

Rev.  
Hults

# Editorial Now & Then



Well, this issue begins our fifth year of publication, and we are as amazed as anyone. We would like to thank each of our readers, subscribers, advertisers, and friends who made this possible. You make us proud and humble with your faith in our limited abilities. You will be mentioned at vespers, except Wednesdays.

We usually print the covers of the last twelve issues on the front page of our April number each year, but we felt the release of Terence O'Donnell's history of Cannon Beach deserved the front page this time. You will find the covers of our last year's issues distributed throughout the paper.

Another internal matter: **We will not be accepting yearly subscriptions after this month**, so as to give ourselves the options of continuing on past our promised five years, or not. Now, stop that whining, it is very probable that The Edge will keep on keeping on well into the next century, assuming we get some help with publishing, advertising sales, billing, distribution and all those other business type things that are driving the beloved Reverend to an early grave, not to mention the constant threat of bankruptcy.

We will be doing something soon that we have always feared; we will be starting a non-profit corporation. Yes, we know that is popular liberal response to tax reform. And yes, we are much too silly to be trusted with large bundles of what Baby Gramps calls the currency, "frog skins." But we seem to have won the revolution after all. It appears that the ideals that we and in fact most generations professed in youth have somehow survived in some Sixties folks. In spite of the fact that they have slaved in corporate America, fought for the freedom that financial security gives, they still believe in doing those things we all said we'd do if we ever "won the lottery." So this is to announce the Upper Left Edge Foundation for the Arts, or something, perhaps a name to be named later. Now, we know that giving money to artists is always a dangerous thing, but to punish them for the gifts they offer is a tragic thing. Every one says they support the arts, but mostly they mean they consume the arts. They buy art, books, go to the theatre and attend concerts. But to support the arts you have to share the real risk of art. After all, artists risk their lives. Be at the planting as well as the harvest. Write us at good old Box 1222 Cannon Beach, OR 97110, and we'll tell you more and show you our bona fides.

And now the news. If elected, Bob Dole promises to complete a declarative sentence before his death or inauguration, whichever comes first. Dole has wrapped up the Republican nomination. The first out, the last standing.

No, Pat doesn't count -- he isn't standing, he's crouching and snarling.

On the incumbent side, Slick Willy is facing Ralph Nader, in California, whose motto should be: "It's the Environment, Stupid!" We have little doubt of the outcome in either the primaries or the general election. We recently finished *Primary Colors*, by Anonymous, and would recommend it to political junkies. We believe if Mr. Clinton is to prevail he would be wise to parrot the words of his parodied self, "...who can do this better than me? You think there's anyone out there who'll do more for the people than I will? Think about the other wonderful possibilities. . . Is there any one else out there with a chance to actually win this election who'd even think about the folks I care about?" The right is collapsing and the middle is holding, the Republic is safe.

The polls tell us 75% of Americans consider themselves pro-environment and pro-choice, and that 75% of businesses in America are small businesses. Any questions? Only, do you vote?

One last point, we have recently heard that Leonard Peltier's parole was denied, and the parole officer who recommended it was fired. Please, in a spirit of healing, call the White House comment line at (202) 456-1111, and ask for executive clemency now! And to our friends who get the Edge at the Hotel Tabard Inn in Washington D.C., give Hillary a copy the next time you see her.

It's called political economy because it has nothing to do with either politics or economy.  
Stephen Leacock, 1869-1944



If you think education is expensive, try paying for ignorance - Bumper Sticker



Also in this issue, we will be teasing you with an excerpt from "The REAL Guide to the Oregon Coast" by Michael Burgess (we call it "Uncle Mike's Guide to the Upper Left Edge"), which will be available, hopefully this summer, in bookstores near you, or by mail through this paper.

## The Oregon Coast Today

It's all well and good, believing there are no bad people. Faith in humanity is a virtue. Naivete is another matter. Confuse the two on the Oregon Coast and things turn ugly fast.

Don't mistake your hosts for the happy natives of National Geographic specials. There will be no leis and hugs on your arrival, no serenading in the moonlight. You'll be lucky if they don't come for you with torches and clam shovels. Throw aside your warm, fuzzy notions about the family of man. These aren't people you should get to know. Or, for that matter, turn your back on.

To the water-logged little gnomes peering at you from under their rain hoods, you're a visitor from another world. A world of sunlight, laughter, and dry clothes whose existence they bitterly resent. Nothing you do, short of throwing your life away and joining them, will change things. To those who unwillingly winter where you summer, you're either someone who buys driftwood jewelry or can be sold to a crab boat captain with a drinking problem.

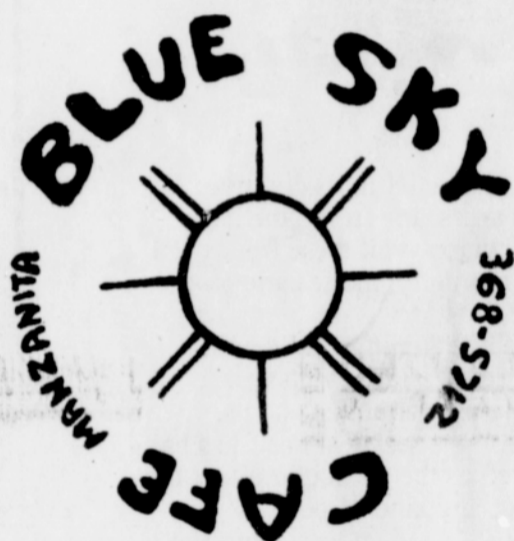
Your best intentions won't matter a jot. These are people too miserable to care. It's senseless suggesting to someone in a ragged tarp and patched rubber boots to have a nice day. Your villagers may be slow but they're not stupid. They know all too well what sort of day they're going to have, just as surely as they know what the rest of life has in store for them.

These are humans who, from the cradle to the grave, never really get warm and dry. It's nonsense to think their inner child is somehow nourished by the endless gloom and damp. Just as you would if you lived here, they hate their lives and being cheery is just not in them. Your smiles and laughter will only grate on their nerves, reminding them that, unlike themselves, you'll soon be going back to a world with sunlight, dry bedding, and meals not involving underwater mollusks and kelp.

If you must venture out among them, keep your money in your boot and your children and pets in sight. Don't lunch in quaint inns that lack a back door. Avoid eye contact with anyone not obviously from out of town and tell no jokes whose punch line involves eating blubber, luring ships onto reefs, or hiding from the law. If you hire a guide, under no circumstance let it lure you onto the beach.

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Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it.  
Oscar Wilde, 1856-1900



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Arthur Baer

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Life is what happens when you're busy making other plans.



All I know is what I read in the papers.  
Will Rogers, 1879-1935



If the people lead, the leaders will follow.



History records the names of Royal bastards, but cannot tell us the origin of wheat.  
Jean Henri Fabre, 1823-1915

## UPPER LEFT EDGE

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The man who reads nothing at all is better educated than the man who reads nothing but newspapers.  
Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826

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.