

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER 1999

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## “The Whole World is Watching!”

Rev. Hults

### Editorial Now & Then



The whole point of the headline this month is that the Wall Street Journal compared the World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle, Nov. 30th, to the Democratic Convention in Chicago in '68, where folks chanted; "The Whole World is Watching". In Seattle the whole world will be meeting as well as watching. I hate meetings. I know there is a lot to be said for looking folks in the eye and feeling the vibe, but that can be done in the comfort of the neighborhood tavern. It isn't like we don't know what's going on. Ask any seven year old, we are destroying the basic foundations of life on the planet as we speak, and some of us are making gobs of money doing it. In Peter Coyote's book *Sleeping Where I Fall*, he relates his father's words of advice in the Sixties, "Capitalism is dying, boy. It's dying of its own internal contradictions." (He was, after all, a Wall Street financier, so I listened carefully.) "You think that the revolution's gonna take five years. It's gonna take fifty! So keep your head down and hang in for the long haul, because I'll tell you something. The sons of bitches running things don't give a shit about their children or their grandchildren, and they certainly don't give a shit about you! They've paid their dues and they want to get out with theirs! They're gonna sell off everything that's not nailed down to the highest bidder. Don't get crushed when it topples down. Take care of yourself and your family. If you can make a difference, do it, but there are huge forces at work here, and they have to play themselves out according to their own design, not yours. Watch yourself." Good advice. These are not stupid people. Greedy? yes. So they won't stop trying until it is no longer cost effective. But they don't understand the First Rule of Holes, taught to us by Molly Ivins, "When you find yourself in a hole, stop digging."

Pat Buchanan said at the Republican convention a couple of election cycles ago, "We are engaged in a cultural war for the hearts of the American people." And even though the Religious Right makes all the headlines and half of the laws these days, I think we are winning that war. Who are 'we'? Well, us old hippies, of course, and it frosts Pat's cookies. "In the Sixties, apartheid was driven out of America. We didn't end racism, but we ended legal segregation. We ended the idea that you can send a million soldiers ten thousand miles away to fight a war the people don't support. We ended the idea that women are second class citizens. Now it doesn't matter who sits in the Oval Office. Even George Bush has to talk about child care, the environment... We were young, we were reckless, we were arrogant, silly, headstrong. And we were right. I regret nothing," said Abbie Hoffman just before he died. And he was right.

We changed the world. And since change is constant the world changed us. I don't march in the streets much any more, though I support those young and old who still do for the environment and peace. May the Cowboy Buddha bless them. But I still believe that peace and love are better than greed and war. And if history has proved anything it's that the freedom needed by the human heart is a powerful need indeed.

When the world comes to my old stomping grounds where I worked demonstration in the streets in my twenties, I will be there as a reporter, not as a quaker marshal standing between screaming cops, hard hats and demonstrators. You see I kind of believe that it's better if we all get together, the corporations, the governments, and especially the people, and talk about all of this stuff. Preferably in a neighborhood tavern. Most environmental, union, and human rights groups oppose the World Trade Organization, and NAFTA & GATT and I must agree, as in, they suck. But our own constitution went through lots of changes, some good, some tragically bad, and the same is true of the majority of deals we make with each other, but we have to have some kind of a deal.

So the world is meeting in Seattle, serious corporate types, chamber of commerce types, lobbyists, rank and file unions, global environmental activists, and street performers, and bike brigades, and heads of state, and the president of these united states, and CNN and the SONICS, and Dan Rather, and RUKUS, and Earth First! and lions and tigers and bears, oh, my. I wouldn't miss it for the world. Are you my ride?

### Saying Goodbye to Tiger Stadium August 16, 1999. DETROIT

By Frank Walsh

After 88 years of service, Tiger Stadium will be torn down at the end of the season. (It opened on April 20, 1912, the same day Fenway Park opened in Boston) Today, Billie, Rosalie, and I drove into Detroit to see the Tigers play the Tampa Bay Devil Rays and to pay our last respects to an old friend.

Our day started early. We drove from Linwood, MI (where Billie and I live, on the shores of Lake Huron) to Saginaw to pick up Rosalie at The Mustard Seed Catholic Worker House. We stopped for lunch in Flint, worked our way through the suburban Detroit traffic, eased into Detroit and stopped at the Catholic Worker house there to say a quick hello to friends. The house is practically in the shadow of Tiger Stadium, so Father Tom Lumpkin suggested we just leave the car on the street and save the eight bucks it would cost to park in the lot next door.

Billie and I live winters in St. Petersburg, FL and summers in Linwood. Huffing and puffing over the bridge over the interstate, I could not help but make some comparisons between soon-to-be-demolished Tiger Stadium and Tropicana Field (the new stadium in St. Petersburg, FL and home of the Devil Rays). "The Trop" is a modern domed stadium, sitting in the middle of a vast parking lot, that you drive to on St. Pete's broad, palm-tree lined boulevards. With its sterile architecture and orange-glow top (which is lit up on the occasional night of a win), it seems fragile and almost cute. Tiger Stadium is a bastion in comparison. It dominates the landscape. A hulk of a building. A fort, solid and impregnable. And there's a lot more street action in Detroit. The vendors and early crowds mill around the bleacher gates. Lots of noise and congestion add to a sense of excitement about the coming game. The Tigers have been doing worse than the Devil Rays. Neither can win games. But still people come out -- even on a Monday night, with no promotions, no giveaways, no fireworks -- to see the two worst teams in the league. We line up to take each other's picture next to an historical marker.

