

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



"Rabbits running in the ditch, beatniks out to make it rich, must be the season of the witch." (old Donovan lyric). Besides Halloween, October offers, a Friday the 13th, an eclipse of the Sun, the end of daylight savings time, and Hillary Clinton's 49th birthday. Fun, huh?
Well, it seems that now Ex-Senator Packwood does perhaps read the Edge. And now we must choose a replacement. For Republicans the choice is between Norma Paulus and a bunch of guys. "Golden Gordon" Smith, God's Own Yuppie has been endorsed by the OCA, and intends to buy as many votes as possible. We urge all Republicans to vote for Norma in the primary.

So, where were we. Updates, Bob Legg, banjo player and full time hospital patient, is recovering from an almost fatal accident, but it will be a long road, so, again, music is made by soft bodied humans, try to remember that before you start your motors.

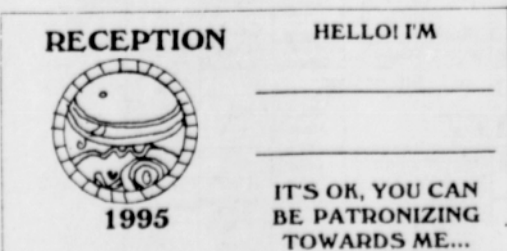
Highways are a topic of interest here on the edge, in small towns and large, from grid lock in Seattle, to the westside by-pass in Portland, to the closure of 101 on the coast. Your beloved editor's opinions of the internal combustion engine and asphalt covered earth are well known to our constant readers. But, for those of you just joining us; We find it pathetic that our ability to get from point A to point B, is based on nineteenth century technology, and is dictated by the petro-chemical industry. Any deviation from the one man, one oil burning, toxic spewing, honking, chunk of Detroit iron or Tokyo aluminum, is fought to the death. And it will be the death of us, if we let it. There is no option, public transportation does not serve our area very well, or yours either we would venture. Also, October 22, Young James, your beloved reverend's son, turns 17 (please send no presents, just fax your gold card number, he'll manage the rest.) and is making noises about his own mobility. And considering our local situation at the northern exit (unsafe in any season) we have a certain trepidation. So, we will remind our friends and family, use the Sunset exit and entrance to Cannon Beach, until such time as the wheels of government turn, and we know that will not be nearly as fast as the log trucks rounding the downhill curves.

Speaking of Government, it seems that Seaside City Council has come up with a possible compromise with the Sahallie folks, concerning their condo project. This is good, not best, but better, and to the people of Seaside, good work. That is what our headline is all about this month. Here in Cannon Beach, we attended a talk by NCAP (National Coalition for Alternatives to Pesticides) where we learned that our local fight to stop the spraying of 2-4D in our watershed will be an up hill battle. Besides the fact that recently passed State law forbids communities from making any laws concerning pesticides, we found that several other types of chemical that affect hormones and immune systems are being used by the timber industry. It is all perfectly safe according to the folks doing the tests, of course we also learned that the labs that are used have broad plus-minus range for chemicals that can be lethal in a very narrow range. And of course testing is expensive so it isn't done very often. So if any citizen is concerned they can pay for their own test, which will not be very accurate. We are reminded of a recent change in an Alabama law that required the rape victim to pay for the examination required to prove rape. Cheth and Andrea Rowe have started a group to get testing done in our watershed, and we encourage their efforts, but we are looking for a few good lawyers. When the legislative branch of State Government is bought or blackmailed by the petro-chemical industry, and the executive branch fails to stand by its veto, the citizen has only the judicial left. We have offered several alternatives to Cavenham's spraying, and have yet to hear anything but business as usual. Dialogue requires two or more voices, so speak up or tell it to the judge.



Readers will notice the absence of "Wildlife on the Edge" in this and next months paper, due to the upcoming show of the humble ms. Sally's one hundred hand bound editions of her book, "Wildlife on the Edge" made possible by a grant from the Cannon Beach Arts Association, and the dogged determination of herself, ms. S has chosen to share some of the drawings that will grace her tomes. The originals will be available at the gala opening Dec 8th at the Arts Association Gallery 1064 Hemlock, Cannon Beach, attached to some dramatic, creative, whimsical, and beautiful copies of this wonderful book. Prices vary and part of the proceeds help the Arts Association support the arts and artists still struggling to survive in Cannon Beach, a former "art colony".

Speaking of Arts Associations, we had a great deal of fun watching Don Osborne, and the Manzanita folks welcome the Oregon Arts Commission and it's Executive Director Christine D'Arcy. Once we explained significance of the name tags (below), they realized Don & the folks understood the term "bottom Line".



Standoff at Gustafsen Lake:



The Royal Canadian Mounted Police's Undeclared War on the Defenders of the Shuswap Nation

What the hell is going on in Canada? Our upper-upper left edge friends seem to be going a little bonkers recently, if the stuff we are hearing is true. It seems the Native North Americans (the Shuswaps) are having almost as much trouble in BC as AIM had at Wounded Knee. Of course the same rules don't apply. The American FBI had to break the law to get it's business done, the Mounties don't have any pesky Constitution or Bill of Rights to worry about. From what little information is getting out of Gustafsen Lake in British Columbia, we can either think there are a bunch of radical terrorist renegades trespassing on some poor guy's land, or the Mounties are trying to crush a sovereignty movement among the indigenous people of Canada. The Shuswaps cite a Royal Proclamation of 1763 that states that native peoples "should not be molested or disturbed" where their land has not been ceded or purchased. And it seems the guy who's land they are "trespassing" on can't seem to find his deed. This situation which has been festering all over Canada, has come to armed violence again. The word is the Suswaps lawyer, Mr. Bruce Clark, is being held in a mental facility. We assume the thinking goes, he must be crazy if he thinks people are going to give their land away. He is also fond of using phrases like, "fraud, treason and genocide" when accusing the Canadian Government, well, fraud, treason and genocide. We are sorry we can't be more informative, but information coming from the scene is scarce. If you want to get involved, or just find out what the hell is going on in Canada, we suggest trying one or more of the following, depending on who you think will tell you the truth.

