





# Meeting Billy Hults

Dinah Urell

I first met Billy Hults in the fall of 2001. Or was it 2002? I don't recall precisely and it hardly matters when it comes to writing a mini memoir of my unique relationship with Billy (although everyone had a unique relationship with him). Billy wouldn't care either way about the veracity because he was an extraordinary fabulist in the Bob Dylan mold and often left the facts blowin' in the wind.

Okay, it was 2001, after 9-11, when the government started treating radical environmentalists like a splinter group of Al Qaeda and handing down 25-year sentences for torching a couple of used cars or burning down a ski resort under construction.

The subject of our meeting was the Acey Line unit, a pristine parcel of old trees in the God's Valley area of the Tillamook State Forest near Mohler off Highway 53. This idyllic section of forestland had escaped the ravages of the Tillamook Burn and represented one of the few naturally-seeded areas of the plantation that is the Tillamook State Forest. Naturally, the Oregon Department of (clearcut) Forestry (ODF) wanted it logged for a couple of dozen temporary jobs (not even local ones) and some meager tax receipts.

The proposed thinning drew the substantial ire of local and Portland conser-

vationists, including one Tre Arrow of the Cascadia Forest Alliance. Tre was a notorious and radical environmental activist in those days and he desperately wanted to save Acey Line from the chainsaw. He constructed a platform near the top of one of the God's Valley giants and raised the stakes of the protest. It was the first tree sit in an Oregon state forest and ODF and the Tillamook County Sheriff's Office officials were clueless how to handle the controversy.

Billy took up the cause in the *Upper Left Edge* and on the ground and I began writing about it for the Astoria-based alternative monthly *Hipfish* and running supplies to the tree sitters.

At some point in the standoff, which lasted a couple months, a lackey acting under orders from the Tillamook County Sheriff either cut a branch out from under Arrow in the dead of night or he fell trying to leap to another branch. Or a little of both. Each side told a different version but the one sympathetic locals heard on police scanners and CB radio directly contradicted the official exculpatory tale from the Tillamook Sheriff's Office.

In other words, they might have lied. At the time I believed they had lied and said so in print.

**By  
Matt  
Love**

After the thinning, ODF arranged a press tour of the site. About a dozen members of the print, television, and radio media showed up. They all represented well-known media outlets and held out impressive laminated press credentials for admission to the site.

It was at this media gathering in front of a metal gate blocking a logging road where I met Billy for the first time. When the press flack asked Billy what media outlet he represented, he told them and brandished a few copies for good measure.

The flack said in so many words that the *Upper Left Edge* wasn't legitimate enough (meaning not corporate) a publication to warrant access to the site. *Hipfish* wouldn't cut it either.

Billy didn't bat an eye and proceeded to give the flack a highly polished and brief lecture on the First Amendment and freedom of the press. The flack had no authority to determine what qualified as a legitimate publication. If he didn't let Billy pass, he'd be violating Billy's Constitutional rights (and mine) and adding another unwanted twist to this controversy. Billy told the flack, "You're supposed to be solving problems, not creating them. That's what public relations men do."

The flack waited for a second and then Billy produced a crinkled 3 X 5 note card with the words "PRESS PASS" handwritten in black marker. He must have created it on the drive up, knowing something exactly like this would happen. He handed it to the flack and wordlessly walked me and another writer from some environmental publication right past the gate. I had a hard time not laughing. The flack didn't say anything.

On site, Billy took notes, climbed over the downed trees, and took photographs. He asked the flack one tough question after another that really didn't have much to do with logging. They were more existential in nature. The only one I firmly recall was, "Do you

like doing this sort of thing for a living? Explaining why it's okay to murder something beautiful."

Later that year, I was called for jury duty in Tillamook County where I lived at the time. After the voir dire process (which I passed), a judge asked prospective jurors if there was any reason they couldn't serve without bias.

I raised my hand and said, "Your honor, I can't possibly serve on a jury where any deputy of the sheriff's department testifies. I wouldn't believe a word he says."

Everything instantly came to a halt in the courtroom.

"Why?" the judge said.

"I was involved in the God's Valley protests."

"You're excused."

I got up from the jury box and walked out of the courtroom.

In the following years, Billy and I became good friends and he published a couple of my polemics in the *Upper Left Edge*. Later, when I got the book writing going, I published two of Billy's essays, one about his unlikely connection to the Portland Trail Blazers' vegetarian bad ass forward Maurice Lucas, and the other about the legendary Mayor's Ball, an unprecedented event staged at Memorial Coliseum to retire newly elected Bud Clark's campaign debt. The Mayor's Ball was a seminal rock and roll quasi political circus that I consider as one of the crucial events in modern Portland history and the precise date the Rose City became officially unofficially weird.

Naturally, Billy masterminded the Mayor's Ball, as he did so many other schemes for sundry good causes.

I dearly miss those schemes. They made Oregon a lot more interesting place to live. You know how I suggest we honor Billy Hults on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of Jupiter Books? Conjure a scheme for good; implement it on a lark.

# ARTISTS AND TREES

Here we are again, at the woody Edge, always a new experience for writers and readers. Let's give thanks for the gifts that contribute to this first paper edition in twelve years.

Thank you artists, thank you trees. Thank you Creator, yessiree.

Our beloved Reverend Billy Lloyd Hults began this scruffy publication in 1992. It was an extension of his love for the written word that made a home at Jupiter's Books in Cannon Beach. The *Upper Left Edge* conveyed his grassroots calling to create space for the muse to flow and mingle directly with people. Billy spread the gospel of Art and Mother Nature. He supported fellow artists, especially writers and musicians. He advocated for the Earth and encouraged readers to tend to her needs.

This work continues at our website -- [www.upperleftedge.com](http://www.upperleftedge.com). We're moved to offer this print edition in concert with the 25th anniversary of Jupiter's Books, and the 50th anniversary of *Sometimes a Great Notion* by Ken Kesey. Also, Billy is being honored by the Oregon Music Hall of Fame. Whoop whoop!

Billy wasn't really a fame kind of fellow, so far as I could tell during decades of friendship. He did have a handle on the big-money forces that shape it, however, and for that reason he devoted his life to finding affordable ways to share creative gifts.

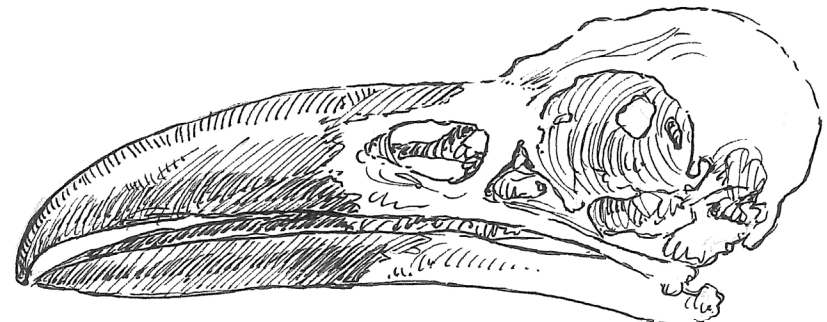
The Reverend was already kind of famous when he died five years ago. More than that though, he was beloved.

