

# Editorial

## Now & Then



Rev. Hults

March, (insert any lion/lamb joke here), here at the bookstore we look forward to March. It is the beginning of the Season, Spring Break, garage sales and usually lots of rain.

We can expect a lot of folks to be visiting us here on the edge. A lot of people bought the farm this winter; a lot of folks in America lost the farm, through no fault of their own they became instantly homeless. Though they have jobs, bank accounts and insurance, their homes are no longer standing. They have to move, and we imagine a few will decide that the upper left edge is a pretty good place. We expect to start seeing them this month. They will be the ones asking about property taxes and fix-er-uppers. Don't worry -- most will move on, some might try it for a year or so. Only a few will last two winters, and they'll be okay, because they will become your neighbors, friends, locals.

As we write this it is still the dangerous month of February. We attended a gathering in Cannon Beach Chamber Building brought to us by the Coast Range Association Clatsop Chapter, and got to see the new book *Clear Cut* (\$30 from Sierra Club Books). Thousands of copies will be given away free to political leaders, the timber industry, wildlife managers (now that's an oxymoron), fishing organizations, etc. etc. We believe it will be available in the Cannon Beach, Lincoln City, Tillamook, Newport, Astoria, Seaside, Portland, Eugene, and Salem Libraries. So take a look, it's scary, but true.

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Next issue will mark the beginning of our third year and we would like to thank the literally hundreds of folks who have helped us put out the Edge. Our readers and subscribers, all over the country, like Alan Schoenberg, the Salt King of Brooklyn, Ellen Harmon; the Family Dog Veteran, in New Mexico, (Hi, Aunt Ellen! I'll write soon, I promise!), and Tony in Australia. And our Advertisers, like Mike's Bikes, who has been there faithfully every month since the beginning. The same goes for Laurel's Wine Shop!!! And not just for the checks, but for the moral support and information that we all need to know. And our contributors, who open their hearts and minds monthly, and give their talents so that we can share them.

Well, we could go on forever, and we plan to. Our April issue will be dedicated to the people who bring you the Edge each month. See you then.

### UPPER LEFT EDGE

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 and a Cast of Thousands!



Speaking of the Coast Range Assoc., these folks are busy. Feb. 16th they held a meeting in Manzanita that brought 50 people together in the middle of a gale to give the ODOT and ODF an earful about clearcutting in general and clearcutting scenic buffer zones on Hwy 101 in particular. Examples? Greg Movsesyan, owner of Manzanita News & Espresso: "You've been watching this happen for twenty years. It is your responsibility to offer alternative ways of forestry -- but you don't!" Chuck Willer, Director of the CRA, quoted Forester Gordon Robinson: "You don't have to be a professional forester to recognize bad forestry any more than you need to be a doctor to recognize ill health. If logging looks bad, it is bad." In defending the clearcuts, Janet McLennan, Chair of the Oregon Board of Forestry, stated in a recent letter to Michelle Syverson, member of the CRA, "It remains a viable harvesting method for Douglas fir because of regeneration requirements for the species, economics, and technology for operating on steep terrain. This practice also creates big game and other habitat that would not be viable with partial cuts." Yeh, right. Check out the CRA. They are having fun and making waves.

Dear Reverend and Friends:

February, and the sun has been rising earlier and warmer. The news has been bleak all winter, tales of science and cyberspace have turned my blood the color of chrome.

Black Ice.

It's a brave new world, and the tin gods of the avante garde have chosen their priests with care. "All praise the CyberChrist!" They have unravelled the double helix and stripped the chromosome of its mystical name, inserted silicon christm wafers into the graymatter of american test subjects to better facilitate the changing of consciousness, found new and improved uses for the aborted fetus. The horror of old 1940's radiation experiments are nothing compared to the fulfilled world of techno-rape of the 90's.

Meanwhile, here in Seaside they are going ahead with the plan to build condos on the estuary. In esoteric symbolism birds represent the human soul, so I wonder if this project is in reality a sign to the cosmos that humanity has decided to build a rune for all to see and ponder, the rune called "Deathwish". The inscription will tell of a society that hated the body and its sexual desires, that loathed nature and her non-conformity. A society whose biggest industry is war.

And as I sit here, listening to the crow on the roof across the street laughing at something he's seen or heard, the sun ripples softly across my face and I think that maybe there is some way to really do something good. The idea congeals.

In the not too distant future when all the key powerbrokers and technocrats and their neural partners are zipping down the virtual super highway, trading virtual information and doing virtual lunch, while they are all busy and preoccupied with virtual war and network sex... simply reach out and unplug the thing. After all it's just a game.

