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Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose.

Da Nang Saturday Night

by David Horowitz

The news came over the radio as my Datsun ambled up the Oregon side to the great Pacific. Da Nang, once the key American logistics base in Vietnam, had just fallen to the Communist offensive.

I was on my way to a cluster of cottages up the coast where Mac, a former Marine sergeant in Nam, was caretaking some property for the winter. Mac is writing a book about his experiences in the war and what came down when he returned home. He says thousands of grunts like himself could write the same thing. There's nothing special about his own experience, except that he happened to be one of the early founders of Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

When I reached the place where Mac and some friends were partying, I brought with me a bottle of Jim Beam and the news that Da Nang had fallen. Two other Vietnam jugheads were there. They weren't surprised to hear the news, but it brought back old times.

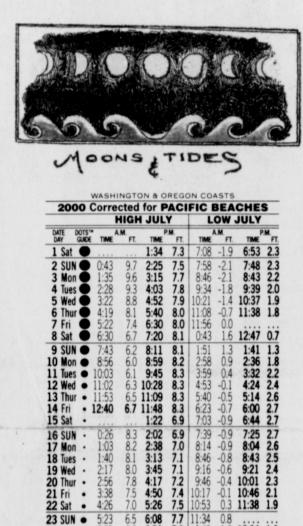
It didn't take you long to realize the war was lost, they said of their time in Nam, back in '65 and '66. The Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese called all the shots. Americans in the field never initiated any engagements. Time after time search and destroy missions were drawn into VC traps, only to be ambushed and sometimes all but wiped out.

Mac talked of survivor guilt. You wouldn't believe how quickly you can dig a hole when you're in the line of mortar, he said. You can do it like a dog, with your bare hands, if you have to. You camp for the night worrying that you're not in deep enough, and every hour start digging to get down further. One time, Mac said, he and some of his platoon suddenly made for a trench as some VC opened fire. The spot where Mac happened to dive had a small space into which he could jam his elbow. Everybody but himself got blown away. Sometimes a night long ambush would turn out to be three Vietnamese snipers with rifles. The military would proudly report the "capture" of a VC stronghold. Up on the DMZ, during Operation Hastings (named for the 900th anniversary of an earlier battle for Western Civilization), you could hear Charlie outside the base if you didn't mistake him for chattering monkeys in the jungle. Sometimes the VC would even watch the movies shown to the grunts in base camp. Mac swears the camp got shelled like crazy after every John Wayne flick. Then there was the day that the silent, huge-sized gunnery sergeant stopped the war. The company was moving in a single column through the jungle in futile search-and-destroy. They'd had no rest that day. The mud was often waist-high. Up ahead, three men had to clear the path by bending back the jungle growth -- you couldn't cut it with anything. The gunnery sergeant, who had over a dozen purple hearts, just sat down on the trail and refused to move. All he said was that he wasn't going anywhere until he rested. The word passed down the column -- "Davis just stopped the war." The word came back up the column -- "Right on, Davis." The officers were sent back to negotiate. Davis wouldn't move. After three or four hours, when he was ready, Davis got up and the column proceeded.



Incle Mike Live!

~ Kris Kristofferson



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Editorial

by the Reverend

Billy Lloyd Hults



July 23rd in Cannon Beach, signing his books for you, his people!! Noon until 2pm at Jupiter's Rare & Used Books, 244 N. Spruce, and from 3pm until 5pm at Cannon Beach Book Company, 132 N. Hemlock!!!!

We ponder freedom in this month of our nation's two hundred and twenty-fourth birthday. And like many Americans we are somewhat dismayed. Our nation has become the dominant economic, military and cultural force of the world. We have spread capitalism and democracy successfully even to Communist dictatorships like Cuba and China, where it is tolerated and occasionally encouraged. There are few on the planet who don't know about Mickey Mouse, Coca Cola, and Nike. But has our success given us our dream? Are we a free country? We say we have the freedom of choice, but do we? The globalization of commerce has actually limited our choices as consumers. The corporatization of politics has repeatedly given us the lesser of two evils in our choice of leaders. Regretfully this is the case in our current political cycle. Mr. Bore and Mr. Gush. Oh, we have some other 'choices', sort of; Tom Tomorrow is running his "Flightless Water Fowl" candidate, a penguin in sunglasses; and on the Doonesbury Ticket we have Uncle Duke, whose motto is "Absolutely nothing to lose." I mean really, what do we have to lose? Then there is Wavy Gravy's ever popular "Nobody for President".

And then we have Ralph Nader, the candidate of the Green Party. It seems like everybody knows who Ralph Nader is -- he's been making news since the sixties when he wrote a book about the Corvair titled, "Unsafe at any Speed," which attacked auto industry safety standards, and probably saved a few lives. It also seems that very few think he could or should be elected president. We are told he is not an option and that with only 4% to 10% of the people polled voting for him, he is not worthy of being included in the presidential debates on national television and sponsored by multi-national corporations.



BASEBALL

We are not sure if others have noticed but the Cubs have actually moved up to and are defending fourth place in the National League East. Yes, it is a six team division, unlike the American League West, where the Cubs would be in their more familiar place, last. But nonetheless, Mr. Sosa is still our right fielder, and the pitching seems to have improved from the early double digit debacles. We have found that we can listen to the games on our iMac, much to our amazement, and delight. There is still a lot of baseball to be played before the All Star Break.



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