So is everyone who's reading these words, and the vast minions of humanity who have no idea these words exist.

In the end there are no real brokers of truth and love and beauty. Art happens some how to each of us, when we open a way.

Let us begin again, brothers and sisters.

- Watt Childress, Publisher



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Watt Childress

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# Psyche Combs the Clearcut for Lost Souls



Dinah Urell

The rumbling drone of machinery began before sunrise, when birdsong would have otherwise greeted the dawn. Sleep was cut short on weekdays and many Sabbaths over the summer. On occasion I could tune out the racket, just slip back into dreamland. But most mornings I'd lay there, absorbing the edgy contrast of first light in a forest filled with industrial noise.

Often I'd grab a book from my bedside stacks, treasures gleaned from the bookstore. I'd read while swaddled in that ambient edge, perhaps some poems by Sherman Alexie, Gary Snyder, or William Stafford. Maybe an essay by Wendell Berry or Terry Tempest Williams. The words summoned fresh perception as the light grew brighter and I listened to the falling woods.

After the cutters were finished, 50 acres of forested watershed was pretty much gone. Familiar habitat was replaced by strips of trees surrounded by stumps, slash, and orderly heaps of logs -- cash crop to grease the skids of our consumption.

I'd also read *The Electric Kool-aid Acid Test* by Tom Wolfe. The classic boomer testament has been on my list for decades. Touted by hippie elders, it was sort of a sacred text to our beloved Reverend Billy, who grumbled a while back when I told him I'd skipped that basket of words. Finally the timing felt right. Perspective changes when we've been away long enough for the hype to settle, when we can revisit the scene without fear of being detained by hungry wolves.

The book is basically a biography of Ken Kesey, patriarch of the insatiable 60s and author of the greatest logging novel in the history of the world. It offered context for his tragic masterpiece -- *Sometimes a Great Notion* -- which pits man against nature, brother against brother, logger against logger, and individuals against collective control.

Both *Acid Test* and *Notion* are written in a swirling omniscient style that befits the era in which they were crafted. The authors spiral through the minds of their subjects, much as Kesey did in real life with his fellow pranksters. Wolfe says his own use of this style was an attempt to recreate the subjective reality of Kesey and his clan, who become renown for testing themselves and others with psychedelic drugs.

The CIA test-drove them first. In 1959 Kesey volunteered to be one of the alpha lab rats in the Agency's study of LSD and other "psychomimetics," as they were

then called. That was when Kesey was a graduate student at Stanford, and worked nights in the psych ward of a nearby veteran's hospital. The Agency hoped their study would enable them to engineer human behavior. The testers were clueless, as far as Kesey could tell, but he was an able young subject and would sometimes chat with patients while tripping in the ward. He got so much out of it that he hijacked some samples and took his own version of their test out on the road.

The most popularized part of *Acid Test* involves Kesey's cross-country bus trip with fellow testers who called themselves Merry Pranksters. Kesey used a cash advance from *Sometimes a Great Notion* to finance the trip so they would arrive in New York when it was published. They named the refitted school bus "Further" and filmed a zonked documentary of their journey.

But that cross-country trip was just a few chapters of the book. What the pranksters really wanted, apparently, was to remove the everyday boundaries between individual subjective realities, to explore forms of living in which there would be no separation between actor and audience, ego and non-ego, "me" and "us."

They started at Stanford, while Kesey completed *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and as he began writing *Notion* with notes he gathered from loggers in Oregon. They did it while he was finishing revisions of *Notion* in La Honda, where Kesey bought a cabin in the redwoods.

On occasion Kesey went up into the forest to get firewood. While joining him, one of his colleagues observed: "Kesey wasn't primarily an outdoorsman. He wasn't that crazy about unspoilt Nature. It was more like he had a vision of the forest as a fantastic stage setting...in which every day would be a happening, an art form..."

Kesey's vision included gobs of audio equipment spread out among painted trees and weird objects. The redwoods became a grand altar to collective prankster artifice, an objectification of their tribal ego.



## She Who Draws Us In

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By Professor Lindsey

One of my most prized possessions is a unique volume, created by Sally Lackaff in 1994, personalized on my behalf, as *The Professor's Crow*. The book was hand-crafted and individualized with Ms. Lackaff's singular flair, a testament to her marvelous imagination, artistic sensibilities, and writing craft. My copy of this collection from *Wildlife on the Edge* occupies a special place on my book shelves and a cherished place in my heart.

In my introduction to her book, I offer some commentary on the volume that I think apply to her canon of work in general: "Ms. Lackaff's illustrations speak with a soft voice, delicate and slightly shy. The sharp, fine line drawings have the quality of engravings, like the world of Emily Dickinson's poems made manifest and drawn on the pages before you. She has a deft touch and keen eye for subtle detail."

In her many creations, both public and private, she enchants the eye and nurtures the imagination. Her works grace numerous private collections and can be seen on many business signs and appurtenances: The Rogue Brewery bar top, Fort George Brewery décor, Jupiter's Rare and Used Books sign, The Warren House Pub logo. Her commissioned work, a series of signs along the Ecola Creek Wetland's Trail, is nothing less than a village treasure. The drawings and text catalog the seasonal changes, migrations, and speciation of flora and fauna in our area. Many generations of naturalists will share this gift to us.

Sally's illustrations and graphics amalgamated aspects of a fine local publication, the *Upper Left Edge*. Her discerning eye has helped stay the course of this newspaper for many years, a paper I still view as one of the finest literary co-operations ever to exist in Cannon Beach.

*Sally Lackaff's illustrations are liberally distributed throughout this Fall Equinox Edition of the Upper Left Edge.*



Don Frank

Publisher Watt Childress

*“Huge stripes of Day-Glo green and orange ran up the soaring redwoods and gleamed out at dusk as if Nature had said at last, Aw freak it, and had freaked out. Up the gully back of the house, up past the hermit’s cave, were Day-Glo face masks and boxes and machines and things that glowed, winked, hummed, whistled, bellowed, and microphones that could pick up animals, hermits, anything, and broadcast them from the treetops, like the crazy gibbering rhesus background noises from the old Jungle Jim radio shows....And Bob Dylan raunched and rheumed away in the sphenoids or some damned place---”*

Those words would have compelled me if I’d read them in high school during the late 70s and early 80s. Back then I felt like I was recycling the 60s counterculture -- sporting weird colors at the mall, guarding the turntable at parties while David Bowie prompted shouts of “cut that weird shit and play some Skynnard!” In response I’d crank up the volume of Bowie’s *Scary Monsters*, turn on the strobe I’d purchased at Spencer’s Gifts. “*She opened strange doors that we’d never close again...*” Bowie was for me what John Coltrane was for Kesey in *Notion*, what Dylan was for Wolfe in *Acid Test* – a kind of strange new tool to assert dominance. On occasion I’d tote my Bowie knife down the road and drop in on metal-heads parked at the unraveling bounds of suburbia. We’d flash our teeth and compete, blasting our presence from huge car stereos into the surrounding woods.

