

beat and acoustic with horns and is great and quiet. I have seen only one other street musician, he was in a square I wandered upon while lost the other day. He was standing facing a full outdoor café. He had a small but penetrating guitar and was playing a hot and interesting song in Spanish. I put some money in his hat, hoping for street karma and to ask if he would be there the next day. He didn't seem to speak English, or was working his audience and didn't have time, but across the street his obvious girl friend was sitting on his guitar case and smiling. She said he would be here when he was here, and I couldn't argue with that.

Innocents abroad indeed! M. Twain would love this.

Monday in Amsterdam

My last day was get up, dress, go down the spiral staircase two floors, enter the reception/dining/bar area, sit down after I say yes to coffee. Get up from the table and my copy of The Guardian to get a slice of bread and a brown boiled egg that is to be put in the cup provided. I didn't learn until today that the square container on the table was where one should put the pieces of shell, but I did it right today. No one smiled either day. They are very tolerant people here at the hotel. They haven't commented on strange smells in my room or anything. Of course when I try to check out they may cuff me and send me off to Devil's Island.

I went back to the International Hotel Bar tonight and had a few pints while watching the scene go down. Delivery guys with scooters coming out the front door of an Asian Restaurant and getting gassed up. In Amsterdam, only, the louder your scooter is the less likely you are to have to hit someone. Loud is nice. Bikes are so quiet. I barely saw one pass me at a swift rate inches from my nose, among other things. "Nice try!" I called to him.

There is a houseboat that I saw as I was failing to light up while sitting on the bank of a canal. It came past me and I said "Ahoy" and the aging hippie at the tiller replied in kind. He was a big reddish blonde man with full beard, full mane and full figure. His craft was painted in greens and reds and blues and yellows on port side, in the "squares of pure color arranged in interesting ways" school popular in the late fifties and early sixties, but much more crude, and the starboard tended to waves and flowers with green the dominant color. Today I saw the craft again tied up in front of an Irish Pub that has music four or more nights a week. There appeared to be several people aboard this morning, when I glanced in the window as I walked by. One was rolling something in a paper, I heard laughter.

I'm back at my "office", and they are being very nice to me. This afternoon the bartender actually asked if I was an American. I denied it and said I was from Oregon, but that just confused him. Anyway, I explained it was my last night here, so I could tell them what I was doing. They were amused. I told them I like the place because they didn't like tourists. They laughed. Yep, I'm gonna miss this place.

More from Paris.

Peace,  
Billy

and terror and the subhead mentioned that the seven wise men had stopped short of "pledging a united effort" to lift a world economy they've guided, very profitably for themselves and those with whom they lunch, into bankruptcy. Speaking, supposedly, for all good Americans, Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill said this: "I think the important thing is that we've agreed that we should all be doing the things that are appropriate and meaningful in the context of our individual economies." We are the world, business is business, every country for itself.

I remember an afternoon in the late sixties, drinking wine and smoking dope (there, I've said it) with a biker who was, from his perspective, probably slumming. We'd just begun bombing Cambodia and he'd sat listening quietly to our revolutionary support group babble on about creating a society that waged peace instead of war. The anti-war movement had recently joined forces with the civil rights movement and the critical mass of good intentions would soon make the world safe for truth, justice and love. Yes, the dawning of Aquarius, the brotherhood of Man. The biker shook his head. "To have a brotherhood," he said with the authority of experience, "you need to have brothers. Sorry, folks, but I just don't see it."

We're said to be at war. So be it. Enlightened patriots choose their loyalties carefully and watch the magician instead of the tambourine. There is no mystery here: no magic, only illusion. That our leader expresses indignant surprise that anyone could hate us means he's either dimwitted or lying or both. There's a world out there that we, which is to say the present world order, are eating out of house and home. There's a world out there that the economic engine we've created is bleeding dry with a mercilessness bordering on barbarism. There's a world out there filled with humans without hope. Or even the hope of hope.

This war is not a new war. It's a very old war, one for which it's hard to find a beginning. We would do well to call it simply The War. There will be war until all parents can feed their children. There will be war until every human on the planet has their bowl of rice and is left the hell alone. There will be war until those with more than they need share what they have with those who have nothing.

