

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 5

OCTOBER 2000

FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2915 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ www.upperleftedge.com

“You Got To Dance With Them That Brung Ya!”



Photo by John Parker

Doris "Granny D" speaking on the east steps of the U.S. Capitol Tuesday, February 29, 2000



WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS
2000 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	DAY	DOTTED	HIGH OCTOBER		LOW OCTOBER	
			TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1	SUN	•	3:35	7.3	3:20	8.2
2	Mon	•	4:25	6.8	3:53	7.9
3	Tues	•	5:18	6.4	4:30	7.5
4	Wed	•	6:19	6.0	5:16	7.0
5	Thur	•	7:27	5.9	6:17	6.7
6	Fri	•	8:34	6.0	7:33	6.5
7	Sat	•	9:32	6.4	8:48	6.6
8	SUN	•	10:20	6.8	9:51	6.8
9	Mon	•	11:00	7.2	10:44	7.2
10	Tues	•	11:36	7.6	11:32	7.5
11	Wed	•	12:08	8.0	12:08	8.0
12	Thur	•	0:17	7.7	12:38	8.3
13	Fri	•	1:01	7.8	1:08	8.5
14	Sat	•	1:45	7.7	1:38	8.8
15	SUN	•	2:30	7.6	2:09	8.9
16	Mon	•	3:17	7.4	2:44	8.9
17	Tues	•	4:09	7.0	3:24	8.8
18	Wed	•	5:07	6.7	4:11	8.5
19	Thur	•	6:15	6.5	5:11	8.0
20	Fri	•	7:28	6.5	6:29	7.5
21	Sat	•	8:37	6.8	7:57	7.3
22	SUN	•	9:36	7.4	9:17	7.4
23	Mon	•	10:27	8.0	10:24	7.7
24	Tues	•	11:11	8.5	11:23	7.9
25	Wed	•	11:50	8.9	11:50	8.9
26	Thur	•	0:15	8.0	12:27	9.1
27	Fri	•	1:04	8.0	1:02	9.1
28	Sat	•	1:50	7.9	1:35	9.0
29	SUN	•	1:36	7.6	1:06	8.8
30	Mon	•	2:21	7.4	1:37	8.6
31	Tues	•	3:07	7.1	2:08	8.2

AM TIDES • BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING! PM TIDES
LITE TYPE DAYLIGHT TIME THRU OCTOBER 28 BOLD TYPE

Senators, how did you dare think we do not care?

Before the days of the Civil Rights Movement, a senator might have said that the millions of oppressed people were happy in their condition. But now, after so much history, after so much painful growth, we see the insensitivity and ignorance of such a statement. How did anyone dare think that the oppressed and abused were happy in their condition?

Before the rise of the Environmental Movement, a senator might have looked upon a polluted Hudson river and said that the old river is simply paying the inevitable price for progress. But now, after so much sickness endured, so much new understanding gained of our fragile network of life, and after so much effort by so many, we see the insensitivity and ignorance of such a statement. How did anyone dare think that our beautiful land stretches itself out for companies to ravage for their profit and our misery?

Before the Campaign Finance Reform Movement, which grows every day now with such power that it shakes the political parties to their foundations, a senator might have advised his fellow member to not worry about voting down campaign reforms, because the people don't care. That is, in fact, what Senators McConnell and Lott did say --and that is what precipitated my walk. I have come to tell them that they are wildly mistaken, and I am glad to have you along to add your voices to mine.

This morning we began our walk among the graves of Arlington --so that those spirits, some of whom may be old friends, might join us today and that we might ask of them now, Did you, brave spirits, give your lives for a government where we might stand together as free and equal citizens, or did you give your lives so that laws might be sold to the highest bidder, turning this temple of our Fair Republic into a bawdy house where anything and everything is done for a price? We hear your answers in the wind.