Reading about Kesey’s vision of the forest in *Acid Test* reminded me of such experiences. Those were glory days for many brethren, staging grounds that strangely mirrored the logging mindset in *Notion*. Kesey’s trees were both a literary metaphor and the real thing. And the sound of machines in the watershed made me think about how those formative shows have played out in the extended theater.

Early test subjects may not want to admit it, any more than I do, but they probably expanded

markets more than minds. There’s money to be made if we perceive Creation as a big audio-visual showroom made for our gratification. Day-Glo Color Corporation is the world’s largest manufacturer of daylight fluorescent pigments. In the end, there doesn’t seem to be much difference between selling Bob Dylan albums to young prankster wannabes and selling cars to old prankster wannabes during the Super Bowl.

Central intelligence might have been subverted if things had happened a little differently in the 60s. Near the peak of his fame Kesey planned to tell the world it was time to graduate from acid, go beyond the same old trip. Apparently some hippie bigwigs got nervous, when they heard about his big announcement, thinking he might mess up their engineering. So they backed out of his event. If that hadn’t happened, subsequent waves of pranksters might have gone further than drugs, further than shows of consumption, deeper into real fellowship with the living forest.

Many did go further, of course. In fact the most expanded minds I know never entered the drug school, or dropped out early and are more tuned in as a result.

Now all sorts of folks make a living in Oregon’s coastal woods. Our forests are significant in part because they grow fast and heavy rainfall makes them less susceptible to burning. They are adept at absorbing carbon from the atmosphere, countering the harm we’ve inflicted on the climate in pursuit of booming profits.

My family is grateful to state foresters who oversaw the cutting near our home. They agreed not to spray herbicides from helicopters, before replanting, which might have contaminated our drinking water and enlarged an ecological wound.

An evening walk through the watershed brought to mind words spoken at a recent sweat lodge. While the doors were open between sessions our host asked if anyone had anything to share. Someone said she had been hearing sounds of chainsaws in the forest, and was thinking about all those lives that give so much by way of their sacrifice.

“I work with wood every day,” said our host. “Trees are spirits. If we forget that, and just think of them as commodities, our future on this planet will be horrific.”

There’s a special spot near the edge of the clear-cut. When the forest was whole, I’d go by there and gather wind-blown cedar under a little patch of trees. I’d take the cedar home and work with it, as I’ve been taught. I’d take it to sweat lodges, pass it along to friends, scatter it over the thresholds of our home and bookstore. As the logging job started I began bringing worked cedar back to the forest and spreading it around those same trees.

That the cutters left that patch standing, for some reason, means the world to me.

## Some Kind of Crazy Heroism

By Victoria Stoppello

**T**HE FIRST TIME I READ “Sometimes a Great Notion,” I said it was like eating a Napoleon...so many layers. I was impressed by the accurate portrayal of logging in the Coast Range and I identified with Leland, coming home to his dysfunctional family after years in college, similar to my own experience. Reading it a second time, I saw Hank Stamper as a hero and began identifying with him.

Logging and commercial fishing are neck and neck in a race for most dangerous occupation in America. During some years, as many as 118 loggers die on the job, a death rate nearly 30 times that of a typical workplace, with most of them killed by falling trees. Statistics from a different year will show that fishermen have taken the lead with 115 deaths, usually by drowning.

My stepfather Carl, a gyppo like the Stampers and the son of immigrants, was sucked into a logging outfit run by his patriarchal, grouchy Swede father. The “company” consisted of the father, my step dad, and his younger brother, who after the old man died, got out of logging and into working for the local PUD. Carl was diffident and unassuming and continued logging, topping and falling, and running a crew because that’s all he’d ever known.

As I re-read “Sometimes a Great Notion,” I thought about Carl going out into the woods in the Coast Range rain and muck, resigned to cutting the steep slopes and little patches Crown Z’s big corporate logging people didn’t want to mess with. In the book, the Stampers are warming up to do some old-fashioned logging in a state park where cats and donkeys aren’t allowed. I know what they’re facing: big trees in a canyon, too big to leave behind but so dangerous as to give even the most seasoned logger pause. This is what my stepfather faced all too often.

Is this bravery? Yes. Is this heroism? Hank Stamper is a classic hero in that he does so many manly things very well: Sets high school records in sports, good looking and a bit of a lady-killer, always wins in a bar fight regardless of the opponent, keeps on keeping on when others would relent...although he’d like to. How many men who work in dangerous trades, or physically exhausting and mind-numbing occupations like hanging sheet rock, dredge up bravery every day just by getting out of bed and going to work—often without complaint. As a female, I can stick to the soft stuff, work where I’m unlikely to get killed, worn out by the work, or broken in some part of me.

When I’m reminded of “traditionally male” occupations and how closed they seem for women—like logging and fishing and electrical linemen and heavy equipment operators and even tow-truck drivers—I realize their masculine aura is a combination of physicality and plain old endurance, exhibiting everyday bravery of a certain sort.



*POSTSCRIPT: As a volunteer at the Oregon Country Fair’s Energy Park, I often saw Ken Kesey at the Springfield Creamery booth right next to EP. Quite by accident, I once smoked a J with Kesey and a couple other people pre-fair. But, even in these relatively comfortable surroundings, I was so in awe of Kesey’s writing that I never had the courage to say one peep to him about my admiration for his work.*



**Dear Uncle Mike,**

Which drug do you think is more dangerous, marijuana or alcohol?  
- Marlene W., Beaverton

**Dear Marlene,**

On the advice of his lawyer and his day nurse, Uncle Mike must first deny any personal knowledge of controlled substances that grow out of the ground in front of God and everyone. This said, Uncle Mike must laugh and laugh.

In his decades of experience with Tennessee sour mash whiskey, Uncle Mike has learned that decisions he makes and the behavior he exhibits while being God's own drunk are leagues behind those he forgets when he's stoned. If he'd ever been stoned, which he never ever has.

Say what you will about dipping potato chips in chocolate syrup and watching a lava lamp, it's a whole lot more in touch with reality than driving home when you can't walk, or unraveling the story of your life to someone who wishes you'd move down a stool.

As for dangerous drugs, here's Uncle Mike's short list: money, gasoline, and television.

**Dear Uncle Mike,**

Do you think computers are going to take over the world?  
- Don C., Portland

**Dear Don,**

No, Uncle Mike thinks it's much worse than that. The world will be taken over by computer generated humans who imagine that virtual reality is the same as being there, that life can be programmed, and that the human experience is something that can be downloaded. This is the error called 'mistaking the tool for the work.' In a history peppered with bouts of fuzzy thinking, this one promises to be a real pip.

**Dear Uncle Mike,**

If a tree falls in the forest and no one is there to hear it, does it make any noise?