The wars of recent history are, at bottom, the result of business deals gone bad. Treaties exist, not to bring nations together, but to maximize trade and cash flow. There will be war until the bankers and the corporations and the despots of all stripe are forced, peacefully if possible, to redefine profit. The real enemy, the ultimate terrorist, is anyone who regards human beings as a resource: loving things and using people is a crime against humanity. The real war is only partly about hatred masquerading as religion; it's mostly about greed masquerading as freedom.

To what then must we be loyal? To ourselves, certainly; to the small voice that speaks to us, to whatever moral compass our spirit steers us by. To our family, to the death; they are blood of our blood, living testimony to who we are, where we're from, where we're going and why we're here. To our friends, absolutely; they are cool water for a thirsty soul, they feed and shelter our hearts. To our fellow human beings, without doubt or reservation; in the new world order, there is no us and them, we are all of us peasants in debt to the same company store. To our place, with fierce and undaunted resolve; if we have no allegiance to the planet, which is to say for all of life, all other loyalties will one day cease to matter.

I remember an afternoon several years ago. The poet/surveyor and I were bent over coffee at a sidewalk café, his infant son burbling in a carrier on the table between us. We'd been sorting through matters, considering this and that, when Milan Kundera's name came up. Kundera is a Czech novelist whose work explores, among other issues of fundamental importance to anyone wishing to be human, the effects of political and social repression on the human spirit: like LeCarré, only different.

We talked about Tomas, one of Kundera's characters: a surgeon whose lack of political correctness, or of politics in general, has led, as inexorably as the turning of the world, to professional and social banishment, the love of a good woman and the discovery of happiness. One day, washing the windows of a grand house which, in another life, might have been his, Tomas experiences an epiphany of freedom. Raising his eyes to an empty, sun filled sky, he thanks whatever powers that be for delivering him from his missions.

My friend the poet/surveyor nodded, handing a bit of bagel to his son. "Kundera's got it right," he said. "All I care about these days is getting with my people and taking it on down."

In the bravest of brave new worlds, there's a flag worth rallying around.

Creating a Sense of Community:  
The Pig Party

By Evie Alburas

"Community-initiated celebrations are as old as mankind. Fun, which is community oriented can be a major force in holding a community together" (Jones 77). People gain validation and identity through the people they share their lives with and the place they live. Folks who have fun together stay together. So, in a transient environment, how do people unite? It may be harder to feel a sense of belonging in an area that's dependent on tourism. The constant fluctuation of population and changing of faces is disorienting. A tourist town and one that's not dependent on tourism are very different places to live, and community events are one way of seeing this. The contradiction is striking when comparing Astoria to Cannon Beach. The Astoria area has a different gathering every weekend while Cannon Beach lacks community-unifying events. Once a year in Nehalem, at The Pig Party, people from both Clatsop and Tillamook Counties find their community with the people they love.

The Pig Party was started five years ago by Larry and Darrin Peters, two brothers with a lust for life, pork and beer. Although it's not a harvest festival in the traditional sense, it's similar in some ways to The Brownsmead Corn Feed. Both take place at the end of summer and both are feasts, but The Corn Feed is more reminiscent of the past. It's been going on for more than 60 years and it is a harvest festival because you can't eat the corn until it's ready. "It started with Brownsmead dairymen inviting members of the Astoria Kiwanis to a corn dinner as a thank-you for luncheons they had been served in town. The tradition continues today at the historic Brownsmead Grange" (Foreman 12).

The community pitches in to help with preparations: big old-fashioned tubs (which may have been used in the first corn feed) are brought down from the Grange's attic, gas burners are made ready, corn is picked off neighboring farms and taken by wheelbarrow to the Grange, and the water is set to boiling. There's a down-home dinner with all-you-can-eat corn and the proceeds go to maintaining the Grange, which was built in 1918. "It's as much a celebration of the ability to grow corn on the coast as it is about community" (Foreman 13). Due to our coastal climate, this is no easy feat because corn needs weather more similar to that of the valley: "hot days and warm nights" (Foreman 13). "Traditional celebrations like Sunday picnics or brandings were solely for the community", (Jones 77) and The Corn Feed is all about community.

