

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then

Curiouser and curiouser.



Hunter S. Thompson recently wrote a column suggesting we get used to cannibalism. I'm sure he meant it in a political sense. We are witnessing a historical shift in this country. An un-civil war has broken out in our streets, and this time it's not anarchists in Seattle, or Rage Against the Machine in LA; it's Republicans in Florida. "Outside agitators" are once again invading the South. But this time they aren't riding 'Freedom Buses', they are flying Business Class and staying at the Hilton, and the bills are being sent to the Republican Party. They are in Florida because they say they want to prevent the Democrats from "stealing" the election. They paid good money and lots of it, for this election, and they intend to get what they paid for. The Democrats spent their share, and like the Republicans, were told by their party bosses that "The fix was in."

For an old Sixties radical this is a bit too surreal. Republicans rioting? When the tear gas hits do they put their power ties up to their faces and chant: "The Wall Street Journal is watching!! The Wall Street Journal is watching!!!" Will violence break out? Will the Florida National Guard get trigger-happy? Will Wayne Newton have a hit with "Four Dead in Orlando"? We certainly hope not, but when things get this weird it's not easy to write parody, you too often find that you have underestimated the imagination of the American electorate.

It seems that after literally billions of dollars were spent, and debates were held, and scandals were exposed and pundits had pontificated, we still have a dead heat. And who ever wins will enter the office amid cries of fraud and corruption. We don't seem to really mind our politicians buying an office, usually Republicans, and historically we have been forgiving of those who steal an office, usually Democrats, but we expect them to do it quietly or with style. The current situation shows both men incapable of either keeping their mouths shut or showing the slightest bit of panache.

A major part of the problem with this election is that even though the 'party machines' worked pretty well, and the propaganda people did their job in spades, giving each candidate a strong foundation to work from, neither man could stir the hearts of the nation. Neither is a leader, and neither will be their party's candidate in 2004.

Perhaps we will know who the President-elect is by the next issue of the Edge; perhaps not; but we already know that our country has changed and will never be the same again. This could be a good thing.

Mo' Stuff. . .

Locally we have some matters that require our attention. It seems the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality is asking the City of Cannon Beach to make sure that our unique wetlands sewage treatment system is meeting the new standards for Salmon streams like our own Ecola Creek. The DEQ must re-certify all wastewater treatment plants every five years, and, while doing the current set of tests, found some problems. It seems the load of the system has been exceeded on occasions, and it is possible that there have been permit violations. The DEQ is used to working with mechanical treatment systems and could require Cannon Beach to change to or add a mechanical system.

So, what's the problem? Just do it, and keep the creek clean, right? Well, maybe, but then what about the wet lands system? Will it just become an oddity, a memorial to a time when this village wasn't afraid to try different ways of living in a closer harmony with this beautiful place? Will we just do the easy thing? Will we continue to grant permits for more buildings and more sewage until we overwhelm the system and the hope that built it? Will we turn the wetlands on Spruce Street into public parking? The word is we have a new Public Works Director who will be taking on this situation immediately, and we would urge our readers to let her know how they feel about our unique system and encourage her to find a solution that is as simple and beautiful as the one we now have. Yes, that's right, our new Public Works Director is a woman, and an engineer.

