

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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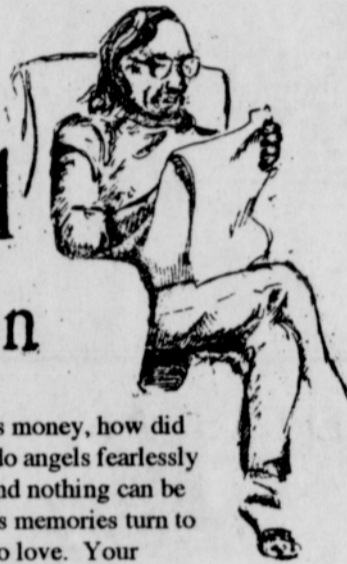
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Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



What fools we mortals be. A fool and his money, how did they get together in the first place? Where do angels fearlessly tread? Yes, obviously Spring is upon us, and nothing can be done. Young men's thoughts and old men's memories turn to love. And we are all fools when it comes to love. Your beloved editor is no exception. We would like to drop the third person plural that we regularly use in our editorials for this one time. We use third person for a lot of reasons; tradition, to protest the common overuse of the singular pronoun "I" and to indicate that the opinions expressed are from more than one person. But this is a purely personal piece about the most personal of feelings, love.

Love; it is the subject of many an essay, poem and novel. It seems a pity that English has but one word for such a spectrum of experiences. I've been told the French have several words, differentiating between love of a parent for a child, a lover, a friend, of a god, etc... And it is that 'etc.', that I would like to comment upon. Specifically the love of art. I, myself, make art, I perform art, I collect art, & I promote art in all of its wondrous forms. It and the people who create it are the love of my life. I have found that if I meet an attractive intelligent person who has neither talent nor passion for some art, I am really not interested in having much of a relationship with them. I don't dislike them, I respect them, I just don't understand them. But if they share my passion, I instantly care for them, no matter their physical, social, economic, or intellectual condition. When you see someone you love, there is, I'm sure, a chemical reaction in your body. The pleasure juices flow. When I hear good music, look at beautiful art, I have a serious Pavlovian reaction. I'm hungry. I'm horny. I'm happy. I'm eating. I'm in love. I take the beautiful thing someone created and bring it into my body, through my eyes, my ears, my hands; even my mouth, with the art of cooking. There it will remain and live and give me pleasure until I die. How can I possibly express the pleasure I have had from the arts since I was born? So, this must make me an 'art-ophile'? Or an 'art junkie'? Or just a simple Art Lover. I know my condition is not rare, but it doesn't seem to be the 'norm'. People on average don't spend a lot on what I call art. Entertainment yes, art no. There is even an ongoing debate about doing away with the National Endowment for the Arts. Try to raise some money for an art project these days. It's not easy. The grant system is complex, and the legendary 'patrons' are few and far between. Not just in the newer fields that challenge the limits, but the 'establishment' arts; symphonies, museums, literature all are struggling to survive. I don't understand. I really don't, and it breaks my heart. As regular readers know I and a few friends started a non-profit called the Left Coast Group to publish works by writers and artists from what I call the upper left edge of America. I have some experience in fund raising and with a great deal of help from the community the Left Coast Group has managed to produce two books so far. Uncle Mike's Guide to the Real Oregon Coast, with disturbing illustrations by Steve McLeod and Letters to Uncle Mike, by Michael Burgess. I am so proud of what we did, but it is an exhausting job. I now face the same task again. I have the completed manuscript for Sally Lackaff's Wildlife on the Edge, a beautiful collection of Sally's Wildlife columns from the Upper Left Edge and the Daily Astorian, spanning five years. It is full of delicate pen and ink drawings of the flora and fauna of our region, all hand lettered, including the blurbs on the back in Ursula Le Guin's, and Cannon Beach Gallery's Jane Davidson's own hands; and is not only lovely to look at but is a fun read and a useful tool, as Sally has included an index and bibliography. The second volume I want to publish is also illustrated by Sally Lackaff (yes I dearly love her art), and it is also beautiful. It is a first novel by the author of many a history text, Charles Le Guin, Ursula's husband. Called North Coast, it is the story of two young men from different back grounds who are trying to understand themselves and their worlds. I am also printing some small chap books. I have permission from Don Berry to publish an edition of his essay How to Dress a Nymph, and there a several poets who deserve a wider audience. I know that I should be spending more time working at my bookstore, but I love seeing the piles of paper turn into books. I love to watch people read them and smile,

