

Notes From Colorado By Jeff Custer

By the time you read this it will be November, and out here, the Fall will be reluctantly making way for Winter. It's like Nature flipped a switch, and all of a sudden, the trees have turned color. We've had late seasons this year - a late, cold, wet spring, summer heat into September, and green leaves to the middle of October. Now, however, this is more like it - my favorite season of the year has finally arrived! I can drive up the canyon and see the yellows and reds all around - I can see the blaze of color all over town, and the leaves, as if reminded that they're a little behind, are now falling in droves. Halloween will certainly seem normal this year, if it doesn't snow again; slippery sidewalks, and roads for drivers, although at the moment, I'm watching big, wet snowflakes fall outside the window.

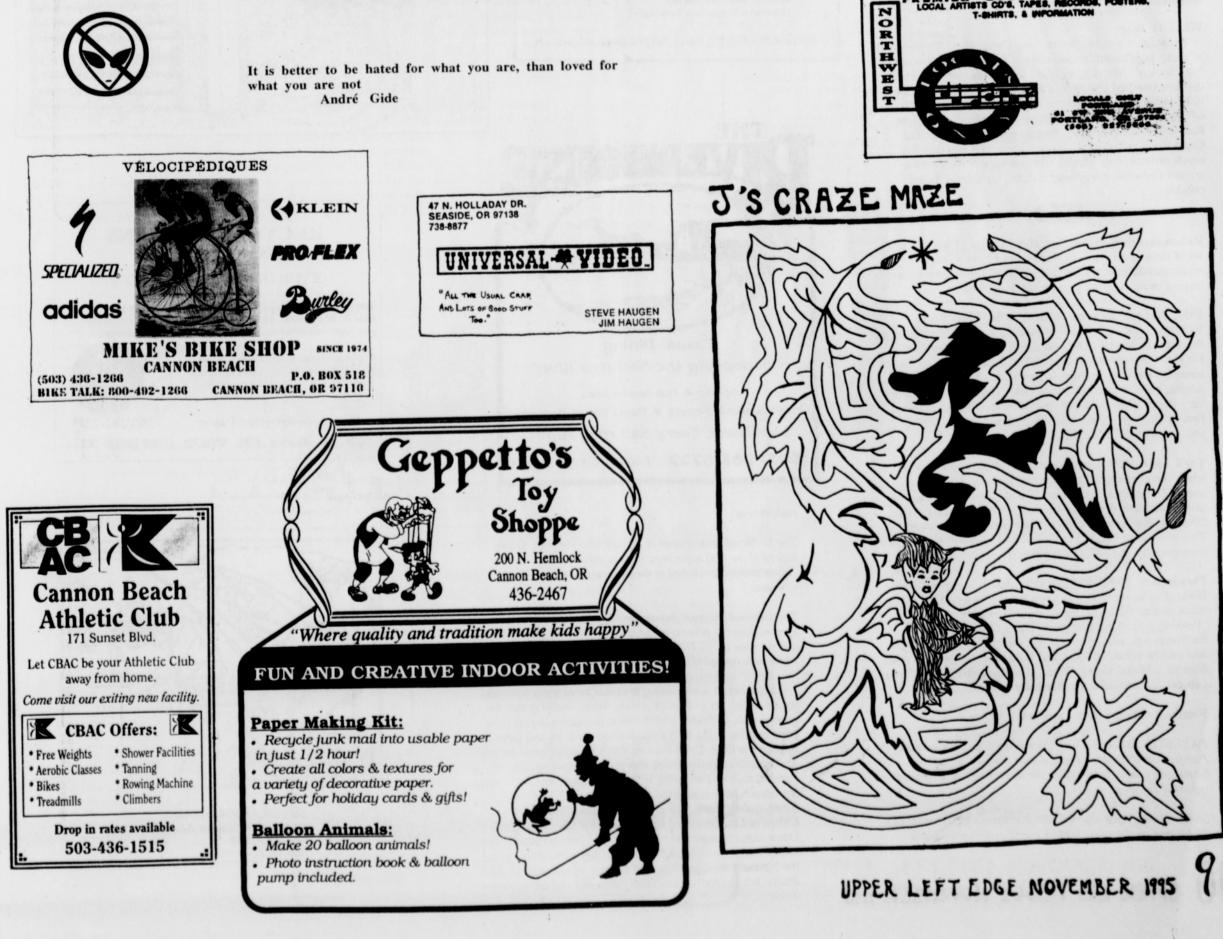
Some mother deer with not-too-big fawns have come through the neighborhood in the last few weeks - I hope they're fattening up quickly at this point. No renegade bears yet this year, but a misguided individual in the mountains killed a family of bears a few weeks ago, and is being prosecuted for it. The resident Canada geese have returned to our lake, spiders are coming indoors, and this full moon was one of the most intense I can remember.

The World Series is on as I write - it seems that the best teams are here after all. My Rockies played Atlanta better than the Reds did, and wait 'til next year, Colorado. Which brings me to pitching, which the Rockies need, and which will determine the outcome of this Series, according to conventional wisdom, and the results of the first four games. Unless you have Brooks and Frank Robinson and Boog Powell, remember that, Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale? Oh well, when you're young, and your heroes win the Series, you never forget it.

Hey, now we're on the information highway! Finally the fax in the computer works, and the Internet connect software has been installed. Look out, Gates - here it comes. Frankly, this "net surfing" reminds me more of searching my desk for files, or perhaps more like browsing in a library, when you can only communicate with your fellow browsers by leaving messages on the library bulletin board (and standing there watching them write them), and then going back to the stacks to browse some more. And faxing flies in the face of what the computer age is all about - the object is to produce less paper, not more. On the bright side, my latest front door canvasser for the Sierra Club says, now that the Murdochs and their ilk are gaining control of the content of the usual media, the Internet is now the place that the real environmental news and communication will take place. Reminds me of what Wavy Gravy once said: "They've got a big IBM, but we've got a thousand hippies with Macintoshes."

Another year has gone by, and we have a lot to be thankful for this holiday season. And be thankful that a lot of people who were complacent last fall, will be back in the political fray this fall and next fall. It's a pity the human animal seems not to respond unless things get bad, and usually has to learn the hard way from its mistakes. All we can hope is that the damage won't be too great, and realize that all the retirements and defections provide a tremendous opportunity for the minority party to regain the majority, especially in those races that were very close in 1994. It's not a great time to be a politician, and those who truly labor for the public good and not their own are to be admired and supported even more now. We of the liberal persuasion may do well to graciously realize that our old solutions to social problems do need some revamping, and propose some rational and humane alternatives to the Republican demolition plan without being too righteous about it. Happy Thanksgiving, and more later --

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