People from all over the states and, indeed the world, have been making the pilgrimage to say good-bye to the old stadium. The guy in line in front of us (wearing a INS tee-shirt) came all the way from Ireland. He's lived there for the last 10 years, but wanted to see Tiger Stadium once more before it's gone.

I think back to when my dad first brought me here sixty years ago. It was dark and foreboding. I was small, surrounded by big people. It was loud. Cavernous smoky tunnels. Men smoked R.J. Dunn and Speckled Sports cigars openly. Jostling. High, high excitement mingled with a touch of fear. It was so dark.

And suddenly there was an explosion of green and blue. The field and the sky in the noon sun. Being pushed along by the crowd in a daze of pure sensation. I had to fight my way back to the double reality that this is Briggs Stadium and the Tigers are here -- Hank Greenberg and Charlie Gerhinger and Schoolboy Rowe -- and they are hitting and throwing the ball and I am here and I am here.

Dad licked the sharp point of his yellow pencil and in his meticulous accountant's hand began filling in his scorecard. That's all I remember.

It is all brighter now. Lots of white paint and PAWS' (the mascot) paw prints in orange on the floor to lead us this way and that. The sky and field are not as bright at dusk as they are at noon. The players wear black jackets without numbers so you can't tell who is who. There is more of a sense of waiting-out the season than electric excitement. I make the trek for beer from the nice lady with the demeanor of a longtime hospice worker. No one comments on my Tampa Bay hat (courtesy of Channel 32) or my Devil Ray shirt by LEE or my Devil Ray watch or my green St. Petersburg Times bag. We eat hot dogs with imaginary mustard as the condiment lines are too long.

The BIG DOC must have passed through and yanked the DL passes from about half the Devil Ray team. Old names, not seen for a while, are back on the lineup card. Rolando Arrojo's warming up, Miguel Cairo's leading off, Fred "The Crime Dog" McGriff's back at first. Everybody's gettin' healthy.

A couple of dozen kids in yellow come out on the field.

Continued on Page 2

Chanted in the streets at the Democratic Convention Chicago '68



### MOONS & TIDES

WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS  
1999 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	MOON	HIGH NOVEMBER				LOW NOVEMBER			
		TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1 Mon	●	7:15	7.3	6:47	7.1	0:35	0.2	12:59	2.8
2 Tues	●	8:14	7.7	8:04	7.1	1:42	0.5	2:14	2.2
3 Wed	●	9:05	8.1	9:10	7.3	2:41	0.6	3:17	1.5
4 Thur	●	9:49	8.5	10:07	7.5	3:32	0.7	4:10	0.8
5 Fri	●	10:27	8.8	10:56	7.6	4:16	0.9	4:56	0.3
6 Sat	●	11:02	8.9	11:42	7.7	4:56	1.1	5:38	-0.1
7 SUN	●	11:33	9.0	...	...	5:34	1.5	6:17	-0.4
8 Mon	●	0:25	7.6	12:03	8.9	6:09	1.8	6:54	-0.4
9 Tues	●	1:06	7.6	12:31	8.8	6:43	2.2	7:28	-0.4
10 Wed	●	1:47	7.4	12:59	8.6	7:17	2.6	8:02	-0.3
11 Thur	●	2:28	7.2	1:28	8.5	7:52	2.9	8:35	-0.1
12 Fri	●	3:10	7.1	2:00	8.2	8:28	3.2	9:10	0.2
13 Sat	●	3:55	6.9	2:38	7.9	9:09	3.5	9:49	0.5
14 SUN	●	4:45	6.8	3:25	7.5	10:00	3.7	10:37	0.8
15 Mon	●	5:40	6.8	4:25	7.1	11:03	3.7	11:34	1.1
16 Tues	●	6:36	7.0	5:43	6.8	...	...	12:17	3.5
17 Wed	●	7:29	7.4	7:07	6.7	0:37	1.2	1:30	3.0
18 Thur	●	8:17	7.9	8:22	6.9	1:38	1.3	2:34	2.2
19 Fri	●	9:00	8.5	9:26	7.3	2:33	1.4	3:29	1.3
20 Sat	●	9:41	9.0	10:24	7.7	3:24	1.4	4:20	0.4
21 SUN	●	10:21	9.5	11:19	7.9	4:12	1.5	5:08	-0.5
22 Mon	●	11:01	9.9	...	...	4:59	1.7	5:55	-1.1
23 Tues	●	0:12	8.1	11:42	10.2	5:46	1.9	6:43	-1.5
24 Wed	●	1:04	8.2	12:26	10.2	6:34	2.2	7:31	-1.6
25 Thur	●	1:57	8.1	1:11	10.0	7:24	2.4	8:20	-1.5
26 Fri	●	2:50	8.0	2:00	9.6	8:16	2.7	9:10	-1.1
27 Sat	●	3:45	7.9	2:54	9.0	9:13	2.9	10:04	-0.6
28 SUN	●	4:42	7.9	3:55	8.3	10:16	3.1	11:00	0.0
29 Mon	●	5:42	7.9	5:06	7.6	11:27	3.0	...	...
30 Tues	●	6:41	8.1	6:25	7.1	0:00	0.6	12:42	2.8

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## BASEBALL

Damn Yankees!!! What other sports team has had a curse turned into a Broadway play where the team is the villain second only to the devil? The Yankees have always been easy to hate, they come from the arrogant center of western culture, they are owned by a convicted liar with a presidential pardon in his wallet, and they used to win everything all the time. But lately they have won, not because they 'bought' a pennant, but because they built a team. Joe Torres is heart of his team. The Cubs will need that kind of heart next year in the Series. Go Cubs!



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