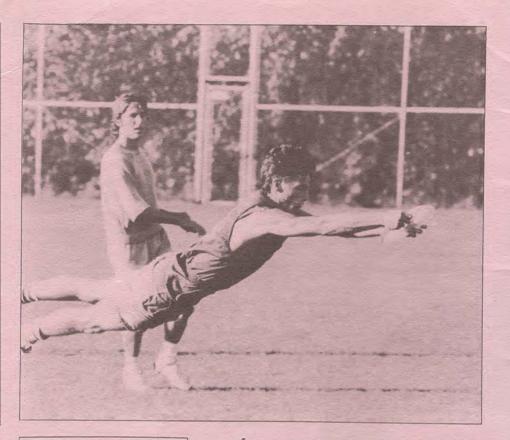
ULTIMATE TIMES

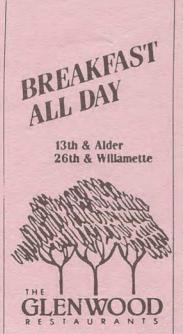
10th Annual Summer Solstice

Celebration

June, 1988







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GREETINGS !

In the Tradition of the Dark Star the Eugene Ultimate Players Welcome You to the 10th Annual Summer Solstice Celebration

For those who remember the awakening of the first Solstice. such a landmark event is significant not only in the development of the sport, but also in the advance of age. And for those who don't take a moment to reminisce on your first Solstice experience. To those encountering this sumptuous lifestyle for the first time this is an ideal opportunity to extend the invitation thru the But for the here next decade. and now, drop your bags and let the festivities take you on an adventure above and beyond any tournament you've ever imagined.



This elitist of elite tournaments is renowned for providing stuffy people with high calibre competition, state of the art rules and no boundaries in the fun zone.

This year over 25 teams will participate in the spirit of the game by adhering to the following laws.

The Ten Commandments

- 1) no foul play;
- enjoy the company of each other and make new friends;
- the wind is your friend (the rainmight be too);
- 4) respect the opinion of others;
- 5) lose that baggage!!!;
- 6) positive attitudes prevail;
- 7) control your destiny take risks;
- 8) suffer the consequences;
- 9) strive to be the best you can be
- 10) don't take it too seriously.

With this notion in mind it's time to kick back, relax, let it flow and cut loose the ropes that tie you down.

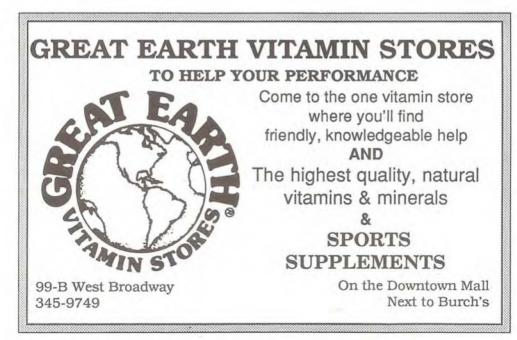
Have a great Solstice!





Hug your defender

PLAY ULTIMATE !



Serious and Fun

by Jon King

Well people, its Solstice time again. The longest day. The highest sun. The best game. A collection of characters from across the country descend on Eugene for what again promises to be the event of the year. Last year I wrote that we all had to be strong in our dedication to keeping the spirit of convivial ultimate alive. This is still true. however each tournament I play in reminds me that things have changed. We are still a family, although the pains of adolescence are fierce. The competitive zeal and will to win, which have so helped to bring the technical level of the game to its present state, threaten to kill off the joy of interaction which make ultimate worthwhile.

