

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

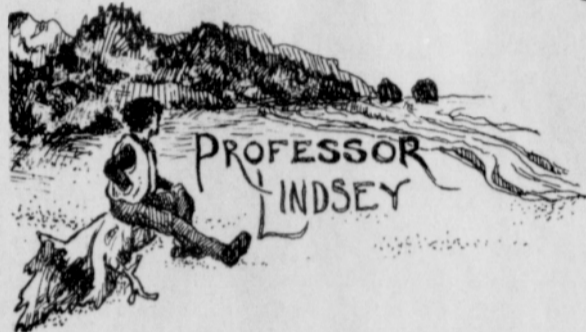
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"You don't have to be a Weatherman to know which way the wind blows."

B. Dylan

Thirty years ago today, October 1967 "The Summer of Love" ended with the "funeral for a hippie" on Haight Ashbury and by October of '68' Martin and Bobby were dead, and the Chicago 8 were trying to explain who the "Weathermen" were, and why there were the "Days of Rage". Do we remember this? Have we told the children? So, what was that all about, the Weathermen and Bob Dylan?, and the Sixties. The violence, the rage, and what does that mean these days? Why is it the headline? Well, do you remember the Declaration of Independence? basically it says, people will suffer conditions while conditions are sufferable, but when they become insufferable it is not only their right, it is their duty to change those conditions...and change, being what it is, hurts. Mao said change comes from the barrel of a gun. Gandhi disagreed. Gandhi was assassinated, Mao, wasn't.

Now, we don't want our readers to get excited and think the Edge is advocating violence. But, Dammit, we are advocating change, and we think it's about damned time this generation lived up to the dreams of those who risked their lives, and lost their lives, at the hands of bigots in authority during the civil rights struggle, and the military during Nam, and the cops during the student protests around the world, in the sixties. "But what can we do?", you ask? Well, think about what you did. Remember...The polls/experts/authorities tell us that 75% of Americans consider themselves "environmentalists" yet our 'representatives' have an agenda to roll back major and minor environmental protections. 75% of Americans call themselves Pro-Choice and yet legislation to restrict, de-fund and ban abortion and birth control is a constant agenda item. It seems like the folks that are setting the agenda are those with a vested interest, either economic or theological. Our governments are being run by corporate lobbyists and religious zealots, while we watch and shake our heads. Well, folks, it has never been easier to let our beloved elected officials know what we think. Don't be shy, there are all kinds of fun ways that aren't illegal. The mails still work, telephone calls to a lot of these folks are free 800 numbers, e-mail isn't that hard, you could even fax'm the 'finger'. Because if that one quiet voice saying the emperor has no clothes is not heard by the people, they will be afraid to say that they think he's naked, too, and not too pretty to boot. I guess that is the point of this rant that the weathermen don't know any more about which way the wind is blowing than any child on the beach. And it really can be fun, we called Viking (they publish books) and asked them about why Don Berry who wrote Trask, a Northwest Classic, was no longer in print? They said, Don who? You see, just because Don Berry is an artist with an amazing mind who sometimes writes, they can't be bothered, they are making money off stuff that sells books, not stuff that makes people think and understand. Certainly not art. So, we explained that besides being big time newspaper folks, we had already e-mailed our favorite Congress person Elizabeth Furse, who has been known to be responsive to folks, and we wanted to know why they hadn't printed any of his books for thirty years, and the only place you can read him is on the net? They said they'd get back to us. We said, no, we'll get back to you. Oh, yes Viking has an 800 number, it's 1-800-526-0275, call them, ask about Don Berry, yes it qualifies as a political act. Culture, economy, and politics are of a piece, they are what define us as us. Do we sit and watch what we are told is what we want, or do we actually tell folks what we want? A fine example is the recent format change at OPB; no more music. Well, we guess the guys at Archer Daniels Midland, "Super Market to the World", figure that talk is cheap. Art forces one to think and understand the relationship between things. Thinking and understanding don't inspire shopping. If you spend more time thinking than you do listening to what other people think, you might form an opinion, and it might very well be that the emperor is not appropriately dressed. And the wind blowing from the direction of our representatives, our media, and our corporations seems to be just a lot of hot air.



"Our readers have been whimpering lately," Hults informed me last week. "They say the Edge is becoming some sort of literary paper. We need to get more political. Find some cause or something. Write about issues. If you're not upset, you're not paying attention!"

Cripes. Whenever I saddle up for any subject even faintly political, I get all surly and caustic. My lips curl back, teeth bared, and flecks of bile and vitriol drool from my gums. Nossiree, Hults. You'll not lure me out with that bait!

My preservation instincts warn against discussing political topics this month. The rain dinge of the past two days could set me on a serious spinner. A few ill-chosen slurs, a tweak here, a diatribe there, and I would run horribly afool. I know the Chamber of Commerce already whispers about me. God forbid I should look out my window and see militant members of the Women's Library Club or the Garden Club fomenting riot outside my little home!

Hults. The topic this month is fall provender.