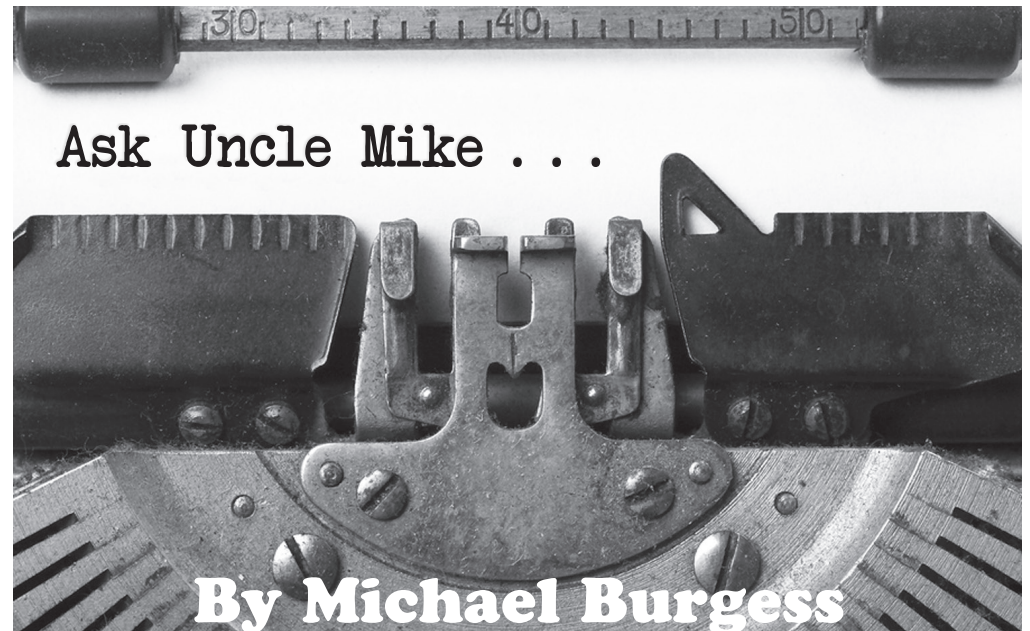
- Ralph W., Garibaldi

**Dear Ralph,**

Forget to take our medicine, did we Ralph? Sound, as your therapist should have explained to you, is energy made manifest as ripples in the air. Uncle Mike tries never to rain on anyone's parade, but it seems a tad egocentric to imagine that when your tympanic membranes (the little drums inside your ears) are elsewhere, the universe is reduced to miming.

Just because you aren't there doesn't mean the forest isn't. Bambi and Thumper are, we'd wager, very much aware when large tree trunks crash into trilliums. So, for that matter, are the trees and trilliums. One mustn't forget that plants scream when you pull them out by their roots.

On the other hand you have, perhaps without meaning to, made a point. The mother of science is empiricism: a belief system which defines reality



Ask Uncle Mike . . .

By Michael Burgess

as that, and only that, which can be measured. To measure, one must observe. Without observation, there are no events and therefore nothing we can properly call reality. In the equations of quantum mechanics, when you close your perceptions, the world goes away. Never doubt for a moment it comes back.

**Dear Uncle Mike,**

Okay, one more time. In simplest possible terms, could you tell me why you don't believe in death. You've talked about it before in terms of quantum physics and I almost follow you. It stops about an inch in front of my forehead. Once more, in one syllable words?

- Richard R., in Portland

**Dear Richard,**

Okay, ready set? Whether you call it quantum probability or the holy ghost, the universe exists as something more than what we can see and measure. At this level, the universe itself is a life form; trees and galaxies and Paris in the spring are all gross reflections of the potential, or spirit, of the creation. The playing out of pattern, the word made flesh, the nominative of the verb 'to be.' Uncle Mike's place in this, his biological clock aside, is that of a point conscious observer: a perspective of the universe unique and undying, a riff in the jazz of spacetime, the present position of a time line that, like every other perspective, started with the big bang. For the universe to be complete, each perspective must endure. Unfortunately for all concerned, some of these perspectives make unpleasant dinner companions at a feast that goes on forever. Sorry about the polysyllables, Dick.

*Michael Burgess was and is our patron wizard of writing at the Edge. He's our quantum-magician of words. For nearly a decade his column "Behind the Times" challenged mainstream delusions and suggested ways to avoid our collective loss of conscience. Individuals who needed fine-tuned support could query his advice in "Ask Uncle Mike," or stare amazed at his quirky horoscopes in "Blame It On the Stars." He also taught writing classes, some of which made such an impression on participants that they continue to gather in his memory. Several of his books remain with us as well, most notably "Uncle Mike's Guide to the Oregon Coast," a tome that trumpets our region for visitors in the same way that "Deliverance" re-booted tourism for Appalachia.*

*At the end of his life Michael focused on the work of the Tolovana Arts Colony, which he co-founded with Billy Hulst in order to strengthen the bonds between art and community. Michael explained that work in words that still guide the group.*

*"Our notion was to have local artists pass on their knowledge to the next generation. Our goal was to provide excellent and affordable arts education for residents and visitors, to put money into the hands of local artists and to help Cannon Beach become a place where art is made, not just sold."*

## Local Plants, Local Communities

A talk on Field Guides, Native Knowledge, and  
Personal Engagement with the Verdant Landscape

by Douglas Deur, author of "Pacific Northwest Foraging"

Saturday Oct. 18 at 5 pm

Cannon Beach History Center & Museum

Corner of Sunset Blvd. and Spruce St.

(across from Cannon Beach Fire Station)



# I Am a Logger's Daughter

**I**T IS THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY of Ken Kesey's iconic novel *Sometimes a Great Notion*. You can't have lived along the Oregon coast, especially if your family are loggers, and not felt some kind of kinship with that book and the movie that followed. It told of what it is like to live on the edge of the world and fight against the odds to maintain a toehold in an industry that chews up the strongest kinds of people. I come from people that were unwilling to give up or give in to the confines of a place or an era or a lot in life. I come from people that were willing to take on the challenge to fight for a way of life, to persevere, to stick together, to be brave. I am an Oregonian and I'm proud to say I am a logger's daughter.

I don't think there is anyone who saw the movie version of *Sometimes a Great Notion* that will ever forget the moment when Paul Newman holds his cousin as he is being sucked under the water to certain death, drowned by the forces of a livelihood that is cruelly impartial when it comes to taking the lives of its workers. Many will forget what makes up the fabric of this raw and unyielding story or what Kesey was talking about in terms of the harsh and hard Stamper family with their "never give an inch" credo. What they take away is the heart breaking death scene of a favorite character in the arms of his family and at the feet of their business. The losses are real as are the tragedies, the triumphs and the politics but there was more to it than that.

Long before logging was the political debate that it is today lumbermen were seen as larger than life, heroic, formidable men. I come from such men. My father was an Oregon logger and my grandfather was an Oregon logger. My Grandpa died dodging the end of a choker when it broke loose from its logs. As he jumped out of the way of that flying death he was still a young man who was trying to patch up the relationship with his oldest son after years of tension and conflict. They had made a good start in the year leading up to that day. Trying to put behind them the ravages of a broken family and the ruthlessness of the Depression and WWII. Then on that fateful day in the Oregon woods, in that moment of flight, my grandfather missed his footing, gave his inch, broke his neck and was gone forever. A victim of the tenuous life he had chosen and passed on to his son.

