Editorial Now & Then

Our headline this month is a quote from Hugh Romney aka Wavy Gravy (in a left hand dish). He is the guy you saw at Woodstock who said, "What we have in mind is breakfast in bed for half a million people!" Wavy was a leader of the Hog Farm, who fed people at large gatherings in the60's and 70's. He has a great book out called "Something Good for a Change" and it should be required reading for everybody. We met Mr. Gravy once and watched him play with the children outside a recording studio. We would suggest the new folks in Washington consider a new cabinet postion for Wavy, Secretary of People, or maybe Assistant Under Secretary of Children.

The young Governor is getting a lot of advice these days about who to appoint to the Cabinet and so here are the suggestions we would like to add:

1) Attorney General - Hillary Clinton. (Kennedy appointed his brother, so why not?

2) Dept. of Agriculture -Wendell Berry. (He can grow corn on concrete.)

3) Dept. of Energy - Denis Hays. (He held this position in the Carter Administration. He is the guy who put up the solar panels that Ronnie had taken down and put in storage, thus costing the tax payers extra for energy, removal and storage fees. Hays is also the man responsible for Earth Day.)

4) Dept. of Consumer Affairs-Ralph Nader. (Your worst nightmare if you make money ripping off the people, and the best friend the average consumer ever had.)

5) Dept. of the Interior -Bruce Babbett. (If you are going to take care of the interior you have to have guts.) (Included in this selection is Wilma Mankiller as the head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. She is the present leader of the Cherokee Nation and it would seem to be about time Indian Affairs were taken care of by someone who knows what they are.)

6) Dept. of Education and Human Services - Pat Schroder. (She is tough, smart, and should be getting ready to run for President soon.)

And finally, some wild ideas-Gore Vidal as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Jesse Jackson as Ambassador to the U.N., Jerry Brown as Domestic Advisor, William Buckley as Drug Czar, and Ross Perot as

Economic Advisor. Also, if the matter of Supreme Court Nominations comes up we suggest Derrek Bell and Barbra Jordan. And an immediate pardon for Leonard Peltier.

Good Luck Billy!

This being our last issue of the year, we would like to take a moment and thank all of our readers and advertisers and friends (often the same people) for the encouragement and support they have given us. You have taken the Edge from a 8½ by 17 folded pamphlet to a 12 page broad sheet. You have taken our paper around the state, the country, and out into the rest of the world, and let people know that things on this Edge of the world are often just like things where they are.

Now for the pitch, the Edge needs your help. We like a lot of small businesses operate from hand to mouth, and in the winter in a tourist community the cash flow slows way down. We like to give space to good causes and good businesses and we will continue this pratice, and we will continue to give the paper away free, but.... if maybe you have someone that you would like to send the Edge to each month, (maybe a congress person or a Senator) we could use some more subscribers, and soon! The Edge makes a great gift for the holidays and is only \$10, and if we could get 200 subscribers by the end of the year we would be sure of making it to spring. So spread the Edge around and send those checks in today!!!



UPPER · LEFT · EDGE

erend Billy Hults Chief Executive Assistant Editor and Graphics Dept. C.E.O.: Sally Lackaff Improvisational Engineer: Dr. Karkeys Wildlife/Music Editor: Peter Spud Siegel Science Editor: Micheal Burgess Environmental Consultant: Kathleen Krushas Foreign Correspondent: Bill Wickland Correspondent at Large: Soup Contributors: Alison Pride, Peter Linsey, Alex LaFollett, David Bartholet, Gino Sky, Walt Lively and a cast of thousands

Editor/Publisher: The Right Rev-

Behind the Times Michael Burgess

Of the many tidy myths standing in the way of collective sanity, none is more crippling than this: that the world is far too complicated for the peasant to understand. Just as a benevolent Church once recited scripture to those not allowed to read, technopeasants are dazzled and prodded by charts and graphs, fed bite sized statistics, and told that technology is the only antidote for the poisons its priests and kings have inadvertently fed us.

The rallying cry of the Industrial Revolution was, Machines Will Set Us Free. Good work takes time, but many have come to doubt that the motives of corporate politics are any wiser than they are pure. One needn't advocate living in caves and gnawing on bark to feel that technology, at least as presently practiced, has turned our species into the only dysfunctional family in the wild kingdom. Poised on the slippery edge of hubris, we are more powerful than enlightened, more productive than efficient, and, if results are any indication, blinder by far than bats.

There is nothing inherently evil with applied science, which is all that technology claims to be. It is what sort of science is applied, and how, that will decide (perhaps suddenly) how successful the planets experiment with humanity has been. It is not that we need less science. We need fewer rudely profitable technological intrustions into what remains a natural order. If technology needs guidance, and few would arque that it doesn't, it could do worse than to consult the I Ching.

The whole point of the Book of Changes (a binary schematic of reality vastly predating the scientific method) is that there are rhythms and currents in creation which, if understood and acted upon, precipitate positive change with minimal expenditure of energy. Righteous persistence brings reward, that sort of thing. The I Ching would, for instance, favor windmills and conservation over hydroelectric dams--not merely for the sake of simplicity and flow, but also out of respect for those salmon unable to leap ten story walls and dodge turbines.

Offering hope that it may indeed be possible to behave rationally in an increasingly irrational world without out reducing our lifestyles to the point we're chipping tools from old Pyrex---this low tech discovery made recently at Oregon State University. A team of research farmers, led by Ana Scopel, found that if one plows one's fields at night, 50% fewer weeds sprout. With mathematics simple enough for even a peasant to understand, it follows that there could be, tomorrow morning, a 50% reduction in herbicide use worldwide.

What Scopel (a woman, for those keeping score) found in this most complex of all possible worlds, is that seeds of unwanted plants germinate only when exposed to sunlight. For trivia buffs, it takes about a quarter of a second, about the exposure plowing gives them. Headlights do not alter the equation and, for broadleafs, you get the same results if you just cover the plowshares with a tarp. On a good day, it's a pretty funny world.

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Subscriptions are now \$10 (We are getting bigger) a year.

Dr. Karkeys

The season of heavy weather has just stepped out of his taxi, ladies and gentlemen, he's tipping the driver and taking a horn case out of the cab. He's listening for a moment, head cocked slightly, then walking slowly over to a flagpole and staring up at the chain that clangs against the hollow slender spire. With frugal grace he kneels and opens the case, pulls the strap over his head and clips it to the tenor sax. He's listening to the random ringing of the chain as he adjusts the mouthpiece and samples the reed, then he plays bursts of notes, as if the links of chain were striking his fingers. Pedestrians stop their internal videos as their feet stumble, toes reaching for a rythym, then the flurries of notes soar and bellow and we are all transfixed by the Coltrane of seasons.

So begins the drama of wind and rain, the fearsome, comforting sounds and sights that somehow heal. It has been a dramatic year for many of us, one that begs for healing. We have lost friends, some in their good time but not, of course, in ours. The politics of 1992 have provoked dismay and division as well as hope. The gap continues to broaden between the working poor and those with huge chunks of disposable income, making it difficult from either side of the chasm to see the people on the other.

No matter, though, the nature of our separateness; these times demand unity. It is no doomed, romantic quest we are driven to, nor is it as simple as surviving a handful of drought years. cont. on page 7

