

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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Trust no one without visible vices.

Rev. Hults

Editorial Now & Then



Who, what, when, where, and why; the five 'W's' of journalism. "Rev. Hults fell off his stool Friday night at Bill's Tavern laughing," is a declarative sentence that satisfies the W5 rule for a first line in a news article. Though the quote above tells you something, a lot is left out. Like; "What was he laughing about, how long had he been at Bill's, how many Buds, was it that old stool, didn't they fix that, who is this Rev. Hults and does he do that every Friday night?" The point being all things are flawed. The Upper Left Edge is, as described by Uncle Mike, a 'Post-Journalism Monthly', so the W5 rule is not enforced here. We don't give you the news, we give you our thoughts, impressions, attitudes and ideas. We do our best, but, your beloved Rev., the humble Ms. Sally, and literally tens of folks who have tried to proof read the paper, and make it flawless, inevitably fail. Each time the paper comes back from the printer we look it over and always, always find a mistake. A sin of commission or omission stares us in the face. Ask any Christian, we are all sinners, and if we are not, according to the carpenter we are allowed to throw stones. The First Folk of the Navajo Tribe refuse to make 'perfect' blankets and rugs, we are told, because it offends the 'gods', because, we assume, they are perfect. Or, for monotheists, 'he' is perfect. But, 'we' are not. Thus this month's headline.

Yes, all Saints have feet of clay. What did St. Augustine say, "Lord, give me chastity, but not yet."? And the opposite is of course operative. Human beings are no more or less than simply beings that are human, and being that is not easy. We are an interesting type of being, us humans. Our weaknesses are often our strengths and our strengths are often fatal. (He's babbling again, when will he get to the point?)

The point is this; Globally and locally we are getting to a point where we do what we do so well, that it might just kill us. Your beloved Rev. won't probably be around to see it but he, nonetheless, has an interest in it. Globally, we know what is happening, India & Pakistan, Ireland, Bosnia, Russia, oh hell, name it, but in each circumstance a choice is available. Human beings can demand that things be made right, or else they can deal with what is, and understand that it will never be perfect. Much to our delight, human beings are actually working with each other in these countries and hope is possible. Locally, our little village is becoming more and more 'perfect', like a theme park, and we are losing some of our human beings. Economics, esthetics and entropy thin the ranks. But, hope is possible here as well. The Chamber of Commerce has allowed as how the Chamber Building, created by local human beings, will be made more accessible to local human beings. (They reduced the rental fee for folks with a 436 phone number to \$35 from \$100, so local artists can afford to share with other local artists their art.) We were told that this year the Masters Division of the Sand Castle Contest was canceled because they wanted corporate logos and perks, and whatever. Instead a Master Sand Castle Builder was invited to teach a class, open to everyone. We are not fond of what happens to the village on Sand Castle Day. On the other hand, we love the sandcastles. The idea of creating a beautiful work of art that will last for twelve hours, max., is very Zen. The children love it because it is real, thus, imperfect and short lived, like all human things. Your beloved Rev. thinks that if we can see some human stuff in each other, if we can tolerate the visible vices in each other, and still treat each other as human beings, we will have no need for saints, and no desire to cast stones. But, beware those without sin, for they are often also without humanity.

Sainthood is the exclusive possession of those who have either worn out or never had the capacity to sin. Elbert Hubbard

On The Good Side of Things...
by T. Dunn

First Contacts

Rachel graduated from 4th grade and we went to pick up her contacts -- test ones... only they didn't have anyone in the ophthalmologist's office, except the receptionist, so there was no one to show us how to do it. We took the stuff home; the lady said we could come back on Monday, but Rach was so excited... so we read the directions and tried to put them in. First she tried, then I tried -- and we were sitting around the dining room table yelling at one another. No, do this. No do that. Mo-ohm! It was funny. (This is on my lunch hour yesterday, so I have to get back to work to make up hours from the week before). Finally, I put one in, then I put the other one in -- those great big soft, jelly ones. Scary to touch eyes. I've never even held a contact before. So then we got a book and she was amazed she could read holding it at arm's length or close or anywhere. She said, Mom the carpet looks so bright; it looks brand new. Then we did the distance pace holding up letters and seeing what she could see in the kitchen. Then we got the bat and some tennis balls and I pitched to her in the driveway and she sent one sailing across the street into the neighbor's driveway. I got back in my car to go back to work and burst into tears. Taking them out when I got home was another story. But we are both excited and getting used to this... I had no idea how bad her vision was until last week when I had her tested for these. I cried then, too. It was bad. Imagine, she has been doing so well with extremely limited vision... (Peter took her for the glasses when she got those prescriptions, but she would immediately "lose them" or lie about wearing them -- extremely sensitive at this age about appearances, vain.). Now I think I can see why she had such difficulty with space. She always crowded me or Charlie or Hannah -- and we talked a lot about respecting space. She couldn't see. I'm crying again. My baby can see.