WHERE TO GET AN EDGE

Cannon Beach: Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, Osburn's Grocery, The Cookie Co., Coffee Cabana, Bill's Tavern, Cannon Beach Book Co., Hane's Bakery, The Bistro, Midtown Cafe, Once Upon a Breeze, Copies & Fax, Haystack Video, Mariner Market, Espresso Bean, Ecola Square & Cleanline Surf
Manzanita: Mother Nature's Juice Bar, Cassandra's, Manzanita News & Espresso, & Nehalem Bay Video
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Bay City: Art Space
Yachats: By-the-Sea Books
Pacific City: The River House
Oceanside: Ocean Side Espresso
Lincoln City: Trillium Natural Foods, Driftwood Library, & Lighthouse Brewpub
Newport: Oceana Natural Foods, Ocean Pulse Surf Shop, Sylvia Beach Hotel & Canyon Way Books
Eugene: Book Mark, Cafe Navarra, Eugene Public Library, Friendly St. Market, Happy Trails, Keystone Cafe, Kiva Foods, Lane C.C., Light For Music, New Frontier Market, Nineteenth Street Brew Pub, Oasis Market, Perry's, Red Barn Grocery, Sundance Natural Foods, U of O. & WOW Hall
Corvallis: The Environmental Center, OSU Salem: Heliotrope, Salem Library, & The Peace Store
Astoria: KMUN, Columbian Cafe, The Community Store, The Wet Dog Cafe, Astoria Coffee Company, Cafe Untertown, & The River
Seaside: Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Cafe Espresso
Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Bilelet Art Gallery, Blyou Cafe, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Capt'n Beans (two locations), Center for the Healing Light, Coffee People (three locations), Common Grounds Coffee, East Avenue Tavern, Food Front, Goose Hollow Inn, Hot Lips Pizza, Java Bay Cafe, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizza, Marylhurst College, Mt. Hood CC, Music Millennium, Nature's (two locations), NW Natural Gas, OHSU Medical School, Old Wives Tales, Ozone Records, Papa Haydn, PCC (four locations), PSU (two locations), Reed College, Third Eye, Multnomah Central Library, and most branches of the YWCA
Ashland: Garo's Java House, The Black Sheep, Blue Mt. Cafe, & Rogue River Brewery
Cave Junction: Coffee Heaven & Kerby Community Market
Grants Pass: The Book Shop
(Out of Oregon)
Vancouver, WA: The Den
Longview, WA: The Broadway Gallery
Naselle, WA: Rainy Day Artistry
Nahcotta, WA: Moby Dick Hotel
Duvall, WA: Duvall Books
Bainbridge Island, WA: Eagle Harbor Book Co.
Seattle, WA: Elliot Bay Book Co., Honey Bear Bakery, New Orleans Restaurant, Still Life in Fremont, Allegro Coffeehouse, The Last Exit Coffee House, & Bulldog News
San Francisco, CA: City Lights Bookstore
Denver, CO: Denver Folklore Center
Washington, D.C.: Hotel Tabard Inn
(Out of U.S.A.)
Paris, France: Shakespeare & Cie
Brighton, England: The Public House Bookstore
"A small paper for a small planet."

UPPER LEFT EDGE

5000 to 6000 copies are printed and distributed monthly in Oregon and to points around the world.

Advertising Rates

Business Card size	\$40
1/16th approx. 3x5	\$50
1/8th approx. 4x7	\$60
1/4 approx. 6 1/2x9	\$110
1/2 page	\$160
Full page	\$350
Back page	\$450

....per month. Payment is due the 15th of the month prior to the issue in which the ad is to appear. All ads must be "camera ready". We are usually on the streets by the first week-end of the month.

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Llama Spit

By AJ Coyne

So does anyone really care who will be the next President of the United States? America has become a laughing stock, the most powerful and might I add egotistical country is now the biggest joke in the WORLD. I am going to be traveling out of the country in a few weeks and I am actually embarrassed to admit that I live in America. I am embarrassed that it has taken the government this long to admit our system is flawed. Mostly I am embarrassed of the behavior of our presidential candidates. The lesser of two evils had now become the lesser of two weasels. Does anyone really think the man who wins this election will be anything other than a laughing stock for the next four years? I don't see how they can expect to be taken seriously by anyone in our country or the world after all the whining that has been going on.

The most frustrating part of this whole mess is that the president of our nation is not going to be decided by the voice of the people but by a few old judges trying to get their names in history books. I say let's have a national revote, it is so completely out of control at this time that the best way to handle it is just to start over. If I had actually voted for either of these two spoiled brats I would have a hard time looking at myself without thinking SUCKER. How is your face looking these days? I would be willing to bet that people would be voting a lot differently now that we have seen how truly pathetic our potential leaders have become in the midst of all the chaos. Maybe we would have a green party president when all is said and done.

