

# UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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## "The only way to win is to not play the game."



### Oregon Country Fair

For our readers who are not familiar with the Oregon Country Fair; a little history: In 1971 a group of, well, hippies produced an event called the Renaissance Faire, on the banks of the Long Tom river west of Eugene. There were craft and food booths, music, art, and people dressed in strange clothing, or nothing at all. It was a sort of gathering of the tribe. The tribe, being counter culture, also did a bit of business in various substances that were considered illegal by the main stream. Beautiful young women, often scantily clad, strolled around with baskets over their arms, and would inquire if you wanted some 'special' brownies, meaning marijuana brownies. We recall one year a young man walking about with a burlap sack over his shoulder, his inquiry was, "buttons?" meaning he had peyote. "Acid" and "Buds" were often offered by strolling merchants.

Well, as time went by and the folks got older, they began to moderate their lifestyles; the use of illegal drugs became more discreet, and a lot of folks would just bring a cooler of beer. Eventually the hippies formed a corporation and began the process of buying the 285 acres that the fair now covers. The final payment was made in 1989; you can still see the canceled check at the History Booth. Over the years they made improvements to the land and adopted strict environmental policies. They began an archeological dig, because part of the fair site had once been the location of a native village. They also began several programs to reach out to the community, and now give thousands of dollars annually to support community projects. The fair has become a major percentage of the yearly income of hundreds of artist and crafts people, who must be juried in, and often wait years for a spot. The music and entertainment are unmatched in quality or quantity by anything we have ever seen. The fair becomes a village each year for a couple of weeks. With it's own water department, fire department, garbage and recycling service, parks department, communications system, museum, transportation and parking services, several fine theaters, galleries, and restaurants, a world-class sauna and open air shower facility with a grand piano by the open fire, a hospital, sanitary system, and security, or a police force if you prefer that term.

This year the security people were faced with a situation they had never been faced with before, and that's saying something. Over the years we have watched as security folks, who tend to look just like everyone else except for their T-shirts, but once you have watched them calm down and eject a group of twenty bikers, with smiles on their faces, you begin



### -War Games (The Movie)

to look at them differently. Last year they were faced with a situation where some idiots camping on land that borders the fair were luring young folks into tents and dosing them with some sort of date-rape drug. These folks were found and arrested with the help of security, but not before a great deal of havoc was caused. We personally witnessed a security operation one night. Walking back to camp we noticed a quickened movement of several forms as they passed us, and spoke quietly but intently in their walky talkies. In front of us they had turned around and were keeping ahead of a group of other security folks who were surrounding an obviously confused and naked young man who was trying to attack anyone who got near him. Every time he attacked, the group shifted and his efforts were for naught, and he was still contained in their circle. Most security folks are adept at some form of self defense or martial art, Tia Kuan Do, & Tia Chi are the most favored because of the protection they give to the opponent, and they are all trained in conflict resolution, and some of them are, simply put, holy people. They steered the man into an open area by the main entrance, and then, almost magically, the circle collapsed, and they very gently placed him on the ground, and held him very still. They made sure his face wasn't in the dirt, and spoke quietly to him, asking him if they were holding him too tight. They reformed their circle, and seemed to direct the curious attention away from situation. Though your beloved rev. was watching intently from a distance, and had no intention of interfering with their work, one woman came over and smiled. "Hi," she said, waiting for a reaction of some kind. "What's his problem?" we asked. "We aren't sure, paranoid behavior, aggressive, violent, irrational..." She sounded like a mental health professional, as she may well have been. She seemed to decide I was not a threat to her team and rejoined the circle. I could now see others of the team direct their attention outward when someone crossed the invisible barrier they had established. Meanwhile the half dozen folks who were holding the young man on the ground explained the options that were available to him. He could control his behavior, put on some clothes, and talk to someone about his problem, or he could face arrest and a long ride to Eugene, naked in the back of the Sheriff's car. They recommended the former, but he was beyond that point. While this whole deal was going down, we watched some of the faces of the security folks. They were filled with concern, determination, and something like empathy, as though this stranger was a family member who had a problem. He himself wasn't the problem. No one was on an adrenaline high; they were calm, gentle and often smiled. We watched as they gently and carefully picked him up, maintaining complete control, and walked away to deliver him to the Sheriff. We wonder about his ride to Eugene. Was the Sheriff going to have the patience we had seen? As the team started to wander back to whatever they had been doing before, we heard one say, "Well, I'm off for the night, want a beer?" "No," was the reply, "I want a big fat joint and a shower."

So this year, these folks were informed that they were responsible for enforcing the "War on Drugs." It seems that the District Attorney for Lane County, a Mr. Doug Harclerod, threatened to seize the land if any drug activity was detected at the Fair this year. Our well-read friends remember him as the guy that recorded the confession of a prisoner to a priest, and wanted it admitted as evidence in a court of law. He obviously has his own ideas of what is right. The constitution on the other hand has a different idea. To our readers in Eugene, we encourage you to work to bring a solution to the problem. Recalling Mr. Harclerod seems to be the fast way. The gentleman seems to have an attitude. Mr. H thinks the Country Fair is a "nuisance" and that gives the state the right to confiscate the property. The word nuisance comes from the Latin, "nocere; harm, hurt." There were an estimated 1,500 "undercover" officers at the fair this year. The "undercover" folks usually consisted of two guys with baseball caps, hippie T-shirts, sun glasses, Levi's, tennis shoes, and a small backpack, that we assume carried their

continued on page 2 ..Fair..