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A Walk in the Jag Wood by Lauren Allsop

A long time ago when I was nine, my mom and dad took me to the zoo. We went to the alligators. I loved the alligators because of their devilish grins. Then, we went to the polar bears.

As we were going into the polar bear cave, I decided to run around in circles until I got very, very dizzy. I tripped on a rock and hit my head on a cement wall. I cracked my head open and got knocked out.

While I was knocked out, I had a dream that I was in a weird place. A place you only read about in books. Then I saw a man. He was wearing velvet: a red velvet shirt; blue velvet pants; a black velvet cloak; and his shoes were made of sheep skin with leather laces. I decide to follow him to his house. While I was following him, his golden necklace fell off. I picked it up and examined it.

It had a picture of a man on it. The man was Duke Grover. I learned about him in school. "But he was on money in medieval time! Oh no! I went back in time!" I shouted.

"Well," I thought, I'm dreaming, so I better return the necklace to him." So, I followed him to his house.

When I got to his house, I opened the door and no one was there.

It was getting dark. I had to go. When I opened the door, there was a very, very big jaguar in front of me. It started to growl at me. I was so scared, I couldn't even scream. I picked up the necklace and chucked it at her. She started to dart.

So I decided to get some weapons, while I could. I ran around the house trying to find something to defend myself with. I ran into the main room. There was a knife by the fireplace. I grabbed it.

I started to run out of the house into the night. I ran as fast as I could go, so that "thing" couldn't get me. Suddenly I came to a clearing. I decided to sleep there for the night.

When the sun came up, I heard horses coming toward me. I leapt to my feet.

A man on horseback, carrying large guns, came up to me. He looked like Duke Grover.

He asked if I had seen an orange cat with black spots. I said, "Yes." "Where?" he asked. "Over there," I said. I pointed in the wrong direction because I love animals and I couldn't let this man kill this beautiful creature.

So, off he rode in the wrong direction.

I decided to go back to the man's house to return the knife to him. So, I followed the path to his house. When I came up to the house, I decided to look in the window first. I saw the man sleeping in his bed. He looked up and motioned for me to come in.

So, I came in and he started telling me his story while we ate biscuits and drank tea. He told me how his dear friend, Laura, can change herself into animals. Most of the time she is a unicorn.

"Whoa, a unicorn!" I interrupted. "Yes, a unicorn," he laughed as he spoke.

"But I saw a jaguar here yesterday," I said. "Oh, well she changes into a jaguar when she guards my house while I'm away," he said.

"You have to go into the woods to find her and warn her about Duke Grover," he said. "How do you know that I met Duke Grover?" I asked.

"I have a crystal ball that Laura gave me. It allows me to see everything in this land," he said. "But why do you want me to find Laura? Can't you find her?" I asked. He said, "No, because I can only leave my house during a certain time.

"Okay, I will do your deed," I said.

