

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

To: _____

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS PO BOX 113 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 503 4361923

Hope SPRING S

"Music is another planet"
Alphonse Daudet

Let us say that missed conceptions are those where truth does not germinate. No realization will come bounding in like a puppy in a slippery kitchen. No bursting with a new idea and testing every shape and substance it touches. No joyful curiosity. No fun.

Therefore, just as Spud neither writes nor draws the wildlife column (Sally does), Dr. Karkeys is not a doctor and, although neurophysiology can be fascinating, does not wish to be one. He does have a name tag that reads "Improvisational Mechanic".

The formality of third person narrative comes from his mother, who would speak of "what one does", and from a Scandinavian household that believes touching another human would cause them to immediately explode. A bit of detachment remains, and has a function in essay form.

A problem arises when one gets serious in the third person, though. No one can see the button that says, "This is absurd". You can wind up sounding like you take yourself seriously.

So to the thoughtful people at Muddy Waters in Tillamook, thanks for reminding me that it's neither compassionate nor productive to polarize, although it does make it easier to see fish. It's also quite unfair when you're accusing someone else of that very tactic. Profiteering has had many faces, and I suppose it's just that carrying the torch for the exercise of dominion uber alles is a bad romance. It's more and more apparent that we must live in co-operation with all of "creation", or we will survive as a mean little species, living mean, little lives.

Our part in the future of life on earth will be enacted by our children, and theirs. If we can offer them greater understanding and safer, healthier lives, we will earn their gratitude. If we do less, we condemn them to less than we had: less food, less hope, less love.

Somehow we get to try to fold the future into the past, using intelligence and creativity to guide the human community. Our repeated attempts to express ourselves with physical power have shown us destruction and sorrow. The value of knowledge is in understanding, not manipulation, and the desire for profit simply doesn't justify sacrificing the future.

DR. KARKEYS

BASEBALL

How much did your salary go up this year? Cost of Living increase? 10%, 25%, did you double your money? Don't you wish you were a Cub pitcher? Not too much is really expected of you and you only work every fifth day, and if your name was Greg Hibbard your salary went from \$210,000 last year with the White Sox to \$1,375,000 this year with our beloved Cubs, and increase of 555%!! (For the record his ERA was 4.40 and he was 10 and 7 last year!

Life shouldn't be printed on dollar bills.

Clifford Odets



It's my newspaper, I can do what I want!

S.L. Lackoff

THE OFTEN FOOLISH GAME by Alison Pride

Most of us are prone to stereotypes of one kind or another. Mine are mostly geographical. Just tell me where someone is from and an image, unbidden and vivid, pops mischievously into my head.

In the service industry, if you have spent a few years dealing with the public, you are most likely also given to stereotyping, i.e., "sizing up". The results of these particular evaluations run along the lines of "big tipper," "lousy tipper," or "probably no tip." Sometimes you are agreeably surprised, but usually, even when there is little or no tip, there is a grim satisfaction when your dark predictions are fulfilled. You may not get rich, but at least you are accurate. And it's a little bit of a game to pass the time when it's slow.

I am aware of my own propensity to stereotype. Sometimes when people are guilty (I admit) of nothing more than walking through the door the wrong way, I have to sternly remind myself to allow them at least one chance to surprise me. This requires a lot of energy and more concentration than I often possess, but it usually only means the difference between a genuinely warm smile and a blandly automatic one. I am rarely detectably hostile.

When this particular couple walked into the tavern where I work the other day, I was fighting the familiar mid-winter, mid-afternoon lethargy frequently experienced on days where you could probably lay down for a nap and no one would wake you up (but of course, for the record, I would never do that). A funny thing happens on days like these...you should be happy to see someone, anyone at all, walk through

the door, but you're not, unless it's someone you already know. Maybe it's that your energy has already bottomed-out and there is no remnant of enthusiasm with which to make idle small talk with strangers. Anyway, I didn't pay them much attention, just popped the top off a Bass Ale and poured a chablis and went about politely ignoring them.

It would have worked, too, except that the next time the guy decided he wanted a Black and Tan (half Guinness Stout and half beer of choice) with Henry's as the second beer. Some unanticipated helpfulness in me rose to the occasion and I suggested what I thought was a more complementary beer. Then he proceeded to tell me there was a tavern where he lived that had the same logo as this one. I took the bait.

Where's that? I wanted to know. Forks, Washington, he answered. I stared blankly at them, this couple from Forks, Washington, he wearing a hat with the logo of some meatpacking company on it. You have to admit, the outward evidence was pretty convincing.

Just don't talk politics or mention spotted owls, I admonished myself in the interest of public relations as I walked away to check the consistency of the clam chowder.

I've been through Forks, Washington, on my way somewhere else. I even ate a pretty decent pizza there. But there was no missing the deserted, prematurely quiet streets, the motels with one or two cars parked outside or the ubiquitous green signs, "This Business Supported by Timber Dollars." There was no ignoring the surrounding sheared-off hills. Where there were trees, they were wrong

Eternal!

somehow, all the same size, young and vulnerable-looking. It was quite a shock, coming out of the Olympic National Forest, where old giants still held court over kingdoms of thick mosses, giant ferns and wandering herds of massive Roosevelt elk. Near Forks, the replanted trees looked like a Christmas-tree farm.