It looks something like the arms race. Certainly we come together to test ourselves in battle. Are we "weekend warriors"? I have to ask

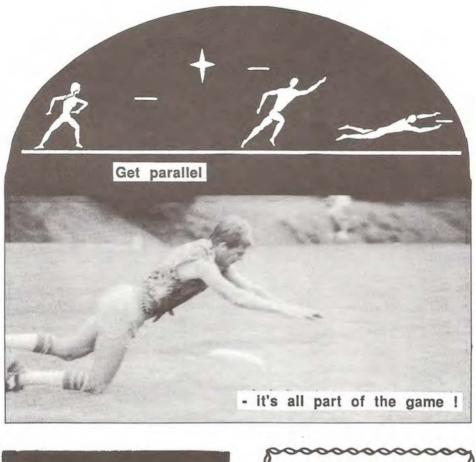


myself "to what extent am I a weekend peacemaker?" Or am I simply a tired old gunfighter lamenting a situation to which I have contributed mightily. You might ask that of yourself. Does the ultimate field these days present us with a vision of our common humanity?

On the other hand, when the games begin I can meet anew the many people who I know and love. I play this game because at its best, it sets my soul on fire with the absolute delight of being. And I remember that this game will always invite both those who play to win, and those who play to play on.

It will not be the systematic mind that helps ultimate flower. It will not be the angry mind which will renew its spirit. It will be as it has always been. Horizontal junkies, idiots who insist on throwing tomatoes into 40 mph headwinds, people with paint on their face and a laugh in their heart, and the folks who recognize that we are all teammates and behave as such, will keep this game alive. What matters is that playing together still excites our souls to joy, for joy will always attract people who are wild enough to play ultimate the way it was meant to be played -- with humorous abandon. So no compromise, no sellout, and no flim flammy cautious souled bullshit allowed here. Lets get on with it.





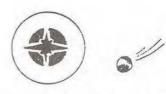


An Ultimate Legend

by Mike Wing

With nicknames like Guido, Jimmy Jack, Jym Kata, Little Jim, Big Jim, Yowsa, Jymnasium and Baloney how could this man not be a legend?

Tim Maloney was one of the founders of the Dark Star in 1977. Although the team never reached the Nationals, it must be noted that they were among the Western Region's finest in the early 1980's. Dark Star was a finalist in the '80 Western Regionals, a semi-finalist in the '82 Western Regionals, and a finalist in the '83 Santa Barbara Classic.



The Solstice Celebration was the first tournament in the Western Region to adopt the concepts of playing to points and not to time, a stall count dropped to 10, and the standard use of quarter-finals in elimination tournaments. This event also introduced the social aspect of Ultimate featuring a Saturday night party with overnight camping to keep party-goers from having to drink and drive (or think). The efforts of the Dark Star team, and Tim as spokesperson has left an impression which can not be denied. (cont. page 13)



<u>1988 Solstice</u>

<u>Participants</u>

MEN'S

Eugene Dark Star- Eleven years and the star is still shining. Eugene B - More sweetness than any team deserves. Portland Hogs - Pigs in a blanket... or just wankers? Humboldt Hugs - Co-ed Ultimate? Rumor is hugs are better than drugs. Berkley High - These guys act like they are still in high school. Corvallis Slugs - Look out for these notorious cleat clogging creatures on

the field.

Oakland Fresh Kids - This team is so fresh it makes our eyes water. UC Berkley - The cubs scout out Eugene.

Roadside Trash - You can get a deposit for your trash in Oregon. Seattle - Following a strong Mudbowl performance, these boys are looking for another Eugene finals appearance.

Seattle II - no, this isn't the Boeing team.

Seattle III - who are these guys? (they aren't Boeing either) Zomble Slugs - A local I.M. team making a gutsy first appearance. Honululu - If discs were coconuts, these guys could be bush.

L.L.O.W. - "Veterans" of the WAAC method. (Win at all costs)

O.P.VII - East coast folks who know were the action is.

Chabot - Cal. State Champs looking for an elusive Solstice title.

Bag Ladies - A reunion of the homeless.

Acme - A highly spirited team making their first solstice appearance.

WOMEN'S

Seattle Sky - These women rewrote the book on the Father earth and the Mother sky.

