

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



Well, we have again reached the Merry Month of May, Hooray, Hooray...! And this old paper is finishing its ninth year. Locally there is a lot happening and globally, even more. We reflect on the past and look to the future in this time of renewal. This issue has significance for us, in many ways. We have many new things to offer and many older things to celebrate.

We have a new public house in town. And we have lots of new stuff to read by new and old writers. Michael brings back a column he did years ago. Bill Wickland, one of the founders of this rag and an occasional contributor is back, well he sent us the list of first lines for very bad novels. Yep, things tend to come into bloom in May. Thus: the Communist Party, flowers, and Sex.

When we started this paper it was as voice against war in general and the Gulf War in particular. Now we find ourselves being "led" by the son of the son-of-a-Bush who got us into that one. And he seems to have his heart set on following in his Daddy's footsteps somewhere in the world. Don't worry, I refuse to start screaming again. No, I won't go on about that man's Earth Day statement, or "Dirt Day" as Doonesbury has him call it. It sounded like an Archer Daniels Midland commercial, and probably with good reason; same writers. I won't even mention *fortified* Quebec where they talked about *free* trade in secret defended by force of arms from their own people. No, I'm not, going to get cranky about the price fixing, greed head energy companies, jacking up prices, reaping windfall profits, giving huge bonuses to executives and then declaring bankruptcy, and demanding the taxpayers bail them out, plus give them a tax cut. Or the environmental disasters brought about by various oil companies, and their ever so new and environmentally sensitive practices. Or innocent people being shot out of the sky with the help of our military in the name of the War on Drugs. Or using Navy ships as fund raising tools and causing innocent people to drown in the sea. So don't worry. I'm better now.

I do, on the other hand want to answer all my Democratic friends who say things like "It's all Nader's fault, Now try and say there's no difference between Al Gore and 'that republican'. Al Gore wouldn't do all the terrible things he's doing." Well, I don't hear Mr. Gore yelling about the policies of the current occupiers of the White House. He's been teaching Journalism and according to reports pigging out. It is said he's gained forty pound since he 'won' the election. As a matter of fact the terrible things being done to the environment and workplace safety and all the rest are being done because of Democratic votes. If just one Democrat would have stood up and said NO! this will not stand, we wouldn't be facing the situation we are in now. But that wasn't and isn't the case. Both parties are bought and paid for by the corporations. We have a corporate government not a democratic government and that will be true even under a Democratic administration. So, when the votes are cast for the next right wing anti-abortion Supreme Court nominee, count them and tell me what is the difference?

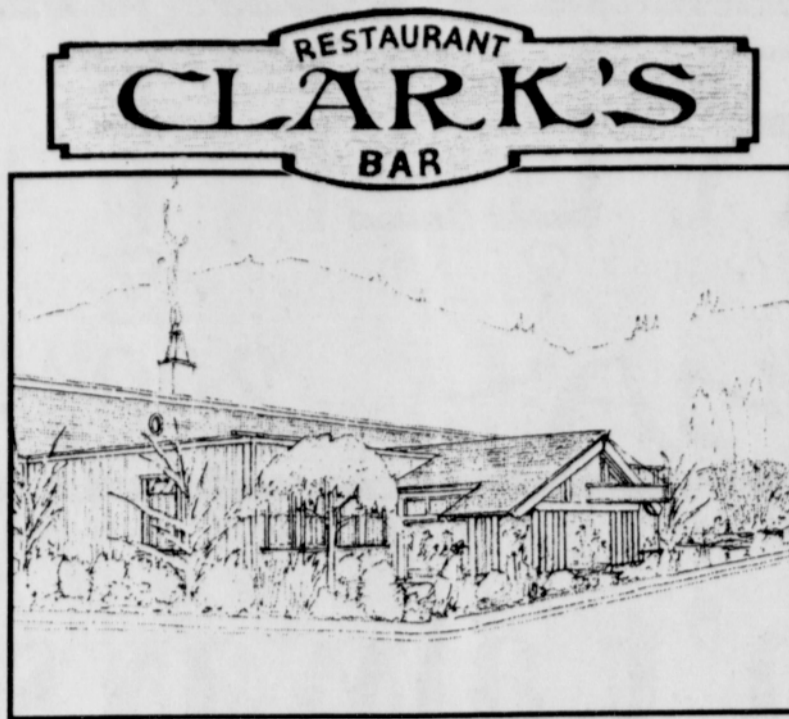
Well, on a brighter note, our beloved Michael Burgess's Opera is opening on the twelfth of May in Portland at the old Civic, now called the Keller Auditorium. Well it's not really Michael's Opera, it's Offenbach's Opera, and it's really a Comic Opera, written in France in the 1880's, pre-Gilbert and Sullivan. It is called "La Belle Helene" and it tells the classical story of the events leading up to the Trojan War, with Helen and Paris and the whole gang of gods and mortals we've grown to love. Offenbach's music remains, but the costumes and libretto (which is Italian for the scribbling between the ditties) have been brought into the 'now', as they say. Ah! Uncle Mike rewrites the classics! So, that week locked up in the Mallory wasn't just another binge? We suggest all Uncle Mike fans go to at least one performance and yell "Author!! Author!!" during the curtain calls. Really, what can they do? Throw you out? The opera's over! The skinny guy sang instead, it's not like the other operas. See if you can coax him onstage to take a bow, or better yet out for a drink. He'll be easy to spot he will be the guy pacing the lobby mumbling, "My words, my words, what have they done to my words." Bravo! Michael!

