

UPPER LEFT EDGE

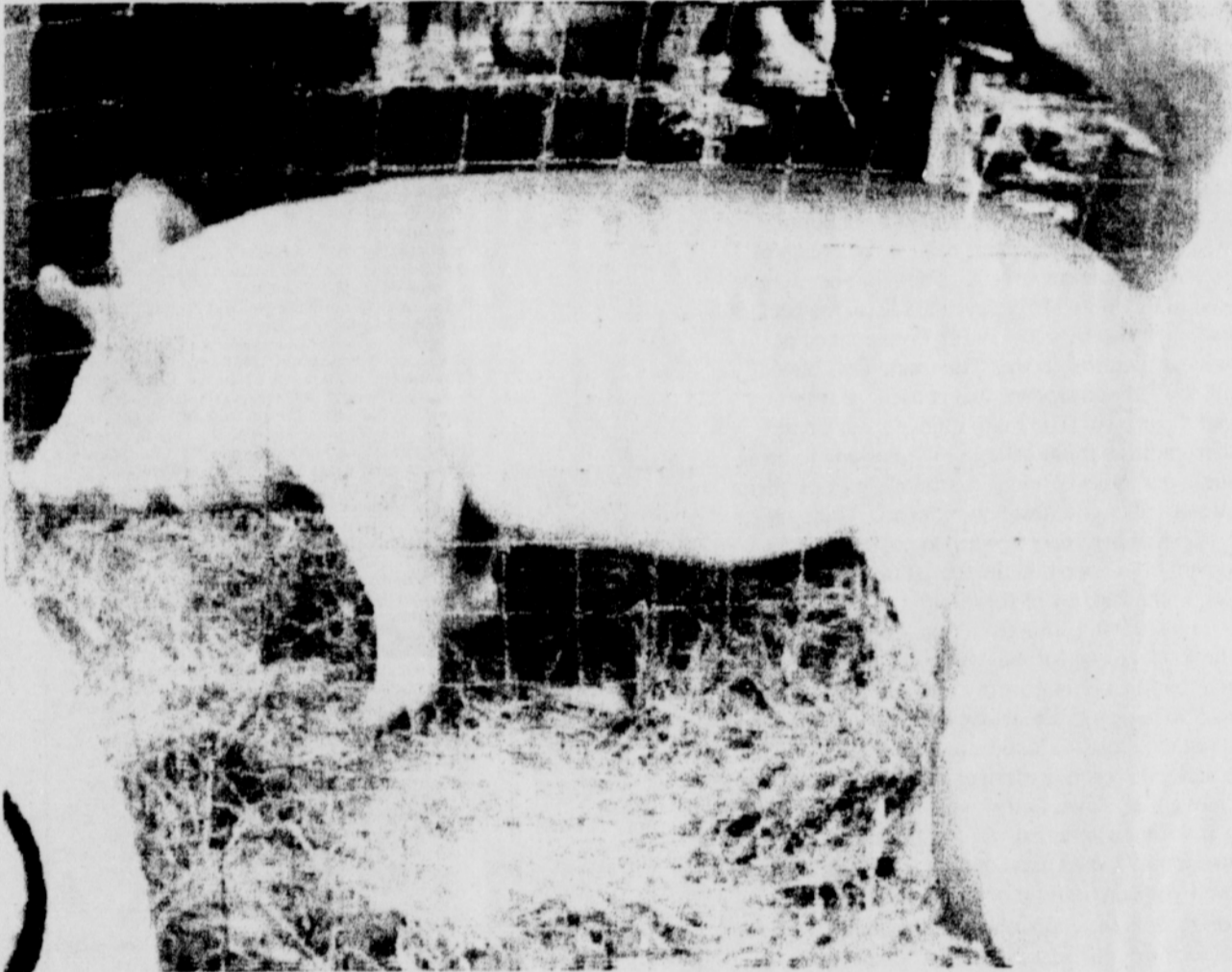
VOLUME 10 NUMBER 3

AUGUST 2001

FREE!

