

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE.

And that means you can't get here from there.
The rivers run through us.

Yes, the times are tough on the Coast this winter, and they aren't any better in the valley. We are, for the most part, very proud of the behavior of Oregonians in the recent disasters. We worried about our friends and subscribers, in Nehalem, Tillamook, especially Vernonia. The Ragsdale family, who are up for sainthood in the Rastified Church of the Cowboy Buddha, survived with minor physical damage, but spent a painful time helping clean up the High School their son attends. When one of the students was asked, "What did you lose in the flood?", she replied, "My homework. Really!"


In Portland, Brother Del worked 18 hours on the Willamette Wall. But he's always like that. We in Cannon Beach were pretty much untouched in our homes. Ecola Park suffered slides that closed the roads and the trails. We couldn't get to Indian Beach. We saw logging, including several very large and very healthy trees, near the toll gate.

Somehow, we don't think cutting down trees is a solution.

One thing that worries us is that we are down stream from everyone. The barrels they didn't catch on Sauvies Island, the Round-Up© and anti-freeze stored in garages and barns that has washed downstream along with countless gallons of raw sewage; all this is bound to show up sooner or later. So, along with the free lumber and beach firewood, there's a lot of nasty stuff out there. Be careful if you find some, and let folks know.

We here at the Edge are very concerned about our advertisers, their winter was going bad enough without being washed out and cut off. Especially the folks in Nehalem, Manzanita, Tillamook, Lincoln City... well, it's a long list. So, if you get a chance, drop in and say hello; and if they don't need a hand, they are the kind of folks who can tell you who does.

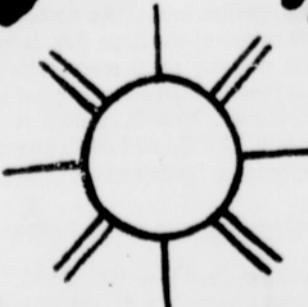
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CAFE

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At this point, things do not simply become ugly; they become stupid.
Theodore Roszak

IT'S PAT

By Watt Childress

Modern political genders are increasingly ambiguous. Words like "liberal", "conservative", "right", "left", "moderate", "radical", "revolutionary", and "mainstream" have been played so heavily in Washington that their emotional definition is starting to self-deconstruct. As these terms lose their lock on the American mind, strange new fusions of popular thought are being set free to rise up in front of us.

Pat Buchanan is riding roughshod upon this liberated upsurge. This seasoned commentator has long observed how to engender the public's ire with the right mix of words. His early victories in the primaries show he can use this skill to become a hot political contender; but his profile is upsetting the stomachs of Party Brahmins. A vocal defender of the unborn, he's forged a hefty alliance with religious groups. Yet he is equally defining his appeal to working-class activists by challenging NAFTA and GATT. Coupled with his denouncement of abortion, Pat's upbraiding of current transnational trade policies is confounding the regularity of the establishment. He's flustering the digestion of those gatekeepers who control the financial flow between Wall Street and Washington - that cabal of investors who have profited from corporate lay-offs and who lobbied the transfer of economic power to the World Trade Organization.

Bored silly and fed up with most pro politicians, I say *go ahead Pat*. I loathed you back in '92, when the media magnified your racist views, and your positions on personal privacy enclosed our bedrooms with glass. Back then, Jerry Brown got my insurgent vote. Like you, he displayed a unique blend of political androgyny -- combining his repete as a Mother Teresa-esque leftist with an advocacy for the flat tax. Jerry's gone now, bless his heart. Now you, Brother Buchanan, appear to be the only candidate who's willing to rant against the executives of Mammon. I'm primed to vote for East Tennessee's homeboy; but, much to my chagrin, a small part of me is starting to root for you.

Of course, there are oodles of unknowns left in the race, and thousands of miles to go between New Hampshire and California. The allure of corporate power will be poised at every Interstate Exit, ready to co-opt and skew your platform as it does with every viable candidate. Unlike Steve Forbes, you don't have an Olympic-sized pool of cash to pump into political ads. Standard Party logic says you'll need a lot more dough, and in order to get it, you may well decide to moderate your "fair trade -vs- free trade" message. Unless...

Ross Perot is still gallivanting around out there, a Napoleonic dude who's equally famed for fighting the New World Order's trafficking. Is there even an outside chance, Brother Buchanan, that Perot and his supporters might tithe to your candidacy? And though it bucks the status quo, it is not unthinkable that a candidate could win a major chunk of votes without the blessing of the big banks. This possibility feeds the fervor of populism, and far be it for me to slight such chances. I'm an idealist.

Yet regardless of what happens to your campaign coffers, it takes acute smarts and soul for any insurgent to survive. Strong channels of communication must be opened that will draw united support from diverse camps. The wild frontier of "new ideas" must be truly explored. For example, how about broadening your coalition of Christians to include the growing movement of evangelicals who promote environmental stewardship. Or be a real wild-man: hold a religious summit with Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson. You could emerge from hours of negotiations to publicly announce a fresh take on moral education and school prayer ("I pledge allegiance to the Golden Rule, and will serve God, not Mammon").

