

We expect the next few years to be interesting in the Chinese Curse sort of way. It is possible that we could watch a battle of epic proportions between the cultures and classes that live together here in less than harmony. One could imagine a scenario where a Bill of Impeachment could again be before the House of Representatives before the next election. One could imagine untold damage to the planet and the people. One could imagine Thomas Jefferson's quill boldly stroking "We".... thus beginning the declaration of our independence, and wonder what was he thinking. This doesn't seem to be the problem with the current fellow eating in Tom's old house.

War is the "W" that needs to be taken off the keyboards. This guy has in two months destroyed laws that have been ten years in the making. This man has taken on diplomatic efforts to avoid warfare that took decades to build, and trashed them. This fellow has decided that this is his chance to show daddy that he has learned his lesson. This person has defied not only the majority of the people in this country, but the basic premise of this country. "That this nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the premise that all people are created equal, a nation of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish..."

Yes, a quote from a Republican. But that is not what we have at the moment. We have a nation of the corporations, by the corporations, and for the corporations. Eisenhower warned about the 'Military Industrial Complex,' but now we are faced with the 'Military Industrial Media Conglomerate' and it isn't pretty. Really, folks who don't read the Edge or live by the ocean, get most of their information from the Conglomerate. And that isn't information, that is advertising. It isn't honest. To live outside the law, as Mr. Zimmerman says, you must be honest. And your beloved editor is sick and tired of being lied to. We the people don't seem to be being considered. No, this doesn't seem to be about democracy, this seems to be about money. And obviously America is for sale to the highest bidder. In the short period of time from when the supreme court (yes, the lower case is intentional) defied the laws of the land and declared this guy leader of the free world, to now; (and hell, he will probably do something between the time the paper is on its way to the printer and you read this) Barb's Boy has managed to piss off the majority of the civilized world. This guy is a piece of work. Yes, we know that Boy George is not running the show, but he signs the papers. And that is scary. What can be done? Well, Joe Hill said it long ago; "Don't mourn, organize!!" The majority of us didn't vote for him and we are mad as hell. There are sites on the internet that are expressing that anger. We suggest bartcop.com, buzzflash.com, and the smudgereport.com as a good place to start. Impeachment now!! I disavow the government!

To the Editor and Readers

The same group who promoted having Sahalie (Neacoxie Point) turned into 95 condos are now pulling all the stops to derail a done deal that would acquire 3 acres of the Sahalie site for a federal Scenic By/Gateway and provide public access to residents and visitors to another 13 acres of protected land, and views across the estuary to the ocean.

During the January meeting of the Seaside Improvement Commission, it voted 12 to 1 to accept the staff recommendation to purchase 1.57 acres from the North Coast Land Conservancy and just under 2 acres from Pat and Jim Ordway. The combined properties currently have two homes on them and lawn. Of the entire site, these previously impacted areas are where a scenic turnout would be built that would allow public access to the rest of the site and preserve in perpetuity (which as Tom Peterson says, "is a very long time") the entire site and all of the natural resource values that had been slated for conversion to condos. We are at the sad point where last week attorneys representing the sellers and the city had to meet and all parties agreed that a legal sale agreement had been entered into by the vote of the commission in January. Two city councilors, Diane Schafer and Don Larsen, along with some appointees, are saying they made a mistake and the purchase price is too high (but they support the project, which is not true, but...). They tried to pass a motion that would have killed the project. We ended up with this: on the 4th of April @ 7:00 P.M. (be there @ 6:30 for "best seating") there will be a final vote to adopt a resolution sealing the deal. I am asking anyone who cares about the north coast and our quality of life to please come to Seaside that night to show, and if you are so moved, to voice, your support to finalize what is a legal done deal to acquire the Sahalie site and put into the public trust for all of us to enjoy not just a few wealthy condo owners.

The key points are:

1. If this deal is killed the North Coast Land Conservancy has a \$212,000 LID lien to pay. If we were unable to raise the money to do this the property reverts back to Cascade Trust and would be turned into Condos!!!!

2. The city of Seaside made a legal deal in January to purchase the properties when they voted; now some councilors are trying to back out and kill the project that has been in the works for over 2 years!!

3. The Ordways will be forced to sell their property to a developer and their land is zoned for condos or a large motel.

Please contact me with any other questions that may help answer any concerns from the good folks in Cannon Beach. I appreciate your willingness to be involved - this is the final step from when we all came together to stop the condos; now with this final effort we can assure that Sahalie is protected forever and we all can have access and enjoy this unique piece of our world.

Please try to make time in your life to attend the crucial meeting: April 4th @ 7:00 P.M. @ Seaside City Hall, on the corner of Broadway and Hwy 101, and help assure Sahalie is finally protected forever.

