

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 3

JUNE 1995

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS • P.O. BOX 1222 CANNON BEACH OR. 97110 • 503-436-2915

TO:

Some nights the wolf is silent and the moon howls.

Graffiti



My blood doesn't get boiling that often these days. In the thirty years since the Sixties, I've fought my share of fights for truth, justice, and something other than the American way. I wouldn't have missed it, it was a wonderful dance. But that was then, and this just isn't. To all things a season, I guess, even righteous fury.

To be honest, I don't have the time and energy anymore to tilt at the windmills of the human comedy. I'm an old dog now, more than content to lie on the porch, one eye open, while the arrogance, greed, and bald stupidity of life shuffle past like characters in a cheap novel whose end will scarcely be a surprise. You might say I've dropped out again. I like to think I'm tending my own garden, getting with my people, and taking it on down. I'm a peasant and peasants have always done that. They're the only ones with the time and peace of mind.

But every so often, the sleazy bastards do it again: come up with a scam so vile and pathological even old dogs are driven to go for the throat. Heard about the Gorton/Johnston rewrite of the Endangered Species Act?

What Gorton/Johnston does, or hopes to do, is ritually gut the sanest, most enlightened piece of legislation ever enacted by any government in the history of humankind. The Endangered Species Act was an idea whose time had so clearly come that even the Congress of the United States -- arguably the greediest, most venal and self-serving cabal ever assembled on the planet -- had to agree that, as a working philosophy, manifest dominion over nature has its limits. When you think about it, no admission by corporate government, not even that all humans are created equal, is any less likely than this.

But twenty years of the sort of restraint and deconstruction good stewardship demands have weighed heavy on profit and loss statements. The pigs, small surprise, are squealing. Respecting life is all well and good, but doing it at any price is no way to run a business. Gorton/Johnston is corporate America's counter offer to doing the right thing.

In the Gorton/Johnston vision of the best of all possible worlds, species other than our own would be protected as long as our interests come first. The corrupt insanity of this proposal should be obvious to the average grade school student. If we've learned nothing since Rachel Carson wrote 'Silent Spring', surely we've learned that life is a web, a delicately balanced continuum of species and environment that is the living organism we call Earth. Details might vary, but the big picture seems clear. Gorton/Johnston promises, in the name of balanced interests, to preserve and protect other life forms as long as they stay the hell out of the way of free enterprise.

Once the urge to vomit has passed, the slick rationality of Gorton/Johnston is something to behold, a real piece of work. While it admits to the notion of endangered species, it balks at mandated recovery. In an editorial scrawled in the Oregonian, David Reinhard speaks for moderation and a return to family values.

"I'm just a bit old-fashioned when it comes to public policy. I think humans -- not beasts of the field, plants, fish and other critters -- should be central to it."

The 'amen' Mr. Reinhard omits is central to Gorton/Johnston. In the name of reason, future decisions about which species are actually endangered would be buttressed by more data and subject to increased peer review. In English, this means buried in numbers and nibbled to death by the paid squirrels of science. Given the uncertainty underlying all of nature, if you insist on doing the one right thing, you wind up doing nothing. There were, lest we forget, once salmon.

For species making the cut, the government A-list certifying they're disappearing into the fossil beds, Gorton/Johnston is right there with a stacked deck. Instead

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Dear Residents & Future Residents
of Cannon Beach

When the first cabins were built in our beautiful town, no one gave a thought to conserving trees. This was a rain forest. Trees were huge and abundant. I'm sure those folks would be shocked to see how few of the ancient trees are left!

Unfortunately, the time has come when we cannot be so luxuriously ignorant of the changes taking place here. An astounding number of new homes are being built in our small town. Along with this new construction, of course, goes the clearing of lots. Some lots have trees that are at least 85 years old. (In this day and age, that's really old!)

Please, when building a new home or business, if at all possible, leave the trees. Many architects would be thrilled with the challenge of designing a house that is in harmony with nature. Not conquering it. If you don't care to take that route, look for lots without big, old trees. I'm sure our local real estate agents would love to participate in keeping Cannon Beach TREE CITY, USA.

This town's green spaces are shrinking fast. We live with a false security because we are surrounded by forest, or should I say tree farms. Those trees are owned by Cavenham Industries, and believe me, folks, the hills are alive (or is it dead?) with the sound of chain saws. We have little, if any, control over how they decide to deface the area. When you walk north on "the beach of a thousand wonders", just look up to the lovely patchwork clear cut on historic Tillamook Head, and you will understand what I mean.

I implore you. If you are blessed enough to live in one of the most beautiful places on earth, please, take responsibility for keeping it that way.

The Eagles sang it very well: "They called it paradise, I don't know why. You call someplace paradise, kiss it good bye."

Thanks for listening;
Andrea Rowe

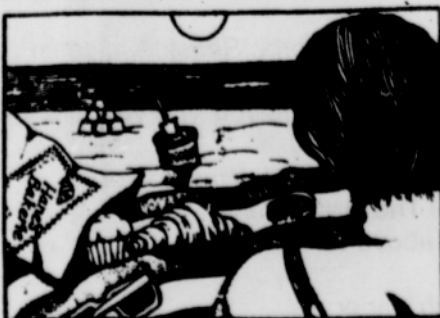
Come to Cannon Beach for the
Harvest Festival
All Summer 1995!!

See this awesome display of industrial forestry from the comfort of your \$300-a-night motel room. Don't miss this once in a lifetime chance to see the tree farm harvest. It only happens once every fifty years! See trees planted by school children mowed down, hauled off, to be made into toilet paper. Bring the kids, let them watch the big yellow dinosaur-like machines from the beach. Watch historic Tillamook Head get its bi-centennial haircut! (No need to pack the fishing poles, and don't drink the water, but otherwise fun for the whole family.)