All those juicy and succulent beasts and fruity things have spent a splendid summer basking in long days. Swollen, sleek, turgid beyond common decency, they await our yearning lips, gentle readers. I've already fondled crook-neck and summer squashes the size of the zeppelin *Hindenberg!* I quiver in salacious expectation when confronting thickets of dense, pendulous, drooping Himalayan blackberries. Hoo-hah! A gourmand's baccharalia! Consider the pears Bose and D'Anjou. Ahhhh, what sensual globes, the aesthetically curved and charmingly freckled skins hint at the tender flesh within. In the luscious fields of fall, young cornstalks sway like Nordic warriors, tousled and golden, sheathed and waiting.

Consider a few autumn stalwarts from the animal kingdom. Each fall those randy salmon flash their lusty flanks upstream and into our skillet and barbecues. Oo-la-la. Va-va-voom! Twisting and shimmering they flex delectable cheeks toward our coast, 20 to 50 pounds of muscle guided toward a love tryst. Yummy. Don't forget our friends the dear little bivalves! All summer they've basked indolently in summer seas, sipping plankton cocktails and ripening those private parts we love to nibble. Few things quicken the pulse like an encounter with a nubile oyster at the harvest dinner!

Ah, fall, glorious fall! Fallow deer and elk nibble gently in wooded glades, shadows dappling their tender briskets and chops. Chanterelle parasols dance softly on the forest floor. I yearn to lure them home to a hot bath in wines and rare oils, so tender for their delicate skins.

Welcome to the feast, my beauties. Shall we begin the meal?



ASTORIA TIDES OCTOBER - High Tides

DATE	A.M.		P.M.	
	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Wed	1:50	7.5	2:06	8.0
2 Thu	2:29	7.5	2:34	8.1
3 Fri	3:07	7.4	3:00	8.1
4 Sat	3:46	7.2	3:26	8.2
5 Sun	4:26	6.9	3:55	8.2
6 Mon	5:09	6.6	4:29	8.1
7 Tue	6:00	6.4	5:10	7.9
8 Wed	7:01	6.1	6:03	7.6
9 Thu	8:12	6.1	7:13	7.3
10 Fri	9:21	6.4	8:38	7.1
11 Sat	10:21	6.9	9:59	7.3
12 Sun	11:13	7.6	11:08	7.7
13 Mon	11:59	8.0	12:42	8.8
14 Tue	0:10	8.1	1:23	9.2
15 Wed	1:06	8.3	2:13	9.2
16 Thu	1:59	8.4	2:04	9.4
17 Fri	2:51	8.3	2:44	9.5
18 Sat	3:43	8.1	3:25	9.3
19 Sun	4:35	7.7	4:06	9.0
20 Mon	5:28	7.4	4:50	8.4
21 Tue	6:25	7.0	5:40	7.8
22 Wed	7:26	6.8	6:39	7.2
23 Thu	8:30	6.8	7:50	6.7
24 Fri	9:31	6.9	9:06	6.5
25 Sat	10:24	7.3	10:15	6.6
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME ENDS				
26 Sun	10:10	7.6	10:14	6.9
27 Mon	10:58	8.0	11:04	7.1
28 Tue	11:23	8.2	11:50	7.3
29 Wed	11:55	8.4		
30 Thu	0:33	7.4	12:25	8.6
31 Fri	1:14	7.5	12:53	8.7

ASTORIA TIDES OCTOBER - Low Tides

DATE	A.M.		P.M.	
	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Wed	8:03	0.5	8:29	0.2
2 Thu	8:34	0.8	9:04	0.0
3 Fri	9:03	1.1	9:37	-0.1
4 Sat	9:33	1.4	10:10	-0.1
5 Sun	10:04	1.7	10:44	-0.1
6 Mon	10:38	2.1	11:24	0.1
7 Tue	11:21	2.4		
8 Wed	0:13	0.2	12:15	2.8
9 Thu	1:17	0.4	1:28	3.0
10 Fri	2:31	0.5	2:51	2.8
11 Sat	3:43	0.4	4:07	2.3
12 Sun	4:46	0.2	5:13	1.5
13 Mon	5:41	0.0	6:11	0.6
14 Tue	6:30	-0.1	7:03	-0.3
15 Wed	7:16	0.0	7:53	-0.9
16 Thu	8:01	0.2	8:41	-1.3
17 Fri	8:45	0.6	9:29	-1.5
18 Sat	9:29	1.1	10:17	-1.3
19 Sun	10:14	1.6	11:05	-1.0
20 Mon	11:03	2.1	11:56	-0.5
21 Tue	11:56	2.5		
22 Wed	0:51	0.1	12:58	2.9
23 Thu	1:52	0.5	2:08	3.0
24 Fri	2:55	0.9	3:20	2.8
25 Sat	3:56	1.0	4:26	2.3
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME ENDS				
26 Sun	3:48	1.0	4:22	1.7
27 Mon	4:34	1.1	5:09	1.1
28 Tue	5:14	1.2	5:51	0.6
29 Wed	5:51	1.3	6:30	0.2
30 Thu	6:26	1.5	7:07	-0.1
31 Fri	6:59	1.8	7:42	-0.3

BASEBALL

It's October, do you know where your Cubs are? Of course you do. Yes, another year in a forty year rebuilding program comes to a merciful end, and we get to watch Baltimore & Atlanta or is it Seattle & Atlanta? in the World Series. Well, as we say, Dammit, wait til next year!! Go Cubbies!!!



There's no trick to being a humorist when you have the whole government working for you. Will Rodgers



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