

(Editorial continued from page 1)

gang have been trying to take over from the mob since. And just like with the mob, this second generation 'made men' are punks, like Gotti and Bush. But now it's not takeovers, it's mergers, and somewhere along the line the Mafia, the Multi-nationals and the Government of the United States merged. Just like the cop/criminal relationship, the government/corporate one corrupts both.

There is a reason Bush won the south and the center of this country; it is the same reason that there are still carnies in those sections. Folks like to be fooled. They have little ego, folk in the south and the midwest, they have been humbled by the land, the weather, their hopes and dreams have been smashed so many times, they stopped hoping and dreaming and asked no more than to be entertained. One pundit during this campaign stated that a lot of people in this country would vote for the dumber of the two candidates, because they fear intelligence. They have been dumbed down to the point of 'ignorant and proud of it.' Bread and circuses

Even our friends in the CIA are aware of the deal. In a 70-page report, Global Trends 2015, they talk about the future (a little late as usual) when corporations, governments and gangs get together "These could include alliances between some of the most powerful criminal groups such as the Mafia and Chinese International triads." Such groups, according to the Institute for CIA Studies, "will corrupt leaders of unstable, economically Strategic fragile or failing states, insinuate themselves into troubled banks and businesses, and co-operate with insurgent political movements to control substantial geographic areas".

The agency adds: "Their income will come from narcotic trafficking; aliens smuggling; trafficking in women and children; smuggling toxic materials, hazardous wastes, illicit arms, military technologies, and other contraband; financial fraud; and racketeering." Of course, since this is coming from the CIA one must wonder if they think this is a good thing or a bad thing. Yep, we have pretty much lost the right to vote in this country. We've lost the freedom of the press, because the corporations are the press. They are the government. The only speech is money, and it's not free. And it says, "In God we trust" on every piece. Yes, that is a Judeo Christian capitol G. No mention of Buddha, Allah, Odin, or the Great Spirit. So, as we enter this new time in our history, perhaps we should try to figure out if we are going to continue to be scammed and ripped off, dazzled by bullshit, or if we are going to finally live up to our hope and dreams. If we chose to do that it must start with one simple statement. "I disavow the government!" Happy New Year!!!



original photos: Dan Habib & Andrea Bruce, Impact Visuals

This photograph can be found at "Billionaires for Bush or Gore" on the Net. (We hope they give us permission to print it before you see it, but if not, close your eyes.)

**Icefire**  
GLASSWORKS

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JIM KINGWELL

POST OFFICE BOX 382  
CANNON BEACH, OR 97110  
PHONE 503-436-2359

**Tracy Erling N.D.**  
Naturopathic Physician

Treating Women  
& Their Families

1010 Duane, Astoria, Oregon 97106  
Phone: 503-325-9194 • Email: [erlingtd@netmail.com](mailto:erlingtd@netmail.com)

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"The only true aging is the erosion of one's ideals." Ralph Nader

**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 Bakes, The Bistro, Midtown Cafe, Once Upon a Breeze, Copies & Fax, Haystack Video, Martner Market, Espresso Bean, Ecola Square & Cleanline Surf

**Manzanita:** Mother Nature's Juice Bar, Cassandra's, Manzanita News & Espresso, & Nehalem Bay Video

**Rockaway:** Neptune's Used Books

**Tillamook:** Rainy Day Books & Tillamook Library

**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 Uniontown, & The River

**Seaside:** Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Cafe Espresso

**Portland:** Artchoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Bibelot Art Gallery, Bijou 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:** Garro'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

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**UPPER-LEFT-EDGE**

(Poker continued from page 1)

and the home rolled cigarettes that were making the rounds, (and more rounds, and yet another round), they forgot I was even in the room. Amidst the chatter and laughter of those who hadn't seen each other since the week before, the play began.

In the "H" game players were dealt four cards and seven cards were laid face down in the middle of the table in the shape of an H. One card was flipped over at a time and with each card flipped everyone bet according to what they thought they could make of their hand. The trick to this was that a player could use three of the cards in the H, with the center card floating up and down, to supplement their hands. As more cards were flipped the pot grew.

"Scappoose" was a game modified by the boys; they're dealt seven cards and they pick the worst three, and then pass them in the direction designated. "This is kind of a stupid game," I remarked to Darrin. "That's why it's called Scappoose," he replied with a chuckle, and added that it was "Joey's" signature game. It occurred to me how their likes and dislikes are reflected in the games they choose.

"The Game" was exclusive to the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, Western Chapter, and was brought down from Portland by "Uncle George", though the "Curmudgeon" deals it most. Everyone's dealt two cards; they can challenge other players if they think their cards are the best. They're redealt two cards every round and the pot grows by \$1.20; cards are passed back and forth and peanuts are distributed. It was so complicated I don't think they even knew what was going on. The deal moves on, the game called out and a general grumble erupts, "How do you play this \*#@#!\*\* game?" "How many do you pass?" Stupid this, stupid that. "Sasquatch", a bit confused, asked, "Is this a different hand?" It was a different hand. "Same cards," he remarks in ironic exasperation, "I'm out!"

"Joey" was having a bit of luck that night; the "Professor" observed that he'd worn the shirt with the big pocket. "Sasquatch", among others, was soon needing more chips; he dug deep for five more dollars and invested in poker futures. "Uncle George" called out as he dealt, "five card hand, low ball, two bit minimum."

"Auction" was the most verbal game, five cards are dealt to each player and four are placed face down in the middle of the table. The first card is flipped over and the players can bid to buy the card. When a card is bought the bid is tossed into the pot and the player who bought it has to place one of his cards in the middle of the table to be auctioned off. The contesting bidders can become very passionate over their desire for a card, or their desire just to outdo the other player; the bid was going up to \$5.00 for one card, which I noticed was more than the pot was worth. Legend has it that bidding for one card has gone up to \$14.50. "Auction" encompasses the most competitive and irritating aspects of a game, like bidding higher just to outdo your fellow competitor. Darrin told me that he'll wait for the dealer to go through his spiel, 'going once', pause, 'going twice', pause, and then bid on the card even if he really doesn't want it, all just to irritate the dealin' auctioneer. At this rate the game "Auction" can take a long time.

There are games that involve no peeking. Cards are dealt and the dealer calls out, "No peeky". But this invariably fails; it's so instinctual to pick up your cards to look at them. I watched several attempts at no peeky games; none of them were successful. The "Professor" would fold before the game began because he'd looked at his cards. A couple times they tried a redeal, but it wasn't working.

It was an interesting experience, to be let into the fold of the elusive and mysterious, all-male poker club. I'm still considering playing, but not without money to burn. The games are numerous and complex and I'd need some tutoring before actually jumping in. But, a little female energy might liven up their stuffy ways. By the last hour their behavior was rapidly degenerating. Their motor skills were nonexistent and their intellectual faculties were dissolved in liquor. It occurred to me that a girl with a clear head, a little savvy and a push-up bra could make a killing.

For Holly:

The nature of everything is illusory and ephemeral, Those with dualistic perception regard suffering as happiness, Like those who lick honey from a razor's edge. How pitiful they who cling strongly to concrete reality; Turn your attention within, my heart friends.

-Nyoshul Khenpo