

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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“I have not come this far to worry about where I’m going now.”

Lance Sterling
(Posted behind the bar in the Old Oregon Tavern in Lincoln City)

Dear Rev. Billy --

I don't think I have ever written a letter to any editor or any newspaper, but I just read the August Upper Left Edge and am concerned about your promised second installment on your visit to the Oregon County Fair, "The Midnight Show."

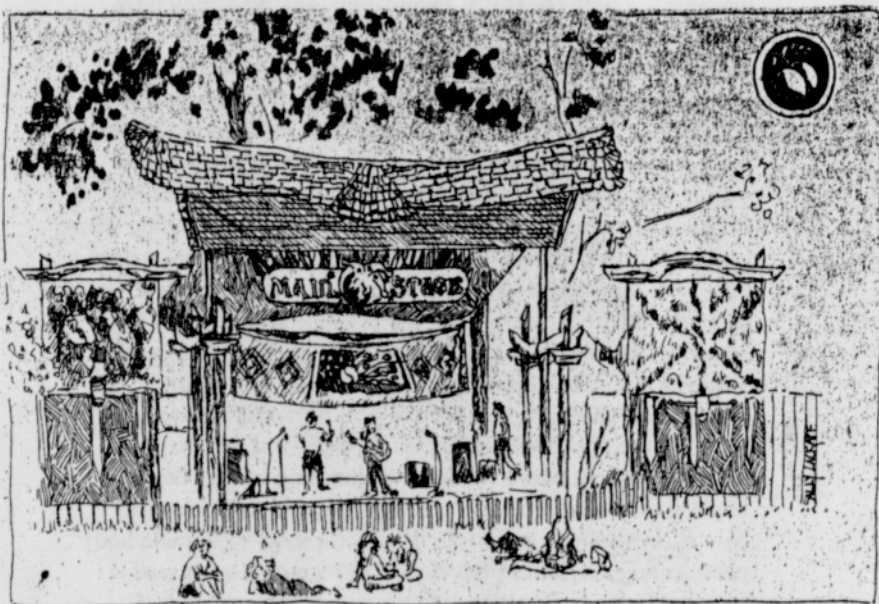
One of the joys of the Fair is the giving. We give the public an experience like nowhere else. We give each other the pleasure of colors, sounds, smells and sights not usually available. We share our painted bodies, our hugs and, I hear still sometimes, our dope. And, although we wish we could share all of this with everyone who wanted some of the Fair life, we can't because of all those things the "real" world imposes on us -- land use permits limiting the number of people who camp there, portable johns which we pay to have emptied, water which gets trucked in every 4 hours all day and night during the event, damage to that sweet piece of land where tribes have gathered since the Calapooia, and on and on. So, mostly, we share with the people who give to the Fair, who bring and sell their crafts and work all day cooking for us, who figure out how to park the maximum number of cars in the fields, who help the neighbors deal with the onslaught, who advise people that the police always have undercover agents training at the fair who might be watching you light up that joint, so please throw it away right now.... Sometimes, people who aren't really part of this sharing and giving Fair scene get to camp out for the fair anyway, meet the family after dark and see what that is all about. You got to do that this year and that's a great example of good karma and good friends. I'm glad that happened. What I, and many other fair family, can't have is a bunch of people eager to see the midnight show sneaking in at night with no place to stay, no sense of family, not paying for the shitters and the water. And if they can't come, why make them really miserable by telling them in your fabulous prose what they are missing. I hate being exclusive (another of those contradictions of the fair) and there are options for those who want to be part of the fair family but aren't, who want to see the midnight show but can't:

Start your own fair -- it's a lot of work, but a lot of fun and you probably know enough like-minded people to put it together yourselves and in a couple of years you would have your own midnight show. I know it sounds harsh, but that's the only way this energy will really continue when we are all too old to sleep on the ground and need help walking on the rough ground.

Contribute, give and share and earn your way to your own camping pass -- develop a craft, volunteer for a staff crew, come early and work construction for the month of June building the fences, benches and infrastructure you enjoy. Then you have worked enough to enjoy the gift the performers give you -- one more show Saturday night because you were too busy during the day doing your job to be able to catch all the good acts.

Am I being clear? I hope so. Maybe the midnight show you write about in September will be the stars you saw through the trees as you listened to the drum beats, falling asleep. Or the images that still run through your dreams, repeating the daytime sights of the fair. Or even the fantastic juggling that was available in chela mela every day. But not, please, what a great exclusive party there was in a certain meadow on a particular night that might make everyone want to figure out how they could come and simply take that piece without giving or sharing anything more.

Thanks.



The Midnight Show

At the Midnight show you get love the old fashioned way, you earn it.

