

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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I know you believe you understand what you think I said. But I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

Patrick Murray



MOONS & TIDES

WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS

2000 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	DOTS	GUESS	HIGH MAY			LOW MAY			
			AM	PM	FT	AM	PM	FT	
1 Mon	•	11:23	7.4	11:42	8.5	5:27	1.1	5:31	1.0
2 Tues	•	12:15	7.6	6:12	0.3	6:12	1.1
3 Wed	•	0:16	8.9	1:05	7.8	6:56	-0.4	6:52	1.3
4 Thur	•	0:51	9.2	1:55	7.8	7:40	-0.9	7:34	1.6
5 Fri	•	1:28	9.4	2:46	7.7	8:24	-1.3	8:17	1.9
6 Sat	•	2:08	9.5	3:38	7.6	9:11	-1.4	9:03	2.2
7 SUN	•	2:51	9.4	4:33	7.3	10:00	-1.3	9:55	2.6
8 Mon	•	3:39	9.0	5:33	7.2	10:53	-1.0	10:53	2.8
9 Tues	•	4:35	8.4	6:36	7.1	11:53	-0.6
10 Wed	•	5:43	7.8	7:41	7.2	0:02	3.0	12:57	-0.1
11 Thur	•	7:03	7.3	8:42	7.6	1:19	2.9	2:03	0.2
12 Fri	•	8:24	7.1	9:35	8.0	2:36	2.4	3:05	0.5
13 Sat	•	9:37	7.1	10:22	8.4	3:46	1.7	4:00	0.6
14 SUN	•	10:40	7.2	11:04	8.7	4:45	0.9	4:49	0.8
15 Mon	•	11:35	7.3	11:41	8.9	5:36	0.2	5:33	1.1
16 Tues	•	12:25	7.4	6:22	-0.3	6:14	1.5
17 Wed	•	0:16	8.9	1:12	7.4	7:04	-0.6	6:52	1.8
18 Thur	•	0:48	8.9	1:56	7.3	7:43	-0.7	7:30	2.2
19 Fri	•	1:19	8.7	2:39	7.2	8:20	-0.8	8:07	2.5
20 Sat	•	1:48	8.6	3:21	7.1	8:56	-0.7	8:43	2.8
21 SUN	•	2:19	8.4	4:03	7.0	9:30	-0.5	9:21	3.0
22 Mon	•	2:52	8.1	4:46	6.8	10:05	-0.2	10:01	3.2
23 Tues	•	3:29	7.8	5:32	6.7	10:43	0.1	10:48	3.4
24 Wed	•	4:13	7.5	6:21	6.7	11:25	0.4	11:44	3.4
25 Thur	•	5:06	7.0	7:13	6.8	12:14	0.7
26 Fri	•	6:15	6.6	8:04	7.0	0:50	3.3	1:10	1.0
27 Sat	•	7:35	6.4	8:51	7.4	2:01	2.9	2:07	1.2
28 SUN	•	8:52	6.4	9:34	7.9	3:07	2.3	3:03	1.3
29 Mon	•	10:00	6.6	10:15	8.4	4:05	1.4	3:55	1.5
30 Tues	•	11:01	6.9	10:55	8.9	4:58	0.5	4:44	1.6
31 Wed	•	11:58	7.2	11:35	9.3	5:47	-0.3	5:32	1.8

AM TIDES • BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING® PM TIDES
LITETYPE DAYLIGHT TIME BOLD TYPE



Fatally Femme

By R. K. Puma

I'd returned to school after fifteen years' absence and opted for a topic course in creative writing — "The Female Experience". In my naiveté, I hadn't realized that women's Studies attracted mostly disgruntled females, dilettantes returning in earnest, and those researching a change in sexual preference (ripe pickings?). At any rate, in this workshop, each of us felt quite extraordinary.

Lydia, though younger than we, spoke patiently about the kinds of work she expected of us. Her shapeless legs were always crossed at the ankles: stationary body language accompanying the fervent/feminist lecture and conjecture — not unlike famed Dr. Brothers discussing sex with knees solidly soldered together. Lydia had a captive audience of battered wives, single mothers and doe-eyed dears with fresh abortions in mind.

