

teddy kennedy does the breast stroke

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The Realist



The Hog Farm

by Hugh Romney

"Peculiar travel suggestions are dancing lessons from God."—Bokonon
"It is not a matter of being compelled to break eggs before an omelet can be made, but the eggs doing their own breaking in order to be able to aspire to omelethood."
—Sufi
"God always has a custard pie up his sleeve."
—Georgie Girl

Okay, hi ya, you guys reading this stuff. I'm gonna try to tell you about the Hog Farm. You can help by turning type into talk. If you are uncertain as to the vibrational pattern of a word or group of words, please write me c/o Hog Farm, 16 Minetta Lane, New York City, or call me at 212 SP 7-3131, and I will vibrate them personally.
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The Oakland 7

by Frank Bardacke

This is a story about the trial of the Oakland 7. It contains some hitherto unrevealed dirt, a few laughs, a smattering of politics, and a confession or two. I have been an Oakland 7 for some time now, and if you read on, you will learn a lot about me. But this is not a story of my life. Some things just don't belong in the newspapers.

Alameda County District Attorney J. Frank Coakley created the Oakland 7 a year and a half ago. He indicted seven leaders of October 1967's Stop the Draft Week for conspiracy to commit three misdemeanors — resisting arrest, trespass, and creating a public nuisance. Conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony. It carries a three year prison term.
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Editorial Giggies

This Time I Really Mean It

No, goddammit, this isn't the 10th anniversary issue either. See, the *Realist* has been in a slight rut for a while now. If you originally start out trying to liberate communication by example, the logical—albeit unlikely—extension of that goal is to put yourself out of business.

In fact, I've always told writers and artists to try commercial media *first* and save the *Realist* as a last resort. Well, over the past decade, the climate has changed so much that articles and cartoons which once might have ended up in these pages now appear instead not only in the underground papers, but also in the *Village Voice*, *Ramparts*, *Playboy*, *Esquire* and, yup, the *Wall Street Journal*.

Despite implications of the Smothers Brothers fiasco, controversy has indeed become a salable commodity on TV, even if *The Strawberry Statement* does get sandwiched between Henny Youngman and Tiny Tim in the process.

Marquee value can backfire, though. I know it's not professional to mention this, but I turned down a story by William Burroughs because I thought it stunk. Most of the material submitted to the *Realist* is too cutesy or too preachy, and the targets are too anachronistic or too obvious.

When I give specific assignments, the deadlines aren't met, mainly because the authors are too busy *doing* their thing to talk about it in print.

So the only, uh, realistic answer is for me to write the whole thing myself. Actually, the most fun in this magazine has been sharing with you my own peculiar vision plus reporting on those bizarre events which are, intrinsically, beyond satire.

True, since I'm a participant as well as an observer, my objectivity is open to question. But although I'll never reveal where the dope or the ammunition is stashed, I won't hesitate to focus on bullshit in the very movement for which I'm prepared to die. Big deal. In some circles I'm considered part of the problem because I'm not yet prepared to kill.

Anyway, the anniversary issue, out in late October, will include the inside story of the Yippies, my LSD trip with Hugh Hefner, a comic strip based on *Rosemary's Baby* starring Richard Nixon, an interview with Eldridge Cleaver in exile, some private memories of Lenny Bruce, my feud with Norman Mailer, Sirhan Sirhan as a Scientologist, behind-the-scenes stuff at a transvestite beauty contest, HUAC hearings, the Woodstock Tea Party, sprinkled throughout with appropriate amounts of political scandal. I apologize for the 15-month delay.

One other thing. Our periodical frequency is being changed to every other month. Which means that the *Realist* will be coming out more often than when it was published ten times a year.

THE OAKLAND 7

(Continued from Cover)

An American court of justice is a mysterious institution, perhaps impossible to understand. It is the enforcer of the State's rules; the place where a man comes up against "thou shalt not." We live under thousands, perhaps millions, of thou shalt nots. A few are reasonable rules that help us live together, like the laws against murder and drunk driving. But the vast majority are designed to serve, consolidate, and perpetuate power. That is the purpose of all the laws that make it illegal to rip off property, just as it is the purpose of the law that prohibits young men from interfering with the Selective Service System. If you fight people who have power, almost by definition, you will violate the law.

The Law, the Judge, the District Attorney, and the police (represented in the courtroom by the bailiffs) form an enormous protective association that has at its command the legal authority to take away part or all of a man's life. This protective agency of the State serves in the name of the people, and does protect some people — those with power and money.

All sorts of men serve in this giant organization. They are not all villainous men. Often they are just doing their duty as they see it, and they always believe that they are protecting all the people. No judge, no DA, no cop believes that he serves only the rich and the powerful.

Allow me to introduce the Honorable Judge George W. Phillips, Assistant District Attorney Lowell Jensen, Special Assistant to the DA Chick Harrison, and bailiffs Sigler and Lindstrom.

Judge Phillips is a little man, barely over five feet tall, with only one finger on his right hand, and the face of a fat bird. Very much a liberal, he voted for Eugene McCarthy, is against the war, and was all smiles to the defendants. His liberalism is tempered by an enormous fear — a fear that befits a man of his size and deformity. He let prosecutor Jensen push him around, he let defense attorney Garry push him around. The only people he was not afraid of were his assigned inferiors: the court clerk, the court recorder, and the bailiffs. To them he was demanding and rude.

Whenever he made a decision he explained that he had no other choice. "I have to follow the law, and I don't like many of them any more than you do." When he said that he was looking down at his desk afraid to look up at the court. This pretense of simply following the rules is a favorite trick of petty bureaucrats. It helps Phillips soften the psychological damage caused by the clash between his nice-nice liberalism and the reality of his role — punishing the victims of the State.

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On the first morning of the trial we went into the Judge's chambers. A plush carpet, big, rather cluttered desk, and a TV set in the corner. It was not an extravagant office, but right there on the wall was the perfect symbol of this man George W. Phillips: a series of idealized photographs of very expensive racing yachts next to a photograph of poor Oakies. Phillips believes he can have it both ways. Lead a life of casual luxury and be a friend of the poor.

But he has a heavy conscience. He has to make countless decisions. Take our case. Basically sympathetic to the defense he had to be careful not to displease the District Attorney. "You see," he explained to anyone who would listen, "the DA might do to me what he is doing to Judge Avakian." Judge Avakian is another liberal whose decisions angered DA Coakley and now the DA challenges him every time a criminal case comes before his court. Avakian has probably presided over his last criminal case in Alameda County. Phillips does not want the same thing to happen to him.

Phillips knows well the basic calculus of the liberal: is it more important to do good here and now or should I save myself so I can do good later? Trapped into such a calculus by their very existence in ruling institutions, liberals live on — oppressing, exploiting, managing, and killing — sure that they are doing as much good as possible. This calculus could have been used by liberal guards at Nazi concentration camps. It will be used at the American ones.

Phillips used the liberal calculus perfectly in the trial of the Oakland 7. One of strongest legal arguments was that the charges against us represented selective prosecution. District Attorney Coakley had made the case for selective prosecution when he said, "Technically we could have indicted thousands, but we took the most militant leaders." California courts have recently ruled such political discrimination unconstitutional. But Phillips would not allow us even to introduce the question of selective prosecution. If he had, we would have put Coakley on the witness stand. Coakley surely would have punished Phillips for that.

But ultimately the threat of Coakley's reprisal was not as great as the threat to Phillips' own image of himself as a liberal. At the end of the trial, under the intense prodding of one of our attorneys, Mal Burnstein, Phillips went out of his way to give good instructions to the jury. Without those instructions we might not have been acquitted.

The one regret I have about our acquittal is how satisfied the Honorable Judge George W. Phillips must be with his perfect display of liberalism.

District Attorney Lowell Jensen is a man who deserves to be taken seriously. Here is a description of him taken from my notes early in the trial:

Jensen is a cop's lawyer. He stands 6'4" and is very much a big man. Dark scowl, might say he has a ruddy complexion, but to me it just looks like he had very bad acne as a kid. He is a brilliant no nonsense straight talking man. In court he is very economical with words, never saying more than necessary. He always starts with his strongest points and shows a very forceful logical mind.

I often end up agreeing with him when there is a legal dispute between him and our lawyers. Very impatient with stupidity. He has great contempt for Garry's showmanship. Contempt is his emotion. His face is built for it. He rolls, raises, purses his lips — they seem to travel half way up his face — in a beautiful expression of total contempt when Phillips goes through his shuffle. His smile is somewhat familiar — just a slight protruding of the lips. He sits up straight, stands up straight, and has the tightest asshole west of the Rockies. He considers himself a liberal.

During the course of the trial I developed some affection for him. Outside the context of the law he is capable of decency, kindness, and genuine emotion. When Charlie Garry had a stomach seizure that we all were afraid was a heart attack, Lowell was one of the most concerned men in the courtroom. He walked around nervously, tried to call an ambulance, made Charlie sit down, and touched him affectionately. Jensen once accidentally knocked down my son, who was playing behind a swinging door, and he was embarrassed and concerned. He laughs with shaking shoulders and a lot of teeth.

But within the context of the law, Lowell Jensen is capable of murder. He worked hard to send Huey Newton to the gas chamber and he stands behind the pigs who murdered Bobby Hutton.

While waiting for the verdict, I was reminded of the evil that Lowell Jensen has given his life to. Warren Wells, a Black Panther, who was involved in the Eldridge Cleaver-Bobby Hutton shoot-out, is in jail at the Alameda County Court House where our trial was held. His first trial ended in a hung jury (10-2 for acquittal) and the pigs are keeping him in jail until the new trial. For some reason the Alameda County Sheriffs threw Warren into solitary confinement in a strip cell. While he was waiting for our verdict to come in, Charlie went before a Superior Court Judge to get Warren out of that cell. He was opposed by Lowell Jensen.

The strip cell, which is located on the 10th floor directly over Judge Phillips' courtroom, is slightly over six feet long and 4½ feet wide. It has four concrete walls and one small window which is opened for only 15 minutes a day. There is no running water. A round hole in the floor, four inches in diameter, is supposed to take care of defecation and urination. But that is difficult to manage. The cell is not cleaned until the prisoner leaves and then it is not cleaned very well. The prisoner is stripped bare and put in the cell. All he gets is a peanut butter sandwich and a half quart of water three times a day. The cell also has a small blanket. Nothing else.

Lowell Jensen, an intelligent and in some respects decent man, found himself defending the existence of that hole and protecting the men who use it to destroy other men.

Lowell Jensen has given himself up to the law. That law is capable of leading him anywhere. But why such total devotion? To answer that we have to go back to Lowell's most obvious peculiarity — his obsessive neatness. Lowell Jensen is a very clean man. His notes are always well organized and filed smartly in large manila envelopes.

He was disgusted at the end of a day if we recessed too early and lost even five minutes of court time. He brushed away invisible dirt from his desk throughout the trial. His cross-examination was detailed and meticulous to the edge of insanity.

Some will argue that all of this is due to unfortunate toilet training and has nothing to do with politics. Perhaps. I think it is at the very root of his politics and helps to understand his enslavement to the law. Lowell Jensen is terrified of confusion. He has organized his life so as to avoid chaos. The mere hint of a mess threatens to rip apart his careful organization. The law is a necessary system of rules that stands between society and anarchy. Any disrespect for the law, any slight weakening of it, will bring about total cataclysmic breakdown. The danger of living without law is so great, nothing but complete devotion to law will protect us. If we don't formally and rigidly organize ourselves there will be shit everywhere. Lenny Bruce had a routine about the law that went something like this. At first a bunch of people were just lying around being together. Then one man got up and threw some shit at somebody else. The other guy threw some shit back. Pretty soon everybody was throwing shit. And then they had to make rules about just when and where you could throw your shit.

Without sounding like a psychoanalytic nut, I would like to suggest that Lenny Bruce has given away the whole secret. The first experience a person has with the law is the rules of his toilet training. That training colors his attitude toward law for the rest of his life. The fear that without law there would be anarchy and chaos is rooted in the parents' fear that without rigid, inflexible rules the kid would shit all over the place.

If you want to understand why so many in our generation have a casual attitude toward law you must start with Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care*. One of the main purposes of the book was to relax parents and to break down the system of rigid, inflexible rules that dominated the child. It was a revolutionary book when it came out in the early 1940s, and it helped to raise a revolutionary generation. Those right wing nuts who blame everything on Spock are not far wrong.

As the clincher, think back to Warren Wells' strip cell. It is a detention cell for convicts. It provides discipline for people who are already being disciplined. And the primary horror of that cell is the tiny hole in the floor through which it is almost impossible to defecate or urinate. The appropriate punishment for the lawless man is to force him to live in his own shit.

Special Assistant to the D.A. Chick Harrison is my favorite cop. A big round man with a friendly baby face, part of Chick's job is to spot political agitators at rallies, demonstrations, and riots. (He told me that Marvin Garson is his favorite agitator.) He goes in plain clothes and aids whatever police department is around. He is one of the men who identified and arrested Jerry Rubin, Steve Hamilton, Stew Albert, Mike Smith, and Bill Miller at the 1966 U.C. sit-in. He does

all this in good humor and without rancor. Mid-way through the trial the Oakland 7 jokingly proposed a deal to him: We will not point him out to the demonstrators as a plain clothes cop if he doesn't point us out as agitators.

I first noticed Chick a couple of days into the trial. We were seated at opposite ends of the courtroom looking right at each other. Jensen was making a good point and Chick raised his eyebrows at me and smiled. I looked away. Later Charlie was making a good point. I looked at Chick, gave him a wink and smiled.

From then on it was a fine relationship. We would make faces at each other, feign sleep when the trial was particularly boring, and roll our eyes at the weakness of the judge. At breaks we often talked about sports together—he told me that he had ready my sports columns in the *Express Times*. I think that our affection was cemented when I bumped into him as we were both leaving an Oakland Seal Hockey game late in the trial. The Seals lost 9-0. He did a triple take when he saw me. I walked right up to him, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Man, we sure played some lousy hockey tonight."

Chick Harrison is into the game of cops and robbers. He enjoys it as a game, and I believe he has a comic distance from himself. I am sure that he is physically fearless and that he would give his life to protect his friends—most of whom are cops. He will continue to be a cop—and although he is incapable of any colossal evil—he will do almost anything that is asked of him. If there ever were a showdown, however, and he discovered a way to preserve the integrity of his physical courage, I think Chick Harrison just might cross over.

I don't think there will be many more cops like Chick Harrison. Any man who now becomes a cop must know that he is going to kill blacks and bust hippie heads. That means that the naive, nice guy jocks, like Chick, simply will not join the force.

This is not just my fantasy. Every metropolitan police force is having difficulty recruiting. Not many people want to be pigs. Those who sign up definitely hate us, and don't care what we call them. It is a good development. In a few years we can be confident that all the cops are both objectively and subjectively our enemies.

(Stew Albert read these paragraphs about Chick and blushed with embarrassment for me. Stew says that Chick once kicked a woman demonstrator in the head and slapped someone who was handcuffed. Stew cannot understand how I could be so wrong about a pig. "Jesus, Frank, all sorts of people like sports.")

The two bailiffs, Mr. Sigler and Mr. Lindstrom, were sad cases. Mr. Sigler, a heavy sullen man, seemed to sleep through most of the trial. His main function was to run around doing the judge's chores. Although Sigler didn't seem to like anyone, he liked the judge least of all. I would guess that Mr. Sigler has a lot of violence in him. I don't want to be in the way when it all comes out.

Mr. Lindstrom, or Lindy as he liked to be called, was the darling of the judge. A big, curly-headed, sunny-faced Swede, Lindy had a smile for everyone. Phillips believes that he is the model cop. I think he is a pig.

Lindy ran the seating arrangements in the courtroom. This was a position of some power, because often there were more spectators than seats. And Lindy was sure to exercise whatever power he had. He made the spectators feel that the seats were his own personal property, that that he was letting people sit in them out of the goodness of his heart. Spectators had to line up in front of the courtroom door and then Lindy would let them in one by one.

Often when there were empty seats in the courtroom, and people were waiting outside, Lindy would make those people wait for 45 minutes until the next recess. And all the time that he was fucking people over in this extremely petty way, he wanted everyone to love him. He often came up to some spectator and said, "How do you like your seat, pretty good, huh?" His manic friendliness and desire to be loved (even by people he was mistreating) made Phillips think Lindy was the perfect cop.

Once a woman reporter and I were sitting in the hallway outside the courtroom. Lindy came over and told me that it was against the rules to sit down in the hallway with your feet out. I was furious and told him that he should mind his own business and stop telling people the exact manner that he wants them to live. He was shocked. He pointed to Emma and said, "See, she is sitting okay. She has her legs folded under her." I told him he would have to physically move me if he wanted me to change my position. He said he was going to tell the judge on me. And he did.

Lindy gave himself away during the Warren Wells strip cell controversy. Most of us were outraged about the strip cell, and someone mentioned it to Lindy who always came on as The Humane Cop. Lindy looked genuinely confused. "What is Wells complaining about? He's been in the hole before. He can do it standing on his head."

For bailiff Lindstrom the world is neatly divided into two kinds of people. The ones who go to jail and the ones who don't. Those who go to jail are some other kind of species—and although you might show a little kindness to that species and want it to like you just as you would want a dog to like you, basically it is sub-human. We humans, thinks Lindy, can do most anything to those others. They are used to it.

The courtroom was designed to intimidate the poor bastards who come before it. The judge sits behind a huge desk, peering out over his dominion. Behind him is an enormous American flag, perhaps 10 feet wide and 25 feet long. The people are reduced to spectators, bullied by the bailiff, and forced to sit in the back. They are under totalitarian control. More than once Judge Phillips told them, "There will be no laughter in this courtroom unless it is *absolutely* justified."