It was during that time that the Stammers' world came to life on the page drawing the reader into the land of big trees, rugged men, and the women who stood along side of them. To literature it is a great work of fiction but for me, this logger's way of life, was reality. Ours is, much like Kesey's novel, a story of hard fought battles against an unforgiving environ-

ment in a place where civilization was barely clinging to the edge of the rocks along the shore like so much debris. But isn't that the essence of Kesey's story? The story of a family who for generations were driven by the need for freedom of choice and from the oppression of constantly being forced to live by the rules of others; to have a place of their own to live as they chose?

In 1956 my family was faced with the heartbreaks that often accompanied the life of a gyppo (independent) logger in Oregon. Then much like now, being independent and without the weight of a corporation behind you, the little guys often took a beating and in the end were forced to give up the fight and move on. When like many, my parents were faced with the loss of what little they had they had to make a choice. Did they hang on and try to find a different kind of work or move to the City or did they go somewhere else and start over? In the end my folks decided to start over and moved to the last frontier rather than let failure keep them down.

They picked up stakes to try their luck in a different forest, in a different state to achieve their goals, to make their way, to log, to survive, and perhaps to prosper.

It was a daring move and fraught with the uncertainty of beginning life in the middle of nowhere. They were poor and getting poorer after the Depression and WWII had taken what little ground they had to stand on right out from under them. They were both born into poverty and yet they were not defined by it. Nor did they let the realities of their upbringing and the state of the world into which they were born render them hopeless. Instead they were convinced that there could be more for them, a better life for their children. They were willing to leave everything and everyone they knew to start fresh. They were willing to move to Alaska. It was a hard and grueling life especially in the beginning but it was a glorious childhood that they gave me. Living in camps that were filled with strong men and forests of unequaled portions taught me a love of the earth, a respect for its fickle nature and a connection to the earth as rooted as the trees that grew there. Filled with the raw beauty of a world unspoiled by the tread of civilization and undaunted by the mandates of society I was raised to appreciate the woods, nature, the sea and all that they offered up to us.

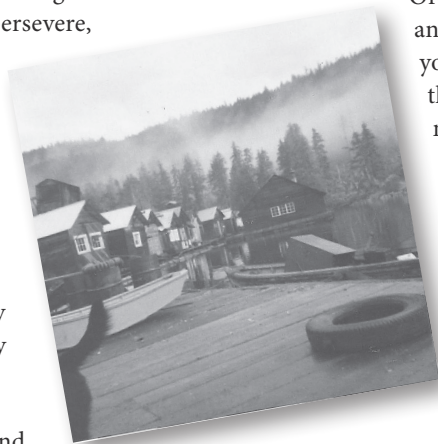
As Ken Kesey sat at his typewriter putting down on paper the words of his gripping novel, I was living in a culture where the triumphant and tragic larger than life tales of working in the woods on the edge of the world were still being played

out. Men in caulk boots walked the floors of my mother's cabin leaving countless holes in the wood to document their passing. We were a part of the fabric of that time and that place. Kesey created his fictional story of a fiercely independent family clinging to their spot and as he did my family labored to carve out a life in the reality that was logging in the 1950's.

To give up everything they knew in exchange for the tenuous life of a logger in the land of the midnight sun seems both courageous and crazy and it was in fact both. We had to learn how to use our ingenuity, to live off of the land and to respect the elements and the earth. We learned to subsist where there were no interstates or ATM's, no bus or taxi to take you out of town when the going got rough, no easy way out, no escape hatch and we took the lessons to heart. It was a life of independence and hard work, and as a result hard work does not frighten me. I became skilled in woodcraft. It was a rite of passage to be able to light a one-match fire. I learned how to check my back trail so that I wouldn't get lost going home. I knew how to shoot a gun and hit my mark, cast a rod, and spear a crab all before I was 10 years old. As a result, I can walk through uninhabited wilderness and feel at home and because of that I know how to walk into a crowd of strangers and not lose myself. I know how to be observant and quiet but have no fear of taking quick action. I know now that I have the skills to survive in the real world and on the cruel streets of any city.

It is these values and strengths that my logging family passed on to me. They are in fact the attributes that define much of who I am today. While big corporations may have other motivations, a logging life isn't just about wantonly cutting down trees. These skills, this respect for the land and nature, these make up the character of the logging culture I grew up in. Whether in Oregon or Alaska or anywhere that loggers ply their trade, it was growing up in logging camps and the tough men and women that make up the core of that culture to which I owe my fortitude, tenacity, and as my Mom would say pluck or as others would say, my stubborn resilience.

I have often thought about how grateful I am for my upbringing. It is to that fierce independent spirit that is part and parcel of being a logger's daughter that I owe my ability to stand up for myself and to live life on my own terms. And for that and so much more I am sincerely proud to say, that I AM a logger's daughter. ●





# Portland Pays an Old Debt of Gratitude

By Watt Childress with Billy Hults (peace be upon him)

**A**FTER HELPING TO ELECT BUD CLARK as Portland's mayor, in November of 1984, his core supporters threw a party to pay off the campaign debt. Not a VIP dinner, mind you, with expensive seating arrangements. No, a people's party, with plenty of live music and \$10 tickets. Something worthy of a colorful insurgent who won in part because his posse had a knack for staging unconventional events.

They called it the Inaugural Ball. Local architect Phil Thompson, who supervised fundraising for the campaign, asked Billy to be in charge of the music. They reserved the biggest space in town, the Memorial Coliseum, which could hold fourteen thousand people. They filled it. Here's how the event unfolded, in Billy's words, excerpted from a piece published in *Citadel of the Spirit* (Nestucca Spit Press, 2009).

*"Well, Bud agreed to the idea, even when I told him there were thirty-three bands that had helped during the campaign and they would all probably play, plus the Portland Jr. Symphony, and I wanted a professional sound system. If we were going to do it, it had to be done right. Phil Thompson gave me a check for a deposit and I took the bus to the Coliseum, and booked the date.*

*January is a pretty risky month in Oregon to throw a gig. We'd been experiencing ice storms and all sorts of bad weather in December. The manager of the Coliseum, Carl, a tough old German guy, was used to dealing with professional promoters, and when I told him my idea for the gig he almost laughed in my face. He listed all the things that could go wrong. He said things weren't done the way I'd envisioned, and that he would not be held responsible for what was surely was going to be a fiasco.*

*My plan called for two stages on the main floor, each with a full sound system, and the manager said there wasn't a sound company in town with enough equipment to do two stages. I also planned to have four stages on the concourse that surrounds the main room, each with a small sound system and a sound man. Each of the thirty-three acts would do a thirty-minute set, which figured out to five and a half hours of music on six different stages, leaving five minutes leeway for the bands to set up and tear down between acts. It was a schedule no one could be expected to keep, especially musicians. The bands on the main stages would have a half an hour to set up and tear down because one stage would be dark while the other was playing.*

*Gary Keiski and John Miller, regulars at the Goose who had helped on the campaign, joined me in the former campaign office behind the Goose, and with three-by-five cards with the various acts names on them, we went about making up a schedule. We found out that Carl was right: No sound company in town had enough equipment to outfit two stages at once in such a large venue.*