Thank you to all for your time and consideration

Doug Ray

**"Some people are happy inside the church, some are happier outside. Those who prefer to stay outside should write Nature with a capital N. They should bless and venerate the Nature that composed mankind. That would leave a thin wall between those who are inside and write God with a capital G. If you knock, it can be heard on both sides. The disagreement is about the spelling of a word." Thor Heyerdahl**



I walked up to the house with trepidation but a slight hope that it really wasn't as bad as I remembered. The last time I was here I had been drinking or more honestly I was cross-eyed drunk (it was my birthday) so maybe the picture in my head was distorted. I slowly opened the door and was hit with the stench of stale beer and cigarette smoke. My hope was instantly replaced by panic, I wanted to slam the door and run but I had made a decision and I was going to see it through to the end. Armed with bleach, disinfectant, sanitizer and all of the soap I could find I was going to clean this house from top to bottom. It belongs to a friend of mine who has taken the term bachelor to an immeasurable level. He was away on vacation and had mentioned getting someone to clean it while he was gone. It had fallen through at the last minute so after he left I decided that I would do it instead. Why you might ask, well not only is this a friend that I would do anything for but I am also one of those sick people who actually enjoy cleaning, it is therapy to me. At the time of my decision I didn't really grasp how much therapy I was about to receive. After this experience I am now one of the sanest people in the world and have been completely cured of my need to clean.

After getting past my fear of entering this house of horror I decided the only way to attempt a project this huge is to find the easiest room and start there so I put on my gloves and tackled the living room. Starting at the top I swept cobwebs off the ceiling and started dusting everything in sight, the curtains had to be taken down and aired out and every book and CD (hundreds of books and CDs) needed to be wiped off. I found bills from 1998, magazines from 1999 and unrecognizable substances that had moved past moldy to petrified. I have to quickly say in my friend's defense that this bachelor museum was not only created by him but also by at least a dozen other local boys who have found comfort in its fetid disarray.

I spent four hours cleaning the first room and walked away realizing I needed to call in for backup. That evening after a few beers and a couple cocktails I had managed to convince a friend to help. The brave man had agreed to remove the tower of beer bottles that had taken over half of the kitchen and we agreed to meet the next day. I had to laugh the next morning for the look on his face told me that he was hung over and kicking himself for agreeing to this in his altered state the night before. When he saw the temple of beer his shoulders slumped considerably but this generous soul recovered gracefully and told me he would take care of it.

So while he cleared away the bottles I started in on the bathroom. With a gallon of bleach in hand I started dousing every inch of the tiny room. I removed all the dirty clothes and started throwing away all of the clutter. I found used prescriptions from years ago, dead plants, burned incense sticks stuck in the wall, ancient empty shampoo bottles and stacks of magazines (thank goodness none of them pornographic). The walls and the ceiling were yellowed from years of smoking on the pot and the toilet itself lets just say it is too much for words. I had been trying to avoid the shower all morning but after everything else was cleaned I couldn't ignore it any longer. His shower curtain was black with mold from the top to the bottom and the shower itself wasn't much better. The bleach that I had dumped in the day before had done little to eat away at the fungus but I had to believe that it had killed enough of the bacteria so I could scrub without fear of disease.

By the time I had finished the shower my friend and newfound hero had filled the back of his truck with all of the bottles and with a smile and a slight look of pity wished me well. What were left behind after the beer had been removed were stacks of pizza boxes and newspapers. What I thought was going to be a simple clean up had become an archaeological expedition. As I was cleaning the layers away I was learning about my friend's life for the past four years. In January of 1998 my friend liked pepperoni, olive and garlic on his pizza and in March switched from olives to mushrooms. By August he was ordering the combo and in December he opted for plain pepperoni. The next year he bounced from one topping to another but the one constant was pepperoni. I can only think this was the reason the spiders were able to live so long in the boxes, it was if they were magically preserved by the additives.

I spent eight hours at the house that day cleaning and sorting through the life of my friend. After I was through I stepped back and started noticing all of the things that were being overshadowed by the dirt. Instead of a bachelor pad I saw the home of a man who loves to read and listen to great music. He loves his friends and family and even more than that he loves life. He lives his life as though everyday could be the last and each day is a gift. What started out as a favor for a wonderful friend turned out to be a lesson to me about what is important - you have to sort through the crap to find the real stuff. That being said there is one word of advice to all you bachelors out there; clean your house before some well-meaning friend decides to do it for you and then tells the world what they found.

IN AN UNJUST WORLD...JUSTICE.

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**"I say, oh you young fuddie-duddies! You young fogies, you prematurely middle-aged! Where are the gray flannel suits to go with your gray flannel mouths? You crumb-eaters! You knuckle-gnawers! You cappuccino drinkers! What right have YOU to be so wise, so dull, so blasé and jaded, so conservative, so timid, so morose and defensive? At your age! So bored with protest, so disdainful of revolt, so tired of the straight and angry statement! What have you done to earn your indifference?" Edward Abbey**

**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 Café, 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  
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, Sylbia Beach Hotel & Canyon Way Books  
Eugene: Book Mark, Café Navarra, Eugene Public Library, Friendly St. Market, Happy Trails, Keystone Café, 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 Café, The Community Store, The Wet Dog Cafe, Astoria Coffee Company, Café Uniontown, & The River  
Seaside: Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Café Espresso  
Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Bibelet Art Gallery, Bijou Café, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Cap'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 Café, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizza, Marylhurst College, Mt. Hood C.C., Muske Millenium, 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 & the YWCA  
Ashland: Garo's Java House, The Black Sheep, Blue Mt. Café, & 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 Centre  
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**

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1/8th approx. 4x7	\$60
1/4 approx. 6 1/2x9	\$110
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**"The smart way to keep people passive and obedient is to strictly limit the spectrum of acceptable opinion, but allow very active debate within that spectrum - even encourage the more critical and dissident views. That gives people the sense that there's free thinking going on, while all the time the presuppositions of the system are being reinforced by the limits put on the range of the debate." Noam Chomsky**

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