

UPPER LEFT EDGE

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 1

JUNE 1998

FREE!

UPPER LEFT COAST PRODUCTIONS ▲ P.O. BOX 4222 CANNON BEACH OR 97110 ▲ 503 436 2945 ▲ bhults@pacifier.com ▲ www.upperleftedge.com

Summer People. Some're Not.

Rev.
Hults

Editorial Now & Then



We here at the Upper Left Edge have been criticized occasionally for our disparagement of what Prof. Lindsey calls "the slack jawed cretins" that visit our town annually. Folks at the Chamber of Commerce encourage us to be more forgiving, and to remember what side our bread is buttered on. Yes, we know, it is the side that ends up face down on the floor. Sitting at Bill's on the Memorial Day weekend, a gentleman noticed the grimacing your beloved editor is prone to do when alleged human beings act foolish and rude. He smiled and made a comment that indicated that not all of our visitors were like those we were surrounded by. Yes, we agreed, we have guests and we have tourists. There is a difference. Guests bring their brains and their hearts to this beautiful we place live in; tourists bring only their money and their attitudes. So as the silly season begins again, we would like to welcome our guests to our place by the Sea, and hope that the tourists don't get too crazy.

And now for some shameless self promotion: Richard Cranium and the Phoreheads, as constant readers know, is your beloved editor's new band. The most reverend Hults has come out of semi-retirement to join with these older men of dubious morals but time tested talent. Kenneth 'Turtle' Van De Marr is arguably one of a dozen guitar players in Oregon who can deal with the whole spectrum of musical styles with craftsman-like genius. Peter 'Spud' Seigel is a gifted mandolin player, and vocalist, and performer. He can play any number of instruments and styles. David Reisch plays bass and sings in a wonderful understated but powerful way. And to be truthful if not modest, the old guy on the washboard, Billy Lloyd Hults, is not too bad. And these guys play such a wide range of styles, from jazz, to country, to bluegrass, to rock & roll, and some stuff that is hard to classify. Anyway, the Phoreheads are the official houseband of the Upper Left Edge. They will be playing Bill's Tavern June 2nd, which oddly enough is your beloved rev.'s birthday. Hint: real estate is always a welcome gift; failing that just show up and help us get Sally's book printed. We will be joined by some special guests, and we are determined to have much fun. If you have some lame excuse, you can always just send money for a copy of Sally's book, or a donation to the Left Coast Group. And you can catch the Phoreheads at several venues around Oregon this month. (See the schedule on the Music Page.)

BILL'S TAVERN AND THE UPPER LEFT EDGE PRESENT:
A BENEFIT FOR THE LEFT COAST GROUP
IN SUPPORT OF PUBLISHING
WILDLIFE ON THE EDGE
AN ARTIST'S OBSERVATIONS OF NATURE IN AND AROUND THE UPPER LEFT CORNER OF OREGON

ALSO ~ MICHAEL BURGESS
AUTHOR OF "UNCLE MIKE'S GUIDE TO THE REAL OREGON COAST" WILL SHOW COPIES OF HIS BOOK

RICHARD CRANIUM AND THE PHOREHEADS WILL PERFORM

SPECIAL BREWS WILL AID THE CAUSE
A FIVE DOLLAR DONATION IS SUGGESTED
TUESDAY JUNE 2ND
8 PM TIL LATE
BILL'S TAVERN • CANNON BEACH

AUTHOR SALLY LACKOFF WILL BE ON HAND



MOONS & TIDES
CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES
JUNE - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME

| DATE | HIGH TIDES | | LOW TIDES | |
|--------|------------|-----|-----------|-----|
| | time | ft. | time | ft. |
| 1 Mon | 5:49 | 6.9 | 7:21 | 7.4 |
| 2 Tue | 6:59 | 6.4 | 8:12 | 7.5 |
| 3 Wed | 8:11 | 6.2 | 8:59 | 7.7 |
| 4 Thu | 9:19 | 6.2 | 9:42 | 7.9 |
| 5 Fri | 10:19 | 6.3 | 10:21 | 8.2 |
| 6 Sat | 11:12 | 6.5 | 10:57 | 8.4 |
| 7 Sun | | | 12:01 | 6.7 |
| 8 Mon | | | 11:32 | 8.5 |
| 9 Tue | | | 12:47 | 6.9 |
| 10 Wed | 0:06 | 8.6 | 1:31 | 7.0 |
| 11 Thu | 0:40 | 8.7 | 2:13 | 7.1 |
| 12 Fri | 1:15 | 8.7 | 2:54 | 7.2 |
| 13 Sat | 1:53 | 8.7 | 3:35 | 7.2 |
| 14 Sun | 2:34 | 8.6 | 4:17 | 7.3 |
| 15 Mon | 3:19 | 8.4 | 5:02 | 7.4 |
| 16 Tue | 4:10 | 8.0 | 5:49 | 7.5 |
| 17 Wed | 5:11 | 7.4 | 6:40 | 7.7 |
| 18 Thu | 6:25 | 6.9 | 7:33 | 8.0 |
| 19 Fri | 7:46 | 6.6 | 8:27 | 8.4 |
| 20 Sat | 9:05 | 6.6 | 9:19 | 8.8 |
| 21 Sun | 10:15 | 6.7 | 10:09 | 9.2 |
| 22 Mon | 11:19 | 7.0 | 10:58 | 9.4 |
| 23 Tue | 0:17 | 7.2 | 11:45 | 9.5 |
| 24 Wed | | | 1:10 | 7.4 |
| 25 Thu | 0:32 | 9.4 | 2:01 | 7.6 |
| 26 Fri | 1:18 | 9.2 | 2:49 | 7.6 |
| 27 Sat | 2:03 | 8.9 | 3:34 | 7.6 |
| 28 Sun | 2:48 | 8.4 | 4:18 | 7.6 |
| 29 Mon | 3:34 | 7.9 | 5:01 | 7.5 |
| 30 Tue | 4:22 | 7.3 | 5:44 | 7.5 |

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,
Longing for the warmth of bedsheets,
Still I sat there, doing spreadsheets:
Having reached the bottom line, I took a floppy from the drawer.
Typing with a steady hand, I then invoked the SAVE command
And waited for the disk to store,
Only this and nothing more.