Much of the language of the Judge, the D.A., and the lawyers is incomprehensible to any defendant. People on trial are supposed to be confused observers, not allowed to speak or display emotion. At the beginning of the trial the Judge pulled me aside and told me affectionately, "Mr. Bardacke, your face is much too expressive. You are just hurting yourself with the jury." The perfect defendant, like the perfect high school student, should come to court wasted on smack.

The conspiracy law was the strongest part of Lowell Jensen's case. The law is so broad and vague that it seems to make the planning of any militant demonstration illegal. One conspires when he adopts, along with others, a common design to commit an unlawful act—or a lawful act in an unlawful manner. You don't even have to know your fellow conspirators. All you have to do is to "adopt a common design."

Confident that the law was with him, Lowell Jensen put on his case. His two undercover agents—young recruits taken right out of Junior College police science classes—identified all of us as leaders of Stop the Draft Week. Some grown-up pigs testified that they ordered the crowd to disperse and they didn't, forcing the cops to clear them out.

A few other witnesses testified that we hired buses, opened bank accounts, passed out leaflets, all in the name of Stop the Draft Week. One pig said brother Bob Mandel had hit him. And finally Jensen read from our leaflets which advocated shutting down the induction center, freeing people from the police, and blocking the inductee buses.

The prosecution's star witness was undercover agent Bruce Coleman. A young man whose face seemed to disappear under close scrutiny, Coleman was terrified on the witness stand. The muscles in his face went a hundred miles an hour. When Jensen asked him to identify us, he slowly rose, crossed the room and carefully looking away from our stares, pointed us out. He deserved to be hated, but I only pitied him.

Our lawyers cut up these witnesses pretty bad. But we did not really dispute anything they said (except the lie about Bob hitting the cop). We helped organize Stop the Draft Week. We were proud of it, and not about to deny it. In cross-examination we simply tried to bring out the cop witnesses and let them display themselves to the jury. A few were pigs, a few were mechanical men, and a few were liars. We hoped the jury would notice.

Our defense was managed by three lawyers: Charlie Garry, Dick Hodge, and Mal Burnstein. These three entirely dissimilar men worked beautifully together and pulled off the miraculous. At the beginning of the trial they told us that an acquittal was impossible and the most we could hope for was a hung jury. Their skill as political lawyers far surpassed their talent as prophets.

I first met Charles R. (R for Rasputin, says Charlie) Garry three years ago. Stew Albert, Marvin Garson, Pete Camejo, Mike Smith, Jack Weinberg and I were

charged with several misdemeanors, stemming from a Berkeley street demonstration in support of Buddhist demonstrations in South Vietnam. We knew nothing about Garry and he knew nothing about us. We just dropped by his office to see if he would take our case. He let us talk for a little while and then interrupted, "Okay, what are your politics?" Stew, in the great P.L. tradition he then followed, puffed out his chest and announced in a large voice, "I am a communist." Charlie answered, "Big fucking deal."

Toward the end of the "interview" we still did not know if he would take the case. We had asked him a few times, but we never got a straight answer. Then Charlie noticed that one of the soles of Stew's shoes was almost worn away. Charlie casually asked him his shoe size. "I don't know, it's so long since I bought a pair." Charlie pulled out from under his desk a fifty dollar pair of shoes. "Here, see if these fit you." Stew tried them on, they fit, and he began thanking Charlie. He was cut off. "Listen, I can't have my clients going without shoes—it might give me a bad name."

There are a million Charlie Garry stories, but they don't capture all of him. He surprised us, right up to the last day of the trial. An hour before the jury brought down the verdict, Charlie stood on his head for ten minutes in the middle of the courtroom. All I can do is lay down some disconnected impressions, all of which I should warn you, are highly colored by my love for the man.

Charlie lives for the courtroom. During our trial he often ate a quick lunch and returned to court an hour early to study his notes. The year he took our Berkeley street demonstration case he handled 50 trials. Since the Huey Newton case he has given full time to the Panthers, the Oakland 7, and now the Chicago Conspiracy.

He finished the Warren Wells case on a Friday. Then, the day before Christmas, he called up all us defendants. "I have been studying your case over the weekend. Let's talk about it. Can you make it to my office in a couple of hours?" When I got there he was running all over the office, answering the phone, and trying to cement an alliance between us and the Black Panthers. I think it was then that he jumped up and screamed, "Hell, they should pin a medal on you guys, not charge you with conspiracy." It was a terrific Christmas present.

In court Charlie is aggressive and dramatic. It is not an act. He is always aggressive and dramatic. At first his aggressiveness puts people off. During jury selection he screamed at some of the jurors. He even asked one woman if her constant twitching meant that she was too nervous to be a fair juror. His manner shocked the jury and infuriated the judge. But he got away with it. He screams but he also jokes. He gets angry, but he also gets sad, hurt, embarrassed, and happy. He hides none of it.

But the reason juries love him is that he cuts through the pretensions of the court. He has little education—he never went to college—and he speaks plain old American.

He cannot pronounce any of the court Latin and he cannot spell. During the trial he wrote Hap Hazard on the board. He loved the jokes that ensued. He is incapable of a pompous act, and if the jury is made up of working class Americans they know immediately that they have at least one friend in the courtroom.

His great virtues as a lawyer are setting the proper political tone and cross-examination. Rather than taking the politics out of a case—as most lawyers do—he emphasizes the politics. He claims that in a political trial you must explain your politics to the jury. What happens is that *Charlie* explains the defendant's politics to the jury—that is not always the same as the defendant's politics—but it is pretty damn good. He turned the Huey Newton trial into a teach-in on racism and self-defense. He turned the Oakland 7 trial into a teach-in on free speech, police brutality, and the war in Vietnam.

Charlie is a master at cross-examination. He showed his stuff on the very first prosecution witness, Deputy Chief Brown. A tall, smooth middle-class cop, Brown is a professional witness. He testified with a practiced look of confused innocence. When Charlie was done with him he looked more confused and not at all innocent.

Charlie's technique with Brown was simple and direct. While he was cross-examining him he held a copy of Brown's earlier testimony about Stop The Draft Week before the Grand Jury. Brown had given that testimony over a year ago. There would be a long pause (Charlie is not afraid of a 3-minute silence while he prepares a question) as he read the testimony to himself, sure that Brown could see what he was doing. Then a burst. "Mr. Witness, is it your testimony *now* that you gave three dispersal orders? Remember you are under oath." The cop was terrified that he would be caught in a lie. Real quick he had to try to remember what happened, what he said had happened a year ago, and what he should say now. That was simply too much to ask, even of a Deputy Chief.

Charlie's cross-examination was filled with shotgun questions which kept witnesses off balance. "Do you know what a fink rat is?" "You are a man with a tremendous temper, aren't you?" "Is that a baseball bat in your hand?" he asked a cop looking at a picture of himself with a billy club. He also staged a battle with a cop, tricking the poor sucker into manhandling him in front of the jury.

The last Charlie Garry story I will lay on you displays his own favorite skill: the quip under pressure. Several Black Panthers were interviewing Charlie before he was hired to defend Huey Newton. Some Panthers were reluctant to have Huey defended by a white man. They were putting this 60-year-old man through his paces, acting tough, and throwing questions at him. Finally someone said, "You think you are so good—are you as good as Perry Mason?" Charlie shot back: "I'm better. Both of us get all our clients off; but Mason's clients are innocent." Ain't nobody going to fuck with Charles Rasputin Garry.

But as great as Charlie Garry is, the Oakland 7 case was not his victory. We were defended by a team of three lawyers, and it was the team that won. Richard Hodge is a good looking young man with a constant smile and the demeanor of a swinger. He has all the tools to be a highly successful establishment lawyer. Good looks, intelligence, an easygoing manner, and a straight background. He studied to be a Methodist Minister and he has worked in a District Attorney's office. But somewhere along the line he picked up a nagging conscience. He is now sacrificing a potentially lucrative practice to become a Movement lawyer. That is a mark of the Movement's health.

Dick played a crucial role in the trial. Charlie's cursive cross-examination was often sloppy and Dick unfailingly cleaned it up. He prepared most of the defense witnesses and always brought the best out of them. His summation was magnificent—a beautiful mixture of political plain talk, common sense discussion of the evidence, and passion. Everyone congratulated him afterward, but Chick Harrison gave him the greatest compliment. Chick looked very worried.

Our third lawyer, Malcolm Burnstein, was the legal expert in the case. He had at his command all the legal arguments against the war and a forceful argument showing the relevance of the Nuremberg judgment. Mal claimed our attempt to close down the Induction Center was legal because the war in Vietnam is illegal and a crime against humanity. During the trial he constantly pressed this view whenever it conceivably could be introduced. Phillips turned him back at every turn, but Mal's arguments were so good that Phillips could never say why he was turning them down. He would just apologize and rule against us. Once he pointed out that the issues had not been introduced in other cases and said, "I am sorry, Mr. Burnstein, but I am just a Superior Court Judge."

Poor Mal suffered, as he is wont to do. A man committed to the intellect, Mal could not stand to have his arguments turned down without being answered. He would stand before the judge and die a little. But all this suffering was rewarded. Phillips brought Nuremberg into the instructions. He told the jury that they could take into account any evidence that indicated that we believed we were upholding the law and not breaking it.

The instructions were Mal's triumph. He argued for a day and a half in defense of his suggested instructions. Not only did the Judge grant the Nuremberg instruction, he also gave several good First Amendment instructions. He even told the jury that the First Amendment protects the advocacy of illegal acts in the absence of immediate danger. After all those losses, Mal scored the single most important victory of the case. Legally it was now possible for the jury to consider our attitude toward the war, and how the conspiracy law measures up against the First Amendment. That was an important wedge.

We had a simple defense strategy. We attempted to focus attention on the war in Vietnam, police brutality

and the First Amendment. We tried to force the jury to vote not on our guilt or innocence, but rather for or against the war, for or against the police, and for or against free speech.

The war and the cops are straightforward issues, but the First Amendment is weird. We did try to shut down the Oakland Induction Center. Our lawyers could argue that this was just an ordinary demonstration, but it was not. We said at the time that it was a new kind of militant demonstration. The First Amendment does not protect those who close down government agencies. Some day a Movement lawyer is going to argue that blowing up a police station is protected by the First Amendment because it is symbolic speech.

But the Federal Government did not indict us for interfering with the Selective Service System. Instead they left it up to Alameda County to punish us. In order to pin felonies on us Alameda County charged us with conspiracy to commit misdemeanors. Organizing almost any demonstration involves planning to break misdemeanors. And the conspiracy law makes such plans a felony. That is unfair and unjust, but I don't believe it is a violation of the First Amendment.

All of this is very hairy and quickly becomes impossible to understand. But don't worry. You are not supposed to be able to understand the law. That is for judges and lawyers. Just remember, if you fight people who have power you will surely do something illegal. But when you get into court you may discover that you can convince the jury that the people with power are evil and wrong—and you are right. The jury will then try to find a legal excuse to let you off.

We tried to show the righteousness of our cause through 47 defense witnesses. They were supposed to represent the Movement to the jury. Primarily young, they ranged from McCarthy kids to Crazies. All of them had been at the demonstration. We did include some respectable types—doctors, ministers, and even a probation officer. But we did not attempt to represent ourselves as any more respectable than we actually are.

Each witness tried to get across our three major political points. The first question to every witness was, why did you attend the demonstration? This allowed the witness to give a short speech against the war. In some cases the witnesses gave long speeches against the war—Phillips allowed that because the witness supposedly was only reporting what he earlier had said to a defendant. Then the typical witness said that he was not under orders from any of the defendants and that the demonstration was organized just like any other demonstration. Finally the witness reported incidents of police brutality.

Although the majority of the testimony fit this simple pattern, it was highly varied and usually exciting. The defense witnesses stood as strong contrast to the mechanical testimony of the prosecution witnesses. None of our people were professional witnesses. Some got mad and yelled at Jensen, some wept, and most were open and obviously telling the truth.

Their testimony was so successful that we no longer considered our own testimony crucial. And all the lawyers felt that if we testified, Jensen would be able to build up his weak case through cross-examination. All of us had written articles which tied together all the loose ends of Jensen's case. These articles could not be introduced unless we testified. So in a move that dropped Jensen's jaw we rested our case without taking the stand.

And the whole mess went to the jury. The jury was a wondrous mystery. We gave them our constant attention, always guessing and arguing about where they were at. This reached an insane level when the jury returned to re-hear testimony. We sat there staring at them, trying to interpret a raised eyebrow or a tightening mouth.

When they left to deliberate Charlie called a conference and we discussed our impressions. "Mrs. Wood looks very tired, she is being put through a wringer." "I am sure she is against us." "Why?" "She takes notes whenever there is a good prosecution point." "So does Salazar and he supports us." We actually had some bad-tempered arguments about how the jury lined up.

This attempt to guess the position of the jurors was particularly difficult because the jury was picked for their lack of obvious feelings. American courts are committed to the ignorance theory of objectivity. Supposedly, the less you know about a subject the more objective you can be. During jury selection anyone who voiced a strong opinion about the war or the draft or demonstrations was sure to be rejected. Mrs. Daws, juror No. 11, is the perfect juror. She does not read a newspaper. She doesn't watch TV news or listen to the radio. She has no opinions. She is one of those women who thinks that ignorance is attractive.

Anyone who had any direct knowledge of the demonstration was automatically rejected. Judge Phillips put it best: "Eyewitnesses, of course, would have a hard time judging the evidence." If there were a general uprising would it be impossible to bring the leaders to trial because there would be no objective jurors? I understand the Chicago 8 are asking for a 25-year continuance on just those grounds.

More goes on during jury selection than just trying to find people who have no opinions. Both the prosecution and the defense try to figure out which jurors do have opinions and are trying to hide them. It is an exciting game. Jensen, assuming that all blacks would be anti-cop, kicked them off the jury. He finally accepted one, Ulysses Peters, who said that he had a son in Vietnam who disapproved of anti-war demonstrations. That and the man's polite demeanor encouraged Lowell to believe he had found a Tom.

We tried to keep on workers with trade union affiliations, any third world people, young people, and those who we guessed were against the war but hiding it. After more than two weeks the game grew very tiring and we accepted a jury.

The jury had two secretaries, 39 and 49 years old; two housewives, 44 and 38; a carpenter, 51; two post office clerks, 43 and 54; an assembly line worker in a Ford plant, 28; a tool and die maker who works for

Defense Technology Laboratory and has a security clearance, 48; a supply manager for Lawrence Radiation Laboratory also with a security clearance, 40; an accountant for Smith Corona, 34; and a retired Marine Colonel, 62.

Who knows how to categorize this jury? Should we call them average Americans? Working class? New working class? Old working class? Lower middle class? Upper lower class? Liberals? Protofascists? Neopopulists? I don't know. Ask some of your friends who are expert in such matters.

This collection of Americans acquitted us in a situation where the law allowed them to find us guilty. They chose the Movement over the police. Mrs. Reitsma, the lone Republican juror, is now reading *Soul on Ice* "to find out why the Oakland 7 supports Huey Newton." She told a reporter that "I have been a sinner my whole life, but I now realize I was just playing into the hands of the power structure."

The whole experience must have been quite special. One of the jurors told us that the jury plans to have a reunion every month. That won't last, but it is easy to see why they want it.

How many Americans have an opportunity to make a decision of the highest public importance? Americans are hungry for politics. These lucky twelve, chosen because they were apolitical, were thrust into a situation where politics was forced upon them. They loved it.

A special experience for the jurors, the trial was an extraordinary experience for us. At first we were afraid our trial might go the way of the Spock trial. The Spock conspirators never got together. They each had separate lawyers running separate defenses. I am told that their lawyers did not even sit together in court. The defendants lived through their trial separately, afraid for their individual safety and suffering private pain.

But we were too young to do that. The Spock conspirators had fully-developed private lives they felt they had to protect. Most of us were kids, still in the street, trying to decide how to live. We had little to protect; the indictment eventually shook us away from our private lives and threw us together as brothers.

The trial and our defense forced us to work together on a single project for an extended period. That is a blessing for a New Left activist. It is probably the only way to get anything done in politics. It is certainly the only way to live.

We worked together, rode to court together, got high together, shared our "personal" problems with each other, fought viciously among ourselves, and finally looked at each other and said, "Okay, brother, I see who you are, I respect it, and you are good enough for me."

Now that the trial is over it will be impossible to keep all that. The Oakland 7 was created by D.A. J. Frank Coakley. We can not artificially hold it together. We are not a revolutionary party, we can not find a single political project to unite us, and eventually we will go our separate ways. We will still be friends, of course, but brothers and sisters, no. We won't achieve that until we meet on the barricades.

ed fisher's page



"If you boys are counting on any last-minute rescue, forget it—the Seventh Cavalry's been paid off!"



"Pusey . . . oh . . . you startled me."



"What we want is our own autonomous department inside Peking University, where we can relate the black experience combined with special needs and relevances of minority culture, and apply it fully—in all its unique potential—to the whole range of our study . . . which will, of course, continue to be The Thoughts of Chairman Mao."



"Oh, knock off the balderdash, man! If we really thought it was legal to use violence in a rightful cause, how come we're all dressed up like Indians?"

No. Virginia . . .

by Alan Whitney

No matter what happens between now and New Year's Eve, my favorite news story of this year is going to be the one about the publisher of the *Reader's Digest* being stabbed by his 17-year-old son. The kid's action in putting a generation gap in the old man's chest automatically made him a hero to all foes of journalistic constipation, but the event was elevated to classical status by the disclosure of the contents of a speech the publisher would have made to the Dallas Advertising League save for the contretemps.