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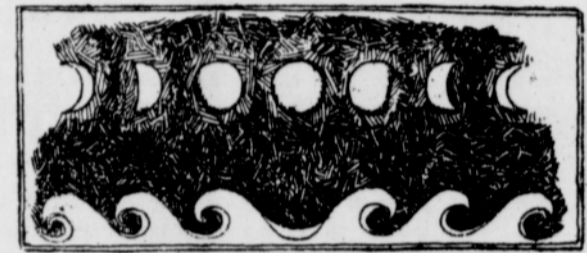
"All is Chaos under Heaven, and the Situation is Excellent."



"Turpentine Willy" photo by Jack Harris

See Page 2 for more information)

Mao Tse-Tung



WASHINGTON AND OREGON COASTS
2001 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	MOON	HIGH AUGUST				LOW AUGUST			
		TIME	FT	TIME	FT	TIME	FT	TIME	FT
1 Wed	•	12:08	6.6	11:19	8.2	5:50	-0.9	5:27	2.6
2 Thur	•			12:52	6.8	6:34	-1.0	6:15	2.5
3 Fri	•	0:02	8.2	1:32	6.9	7:13	-1.0	6:59	2.4
4 Sat	•	0:43	8.1	2:09	7.0	7:49	-0.9	7:41	2.3
5 SUN	•	1:21	8.0	2:43	7.1	8:22	-0.8	8:19	2.1
6 Mon	•	1:59	7.9	3:13	7.1	8:52	-0.6	8:57	2.0
7 Tues	•	2:36	7.7	3:42	7.2	9:20	-0.3	9:34	1.8
8 Wed	•	3:15	7.3	4:10	7.3	9:47	0.0	10:12	1.7
9 Thur	•	3:57	6.9	4:38	7.4	10:16	0.5	10:55	1.5
10 Fri	•	4:45	6.4	5:11	7.5	10:49	1.0	11:44	1.4
11 Sat	•	5:44	5.9	5:51	7.6	11:28	1.5
12 SUN	•	6:59	5.4	6:39	7.6	0:45	1.2	12:18	2.1
13 Mon	•	8:22	5.3	7:38	7.7	1:55	0.8	1:22	2.6
14 Tues	•	9:39	5.6	8:42	8.0	3:08	0.3	2:35	2.9
15 Wed	•	10:44	6.0	9:46	8.3	4:14	-0.3	3:48	2.8
16 Thur	•	11:40	6.5	10:47	8.6	5:12	-0.9	4:53	2.5
17 Fri	•	12:29	6.9	11:44	9.0	6:04	-1.5	5:52	2.1
18 Sat	•			1:15	7.4	6:52	-1.8	6:48	1.6
19 SUN	•	0:40	9.1	1:58	7.7	7:38	-1.9	7:41	1.1
20 Mon	•	1:34	9.1	2:39	8.1	8:21	-1.7	8:33	0.6
21 Tues	•	2:27	8.8	3:20	8.3	9:03	-1.3	9:25	0.3
22 Wed	•	3:20	8.3	4:00	8.4	9:44	-0.7	10:18	0.1
23 Thur	•	4:16	7.6	4:42	8.4	10:26	0.0	11:14	0.1
24 Fri	•	5:16	6.8	5:26	8.2	11:11	0.8
25 Sat	•	6:23	6.2	6:15	7.9	0:15	0.2	12:01	1.6
26 SUN	•	7:37	5.8	7:12	7.6	1:21	0.2	1:00	2.3
27 Mon	•	8:53	5.7	8:14	7.4	2:32	0.1	2:07	2.7
28 Tues	•	10:00	6.0	9:16	7.4	3:39	-0.1	3:17	2.8
29 Wed	•	10:57	6.3	10:13	7.5	4:37	-0.3	4:19	2.6
30 Thur	•	11:44	6.7	11:03	7.6	5:26	-0.5	5:13	2.3
31 Fri	•	12:24	6.9	11:48	7.7	6:08	-0.7	6:00	2.0

AM TIDES LITE TYPE * BIGGER THE DOT, BETTER THE FISHING! PM TIDES BOLD TYPE
DAYLIGHT TIME

Behind the Times

Michael Burgess

Our conversation took a turn to the apocalyptic, hardly a surprise. We're of an age, my friend and I, to have seen much handwriting on the wall; more than a little of it darkly hilarious, filled with portents of irony and merciless consequence. Always something to laugh about. My friend brought up evolution and wondered, not idly, if the latest version of homo sapiens might not have painted itself into a corner. If the driving engine of evolution is variation, he wondered, doesn't that make homogenizing world culture a suicidal act? As a social animal, do we or do we not need difference, and the alchemical birth and rebirth that comes of it, to become, not just all we can be, but what we may just need to be in order to stay in the game?

