

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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“To live outside the law you must be honest.”

Bob Dylan

Rev. Hults

Editorial Now & Then



Folks have indicated that we have had little to say in these pages about the current occupant of the White House in a while, so we thought we would remedy that. Oh, so many things and so little space. First let us say that Molly Ivins' former Governor was not merely confirmed by the Board of Directors currently occupying the bench at the Highest Court in the Land, he was anointed by the Corporate Media in spite of the obvious flaws in his record and character.

Now things have begun to settle down a bit and we are starting to get some actual information. For instance, this 'son of a former resident of the People's House' managed a 52% approval rating in his first month in office. (The poll has a 3% error factor and thus could reflect the actual election results - he lost.) This is the lowest rating of any new "leader of the free world" in his first month. Nixon was over 60% in 1968, and used to hold the record.

This former warrior of the Texas National Guard, who successfully kept Ho Chi Min out of Austin while working on political campaigns in his 'spare' time in another state? This poster boy for Mothers Against Drunk Drivers, this oil soaked free market environmentalist who seems to be in a pissing match with his brother over how many folks they can legally lynch? (Capital Punishment is the Right Wing term for 'Really Late Term Abortions.') This is the best we could find to lead us?

No, he didn't get most of our votes, but this isn't a democracy, it is a republic and he's a Republican, and the Democrats just can't seem to raise as much money to buy enough votes. Or maybe they already sold their votes. As we all know, buying votes is perfectly legal and is nothing like bribery, it is more like the free market. Didn't you get paid for voting? Don't you understand how the system works? In a republic we have a representative government - we vote for folks who vote for us in Congress, the White House, the City Council, the School Board, the State Legislature; and they pay us by doing the stuff we need done. Some of us vote using a ballot box, some use a check book.

The current problem with the system is the meaning of the word 'us.' Is 'us' the voters, 'us' the consumers, 'us' the people? Or is 'us' the corporations, the Political Action Committees, is 'us' the money? Or to paraphrase the former President, "It depends on what 'is us' means, at the moment." We are an obviously divided nation; the 'U.S.' is a bi-coastal, mondo-sexual, Microsoft, hacker, Luddite, smoking/non-smoking, eco-terrorist survivalist, racist, enlightened, stupid, beer drinking, intellectual, Born Again, Pagan, wine drinking, pro life, pro choice, filthy rich, dirt poor, vegan, big mac, iMac Dot Com kinda place these days and we don't seem to be playing nice with the other children. It should be pointed out to the language impaired Commander In Chief that it is not spelled "Buy Partisan." Money doesn't make people; people make money - it is a tough lesson but it must be learned.

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Longer than Jesus by Alison Clement

Somebody bought the mountain above Yachats and cut down all the trees. People in the Laundromat said it was a producer from Los Angeles did it and then one night I met him in a bar in Newport. He had a shaved head and a pretty girlfriend. There was a band playing, from Portland, and everybody danced, but they didn't. The girlfriend looked like she couldn't wait to get back to LA. She looked around and all she saw was a room full of people in rubber boots with bad haircuts, but she didn't know what she was looking at.

She didn't know that all around her on every side were people with big lives, heroic people, talented, witty people. The people of the coast: odd, extravagant people. These people weren't here because they never thought to leave. They weren't here because they didn't have enough imagination or were too lazy to try something else. They came from places like LA, some of them. They came from all over, came here because here it's different.

There's the weather and hardship of the coast weeding out the weak ones, for one thing. Maybe California tells you that you're beautiful and deserving but out here, Oregon tells you you are small. It's important for people to remember they're small, I think, and I wished there was some way to tell that to the girlfriend from LA with the black clothes, rolling her eyes, not moving to the music like it wasn't good enough to make her move.

Outside the window you could see the Yaquina Bay and it's said like this: ya kwinn' a, in case you have to say it out loud, and not ya' kwinn' a, like the tourists say. You could see the old bay front where Indians used to dig for clams. You could see the dock, covered with sea lions, and further out, the ocean itself, black in the night.

When the white people came here they killed the Indians or sent them to Siletz and took all the clams out of the bay so there aren't any anymore. People hear the stories about the Indians and think how could that happen? Like we're not making our own terrible mistakes.

The bar was full of fishermen and hippies, and dancers and actors who could be dancing and acting in New York if they wanted, and there were writers and odd balls and outlaws and anybody hiding from anybody, they all wind up on the coast of Oregon. Probably the Unabomber was there too. People hiding from the police, people in the witness protection program or hiding from the Mafia or Colombian drug lords or their ex-husband or anything. Anybody hiding from anybody seemed to wind up here, in this place, and they were mostly at the bar that night, dancing or smoking cigarettes, drinking whiskey, yelling stories at each other over the music, making out in the corner, making drug deals, arguing politics, reciting poetry, falling in love, threatening each other's lives, it was all happening in this small place while the girlfriend from LA yawned and complained and tossed her head around.

So he bought the mountain above Yachats and cut down every tree. The mountain is what gave the town its name. Ya-chats, an Indian word, meaning 'at the foot of the mountain.' Not 'at the foot of the clearcut.'

The producer had a fellow who lived up there on the mountain, a normal looking man, tall and muscular, with a reasonable face like someone from the midwest, no fooling around, and he had a Greek wife and he drove a truck. He'd come in the Laundromat but he never looked at you and he never talked. He was a quiet guy. He washed his clothes and left.

Next thing you knew, there was a big white cross standing on top of the mountain. You could see it from town. He was living up there, with his wife, and you could see their house. There was a dirt road that went up, with a chain across it. People said he thought the world was coming to an end.