Last month I told our faithful readers a little about the Oregon County Fair and explained that the person who goes to the Fair for the day has no idea why or how the Fair works. The Fair is a small town which, like an impatient Brigadoon, appears for a couple of weeks once a year. A lot of the people who live in the Fair town move there a week or two before the Fair opens to the public. These are mostly maintenance folk, they are called the vega-matics because they are in charge of the vegetation on the site, yeah, volunteer gardeners. And there are sizable crews who get the water systems up and going, and the sewage and layout traffic changes and plan for security. Most, though, the performers, and the majority of the booth people, arrive Wednesday or Thursday before the Fair opens. They set up their tents or repair any damage done to their booths. Some booths that serve food are already open on Wednesdays and Thursdays so folks don't have to cook every meal around the camp stove. These people mostly come every year and make a significant percentage of their incomes from the Fair. Some seem to be there for other reasons, like the Springfield Creamery booth. They sell the best and cheapest ice cream and coffee at the Fair, and they always have nice and amusing folks staffing the booth. It seems more like they just want to support the Fair and enjoy it than make any money. Come to think of it most of the folks who live at the Fair are like that. The money is just what lets them do it. The Creamery booth is next to the Crepe booth where musicians gather after hours.

For folks who walk around all day in the heat and have their minds blown by this fantasy world that appears once a year for three days, the Fair is beautiful. For the folks who live there after the crowds of the day have been swept away, the sun has set, the cool evening breeze begun and the magical lighting of the darkness sprung, it is incredible. The darkened forest of the Fair grounds becomes alight with lanterns and candles beyond count or description, colored banners you passed in the daylight with an appreciative smile take your breath away seen against the darkness fully lit. Children and chronological adults adorn themselves with glow tubes so you see a family of multi colored glow-in-the-dark stick people approaching you on the trail. Free lance fire eaters show their stuff. Food booths are lit-up, dinner is being served. Friday night dinner at Chez Ray's Grits La Ritz is a must for all performers. There is a small stage at this elegant restaurant under the trees, and performers play for their supper, as is the case at most any food booth, but Grits La Ritz is special; besides having the distinction of having catered for the Grateful Dead for years, Chef Ray is a saint who can make a salmon grateful to reach his magic hands. This year the 'tickets' for the Friday night dinner were a cardboard cut outs of a bow tie (yes, it was a black tie sort of event) and an eye, you were suppose to put the tie somewhere near where ties are usually worn, and the eye was to be pasted to your forehead. (Yeah, kinda like a third eye sorta thing. What?) But the really big deal has always been the Midnight Show on Saturday night.

These days the Midnight show begins about nine; yes it is because we are all older and some have children to mind, or grandchildren, and like that. But by dark the field in front of the Main Stage is covered with blankets of every description

Continued on page 2



MOONS & TIDES

CORRECTED FOR PACIFIC BEACH TIDES

September - Tides

WASHINGTON AND OREGON COAST TIDES
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

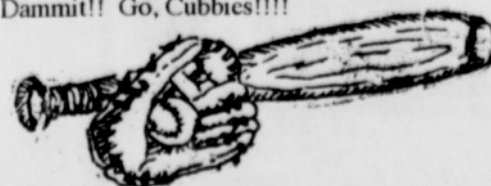
DATE	HIGH TIDES		LOW TIDES	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
1 Wed	5:03	6:7	5:02	8:2
2 Thu	6:12	6:2	5:55	8:1
3 Fri	7:31	5:9	7:00	7:9
4 Sat	8:50	6:0	8:13	7:8
5 Sun	9:59	6:3	9:24	7:9
6 Mon	10:58	6:8	10:28	8:1
7 Tue	11:47	7:3	11:25	8:3
8 Wed			12:32	7:6
9 Thu	0:17	8:4	1:12	7:9
10 Fri	1:04	8:3	1:49	8:0
11 Sat	1:50	8:0	2:23	8:0
12 Sun	2:33	7:7	2:55	8:0
13 Mon	3:16	7:3	3:25	7:8
14 Tue	4:01	6:8	3:55	7:6
15 Wed	4:49	6:4	4:28	7:4
16 Thu	5:45	5:9	5:06	7:1
17 Fri	6:50	5:6	5:56	6:9
18 Sat	8:02	5:6	7:01	6:7
19 Sun	9:09	5:8	8:13	6:7
20 Mon	10:05	6:2	9:21	6:9
21 Tue	10:52	6:6	10:19	7:3
22 Wed	11:32	7:1	11:11	7:7
23 Thu			12:09	7:5
24 Fri			11:59	7:9
25 Sat	0:45	8:1	1:17	8:2
26 Sun	1:32	8:2	1:51	8:5
27 Mon	2:19	8:0	2:25	8:8
28 Tue	3:08	7:7	3:02	8:8
29 Wed	4:02	7:3	3:43	8:7
30 Thu	5:01	6:8	4:30	8:4



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BASEBALL

Rumors of Mark Grace being traded to a baseball team with a chance to win are apparently just that. And speculation that Sosa and Grace will defect to Cuba in order to play on a real team have also been discounted. So once again the Cubs will play out the regular season in the basement and watch the play-offs and the Series like the rest of us, on television. Is it possible that the curse on the Cubs will actually last 100 years? It's getting close. Or maybe, just maybe, next year we will hire Jim Leyland as coach, buy some pitching, and actually win it all? Dammit!! Go, Cubbies!!!!



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