The canceled oration read in part: "Last week one night my son, shaking his long hair defiantly at me, was berating me with the evils of the Establishment. Finally I blew my stack. Looking him piercingly in the eye and trying to regain my 'cool,' I said: 'I want you to know that it's the lousy Establishment you're always griping about that put those warm slippers on your feet in this warm house.'"

That must have been the point at which the kid lost his own cool, without using quotation marks, and turned to direct action. And if there was ever a case of justifiable assault, this was it. Bad enough to live in a house with a man who publishes the *Reader's Digest*; when he also *talks* *Reader's Digest*, he's asking for it.

The whole episode couldn't be closer to perfection if it were part of a movie. All the symbols of boobery are there: Dallas, advertising slime, the *Lipmover's Digest*. And think of the soundtrack: "I looked him piercingly in the eye and he stabbed me piercingly in the chest."

On reflection, it occurred to me that the only really surprising thing about the story was its uniqueness. Logically, there should have been many other occasions on which publishers personifying their products were consequently assaulted by their young. And a bit of investigative journalism disclosed that several such incidents had indeed occurred, only to be hushed up by local authorities.

Looking the publishers involved piercingly in the eye, I got each to describe briefly the events that led up to the attacks. Excerpts follow:

The New Yorker

The other day our ten-year-old daughter skipped into our den as the evening shadows were beginning to fall across Sutton Place. She was wearing a yellow striped T-shirt from Saks, slightly faded Levis, and stained sneakers. She was still perspiring lightly from a just-concluded game of patsy with a motley group of moppets on First Avenue. We ushered her graciously to an olive green Eames chair next to our desk and poured a few ounces of Pouilly-Fuisse ('64) into a Steuben goblet for her. She took a sip, reflected on the bouquet, then blurted out: "Daddy, how about raising my—I mean our—allowance?" We smiled fleetingly, leaned back in our black leather swivel chair and told her something that had happened to us the day before: "We walked over to

Park Avenue about one o'clock on a pleasant, breezy afternoon to keep an appointment with a vice president of our bank. His secretary, a sleek young lady in a pink sheath from Bonwit Teller, ushered us briskly into his oak paneled office. The vice president, a fiftyish fellow with iron-gray hair, thinning at the temples, shook our hand and came right to the point. "You're overdrawn," he said . . . "

The New York Daily News

Our 18-year-old kid us yesterday he was going to join a Commie-loving outfit that calls itself the American Civil Liberties Union. How d'ya like them apples! We thought they were pretty damn sour, and we told him so this way: "Why you yellow-bellied, fuzzy-thinking liberal faggot, do you think it was the Earl Warren Court that made this country great? If you do, you can take your revolving-door justice right through that revolving door and go out in the street and get run over by a rusty cab driven by a real American!"

Time Magazine

Home two hours late from a movie the other night came teened, acned, ill-coordinated Rodney Guce III, son of Time-publisher Rodney Guce II*, alibiing transparently that the bus had broken down. To his room was sent Rodney III, where joined him moments later balding, ulcerated, conservative Rodney II. "Freedom and responsibility go hand-in-hand," explained firm, level-headed Rodney II. "Once you've met a payroll . . ."

Saga Magazine

I was standing at my basement workbench, cleaning my rifle and listening to Fred Waring records while my tame timber wolf tore a Raggedy Ann doll to bits in the corner. My 15-year-old daughter came down the stairs and stood under the portrait of J. Edgar Hoover. Her firm young bosom heaved slightly and her left thigh was silhouetted through her dress by the bare light bulb in the corner. "Daddy," she said, "I've got a confession to make. I signed a petition in favor of gun control today." "You signed what?" I bellowed. In one motion I grabbed her by both wrists, bound them together with a handy length of clothesline and hitched the rope over a nail in the ceiling beam. I grabbed the back of her dress and ripped downward. Another tear and her panties fell in tatters at her feet. I whipped off my belt and raised it high in the air. "Blonde bitch! Hoyden! Daughter of Mao!" I shrieked as the belt whistled through the air and coiled with a hiss around her ripe, writhing buttocks . . . "

The East Village Other

I fall into my pad the other night after an orgy and my old lady says, "Jesus Christ, Krishna, what the fuck are we gonna do with that little cocksucker?" She was talking about our kid, Maharishi, who's about 12 or something like that. "What'd he do now?" I asked her, "forget where he stashed the grass again?" "Worse," she said. "He wants to get a fuckin' paper route. Says he feels like he should pay his way." "What's this shit?" I told him. "A son of mine *working*? You've gotta understand something, kid. Work ain't *relevant* . . ."

*Rodney Guce I (1898-1963) is dead.

The Revolution Game

My Dear Friends,

For the past year or so I have been engaged in my own radicalization. I am writing to you today to recount this experience. This letter is not meant as a cheap attempt at sensationalism, nor is its purpose to exploit the revolution or any of its leaders, some of whom are my best friends.

First, let me tell you a little something about myself. I have been involved in the Movement for years, having taken part in peace marches, anti-Civil Defense demonstrations, civil rights protests and other such activities.

When the Movement began to turn to more militant tactics, I felt that some of the methods, if not the goals, were in conflict with my commitment to non-violence. I began to re-think my position, to examine the dichotomy, to re-evaluate my commitment. Perhaps there was something to be said for the new militant left black radical Maoist Yippie position.

My re-thinking led me to one conclusion: If I didn't begin to radicalize, my ideas would soon become irrelevant. Beside, I was beginning to lose friends.

I decided to try a crash, at-home course in radicalization. I borrowed books from my most militant friends. *The Quotations of Chairman Mao*, *The Diary of Che Guevara*, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, *Soul on Ice*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, to mention just a few. I replaced my poster of Miss July with one of Herbert Marcuse. Each night after work I would play revolutionary games: Yippies and Pigs, Black Panthers and Blue Meanies, Cowboy and Indians, to mention a few.

In the latter, the Indians were the good guys and the cowboys were the imperialist oppressors. My bed, the fertile Indian reservation, was well stocked with water buffalo. My top bedsheet, propped up with an old stickball bat, served as a makeshift teepee. Soon the imperialist cowboys, who occupied all the land surrounding my bed (three-quarter size) ran the Indians off their reservation and onto a small arid piece of land directly behind my living-room couch. The rest is history.

After several months of extensive study and mock training at home, I began to feel ready. I had a militant feeling in my bones. My mustache was beginning to droop at the corners. I had memorized the first names I would need: Franz, Herbert, Eldridge, Malcolm, Abbie, Che, Mao, Ho, Fred, Kate, Norman, Paul* et al.

And the words: confront, exploit, bourgeoisie, commitment, relevant, imperialist, oppressor, man, pig, establishment, McCarran Act, etc.

Now I was ready for the real thing. So I called my friend Nathan.

Nathan is radical. He and I attend Bronx Community College together (night session). I knew that he had recently been active in campus organizing. I told him that I had been engaged recently in self radicalization, that I now felt a strong commitment to the revolution and that

* Useful, but not mandatory.

I was free of my middle-class bourgeois hang-ups. I told him that I was now ready, in the great tradition of Cho, How and May to fight and die for the revolution.

I thought I had done pretty well. So did he, apparently. He invited me to the next meeting of DOFADR (Drop-Outs for a Democratic Revolution). It was to be held the following Wednesday at Nathan's apartment on Morris Avenue in the Bronx. I could hardly contain my excitement. I went immediately to the local Army-Navy store and outfitted myself with an entire wardrobe for the occasion.

Finally, after a week of intensive house cleaning (including the disposing of my Mahatma Ghandi photos and my copy of the book *Songs of Peace, Brotherhood and Love*), Wednesday arrived. I went to Nathan's house and tapped out a quote from Chairman Mao on the front door, thus gaining entry.

Nathan answered the door and led me to a folding-chair in the living-room. There were about 7 or 8 other people already seated, including one black girl with a natural hairdo, wearing an African toga and silver-grey eye shadow, and a white girl with long kinky hair who was picking a scab off her left leg.

Just as one person began speaking, Nathan's mother came into the room carrying a tray piled high with assorted sandwiches made with Silvercup Bread with the ends cut off and sliced diagonally in half. She put the tray down and before leaving told us that the house was ours, but to please be careful about dropping ashes on the rug because she had just had the girl in that day.

The meeting finally got under way. The first 45 minutes or so was taken up with organizational business, including a summary and analysis of the minutes of the previous meeting. Finally we got down to the nitty gritty; a student takeover at Bronx Community. All agreed that such an action should take place. Among the non-negotiable demands would be the establishment of a Department of Guerrilla Warfare, and no more homework on weekends or holidays.

There was some amount of discussion as to exactly what should be taken over. Some of the possibilities tossed around were the dean's office, the lobby of the administration building and the library. Since none of these could be agreed upon by all, it was finally decided that we would liberate the administration lounge.

Of course this was somewhat of a compromise, but a rather happy one, since all but one person in the room agreed that if we had to spend any great length of time there it would at least be a convenient place, as it not only had comfortable furniture and the necessary sanitary facilities, but also a vending machine which dispensed pencils, Chapstick and magnetic dogs, among other things.

The girl with the scab on her leg at first was not happy with this compromise. She began speaking in a rather piercing falsetto about hidden microphones in the Toilets, Daisies and something about re-opening the dialogue.

Now all agreed on the administration lounge as the target for our takeover. The sheer physical discomfort of the administration would surely cause them to bow rapidly to

our demands. And besides, they would certainly think twice before calling in the National Guard.

Having thus decided all the basics of our upcoming takeover, someone suggested that the meeting break up. All seemed to be in agreement with this idea when suddenly Nathan said he had one more suggestion to make. He said he thought that since the takeover might last a while it would be a good idea if the girls brought along some canned goods and thermos bottles of hot coffee and soup.

The girl with the scab on her leg seemed to stiffen.* She looked straight at Nathan and began to speak very excitedly. She said something about women in our society being relegated to an inferior position and exploited by man, the oppressor. She went on about Nathan only wanting her for her body and not respecting her capability as a guerrilla warrior.

Nathan heatedly denied the charges, and accused the girl of being a tool of the power structure, planted within the group to cause a breakdown of communication within the movement. The discussion became even more heated with other members of the group joining in.

The general level of sould seemed to increase. Finally this fellow on my right, wearing a shirt fashioned from a Viet Cong flag and two different style sandals, shouted something at Nathan that I didn't quite catch, though I believe he did use the words "mother" and "military-industrial complex."

Nathan seemed to become enraged. He jumped up, reached out and grabbed a couple of the sandwiches which, by the way, had hardly been touched and flung them across the room at the guy wearing the Viet Cong flag. The sandwiches missed him, but my right temple was quite stunned by the impact of what felt very much like tuna fish salad with mayo. (At least it was of that consistency.)

I was just about to duck for cover when the room suddenly quieted. I looked up and standing there in her nightgown, hair in rollers and her red face covered with white cream, was Nathan's mother. She was screaming something about how, though she had once been young herself, she didn't see any reason why whenever we kids got together it had to end with a lot of roughhousing and someone always getting hurt.

By this time everyone had grabbed their coats and were on their way out the door. As we approached the elevator I could hear Nathan's mother telling him that she would have to have the girl in again tomorrow to clean up the mess we had made. I felt pretty bad about that.

Several months have passed now since that meeting, and I've heard nothing more about our planned take-over of Bronx Community College. But I haven't yet given up. Next week I'm attending a meeting with a group of radical friends to plan the liberation of the offices of a well-known satirical journal.

Yours in the spirit of the Great
Proletarian Cultural Revolution,
Steve Post

* Editor's note: I am not responsible for this negative stereotype; I am responsible only for not censoring a male chauvinist.

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The Execution

by Daniel Klein

Editor's note: The enclosed monologue was originally prepared for a stand-up comic, but was declared unusable for television.

News item: Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15 (Reuters) — Democrat Charles Galbreath has introduced a bill in the Tennessee Legislature requiring that all executions in the state be televised.

The bill provides that revenue from the telecasts would go to the estate of the victim of the capital crime.

Rep. Galbreath, a long-time opponent of capital punishment, said it was logical to televise executions because deterrence by example was the only logical reason advanced to justify a civilized society exacting the death penalty.

SCENE: The Director as Heard Over Headset in Television Mobile Unit Parked Immediately Outside the Gates of Nashville State Penitentiary. . . .

Hang on a second, Judd, sweetheart. We haven't finished your ears yet.

That's it, Leon, pink. Pink ears. Beautiful.

Judd, did anyone ever tell you that you look a little like Jack Palance? No kidding. A remarkable resemblance, really . . . around the mouth. Let's have a smile, okay, baby? Ah, come on, Judd, you can do better than that. Come on. Let's see some teeth . . . that's it, sweetheart. What did I tell you, Leon? The spitting-image of Jack Palance. Maybe make him a little darker around the neck . . . what's that? No make-up around the neck? Smudges?

Look, how much time have we got? Five minutes. . . . Good. Where are you going, Juddsy-babes? Sure, everybody's a little nervous, kid. Sure, everybody. It's always the same. Just sit down, take a load off your feet, and let's take it from the top for the last time. All set?

Okay, first the long shot of the priest walking down the cell block . . . walk, walk, walk, walk, stop, turn, guard opens door, walk, walk, sit down, smiles benevolently. . . . Okay, what's the trouble, Judd? . . . Now look, honey, we've been all through this before: You don't have to believe anything the priest says. Like I always say, every man is entitled to his own beliefs. That's strictly your business; I don't even want to hear about it . . . and *neither* do all the mothers and fathers and little children at home! Get it? . . . Okay, smiles benevolently, comforting words, fatherly hand on, uh, . . . let's make it the left shoulder, benediction, kiss-off, walk, walk, etcetera, station break. . . . Everybody got that?

Okay, guards? Where are the guards, Stan? What's going on here? Five minutes to air time and not a guard in sight. . . . Where are you going, Judd? . . . Judd! Oh, there are the guards. Good. That's it, Judd, just sit down; it'll be over in two shakes.

Now look, guards, to make things simple I'm going to call you Lefty and Righty, okay? Now, Lefty, you will always stand on Judd's left, and Righty, you will . . . that's it . . . you will always stand on Judd's right. Okay, now let's get in our places and . . . what's the matter, fellows?

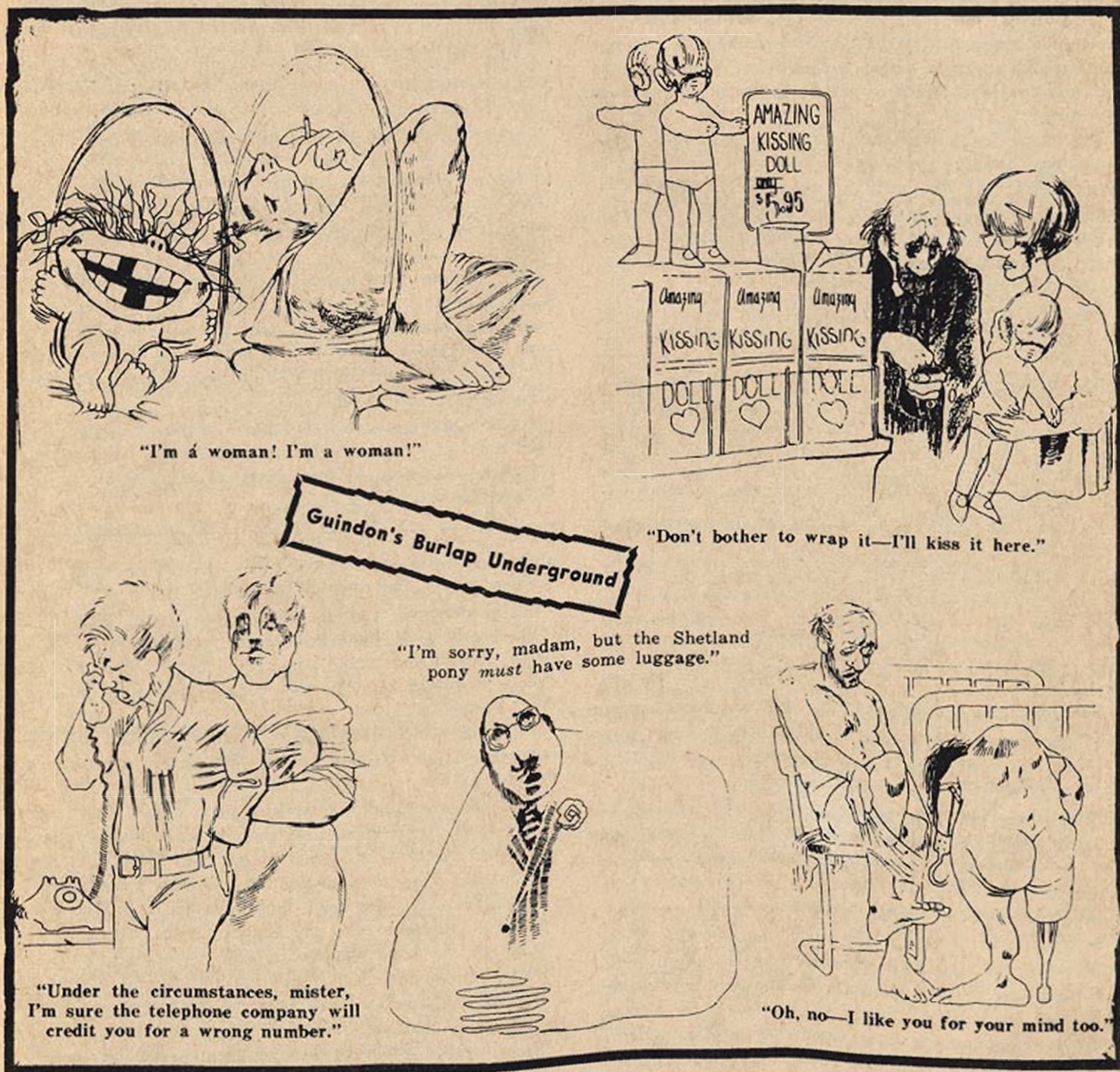
... No, no: equal billing ... Now, come on, boys, we can work all that out later. ...