We circled the wagons, actually our desks — metal folding chairs, appended unnaturally with wood, to support our right-handed endeavors: pioneering the spirit of sisterhood. I noted Lydia's "Afro" (overpermed/thin) adorning her round, East-Euro face, with thick-penciled eyelids. She was assigning predictable reading. In the poetry anthology after many selections, I saw the contributors as a buncha' broads, tired of bitching in prose. I couldn't wait to see this crap up for discussion. I was clearly not with the group: Lydia'd invited a colleague to read to us her "Ode to My Diaphragm" and I had to clamp my palette to stifle asking why she didn't do a sequel ode to her douche bag. Oddly, the other ladies in the group were entranced with it. Great, me and Helen Reddy against the world. I hate Helen Reddy. But I'm down with Rodney D. and Aretha about getting no, uh, R-e-s-p-e-c-t (more pissed-full than wisful, I guess). How alone I felt in a crowded faculty livingroom, with Mary Daly; watching her exploit her status as an educator — with admiring babes at her feet, groveling for very selective wisdom.

As it went, I waxed anarchy, blasphemy, heretically unpopular views such as: men are human beings. Bite this bulletin: they're also the same species! When I'd admitted to loving not a few (dad, bro, many buddies and sons-on-tap) I became regarded as eccentric. The wine & cheese parties in the syllabus were required; chatter ended abruptly on my arrivals. Work poured in and Lydia mimeographed her ass off. The purple-printed sheets became the precious piñata for the ladies, much as sweet-toothed Latino brats, greedy for poking and jabbing.

Now, Maya, a Spanish American self-confessed lesbo who drove a cab, was (to me) the most likeable of the group. Her works were sprinkled with obscenities about the Blessed Mother. Catholic rearing, I'd supposed. Her thick accent and gringo boots, Army camouflage ensemble, reading her work on the Madonna in the backseat of a Rambler on Monticello Avenue. She had a polite tolerance of heteros with a sense of humor: we agreed in class too often.

Then there was Jan, also openly gay with a sweet face that belonged on a pancake box. Her most memorable work was a poem inspired when she'd eavesdropped in Burger King, on a couple of ROTC guys playing war games with their fries. She was incredulous and affronted. I grew to like her anyway.

Marie was the earth-mother/wide-hippy: overhearing her, a guy in the next booth had asked why it happens that all women's libbers are so ugly,

and she retorted with 'why do guys that ask that, always have bad breath?' which gives you an idea how often it was asked. She was a great organizer though, and made a helluva quiche, but I never understood her cryptic work until she'd explain away the vaguery. I did wonder, when I'd seen she was giving a reading a few years later — hey, who died and made her a poet?

Susie, financially struggling alone with three kids but determined academically, wrote cheering things about baking cookies and cllobbering her daughter with the hot sheet pan. Her unshaven legs and dry thonged feet attested to her busy schedule, unless that was a personal style expression. When we were to give a public reading in the Arts & Letters hall (to faculty, family or anyone else snag-able) she adamantly refused to participate. When the big evening arrived, she was more poised than Jackie O. The weekly parties/ luncheons were to prepare us for that gig. Cliques constantly shifted — the mode for discovering the extent of one another's abortion notches.

Dale was sweet and skirted issues on sexuality while Joie stayed away from it altogether with themes on wind, ballet dancers and yes, Joyce Kilmer — trees. Sidney, tragically hip, thin in designer jeans and high-heeled boots, attempted to write cryptically but unconsciously borrowed heavily from Billy Joel (about a girl in stilettos declaring it's her own life, dropping the 'leave me alone' so we wouldn't make the association). When I'd said I could name that tune in three notes, I softened it by saying at one time I was influenced heavily by Bob Dylan without realizing. Our eyes didn't meet for the remainder of the semester. It's not like I was calling her a frickin' plagiarist — what's a workshop for? But I was equally sensitive: when Lydia asked me to scrap one of my stories, I couldn't slash her handily. Thing was, she'd assumed it was a fantasy with herself in the lead, and a bit miffed when I explained I was barking my (male) philosophy professor. Ah, well. It's not difficult to irk a feminist.