What might we call the selling of our government from under us? What might we call a change of government --from a government of, by and for the people, to a government by and for the wealthy elite? I will not call such a change of government a treason, but those more courageous shadows standing among us, whose blood runs through our flag and our history, and whose accomplishments are more solid beneath us than these stone steps, why they might use such a word in angry whispers -Whispers that trace through the polluted corridors of this once great Capitol and slip despairingly through the files of correspondence and receipts in this city of corruption.

Senators, we speak for these spirits and for ourselves: Of course you may not have our democratic republic to sell. What our family members died for, we do not forget. They died for our freedom and equality, not for a government of the rich alone.

Along my three thousand miles through the heart of America, which I made to disprove your lie, did I meet anyone who thought that their voice as an equal citizen now counts for much in the corrupt halls of Washington? No, I did not. Did I meet anyone who felt anger or pain over this? I did indeed, and I watched them shake with rage sometimes when they spoke, and I saw tears well up in their eyes.

The people I met along my way have given me messages to deliver here. The messages are many, written with old and young hands of every color, and yet the messages are the same. They are this: Shame on you Mitch McConnell and those who raise untold millions of dollars in exchange for public policy. Shame on you, Senators and Congressmen, who have turned this headquarters of a great and self-governing people into a bawdy house.

The time for this shame is ending. The American people see it and have decided against it. Our brooms are ballots, and we come a-sweeping. We will visit every state where anti-reform Senators are up for reelection and bring with us the long lists of your corruptions, and I will be with them. You will try to buy your way out if it with expensive advertisements. But we will take such spending as further proof of your corruption, for Americans pay ten dollars in extra taxes for each dollar you receive for your campaigns from special interests.

While we are here to speak frankly to our representatives, let us also speak frankly to ourselves: Along my walk I have seen an America that is losing the time and the energy for self-governance. The problems we see in Washington are problems that have been sucked into a vacuum of our own making. It is not enough for us to elect someone, give them a slim list of ideas and send them off to represent us. If we do not keep these boys and girls busy they will always get into trouble. We must energize our communities to better see our problems, better plan their happy futures, and these plans must form the basis of our instructions to our elected representatives. This is the responsibility of every adult American, from native to newcomer, and from young worker to the long retired. If we are hypnotized by television and overwrought by life on a corporate-consumer treadmill, let us snap out of it and regain our lives as a free, calm, fearlessly outspoken people who have time for each other and our communities. Let us pass election reforms and anti-corruption measures in our towns and cities and states, winning the reform wars where they are winnable, changing the national weather on this subject until the winds blow even through these columns.

In that regard, I will spend part of my time now helping motivate communities to improve their civic life and their democratic processes. I will do so in concert with the National Civic League, founded in 1894 by Theodore Roosevelt and represented here today by the League's President, Mr. Christopher Gates of Denver.

BASEBALL



As we write this the Cubs are 30 games out! They have the worst record in Major League Baseball. At this point Die-Hard-Cubs-Fans begin their mantra, "Wait toil next year!" Next year Sosa will surely be gone, and maybe even Mark Grace. Kerry Woods might be healthy enough to pitch for a full season which means he will be traded. Once again we watch the playoffs sans Cubs. Once again the World Series teams are made up of guys who we remember as; "That's the guy that made the amazing catch of Grace's line drive in that twelve inning game we lost in July," or "Remember when this guy struck out Sosa three time in one game?" Once again we ponder the "Cub Factor" which states; "The team with the most ex-Cubs will lose the World Series." Once again we wait for spring when common sense will be suspended and we will hear the voices ring in the clear Arizona air, shouting; "Go Cubbies!!"

Now, Senators, back to you. If I have offended you speaking this way on your front steps, that is as it should be; You have offended America and you have dishonored the best things it stands for. Take your wounded pride, get off your backs and onto your feet, and go across the street to clean your rooms. You have somewhere on your desks, under the love letters from your greedy friends and co-conspirators against representative democracy, a modest bill against soft money. Pass it. Then show that you are clever lads by devising new ways for a great people to talk to one another again without the necessity of great wealth. If you cannot do that, then get out of the way --go home to some other corruption, less harmful to a great nation. We have millions of people more worthy of these fine offices.

(continued on page 2)