Okay, guards, open door, walk, walk, walk, help Judd onto his feet. ... Uh, now let's just hold it there a second, all right, fellows? Let's just talk a little about how we feel about Judd as we lift him to his feet. We're just doing our job, right? But maybe with the expression in our eyes we're going to show just a hint of, you know — how should I put it? Softness? Nothing *schmaltzy*, just a hint, get it? That's it, Lefty, very subtle — keep that in. ... Okay, up to feet, walk, walk, walk, pause, Judd looks back over his shoulder, walk, walk, etcetera, fade.

Okay, now Judd, here's where you give your little speech. This is the last time I'm going to tell you this: Speak up!

Nobody likes a mumblor. Remember our little trick? We pretend we're talking to somebody way across the room. Okay? ... "I still say I'm innocent. I wasn't even in the country at the time, blah, blah, blah, etcetera," turn in place, prop cue! Stan, you've got everything set in the prop department, right? We don't want any hang-ups, heh-heh. Station break.

Okay, from now on everything has to go like clock-work or we'll go overtime. Just when Judd steps back, that's when. ... What? Phone? Look, I've got a *show* to do. Get his name and tell him I'll call him later. ... Governor, shuvernor, I don't care if it's the president of the network, this is show business, sweetheart. ... Sixty seconds? Places! Lights! Cameras! Break a leg, Judd, baby. ...



Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

It was a cloudy mid-August Sunday afternoon when three dozen homosexuals and lesbians—radicals from the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis—unscrewed their courage and ventured out of Manhattan for what one picket sign described as “A Vigil Against Vigil-Aunties.” They weren’t supported by any of the hetero radical groups which usually rush to the defense of any civil liberties issue.

Unaided, they went to a park off Queens Boulevard in Kew Gardens, where just a few weeks before some local bullies had cut down the trees which sometimes at night sheltered homosexuals from public view. The vigilantes had said that their purpose was to, hrrmmf, protect their children.

The “park” is an incredibly small triangle of thick grass—and now budding stumps—bordered on two sides by a cement path, and on the other by a quiet street (“One Way—Do Not Enter”) which faces solid brick apartment buildings with trimmed lawns. On both sides of the triangle are more, thicker, parklands. The impression is of shaved eyebrows under a bushy head.

There were no children to be seen when the gay blades arrived. Only a dozen or so old women and men, one maid, and a Good Humor truck. The group set a portable radio on the sidewalk—Dylan was singing *Lay, Lady, Lay*—and began to prance around it while carrying picket signs. One read: “Who discriminates against homosexuals? U.S. U.S.S.R. Red China. Albania. South Africa.” One of the organizers, Martha Shelley, mused, “We should have added Nazi Germany: a lot of people don’t know that fags were sent to the gas chambers there.”

Old women on the benches began to strain their eyes and their intellect, and their heads and tongues wagged. One rose and hurried off as if she were going to call the cops. But before she could get to her building, she turned and hurried back with a triumphant grin on her face. Two squad cars had pulled up alongside the pickets. The woman’s grin was short-lived when she learned that the sergeant had no intention of doing anything other than protecting the group’s right to demonstrate. He asked Martha a few questions, ending, “What are you protesting?”

“We’re protesting, sir, that some people in the neighborhood have taken the law into their own hands rather than relying on the police.” The sergeant smiled and went to his car.

Residents began to watch from their apartment windows, cars began to slow at the corner, and soon a dozen people were standing on the sidewalk opposite the pickets, as if they were afraid to come over and talk. Among them were a couple of the local gay boys, for whom, probably, the demonstration was being waged. Martha shouted to the crowd: “Why don’t you come over—

Co-Existing

by Saul Heller

News item: One hundred G.I. deaths per week in Vietnam is considered an acceptable level by the Administration.

An Administration figure who fears nothing except identification gave me the lowdown on this:

“You think of it the right way, my boy, and you’ll agree that 100 G.I. deaths per week is a bargain. When you consider the fact that for every G.I. who bites the dust, 15, 20 or even 25 enemy soldiers (depending on the publicity man in charge) become extinct, 100 is not a figure to groan about.

“The Administration has three problems, as I see it: one, claiming enough enemy dead to satisfy the hawks; two, getting enough G.I.’s knocked off to make the number of claimed enemy dead seem plausible; and three, keeping G.I. deaths at a level that won’t outrage the doves. One hundred seems to be a number that is satisfactory on all three counts. It’s not a figure we pulled out of a hat; we got it from our best computer—the one that’s right half the time.

“Of course, if enough G.I.’s get the notion that dying to fill a quota is not as noble as dying for one’s country, some downward adjustment may become desirable. We may even have to make do with only 70 or 80 G.I. deaths per week—a reduction that would depress me, but I guess I could learn to live with it.

“These are the realities of the Vietnam war, my boy. Isn’t it better to sacrifice 100 men rather than a thousand, or, worse yet, admit we were wrong to sacrifice *any* of our boys in the first place?”

aren’t you for law and order?” Only the gay boys grinned.

Soon Martha led the pickets around the benches and onto the denuded triangle, where some found the stumps to be handy seats. From a vantage point, she said: “You know, I can’t understand why they’d be afraid of a park full of homosexuals. There’s probably no safer park in New York City.”

She was followed by Marty: “We’re building for the next generation. We want to make it easier to become a homosexual.”

Another coordinator, Mark, noted: “You don’t see those closet vigilantes sticking their heads out here today, do you?” He said he’d tried to get permission from the city for the group to plant two trees as part of the demonstration. But he was told that it’s illegal for anyone but an employee to dig into the dirt in a park.

One of the boys was buttonholed as he left, by one of the old women. She wanted to indicate to him that she was sympathetic. “You know, I think homosexuality is no worse than tuberculosis or mental retardation. I can remember when neither of them could be spoken about openly either.”

ZERO GRAVITY TOILET: *Passengers Are Advised to Read Instructions Before Use*

The toilet is of the standard zero-gravity type. Depending on requirements, system A and/or system B can be used, details of which are clearly marked in the toilet compartment. When operating system A, depress lever and a plastic dalkron eliminator will be dispensed through the slot immediately underneath. When you have fastened the adhesive lip, attach connection marked by the large "X" outlet hose. Twist the silver coloured ring one inch below the connection point until you feel it lock.

The toilet is now ready for use. The Sonovac cleanser is activated by the small switch on the lip. When securing, twist the ring back to its initial-condition, so that the two orange lines meet. Disconnect. Place the dalkron eliminator in the vacuum receptacle to the rear. Activate by pressing the blue button.

The controls for system B are located on the opposite wall. The red release switch places the uroliminator into position; it can be adjusted manually up or down by pressing the blue manual release button. The opening is self adjusting. To secure after use, press the green button which simultaneously activates the evaporator and returns the uroliminator to its storage position.

You may leave the lavatory if the green exit light is on over the door. If the red light is illuminated, one of the lavatory facilities is not properly secured. Press the "Stewardess" call button to the right of the door. She will secure all facilities from her control panel outside. When green exit light goes on you may open the door and leave. Please close door behind you.

To use the Sonoshower first undress and place all your clothes in the clothes rack. Put on the velcro slippers located in the cabinet immediately below. Enter the shower. On the control panel to your upper right upon entering you will see a "Shower seal" button. Press to activate. A green light will then be illuminated immediately below. On the intensity knob select the desired setting. Now depress the Sonovac activation lever. Bathe normally.

The Sonovac will automatically go off after three minutes unless you activate the "Manual off"

over-ride switch by flipping it up. When you are ready to leave, press the blue "Shower seal" release button. The door will open and you may leave. Please remove the velcro slippers and place them in their container.

If the red light above this panel is on, the toilet is in use. When the green light is illuminated you may enter. However, you must carefully follow all instructions when using the facilities during coasting (Zero G) flight. Inside there are three facilities: (1) the Sonowasher, (2) the Sonoshower, (3) the toilet. All three are designed to be used under weightless conditions. Please observe the sequence of operations for each individual facility.

Two modes for Sonowashing your face and hands are available, the "moist-towel" mode and the "Sonovac" ultrasonic cleaner mode. You may select either mode by moving the appropriate lever to the "Activate" position.

If you choose the "moist-towel" mode, depress the indicated yellow button and withdraw item. When you have finished, discard the towel in the vacuum dispenser, holding the indicated lever in an "active" position until the green light goes on . . . showing that the rollers have passed the towel completely into the dispenser. If you desire an additional towel, press the yellow button and repeat the cycle.

If you prefer the "Sonovac" ultrasonic cleaning mode, press the indicated blue button. When the twin panels open, pull forward by rings A and B. For cleaning the hands, use in this position. Set the timer to positions 10, 20, 30 or 40 . . . indicative of the number of seconds required. The knob to the left, just below the blue light, has three settings, low, medium or high. For normal use, the medium setting is suggested.

After these settings have been made, you can activate the device by switching to the "ON" position the clearly marked red switch. If, during the washing operation, you wish to change the settings, place the "manual off" over-ride switch in the "OFF" position. You may now make the change and repeat the cycle.

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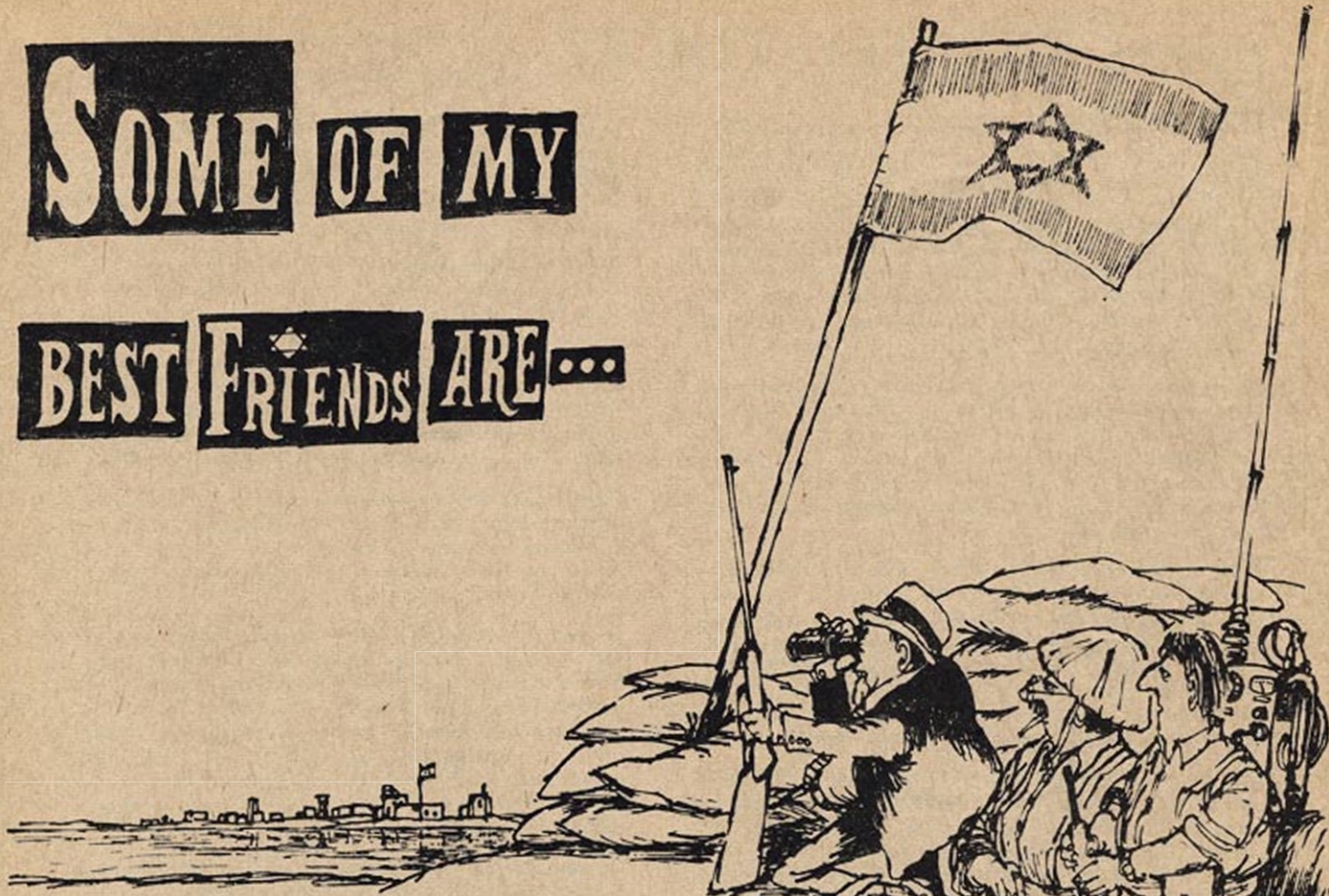
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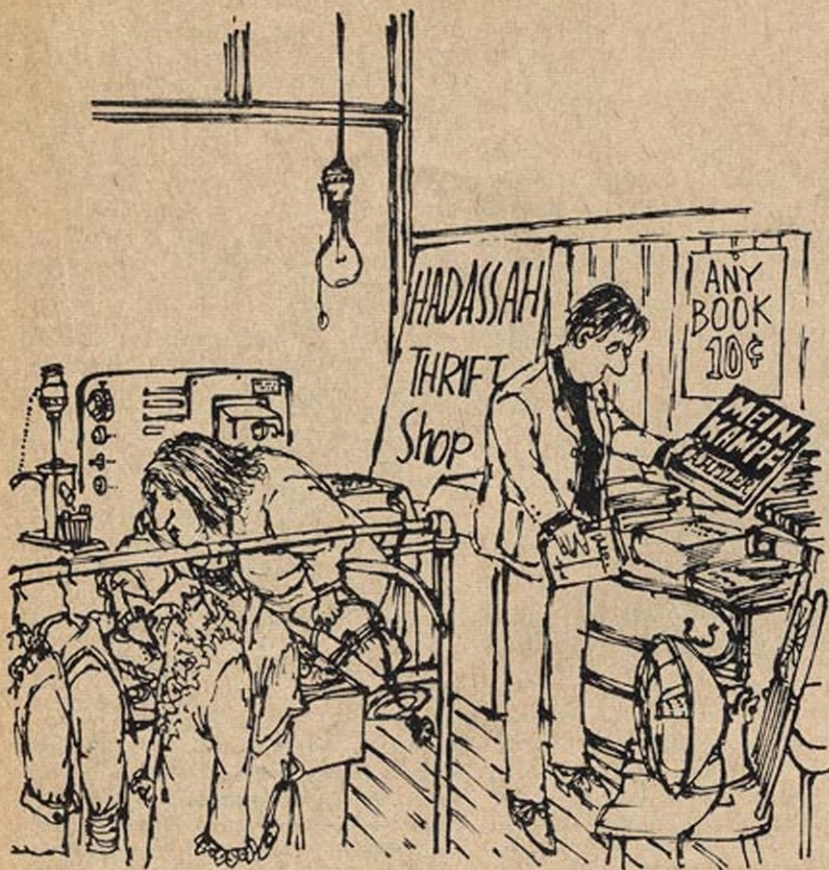
SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE...



"All I know is he's Sidney Beser-
osky from Chicago and he's con-
cerned about his \$2,500 in Israel
bonds . . ."



" . . . I think you have the wrong party. I'm Tony
Nunzio—you want Marry Moses next door . . ."



"Goddam Jew!"



"... Boys, this is Achmed 4X—he's a nigger, yes, but he hates Jews too ..."



THE HOG FARM

(Continued from Cover)

Well, let's see . . . the Hog Farm is an expanded family, a mobile hallucination, a sociological experiment, an army of clowns . . . we are 50 people on a perpetual trip, citizens of earth. We have 6 converted school buses, some vans and pickups, one for our pet pig, Pigasus, who now weighs 400 pounds and has learned to roll over.

The farm was once located on a mountaintop in the San Fernando Valley of California. It is now relocated 110 miles from New York City on the banks of the Delaware River — a journey of 3,000 miles, 7 months in the making — and *this* (taaa daah!) is the story of *that*.

It seems like it was almost yesterday . . . we had been living on this Pig Farm about two years . . . feeding 40 real primordial pigs breakfast and dinner in exchange for free rent. Just a few people in the beginning, in the mud, hanging windows on the wind, fixin up the joint after years of vandalism and neglect . . . also our bodies and brains . . . trying to get it together . . . some kind of Hog Consciousness.

And others started comin in. All kinds of people. At first we had separate jobs on the hill. Like I was working at Cal State University with brain-damaged children and teaching movie stars at Columbia Pictures how to improvise; my wife Bonnie Jean was in television; Paul Foster was a computer engineer; David Le Braun was finishing his last year in cinematography at UCLA.

Several local heads began to migrate. Evan Engber split from his commune in Topanga to join *what?* Nobody knew. Just sandpainting in the wind. People remodeled old farm shanties, pitched tents, or set up in the main house. Just groovin' out their hole. That place you lay down yer haid an' rest. And when that was done we went to work on the land and each other . . . trying to make it work . . . seeing what the hell we were here for.