ASTORIA TIDES August - High Tides				ASTORIA TIDES August - Low Tides			
DATE	A.M. time ft.	P.M. time ft.		DATE	A.M. time ft.	P.M. time ft.	
1 Fri	0:12 8.3	1:33 7.0		1 Fri	7:19 -1.0	7:05 2.0	
2 Sat	0:57 8.3	2:15 7.2		2 Sat	8:00 -1.0	7:51 1.9	
3 Sun	1:39 8.2	2:53 7.3		3 Sun	8:37 -0.9	8:34 1.8	
4 Mon	2:19 8.1	3:27 7.4		4 Mon	9:11 -0.7	9:14 1.7	
5 Tue	2:58 7.9	3:59 7.4		5 Tue	9:42 -0.5	9:52 1.6	
6 Wed	3:35 7.6	4:29 7.4		6 Wed	10:12 -0.2	10:30 1.5	
7 Thu	4:14 7.3	4:58 7.4		7 Thu	10:40 0.2	11:08 1.4	
8 Fri	4:55 6.9	5:28 7.5		8 Fri	11:10 0.6	11:49 1.4	
9 Sat	5:41 6.4	6:01 7.5		9 Sat	11:42 1.0		
10 Sun	6:36 5.9	6:41 7.5		10 Sun	0:37 1.3	12:21 1.5	
11 Mon	7:45 5.5	7:30 7.5		11 Mon	1:34 1.3	1:11 2.0	
12 Tue	9:03 5.4	8:29 7.5		12 Tue	2:42 1.1	2:13 2.4	
13 Wed	10:17 5.6	9:33 7.7		13 Wed	3:52 0.7	3:25 2.6	
14 Thu	11:21 6.0	10:36 8.0		14 Thu	4:56 0.1	4:35 2.5	
15 Fri		11:35 8.5		15 Fri	5:53 -0.5	5:39 2.2	
16 Sat		1:04 7.0		16 Sat	6:43 -1.0	6:36 1.8	
17 Sun	0:30 8.7	1:49 7.5		17 Sun	7:30 1.4	7:30 1.3	
18 Mon	1:24 8.9	2:32 7.9		18 Mon	8:14 -1.5	8:22 0.8	
19 Tue	2:16 9.0	3:13 8.2		19 Tue	8:58 -1.5	9:13 0.3	
20 Wed	3:08 8.8	3:54 8.5		20 Wed	9:40 -1.3	10:04 0.0	
21 Thu	4:01 8.4	4:36 8.6		21 Thu	10:22 -0.8	10:56 -0.1	
22 Fri	4:55 7.8	5:19 8.6		22 Fri	11:06 -0.2	11:51 -0.1	
23 Sat	5:54 7.2	6:06 8.4		23 Sat	11:52 0.5		
24 Sun	6:58 6.5	6:58 8.1		24 Sun	0:51 0.0	12:43 1.2	
25 Mon	8:10 6.1	7:57 7.8		25 Mon	1:57 0.1	1:43 1.8	
26 Tue	9:25 6.0	9:02 7.6		26 Tue	3:07 0.1	2:51 2.2	
27 Wed	10:34 6.1	10:07 7.5		27 Wed	4:17 0.0	4:02 2.3	
28 Thu	11:34 6.5	11:06 7.6		28 Thu	5:18 -0.2	5:06 2.2	
29 Fri		12:23 8.6		29 Fri	6:09 -0.5	6:02 1.9	
30 Sat		1:15 7.7		30 Sat	6:53 -0.6	6:51 1.6	
31 Sun	0:43 7.8	1:43 7.3		31 Sun	7:32 -0.6	7:34 1.3	

## BASEBALL

As we enter the dog days of August our beloved Cubs are settled into the root cellar of the Central Division on the National League. It is cool and comfortable there, familiar and safe from the coming storms of the Playoffs and the Series. It has been a typical summer of Cubs baseball, pitching that was second best, fielding that was brilliant and boneheaded from one play to the next. Runners and batters combining to get folks to third where they would die. The whole team playing beautiful baseball for seven innings, then falling apart. Extra inning games lost by one run. Typical. Why, you might ask, do Cubs fans put up with it? Could it be they love the game more than the winning?



You can't say that civilization don't advance, for in every war they kill you in a new way.  
-Will Rogers

cannon beach  
arts association

"Old Steel - Recent Sculptures"  
by Pat Rock (yeah!)  
plus a juried show.  
Aug 9th - Sept. 2nd  
at the Cannon Beach Gallery  
1064 S. Hemlock  
Cannon Beach, Oregon

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