*Dave Cutter at Sundown Sound had volunteered during the campaign and said he would run one stage. For the other stage, I got in touch with Jody, a tall redhead who had been there for me before. She happened to be married to the owner of GreatNorthwest Sound, one of the biggest sound companies on the West Coast. She helped me out and we now had enough equipment for the main stages.*

*There was always something more to do. We called the stagehands union and negotiated for a better rate and the right to use non-union roadies. The Jr. Symphony agreed to play but we needed chairs and music stands for seventy musicians. I think it was Gary who called Lincoln High School and got them to loan us the chairs and music stands.*

*Phil was the overall boss of the operation and was to serve as Master of Ceremonies at the Ball. We needed a honcho to coordinate the roadies and security and enlisted Buck Munger, who also arranged for a Marine color guard to parade the colors at the Ball. We talked James DePriest, the conductor of the Oregon Symphony Orchestra, into introducing Bud. The Imperial Brass wrote a special introductory piece to herald Bud's entrance.*

→ pg11

# Women of the Wakonda Auga

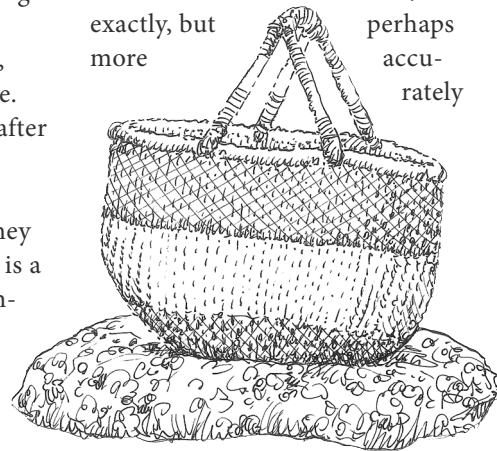
By Nancy Slavin

**T**HE WOMEN ARE THE RIVER, the meandering, silent river, the quiet ripples near the bank, where a severed arm raises a finger to the sky. The men are everything else – protagonists, loggers, action, jobs, bluster, egos, wind, and rain slanting down from low, gray skies. Yet: you must always keep your eye on the water, for the river, she rises. Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion* is a quintessential Northwest book, the book should be required reading if you're going to move to the Oregon coast – and perhaps, with any luck, it'll persuade you not to move. Coastal people can be mean after all – they never give an inch, they don't want unions, they want what they want when they want it. Every longtime local is a Stamper. My actual-life neighbors are the trucking version of the Stamper family, complete with women dying by their own hand and a lineage of infighting sons and pregnant women. If we only lived next to a river, those poor young girls could get something done.

I don't think many critics would argue Kesey was a feminist, and in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, his portrayal of Nurse Ratched made me think he surely was a misogynist. (I'm not alone in that thought; see, "Fixing Men: Castration, Impotence, and Masculinity in Ken Kesey's 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,'" *Journal of Men's Studies*, 2009, where critic Michael Meloy argues the novel is representative of a post WWII's "fundamental terror of perceived feminization.") When an interviewer once asked Kesey "What do you see as evil in the world and how do you depict it?" Kesey replied, "In my

novels and stories, evil is always the thing that seems to control." In *Cuckoo's Nest*, evil is what the narrator of the novel calls the Combine – mechanistic, systematically-oppressive society – and Nurse Ratched is its minion, seen by both reader and characters as an evil woman.

Notion, however, is a more complicated novel than *Cuckoo's Nest*. The story, long and twisted, is told in a highly original, brilliant structure, which can't be called flash-backs, exactly, but perhaps more accurately



could be called back-sloughs, with parenthetical and italicized passages revealing the deep conflicts that carry the novel forward. The main action – the Stampers won't unionize and they're going to deliver their logs downstream, community be damned – is not quite interesting enough to carry the novel forward (which is why the movie version of *Notion* failed; it threw out the deep undercurrents. Never throw out the women, see?). These narrative back-sloughs are where the women are, hiding in the reeds: "hallowed out with loneliness," dark, and unhappy, but these women affect the men, deep in their psyches. The women have power, like the river has power; they are the current on which the narrative rides.

Kesey knew the real conflict in the *Notion* is with the river. In that *Paris Review* interview, Kesey says evil in *Notion* is "the symbol of the river, eating away, leveling, trying to make that town the same... The river is the controlling force the family is battling.... Mother Nature throws off the forces that try to control her."

It's that feminized power, not wanting to be controlled, that undercuts the bank, dirt clod by dirt clod. When young Hank wanted to keep bobcat kittens as pets, the river calves off the bank and the kittens fall into the river and drown. And later, Hank and Lee match "wills and egos" over Vivian, holder of Stamper men's scrapbook history and the one who leaves that history behind. Vivian, and Myra before her, and even the paragraph describing Hank's biological mother who "got up one morning, did a washing, and died," are the same as the river, throwing off the Stamper men who try to control them.

Some readers might see a negation of women in *Sometimes a Great Notion*. I say the women are not victims, but the agents of their own power, even if they die suddenly or by jumping off a building. They make their choices and the whole Stamper legacy balances on a precarious brink because of them. By the time Vivian leaves the Wakonda Auga valley, she's headed for what Kesey calls a "dark future," but one in which she is not being controlled. Even Kesey concedes how women affected him: "Old feminism, women's lib, had something to do with [Vivian's choice to leave], but I didn't know it at the time."

Like I said, she's rising.

Faggen, Robert, "Interviews: Ken Kesey, *The Art of Fiction* No. 136," *The Paris Review*, No. 130, Spring 1994.

# Kesey's Coastal Trip: A Field Guide to the Addled Earth

By Douglas Deur

**K**EN KESEY, the man himself, loomed large during my Eugene years - an elder prankster, still generating a buzz and mild mischief around almost every worthwhile corner. To me, he seemed nearly as venerable, nearly as emblematic of the town's gestalt and vibe, as the very university buildings that he ambled past - a man just as steeped in his place as the place was steeped in him. West of town, traveling down the Siuslaw to the coast, we often retraced the flow of his semi-fictional Wakonda Auga River, down to where the flat tidal water surged past an old white gothic house, perched with improbable defiance on the river's bank; rumored to be the inspiration for the Stamper house, it seemed to be built along the river by people who chose not to go with its inexorable flow. Kesey himself drove that route often. His introduction to *Sometimes a Great Notion* incants its landmarks like a moss-draped dreamline.

At times the coast may have seemed sleepy and remote, full of what Kesey described as "towns dependent on what they are able to wrest from the sea in front of them and from the mountains behind, trapped between both. Towns all hamstrung by geographic economies...all so nearly alike that they might be nested one inside the other like hollow toys." Yet, along his Siuslaw path, and downstream to the open coast, Kesey was witness to revolutions. Between the time when his family moved to Oregon in 1946 and when *Sometimes a Great Notion* was published in 1964, industrial capitalism and modernity's full lurch remade the coast and shook the mountains fronting it, bringing convulsive and lasting changes to the people and the lands of the Oregon coast. Speaking through his *Notion*, Kesey would prove to be one of the most articulate eyewitnesses to that revolution. A deep reader of the addled landscape, he both learned from the spectacle and conjured sweeping narratives to give it a human face.