Does, for instance, the appearance of a McDonald's in Bombay and dengue fever in Connecticut send the same signal as a canary dropping over in a coal mine? Does gathering the family around the cable's burning bush to watch Survivor make us more or less likely to survive when, not if, push comes to shove? Does eating the same food, drinking the same bottled water, reading the same books, watching the same movies (even if they're films), listening to the same music and not thinking the same unpleasant thoughts make us the chosen species or the most likely doomed?

Culture is more than the reflection of a group; it molds and determines the group's perception and definition of reality. We build our lives, our hopes and our dreams on, not necessarily the way things are, but the way we see things. If we all embrace, or are embraced by, the same reality, what happens when, once again not if, large scale reality changes? Are we inventing the best of all possible worlds or, like mildly suspicious, hard-partying salmon, swimming toward the turbine blades of our manifest destiny? Should any of the many unthinkable bad scenarios occur, will we bend in the wind of large scale karma or snap like a cheap plastic spoon?

Take, for example, invasion from outer space.

Before we go further, you need to know this. I have never, to the best of my knowledge, been

abducted by aliens. Nothing (although I could be in posthypnotic denial) has been implanted in any of my orifices, no tissue samples have been scooped out and no degrading sexual procedures inflicted on me while my body was oddly immobilized, although some nights I might have welcomed it. I have no memories, even vague ones, of short gray beings with large black eyes and questionable agendas; there are no missing blocks of time that cannot be accounted for either by friends, immediate family or the authorities. I have had, in short, no close encounters of any kind. I have not had even distant ones.

None of which shakes my belief in unidentified flying objects or, by extension, who or whatever is flying them. I am, I admit without apology, a consummate and congenial believer. I have no trouble believing in unproven facts and objects or events I may never see. I believe, devoutly as a matter of fact, in things I know I'll never see. I believe in electrons, although no one has ever seen one, because I believe in the truth and beauty of quantum physics. I believe in fairies, which many swear they've seen, because I believe in the truth and beauty of physical reality and the swarming, pregnant world of possibilities we know lies giggling behind it. I believe in alien life forms because I believe the universe itself is alive, and because the notion we're the most intelligent life form in an act of creation that's been going on for the first half of forever is, for anyone with the brains of a crowbar, a real chuckle.

What becomes clear when you take the time to look is that humans have been seeing odd things in the sky for at least as long as civilization has kept a diary. While our ancestors may have slogged through life without the Discovery Channel and Yahoo, they were not uniformly stupid and, even for me, it's difficult to believe every one of the thousands of eye witnesses over the thousands of years was a raving lunatic or a liar. Some of them; absolutely. Many of them; possibly. All of them? Not a chance. Indeed, after decades of prodding and derisive laughter, the federal government now admits there have been sightings that, okay, might not actually have been weather balloons, swamp

Continued on Page 7

BASEBALL

Okay, now this is getting serious. We are past the half way point in the season and our beloved Cubs are hanging onto first place in their division. People are beginning to notice. There is a quote "Despair is not the problem, I can handle despair, it's the hope that I can't handle." The Cubs fans are use to despair as well as abuse and ridicule, but hope brings the fear of disappointment once again. Oh, please, Go Cubbies!!

Okay, that was written before "The Crime Dog" started covering first. Yes, we would have preferred to have Grace for the stretch run, but... and yes, he deserves to be there, but... we work with the cards we have. Why are we trying to remember "Casey at the Bat"? "Hope springs eternal within the human breast?" Yep, that's the line. Oh, my.



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