

UPPER LEFT EDGE

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FREE!

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Ever notice that what the hell is always the right answer?



ANATOMY OF A PIG PARTY
By Jack Straw

I met Professor Lindsey at the Leo Kotke/Cowboy Junkies concert at the Portland Zoo. Although it was a fractured conversation that took place during his numerous visits to my beer line, we seemed to be soul mates. But I was still surprised when the Professor phoned and asked if I would be willing to write his article in "The Upper Left Edge" this month. Because of laryngitis he couldn't do it. Being an aspiring writer I, of course, jumped at the chance to fill the shoes of a top-notch columnist in a world-renowned periodical. The Professor mentioned a party of such monumental proportions that the coverage could merit a Pulitzer prize even if you couldn't write your way out of a wet paper sack. He opined that maybe, in time, this will be Cannon Beach's answer to the Oregon Country Fair. But he strongly warned me not to tell anyone and be sure to destroy the map I would receive. So I packed my bag and with great expectations headed for the coast.

As prearranged, I met the Professor in Bill's Tavern and Brewery on Sunday evening around 4:30 p.m., a time he referred to as Vespers. I found this odd because the sun wouldn't set for hours. With a broad smile he thanked me repeatedly for coming, shook my arm out of its socket, handed me an archaic map to the party, and told me to follow a blue van which would be headed to the festivities. At this time a burly, ponytail gentleman said he was riding to the party in the very same van and while the brewer was loading the kegs there would be time for a pint of ale. I ordered myself one. The ponytail had three. Minutes later I found myself on the road to Hedonism.

I followed the blue van through quaint coastal towns, over roads with views that were fit for postcards. We crossed rivers, drove through valleys virtually bursting at the seams with cows, passed a winery and damn near hit a banjo player near the local grocery store. I decided to check my map. I could have sworn we were lost. But the van pressed on. I decided to relax and enjoy myself when I saw a huge cloud of smoke that could only be coming from a raging forest fire. The van slowed, turned into the smoke and disappeared. I decided to throw caution to the wind, along with the map as directed, and followed on the narrow, gravel road with visibility under two feet. Suddenly I came across a Forest Service truck that barely missed me. Armageddon! And then light and the blue van as I slam on my brakes. The Ponytail walks up with a can of Hamm's screaming "You made it! Let's tap the kegs." I decided to stick with Wild-eyed Brewer and Ponytail.

The first order of business seemed to be getting the beer out of the van and set up as quickly as possible. I decided to help. The doors on the blue van were opened and there, slightly concealed by kegs of beer, was a huge piece of pork. When I saw the headless bloody torso I began to wonder what other food might be available. Ponytail explained that Don's granddaughter raised the 200 pound pig as a 4-H Project. After months feeding on brewery by-products it won a Blue Ribbon at the County Fair. That made me feel better about the food but a little sad for the girl. We put the beer kegs on a small trailer behind a tractor and a fellow with an English accent, who swore he was born and raised in Cannon Beach, gingerly navigated past a huge pit. I then realized the source of all the smoke had been this deep hole filled with smoldering wood. There, I was told, is where Turpentine Willie III will be put to rest. A goateed young man came forward crossed himself before the pit and said a Forest Service guy had already made the scene after seeing all the smoke, had inspected all preparations for the up-coming services, and had given his seal of approval so happily everything was a go. I was amazed to see that not only was the ale already tapped and flowing, but Ponytail was offering forth a cup of bronzy liquid. "Well, now that we are fortified, let's set up camp." Camp? Uh-Oh, I had forgotten my tent.

Wild-eyed Brewer and Ponytail came prepared. I, on the other hand, was feeling sheepish and tentless, but followed out of curiosity. For the first time I really started to look around the property. This was an amazing place for a party with over three acres of neatly mowed grass landscaped with a wide

Marilyn Monroe

variety of trees, rhododendrons, decorative bushes, and crocuses that had waited until the party to bloom. The three of us and the gear crossed a somewhat bouncy bridge over Foley Creek. This was a gateway into another world. We had arrived in Tent City, housing for many stalwart individuals who were going to spend one, two or three nights enjoying all the festivities. The accommodations ranged from a very small tent possibly for a dog to very elaborate pyramid-like structures that must have taken several individuals and hours to erect. One even had a statue of Buddha. By all accounts one of the neighbor ladies taking a tour of tent city later that night spotted the Buddha surrounded with burning candles, recoiled with fright and hightailed it home. At any rate, Wild-eyed Brewer and Ponytail had quite modest tents so they were quickly set up just in time for call to dinner.

