



My friend Terence O'Donnell died last week. The Reverend Hulst told me the responsibility for penning a short eulogy falls squarely on my shoulders. I'm not good at these things. They seem to catch us up with an alarming frequency these days.

Several weeks ago a mutual friend told me Terence had undergone surgery. In the days that followed, he bequeathed his beloved prayer beads to a close friend. I felt say knowing what that meant.

I first encountered Terence at the Wavecrest Inn, a coastal outpost harboring a rare cut of characters indeed. He had just drafted in behind a swarm of weekenders in his aged red Fiat sports car. Seated in the small roadster, tweed driving cap, round wire-rimmed glasses, boyish smirk, he looked for all the world like Mr. Toad of *The Wind in the Willows* just swirled in off the High Road. At dinner that evening he regaled us with stories of the old Iran he loved so dearly, dandling Gray C, the cat, on his knee.



A short, compact man, Terence would sit astride a stiff chair. His body canted slightly toward one side, favoring legs attenuated by childhood osteomyelitis. Like an ebullient Emir at a desert east, Terence held complete sway over a dinner audience with his storytelling. When he commenced a savory story, his face gleamed like a child at Christmas. At those times, one could glimpse the boy within the man. He loved to dance and favored a flagon or two of an evening.

In my mind's eye, I can see him as he appeared one special evening, a beer brewing night at the Wavecrest. Don Thompson, the innkeeper, and Mike Knop were brewing beer under a covered outdoor deck. Gusts of wind and fits of rain whirled around the bubbling pot of ale wort. Don, Mike, Ron Logan and I hunched over the beer pot inhaling its pleasing vapors. Suddenly Terence materialized out of the darkness behind the inn's huge wisteria bush. Worsted up in woolens from toe to chin, his jaunty tweed cap scrunched to his eyebrows, he bid us "good evening" and joined us over the brew.

"My, that smells good!" he exclaimed. A thick fog settled on the lenses of his wire spectacles. We commenced a round of stories as the south wind sougued through the old wisteria limbs.

Last summer Ron Logan and I visited him at his Seaview, Washington home, Crank's Roost. We offered to take him to dinner at the Depot or the Shelbourne Inn, but he declined, telling us he could only swallow milkshakes. We sat in the serenity of his little garden sipping vodka tonics. Bed-ridden for a great part of his childhood, Terence became, like Odysseus, a man of many turns, a passionate traveller. While the three of us sat in the summer air, Terence reminisced: a night in a Mexican brothel as a teenager (the family he stayed with thought he was in church!) a dhow ride in the Middle East, his days on a pomegranate farm in Iran.

That was the last time I saw Terence. He was my favorite kind of historian, a story teller of great merit. His engraved words on the Vietnam Memorial, a painful juxtaposition of Oregon events and the facts of that war, detail in a special way how the unfurling present becomes our history. I complimented him that evening on his latest book, *Seven Shades of Memory*.

"That's very nice," he said, "but, really, none of it's true." I told him it felt very true to me.

TILLAMOOK HEAD
BOOKS

NEW & USED BOOKS

SPECIAL ORDERS

150 AVE. U, SEASIDE
717-1477

Poem for People who Love Poets

This poem is dedicated to the people who love the people who love. You know who you are. Or maybe, you don't.

You could be one of the ten thousand moments we write about or the breath we wake to every morning. You are every hand that has touched us, from the first to slap us into the world to the one to close our eyes for the last time. This is for you, who are our peace and our fire, our safety and our cage, the ones we cry for alone and the ones we push away, you are the needle and the bottle and the knife and the gun. You are the hand that pulls us up when we are so far down, and the kiss that loves us when we have forgotten to love ourselves. You are safety and misunderstanding. You are the danger that we lick off the edge of the knife named life. Your name is one of the ten million words for god, and your body is our temple and our crypt. Your dreams are what we fear, and your fear is our every day and night of exhaled stars, you are our creation and our undoing.

This is for you. This is for you who allow yourselves to be transported by our dreamy sighs, who bleed the revolution we have conceived, who shut off the television and turn on your minds. This is for those who give us the silence to speak into, who listen and hear the echoes within your hearts.

This is a message for you, the lovers of those who love. You have chosen a difficult path. In our hearts we are gypsies who cannot know safety. We feed on the tension that would kill others, we poison ourselves for enlightenment and are transformed, we see the depth and beauty within your hearts multiplied in the infinite reflections of a child's eyes.

Forgive us. We are incapable of your version of sanity and would spit at it if it were offered.

Forgive us. For the damage we cause, for our thoughtless trampling through your unsuspecting lives, for our tears and blood and sex and rapture that we cannot help but heave at any standing close enough to smile.

Forgive us. We are treading an unknown path, playing a game with no rules, dressed as soothsayers when we are only idiot children, seeking a home so we'll have somewhere to go to break the dishes.

Protect yourselves. We choose to live deeply rather than long, we cannot accept the safety you offer, but rather dance with madness and her gifts of tainted prophecy.

Forgive us, protect us, inspire us. Leave us to curse our muse and the bloody sacrifice she demands.

This is for the lovers of those who love.

This is dedicated to you.

Gabrielle Bouliane, copyright 1998

Enjoy the peaceful beauty and natural surroundings of Willapa Bay and the north end of the Long Beach Peninsula.