Deep into the monitor peering, long I sat there wond'ring, fearing,
Doubting, while the disk kept churning, turning yet to churn some more.
"Save!" I said, "You cursed mother! Save my data from before!"
One thing did the phosphors answer, only this and nothing more,
Just, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

Was this some occult illusion? Some maniacal intrusion?
These were choices undesired, ones I'd never faced before.
Carefully, I weighed the choices as the disk made monstrous noises.
The cursor flashed, insistent, waiting, baiting me to type some more.
Clearly I must press a key, choosing one and nothing more,
From "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

With my fingers pale and trembling,
Slowly toward the keyboard bending,
Longing for a happy ending, hoping all would be restored.
Praying for some guarantee,
Timidly I pressed a key.
But on the screen there still persisted, words appearing as before.
Ghastly grim they blinked and taunted, haunted, as my patience wore,
Saying "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

I tried to catch the chips off-guard -
I pressed again, but twice as hard.
I pleaded with the cursed machine:
I begged and cried and then I swore.
Then I tried in desperation, sev'ral random combinations,
Still there came the incantation, just as senseless as before.
Cursor blinking, mocking, winking, flashing nonsense as before.
Reading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

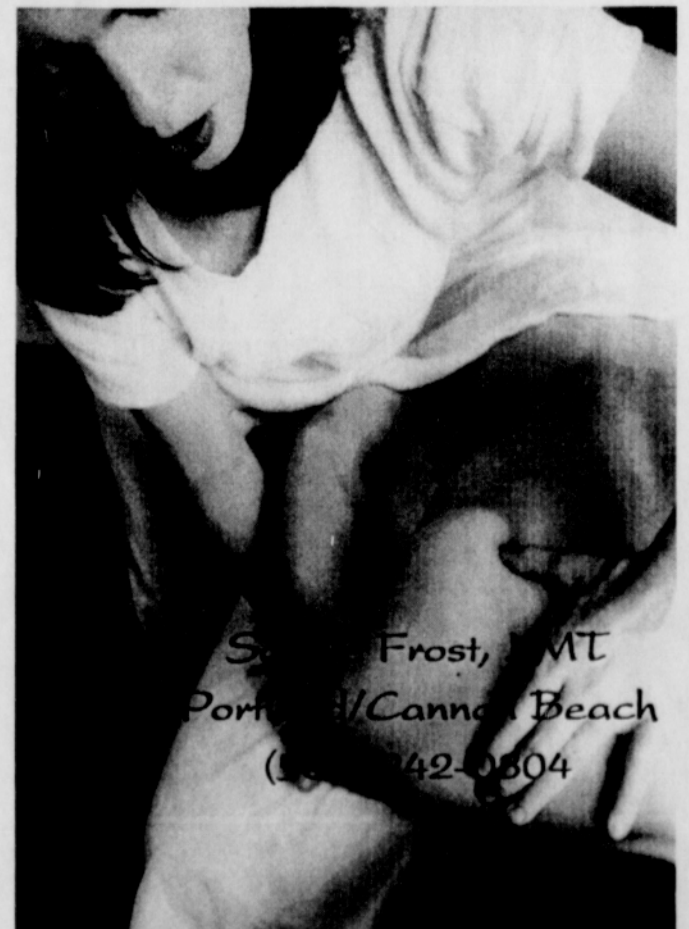
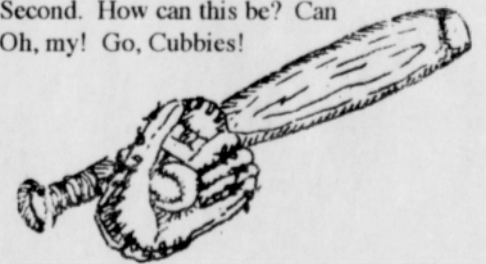
There I sat, distraught, exhausted; by my own machine accosted.
Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.
And then I saw a dreadful sight: a lightning bolt cut through the night.
A gasp of horror overtook me, shook me to my very core.
The lightning zapped my previous data, lost and gone forevermore.
Not even, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

To this day I do not know
The place to which lost data go,
What demonic nether world is wrought where data will be stored,
Beyond the reach of mortal souls, beyond the ether, in black holes?
But sure as there's C, Pascal, Lotus, Ashton-Tate and more,
You will one day be left to wander, lost on some Plutonian shore,
Pleading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore?"

Author Unknown

BASEBALL

Bob Dylan singing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame"
for Harry, some kid who can strike out his age,
everybody hits, everybody's hungry, it's June and the
Cubs are solidly in Second. How can this be? Can
this be? The year? Oh, my! Go, Cubbies!



BILL'S
Tavern & Brewhouse
188 N. HEMLOCK
CANNON BEACH, OR 97110
436-2202
Bill says, "If you're in a hurry,
you don't belong here."