Lifted from the Anderson Valley Advertiser

US taxes are low compared to other developed nations. Pay after taxes between countries doesn't exactly correspond with the top tax rate because of complicated tax laws. Europe's Value Added tax is typically in the 15% range. In short, the US is at the low end of the scale in terms of tax bite. In places like low-tax Hong Kong public services are very low. Most other countries pick up healthcare costs in their higher taxes. The US leaves more to the private sector than most other developed countries and, for that matter, many less-developed ones. Government expenditures in the US account for just 22% of Gross Domestic Product, the lowest of the top industrial economies in the world.

Are US taxes too low? You're not going to find many people making that argument in a time of budget surpluses. But even setting surpluses aside, many economists believe that relatively lower US taxes, and the comparatively low cost of doing business in the US overall, explain why the US has had the most dynamic economy of any major developed nation over the past decade, without the sluggish growth or double-digit unemployment that has afflicted other countries. While the presidential candidates might have argued about whether to tax or spend more or less, the actual differences between them were small. Compared to other developed countries, we don't pay much in taxes and we don't get much back — and for the foreseeable future that's not likely to change.

— Cecil Adams



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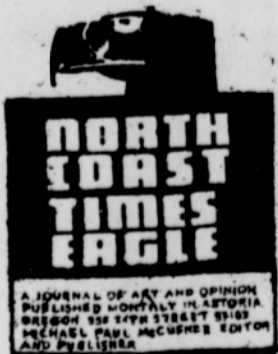
Clark's Restaurant & Bar In Cannon Beach; Live Music in May

- Saturday, May 5th Los Comotos (Latin)
- Saturday, May 12th Lloyd Jones Trio (blues)
- Saturday, May 19th Bond St. Blues Band (blues)
- Saturday, May 26th The Sage Brothers (rock)
- Sunday, May 27th Midnight Blues Band (blues)

WHERE TO GET AN EDGE

Cannon Beach: Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, Osburn's Grocery, The Cookie Co., Coffee Cabaret, Bill's Tavern, Cannon Beach Book Co., Hane's Bakerie, 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
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 Untown, & The River
Seaside: Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Cafe Espresso
Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Biblot Art Gallery, Bijou Cafe, 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 Cafe, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizzeria, Marylhurst College, Mt. Hood CC, Muske Millentium, 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."



You're used. Used by what you are, eat, believe and who you sleep with. You can stop it. If you want equality, it has to start in the bed. If he won't give it to you there, rip him off.
Jane Gallion

Stolen from the AVA

It is strange that men should take up crime when there are so many legal ways to be dishonest.



Llama Spit

By AJ Coyne

Harley usually slept in my room so when I awoke to the sound of his tapping on my sister's door I was a bit alarmed but mostly irritated. He did sound upset however so I drug myself out of bed and found him sheepishly standing across the hall. In my semi-conscious state I just assumed he wanted to sleep in her room but when I opened the door a thick haze of smoke engulfed us. Choking I rushed in and found my sister passed out and flames shooting out of her alarm clock. Not thinking I ran screaming to the window and threw it open only to find a thick plastic coating on the other side. With adrenaline pumping I ripped through the storm window and turned to find my sister awake pouring water on the fire. It was over in seconds; afterwards we sat in shock unable to speak but thinking the same thing... we both could have died if it hadn't been for our duck.