Portland Twister - Watch out when this weather pattern blows in to town. Corvallis: Zippy Ultimate Animals - These creatures can claw a way into your fun zone.

Eugene: The Ultimate Chicks - You must be of voting age to play on this team.

Humboldt Hags - A hag: a witch; an ugly old woman; a parasite on fishes. (Webster's Abridged)

San Francisco Oz - They might be munchkins, but this ain't Kansas. Bay Area Mambo - Do they know it's illegal to rhumba in a Rio tunnel?

. . .plus all of those Ultimate vagabonds from who knows where in search of a disc fix. . .



A REFEREE WOULD BE - THE PERSONIFICATION OF ULTIMATE'S NEMESIS

No way, I Was In !

"Strip!" "Foul!" "Out of bounds". "No Way, I was in!" Play stops and spectators groan at this, the original sin Perception becomes everything and truth is clearly seen When one player makes a call that another finds obscene. Nose to nose, grinding teeth and to each other they will shout "Strip!" "Foul!" "I landed in!" "No way, you were out!"

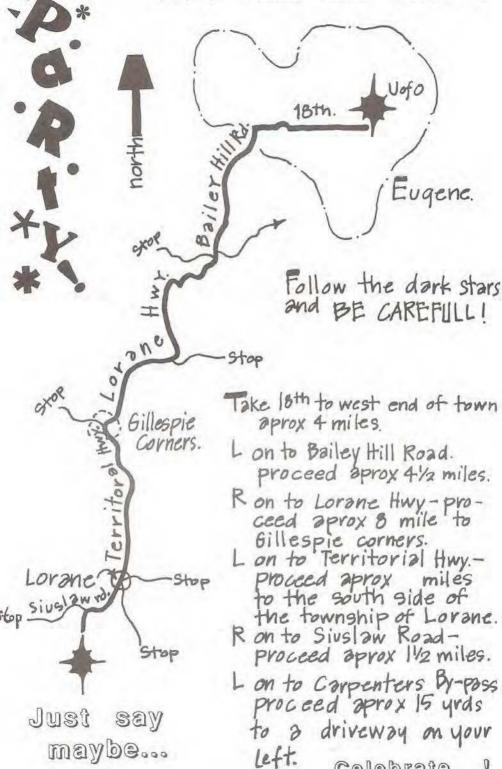
"Your foot never landed in, and besides the disc was down, Any way the thrower travelled so quit acting like a clown!" "But wait a minute", the other says, "how could my foot be seen When you were lying on the ground bitching about a screen?" "There was a screen, and a pick, I've been getting screened all day!" Meanwhile the crowd is getting loud. Someone yells: "Shut up and play!"

"Shut up and play - it's getting late." "The sun is going down." "No one cares. Flip a disc. It's just the consolation round!" But to the loud-mouthed arguers a principle is at stake. "Principle, hell. The question is how much shit are we going to take?" "Shit from you", the other says, "shit from one who cheats to win!" "Strip!" "Foul!" "Out of bounds." "No way, I was in!"

Meanwhile, truth, that shy illusion, has up and left the field. "You see", Truth says, "this always happens when both refuse to yield. They do not know that I only exist when I'm agreed upon But if either player acknowledges this he'll feel pee'd upon." The fact of the matter is that we live in a world of conflicting reality A world where what is, is not what is, at least not with clarity.

In any case the point to be made is that this, too, shall pass And the real challenge of any dispute is to avoid looking like an ass.

