

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 6
SEPTEMBER 1996

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

“We must not talk falsely now, for the hour is getting late.”

Bob Dylan

Kids In The Candy Store

Michael Sears

If we were to show the north star to our child and instruct this child how to measure the star's height from the horizon, then stated walking north, taking measurements of the star's height above the horizon, we would eventually reach the north pole and the star would be directly above us. From these observations we could explain to the child, even though the earth's horizon appears to be flat to our eye, it is indeed curved. The closer we get to the north pole, the higher appears the north star in the sky. From these observable and known things, we may discover an invisible thing: that the earth is round.

Humanity, unlike the animal kingdom, has a sense and power of discovery which allows us to resist natural law. All other creatures on this planet are captives of nature: none can depart from her requirements. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are all under nature's control and cannot deviate a hair's breadth from this course. For instance, the bee must make its hive only in the form of a hexagon; it cannot choose to build it in a different form. The fish must live in the water, and the beast inhabit the land. Each living organism and, indeed, the whole universe involuntarily obeys the laws of nature. Nature prevents mankind from crossing the seas; we build ships and travel the globe. The subject is endless. Although unable to physically see what's happening elsewhere, we gather in one spot the news of the events of the planet. All this is contrary to the laws of nature. The sea cannot deviate by an atom from these laws; the sun cannot deviate as much as a needle's point from these laws, and can never comprehend the conditions, the state, the qualities, the movements and the nature of humankind.

This power of discovery, this quality of invention, is the operation of our faculty of free will, the power of our "inner" capacities as a species. This is a capacity not just of individuals, but of humanity collectively. And, like the child who realizes that things are within its grasp, humanity has raided the candy store of earth's resources. And, like the child who realizes that excesses lead to a tummy ache, we are collectively beginning to understand the catastrophic sickness wrought by our unrestrained appetite.

Awareness of problems and opportunities is a must, to avoid undesirable futures and assure desirable ones. Problem awareness has been emerging fastest in areas such as energy, raw materials, food production, climate, urbanization, population, and the environment. Technological fixes have been offered in their wake: emission control devices, new miracle food strains, more energy-efficient cars, better contraceptives, urban renewal projects, and the like. In the West, we have viewed such problems as mainly physical and ecological in nature, and that they can be overcome by more and higher technology. In a recent New York Times piece, Garry Wills, in "It's His Party," summarized Ronald Reagan's beliefs, "For him, we were suspended between two glowing myths: the religious past and the technological future. Whatever trouble affects us now is caused only by doubters of our double myths."

But, Ervin Laslo, in "The Inner Limits of Mankind," suggests, "It is forgotten that not our world, but we human beings are the cause of our problems, and that only by redesigning our thinking and acting, not the world around us, can we solve them." Laslo, the foremost exponent of systems philosophy, a member of the prestigious Club of Rome, currently Science Advisor to UNESCO, and Rector of the Vienna Academy for the Study of the Future, advises, "The root causes even of physical and ecological problems are the inner constraints on our vision and values. We suffer from a serious case of 'culture lag'. Living on the threshold of a new age, we squabble among ourselves to acquire or retain the privileges of bygone values. We manage individual crises while heading towards collective catastrophes. We contemplate changing almost anything on this earth but ourselves."



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES SEPTEMBER - High Tides

DATE	A.M. time ft.	P.M. time ft.
1 Sun	3:37 7.7	3:51 8.5
2 Mon	4:31 7.1	4:32 8.2
3 Tue	5:29 6.5	5:17 7.8
4 Wed	6:33 6.0	6:10 7.4
5 Thu	7:43 5.6	7:11 7.0
6 Fri	8:52 5.9	8:18 6.9
7 Sat	9:53 6.5	9:21 7.0
8 Sun	10:43 6.5	10:17 7.2
9 Mon	11:26 6.9	11:06 7.4
10 Tue	11:50 7.6
11 Wed	12:37 7.4
12 Thu	0:31 7.6	1:08 7.6
13 Fri	1:11 7.6	1:37 7.8
14 Sat	1:50 7.5	2:04 8.0
15 Sun	2:29 7.4	2:32 8.1
16 Mon	3:10 7.1	3:01 8.2
17 Tue	3:54 6.8	3:35 8.2
18 Wed	4:46 6.4	4:16 8.1
19 Thu	5:49 6.0	5:08 7.8
20 Fri	6:03 5.9	6:14 7.6
21 Sat	6:18 6.0	7:35 7.4
22 Sun	9:25 6.5	8:55 7.6
23 Mon	10:21 7.1	10:06 8.1
24 Tue	11:10 7.7	11:07 8.2
25 Wed	11:54 8.3
26 Thu	0:03 8.4	12:36 8.7
27 Fri	0:55 8.4	1:15 8.9
28 Sat	1:45 8.2	1:54 9.0
29 Sun	2:35 7.9	2:31 8.9
30 Mon	3:24 7.5	3:09 8.6