We had been given this life saving pet by our mother. She had purchased two ducklings to surprise her grandson on Easter, and after my older brother decided that he wasn't going to take care of them Mom asked my sister and I if we would do it. We were living in a large Victorian house at the time with a good-sized backyard so it was decided that if she provided the food and supplies we would take care of the babies. After the first night we realized we weren't very good parents for when we awoke one of the ducklings had tried to jump out of the cardboard box they were temporarily using as a bed, and had hung himself on the edge. We found the remaining brother cowering in the corner and our hearts broke for the little orphan so we made a pact to be the best mothers in the world and named our new son Harley.

I am sure everyone has heard that ducks emulate their mothers and follow them EVERYWHERE. Imagine, if you will, that my sister, our roommate Jackie and myself had become Harley's three moms. He was confused at first because he couldn't decide which one of us to follow so he would spend most of his time walking in circles and tripping over our feet. Eventually he would give up and fall exhausted on whoever happened to be standing still at the time. Each one of us had certain things that we provided for him and he finally figured out who would give him what so he was no longer running around the house all day long. I have to admit that one of my favorite memories to this day is the sound of little webbed feet slapping on the linoleum behind me.

Jackie became the "let's go lay in the sun" mom. She and Harley would spend hours in the back yard reading and playing in the water. He loved to nap in the crook of her arm and when he got warm he would splash around in the roasting pan that had become his pool. Eventually the roasting pan became a bit small and it looked as if we were trying to cook him so we bought him a small plastic children's pool but he wanted nothing of it. He continued to lie and splash in his roasting pan until he was so big he was spilling out of it and even then he would only take a quick dip in the pool and then return to his pan.

My sister Marci's role was "let's go for a ride" mom. He loved to take drives in the car, all she needed to do was grab the keys and he was on her heels. He of course had to sit on her lap with his bill sticking out the window panting as if he were a puppy. He was the cause of many turned heads and I am sure a few accidents as well. I never really knew where they would go on their outings but he would always come back happily skipping up the walk with his beak held high because he had his special time with mom.

My mother role was a bit more complicated; Harley had come to depend on me for basically all of the other creature comforts he needed. I was bath mom, food mom, clean my room mom, potty training mom, and the mom you turned to when you were afraid. When we first got him he was too small to walk up the stairs and so he would sit at the bottom chirping all night until one of us went down and brought him to our room. It soon became apparent that my roommates had no trouble sleeping through the racket and I became the softy who would always bring him upstairs. Thus I turned into "never getting a full night's sleep" mom.

I can remember when his voice first started changing and he used to scare himself anytime he quacked. He would be chirping along and then all of a sudden there would be a loud quack and he would jump as if a big duck was behind him. We would hear chirp, chirp, chirp, QUACK and then see the little guy tearing into the arms of the nearest mom.

Bath time was my special one-on-one time with Harley; he would get to spend as much time as he wanted swimming from one end of the tub to the other. The best part for me was after he had tired himself out he had to get blown dry. Once he had a taste of the warm air he would no longer get out of the tub until I brought the blow dryer out. He used to preen in front of it, wiggling his little tail and arching his neck. I used to have to go and get Marci and Jackie after every bath so we could all watch him dry off. We would sit on the floor laughing hysterically while he pretended to ignore us.

When we noticed that he was convinced he was human I knew that potty training was in order but how do you go about training a duckling? I am still not quite sure how we did it but after a week of following him around and running him to the linoleum every two minutes he got the picture. He did have his own room that he had to be in when we were not around but once someone came home he had run of the house and never let any of us forget it.

During the time we had Harley my sister and roommate had both lost their jobs that left me as the sole

Continued on Page 7

Self-esteem used to be the product of hard work and success. Today it has gained a life of its own as part of the curricula in many schools, a goal to be met often by artificial means. This fad is a clear and present danger to American education. Within the self-esteem movement, competition is a dirty word. How about soccer with no scores and no winners? How about no honor rolls or spelling bees? And is it nice that three-fourths of the students receive "As" and "Bs" instead of only one fourth not that many years ago? What a bland school existence and how far removed from reality. The influence of the philosophy is insidious, even when not a specific part of the curricula. It carries into many phases of the school experience. Teachers inflate grades and pass virtually everyone. Administrators inflate teachers' evaluations and fire no one. School boards are happy because they do not have to deal with the unhappy union reps. And parents feel good because their kids feel good. Sad to say America's 11th graders recently placed next to last of all the Western industrialized nations tested in math and science, but they were undisputed leaders in "self-esteem."

— Ray Parnay, retired superintendent of the Forestville School District