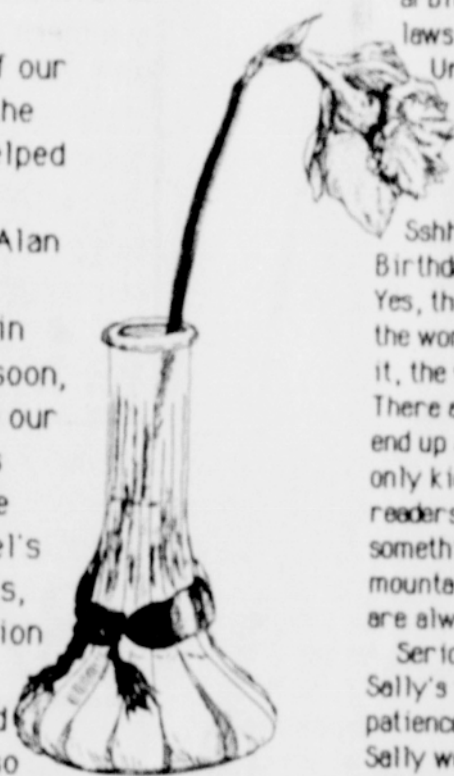
I'm not antitechnology, but I recognize that I am of the earth, and that the evolution of humanity all along has been dependent on the natural world and when that world is gone we will perish. There is no technology that will wipe away our Karmic debt or allow us to live on an uninhabitable planet, and retirement into a silicon chip is not my idea of a good time.

On days like today I find myself thinking, hoping, that we will find a way out of this science fiction horror future we have written for ourselves; but I am a middle aged hippie with moderate IQ and one thing I know is that the piper must be paid (or is that the Ferryman?).

By the way, the reason that the Seaside City Council can define the estuary as being bounded by a fresh water coastal lake is because in politics meaning is arbitrary, words only have meaning in context to the laws being subverted.

Until next time. Take care.

Larry Bailey  
Seaside, OR



Shhh, don't tell anyone, but, Friday March 4th is the Birthday of "The Humble Ms. Sally Louise Lackaff". Yes, the woman who makes the Edge look like it does, the woman who proof reads every word before you see it, the woman who does it all is another year older. There are plans to take her to a sleazy bar and later to end up at Bill's. (Is there something redundant here? only kidding Ken!)...so, of course, we invite all our readers to come on down and buy her a beer, or something. (She has expressed an interest in mountain or ocean front real estate, and trips to Paris are always a nice gesture.)

Seriously, this paper is only possible because of Sally's talent, intelligence, compassion, and infinite patience with your beloved editor. Happy Birthday, Sally we love you! (Since Sally lays out the paper, we had to slip this in on the way to the printers, so she didn't proof read it, any mistakes are your beloved editor's alone, and gives you an indication of why we need her so badly!)

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It's not often we find an image that puts the universe into perspective, provides some conceptual hook to hang infinity on, some sound of one hand clapping that spotwelds the micro and the macrocosm.

Ready for some fun?

G. Edelman, who tends her garden in the department of neurobiology at Scripps Research Institute, gives the thoughtful food for it.

Noting that the cerebral cortex, that part of the brain we think of as the brain, is, at bottom, a cooperative community of ten billion nerve cells, Edelman points out:

"A calculation of how many combinations and permutations there are of such an entity, which is the lesser part of the brain, results in," sitting down, are we?, "the number 10 followed by ten million zeros."

Shall we take a moment from our busy day to consider such a number? Remembering that each little zero multiplies the last one by ten. No, you couldn't, not even if you counted real fast.

By now, the thoughtful among us are saying, wow, if the potential of our little punkin heads is that big, how big must the furshlugginer universe be? To get a handle on this, the bulk of the observable universe consists of charged particles.

"There are," Edelman cites, "10 followed by 80 zeros of positively charged particles." Of course, for every positive particle, or proton, there is a negative particle, an electron. This mating brings the total of observable matter to 10 followed by 160 zeros, making the ratio between the universe and our ability to make meaning from it the number 10 followed by 9,999,840 zeros.

While this gives horrible new meaning to the term 'stupid mistake', it doesn't mean there aren't mysteries the profane mind will never penetrate. There just aren't as many as we like to think. What there are, are a lot of ways to look at things. More, as they say, than are in heaven and earth.

Synaptic short circuits being what they are, we're reminded of a story.

An old monk and his student are walking through the forest. They come to a river. Standing on the bank is a young woman with a heavy bundle, looking hesitantly at the stream.

The old monk says to her, "Climb on my shoulders, daughter, I will carry you across." The young woman accepts graciously and soon the three of them are on the far shore, whereupon the young woman thanks the old monk and walks off down the path.

The two monks travel several miles in silence, the student deep in thought. Finally, the old monk says, "You are troubled, little brother."

His student nods. "The rules of our order says we must not touch women."

"Yes," his old teacher says.

"And yet you carried the woman across the river on your shoulders."

The old monk smiles, in that way old monks do, and says: "Yes, but unlike you, I put her down long ago."

The number 10 followed by ten million zeros.

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