Charlene wrote a lengthy piece on Ursa Minor, which was bafflingly beautiful and she might have earned the class award, had there been one. Then there was Victoria, whose demeanor/countenance were equal to her name. Her poems about a lover were as gory as the Norman invasion: "Ruminations in Blood" conjured images of her man, Beowulf with red fangs. I wanted to tell her J.C. Penney's was having a White Sale, since they hadda' go through some linen.

There's a sense here I'm introducing reindeer, Snow's dwarves or the Mouseketeers, but you had ta' be there. Karen was 'Ted Baxter' in drag, of Mr. Grant's newsroom. The first day she'd breathily declared, 'I do so want to write fiction. Good fiction'. Are we heaving yet? Her novel (yeah—she wouldn't get off it, in installments yet) of romance on the tennis courts involved a heroine (guess who?) who had a thing for her Rabbi, and did so want to beat him in a set. She'd asked me for suggestions and I diverted the conversation to a preferable topic: religion. She was stumped for a word for people who take catechism. "Fools?" I suggested, further alienating myself from yet another sister. But today she writes for a big Hampton Roads paper, so there you are on what they look for.

I most identified with Angela, we both so neurotic and beat. Beat? She'd have been at-home on Bleecker Street in the 50's; it was in her Ghent flat that I saw all the old women's hats she collected. After her party I went home, slept off the wine and dreamt, then wrote about it:

3:20 a.m.

There I was in some strange little shop,
I don't know how close I was to my companions.
First I tried on a purple hat with netting and plume—
Its show-biz elegance made me look smashing,
but we knew it was 'all wrong'.

The next hat was dowdy—

can't recall what color. [Sorry, Pablo]

Its small, funny shape made me hurriedly put

it aside,
I didn't want to get depressed.
There were several more to try,
when I spotted one so unique that it thrilled me.

A dream-storm, lost in confusion, the wake.

Babushka? Train? Dotted swiss?

I awkwardly tied it.

The disinterested girls chorused

"It's not you"

and I didn't buy anything.

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(with apologies to Picasso for 'borrowing' Jacqueline's hat.)

Lydia had red marked: "Great! Read this one on Tues. night."

The group discussed it and got more from it than intended. There's a voice, and it's definitely esoteric. Not everyone is gonna' get it. I'd offered it was possibly a derivation of the old ghost-town sheriff routine, changing hats every time the stranger asks to talk to someone else — in the derby he's the barkeep and in white Stetson, the mayor. That is, attempting to be all things to everybody. Nobody buys it, nobody gains. Identity. That's what the ladies decided it was about. I had a difficult time reading it aloud, even in the classroom. I love to talk. I'm nuts to write. Why can't I read what I write? My face twists and contorts involuntarily. Moment of truth, I s'pose. Typewritten paper looks so great but you feel like a complete moron reading, like you're ripping somebody off — their time, at least. You know those dreams where you wanna' holler and ya' can't make a sound?

With the poems selected and protests over protocol out of the way, we rehearsed. Lydia put me up there first. I still wonder what that meant. Perhaps she felt I might bolt; or worse yet, head out on a beer run. I did one on Boxes and another on being a Daughter; a sis and niece accompanied me in support. I'd drank a six-pack on the way to the hall and both uh, 'supported' me by harping. Okay, so give me a saucer of milk and let me sharpen my nails on the upholstery. I don't get women. They don't get me. When I recently congratulated a co-worker on luckily having a son, noting her puzzled look, I tossed in: 'hell, tough as it's been for us — you want any fruit of your loom to have it as crappy?' I'm an equal opportunity misanthrope though; males are very lampoon-able too, and I still can't read this jive aloud.

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I don't know why I did it,
I don't know why I enjoyed it,
and I don't know why I'll do it again.

Bart Simpson

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