To equalize the division of work and save wear and tear on the available vehicles, we instituted the dance master program. Our dance master ran the farm and the dance mistress ran the kitchen, and each day it was some different person working off this wheel with everybody's name. We could feed 30 people on \$3 a day combined with a garbage run at local super markets. In California they throw away a lot of stuff; tons of near fresh fruits and vegetables plus scooter pies and other goodies.

We also instituted the FANTASY BOX into which people would place ideas of stuff the group could do . . . and it could be anything that you would agree to do under hypnosis. Whenever a given fantasy had been completed (build a meditation dome on the point, start a hog farm band of home-made instruments for sunsets, clean the ceiling,

etc.) we would, lightnin' fast, draw out another.

So out comes this fantasy for a power day for each Hog Farmer in alphabetical order to become god for 24 hours.

So this one god says, "Build me a mountain." And here we go . . . all 30 of us off with the sun . . . pickin up rocks and puttin em down to build this god his fuckin mountain . . . and it got bigger and bigger . . . by noon it was huge . . . all of us together doin this *one* thing and we're diggin it . . . what it is to do it together and the power that we have as a group.

Pretty soon we all have *one* job . . . managing this gas station . . . takin turns with the work . . . bringing it all back home. We built a big dome (a domelette next to what we're into *now*) out of rubber hose, wooden dowels, and this enormous yellow parachute under which we would gather in circles and search for our center. By dope or by grope, by chatting and chit-chat, we begin to discover it . . . that place of agreement . . . heart city.

Feel where it's flowing, flow with it, give it a push. The hog farm wants to get high . . . turning people on to themselves . . . everybody gets a little higher . . . First we start with an Open Sunday for Los Angeles. Each Sunday with a theme. Always a celebration. Lots of food and music. One Sunday it's kites and we have people and kites from everywhere . . . but no wind till sunset . . . so kite day is kite night and we sent up flashlights and mirrors and bells on their tails and it was so dark you couldn't tell if someone was holding a kite or putting you on.

And Tiny Tim Sunday where the audience built a theatre for Tim to perform in. And Mud Sunday (use what you got). And Dress Like Kids Day with silly shorts and water pistols and no girls allowed in the boys club house, and a formal croquette party held in a pig pen, the hog farm state fair with the bake-off and freak show and who can stay under the water longest.

Learning how to play hard. People come and go but a core remains . . . having babies . . . getting married like a long cold drink of water . . . life goes on. (Somebody just turned me on. Every cliché begins as a shared truth.)

A little at a time we start movin off the hill working freakouts at the Shrine Exposition Hall. We're runnin light shows and energy games for The Cream, Jimi Hendrix, and the Grateful Dead . . . for bread—and still doin the Sunday celebrations plus.

The shrine holds around ten thousand people which is the first time we worked with such a large group. The shrine was a good school for the hog farm. It was also a rock dance. The Hog farm show is not a rock dance. What is the Hog Farm show? A serious question?

The fate of everyone hangs in the balance . . . and everyone starts thinkin it out . . . like, whatever it is it should be free, and it should work toward getting people together and the audience is the star and the

audience is the music. We could give everybody that comes some kind of musical instrument. Little wood flutes and drums and kazoos and paint and paper. A couple hundred people working on the same painting. Some kind of circus. A traveling show. Some kind of movie.

Take movies of everything. The show and our life Together. In the same movie. First start with the life show. The everyday stuff, eatin and pissin and kissin, is even a show — clump of 30 just doin it, whatever it is. Like livin on Earth. Then on to the *Show* show. Just climb in our bus.

Bus. Some part of the hog had completed a secret mission earning the farm a bus. On Christmas morning with only one star it drove up the mountain and announced itself. Both Paul Foster and I had been and still are, I guess, Merry Pranksters and lived on Furthur with Ken Kesey. I felt this bus was Furthur's baby. Machines dont make me horny but Furthur made me come. Maybe this bus . . . 1947 White Superpower *Bus* Bus.

Driver, the United States of America, and step on it!

Everybody is really turned on by this fantasy. The whole Hog has lit up for the first time. When any fantasy can light up the whole Hog, that seems to be what's happening. It's the bus ride to the *show* show. Reports are pouring in. Lots of action on the other end. The Everybody Paint the Bus Sunday. Followed by the mechanical show under the bus. Sure it's all a show. Even a flat tire can be a show if we use *joy* . . . turns the wheel toward . . .

The First Busride is down Wilshire Boulevard on Easter Saturday as part of a Planned Festival of Life and continuing to Tapia Park where boss mountains and the sea exchange trip for trip, waiting for the easter sunrise gathering of tribes with fog and poems and holy music lots of cops and cookies tits in the wind a couple cocks a million babies and a spy for Otto Preminger who casts the whole Hog Farm to play extra flower children in this movie called *Skidoo* and the hog is full of bread and it is fast dissolving into flesh of fantasy like fixin the bus.

Get a couple buses. Lumber for the bunks. Projectors, Fix everything. Get new stuff. Hit the road.

Meanwhile I am in the Bryn Mayr University Hospital with a disc removed and am grounded for two months missing *Skidoo*. Don't ask me how I got there. It was sort of one thing after another. With my Mickey Mouse night light and Donald Duck water pistol, slowly I revealed myself to them.

I am keeping a careful track of the Hog Farm caravan as it moves up to Ken Kesey's farm near Eugene, Oregon and its comin to me out of envelopes and telephones. Just thinkin of all those people driving round with all that stuff used to make me heal my ass off.

First they drive up to Oregon to pick up Babbs. Ken Babbs and Gretchen Fetchen

"Look at pigs over a fence, but never bring one into your life, for when you put an end to his existence, you'll suffer from memories as cannibal and murderer."

—Louis Bromfield



his slime queen and old lady plus their babies Mouse and Squeek. Babbs was a strong force within the Merry Prankster trip and if we could get him to come along . . . we talked on the phone lots just after my operation and he agreed to come. The bus is moved to Kesey's farm to finish off the interior carpentry work. Lockers that are benches open to double bunks . . . trying to get the most out of the least.

This bus, called The Road Hog, can now comfortably sleep and board a crew of 14 and is starting to acquire a personality. Everybody paints on her and the ceiling begins to acquire a collage.

The hospital is giving me lots of hydro baths and I've even taken my first couple of steps. (Something nobody was quite sure about . . . the hog farmers had conceived an elaborate system of ropes and pulleys just in case.) In a few days I have mastered the hallway and am takin on some stairs. The doctor gives me a release date and the whole Hog lights up for New Mexico.

My rendezvous point is Santa Fe where I'm slipped into a rubber Volkswagen and ferried out to camp and my wife and my family and the bus and the pig and the mountains and this cold stream with some hot sun and it is all too much.

Right away my friend Tom Law hustles me into a sweat lodge which is a big piece of canvas on a frame of green willow branches and made air tight. The floor is a blanket of pine except for a hole in the center for rocks being heated on an outside fire. Fill your hole with hot rocks and climb inside with a whole bunch of other people. Naked.

Dip a pine branch into a pail of water and sprinkle on the hot rocks and *whoosh*

lots of hot steam *whoosh whoosh* it gets too hot to move or breathe. The water man will wipe your face with a damp cloth. Break cedar bows under your nose and here comes the snot of a lifetime. When the heat turns to pain cry, "Commin out!" and an exit is raised.

How fast can you jump into that freezing stream? I'm a little slow at first and everybody lends a hand. The flash is fantastic. Then crawl back in again. After about four times around I had a vision. I don't remember what it was but it's the first time a bathtub ever got me high.

Camp gets larger every day. People coming from all over the country to celebrate the Summer Solstice. The celebration is to be held at Aspen Meadow, a large tract of land on the Tesuque Indian reservation. Permits and details are being handled by the New Improved Juke Savages. They are good friends of mine from California who have been a tribal outdoor teepee and bus dance in New Mexico for over a year. They live on nuts and berries.

The Hog Farm closet is full of secret cheeseburgers and will eat whatever's around and a lot of it. The greater hog also smokes cigarettes, mostly rolls its own. It will take everybody to stop. The Savages are much less complicated.

The Solstice weekend begins with a psychic hookup between New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, London, and New Mexico. People are asked through grapevine and underground press service to gather at various places in various time zones so it's all the same time . . . all striving for love on this earth.

In New Mexico we did a hauna prayer which we learned from a wise man in the Sierra Madre. It works like this. Lots of

people in a circle. Somebody says, Put your whole consciousness at the base of your spine. Feel it in in your blood. Feel it in your stomach.

Whole consciousness guided through the body . . . heart throat head and out to merge with other consciousness in the circle . . . getting stronger . . . becoming whole *whole* consciousness *consciousness*. Then send it out all together at the same time as light love sound, "aaaaaaaaaahhhh hhhhhooooooooooom." Coinciding with the first sprinkle of the season.

"Rain without snakes," somebody murmurs and runs off to tell the Indians.

Sunday is the big day of the festival and I have my first official wedding to perform. Paul Foster is getting married. To Laura. I have just become an ordained minister to one of Southern California's many mini-religions. Traveling in community it is handy to have someone on the trip who can do that stuff.

Marrying Paul Foster to anything could prove to be a scene. He is a very high energy dude and never sat still in his life. The ceremony must be active fast and groovy. Paul will wear ice skates for the occasion.

The Hog Farm and friends have erected our 60-foot-round dome. The first time I saw it . . . looks incredible, almost alive in that green meadow with clouds like horses. The Savages set up a teepee in the center of the dome. People are coming from everywhere.

This is what happened. I come out with Paul, Laura, and Babbs who is best man and can hold up Paul Foster who is actually wearing ice skates. We begin by lighting incense as a simple sacrifice to the elements . . . planting of ancient beans . . . the sharing of water and food . . . the couple chose to exchange pork chops . . . then the vows.

Repeat after me, "May the long time sun shine upon you, all love surround you, and the pure light within you guide your way on." And they do that and everybody makes these circles around them and starts singing, "May the long time sun" . . . just like we secretly rehearsed late around the fire and guitars come out of nowhere playing this song we learned from Bob Fass's tape of the Incredible String Band . . . "guide your way on."

Over and over and over . . . as we carried them into this teepee . . . onto the floor of pine boughs . . . the walls are lined with fruits and cake . . . they are left alone and the teepee sealed with 50 yards of American flag bunting. " . . . all love surround you . . ." into the sunset.

We discovered months later the marriage was consummated with a cantaloupe fight.

The next morning we lite out for El Rito and the 4th of July. Hog Farm buses are pulling in all the time. Not to mention Peter White Rabbit's bus called The Queens Midtown Tunnel of Love. He had been waiting some time in Santa Fe. Back when we didn't even know we were coming. It's like meeting yourself in the street . . . and

El Rito began with a street parade with all the buses and vans and a lot of Volkswagen campers.

Everybody but the drivers get out and walk or dance, play music and wave. El Rito is a very tiny town. Mostly Spanish American with a few Anglo artists. We—the pig in the lead wearing an Uncle Sam hat and a skirt of stars on an endless leash held by me and the children. Finally the hog is exhausted and we load her into a place of honor and speed out to camp. Followed by the town of El Rito.

We have a forestry permit and have already set up the big dome. Everybody grabbed a musical instrument and started to cook. Except for the natives who ringed the scene wide-eyed and cling to their cool, belting beers. Only their children were super free . . . join in music and dance and here comes the rain.

People scurry into teepees and cars and buses and some just stand there. The 4th of July was not only America's birthday but also that of Mouse, Ken Babb's little girl. She is 2 years old and we have erected an enormous birthday cake which runs the interior of the white bus. It is too big to remove so hungry hogs and humans gobble in shifts.

The evening light show was scary and beautiful. Our light show screening is a series of triangles which grommet to the dome frame forming a covering similar to the Hollywood Bowl . . . that night the wind tore up the screens and they're flapping all over but those light show guys they just keep projecting and the whole thing is another first.

The next morning we all pull into Larry Bird's house. He is an Indian painter with an Anglo old lady who moves like a deer. They have a beautiful baby who sleeps in a rack on the wall. Babbs has discovered that Larry Bird has a little plumbing problem so the whole convoy is there just to fix it.

First we got to rip out a wall. Stand over there Larry we'll have it all together in no time. Only a couple guys can be plumbers so the rest of us fellahs hook into their trip in various fashions. We plug in the amps and strike up the band. I have a live microphone and have established well to wall communications.

Sandwiches have been lowered to the plumbers and Mrs. Bird is in the kitchen turning out tacos. Everybody's doing something that is related to the one thing which is fixing the pipe. Sure enough as the sun falls down the last of the plaster heals up the wall. The Birds climb into the shower and we drive away to the stars.

Beautiful accident . . . while the natives chugged beer in pickup trucks facing the light show screens full of butterflies and buddhas all flapping in the wind like a drive-in on the moon . . . the rock music made em crazy those drunk guys in the pickups and they started running around yellin and beatin on things, so we slipped on a Tiny Tim tape and a couple of ragas and everybody went home.

The camp moved in and around that general area for some time and the population swelled to about 150 stomachs. The kitchen in the woods show had really gotten nifty. With a sink and pump from this stream with elaborate log shelves for pots and spice and staples and counters made by a lot of guys . . . and keeping it clean and together was a giant's dance.

The food ran out fast . . . the Hog Farm had brought staples to last 30 people a couple months but with all these people eatin it really upped the drama. I remember we had this dramatic nighttime meeting on the road hog and everybody was worried about the food except Babbs who gives this impassioned speech about giving everything away and everybody gets real excited except the pig who had just eaten my sleeping bag.

The sweat lodge show is the biggest thing in camp. There are many strong men to keep the stones hot. . . I am recovering from my operation and editing the camp newspaper and there was an incident at the sweat lodge. Each morning I would staple the paper to the bulletin board.

Mobile Life Support One

Vol. 1, No. 2 July 15th, 1968
El Valle Station

Nudie Cutie Freaks at Creek Sweat Fete Hex Mex

The sweat lodge show was seething with good clean drama yesterday. It all began mildly enough with mothers and babies enjoying the natural wading area just above the s.l. pool, as our Spanish American brothers observed from the road. Later some of the natives were invited to sweat. They moved closer and to muster up courage with numerous cans of beer. Then the moment of freak! "Go way" cried Miss X and was ignored until she grabbed a double headed axe. "You bastards," she shrieked as several naked free Americans cooled the axe. Miss X tossed her clothes at an electrified audience and soothed her shattered psyche in the sweat lodge.

Chipmunk on the Critical List: It is now being fed mothers milk by Lisa Law.

Firewood is needed in the kitchen.

Road Hog Meat — An informal, unannounced, impromptu and intense discussion took place on the Road Hog the other night. Major crimps were: the amount of people to feed and our major obligation to do our thing which is to travel and put on celebrations to raise the consciousness of celebrants throughout the land. As it became evident that no one wished people to be told to get the fuck out but rather they search their hearts as to whether then can serve as an integral part of this family or find their own scene in a commune of a more stationary fashion . . . maybe farming or crafts. Please check your Ching before you hang out.

The Yarrow Stalk plant and flower is useful in stopping dysentery, bleeding ulcers, hemorrhages, gas pains, and

lengthy . . . the head preserves the falling out of hair. In ointment form it can heal wounds and the leaves can be chewed to ease toothaches. (The dried stalks cast the I Ching.) A teaspoon of leaves or flowers cut fine or granulated to a cup of boiling water . . . drink cold . . . a large teaspoon does not help. Consume in large gulps. — Red Dog.

Puzzle for Today by Paul Foster: When are enough chickens enlarged to the size of a grain of popcorn?

Wanted: An astrologer for the paper. . .

The camp show is more than a food flap and psychedelic sauna, it is crafts and workshop and music and the fire at night and music and singing and talking into the fire. We decide to hold our next celebration at Los Alamos . . . the Atomic City . . . Love-in at Los Alamos . . . a lurid title to a funny fantasy. Of course they'd never allow it . . . but maybe it just might happen.

Tom Law and I shuttled up in his bus to look around. It is situated on the top of an enormous plateau amid breathtaking country. Picked purposefully by Oppenheimer for these reasons and a few others. You can feel old death in the air. We go straight to the Chamber of Commerce.

There is a white collar teenybopper working in the office and the director has gone home. When he hears words like *light show domes* and *electric music* he gets very excited. Nothing like that ever happened in Los Alamos. He takes it as a personal challenge . . . shows us land, talks of a community sponsor. Nothing can happen in Los Alamos without a sponsor. We exchange lots of phone numbers and return to camp.

The mechanics have been working all day on our old army generator. It is an enormous machine with its own trailer that Evan Engber brought from Topanga. An erratic beast at best, the generator was capable of enough wattage to run our entire scene . . . light show, band, etc. However, world war two was a while ago and the machine was looking for a discharge. After the mechanics fixed it there was an afternoon shower and somebody tossed on a tarp while it was still running. The generator ate the tarp and destroyed itself. This put the mechanics and everybody else on a fantastic bumper.

Which brings us around to The Great Generator Exorcism. It was a spontaneous event to heal the crimp of people and machine . . . starting out with Paul Foster sticking sparklers all over the motor and the mechanics beating on it with rocks. The thing began to snowball. Every body adorning the generator with personal mojo like buddhas and godseys and great strands of beads and painting on it and praying to it and somebody lit a couple flares and next thing you know there's maybe 50 or 60 people dancing around the drums and guitars and even a saxophone.

Most folks were beating on the machine with sticks, feeding it incense and oranges, and singing and chanting their ass off. After the first hour or two the vibes were

tremendous with no sign of let-up. *Heal*, you son of a bitch machine *heal*. Nobody really noticed the Lincoln Continental slip up the rutted road and park.