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

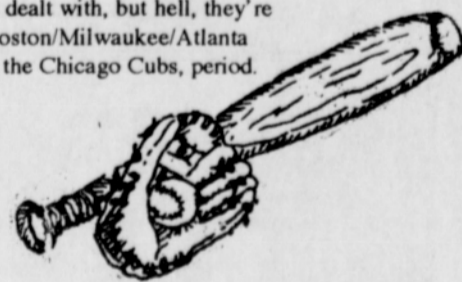
JULY - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME

DATE	HIGH TIDES				LOW TIDES			
	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.	time	ft.
1 Wed	6:18	6.2	7:14	7.5	0:40	2.3	12:37	1.2
2 Thu	7:28	5.8	8:00	7.6	1:43	2.0	1:27	1.7
3 Fri	8:40	5.7	8:46	7.7	2:46	1.6	2:20	2.1
4 Sat	9:46	5.8	9:30	7.9	3:44	1.1	3:15	2.4
5 Sun	10:45	6.1	10:12	8.2	4:37	0.5	4:07	2.5
6 Mon	11:37	6.4	10:54	8.4	5:24	0.0	4:57	2.6
7 Tue			12:25	8.6	6:08	-0.5	5:44	2.6
7 *			11:35	8.5				
8 Wed			1:09	8.9	6:48	-0.8	6:30	2.6
9 Thu	0:16	8.7	1:52	7.1	7:28	-1.1	7:15	2.5
10 Fri	0:57	8.8	2:32	7.3	8:06	-1.2	8:00	2.4
11 Sat	1:41	8.8	3:12	7.5	8:43	-1.2	8:45	2.2
12 Sun	2:26	8.6	3:51	7.7	9:21	-1.2	9:33	2.0
13 Mon	3:14	8.3	4:32	7.8	10:01	-0.9	10:33	1.8
14 Tue	4:07	7.9	5:16	8.0	10:43	-0.5	11:22	1.6
15 Wed	5:07	7.3	6:03	8.1	11:30	0.1		
16 Thu	6:18	6.7	6:55	8.3	0:26	1.3	12:23	0.7
17 Fri	7:36	6.2	7:51	8.5	1:37	0.9	1:22	1.3
18 Sat	8:55	6.1	8:48	8.6	2:49	0.4	2:27	1.8
19 Sun	10:07	6.3	9:45	8.8	3:56	-0.2	3:32	2.0
20 Mon	11:10	6.6	10:38	8.9	4:56	-0.8	4:34	2.1
21 Tue			12:06	7.0	5:50	-1.2	5:32	2.1
21 *			11:29	9.0				
22 Wed			12:56	7.2	6:39	-1.5	6:26	2.0
23 Thu	0:18	8.9	1:42	7.4	7:24	-1.5	7:16	1.9
24 Fri	1:04	8.7	2:25	7.5	8:06	-1.4	8:03	1.8
25 Sat	1:49	8.4	3:05	7.6	8:44	-1.1	8:49	1.8
26 Sun	2:31	8.1	3:42	7.6	9:20	-0.7	9:33	1.7
27 Mon	3:14	7.7	4:17	7.5	9:54	-0.3	10:17	1.7
28 Tue	3:58	7.2	4:52	7.4	10:26	0.2	11:02	1.7
29 Wed	4:45	6.6	5:28	7.4	11:03	0.8	11:53	1.7
30 Thu	5:41	6.1	6:08	7.3	11:42	1.3		
31 Fri	6:47	5.6	6:53	7.3	0:50	1.6	12:28	1.9

BASEBALL

So, the Cubs are safe at second. Yes, it is a fun place to be. And Sosa and Grace and the Kid and the Killer are doing the job. And yes, we called for Leyland to coach, but it looks like Rigelman is taking a page from the old pirate, and using what he's got to win, and getting a team together. So, what are the odds for a Yankee/Cubs Series, and who's holding the money? Okay, we know that Atlanta is out there, and must be dealt with, but hell, they're nothing but the Boston/Milwaukee/Atlanta Braves, and we be the Chicago Cubs, period. Go Cubbies! This Year!



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