

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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## The times, they are a-changin.'

-- Bob Dylan

Rev. Hults

### Editorial Now & Then



"We got guns, they got guns, all God's Children got guns" is a line from a song in the Marx Brothers movie *Duck Soup*.

Let's get one thing clear; I love my country. I love its ideals, I love its freedom and I will defend it to my dying day. That being said, I have endlessly protested when it did not live up to its ideals, when it tried to deny freedom to some people. I will continue to do that, because it is my right, hell it is my duty, as an American.

Ask people my age; we all remember where we were on 11/22/63 and we will all remember where we were on 9/11/01. Both of those days changed America tragically and forever. A reporter was fired from a Medford newspaper. I have been blocked from a web site for calling Bush a moron and it has been suggested that, "Billy Hults ought to be taken out and shot for giving aid and comfort to the enemy." Polls say that 90% of Americans support Mr. Bush, even though only a few more than 50% of them voted at all and of that less than 50% voted for him. Of course judging by the number of flags waving, you would guess that everyone in the country had done their duty as citizens and voted in every election.

I have pretty much most of my adult life tried my best to prevent violence, be it political or economic violence caused by racism, environmental violence caused by greed, or physical violence caused by fear and pain. I do that because I really like people. I find them delightful. And it saddens me when they hurt or are afraid. Fear and pain caused the recent violence committed on American soil. Ask any prison guard if the convict he watches who abused a child was himself abused as a child. When people are abused and think they have no other option, they turn to violence.

Some people think that our government can save us by curtailing our freedoms, attacking other countries and pointing their fingers at people who believe in a different religion than they do. Others, like the Fire Chiefs who actually led their men into the burning World Trade Center want to save lives, not take them. Like the Sunday school Teacher, the Wildlife Officer, and the gay Rugby player, who were the only people who stopped terrorists on 9/11 on Flight 93 by sacrificing their lives. Four planes crashed; people who were committing suicide controlled three. One crashed because people on it were trying to save the lives of people they didn't even know.

It is a simple question; which side are you on? Like I said, I'm fond of people. I'm not fond of governments, corporations, various religious organizations and the military. They seem to cause more problems than they solve. My favorite document starts this way; "We, the people."

And I believe that only by the people of the world dealing with violence on a personal level will we ever reduce it. No, we will never eliminate it, but we can prevent it from coming to the point it has recently reached if we decide to be on the side of hope and peace, rather than fear, pain, suicide and death. It's a simple question; which side are you on?

"There is one psychological peculiarity in the human being that strikes one; to shun even the slightest signs of trouble on the outer edge of your existence at times of well-being...to try not to know about the suffering of others and your own or one's own future suffering, to yield to many situations, even important spiritual and central ones - as long as it prolongs one's well being." Alexander I. Solzhentisyn

### There Ain't No Easy Way

by Elizabeth Savage

The morning it happened was sunny and warm; I woke up to birdsong and the laughter of women. I spent a good half-hour staring at the ceiling of the tent, with no way of knowing the time. Some habitual cursing was exclaimed by the singular sound of a tent zipper, a sound somewhere between the ripping of canvas and a big sloppy kiss. I hauled myself up and outside. I was stretching and squinting when a man came by and in a casual, off-the-cuff manner, asked if we'd heard the news.

At first it seemed like a joke - one of those jokes that isn't very funny.

The news was novocaine to the cloudless morning. The day was no less beautiful or peaceful because we knew. I watched a lethargic game of horseshoes, one that would have gone on with or without the tragedy. As it was, all action took on meaning. Each slow-arching horseshoe weighed a thousand pounds. Each throw was an act of defiance against the news, a Gatsbyesque willful ignorance. Each horseshoe was thrown in vain.

I spent the morning out of earshot from the radio, away from the television. The cloudless sky arched over us like a bubble, and you could almost imagine that nothing had changed.

Fear is a product of ignorance. Few things are more terrifying to the sensibilities than the Other. Hatred of the unknown is a product of fear, and fear, in turn, is a product of lack of knowledge and/or understanding. Fear is intrinsic to the unknown. The unknown is that of which we are ignorant.

I must admit, I have my own fears, though they are not identical to the fears of the majority. I'm not afraid of Arabs or Pakistanis. I'm not afraid of foreign countries or terrorist organizations. Maybe I should be, but I'm not. I'm afraid of patriotism becoming nationalism becoming war. I'm afraid that killing people is always an act of terrorism, regardless of who started it. I'm afraid that I live in a country where anger is considered more noble than grief. Our nation's pride is measured by its ability to avenge. I'm afraid I live in a country so vicious that words like honesty and forgiveness don't exist in its vocabulary. To quote Bowie, I'm afraid of Americans.

There is also this sense of unreality about the whole thing. The natural reaction is bafflement, followed by anger. It goes something like this - America is supposed to be a haven of peace and prosperity. There may be war, famine, terror and explosions in faraway nations, but not here. America is not supposed to be attacked. America is supposed stay strong, and clean, and safe. Americans are never supposed to be the victims. It begs the question: who are the victims supposed to be? The thing is, these horrible acts are supposed to happen to the very people who perpetrated this act on us: Arabs, Islamic, fundamentalists of all castes. For decades these kind of people have been the victims of terror, and in the US it barely makes the news. In the end it's not the act that we take offense to, it's just their choice in victims.