In between whacks and shouts I chance to look up and over and under the flares and the moon I see this big beautiful old gentleman with long white hair, twinkley eyes, semi-straight clothes, with a 10-pound lump of green jade hanging round his neck on a chain, and he's hunched over beating on this generator just like I am. I dig him to be Bill Tate, the Justice of the Peace from Truchas, a little town high in these mountains. I also heard he was a fine painter, ran a gallery, and was the only Anglo in America to be a practicing Penatente, an obscure sect that each year physically enacts the passion of Christ. Far out!

I disappear in waves of holy generator joy. A long time later his secretary or something tries to pull him away but it takes a couple tries cause he's totally spun out . . . dissolved into the rest of us. When he finally drives away he leaves an ancient tin rattle of the Penatentes, a promise of return, and a powerful presence of something eternal. We discovered that the next day he called up some general with the New Mexico National Guard and told him how nifty we are, and about our Celebrations, and how we really need this generator to turn on the people of New Mexico, and after a couple science fiction phone calls the Army agrees to fix our generator.

The next night a baby is born in camp. Born in the back of a 1952 International Harvester truck. Her name is Cueva and she weighed about 6 pounds. Ken Babbs played the doctor. Somebody else played the guitar.

The good lord repeated his original role of Grace. That a human life should blossom in those mountains, beneath those stars, within our deepest heart we knew, whatever surface hassles and everyday bum trips appeared, that everything was indeed alright. We had passed the people test.

Somewhere around that time we receive a free bus from the neighboring commune of Encones which is some kind of rural A-head crash pad with wall to wall funk. The bus was a brightly painted piece of junk called the Assembly of God. It came complete with a terrible driver named Peter Blackrabbit and his inscrutable and creepy old lady. The show really needed a chuck wagon and this one was free and here we go again folks. We immediately re-named Peter Blackrabbit Peter Chuckwagon in the old Hog Farm tradition of naming new people after their old machines.

The mechanics took out our welding toys (tanks, torches, goggles, etc.) and began to cut up the bus. Quite a slight in the night with sparks a'flyin. Everybody go *ooooo* and *ahhhh*. Babbs thinks he is making some kind of elaborate collage and rips off the entire roof. The next day the carpenters start in under the shakey com-

mand of Terry Scout — a new guy who had no machine so we named him after his clothes.

After a couple days it really started lookin swell so we loaded her up with stove and staples (100-lb. sacks of brown rice and grains, etc.) plus this dopey washing machine that Babbs kept lugging around, and a whole bunch of other shit, struck camp, assumed convoy formation, and headed for Jemez Springs. These are hot springs, sacred to the Indians, and handy to Los Alamos for setting up the celebration. The convoy was enormous and we were somewhat new at it. Even now with only 5 or 6 vehicles we have our little hassles.

The rules are simple. A lead vehicle, preferably the slowest, sets the pace, with each driver minding the vehicle behind it. If there is a hang-up flash your lights and the message will relay through the convoy and everybody will pull onto the shoulder. Sounds easy if your lights work, if everybody is paying attention, and if there is a shoulder to pull off on.

Before we leave on a mission there is usually a drivers' meeting where the route is discussed and everybody gets high. If possible a contact phone number is passed out to use if you are hopelessly lost and haven't lost the phone number. All good clean drama. Thrills and spills and 30 miles an hour. Into the sunset.

Around a bend we run into Evan Engber and his old lady Bonnie sitting in a Bread Van full of avocados watching the sun set. They were a month late having broke down in Needles, California. And now we're all together. The Road Hog, Chances Van — the big Pig, Arts truck towing Pigasus and the generator, the band bus (a gift from Synanon) with Wilson Smith who was our band, his lady Sue (now Chipmont Sue, having adopted an orphan in El Valle), and here comes Peter Whiterabbit's Queens Mid-Town Tunnel of Love Bus, followed by the Light Show Bus, Tom Law's Juke Savage Machine built from parts gathered at the Atomic junk yard in Los Alamos, the Bread Van full of Evan and avocados, Eloi's and Nancy's pick-up with newborn baby Cueva and their 4 other kids, plus countless campers and sedans . . . into the night with a trail of lights through the woods looking like rush hour on the Ventura Freeway.

You can just imagine the gas station show! Pulling into Espanola around 8 o'clock on Saturday night a little loaded and lookin to pee. One hundred freaks spill from thirsty machines in quest of an Almond Joy or a Juke Savage cantaloupe and still no sign of the chuckwagon or the whiterabbit bus or the volkswagen riding drag. When the news hits in the person of Calvin—an organic farmer in bib overalls, shirtless and tanned to the top of his balding brain . . . face framed in gray mutton chop whiskers all a'quake and jumping up and down for all his maybe 50 years spewing blubber mumble goon about

how the chuckwagon went *over a cliff* but everything was cool with the white bus standing by . . . he secretly called the police and fire departments and was never seen again.

The result was mass confusion with everybody flapping around . . . the what went over the what? Sirens in the distance. The word slowly gets around. Calvin says its cool, nobody hurt. Babbs is there. Babbs is together. Babbs will take care of it.

We later discovered most of the information was Calvin's hallucination. Babbs could have stood a little help . . . with all our worldly dinners dribbling down this mountain side and Terry Scout going mad at the switch and throwing washing machines and stove parts further down the mountain cursing our karma in the person of Peter Blackrabbit nee Chuckwagon for refusing brake fluid back in camp and being a shitty driver . . . Babbs is laughing his ass off which is his habit when the world world falls off and nobody gets hurt.

So when the natives arrive with their perpetual beer show he and the White-rabbits and even Terry Scout get good and stinking drunk. The cops say the late Chuckwagon needs a tow which is \$70 that they pull from Judge Tate who answered his door in a nightshirt with pistol. So they all go to live at Judge Tate's house as voluntary hostages.

Meanwhile back at the gas station everybody's gassed and pissed and candied up and waiting for at least some kind of news, and the gas station guys get nervous cause there's no room for anybody else. So we move into this Safeway parking lot and start waiting. But it's Saturday night and the whole town is out driving around like they always do except they re-route Main Street to the Safeway parking lot of their own accord just to check us out and it's really a scene.

David Butcovitch has assumed his police identity and is outside blowing his whistle and directing traffic . . . when who should he whistle up but the police chief who also has a whistle and has just about swallowed it. My wife Bonnie Jean is the police commissioner because she is very pretty and has talked to a lot of police. She went to cool the captain while we stashed Butcovitch in the belly of the bus. We had 10 minutes to get out of town. Oh well. Babbs had a map and Calvin must be with him using the Volks for shuttle. We all hook up at the Hot Springs tomorrow.

We arrive at Jemez Springs around 4 o'clock in the morning *vroom vroom* one bus after another slipping into berth in this roadside parking lot . . . Now dig this, who should we come upon but these short-haired sweet vanilla type Albuquerque College kids up on their first acid trip and here in the middle of nowhere comes the Ventura Freeway at 5 o'clock. "Are you God? Are you God?" they gurgled, running around in this perpetual circle like candidates for pancake paint.

"So's yer old man" I whispered crypti-

cally, tightening my chromium brace under the lerce New Mexican sky. I decided beforehand not to wait till sun-up for my sacred splash but I couldn't find the path and stumbled through the bushes into this roaring brook then up the pricker patch and into the gopher hole. Hours later I found the path and the spring simultaneously. It is really Cream of Bathtub . . . all natural stone and steaming as the sun began its morning breakfast of the stars.

Splooosh goes Hugh into galactic spaghetti. That's what I felt like folks. *Galactic spaghetti*. The spring had sucked me up and cooked me into mush. After a while Jerry Blue Bead (our latest hog direct from the tin domes of Placetas) ladled me up to dry. Throughout the day my people came and poached their nerves to jelly.

In this holy spring someday immerse my last remains to form eternal soup. But there's no camping allowed and nature's own gestapo are fairly strict at this. Beware the bears with shovels, son! Down the road apiece (that passeth understanding) we pitched our camp, threw up the yellow dome, and waited for a peyote run to return from Texas. In the interim we worked on the Los Alamos show, butchered bugs, and treaded water.

The rainy season was upon us as we played the swamp show. Second night in camp the Band Bus ran amuck . . . sheered its moorings and ran over some strange cat . . . having never been run over by a bus before he was somewhat shaken but quite whole the only casualty being his guitar which resembled a Picasso in cubes.

The Band Bus came to rest with only its nose in the river as if testing the temperature like some chickenshit Florence Chadwick. Somewhere around that time the peyote arrived. From the Texas Plains with bulging gunny sacks came Federal Fred our Psychedelic Santa Claus to kick off the *Great Peyote Geeze*.

Now personally I smoke grass to get giddy and psychedelics are a sacramental serious scene and some of my brothers and sisters are on a similar trip . . . and others can go either way . . . and still others will consume whatever's around whenever they can. Announcing the great peyote eating contest with our boy Butch pulling in top honors with 40 buttons under his brain . . . followed by a peyote fight in the yellow dome. It was a pretty noisy show and me and my old lady slipt up to the bus and fell out.

That's the Hog Farm for you. The full spectrum. Do anything you want as long as nobody gets hurt.

The rain got rainier and the mud got muddier and my mind turned to raspberry cement. Only the pig was grooved . . . being a mud-head. In the early morning rain came a voice within my brain. *Let's get the fuck out of here!* So I started to work. That's the Hog Farm for you. No leaders but when things get out of con-

trol somebody's got to grab the rains (pun) and if it is the will of most, watch out! I grabbed a mike and portable amplifier and began my tongue dance. The days began with two hours of sun followed by 22 of torrent. Okay, let's go . . . let's go . . . *Let's pack it up* . . . and out they staggered sweet and sleepy-eyed from dome and teepee.

There was a 50-50 chance I would be skinned alive. *Let's go right now! Now.* Now, I droned obsessively. And then it happened. The hog began to move *fast*. Tear down the dome. Faster still. Pack up the staples. Goin like hell. Pack up the pig. Not so fast. She really dug the mud. My kingdom for a glazed donut. The pig will climb a pole for a donut. We catch her anyhow. Within two hours from my vision we are on the road again. Ahead of the rain. Miles from mud. Leaving the Band Bus for the next debacle. We head for Pilar on the banks of the Rio Grande. It's really Paradise and there's no rain in Paradise. This time around.

Hard work on the Los Alamos show with the Ladies Auxiliary turning out lots of beads and other shinies, paper flowers . . . and it's really goin to happen folks. William Butler Yeats once wrote *In Dreams Begin Responsibility* . . . and that's no shit. The Unitarian Church has agreed to sponsor our dream and have cleared with the Atomic Energy Committee. Sunday, August 4th on Horse Mesa.

Back to the Mud Show. A run is made in the Road Hog to rescue the Band Bus. The Road Hog gets stuck in the mud. A caterpillar tractor is scored to pull out the Road Hog. The tractor gets stuck in the mud. A crane is captured to pull out the Band Bus, the Road Hog and the caterpillar tractor. Success but at what price. The participants squished with every step . . . and our dollars were down to bottom. And the show shall always be *free*.

Our future hangs by a bag of beads. What, me worry. On the banks of the Rio Grande. High rust cliffs acrossed the river, brown below and always moving fast like a song. Or even a run to the Los Alamos laundromat through the barbed wire to Baskin Robbins 31 flavors and a meeting with the ministers. Watch out Horse Mesa. Here comes de Hog.

That night we hook up with the white bus after laying a taste on the judge. It's all together again with some of us eating moldy peyote around the fire. The gentle murmur of drums and the river flow into morning. It's show time, folks! Everybody up with some oatmeal, climbing into costumes of self. I got special clothes to get high in. Magic clothes for special occasions. Like when I was 17 I had a red vest that used to get me laid.

The Kachina mask of the Hopi molds the dancer into the god he represents. Believe in your clothes. It works if you work. Kesey used to say, "The trouble with the super hero is—what to do between phone booths." No time for that now. It's tele-

phone time in Los Alamos. Let's bottle up and go. It's a long ascent for the convoy, stretching splendid ribbons of rubber and day-glo into the mesa side.

Los Alamos was a closed city till about ten years ago. The guard towers are ominous and deserted. The town looks a lot like Scarsdale with residential cottages—east coast style. On each house there is a plaque like TA 714-648B, etc. White picket fence and chicken every Sunday. Freckled kids ride Schwinn bikes down Avenues of elm trees on a mesa in New Mexico. Not an adobe in sight. Only death merchant Americana.

And nobody knows what's really goin on. Like Deutchlanders on Dachau. "We just didn't know." And lots of 'em don't . . . like the man at the ice cream parlor. It's atoms for peace. We hit the main drag around 10 a.m. and its pretty deserted. Past government buildings of square gray cement . . . heading for horse mesa and the rodeo grounds through a thin but persistent rain. It rains a lot in Los Alamos.

The cops are there already and they got an attitude. Teenage kids informed us the police had boasted we'd never be allowed to set up the show but the persistent Unitarians saved the day. So here we are . . . and there they are . . . to protect and serve. One bus after another pulled into the main arena forming a large circle of contemporary covered wagons putting radioactive cowboys through excruciating changes.

A band of baseball players is recruited to help put up the yellow dome. Everybody is pretty enthusiastic and the pig is back in the mud again. She is wearing her red and white striped dress with a long leash of stars. After a while the small dome is raised, the rain stops, and the county electrician plugs us in. There's music in the mud and here come people. Car after car after car.

I plod over to the peace officers to see if I can cool them on. They are wearing mirrored sunglasses and I am wearing a jester's hat. I adjust my bells in their eyes. "Hi ya, you guys, what can we do to make things groovy? I mean if there's any hassle we can fix just let us know up front, okay?" And after a gruff and a grumble they're goin for it . . . saying something about the parking show. So I appoint myself parking commissioner and official greeter with a lot of hand signals and a how do you do . . . de do de dootie!

It's a pretty good gig and I get to meet everybody personally. They share a similar affection for beer as the rest of the inhabitants of the land of enchantment . . . and they're pushy with it. Each careful gettin a can for the greeter, and putting a gentle lurch in the side of my peyote buzz. I give the cops a wink and a giggle and they are semi-amused. The first breakthrough. After a while I get some relief and go check out the show-show.

The band is all set up and everybody is helping set up the big dome. Not just us

but farmers and physicists and freaks all working together, and that's what the show is about. The Ladies Auxiliary has set up shop around the side of the white bus and they're doing a hell of a business. Psychedelica is a rare bird in Atomicsville.

After a while the dome has blossomed and the Savages are inside putting up teepees. Everybody joins hands around the dome to form monstrous circles and do a *Gong Bong*. Here's how it works. We all squat down and breathe simultaneously 14 times . . . inhaling through the nose then exhaling through the teeth as if whistling . . . on the 14th breath instead of exhaling we hold it . . . stand up with our hands over our head and release it as sound . . . whatever sound is inherent in the breath . . . aaahhhhhhhhh . . . ideally there is an electrical flash that ripples round the circle and everybody falls down happy. This time we were followed by the dome. I mean the goddamn dome collapsed, teepees tearing light show screen. It just wasn't perfected yet.

We had just installed rubber connectors so the screens wouldn't tear, so the pipes bent instead. Cutting tiny smiles in the screen later fixed everything. We learn by doing. Meanwhile we got a scene on our hands. People are freaking and screaming and grabbing their babies and I am on the P.A. saying, "Stay cool" and that "The dome is structurally sound and cannot collapse but only sag and bend," but very few people believe me. We get lots of volunteers with poles and muscles and gradually pop it back into place and that's real show business.

When the audience realized they weren't going to be crushed to death everybody cheered like hell. Night fell. The light show was beautiful, the music was grand, and everybody felt responsible. Cuz they had helped. They explored the buses . . . exchanged hugs and hellos and we were

all just one big happy family . . . of man. Earth people at a party. Even the police were kissing cousins. After the show they escorted us to a nearby parking lot, saving the striking of equipment for Monday morning. They also copped food for our pig.

The clean-up show the next morning was really a wonder with every hog in action. Not a gum wrapper left standing. This is always a mindblower for local officials who have never seen a freak at work . . . let alone for free. The response is always generous with food and gee-gaws . . . smiles and even tears. And so we bid a fond farewell to Los Alamos USA and it's a satisfied man that lumbers back to Pilar and the river for after-the-show layup and general recuperation.

A great trip is to scoop handfuls of smelly black ooze that line the bank and smear your whole jazz body like Al Jolson at a nudist camp and then bake till dry and chip off. You will discover you have grown a new set of skin. Our next show is set for the Sante Fe Rodeo Grounds and is to be a real wheeler-dealer event with lots of advance radio and newspaper publicity. It will be a benefit for the Sante Fe Repertory Theatre and an opportunity to do our thing on a whole other level . . . rent fancy equipment and give the freaks a good name.

We have never charged money before and it's against our basic principles but it's not for us and what the hell . . . let's see what happens. We move the camp into the mountains just above Sante Fe and make ready. The show-show is a horror with belligerent cowboys . . . a sparse attendance . . . and a bunch of rock bands on an ego trip . . . it is a stiff lesson culminating in *The Great Swimming Pool Flap Dance and Draino*.

During the day Ken Babbs has rolled several enormous tin tanks to the center of

the arena and filled them with a hose for the kids to swim in. It was an afternoon highlite but come closing time after packing up all our junk to make room for this circus that was coming in, sleepless and quaking we had to figure how to get those fucking tanks out of there. Babbs was feeling sick and fell out early. The only answer was a bucket brigade that lasted well into the dawn.

Somewhere around this time Shirley Lake has contracted hepatitis and is gobbled up by the Hospital and Los Alamos and we've got an epidemic on our hands. We acquire gamma globulin shots at the Health office in Espanola. They say it comes from cowshit in the streams and a good portion of the area is infected. We wind our way into the Truchas peaks for some internal repairs. Can we pass the hepatitis test?

