

Some Fair Memories by Deane Morrow 12/19/02

First Memory, first site, I think, out w 11th, to the left, wasted. For too many years this was a lot of my fair. Those years sorta blend together and were fun, but I know I missed a lot of what was really going on.

First year present site, Hanging out at Freewheeling Franklin's Hamburger stand. On the point facing Main stage. (Frank Schaffer, now dead, dispensed liquid LSD on a couple of Kesey's bus trips) If not for Frank I might not have stayed. Next year my first booth was next to Franks. Very easy to get a booth, just pay your money and pick out your site. I built my booth out of 2 x 4's and pretty, red white and blue plastic. About the time I was admiring my work I got to meet Cynthia Wooten. I still can hear the screeching, NO PLASTIC ETC. ETC. DIDN'T YOU READ THE GUIDELINES?? I learned how to tie dye sheets, to hide the Plastic. (I talked to her this last year at the fair and she remembered) One of the early years we had a lot of rain. We always had plastic overhead, and a fire. I was amazed how few people were prepared for rain. We kept the fire all night.

Dogs were a problem, fighting and tearing camp sites up.

A lot of folks (other than fair folk) just came for the party and stayed. (Before we had sweeps, or passes) Most crafters left Sunday evening, (I never did.) The atmosphere was not as good when it was just a few crafters, a few staff, and a lot of street people.

The Free Souls Motorcycle club were there as security. At least once they had dog fights. Back then most of them were just hippies on bikes. I went to school with some of them. One night it was nice and peaceful by main stage, in comes a guy on his Harley, (they drove through a lot) just sitting and idling, I finally yelled turn that off, he left and a lot of people applauded.

One year a guy came by with a gunny sack, my friend Bill asked what is in the sack? The quiet answer was peyote buttons. A lot of people came out of everywhere. He said once a day in the morning he would stop by. The rest of the day he was not working - selling, just enjoying. Bill knew how to clean them so none of us ever got sick. (Get rid of anything white, or close. You lose about half a button but so what they were only 25 cents). One year first thing, go to the drug info booth, look for whatever, blackboard says rumored peyote buttons, I of course went looking and finding. Took the paper bag back and showed. Black board changed to confirmed, and the price. (O the good old days) The drug info booth was mostly to let people know if there were bad drugs, like one year it was something like watch out for the "orange sunshine".

One of the complaints from some people trying to drive by the fair was the fact there was naked people directing traffic from the highway.

O yea, back then my craft was roach clips made out of coat hangers. Some years I never had craft, just a booth. Sometimes (often even) staff would tell me about, or send me, someone who showed up at the last minute with crafts but no booth.

I had my booth for some years and then someone on staff asked what was the name of my booth, she seemed surprised when I did not have a name,( it just never came up) we decided on El Roacho because of the roach clips. I remember seeing uniformed and plainclothes cops I knew from school. This remembering is fun but myself is getting tired.