According to the book Oregon Folklore, Sunday picnics went something like this:

All of the families of the community would get together at a spot along one of the many creeks in the area. The food they brought was potluck. The men would set up tables made out of boards and sawhorses where the food would be served. During the afternoon, the families would simply eat and socialize with one another. There was generally a vast quantity of liquor and beer consumed at these picnics...later in the evening, when it got cooler, the men would build huge bonfires. The men would make a dance floor out of boards they had hauled up to the picnic site, and anyone who could play an instrument would get together with other "musicians" to provide music for the dance. (Jones 76)

This is The Pig Party. This description fits what has taken place the week after Labor Day for the last five years. Without knowing it, we are holding up a tradition decades old. 1997 was the first year of The Pig Party, and it was held for two rather simplistic reasons: to celebrate the end of summer and to eat pork.

I spoke with both brothers about their original intentions and hopes for the party and they were in consensus on one thing: "we wanted to be able to cook a whole pig" (Peters, Darrin) and "we were hungry for pork" (Peters, Larry). It's a little hokey to say that they were striving to create and maintain a sense of community for their friends and family, but after working a summer in Cannon Beach, that's exactly what their friends and family needed. Darrin remembers that the flyers for the first party said something like this: "Now that all the people who came uninvited are gone, you're invited to our house to celebrate" (Peters, Darrin). A shared sentiment among service workers in Cannon Beach is where did our town go?

"While it is true that in recent years there are more and more official community events and festivals throughout Oregon, many of these are prompted by boosterism and are intended to attract a lot of tourists to town for the day" (Jones 77). This sentence describes every event that takes place in Cannon Beach. The 4th of July parade and the Cannon Beach Fire Department's ham dinner are events in which locals can get together and participate. I talked with Kirk Anderson, former mayor of Cannon Beach, about this event. "It's a once a year fundraiser, a locals' event where fifth grade students from Cannon Beach Elementary write tables for tips. It's simply a matter of supporting the CBPD. It attracts property owners, though not considered locals, they own houses here" (Anderson).

The Sandcastle contest has been going on for over 40 years, but it isn't so much about locals anymore. "Originally Sandcastle day was for the locals, and started by locals. I think it started after the tsunami and it was supposed to be fun for the kids, but it mushroomed. And it changed completely after the Chamber of Commerce took it over" (Anderson). Professor Peter Lindsey remembers the first contest: "My friends and I won first place for the sculptural part. The prize was a plastic bucket and shovel" (Lindsey). This was obviously long before the time of professional sandcastle building teams.

The Stormy Weather Arts Festival is, in essence, a wonderful thing that supports local artists. They're able to share their work with neighbors and anyone else who loves art and in the most romantic way it can be perceived as a buttoning down for winter. The Festival takes place in November, when the nights are longer, the weather's turning lousy and people are spending more time inside. So, after the splendor of summer artists are forced inside and have more time to express themselves in ways they know best. They create art while passing a stormy and boring Tuesday night. However, the Festival is hugely commercial and is designed as much to bring in tourists as to display our local talent.

So, just when we start thinking we have our town back someone always has an idea of how to bring the tourists back. Most people who live in Cannon Beach, all year round, are in one way or another employed in the tourist industry. We live there because we love it; we love the stormy, windswept beaches, the 70 mph gusts blowing through the cracks in the walls of our rental, the surf pounding so loud you can hear it a mile away in the dark, lush forests. We struggle so we can live there; we work our butts off through the crazy summers so we can make it through the dead winters. And sometimes we don't want to see strange faces that don't respect our home the way we do, people who look at it as a resort, a Disneyland. No, we want to see the people we worked with, the people who were there for us mid-August when we needed to vent, the people who understand and share our frustrations. So, all summer we look forward to The Pig Party.

The Pig Party commemorates all the hard work we put into summer and the fact that we soon will have our town back. It's a forehead wiping, wow, we made it through another one, congratulatory party. We get to see people we haven't seen since spring, catch up, unwind, relax, not use our brains for a couple days and generally just party. It is the one truly community-unifying event that's all about the South County area, and the party draws fans from all over both Clatsop and Tillamook counties.

Continued on page 3

Peace without justice is tyranny. - William Allen White

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Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Bibelot Art Gallery, Bijou Café, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Capt'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 CC, Music Millennium, 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. Café, & Rogue River Brewery

Cave Junction: Coffee Heaven & Kerby Community Market

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