Well everybody knows that, someone said. He thought Yachats, lying like it did on a basalt slab, would survive and everyone could grant him that, but then they said he expected Yachats to actually levitate and almost all of us agreed that was going too far.

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WASHINGTON AND OREGON COASTS
2001 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

| DATE | MOON | HIGH APRIL | | | | LOW APRIL | | | | | |
|---------|------|------------|-----|-------|-----|-----------|------|-------|------|------|-----|
| | | TIME | FT | TIME | FT | TIME | FT | TIME | FT | | |
| 1 SUN | ● | 5:53 | 8.1 | 8:20 | 6.2 | | | | | 1:28 | 0.4 |
| 2 Mon | ● | 7:13 | 7.8 | 9:30 | 6.6 | 1:22 | 3.5 | 2:47 | 0.3 | | |
| 3 Tues | ● | 8:39 | 7.8 | 10:27 | 7.2 | 2:49 | 3.3 | 3:56 | 0.0 | | |
| 4 Wed | ● | 9:56 | 8.1 | 11:16 | 7.8 | 4:04 | 2.6 | 4:53 | -0.3 | | |
| 5 Thur | ● | 11:01 | 8.4 | 11:59 | 8.4 | 5:07 | 1.8 | 5:43 | -0.4 | | |
| 6 Fri | ● | 11:59 | 8.6 | ... | ... | 6:02 | 0.9 | 6:28 | -0.3 | | |
| 7 Sat | ● | 0:39 | 8.8 | 12:52 | 8.6 | 6:53 | 0.2 | 7:09 | -0.1 | | |
| 8 SUN | ● | 1:17 | 9.1 | 1:43 | 8.5 | 7:40 | -0.3 | 7:49 | 0.3 | | |
| 9 Mon | ● | 1:53 | 9.3 | 2:32 | 8.2 | 8:26 | -0.7 | 8:28 | 0.9 | | |
| 10 Tues | ● | 2:28 | 9.2 | 3:21 | 7.8 | 9:10 | -0.7 | 9:06 | 1.5 | | |
| 11 Wed | ● | 3:02 | 9.0 | 4:10 | 7.3 | 9:54 | -0.6 | 9:45 | 2.1 | | |
| 12 Thur | ● | 3:36 | 8.6 | 5:02 | 6.9 | 10:38 | -0.2 | 10:27 | 2.6 | | |
| 13 Fri | ● | 4:12 | 8.2 | 6:00 | 6.5 | 11:26 | 0.2 | 11:15 | 3.2 | | |
| 14 Sat | ● | 4:55 | 7.6 | 7:04 | 6.3 | | | 12:21 | 0.6 | | |
| 15 SUN | ● | 5:50 | 7.1 | 8:10 | 6.3 | 0:15 | 3.5 | 1:25 | 0.9 | | |
| 16 Mon | ● | 7:03 | 6.7 | 9:11 | 6.5 | 1:27 | 3.7 | 2:32 | 1.1 | | |
| 17 Tues | ● | 8:22 | 6.6 | 10:02 | 6.9 | 2:42 | 3.4 | 3:32 | 1.0 | | |
| 18 Wed | ● | 9:31 | 6.8 | 10:45 | 7.3 | 3:48 | 2.9 | 4:22 | 0.9 | | |
| 19 Thur | ● | 10:30 | 7.0 | 11:21 | 7.6 | 4:43 | 2.3 | 5:05 | 0.9 | | |
| 20 Fri | ● | 11:21 | 7.3 | 11:54 | 8.0 | 5:30 | 1.7 | 5:42 | 0.9 | | |
| 21 Sat | ● | | | 12:07 | 7.5 | 6:12 | 1.0 | 6:17 | 1.0 | | |
| 22 SUN | ● | 0:24 | 8.3 | 12:51 | 7.6 | 6:51 | 0.5 | 6:51 | 1.2 | | |
| 23 Mon | ● | 0:52 | 8.5 | 1:35 | 7.6 | 7:29 | 0.0 | 7:24 | 1.5 | | |
| 24 Tues | ● | 1:20 | 8.8 | 2:19 | 7.5 | 8:06 | -0.4 | 7:57 | 1.8 | | |
| 25 Wed | ● | 1:50 | 8.9 | 3:04 | 7.4 | 8:43 | -0.7 | 8:33 | 2.1 | | |
| 26 Thur | ● | 2:22 | 9.0 | 3:52 | 7.1 | 9:23 | -0.8 | 9:12 | 2.5 | | |
| 27 Fri | ● | 2:59 | 9.0 | 4:45 | 6.9 | 10:07 | -0.7 | 9:57 | 2.8 | | |
| 28 Sat | ● | 3:42 | 8.8 | 5:46 | 6.7 | 10:58 | -0.5 | 10:53 | 3.2 | | |
| 29 SUN | ● | 4:35 | 8.3 | 6:53 | 6.6 | 11:59 | -0.2 | | | | |
| 30 Mon | ● | 5:42 | 7.8 | 8:00 | 6.8 | 0:03 | 3.4 | 1:09 | 0.1 | | |

AM TIDES * BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING! PM TIDES
LITE TYPE STANDARD TIME THRU MARCH 31 BOLD TYPE

BASEBALL

A new season, another "next year" that we have been waiting for all winter. Perhaps even the "next year" that we have been waiting for, for over ninety years. The "next year" when the Cubs win the Series. Go, Cubbies.



The Phoreheads
The White Eagle in Portland April 13th

UPPER LEFT EDGE APRIL 2001