CALL FOR THE DAY'S MENU:
(360) 665-4543

MOBY
DICK

HOTEL & OYSTER FARM

Home of the Wild Oyster on Willapa Bay
Located in Nabocota, Washington on Sandridge Rd. Just South of Bay Avenue

HOTEL
TABARD
INN

1739 N St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 785-1277 Fax: (202) 785-6173

Wearily but savvy and hungry travelers sooner or later discover the homey & eclectic comforts, outstanding regional cuisine and spectacular scenery of The Moby Dick Hotel & Oyster Farm, in Nabocota on the Willapa Bay. The Moby Dick, one of the coast's quaintest hotels, hosts a remarkable restaurant where even Chef Jeff McMahon, well known to Portland followers, admits getting distracted by the scenery. But when it comes to focusing on his evening menus and special events, Jeff is an incredibly diverse and talented treasure worth getting to know during your next visit. Chef Jeff McMahon has worked most recently as chef at Portland's Saucebox Cafe & Bar and also in New York, London and Los Angeles, although he is at home now at the Moby Dick. He has been teaching seminars and classes for five years and is a serious student of traditional cuisine.

The Moby Dick Hotel & Oyster Farm is offering three special events beginning with a **Spring Cooking Seminar Weekend: Catalan Cuisine - Barcelona and Beyond, May 5-6, 2001**. This seminar is limited to eight participants who will experience hands-on learning in the hotel restaurant's kitchen. The bold cooking of Spain's Northern Mediterranean region is rich in identity and history and includes many unique dishes that can be successfully recreated at home. This May 5-6 seminar includes: lunch and dinner on Saturday and lunch on Sunday, Catalan region wine-tasting, use of the finest Catalan/Spanish ingredients and local bounty, discussion of the history, foods and techniques of the Catalan region, three 3-4 hour sessions in the kitchen, printed recipes and a Catalan cooking reference list. The \$219 per person fee includes all of the above, tax and gratuities. The registration deadline is April 29. A 50% deposit will hold your spot, and a two-week cancellation notice is required.

From The Lower Left Corner
Victoria Stoppello

Don't throw the fish out with the bath water

I was up on my high horse recently, riding around the electronic universe moaning about the sorry state of affairs regarding salmon, electricity, hot water and how dumb we've all been, when I had a conversation with my friend Ed. Ed has seen way more of the world than I have, and although he claims he's more pessimistic, I notice he always makes me feel better and a bit more hopeful. As Ed metaphorically helped me down from my high horse, he noted there was a soap box for me to land on, and from that relatively lowly perch (compared with my high horse of at least 22 hands) I might inject a little humor and romance into my diatribe. Indeed, there truly is opportunity for both in our situation. We can do something good for us, good for our pocketbook, good for fish, and maybe even good for our love life, all at the same time. Here's the situation:

You've undoubtedly noticed the wonderfully mild winter we've had - half our normal rainfall, and virtually no snow pack in the Cascades. As a result, the Bonneville Power Administration believes there won't be enough water behind its 29 dams to spill water for young salmon heading to the sea and at the same time generate all the electricity we humans typically like to use. So they're saying, let the salmon get ground up in the turbines like usual, don't spill any extra water for them, otherwise BPA will have to buy very expensive electricity from some moguls down in Texas (those are the guys who have been buying up California power plants at a rapid clip the last few years) and maybe go broke in the process (a terrible idea for a federal agency), or, and here's the big threat, we will have black-outs in the Pacific Northwest. This is the word from an agency that stopped all its energy conservation programs about eight years ago.

Of all those choices the one I like best is blackouts, but that's because I like to see the stars at night and I'd like someone younger than me to catch a few salmon 30 or 40 years from now. But I don't think BPA has exhausted their options. They're just too chicken to suggest some of the alternatives. They're probably afraid of a backlash because one alternative could lead to a dirtier, sexier, hip, cool and groovier population.

It all springs from the fact that hot water consumes 25% of a household's energy budget. If you're paying \$100 a month for electricity, \$25 is going just to heat water. If you cut your hot water use in half, you'll immediately save 12% of your electricity. That's more than is generated by all four dams on the Lower Snake. So, shower with a friend, as they used to say, or with one of your kids, or even your dog. Yes, I used to shower with my dog; there was no tub, and I think he sort of enjoyed it. Even dogs are intrigued by nude women.

If you're a parent, think of how much less conflict there will be when the struggle getting a seven year old to bathe happens only two or three times a week instead of daily. Yes, the child may start to look like an urchin from Dickens, but so will all the other kids in town so you won't have to worry about what the neighbors think.

You have no friends to shower with? Too modest? Then cut your showers in half. If you shower every day, try every other day. Take three minutes, not ten. If you're a Finn, go to the old system: Sauna on Saturday and sponge bathe the rest of the week.

Insulate your water heater and put a \$40 timer on it so it only heats up a few hours when you need it: on at 5:00AM and off at nine when you go to work. Wash your clothes in cold water. When you leave town, turn off the water heater at the breaker. Besides cutting your hot water use, turn off all that stuff you're not using, like your computer with those fish swimming across the screen, and the lights.

Now there's an idea. We're moving into spring; pretty soon it'll be light until nine. After showering with your sweetie, a romantic dinner will be just the ticket. In Ilwaco, a town built on salmon, are we better off with salmon or electricity? I figure you can't eat electricity, so I'll take salmon by candlelight.

Victoria Stoppello writes from Ilwaco, at the lower left corner of Washington state.

SAM ABSHER

North Coast Construction, Inc.

ADDITIONS
GENERAL CONTRACTING
QUALITY CONSTRUCTION
REMODEL
LEVEL - STABILIZE

Cell: 440-0278 Fax: 717-0389
P.O. Box 2577 Gearhart, OR 97138

738-7563 CCB# 114007

JOHN
PULLIAM
CONSTRUCTION

C.C.B. # 89691 "No Job Too Small"

Please Call 436-0956