If you are unable to bridge divergent factions, then a campaign like yours can arise from the disenfranchised fringes and cave in to the central establishment overnight. Using the bulwark of the mainstream media, the gatekeepers will seek to scare Republicans away from you with a blitzkrieg of phrases like "isolationism", "anti-growth", and "class-warfare". To threaten Democrats, they'll keep



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

MARCH - High Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES

WASH. STATE TIDES

| DATE | AM | PM |
|--------|-----------|-----------|
| | time ft | time ft |
| 1 Fri | 9:30 7.9 | 10:47 7.3 |
| 2 Sat | 10:19 8.1 | 11:24 7.6 |
| 3 Sun | 11:03 8.3 | 11:58 7.9 |
| 4 Mon | 11:44 8.3 | ... |
| 5 Tue | 0:29 8.2 | 12:24 8.4 |
| 6 Wed | 0:59 8.4 | 1:04 8.3 |
| 7 Thu | 1:27 8.6 | 1:44 8.1 |
| 8 Fri | 1:55 8.8 | 2:27 7.8 |
| 9 Sat | 2:27 8.9 | 3:14 7.4 |
| 10 Sun | 3:03 8.9 | 4:10 6.9 |
| 11 Mon | 3:47 8.8 | 5:17 6.5 |
| 12 Tue | 4:42 8.5 | 6:35 6.3 |
| 13 Wed | 5:52 8.2 | 7:51 6.5 |
| 14 Thu | 7:13 8.1 | 8:58 7.0 |
| 15 Fri | 8:29 8.3 | 9:53 7.6 |
| 16 Sat | 9:36 8.5 | 10:42 8.2 |
| 17 Sun | 10:35 8.8 | 11:26 8.6 |
| 18 Mon | 11:29 8.9 | ... |
| 19 Tue | 0:06 9.0 | 12:20 8.8 |
| 20 Wed | 0:45 9.2 | 1:08 8.6 |
| 21 Thu | 1:22 9.2 | 1:54 8.2 |
| 22 Fri | 1:57 9.0 | 2:41 7.8 |
| 23 Sat | 2:32 8.8 | 3:29 7.3 |
| 24 Sun | 3:07 8.4 | 4:20 6.8 |
| 25 Mon | 3:46 8.0 | 5:19 6.4 |
| 26 Tue | 4:34 7.5 | 6:24 6.2 |
| 27 Wed | 5:34 7.1 | 7:30 6.3 |
| 28 Thu | 6:47 6.9 | 8:30 6.5 |
| 29 Fri | 7:58 6.9 | 9:20 6.9 |
| 30 Sat | 9:00 7.2 | 10:03 7.3 |
| 31 Sun | 9:54 7.4 | 10:40 7.7 |

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

MARCH - Low Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES

WASH. STATE TIDES

| DATE | AM | PM |
|--------|-----------|-----------|
| | time ft | time ft |
| 1 Fri | 3:37 3.0 | 4:33 0.5 |
| 2 Sat | 4:28 2.6 | 5:11 0.3 |
| 3 Sun | 5:13 2.2 | 5:46 0.3 |
| 4 Mon | 5:54 1.8 | 6:19 0.3 |
| 5 Tue | 6:33 1.4 | 6:49 0.4 |
| 6 Wed | 7:10 1.1 | 7:19 0.6 |
| 7 Thu | 7:46 0.8 | 7:50 0.8 |
| 8 Fri | 8:23 0.6 | 8:22 1.1 |
| 9 Sat | 9:04 0.6 | 8:59 1.6 |
| 10 Sun | 9:51 0.5 | 9:42 2.1 |
| 11 Mon | 10:48 0.6 | 10:37 2.6 |
| 12 Tue | 11:59 0.7 | 11:48 3.0 |
| 13 Wed | ... | 1:17 0.6 |
| 14 Thu | 1:11 3.0 | 2:30 0.3 |
| 15 Fri | 2:31 2.7 | 3:33 0.0 |
| 16 Sat | 3:39 2.1 | 4:26 -0.3 |
| 17 Sun | 4:38 1.3 | 5:13 -0.4 |
| 18 Mon | 5:31 0.7 | 5:57 -0.3 |
| 19 Tue | 6:20 0.2 | 6:38 -0.1 |
| 20 Wed | 7:07 -0.1 | 7:17 0.3 |
| 21 Thu | 7:51 -0.2 | 7:55 0.8 |
| 22 Fri | 8:34 -0.2 | 8:32 1.3 |
| 23 Sat | 9:18 0.1 | 9:11 1.9 |
| 24 Sun | 10:03 0.4 | 9:53 2.4 |
| 25 Mon | 10:53 0.8 | 10:43 2.9 |
| 26 Tue | 11:52 1.1 | 11:45 3.3 |
| 27 Wed | ... | 12:58 1.3 |
| 28 Thu | 0:57 3.3 | 2:02 1.3 |
| 29 Fri | 2:08 3.1 | 2:59 1.1 |
| 30 Sat | 3:10 2.6 | 3:47 0.9 |
| 31 Sun | 4:02 2.0 | 4:28 0.8 |


BASEBALL

The Cubs begin the season on April Fool's Day. This could be a good sign. Ken Griffey Jr. is running for President with the Mariner Moose -- write him in in the Primary, and maybe we could talk him into choosing a Rhino for the number two spot. The Baby Bruins from Chicago will be hosting Catholic Priests from San Diego for the opener. And both cities will host a National Political Convention this year. This could be a bad sign. Play Ball!

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hitting the airwaves with monikers like "bigot", "chauvinist", and "gay-basher". If we hear these words often enough, independents like me will surely steer down the middle of the road, looking for a safe place to buy an emotional laxative. Depending on our political orientation, we'll snatch from the shelves a brandnamed Party product like Bill Clinton or Lamar Alexander. Once again we'll make the choice between Coke and Pepsi, even though we're tired of drinking either one.

In the mass media market of modern politics, company labels can still sound as smooth and soft-spun as Charmin. But it's good to be reminded: when the mainstream plumbing gets chronically clogged, we might just thumb our nose at convention. Out of sheer frustration, we could always make use of the ol' outhouse and a crude hybrid corn cob.

(Brother Watt is our regular commentator from the land of Gore and Honey. -ed.)