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES SEPTEMBER - Low Tides

DATE	A.M. time ft.	P.M. time ft.
1 Sun	9:42 0.1	10:26 -0.3
2 Mon	10:26 0.8	11:19 0.0
3 Tue	11:11 1.5
4 Wed	0:17 0.3	12:05 2.1
5 Thu	1:22 0.5	1:08 2.5
6 Fri	2:30 0.5	2:18 2.7
7 Sat	3:33 0.4	3:25 2.5
8 Sun	4:27 0.2	4:23 2.2
9 Mon	5:13 0.0	5:13 1.7
10 Tue	5:52 -0.1	5:58 1.3
11 Wed	6:27 -0.1	6:36 1.0
12 Thu	7:00 -0.1	7:17 0.7
13 Fri	7:31 0.1	7:53 0.4
14 Sat	8:00 0.3	8:28 0.2
15 Sun	8:30 0.6	9:03 0.0
16 Mon	9:01 0.9	9:40 -0.1
17 Tue	9:36 1.3	10:23 0.0
18 Wed	10:17 1.7	11:15 0.1
19 Thu	11:09 2.2
20 Fri	0:20 0.2	12:16 2.6
21 Sat	1:37 0.2	1:38 2.6
22 Sun	2:52 0.1	2:59 2.3
23 Mon	3:57 -0.2	4:09 1.6
24 Tue	4:52 -0.5	5:09 0.8
25 Wed	5:41 -0.6	6:03 0.1
26 Thu	6:26 -0.6	6:53 -0.5
27 Fri	7:09 -0.3	7:41 -0.9
28 Sat	7:51 0.0	8:28 -1.0
29 Sun	8:31 0.5	9:13 -0.9
30 Mon	9:12 1.1	9:59 -0.7

BASEBALL

August 13th the Cubs broke into third place, four games out, and are playing five hundred baseball for the first time since May, and..... well, you know the drill, we really have a chance, in a mediocre division, of being in it. This year, in spite of the numbers, the Cubs seem to be enjoying playing baseball. Even when they lose, which is by definition, half the time, they still seem to celebrate the game. Sandberg's coming back to play for 2 million after giving up 14 million, does seem to indicate that he really does enjoy "the game". And fools that we are, we think that those who have the most fun win the game every time. If it does, in fact, ever come to a Cubs/Mariners Series, we will have press passes. Go Cubbies!!



If I arrive at a stage in my life wherein I am grateful for the beauty of nature that surrounds me, thankful for the many blessings of life I have been shown, even accepting of life's tests and hardships as a necessary means of transforming my immature appetites, then I may be satisfied that the daily choices that were my life were part of a larger process working well. I would not come to such a state if I had been told I must. Only through the individual investigation of my own free will could such a transformation be satisfying. Paul Davies, and Australian physicist who won the Templeton Prize (for progress in religion) for his book, "The Mind of God," was interviewed recently at the Pope's summer residence following a conference on science and religion. He summarized, "The universe does not seem ruled by chance alone, but by an innate tendency to develop more complex structures. The universe now seems purposefully tailored to ensure the emergence of beings like us."

Credit Where Due

Dean Bondie

Recently, after a morning of picking mushrooms behind the yellow gates, I had a close encounter of a different kind. I'd bagged a fair amount of chanterelles that morning and was heading back down the logging road to my Volkswagen bus, which was parked by a gate. As I closed in on the yellow barrier, I noticed a pickup outfitted for a logging show. In recent years past, I would have immediately ditched back into the woods in order to skirt any confrontation with humans of the logging persuasion. I had heard many reports that the new title holders, Willamette Industries, had relaxed the strict no trespassing policy of Cavenham Forest Products, the previous occupants. Intruders, such as myself, who enjoy some "shrooms" now and then, were no longer considered outlaws. I cautiously approached the loggers by the pickup with a friendly greeting, and was given a warm enough reception. We started talking about 'shrooming, which invariably led right to the heart of the forest - logging practices. (As all woodland 'shroomers discover with a bit of experience, it takes more than a few trees to find a patch of chanterelles. Also, man hasn't been able to artificially simulate conditions to commercially grow these tasty morsels of the woods. Chanterelles only grow where there exists a balance of proper amounts of light, temperature, humidity, flora, fauna, rhizomes of Douglas Fir, and microorganisms. In other words an older and diversified forest.)

While conversing, I sensed a great deal of enthusiasm about the logging practices of the new proprietors of these lands. No more logging right through primary and secondary streams in our watersheds. More selective logging and less expansive clearcuts are the agenda of the day. Their enthusiasm became contagious as we agreed that no matter what propaganda the timber interests put before us, these men knew first hand clearcuts can, and do, create immense erosion problems. They also are aware that if these changes are not implemented, we all lose. For them, it also equates to a loss of their bread and butter, as well as a special place to spend the day.

Once again, we all agreed more improvements could be made, but if the policy changes so far are any indication, we are now going in a better direction.

So, I, for one would like to give credit, where credit is due, and toast to Willamette Industries, our new neighbors. Your new policies give us hope for life. 'Shrooms Forever!

PS

As I was backing down the road to turn around, the soft shoulder gave way to the weight of my rear end, lifting my front wheels a good foot off the ground. Assessing the situation, I realized I was in one hellava fix, and it could take several hours of jacking and cribbing to get free.

I was attempting to secure my jack on the sloping, soft gravel when a logging truck approached the gate. I wondered if maybe... "No, no way this logging trucker is going to help this hippie out of this rut, these guys are always in a big hurry."

I then reassessed my situation and thought, "I could be here all day - what the hell." As I walked toward him I knew he could obviously see my dilemma. He says, "Looks as though you're in quite a fix."

"Got a chain?" I replied most humbly. Within five minutes I was back on the road again, expressing my sincere gratitude. As I drove off, I couldn't help but believe... "This is a sign."