Settlers In Support of Indigenous Sovereignty, PO Box 8673, Victoria, BC, Canada, V8X 3S2

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien
Room 3095
House of Commons
Ottawa, ON K1A 0A6

Minister of Indian Affairs - Ron Irwin
10 Wellington St.
Hull, Quebec K1A 0A1

The United States Ambassador to Canada
The President of the United States

The Queen of England and the Privy Council

The North Coast Support Group
Box 50
Cannon Beach, Or 97110
(503) 436-2420 (503) 436-0527



OREGON COAST SUPPORT GROUP

PO BOX 50
CANNON BEACH
OREGON 97110
503-436-2420
503-436-0527

If the national mental illness of the United States is megalomania that of Canada is paranoid schizophrenia.

Margaret Atwood

Jonathan Raban, distinguished author of *Arabia Through the Looking Glass*, *Hunting Mr. Heartbreak* and *Old Glory*, will read for the Cannon Beach Art Association on **Saturday, October 28th at 7PM**, at the CBAA Gallery at 1064 Hemlock, in Cannon Beach. Admission is: **FREE!**

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it.

Thomas Paine

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~ GOOD FOR A YEAR'S READING OF THE EDGE ~



The House Ways and Means Committee did a cute tax thing last week. No surprise there. The boys and girls in charge of deciding whose cow gets milked and whose ox gets goaded are forever doing cute things. Still, even for Republicans, this one's a pip.

Without so much as a hearing, the Committee decided to levy a 34% corporate tax on Indian gaming. The cavalry, in business suits and taxpayer provided haircuts, has once again come over the hill to save us from savages who have something we want. It used to be land. Now it's money.

"It's about time this happened," squealed Donald Trump, suddenly concerned with the concept of a level playing field. The hundred or so tribes currently involved in gaming have made the mistake of coming between a greedhead and his money. Most notably the Pequots, whose casino in the wilds of rural Connecticut is eating badly into Atlantic City profits through the treachery of offering better odds. There ought to be a law. Unless the Senate stops it, there will be.

Just because Democrats on the Committee call it the "Trump Amendment" doesn't mean his Trumpness was somehow able to unduly influence the United States Government, or that he rides alone to defend innocent corporations from the growing red menace. "Fifty governors in 50 states oppose Indian gambling." Let's put on our thinking caps and figure out why.

Donald Trump, the fifty states, and now the federal government, are in the same business. The one they put the mob in jail for. Now the numbers racket and video poker are no longer national threats and the government gets its cut in corporate taxes. Meyer Lansky, eat your heart out. Gambling in America is still a family business, a Las Vegas wedding of those who make the laws and those who benefit from them. This is still America and if Donald Trump has to pay taxes then so, by golly, do the Indians.

Well no, not really. The states don't pay taxes on lotteries. The tribes are sovereign nations. One hundred and fifty years of treaty law make this very clear. To levy corporate taxes on tribal gaming revenues amounts to declaring tribes a business rather than a state. If there's room in the Constitution for this, it's not just Donald Trump who's in trouble. And it's not just Indian gaming that's being attacked.

It's a great year for Indian fighting, unless you happen to be an Indian or anyone else with more conscience than a used car salesman. The well-fed cavalry of the Great White Fathers, Gingrich and Dole, is hard at work burning the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the ground. A 25% cut in the budget. The grinding poverty in America's third world is about to get worse. So is what's left of our national honor.

Listen to Slade Gorton, U.S. Senator from Washington, redefine the white man's burden: "I do not believe there is a permanent duty, lasting not only a century and a half, but forever, to fund activities that every other American funds through local taxes and local effort."

Senator Gorton, bless his scumsucking little heart, labors under a misconception. Moneys distributed by the BIA do not constitute Aid to Dependant Indians. They are, at bottom, land payments. Lest we forget, this country used to be theirs. Defeated in war, the Indian Nations sued for peace. The treaties our government signed with them guaranteed that the United States would maintain reasonable levels of education and health among native peoples and protect the resources of the scraps of land we left them. The BIA budget isn't a handout, it's an acknowledgement of a debt, a binding agreement between sovereign nations. We're about to weasel on a deal.

Being a weasel is nothing new to Slade Gorton: Indian fighter, politician, and crook. In the 1970s, as attorney general of Washington state, he made political hay jailing tribal fishermen on the Columbia for catching their own fish. Now, he wants to eliminate funds earmarked to encourage tribal autonomy because the greedy ingrates have found a way to make money on their own.

It's a great life if you don't lose your sense of humor. It also helps is you get to make the laws. And then ignore them.

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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And A Cast Of Thousands!!

The oppressed are allowed once every few years to decide which particular representatives of the oppressing class are to represent and repress them.
Karl Marx