NOW OPEN AT THEIR NEW LOCATION

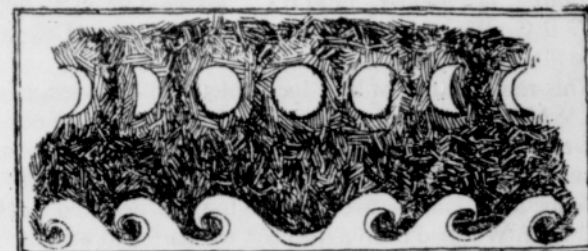
Hane's
Bakerie

Specialty Bakery
Breads - Pastries
Desserts - Espresso



Emma White Building
1064 Hemlock - Midtown Cannon Beach

You can't build a reputation on what you're
going to do. Henry Ford



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

JUNE - High Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES

DAYLIGHT TIME

A.M. P.M.

DATE	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Thu	2:14	8.3	3:54	7.1
2 Fri	2:50	8.1	4:33	7.1
3 Sat	3:31	7.8	5:12	7.1
4 Sun	4:17	7.4	5:55	7.2
5 Mon	5:14	6.9	6:41	7.4
6 Tue	6:24	6.5	7:30	7.7
7 Wed	7:44	6.2	8:20	8.1
8 Thu	9:02	6.3	9:09	8.5
9 Fri	10:12	6.5	9:58	9.0
10 Sat	11:15	6.8	10:46	9.4
11 Sun	12:13	7.1
12 Mon	11:35	9.6
13 Tue	0:25	9.8	1:08	7.4
14 Wed	1:16	9.7	2:00	7.7
15 Thu	2:08	9.4	2:50	7.8
16 Fri	3:00	9.0	3:40	8.0
17 Sat	3:55	8.4	4:29	8.0
18 Sun	4:54	7.7	5:18	8.1
19 Mon	5:59	6.9	6:07	8.1
20 Tue	7:10	6.4	6:58	8.1
21 Wed	8:23	6.1	7:49	8.2
22 Thu	9:31	6.1	8:39	8.3
23 Fri	10:32	6.3	9:26	8.4
24 Sat	11:26	6.5	10:11	8.4
25 Sun	12:14	6.7
26 Mon	11:30	8.5
27 Tue	0:08	8.4	1:39	7.0
28 Wed	0:44	8.4	2:17	7.1
29 Thu	1:21	8.3	2:53	7.2
30 Fri	1:57	8.2	3:27	7.3

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

JUNE - Low Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES

DAYLIGHT TIME

A.M. P.M.

DATE	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Thu	9:22	-0.4	9:19	2.9
2 Fri	9:54	-0.2	10:01	2.9
3 Sat	10:28	0.0	10:48	2.9
4 Sun	11:07	0.3	11:43	2.8
5 Mon	11:52	0.7
6 Tue	0:47	2.5	12:44	1.1
7 Wed	1:55	2.0	1:42	1.4
8 Thu	3:02	1.3	2:43	1.7
9 Fri	4:04	0.4	3:42	2.0
10 Sat	5:01	-0.4	4:40	2.1
11 Sun	5:54	-1.1	5:36	2.2
12 Mon	6:46	-1.6	6:31	2.2
13 Tue	7:36	-1.9	7:26	2.1
14 Wed	8:25	-2.0	8:21	2.0
15 Thu	9:13	-1.8	9:16	2.0
16 Fri	10:00	-1.4	10:12	1.9
17 Sat	10:46	-0.8	11:12	1.9
18 Sun	11:34	-0.2
19 Mon	0:15	1.8	12:24	0.5
20 Tue	1:21	1.6	1:17	1.2
21 Wed	2:28	1.2	2:12	1.7
22 Thu	3:31	0.7	3:07	2.1
23 Fri	4:27	0.2	4:00	2.4
24 Sat	5:17	-0.2	4:50	2.5
25 Sun	6:01	-0.5	5:37	2.6
26 Mon	6:41	-0.7	6:21	2.7
27 Tue	7:19	-0.8	7:03	2.7
28 Wed	7:55	-0.8	7:43	2.7
29 Thu	8:27	-0.7	8:22	2.6
30 Fri	8:59	-0.6	9:01	2.5

BASEBALL

As this is written, the Cubs have the lowest ERA in Major League Baseball, and lead their division in the National League. This is due in part to batting coach Billy Williams and pitching coach Ferguson Jenkins, both former Cub players. They do a promo spot for the team, where they reminisce about never winning a pennant, only once coming close. "Sure would like to win one this year", they say. The motto for the Cubs this year is, "We're working on it." We here at the Edge wish them luck.



The Upper Left Edge is a monthly Broadsheet (approximately 12" x 21") publication with a current distribution of 5,000. It is circulated throughout the Oregon and Washington coastal communities and many larger metropolitan areas. As stated in the upper left corner of the Edge flag, it is Free to the vast majority of its readership; though there is a rapidly increasing number of subscribers worldwide. Now in its third year of continual growth, The Upper Left Edge relies on advertising funds to keep it in print.

Advertising rates are as follows:

Business Card Size Ad	\$30.
1/16th approx. 3 x 5	\$35.
1/8th approx 4 x 7	\$50.
1/4th approx. 6 1/2 x 9	\$100.
1/2 page	\$150.
Full page	\$300.
Back page	\$400.

... per month. Payment is due the 15th of the month prior to the issue in which the ad is to appear. Camera ready art is requested. We are usually on the streets by the first weekend of the month.

Please call (503) 436-2915 for further information; ask for Billy or Sally.

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