So, I went off on my journey. I searched for hours in



MOONS & TIDES

APRIL - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
STANDARD TIME

DATE	HIGH TIDES		LOW TIDES					
	time	ft.	time	ft.				
1 Wed	3:01	9.1	4:16	7.3	9:56	-0.5	9:52	2.0
2 Thu	3:49	8.6	5:20	6.9	10:54	-0.1	10:50	2.6
3 Fri	4:45	8.1	6:30	6.7	11:59	0.3	11:58	2.9
4 Sat	5:53	7.5	7:40	6.8			1:09	0.6
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME BEGINS								
5 Sun	8:08	7.2	9:41	7.1	2:14	3.0	3:16	0.7
6 Mon	9:20	7.2	10:33	7.4	3:26	2.7	4:13	0.6
7 Tue	10:21	7.3	11:16	7.8	4:28	2.2	5:02	0.5
8 Wed	11:13	7.5	11:53	8.0	5:19	1.6	5:43	0.6
9 Thu	11:59	7.7			6:04	1.2	6:20	0.7
10 Fri	0:27	8.2	12:41	7.7	6:45	0.8	6:54	0.9
11 Sat	0:57	8.3	1:22	7.7	7:22	0.4	7:25	1.1
12 Sun	1:25	8.4	2:01	7.6	7:58	0.2	7:56	1.4
13 Mon	1:51	8.4	2:40	7.5	8:31	0.1	8:26	1.7
14 Tue	2:17	8.4	3:19	7.3	9:03	0.0	8:56	2.0
15 Wed	2:44	8.4	4:00	7.0	9:36	0.0	9:29	2.3
16 Thu	3:15	8.4	4:45	6.7	10:11	0.1	10:06	2.6
17 Fri	3:52	8.2	5:38	6.5	10:53	0.3	10:53	3.0
18 Sat	4:38	7.9	6:41	6.4	11:46	0.5	11:54	3.2
19 Sun	5:37	7.6	7:48	6.5			12:51	0.6
20 Mon	6:53	7.3	8:50	6.9	1:10	3.2	2:03	0.7
21 Tue	8:17	7.3	9:45	7.4	2:30	2.8	3:10	0.6
22 Wed	9:33	7.5	10:33	8.0	3:41	2.1	4:09	0.4
23 Thu	10:40	7.9	11:17	8.6	4:43	1.3	5:01	0.3
24 Fri	11:39	8.1			5:38	0.3	5:50	0.4
25 Sat	0:00	9.1	12:35	8.3	6:30	-0.5	6:37	0.5
26 Sun	0:41	9.5	1:29	8.3	7:20	-1.1	7:22	0.8
27 Mon	1:22	9.7	2:22	8.2	8:08	-1.4	8:08	1.1
28 Tue	2:04	9.6	3:15	8.0	8:57	-1.5	8:54	1.6
29 Wed	2:47	9.4	4:08	7.7	9:46	-1.3	9:43	2.0
30 Thu	3:31	8.9	5:04	7.4	10:36	-0.9	10:35	2.4

BASEBALL

The Cubs are beginning their home season April 3rd, and during the Seventh inning stretch Harry Caray's widow will lead the fans in singing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame". The team looks pretty good and yes, this could be the year. Go Cubbies!!



the woods. I decided to go on just a little longer before turning back.

Then, I saw a beautiful, little cottage. I thought, "Great, I have found the place I've been looking for."

There was a whole bunch of sunlight on this place. It made the rest of the woods look dark, gloomy and scary. Right as I was walking up the path to the door, a unicorn came out from behind the little cottage. It looked so beautiful.

I said, "Laura?"

The unicorn started to change into a woman. She said, "Yes! That is my name. How do you know that?"

"I am friends with the man with the beautiful, golden necklace. He sent me to look for you," I said.

"Oh, you mean Merlin. So, you're friends with him, eh?" she said.

"Oh yes, he sent me to warn you about Duke Grover. He is very dangerous. He has very big guns, I saw them today. They are huge! Bazookas practically! And he was looking for a jaguar," I said.

Laura was shocked! Her eyes grew huge! "Did you tell him that you saw me?"

"Yes," I said.

"Which way did you send him?" she asked.

"Oh, the wrong way, of course," I replied.

Laura sighed, "Phew!"

After we finished talking, I ran back to Merlin's house. I told him that I had done his deed and asked him to return me home.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Go over and stand by the fireplace. And pick up that knife," he told me.

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