It's pretty clear that we are throwing away this term and I can only hope that not too much damage will be done. The important thing to do now is to learn from our mistakes and make change happen. This is the time to look beyond the stupidity of the last few weeks and realize all the good that can come as a result. Over the years I have been frustrated that the president could announced before all the votes had been counted, this year it felt good to think that one vote could make a difference. Things will be changing and we will all be involved. We need to remember that after we are done bitching about this stupidity it's time to make our voices heard positively as well. Be excited...change is coming.

"Voting is as close to having political powers as riding in the back seat of a police car is to being a cop."

OPEN LETTER FROM REX AMOS

I hope you can help get the word out that Sigrid Clark's mascot, Rubber Ducky, has been stolen from the Goose Hollow Inn. Added to her sudden death from meningitis this year, this theft only compounds the sadness of Sigrid's family, friends, employees, and patrons of the Goose Hollow Inn. Let me tell you why. In the spring of 1987 Sigrid asked me to come to the Goose to help her decide what to do with a 30 pound unpainted concrete goose. This was when Bud was mayor and Sigrid was running the Goose. She jokingly told me that it was too bad the concrete goose wasn't a rubber ducky because Bud had never been the same since he lost his rubber ducky. I asked her if this loss had happened when he was mayor or when he was a kid. She laughed but never gave me a definitive answer. Instead she gave me the goose to take home and find the answer to her riddle, "How do you turn a concrete goose into a rubber ducky?" Being a collage artist, it didn't take me long to find the raw material which solved the riddle. In the stacks of printed material friends save for me, I found catalogues advertising condoms. The different brands were all illustrated in colorful reproductions about the size of big and little postage stamps. Eureka! The answer to "How do you turn a concrete goose into a rubber ducky?" was, "Cover it with condom ads."

I was caring for my mother, who was suffering from Alzheimer's, at home during this time, so production of the Rubber Ducky became collaboration. Mom loved to cut out areas I'd outline with a felt tip pen. Then, when I'd refined the rough cut, she enjoyed picking up the images and helping me arrange them into a collage. So, the condoms were a real treat. Being an old nurse, she had a good sense of humor and purpose. Her Alzheimer's hadn't yet clouded that part of her brain. So, we spent an hour or two each day for a few weeks cutting, arranging, and gluing condom ads onto the concrete goose. When the project was done, we had a ceremony at the Goose, where Sigrid got Mom to eat her first oyster shooter. It was Sigrid who encouraged me to bring Mom to the Goose once a week, not only for a social occasion, but so Sigrid could help me monitor Mom's Alzheimer's. And it was the occasion of the unveiling of Rubber Ducky that I shall always remember as the most joyful afternoon Sigrid, Mom, and I spent together. Sigrid put her mascot Rubber Ducky on the bar in the Goose, and it has remained there unmoved since 1987 until its theft. As Bud said to me, the disappearance of Ducky is not a mere theft, it is the loss of something significant about Sigrid. Of course, the person who stole Rubber Ducky had no way of knowing its importance.

Perhaps someone reading this column will know who took Ducky and get that person to bring it back to the Goose. There is precedent. Years ago, Bud's mascot Bismarck was stolen. The heavy metal sculpture of Bismarck was gone for three years. Then Bud got a call from a woman who wanted to meet him in the parking lot at the Goose. She told Bud she was going through a divorce and hated the man she was divorcing, the man who had stolen Bismarck. So, she opened her car's trunk and there was Bismarck. Perhaps we won't have to wait so long for the return of Rubber Ducky.

As you can tell, I am terribly upset by this stupid act of thievery. Everyone who came to the Goose to look at the Rubber Ducky or to show Ducky to friends can't believe it is gone. But more than Rubber Ducky is the feeling that a unique statement of Sigrid's has been taken from us.



Discussion is an exchange of knowledge; argument an exchange of ignorance.
Robert Quillen