Jim Johnson



GNARLY DISC WENCHES REUNITE

June 21, '88

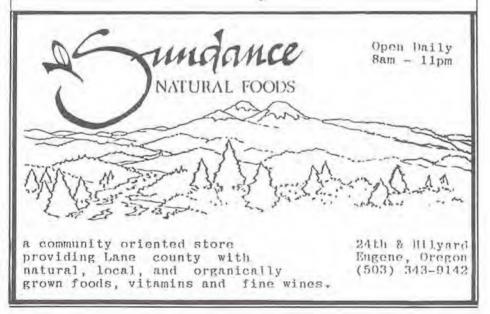
Dear Henry,

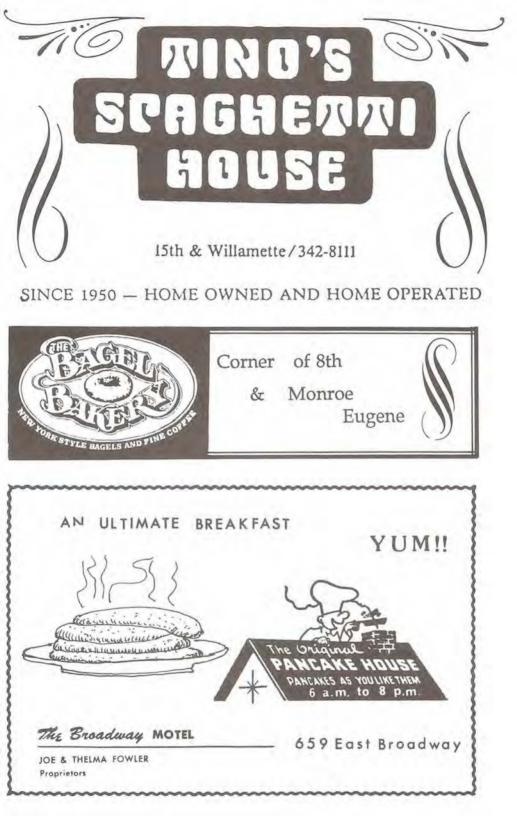
Can you believe it? The 10th Annual Solstice already and 5 years since we captured the World Championships and took our second trip to Nationals. A bond created from these times had the profound effect of keeping ultimate alive in our hearts. Though miles separate us now, the desire to recreate the experiences that we once shared flows in our blood. Last year in Boulder 7 of us played, but sadly on different teams. Thinking back on old times, the spirit of the game, and you, we were inspired to come back and play together in the presence of your essence.

Since you left us, your inspiration and devotion to ultimate has continued to touch us deeply. As we pass this on to others we realize that you were the finest model of the spirit of the game, and cultivated that within the Dark Star. Because of our shared experiences, belief, and love for the game, we will soon join in Boulder in celebration of the Dark Star tradition and you. This reunion has manifested boundless cheer, and for that we give thanks. Yours truly,

Hanks Women

P. S. We're Psyched!!!





Tim has taught the skills of Ultimate to literally hundreds of players. His concept of the game and pursuit of innovation has left him with few equals. "Patience under Pressure", a ten page document outlining offensive and defensive plays, concepts and strategies, was written by Tim, and can improve any player's game. This text which served as the backbone for the U of O's participation in the '85 and '86 Collegiate National Championships.

Tim is an inspiration to all those around him. He has provided many teammates with the desire to take their game to the limits and beyond, if necessary. He has always been a team player, doing what is best for the good of the team. These accomplishments and traits make Tim Maloney an Ultimate legend. And certainly we can't forget the slamdancing at the Mudbowl party, another Maloney first.

No Borders Ulitimate

by Dennis Morgan

"Don't go down to the United States Of America, why, you and all of the others, you'll be killed!" These prophetic words reach out from the back of a Calgary Cynics t-shirt, the ol' alma mater. Too late; I'd packed my discs and headed south for Eugene, land of the fabled Dark Star and squishy fields by the river. Incredible, there's even an intramural league.

Since then Canadian Ultimate has been accepted into the fold of the UPA, and this means a great deal to the future of ultimate in Canada. In order to grow we need the competition and experience which tournaments south of 49th can give. I'm hoping that hordes of canucks will be coming down and winning parties all over the place. Thanks for the support, and may the happiest hoads win.







No Foul Play !

TIM



"GOOD LUCK AT THE SOLSTICE!"

RENNIE'S LANDING

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