



Confirming our suspicions that reality continues to unravel nicely in this most profitable of all possible worlds, a half-page full colour ad in the state's best and only daily.

A pristine mountain lake hidden somewhere in the clearcuts. A hightech nomad tent glowing a little too brightly in the sunset. Beside it, a lone (and rugged yet sensitive) urban warrior for the 90's stands, his child within wondering if leasing a new Infiniti is far nobler than buying one.

What's the pitch? If you answered cellular phones or Banana Republic for mal wear, you're dangerously out of the loop. The hip eco-tableau (one can save the planet and look smashing while doing it) is a fanfare for the daily's new Northwest Outdoors Section(!), whose spirit we can only assume is spelled out in the ad copy:

"We know we've done our job when you look around and say, 'Is this my life, or is this a beer commercial?'"

It's good to have a mission. And, as images go, Man In Nature With Mastercharge is a good one. While there are, in the advert, no bikini clad nymphets cavorting in the twilight while young men with baseball caps worn backward smash beer cans on their foreheads and dive for volleyballs (a ritual sadly undercovered by National Geographic), our brave new icon of the outdoors demographic seems to be standing with one Norm Thompson boot in the fire.

Definitely time for a Miller's.

Citizens Against Organized Thought Processes will be cheered by the new numbers from Nielsen Media Research (Your Habits 'R Us).

Ninety-eight percent of households in America (land of the free, home of Roseanne) are infected by television. Thirty-six percent of the terminally in touch have two of the mind-sucking pods, while another hopelessly strung out twenty-eight percent need three of the little burning bushes to get them through a night that never measures up to prime time -- which used to involve jigsaw puzzles and kids pulling taffy.

At the risk of seeming a curmudgeon, red lights should be flashing on the control panel. Any civilization capable of tying its own shoe would regard television as a potentially dangerous hallucinogen whose supply should never be put in the hands of anyone with something to sell.

Current levels of fantasy abuse qualify it as a perceptual pandemic. Adults (an increasingly relative term) neurally nod out an average four hours and forty-nine minutes a day. The kiddies (shepherds of tomorrow) share this quality time (having their frontal lobes massaged by the fever dreams of corporate greed-mongers and hack scriptwriters whose contributions to humanity are the shotgun marriage of sex and violence and the twisted notion that life's more fun when it's at someone else's expense) for three hours and thirty minutes a day. Adolescents become, by default, the cleanest and soberest of American vidiots, managing to struggle through reality on a mere three hours and sixteen minutes of jump-cut mindwashing. This allows for free time spent at malls rehearsing for bit parts on Beverly Hills 90210 or Mutant Teenage Nitwit Turtles.

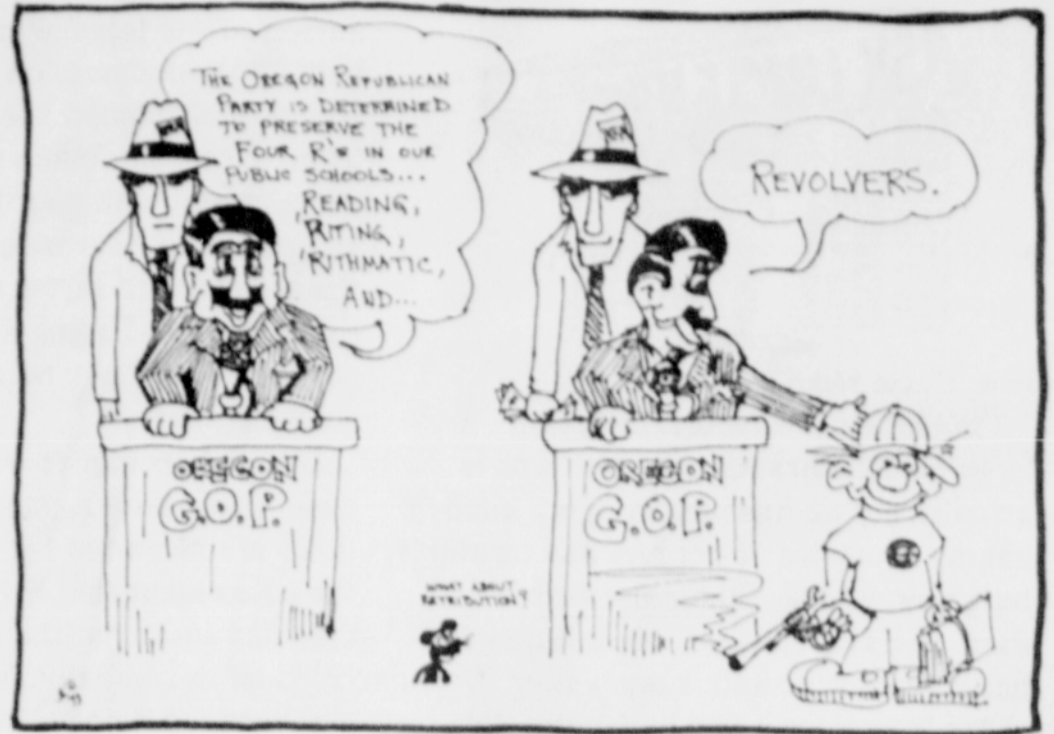
It may be time to renew the passport.

And finally, this story related by Werner Heisenberg, physicist and mapmaker of quantum reality.

A tourist, watching a peasant plow his field with a donkey, asked the picturesque humkin if he'd ever heard of a tractor.

"I have heard my teacher say," the old man answered, "that whoever uses a machine does all his work like a machine. He who does his work like a machine grows a heart like a machine, and he who carries the heart of a machine in his breast loses his simplicity. He who has lost his simplicity becomes unsure in the striving of his soul. Uncertainty in the strivings of the soul is something which does not agree with honest sense. It is not that I do not know of such things. I am ashamed to use them."

There's just no getting through to some people.



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The Don't Waste Oregon Committee is a moving force behind nuclear regulatory reform, fair distribution of Trojan's Costs and U.S. Congressional Investigations of these issues and is a voice for citizen rights in the State Legislature. For more info or to offer support contact: Don't Waste Oregon Committee P.O. Box 40729, Portland, OR 97240 or call 281-5297, 287-6329 or 232-3575.



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By working faithfully eight hours a day, you may eventually get to be a boss and work twelve hours a day.
Robert Frost

UPPER LEFT EDGE JUNE 1993 3