Much to my surprise I found out these people are almost gourmets. A half bushel of oysters, fresh tuna and chicken were being cooked on barbecues. There were organic salad makings and new potatoes brought from a local farm and a decorative fruit salad imported from Portland. All of this was washed down with copious amounts of micro-brews from Bill's Tavern while listening to Bap Kennedy. Someone had forgotten to bring the Bad Livers tape. After stuffing ourselves we gathered around the pit, drank more ale, told each other lies, and fed about two cords of wood into the fire pit. The Turpentine Brothers chose this time and setting to relate a tale of local folklore. Although a little hazy at the time I will try to recreate the essence of the story:

"Beware! Only when the Pig Party is well underway will the first splinters of terror work their way into our hearts. It is at this time during any gathering when one must begin to fear the activities of drunks, artists, and volunteer firemen. But the Pig Party brings out a whole new entity to fear -- the dreaded Sasquatch of Cannon Beach now relocated to the Miami Foley Valley. Halfway through the third keg of ale, when most upstanding revelers are just beginning to barely glimpse their dark side, a hideous creature with questionable intent is well on his way to the transformation from amiable party-goer to the dreaded Sasquatch. His atrocities normally reside in camp tales spun harmlessly by Boy Scouts and Cultists on summer retreats, but the Pig Party reveals his worst behavior ten-fold. He has been seen at a Garden Party, not unlike the one we are attending now, dressed in drag and looking good. Attempting to negotiate a short flight of stairs he stumbled and fell as is the nature of a beast with little muscular coordination. Ultimately he lay sprawled at the foot of the stairs with his dress hiked up sufficiently to expose himself to the party guests unfortunate enough to be within viewing distance. Ghastly to be sure! We relate this story only by way of a warning. It has happened in the past, it will most assuredly happen again."

After the horrifying tale, the many brews, and all the food, I was getting very drowsy so I scurried off to my humble digs -- the car. As I drifted off to sleep I heard the beating of drums, something that sounded like chanting Indians, coyotes howling in the distance, and eerie cackles that could only be coming from the depths of Hell. I locked my car doors, pulled a jacket over my head, and cried myself to sleep. This car was to be my Sanctuary.

Monday morning I emerged from the car with a slight crick in my neck and a bit of a hangover from the ale guzzling. But with sunny skies over my head and the birds chirping all around me, the childish fears of the night before became a distant memory. With some urgency I made my way to the Gold Room, the yellow port-a-potty rented for the occasion, and drained off the spent ale. With that accomplished it was on to the deck where several of the faithful had gathered to manufacture breakfast; drink coffee, more beer or Bloody Marys; and rehash and laugh about last night's exploits. Some of the highlights I remembered vividly while others were just vague recollections. I recalled the Wild-eyed Brewer almost taking a header into the fire pit, people taking turns cranking Three Finger Ron's device to pump air into the fire, constant banter about which pieces of wood to put in next and when we should get around to inserting the pig. Just before breakfast, I was told that once again this year the pig didn't make it into the pit until 3:00 a.m. This brought on much hooting and hollering and good-natured ribbing about whether the pig would be cooked in time for tonight's festivities. After a couple of Bloody Marys to quell the throbbing in my head and the queasy feeling in my stomach I "pigged out" on

Continued on Page 2



WASHINGTON & OREGON COASTS
1999 Corrected for PACIFIC BEACHES

DATE	MOON	HIGH OCTOBER		LOW OCTOBER	
		TIME	FT.	TIME	FT.
1 Fri	●	6:09	6.4	5:27	8.0
2 Sat	●	7:24	6.3	6:39	7.6
3 SUN	●	8:38	6.5	8:01	7.5
4 Mon	●	9:42	6.9	9:17	7.4
5 Tues	●	10:36	7.4	10:22	7.6
6 Wed	●	11:21	7.9	11:18	7.8
7 Thur	●	12:01	8.2	12:01	8.2
8 Fri	●	0:08	7.9	12:38	8.4
9 Sat	●	0:54	7.9	1:11	8.5
10 SUN	●	1:37	7.8	1:42	8.4
11 Mon	●	2:19	7.5	2:10	8.3
12 Tues	●	3:00	7.3	2:37	8.2
13 Wed	●	3:43	7.0	3:05	8.0
14 Thur	●	4:28	6.6	3:36	7.7
15 Fri	●	5:18	6.3	4:13	7.4
16 Sat	●	6:17	6.1	5:01	7.1
17 SUN	●	7:22	6.0	6:05	6.7
18 Mon	●	8:26	6.3	7:27	6.6
19 Tues	●	9:21	6.7	8:45	6.7
20 Wed	●	10:08	7.2	9:51	7.1
21 Thur	●	10:48	7.7	10:49	7.5
22 Fri	●	11:25	8.2	11:41	7.8
23 Sat	●	12:01	8.7	12:01	8.7
24 SUN	●	0:32	8.0	12:37	9.1
25 Mon	●	1:21	8.1	1:13	9.4
26 Tues	●	2:12	8.1	1:51	9.6
27 Wed	●	3:04	7.9	2:32	9.5
28 Thur	●	3:58	7.6	3:17	9.2
29 Fri	●	4:57	7.3	4:08	8.7
30 Sat	●	6:01	7.1	5:08	8.1
31 SUN	●	6:09	7.1	5:24	7.5

DAYLIGHT TIME ENDS 2 A.M.
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LITE TYPE DAYLIGHT TIME THRU OCTOBER 30 BOLD TYPE

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I never know whether to pity or congratulate a man on coming to his senses.
William Makepeace Thackeray

BASEBALL

Holy Cow! Sammy Sosa is the first player in history to hit more than sixty home runs two seasons in a row, hell, twice, period. The down side is that Sammy has hit about as many home runs as the Cubs have won games, and it's still a team sport. I don't know about other Cubs fans but every time the ball leaves Sammy's bat and heads for the fence, I seem to hear a faint but excited voice from somewhere in the bleachers, or maybe the press box, or maybe just above it saying, "It could be. It might be. It is. Holy Cow!"



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