All small town museum hype aside, the cumulative effects of logging had remained modest prior to Kesey's time. In spite of the awesome mechanical drama of logging, and its sepia-toned nostalgic weight, its effects were scarcely felt far from tidewater, where logs could be dropped right into the chuck and floated to mills and markets beyond. Driven by hand tools, and the muscles of men, oxen, and burly draft horses, pre-industrial logging would have been instantly rec-

ognizable to the loggers' European ancestors, centuries before. Though my horse-logging ancestors might roll over in their soggy grey Northwestern graves to hear it, logging's reach on the coast was very limited - limited, that is, until roughly the moment that young Ken Kesey arrived on this land.

Like most revolutions, this one had been years in the making. In the buildup, industrial engineers and detached-garage tinkerers had amassed a formidable arsenal. Through the 1920s and 1930s, welders and cutting torches transformed clunky World War I military surplus trucks into some of the region's very first logging trucks, inspiring standard models in the years ahead. Commercial manufacture of the first portable chainsaws began at the same time, companies like Dolmar and Stihl wrapping up old gear-and-gas technological concepts in new, lightweight packages, the first tree-cutting machines to be carried by hand to the woods. Yet, for years, these new tools of industrial forestry sat largely silent. The Great Depression and World War II had stalled everything, mothballing mills



*Like Kesey's protagonists, the land he described, this Oregon coast, is a rugged landscape that stands alone.*

and sending working men out onto new and precarious paths. The technological transformation of the forest played out only after the War's end, as America boomed with babies, suburban housing leapt and tumbled out from the nation's cities toward the suburban fringe, and the cities of Europe and Asia arose from the carnage and rubble with American wood. In an instant, long-idled capital, and all of those stockpiled and silent machines, were unleashed upon the Oregon coast. From the moment that Kesey arrived, new logging roads of pit rock and dust scrawled brownish-grey across the lush and forested landscape, allowing machines to penetrate the forest, extending logging's reach into every hollow and hill. The old trees fell even in remote places, as the protective embrace of distance fell away.

In the boom times, and in the bust that followed, logging companies came and went, making improbable demands on workers, and inspiring limited loyalties. Ruggedly individualistic gyppo loggers such as *Notion's* Hank Stamper, with loose connections to many

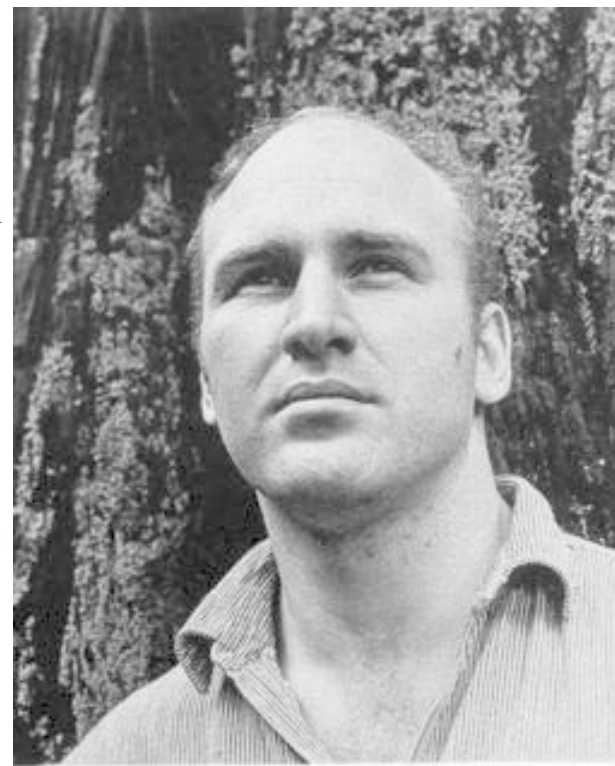
logging operations but loyalties to none, evolved and adapted from the primordial tumult of industrial logging, providing gyppos with a kind of economic resilience and longevity and freedom that was difficult for any "company man" to achieve.

No doubt about it: the same modernist impulses that reshaped the forest also reshaped the people. In *Notion*, "Indian Jenny" reminds us of those lessons too. At the time the Kesey family came to Oregon, there were still tribal elders on the coast who remembered the whole terrible sweep of their history: people born into tribes that lived upright and sovereign in villages lining the shore, only to become minorities and refugees on their own lands, living on the fringes of new logging towns that sprang up abruptly, with machines that swallowed their natural heritage whole. By 1954, the Western Oregon


Indian Termination Act brought the spirit of mechanization and uniformity to Native people too in a grand social experiment that toppled tribal governments along the entire

coast, the Siletz and Grand Ronde, while closing the door soundly on federal acknowledgment efforts by others, such as the Siuslaw people lining the very coast Kesey described. Tribal members were cast adrift, while a few still lived in precarious isolation on the margins of a new Oregon coast culture. Indian Jenny was not a wholly fictional character. In recent years many tribal governments have been restored, but the ghosts of that time still lurk in their staid meeting rooms and spin like leaves behind the plush office furniture of the council chamber hall.

The coast Kesey described, and this convulsive moment in its history, has already come and gone. Tourist values and urban aesthetics rattle and remake the coast, fueled by cheap gas and sprawling new connectivities. The discordant drone and clang of old industry must now harmonize with new tunes, and a timbre set by the gentle consumption of scenery. Isolated little towns, once positioned like beads on the highway string, all encircled by ocean blue and forest green, now ooze out beyond their borders and connect - threaten-



ing to become a single, 363-mile-long strip development punctuated by a smattering of state parks and scenic vistas. The logging industry - its operations now automated, its labor force downsized time and again, its fate in the hands of office-tower brahmins and hedge fund sharks - also sprawls out into odd postmodern spaces unimaginable a half century ago. Big Timber lurches unpredictably in this direction and that, trying to remake itself and somehow wring next quarter's profits from the distant Oregon woods.

Like Kesey's protagonists, the land he described, this Oregon coast, is a rugged landscape that stands alone. The land still has its own identity today, though its shape falls in and out of focus, its boundaries and meanings increasingly contested. This land also has its own stories. No doubt, it deserves to have more. Interconnected with exponential intensity, and dependent on the outside world in countless ways, isolation falls away and we struggle in the rain to maintain our own, shared local lore. In time, *Notion* might prove to be one of our few points of mutual reference. The collision with industrial America and its mid-century machines forever transformed Oregon coast landscapes and Oregon coast cultures. In so many ways, they all burst fully onto the scene at a single pivotal moment, and it was Kesey's moment. *Sometimes a Great Notion* is a rare, clear voice from that time. Listen up: if you want to understand where we were and where we are going, you must retrace his path. Pick up the book and let Kesey be your guide on his tumbling and visionary trip down the coast. 

My plan was to have something like I had seen at the Oregon Country Fair, where you would walk from one stage to another and each would have a different kind of music. The experts told me that it would end up as a cacophony, but I didn't think that was as important as the fact that you had so many choices.