There's no endless fumbling food lines anymore. Just hard core Hogs. Its an interesting dance with the well people tending the sick people . . . till the sick people get well and the well people get sick, then switch. Even lots of our best people literally dropped out to hospitals and families. This is about the time of the big Democratic Convention in Chicago and we are committed to be there with the pig for the Yippee Festival of Life in Lincoln Park.

I call up Abbie Hoffman and try to spin him our plight and I'm accused of "vacillation." Abbie has since contacted the "mellow yellow" himself and has had ample time for a little retrospect either in a hospital bed or on the sands of Miami Beach where he spent the Nixon Inauguration. This is not meant to be a put-down because I know that hepatitis is strictly a horizontal dance but honestly Abbie I really felt bad.

We got the convention report from Judge Tate who crumbled into camp after viewing the festivities on color television at his parents house. They must be a hundred years old. Anyhow the Judge was really shaken and told us of cop stomp and minister mush and the wacking of women. Even Hugh Hefner go: tossed. As he recounted one atrocity after another the birds became silent, the trees took to tremble and our brook began to moan.

The next day a couple of us picked up the generator from the national guard. It had been entirely rebuilt and as a special surprise painted day-glo and stenciled with love. They were honestly embarrassed about Chicago and it was a touching scene as we towed that brightly colored machine out of all that olive drab. Two different armies passing in review. A couple weeks went by and some psychedelic dope appeared in camp. A kool-aid was prepared and those of us that were hearty enough took a little busride heh heh heh!

The judge had told us of 7 sacred lakes high in the Truchas peaks that flow into a 300 foot waterfall and he gave us some of the vaguest directions in the history of mouth to mouth communication. He had never been there personally due to a back injury sustained in the Navy and thought it



would be too much of a strain for me after the operation but I get very high and really feel like a fast walk to heaven.

Seven sacred lakes really lights up the healthy side of the Hog. So we're driving there up these ridiculous roads that rumble up the mountains looking like the Conestoga trail before the wagons found it. The white bus and the Babbs bus. Oh yeah, Babbs bought this bus from John Muir the naturalist's grandson also called John Muir. He owned a beautiful ranch up above Taos where we attended his wedding . . . gave a lightshow in the rain, and got all the buses impossibly stuck.

He also owned the only bus in America that Ken Babbs could stand up in. He had a similar back show from mine acquired crashing a helicopter, and stands 6 feet and change. A veteran of the good bus Furthur. Babbs has spent the last 5 years in a half stoop. He's really earned that bus and his friends helped him cop it. This is its first intrepid run. About half way round this hairy fuckin turn white bus stalls . . . loses vacuum . . . and starts rollin backwards. Butch is driving and he quickly shifts 11 pounds and turns a somber shade of blue. No vacuum means no breaks unless the engine's running and it fails to start again and theres a 300 foot drop on our left and we're rollin backwards.

"Everybody out of the bus," croaks Butch and its really a swift exit as only fear gives wings to feet. Butch starts cuttin the wheel like an eggbeater and rams the ass of the bus safely into the side of the cliff while David Butcavitch blocks the wheels with minor boulders. We all stood and quaked for five minutes then jumped on the Babbs Bus. Babbs was having a wonderful time and is driving his bus like a helicopter.

The road dead ends in a horse corral and we all pile out. Glad to be alive! Its barely raining . . . like the sky in a cold sweat . . . and every man for himself. Breaking apart to come together in twos and threes. Bonnie Jean and I find some beaver evidence and send up a hollar which flushes up Butavitch and Susavitch and we all head upstream looking for a dam. The woods are alive with Hog farmers and our party swells and shrinks with the geography.

After about 20 minutes our soggy band strikes a clear trail and two hearty hikers toting full packs around like forgotten balloons. Androids from Iowa State . . . and they have seen the waterfall . . . Christ, we almost forgot. *The Waterfall* is up this trail a piece. And away we go with lemming-like determination that separates the pilgrims from their pills.

After an agonizing five miles of impossible hiking conditions Suzavitch discovers she isn't wearing shoes and heads back to the bus. The trail is either straight up or down into some kind of swamp show. The only thing that is driving me on is a combination of good dope and the knowledge that I can't make it back without a stretcher. Finally my body abandoned my brain and collapsed in a fern clump.

Far away I could hear the *roar of the falls*. Catatonic and gibbering I rose to the rear. Also Butch lifted me up. We climb a final knoll and *ooeee*. Natural fuckin wonder Jim! The majesty of all that water flashing and crashing like a moving post card. Without camera or guard rail or tour guide or beercan . . . not even the plastic music that pervades most national scenery marts.

This place was special because you had to earn it. Here come Bonnie Jean and White rabbit and David LeBruan all wasted from the walk. But the falls fixes all. Quivering with dying sun shouts rose and orange, rusty like the lord's own snot she set us down to worship while the sun sunk into sleep.

It is now raining again and black as a bat's ass. We gather squaw wood for a fire. Squaw wood is dead limbs that are protected by live trees. We do this all night long to keep from freezing. It was really a scene staying up all night playing silly games so the fire didn't go out. Butch and Whiterabbit went for help and we didn't see them for days. Babbs passed us at dawn on his way to the 7 lakes. Back at camp we all swapped trips.

Judge Tate has been after us for some time to stage a Celebration for the people of Truchas. After layin up and getting healthy on those sacred mountains we felt we owed the town a load of favors. The day of the show we discover that all our projection equipment and chemicals are stranded in Albuquerque with the Le Bruan bus which is receiving another motor transplant. At the last minute we discover a single overhead projector.

A bunch of us suit up in zany magic suits and wander through the village with a battery operated microphone knocking on every door. Knock, knock, "Good afternoon madam, we are some of the folks who have been camped in the woods and we are putting on a party for the people of Truchas. Do you have any pyrex pie plates, food die, or mineral oil?" It really spun the Senoras around but we started getting the stuff together. And knocked on every door. It's just a tiny town and everyone was really beautiful and helping all they could.

The show-show was small and sweet. The yellow dome was plenty big to hold the whole electric end of the party. Most of these people had never seen a light show before. After the generator ran out of gas we all gathered around a large fire and talked and drank cans of sacramental beer and made much music. A kind of acid rock mariachi.

Ken Babbs has taken off with his big army bus to rescue the light show bus in Albuquerque. Where he was taken off to jail far calling this prick cop a prick cop. Babbs is digging the jail show and refuses bail for a while. "Just another experiment."

Communications broken down with the slippery LeBraun bus, the Hog Farm rushes to Albuquerque to reason with Babbs. We are in town ten minutes when we hook into LeBraun who has scheduled our celebration

at the University of New Mexico. A lady playground designer offers up her vacant lot with a promise of hot showers. Hot showers are a hot item in any bus community.

Everything starts coming together. The jail has had enough of Babbs just being Babbs . . . and we have the pig installed in this lady's back yard doll house. Our host (an architect) & hostess were holding up rather well under the onslaught. Something happens when the hog farmers walk into your house. I mean there's just so many of us . . . babies, kids, dogs and big folks . . . that you kind of disappear. I mean you become part of this hot squirming organism looking for this and that.

Our second night in town we were showing movies in the living room to our hosts and friends and the local nark and chief of detectives. We all joined hands and sang "a very cellular song" . . . *all love surround you*. My mind turned to jello. The peace officers were spooky nice and told us where to score and don't forget to stash.

You see they thought we had come to live in Albuquerque—5 buses full of squeaky freaks, with only Babbs to go on. Fifty Babbses? Call the cops! Then they heard we're only passing through. After the show at the college. Heading for wherever that is. Those cops were really happy and stopped the stopping of our buses. "Just turn your head and wave, Sergeant, they're leaving town in a week."

After the show at the college there we were . . . heading for Las Vegas New Mexico. Judge Tate had told us of an old folks home full of forgotten fragments of lonely lives. We could perk those people up! A couple phone calls from the judge and they were ready for us. The convoy was in high spirits after the University of New Mexico.

Our first college celebration was a super success with thousands of people getting into stuff. We had all kinds of equipment supplied by the college which made for a very rich palate. Many mikes, speakers, projectors and amps. The ladies Auxiliary sold a ton of "native crafts" which we converted into gasoline and groceries.

The show was paying its own way. Every hog farmer gets 25c just for fun. We are capitalist pigs on a paid vacation. Evening finds us camped at Judge Tate's parents' gift shop just outside Las Vegas. Twenty teenagers in hot rods lead us to the perennially missing LeBraun bus which is sleeping by a swamp.

The next afternoon we arrive early at the old folks home and get an offer to fill in at the State Mental Institution which is across the street. Goofy! We set up the small dome frame and a couple projectors in the nut-house gym. When de big gate go *boom* several of us professional crazies turn on the paranoia. *Captured* at last. We'll never get out of this one, gang! Gangway here come the patients. Sweet, old children, ancient babies of the broken brain. Frightened, frantic, or frozen forever. Turned off.

They sweep into the auditorium like an

army of brooms. Fold in to the folding chairs that rim the room and look suspicious. But we are not some local ladies club feeling sorry. We are day-glo babies busting routine bubbles. Hug your horror, tickle terror, tap your toe. One of the attendants had forbidden patients to leave their chairs, we found out later. They seemed both timid and defiant as we lured them onto the floor, into the colors and sound and the circles of now which was then.

Dancing to the cream. Together . . . and then the miracle! A 16-year-old deer girl asked Laura Foster about her hat. Nothing exceptional except she had not spoken a word for years, we found out later. After viewing the exuberance of the party an official of the old folks home cancelled us out. Afraid of mass cardiacs. Oh well, we got to shake a few hands and they loved us at the nut house.

Right around this time we take on my brain damaged brother-in-law who has just turned 18. He is super handsome, super smart, and wears a hearing aid. Brook Beecher is also maybe the leading teenage flying saucer expert in the world. His current phobia is a fear of moving cars so what more logical maneuver than to move him into a moving bus. We can work it out.

Brook becomes our official police show cinema photographer which means when the convoy is stopped by the cops he jumps out and shoots em. This works real good for a while . . . the kid really digs to be where the action is and forgets his phobia. We slip Colorado for a hookup with Babbs' brother, Sometimes Missing, who was away on a fishing trip.

Vigilantes, drunken cowboys, and hostile heat drive us out of Evergreen Colorado. Temporary sanctuary is found in a local hippies bushes. Meanwhile diapers are changed, oatmeal is burned, socks are darned . . . just like everybody else . . . except it's compressed and expanded. Like a billion balloons in a shoebox.

The Hog Farm floats into Boulder Colorado looking for a parking place . . . and end up on the outskirts, in a campground, out of sight. That night we all make an appearance at the University of Colorado. It's a meeting of SDS and we just walk in. The whole family. It is good timing because all the students were politically exhausted. Everybody is flashing on our celebration and we get lots of sponsors. Not just the SDS but the sophomore and senior class and the interfraternity council and a lot of student groups I can't remember. This means a bigger budget which means more toys. A richer palate.

The Boulder Police chased us out of the outskirts and we are given sanctuary on a university parking lot. The life show and show-show are coming closer together. Students popping in and out at all hours and always holding. Our free store overfloweth. Incredible garbage runs net mountains of chicken and doughnuts. Girls' dormitories offer up showers and the engineers are interested in our domes.

Too much is yet too much and more! After

a series of administrative hassles we are awarded an enormous field for our frolic. A professional non-student named Scott Holazar starts hanging out and helps us in our dealings within the university power structure. Thousands of leaflets are distributed with the wrong date. Another debacle. Everybody runs around makin changes, meeting people, and it's even better because of our bungle.

Ten thousand people attend our celebration throughout the course of the day and night. Helping with the equipment. Sprouting domes. Swapping sandwiches. Painting paintings. Just like we dreamed it. Only better. The art department has donated a 50-foot long inflatable plastic hot dog that people can crawl inside of and turn red. It had been previously used at a college happening where a red smoke bomb had left a rub off residue. Turning cowboys into Indians. There are lots of children around to help the big folks get it off.

I am skooting around in this Volkswagen van full of incredible sound equipment with speakers on the roof and broadcasting anything I can stick in front of a microphone. Music, children, police calls, lost and found, Pigasus eating a banana . . . or the sound of sun on grass.

Night time found everybody gathered in and around the big dome waiting for the lightshow and electric music. We had several local bands who had volunteered to play and were busy hooking up equipment with the usual delays. The hype was tremendous. Thousands of people clapping and whistling and . . . this one incredible whistle . . . I grab a working mike and trace it down.

This student does bird calls. He is brought forward with deafening applause. This kid is so hot to do his thing he chips his tooth on the microphone. After each bird call everybody claps like hell . . . behind it is all so bizarre. Meanwhile the last minute electrical hassles have all been solved, the band is poised, and the whole place is set to explode.

At that moment I am grabbed from behind and tossed to the ground. A hose is stuck into my mouth and I am filled with nitrous oxide. As I change dimensions I catch a glimpse of Kesey. This is Prankster business. I am handed a microphone and tossed on stage. The same for Babbs and Bucavitch and other hogs. We are pumped full of gas and wired for sound. Our synchronized scream is a cosmic cartoon.

The light show erupts, the band takes off, and 10,000 people are dancing and prancing like New Years Eve, V.J. Day, and the legalization of marijuana. We slip out unnoticed in quest of Kesey. He's got a white Cadillac full of nitrous oxide and a tennis racket. Just passing through! We tour and explore and everything is running itself . . . a snowball in the summer. That's when it's really best. When the momentum of what went down can carry the show and we weary hogs can sit back and enjoy the enjoyment of everybody else.

The next day is the big clean-up show

with lots of students helping out. A telephone call has been made to the Department of Agriculture by Red Dog. He says there's apple picking for everyone in Missouri. We really want a bunch of money to continue our trip. The road hog needed a ring job and New York was a long way off . . . so we bid a fond farewell to colorful Colorado and a hearty hello to the *Great Apple Show*.

Missouri living is slidy and slow and just like like their rollin river here come the hog farm. Our first job is picking apples off the ground after the tree guys had passed through. Big golden balls of apple destined for cider and sauce. We crawl under trees and fill bushel baskets then empty them into big boxes. A couple bucks each box. Then we move up in the world. Our next gig takes us into the trees and the apples are red and our stomachs are bulging with bites.

Pulling out of this mile long driveway we notice the band bus abandoned. Wait there's Federal Fred and Jan Senacol hopping around like all night bennie factory . . . in the weeds. Waving big stalks of the stuff. Weed! The stuff! Yes-a-re-bub, miles of Mary Jane. We picked a ton of the shit but you had to smoke a kilo to stay high. It later got moldy and we threw it away. With the exception of Paul Foster's 7-foot staff, I think just seeing it there and running through it got people higher than clouds.

It was a sweet gig with the whole family pitching apples . . . apple baseball, apple tennis, and a squishy apple fight. We had a stark scene with the orchard owner who didn't want us to leave. However the rains were upon us and we persevered, picked up our bread and a couple apples and hit the road. The cop shows of Kansas were amiable, the highways flat and easy on the buses. It was also difficult to get lost. We camped evenings at State Lakes which were left over WPA projects and we always drew a crowd. One time we showed our movies on the back of a gas station wall.

By this time Nancy Meadows is super pregnant and anxious to have her baby in Annandale Minnesota where my father-in-law owns a tiny farm on the banks of Clearwater Lake. We figured to lay up there and heal the buses before the final push east. By the time we reached Minnesota Nancy's labor pains are coming fast and furious. We have hot water boiling constantly on the white bus and the convoy is really pushing it.

A minor cop show separated us from the bus and arts truck but we just kept chasing the stork through the rain. We arrived at the Beechers Farm in the middle of the night and still no baby. The next day we pull the Road Hog into a big barn and Bryce and Rocket pull the engine and we start grinding valves.

There is still a lot of color in the trees and we got an outboard motor to chug around the lake. Mostly it rains and we huddle round the TV set and degenerate. On clear days we clear land for Mr. Beecher up by Sugar Lake. This helps pay for bus

parts and gets us out of our psychic swamp.

Then Nancy breaks her water. It's a birth show for sure and everybody gets ready. Peter Whiterabbit is elected Doctor as Babbs is off towing Sometimes Missing to Ohio. It is impossible to get a real doctor to deliver a baby at home any more . . . and the hospital show is a sham — the baby is a number under glass.

A doctor friend of ours agreed to assist on the telephone from Los Angeles and we had a fast car on hand just in case. Everything was sterilized and newspapers taped to all the walls. The whole Hog Farm gathered in that little room and waited for the first contraction. Gradually we began to blend our breaths with Nancy's. All together now. Uunngg! Slowly the head began to emerge. Uunngg! Little by little by little.

The children were fascinated. Nancy's 4-year-old boy David was right at wombside asking questions. An incredible aura of calm within the miracle. Uunngg! I am lo-tused in a corner with my brain in Nancy's belly. I have never left my body before let alone had a baby. It was quite an experience.

Afterwards, after cutting of the cord, after the first few hearty cries, after the baby lay on its mother's breast, and we are waiting for the last of the afterbirth, Bonnie Jean tells me what a scene it was . . . what with the cord around the baby's neck and the baby being blue and all. The doctor on the phone was not doing so well. But everything was really okay where I was inside Nancy's belly. Imagine 50 people having one baby. His name was Blue and he weighed 9 lbs. and 6 ounces.

There has been lots of press since our arrival and teenyboppers are coming out of the woodwork which really puts the heat on the Beechers who have to live in Annandale long after the Hog Farm. Already the natives have refused to empty the garbage and other domestic chores. There is a constant flow of traffic peering at our buses, hooting and blowing their horns at all hours.

