

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...

— Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*



Rev. & Ms.
Hults & Coyne
Editorial
Now & Then

Our beloved Reverend has safely arrived in Europe, and Sally and I are desperately trying to hold down the fort. All should be smoothed out by next month, but after many attempts to receive Billy's Editorial we have given up. What follows is an email sent to me a few days after our editor-abroad arrived in Amsterdam. Thanks for your continued support and patience.

Your publisheress and editoress in duress,
Angela

An Editor Abroad

So, here I am in Amsterdam in a bar that doesn't serve nor does it allow the smoking of any substance but tobacco. It seems to keep the tourists out. I love it. The bartenders are surly and good at what they do. One of the reminds me of (Bill's Tavern barkeep) Dave Parker, They have these green imacs up in the balcony so you can see most of the bar from here. It is small, four tables and maybe nine stools at the bar plus a dozen along the wall. The bathrooms are down a few steps under the balcony. They play a lot of music and not much techno or rap, heavy on guitars, Stones and a lot of stuff that is good but I've never heard, and occasionally they even play jazz.

Yep I found my bar. Billy finds his power place in Amsterdam. Now if they just don't throw me out for being too weird. The name of the place is de Hoogte. I have no idea what that means. But this is a place my imagination failed to hope for. All that and imacs too. Oh my.

It is Saturday night and I've been to the Bulldog Café and all that that entails, and now when the street is alive there are maybe, counting me and the bartenders, half a dozen people in here. The lights are low but functional. *Beast of Burden* by the Stones is playing at a volume that doesn't hurt, so yes, life is nice. I have been working on my sleep. Well my body has been telling me to lay down when you are tired. I took a four hour nap this afternoon. I think I'm going to fit right in in Spain.

I interviewed one of the women who works the desk at the bulldog hotel. Yes, she was a very attractive blonde woman but I was all business. I asked her about working there and about tourists and if they had a pig party. Yep, it is the same around the world. They have a feast week. The woman I really wanted to interview was the brunette woman who was so very kind. The blonde had made the crack about me not to worry about being carded. The brunette, whose name I don't have, was even kinder in the morning, perhaps she understood people and that is why she was so good at her job. She did just show kindness to old me. I watched her, in sequence, deal with four Asian kids and six Germans and had them all smiling in minutes. I wanted to ask her how many languages she had. Mike said that you never feel dumber than when you don't understand the language. As are a lot of things he says, that is true. Humbling in a lot of ways and that is always a good thing.

I walked to the Anne Frank house today. Well, I walked way way past the Anne Frank house and then back and then by it and went to a café on the canal and had a latté, yes a latté, shut up. And I read the International Herald Tribune, Doonesbury was funny, Bush wasn't. I wandered through a Saturday market and gave a couple of the big silverish coin things to a sax and accordion player.

On my way back to the hotel I walked by the Anne Frank house again and there was a 'queue' and I didn't want to join it. I played Peter in the play in high school and silly as that sounds it was nice to see where he lived. He loved Anne. Well, before I could start crying the sky did it for me. Talk about being at home in the world, rain happens. ('Rain happens' is a bumper sticker that Pat's Coffee Pat has on her bumper.)

I really wish I could watch at least one game of the series in Europe. I'm sure it would only be possible if I went somewhere to be surrounded with people as strange as me. Right now they are playing a version of *Hey Joe* that is latin in

Behind the Times Michael Burgess

Of the many interesting responses to our newest brave new world, one of the more cogent was offered recently by a high school student in Oregon. Commenting on the civic duty of all Americans to spend our way out of fear and depression, the young man observed to a reporter: "That's not patriotism. That's capitalism."

His words came to mind a few nights later at a meeting of my poker support group. The talk had turned to major literary figures of the twentieth century. It's that sort of poker game. John LeCarré made the short list and several of us snarled at his relegation, at the hands of book store clerks with questionable credentials, to a writer of popular espionage novels; a system of classification which would, in order to be consistent, shelve Lawrence Durrell in the romance section. My friend the poet/surveyor waxed wonderfully indignant. "LeCarré is the only writer in the English language I see dealing with the core issue of the times." The dealing stopped for a beat. "The consequences of loyalty."

In LeCarré's work, humans confront the often irreconcilable conflict between ideal and reality; between allegiance to an idea, a creed or a country, and allegiance to the living truth of the people we love. In LeCarré's world, the human factor unfailingly trumps the ideological: the geopolitics of nations is reduced to a rutted, cratered field upon which is played out the ferociously local politics of the heart. It's a world in which the uniforms are too muddled to tell one team from another and the triumph of the spirit, if it comes, comes at unimaginable personal cost.

Our national spirit, if such a thing can be said to exist, has been sorely tested by recent events. We've been dragged, dazed and outraged, into a reality we imagine to be of someone else's making. Where there was order, there now is madness and chaos; where there was certainty, some would say smug complacency, there is now the fluid illogicality of a nightmare. What we took for givens have been stripped from us; security, once a birthright, has become a growth industry. A door has slammed shut behind us. Flung with savage force from the garden of our arrogance, self-righteousness and unconcern, we stand, more naked than innocent, on the slippery edge of a future we can no longer pretend to predict. As Bette Davis said of getting old, it's no place for sissies.

