his poem 'Toward the Space Age', these words and they have been of great comfort to me:

We must begin to catch hold of everything around us, for no one knows what we may need. We have to carry along the air, even; and the weight we once thought a burden turns out to form the pulse of our life and the compass for our brain.

Kelly Jurgensen



CONGRESSIONAL SNAPSHOT:
Follow the Money

1000
12/31/94
Pay to the Order of Congressional Candidates \$ 780,000.000
Memo Receipt '93-94
Campaign Contributions

Oregon's Congressional Members	Total Contributions	% from Individuals	% from PACs	Top 3 Industries From PACs		
				PAC #1	PAC #2	PAC #3
Barfield, Mark (R) Sr. Senator	\$2,283,988	49%	43%	Oil/Gas \$71,500	Forest Prod \$70,650	HIGH Prof \$51,000
Packwood, Bob (R) Jr. Senator	\$6,035,503	70%	23%	Insurance \$130,852	Pro-Israel \$130,850	HIGH Prof \$86,500
Furse, Elizabeth (D) District 1	\$1,145,731	60%	39%	Coal/Ind Un \$73,750	Pub Sect Un \$47,950	Trans Union \$44,100
Cooley, Wes (R) District 2	\$310,326	45%	46%	Alcohol \$10,250	Forest Prod \$10,000	Teleph Util \$8,500
Wyden, Ron (D) District 3	\$585,256	52%	41%	HIGH Prof \$31,200	Law/Lobby \$24,350	Pub Sect Un \$20,200
DeFazio, Peter (D) District 4	\$290,182	40%	57%	Coal/Ind Un \$38,000	Trans Union \$31,350	Pub Sect Un \$17,500
Bunn, Jim (R) District 5	\$352,698	46%	42%	Abstrn Pcty \$20,070	Forest Prod \$15,000	Auto \$11,000

PAC Contributors:
Abstrn Pcty: Abortion Policy; Alcohol: Beer, Wine & Liquor; Auto: Automotive; Coal/Ind Un: Construction/Industrial Unions; Forest Prod: Forest Products; HIGH Prof: Health Professionals; Insurance: Insurance; Law/Lobby: Law & Lobby; Oil/Gas: Oil/Gas; Pro-Israel: Pro-Israel; Pub Sect Un: Public Sector Unions; Teleph Util: Telephone Utilities; Trans Union: Transportation Union

House members' data covers 1993-'94 election cycle. Senate members' data covers 1987-'94. Special cases may not have complete data. PAC and individual totals have been rounded off to the nearest percentage and do not include funds from political parties, loans, previous campaigns, etc. Data reflects separate reports filed by candidates and by individual PACs. Therefore, figures may differ.

Source: Project Vote Smart, a nonpartisan service with information on voting records, issue positions, special interest groups' performance evaluations, biographies, and additional campaign finance data. Toll free: 1-800-622-SMART. Figures provided by Center for Responsive Politics from FEC data.

Whenever you have an efficient government you have a dictatorship.
Harry S. Truman

The Upper Left Edge is a monthly Broadsheet (approximately 12"x 21") publication with a current distribution of 5,000. It is circulated throughout the Oregon and Washington coastal communities and many larger metropolitan areas. As stated in the upper left corner of the Edge flag, it is Free to the vast majority of its readership; though there is a rapidly increasing number of subscribers worldwide. Now in its third year of continual growth, The Upper Left Edge relies on advertising funds to keep it in print.

Advertising rates are as follows:

Business Card Size Ad	\$30.
1/16th approx. 3 x 5	\$35.
1/8th approx 4 x 7	\$50.
1/4th approx. 6 1/2 x 9	\$100.
1/2 page	\$150.
Full page	\$300.
Back page	\$400.

... per month. Payment is due the 15th of the month prior to the issue in which the ad is to appear. Camera ready art is requested. We are usually on the streets by the first weekend of the month.

Please call (503) 436-2915 for further information; ask for Billy or Sally.

No one man can terrorize a whole nation unless we are all his accomplices.
Edward R. Murrow

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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