But I tested the waters anyway, figuring I was easy to spot, wearing my Clinton/Gore button (and yes, I do know the election is over, but I'm quietly campaigning for '96, another story).

That's a hard area, I said to the couple at the bar, a pretty non-committal position to take.

Yes, it sure is, they answered. I still had very little information. He sipped his Black and Tan, she her glass of chablis.

There wasn't a lot going on when I was there, I ventured.

They told me they loved it there, that they'd just bought several acres on the river. Said they were going to build a Bed and Breakfast and a few cabins for fly fisherpersons, but try to have as little impact on the land as they could.

And they told me about living in a timber-depressed town, among people who were anxious about their futures. Some, they said, were openly hostile and resistant to any other proposal than business as usual. But many were ready to talk. Some recognized that change was no longer an option they could afford to idly debate, change was necessary. And those people were ready to work to find some sort of compromise.

And this couple, they were sensitive to the plight of generations of loggers, but eager to aid in the transformation of the area's economy. We shared our hopes for the new administration in Washington, D.C.

First time I've voted for a winner in sixteen years, the man told me. We all laughed.

cont. on page 5



CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

MARCH		WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES	
DATE	STANDARD TIME	DATE	STANDARD TIME
HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW
1 Mon	4:37 8:3	6:46 5:8	
2 Tue	5:40 8:1	8:05 6:0	
3 Wed	7:00 8:1	9:08 6:5	
4 Thu	8:16 8:3	9:59 7:1	
5 Fri	9:25 8:6	10:46 7:7	
6 Sat	10:25 9:0	11:27 8:4	
7 Sun	11:20 9:2		
8 Mon	0:08 8:9	12:15 9:2	
9 Tue	0:45 9:4	1:07 8:9	
10 Wed	1:23 9:6	1:58 8:5	
11 Thu	2:02 9:7	2:51 8:0	
12 Fri	2:42 9:5	3:45 7:4	
13 Sat	3:27 9:1	4:49 6:8	
14 Sun	4:16 8:6	5:58 6:4	
15 Mon	5:15 8:0	7:10 6:3	
16 Tue	6:28 7:5	8:21 6:5	
17 Wed	7:44 7:4	9:18 6:9	
18 Thu	8:50 7:4	10:03 7:3	
19 Fri	9:48 7:6	10:42 7:7	
20 Sat	10:35 7:8	11:18 8:0	
21 Sun	11:19 7:8	11:48 8:2	
22 Mon		12:00 7:8	
23 Tue	0:16 8:3	12:38 7:8	
24 Wed	0:42 8:4	1:17 7:6	
25 Thu	1:06 8:6	1:56 7:4	
26 Fri	1:32 8:6	2:35 7:1	
27 Sat	1:58 8:7	3:17 6:8	
28 Sun	2:32 8:6	4:08 6:4	
29 Mon	3:15 8:4	5:11 6:2	
30 Tue	4:07 8:1	6:20 6:1	
31 Wed	5:15 7:8	7:27 6:4	

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACHES

MARCH		WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES	
DATE	STANDARD TIME	DATE	STANDARD TIME
HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW
1 Mon		12:04 1:2	
2 Tue		11:32 3:5	
3 Wed		1:22 1:1	
4 Thu	0:56 3:6	2:36 0:7	
5 Fri	2:20 3:4	3:34 0:2	
6 Sat	3:29 2:8	4:25 -0:2	
7 Sun	4:30 2:0	5:12 -0:5	
8 Mon	5:23 1:1	5:55 -0:8	
9 Tue	6:15 0:4	6:37 -0:3	
10 Wed	7:04 0:2	7:16 0:1	
11 Thu	7:53 0:5	7:58 0:8	
12 Fri	8:42 0:6	8:38 1:2	
13 Sat	9:33 0:4	9:22 1:8	
14 Sun	10:29 0:0	10:14 2:5	
15 Mon	11:32 0:4	11:14 3:0	
16 Tue		12:44 0:7	
17 Wed	0:29 3:3	1:56 0:8	
18 Thu	1:46 3:3	2:58 0:7	
19 Fri	2:56 2:9	3:49 0:6	
20 Sat	3:52 2:3	4:31 0:5	
21 Sun	4:41 1:8	5:07 0:6	
22 Mon	5:23 1:3	5:42 0:7	
23 Tue	6:02 0:9	6:11 0:9	
24 Wed	6:39 0:6	6:42 1:2	
25 Thu	7:15 0:4	7:09 1:5	
26 Fri	7:47 0:2	7:36 1:8	
27 Sat	8:14 0:1	8:08 2:1	
28 Sun	8:54 0:2	8:40 2:4	
29 Mon	9:33 0:3	9:18 2:8	
30 Tue	10:24 0:5	10:12 3:1	
31 Wed	11:27 0:7	11:21 3:4	