The local professional promoters like Double T and John Bauer Concerts told me to forget about all this stuff and just get the name bands and forget about all the little bands that had volunteered during the campaign. After all the object was to raise money, wasn't it? Well, yes, I agreed but I said it was also important how you raised the money.

As we got closer to the date, the politics of the event began to surface. Lobbyists who wanted the Mayor's ear came to the Goose to pitch. I found myself talking to a guy from a fireworks company who wanted Portland to allow fireworks to be loaded and unloaded at the Portland docks. He also happened to volunteer to stage a fireworks display for the Ball so we talked. The Steel Bridge just south of the Coliseum was being repaired and the on-ramp was closed off. We received permission to set up the display there so it could be seen through the glass walls of the Coliseum. It would be our grand finale at midnight.

More and more people were saying the event was getting out of hand: the Jr. Symphony, a twelve-piece jazz all-star band, my own twenty-two-piece Billy Foodstamp and the Welfare Ranch Rodeo, The Kingsmen of "Louie Louie" fame, a Marine color guard and now fireworks! They were right. It was getting out of hand but I'd forgotten bagpipes. We found a piper from the Clan MC or something like that. Toward the end, we got Pander to do the poster and enlisted Michael Burgess to write the copy and the introduction in the program. Once it was all laid out on paper, it didn't look quite so crazy.

Early sales weren't encouraging. All of this activity was going on during the Christmas holidays and people were often out of town or at least not at their desks when we called for help. But it didn't matter, we'd reached a point of no return.

Somehow the day arrived clear and dry. We gathered at the Coliseum at 10 a.m. The sound guys had already loaded in and Gary Ewing was setting up his light show. As the day rushed on the chaos slowly became order. The mix of enthusiastic volunteers and seasoned professionals worked well together. When the sun started to go down the lines outside started to grow. We opened the doors at 5 p.m. and it seemed like everyone in Portland streamed in. I must have walked fifty miles that day trying to find and solve problems.

It was the largest gathering of musicians under one roof in the history of Oregon.

The first big moment of the night was Bud's entrance. I had to fight very hard for my idea. Most people just wanted Bud to appear on stage and say a few words. I wanted him to walk from one end of the room to the other, through the crowd, greeting the people. Security went nuts! They said they would need a flying wedge to get him through and he'd still be mobbed. That's where the Marine color guard and the bagpiper came in. Maestro James DePriest was on the north stage in the main room and was introduced by Phil Thompson, who stood on the south stage. DePriest said some kind word about Bud, and as the Imperial Brass played its special piece, he directed the now capacity crowd's attention to his right, where a spotlight was focused on the flags of the United States, Oregon and the Marine Corps.

Then, behind the color guard the piper began. Security was trying to move the crowd, but when the Sergeant of the Guard barked his command, "Forward, march," and moved out in a slow, measured pace, the crowd just parted on its own. Bud and Sigrid followed the piper and waved and shook hands as the procession moved toward the south stage. When they reached the south

stage, Bud made a short speech thanking almost everyone in the world.

I was on the north stage with my band, and when Bud was done 'whooping,' he introduced us. At 11:30 P.M. the Kingsmen came on the south stage, and after playing some of their hits, finally told the crowd that this was the last song of the evening, and yes, it was going to be "Louie Louie." We lit up the north stage and as many musicians as possible plugged in or grabbed microphones and the whole place went wild in an orgy of 'Louie Louie, oh, we gotta' go now.'

Phil Thompson finally called a halt to the madness and directed everyone's



attention to the south windows. The fireworks went off, sending up huge flowers of light blazing away in the darkness. People rushed to the south windows, and then outside to watch. At 12:30 a.m. the Coliseum was almost empty and I was standing on the floor of the main room with Carl. He was supervising his crew who were getting ready to freeze the floor for a hockey game the next day. He shook his head and said, "I don't believe it." Then he smiled for the first time since I'd met him.

We grossed over seventy-eight thousand dollars but because of expenses, another fundraiser was needed. Overall, the Ball netted forty grand in six hours. People started talking about making the Ball an annual event. It had been so successful that we got national press, and the word was out that Portland had a great music scene. I agreed to coordinate a second ball with the proceeds going to local charities and a group of folks in the music scene got together in my office and formed the Portland Music Association. Eventually there were eight Mayor's Balls, one of which made the

Guinness Book of World Records for the most bands under one roof in one night: Eighty-eight bands on eight stages in eight hours. Billboard Magazine did a major article on the Balls and several bands were scouted and signed for national labels at the Ball. Bud was reelected for a second term and brought Portland national and international attention with his lederhosen, bicycle riding, the rose in his lapel, his "whoop whoop!" and "Expose Yourself to Art" poster. Once he left office after two terms he went back to the Goose. When Vera Katz was elected mayor, she declined to lend the name of her office to the Mayor's Ball and it ended." It bears noting that folks who were closest to Billy believed he could pull off that astounding feat. He was already a mover and shaker in Portland's music scene, having invested sweat equity in a variety of venues. Yet the bigwigs thought he was out of his mind, because they didn't share his way of thinking.

"Sweat" is really another word for "magic," in this context, yet neither carries as much clout as property. At the time of the big event Billy was renting a humble trailer behind the Goose Hollow Inn, holding a day-job working as the pub's janitor. That's where he wanted to be, apparently, so he could be fully immersed in the creative flow of the public. He wasn't focused on amassing private wealth from that creativity.

It's taken three decades for Billy to receive public recognition for the magic he stirred up in Portland. He's being honored as a "side player" by the Oregon Music Hall of Fame, an eight-year-old organization that few musicians here on the coast have heard of. Better late than never, some might say. Lessons can be gleaned from the lag time. Billy's relationship with the music industry was evident in his description of what happened at the Mayor's Ball. Further insights arise from his fellow musician and friend, Gary Keiski, who worked with Billy on the Ball and other events. Long-time readers of the Edge know Gary as Dr. Karkeys. "Billy didn't just insist on asking all the bands to play," said Gary. "He made sure every musician was paid \$50, which was pretty good back then when rent was cheaper. He always tried to spread things around."

The last year the Ball was conducted, Billy published the first issue of the Upper Left Edge. A few sentences from him constitute the only editorial comment provided in that inaugural issue, which was otherwise devoted to promoting gigs for local bands. The comment was titled "Live Music!"

"One function of recorded music is to replace the player's part in the interaction of musician and audience during the musical performance. An Irish Setter could represent the audience. There could be a rehearsal for 'listening to music.' It wouldn't be the same..."

When asked what this says about Billy's worldview, Dr. Karkeys responded without hesitation.

"Billy reminded folks that much of what we hear is a shallow representation of something important. Recorded music takes an important part of the human experience and attempts to make a copy of it. In the end it just becomes product. This is a natural result of a global culture that values profit more than human life."

Portland might be bucking that culture, just a tad, by giving Billy his due on October 4, 2014. That date happens to coincide with the Day of Atonement. Seems like a good time to affirm that a washboard player with very little money can help big magic flow in the world. We'll all fare better in the book of life if we learn to shorten our lag time of gratitude for such gifts.



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