On the bright side, there are strong indications we're rising to the challenge. Not by flying miniature flags from the aerials of our SUVs, or beating random immigrants, or reminding the world we can still kick serious butt anytime we want to; but by finding, each in our own way, a quiet place at the center and coming closer to who and what we love. The best of times smiling in the worst of times. So it always goes. Tragedy is a great leveler. As a literary form (born, interestingly enough, not long before comedy) it deals, not with the effects of a failed dinner party or a bad hair day, but with the high drama of the mighty brought low. If pain is, as it is, the swiftest horse that bears us to perfection, then tragedy is an old teacher who delivers, at just the right moment, unpleasantly appropriate lessons. Tragedy reminds us what's important and what's not. It reorders, swiftly and deftly, our priorities. Reducing life to simplest terms, tragedy reveals our deepest loyalties and awakens us not just to who and what we are but to who and what we would become. It creates a hunger for what truly feeds us. It makes us know what we must do to make ourselves whole.

We're said to be at war. So be it. Those who study war know that, behind the flags and drums and slogans, there rests an ennobling truth: soldiers fight and die, not for love of country, or to preserve a belief system or a government or a lifestyle, but to protect their friends in the next foxhole. In its purest distillation, loyalty boils down to standing with those who are, in thought, word and deed, closest to us. Patriotism, like politics, is personal.

We're said to be at war. So be it. It would be un-American not to question what flag we're being asked to rally around. It would, in fact, be treasonous not to. Certainly, madmen who fly airplanes into occupied buildings, attack five hundred-year-old statues with war surplus tanks and beat women to death for learning to read must, if we are to have a civilization at all, be made to stop. But then, so must the madmen who, from the comfort of their boardrooms, decide who in the world will eat and who will not, whose fields will be planted and whose will not, whose suffering will be noticed and whose will not. We must ask what flag our country is flying.

An interesting comment sailed quietly over the wire services the morning we began bombing the poorest nation on earth. The piece concerned a meeting of a Group of Seven, the economic A-list of the New World Order; a group which, with the exception of Japan, consists entirely of Western nations. The headline dealt with targeting global recession



MOONS & TIDES

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COASTS
2001 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

HIGH NOVEMBER LOW NOVEMBER

DATE	MOON	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1 Thur	●	0:20	7.5	11:58	8.8	6:03	1.7	6:48	-0.4
2 Fri	●	1:03	7.4	12:26	9.0	6:36	2.1	7:23	-0.6
3 Sat	●	1:46	7.3	12:57	9.0	7:10	2.4	8:00	-0.7
4 SUN	●	2:31	7.1	1:31	9.0	7:47	2.8	8:40	-0.6
5 Mon	●	3:21	6.9	2:12	8.8	8:29	3.1	9:26	-0.4
6 Tues	●	4:17	6.7	3:00	8.4	9:21	3.4	10:22	-0.1
7 Wed	●	5:21	6.7	4:02	7.9	10:28	3.6	11:28	0.2
8 Thur	●	6:27	6.9	5:23	7.4	11:49	3.6
9 Fri	●	7:29	7.3	6:54	7.2	0:39	0.4	1:13	3.1
10 Sat	●	8:24	7.9	8:16	7.4	1:46	0.5	2:27	2.2
11 SUN	●	9:11	8.5	9:24	7.6	2:45	0.6	3:29	1.2
12 Mon	●	9:54	9.1	10:25	7.9	3:37	0.7	4:24	0.2
13 Tues	●	10:34	9.5	11:20	8.0	4:24	1.0	5:14	-0.6
14 Wed	●	11:12	9.8	5:08	1.3	6:01	-1.1
15 Thur	●	0:12	8.0	11:50	9.8	5:52	1.7	6:46	-1.3
16 Fri	●	1:02	7.9	12:26	9.7	6:34	2.1	7:29	-1.3
17 Sat	●	1:51	7.8	1:03	9.4	7:17	2.6	8:12	-1.0
18 SUN	●	2:39	7.6	1:40	9.0	8:01	3.0	8:54	-0.6
19 Mon	●	3:28	7.3	2:18	8.4	8:46	3.4	9:38	-0.1
20 Tues	●	4:19	7.1	3:02	7.9	9:36	3.7	10:24	0.4
21 Wed	●	5:13	7.0	3:54	7.3	10:34	3.8	11:16	0.9
22 Thur	●	6:08	7.0	5:02	6.8	11:41	3.8
23 Fri	●	7:02	7.2	6:22	6.5	0:12	1.3	12:53	3.5
24 Sat	●	7:50	7.5	7:38	6.4	1:06	1.6	2:00	3.0
25 SUN	●	8:33	7.9	8:44	6.6	2:01	1.8	2:57	2.3
26 Mon	●	9:10	8.3	9:42	6.9	2:48	2.0	3:47	1.5
27 Tues	●	9:44	8.7	10:33	7.1	3:32	2.1	4:30	0.8
28 Wed	●	10:17	9.0	11:21	7.3	4:12	2.3	5:11	0.2
29 Thur	●	10:48	9.3	4:51	2.6	5:50	-0.3
30 Fri	●	0:07	7.5	11:21	9.5	5:30	2.8	6:29	-0.7

A.M. TIDES LITE TYPE * BIGGER THE DOT - BETTER THE FISHING! STANDARD TIME P.M. TIDES BOLD TYPE

BASEBALL

It's over for the Cubs, but Mark Grace will get a World Series Ring and that is a good thing. Wait 'til next year! Go Cubbies.



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