Forgive me, dear reader, if this is a callous, sophomoric, all-too-obvious rant about The Way Things Are vs. The Way Things Ought To Be. I am no less horrified than any American. As a former New Yorker and as a citizen of the United States, I can only say what I believe is Right - for you, for me, for the world.

There's nothing wrong with hanging American Flags, or erecting billboards that say "God Bless America." Still, it makes my blood run cold.

Please, don't get all hyped up for battle. Don't let pain become anger become hatred. Don't let chants of "USA, USA" turn Global Politics into a bloody football game. This is not a game. There are no teams. There are only human beings.



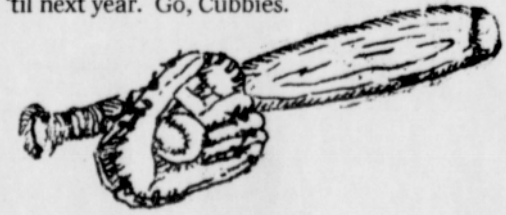
### MOONS & TIDES

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COASTS											
2001 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES											
HIGH OCTOBER						LOW OCTOBER					
DATE	SUN	MOON	TIME	FT	TIME	FT	TIME	FT	TIME	FT	TIME
1 Mon	•	0.14	7.6	12:50	7.8	6:41	0.1	7:00	0.7		
2 Tues	•	0.54	7.6	1:17	7.9	7:11	0.3	7:36	0.4		
3 Wed	•	1.33	7.5	1:42	8.1	7:40	0.6	8:10	0.1		
4 Thur	•	2.12	7.4	2:07	8.2	8:08	1.0	8:43	-0.1		
5 Fri	•	2.53	7.1	2:32	8.3	8:37	1.4	9:17	-0.2		
6 Sat	•	3.35	6.8	3:01	8.4	9:08	1.8	9:54	-0.2		
7 SUN	•	4.24	6.5	3:36	8.3	9:44	2.3	10:39	-0.1		
8 Mon	•	5.21	6.1	4:20	8.0	10:28	2.8	11:36	0.1		
9 Tues	•	6.32	5.9	5:17	7.7	11:28	3.2				
10 Wed	•	7.49	6.0	6:33	7.4	12:48	3.2	12:50	3.4		
11 Thur	•	8.59	6.4	8:03	7.3	2:08	2.2	2:18	3.2		
12 Fri	•	9.57	7.0	9:24	7.6	3:20	0.0	3:35	2.5		
13 Sat	•	10.45	7.6	10:32	8.0	4:19	-0.2	4:39	1.6		
14 SUN	•	11.28	8.2	11:32	8.3	5:10	-0.4	5:35	0.7		
15 Mon	•	12.08	8.8	12:08	8.8	5:56	-0.3	6:26	-0.2		
16 Tues	•	0.27	8.4	12:46	9.1	6:39	-0.1	7:14	-0.8		
17 Wed	•	1.19	8.3	1:24	9.3	7:21	0.3	8:01	-1.2		
18 Thur	•	2.10	8.1	2:00	9.3	8:01	0.8	8:47	-1.3		
19 Fri	•	3.01	7.8	2:36	9.1	8:42	1.4	9:32	-1.1		
20 Sat	•	3.52	7.4	3:13	8.7	9:24	2.0	10:19	-0.7		
21 SUN	•	4.46	6.9	3:53	8.2	10:09	2.6	11:09	-0.3		
22 Mon	•	5.45	6.6	4:38	7.6	11:01	3.1	12:04	3.5		
23 Tues	•	6.49	6.4	5:35	7.0	12:04	3.1	12:04	3.5		
24 Wed	•	7.54	6.4	6:49	6.6	1:07	0.7	1:17	3.6		
25 Thur	•	8.55	6.7	8:10	6.5	2:13	0.9	2:32	3.3		
26 Fri	•	9.45	7.1	9:20	6.6	3:12	0.9	3:37	2.8		
27 Sat	•	10.27	7.5	10:18	6.9	4:03	0.9	4:31	2.1		
28 SUN	•	10.02	7.8	10:09	7.2	3:46	0.9	4:17	1.4		
29 Mon	•	10.34	8.2	10:54	7.3	4:23	1.0	4:58	0.8		
30 Tues	•	11.04	8.4	11:38	7.5	4:58	1.2	5:36	0.3		
31 Wed	•	11.31	8.7			5:31	1.4	6:13	-0.1		

A.M. TIDES \*BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING! P.M. TIDES LITE TYPE DAYLIGHT TIME THRU OCTOBER 27 SOLID TYPE

## BASEBALL

Well, it looks like the world will not end this year. Why? Well the Cubs have slipped into third place and don't look like they will get a "wild card" chance at the playoffs, thus no Cubs in the Series, thus, the Cubs can't win the World Series, and thus the world will not come to an end. In spite of the best efforts of the powers that be. Wait 'til next year. Go, Cubbies.



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"We may laugh again, but we'll never be young again."  
- Patrick Monihan, November 23, 1963