As soon as the last valve is in place we all split for Minneapolis. A celebration had been arranged at the University of Minnesota in conjunction with a large program called the Week of Concern. George Romney is also on the bill.

We park the convoy on Nicolette Island and this rock and roll singer named Rocky lets us use his kitchen and bathroom facilities. Another guy who works in this welding place down the street sneaks our buses in one night for lots of free welding.

The celebration is held in the main ballroom of the University and is really groovy . . . we have a large budget and get lots of projectors and mikes and other gadgets which are all run by students. We spent the rest of the night cleaning up the mess which is an old Hog Farm-Prankster ritual and this flashes the maintenance men to tears. In this one guy's 5-year history as head janitor we are the first group ever to clean up after ourselves.

The next day Susavitch goes to the hos-

pital for a checkup and is gobbled up with hepatitis. Now we know the hepatitis show and how to fix it. The following evening we convince her doctor to let her go with the caravan.

Paul Foster, his old lady, and Scott Holizar have gone ahead to the University of Wisconsin to set up a show. This is our first attempt at advance preparation. The convoy is under constant Police surveillance and not allowed to stop anywhere along the road for fear of spreading hepatitis. "Keep moving . . . keep moving." We are the rolling hepatitises. It was really weird.

When we reach the college we find it in revolt. Our advance men had been chased out of an SDS meeting as suspected CIA agents. The whole Hog Farm is a federal ploy. Far out. Meanwhile the police and the health department have arranged gamma globulin shots for everyone before running us out of town. We aim for Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan.

A warehouse is available through an old prankster brother, Norman Hartwig. We're coming Norman. It's dark and bitter ass cold when we come upon Art and the pig in the custody of some cops. Slowly the rest of the vehicles line up behind Arthur. The trailer that hauls the generator doesn't have a license and we are always hassled for it. Sometimes we can talk our way loose. This time they are into fining Arthur.

It's about two in the morning and the Police station is really warm. The cops are kind of nice and curious and ask lots of questions about the farm and the show and how we make our money, Bonnie and I run out to the bus and grab a handful of posters and beads and set up shop in the police station. They fine us ten dollars for the missing license and buy \$7.50 worth of beads and posters.

The last lap to Ann Arbor was really shaky and about dawn after getting directions from some mean police we find the warehouse which is big and new and ready to house a lazer factory. The board of directors run us out of there the next day and we seek sanctuary in a tiny farmhouse in Ypsilanti.

It is a Currier and Ives kind of scene on a mirror pond and owned by a couple kind heads. We are into setting up a show at the University and our first day of wheeling and dealing the pig takes off into this model apartment that this couple has just moved into. During cocktails. The police come and get us and they are having a hard time keeping it together.

We find the hog splayed in a pick up truck and frothing at the mouth. One of the tenants claimed it a rabid pig. I can barely stand up I'm laughing so hard and one of the cops is starting to giggle. On the ride back they warn me to get out of the country because the sheriff was crazy and didn't like hippies.

The next day me and Art are driving Bonnie Jean to the airport and are stopped in broad daylight for a faulty tail light.

Before we can reach the jail with the fine they have cut off all his hair. Our friends in Ann Arbor turn us on to a groovy lawyer named Peter Darrow. A truly kind man. He checks around and tells us to get the hell out of this county because the sheriff is crazy.

Meanwhile the road going out of the farm has a full blockade and they are busting anything that moves. A reporter from the *Detroit Free Press* joins our convoy . . . and we decide to run the blockade, with all our legal vehicles . . . leaving our other equipment in the bushes till later on.

We crank it all up and start the music and it's really exciting. There are police cars in front and behind every vehicle and they are following along waiting for us to make a mistake but we are hip to their trip and are very legal. At the county line they stop us anyhow with a police car almost totaled by a semi on that final curve.

So the ritual begins with drivers licences and registrations, tail lights and horns . . . and we pile out with our movie cameras and groovy cameras our babies and kazoos. Bonnie Jean is standing on the kitchen stove playing *Home on the Range*. We get ticketed for our tires, snap pictures of policemen and they snap pictures of our pictures.

It is snowing softly and the kazoos sing *Silent Night* in the afternoon. It is a tender sight, all us scruffy day-glo hog farmers bunched with our babies and buses and holy kazoos. A couple choruses and we are cut loose with two tickets. The kazoo is the Hog Farm secret weapon.

The lawyer informs us that he has heard from the Ann Arbor Chief of Police; and the ground rules for staying in town were (1) that we couldn't live in the buses and (2) the pig had to stay in the country. We scare up a parking place and some crash pads with a lot of help from our friends. Lots of folks are honest to god glad we're there, even the Episcopal Church who run a semi-psychedelic coffeehouse Canterbury near campus. They are double groovy and one of the ministers takes a bunch of the family to live in his house.

Then the whispers begin . . . "Hepatitis! Hepatitis! Hepatitis!" Housewives shudder and imagine their babies turning yellow. Once again there is no room at the Inn and the busloads of hepatitises are driven . . . but not exactly. I mean the Episcopal church has offered to turn over their summer retreat and it is Luxo Luxo . . . with warm and hot showers and beds and electricity and not in Washataw County. We set up a mammoth press conference and movie show at the coffee house. A Hog Farm Indoctrination . . . a sort of *Meet the Pig*.

Sheriff Harvey's boys have gone out to that little farmhouse and taken photographs of dogshit which they have blown up into glorious 8 x 10 glossies. Look like dinosaur dung. They claim these far-out feces as a product of the hog farmers' asshole . . . part of a plot to hepatite the North-

ern Hemisphere . . . elect a Chinaman president.

Our press conference is packed. We have even invited Suzavitch's doctor to dispel the doubters who are strangely silent when answers are around. We start out with movies exceptionally groovy . . . splitting the screen and a sound track we derived from our mutual gibber on tapes from Colorado. It's always astounding how the unrelated relate. Like Kate Smith on TV and Richard Nixon on the audio at the same time . . . or vice versa . . . or upside down and backwards.

Next came our press conference with questions and answers and all in serious fun . . . with the whole family on stage and fielding from the floor. Followed by everybody on the floor in a warm pile of smiles. It was very touching. After the lights went on everybody wanted to help. Promising promises. For the show and the show-show . . . for life.

Canterbury House invited us to prepare the worship services the following Sunday and we put in an order for 500 kazoos. Everybody got one and began a circular parade singing "O I am the bubble, make me the sea" to *Onward Christian Soldiers*.

Then the congregation congregated on the floor for a group *I Ching* starring pennies from heaven. The minister said some wonderful words and we all got together for a Huna. The passing of consciousness through the body to merge with the group together together to grease the peace . . . send it out send it out *send it out* 'till you're empty then relax and wait for internal returns.

The Michigan show was a bit of a dance . . . everything on campus is unionized and turning on anything except students cost a fortune. It was a 2-day fete featuring the MC5 on the first night. They are a revolutionary rock experience dedicated to kicking out the jams while turning my ears to electric jelly. It seems they were having equipment hassles causing feedback of feedback. Great sheets of audio pain. My brain began to drain like a science fiction sinus. When it was over it was still going on. The audience deserved to be decorated. When their wires are connected the band is grand. Trans-love energies, the commune of which they are an integral part, is as active and dedicated as any in the country.

The second night's show was a wide open event. Plenty of amps and drums and musical hoo-ha. Plenty of microphones and plenty of freaky people willing to take a chance. Quick, to the edge of the edge, and nail on some more. At one point several thousand people were arranged in concentric circles. A circle in a circle in a circle like a Certs commercial. All wired up to the sync. A mutual mirror of sound. Begin on a breath. All together. Whatever sound you hear . . . become that sound. Or start your own sound. Give and take. Also with your body. Everybody's hands go up. Together. The blob is one . . . and it really got uncanny. Somebody twitched in the

second circle and it rippled round the room. We are all the same person trying to shake hands with ourself. How do we do? Very well, thank you . . . just don't let go . . . don't ever let go.

We spend Thanksgiving living at the tri-cooperative student commune in Ann Arbor. After meetings and greetings and turkey and ping pong we mend our machines and move on to Detroit . . . for new recruits. Barry and Moe have been to our show at Canterbury. They got a school bus with a rubber floor ripped off from an abandoned sponge factory. Like Whiterabbit in Sante Fe they have always been family . . . before formal marriage . . . a clog in the hog. There are lots of people in this world we haven't met yet but their shades and their shadows trail off of our convoy like magnets that lead to their blood. We're coming, you guys. Keep a candle in the garage.



We pulled the whole show in back of Barry's house and it was a squeeze. Like slipping 60 circus midgets in a phone booth . . . in the snow. Barry and Moe sold their clothes and worldly mush and we hooked up with the Grateful Dead for a western reunion. Babbs is back after driving in triangles for a month. Also Paul Foster and Laura who were playing a one-week stand in Athens, Ohio.

There is a fantasy afoot to mobilize the Dead and everybody else into a fantastic convoy of maybe 500 souls. A circus tent that holds 10,000. We have a pow-wow with Jerry Garcia and it sounds too good to be true. That night the Dead are booked into the Grande Ballroom, Detroit's psychedelic cavern of funk with the Hog Farm pushing soft piles of people sailing paper saucers, blazing birthday candles for buddha. Anything to get it off.

A gentle glow pervadeth the cash register. Owsley is smiling. "I love you, but Jesus loves you the best. And I bid you good night . . . good night." Sleep tight little piggies. Tomorrow Babbs and the Dead go west . . . and we saddle up the Hog and head for New York City.

I am in touch with Saul Gottlieb of

Radical Theatre Repertory who are now booking the Living Theatre in their U.S. tour. We think it might be nice to have somebody else handle the hassle of front man. The school pays him 10% and we get gas and expenses yet there's no admission at the door. We just drive in and do our thing and drive away. Like hot butter through a cold knife. Here comes the wavy gravey. Saul suggests we stop for a day at this little farmhouse in Montrose, Pennsylvania. The Living Theatre laid up there while playing Harper College. Sounds nifty and false dawn finds us flapping around the center of town looking for directions. We get some to this one place that sends us somewhere else.

Sanctuary at last. A snug little spot with down home dayglo. A haven for a couple of hospitable heads. We figure on dinner, some shut-eye and maybe the road . . . when we're ready. The rice sets to boil, our guitars start to thaw, and just when we're full up and purrin in *come the policemen* through windows and doors and the cracks in the floors with their wives and their brothers and dogs.

We figure everybody's clean and join in the excitement. Start bangin and twanging and thumping up music. A sound track for the Cop Show. Now we're not scared of cops, been stopped every 30 miles for the last 3,000 And they are scared of us not being scared and we try to reassure them. They got a search warrant that looks like *War and Peace*. So we help em search with searching music and everybody crawling around looking under stuff. It was really bizzare.

The warrant says this little house has been watched for six months and our "Psychedelic" buses are what's used to move tons of dope from Mexico to Montrose. This was the big drop. Thousands of kilos to be converted to Popsicles. Slipped to the kiddies who tie up their mammas and pappas. Take over the town. Glue marshmallows to the fire house. Hang bananas on the flag. This is the first dope raid in the county and these people are really jacked up. They finally discover a skinny assed joint under this guy's bed. I produce a dusty microscope and (square business) they give it a peek.

I have lost all link with reality and have been eaten by this small town movie. The next frame shows our host being busted. Reel two. It's after midnight and snowing like an exploding popcornfactory. The cops are outside searching the buses . . . cutting open sacks of soybeans and grain below zero. On the white bus they find a dusty leather bag. Inside is an Indian chillum. This is a form of ethnic paraphernalia used by Afghanistans to get stoned. By scraping the sides they obtain a residue.

Paul Fleming is sleeping on the bus. They wake him up. "What's this stuff?" they query. "Achoo!" sneezes Paula, reducing the residue and he is busted for destroying evidence. Once again they scrape

on the chillum. With one quarter gram of burned marijuana memory they march into the house and pop sleeping Peter White-rabbit who is registered owner of a bus that sleeps 12. "Bust us all, bust us all," cry we piggies and they are tossing us out of their police cars as fast as we can get in. They got what they came for and start to drive away. We crank up the convoy to follow the cop cars and it's another debacle. The buses just won't start. One ragged ass Cadillac full of mammas and babies make it to jail and are tossed out again.

After a series of scenes to serial to surmise we slither into Binghamton, New York just across the state line. Actual sanctuary is achieved at the Unitarian Church. The minister there is a Magic Christian whose eyes dig deeper than day-glo . . . down to the heart of the hog. It's warm in that church with a real kitchen and food flows full in our bellies. Thank god. A church full of Christians is a rare find in the free world. Like finding an egret in an éclair.

Hot showers are arranged at private homes and the local press are more than kind. We are making a million phone calls working out bail which is \$4,000.

The minister and I drive out to Montrose to visit with Peter and Paul . . . also to line up a lawyer. They are incarcerated in the sheriff's basement which is a converted Civil War slam painted aluminum with moss on some of the rocks . . . also on Peter and Paul. Don't worry, guys. We can work it out. The local lawyer is a young fellow who is related to the judge who is related to the sheriff who is related to everybody else in town. Like the brig in brigadoon.

Back in Binghamton the minister sits in on our meeting. Begin with a circle joke. Remember Ann Arbor. That mutual mirror of sound where the many merge into one . . . and behind the sound stalks the dream. Toss the *I Ching*. Keep feeding in information. When everybody knows what everybody knows, then stand up and fix it. Lawyers are called. Love's understood. Bail your heart out. I grab a Greyhound for New York City to appeal for collateral on the radio (WBAI-FM). It was a strange bus ride. Sitting in the dark with all them strangers and I didn't even have to get out and push.

New York City is always there. If you've been there a while and gone away and come back it hasn't moved an inch. Not since Henry Hudson shit on the Indians. Then Peter Stuyvesant shit on Henry Hudson who was shit on by Nelson Rockefeller who was shit on by King Kong or Consolidated Edison. New York City is the largest pay toilet on earth and a lot of pretty people have learned to crawl under the door.

I stagger through the Port Authority Bus Terminal dragging my suitcase of stars and contraband rainbows of corn. Ten cents gets me Bob Fass on the end of a wire. He reels me in a taxi and puts me on

the radio. I tell all about Peter and Paul and the dungeon in Montrose and people are kind with their calls. Promise to mortgage their cars. I also call on a lot of rich people who have just run out of money.

A message that the minister has just hocked his house and bank account coupled with \$500 from the queen of Santa Fe and \$300 from Paul Krassner to eventually type up the trip and everybody's home free for a fee. The Binghamton show shines up the church and lurches off to a Catholic Worker commune in New Jersey where we (that extension of me) are turned away with no manger in sight. By this time I got telephones growing out of both ears calling up churches and social groups looking for a temporary flop before we try to rent a warehouse.

That is the New York dream! The life show and show-show under one roof for a month. A live-in love-in. Meanwhile we'll settle for a parking lot and piss pot but everybody has a story. The convoy is now in Florida, New York and the buses are busting and babies are cold. Pushing metal so cold it peels off your skin and there's still no room at the inn.

Through the radio show I hook up with Jane Burton who was into the Prankster event and is now working at Collaberg School. They'll take a crack at us. The school is a semi-Summerhill in the snow about 30 miles from New York City. They got a rope swing in a tall tree that will fill your brain up with birds. Later we move the whole show to a private home in Sloatsberg, New York. We love you Mary and Leo. With this as base of operations we begin our onslaught on the Cement Apple.

Jerry Brandt says we can use the Electric Circus for a Christmas Free. The *East Village Other* writes a report of our odyssey and plugs the Christmas show. We're calling it the Yule Hog and plugging for a virgin birth. On the radio we line up several very pregnant ladies who agree to attend. Yuppies and hippies pledge cookies and cake. The Group Image will plug in and Pigasus will stand for Santa. A 400-lb. hog in a red hat and beard. Happy Birthday Jesus . . . here come the hog farm.

We set up the yellow dome minus the yellow in the center of the circus. In the middle of the middle . . . while it was all going on . . . and filled it with straw. Everybody was hugging everybody. There wasn't any births but there might have been a few conceptions. Lots of nudies swinging from the dome. Cupcakes and Christmas trees and lots of little children. We piled the kids in the hay and circled them with a gong bong to grow on. Then the band played on and on until everybody erupted. The sky raining straw through the strobes gave proof through the night that our hog was still waving although she had eaten her beard and several hundred cupcakes.

The event was reviewed by both the

New York Times and the *Village Voice*, the former claiming a palifory of teenage runaways and the latter professing an abundance of middleaged men. Maybe middleaged runaways and old men in their teens. The *Village Voice* sent a West Point cadet. I shit you not, sweet reader. The brain boggles and the heart cries ouch! O well, you had to be there. Just like everywhere else. Abraham Lincoln once said, "A pig doesn't believe anything he can't see." Love and learn, I always say.

We were still laboring under the hallucination of using the media to capture some money to grease the hog to build the domes where the buffalo roam and there's pie in the sky that jack built. The truth of the matter moves very fast. In the words of that immortal guru Ralph Edwards, "Duz duz everything." So do it and haul ass. "Who was that masked pig?"

Bob Fass has heard via radio telephone that there is a free farm in Pennsylvania up for pioneers. Bonnie Jean and I find this lady with a monkey on the lower east side and drive to the country. All covered with snow, its windows busted, all looted and dusty, its pipelines are rusty and busted, the shit in the crapper is fossilized and frozen. We know that we're home. There's even a pig pen and some pine trees and a stream under sky. O thank you sweet lady attached to your monkey. We'll patch up the windows and dig out the crapper while the cold rolls up through the soles of our soul . . . and maybe a song would help.

The Sloatsberg scene has taken on an overtone of sucko and fucko with the Checkered Demons, our young unmarried bachelor buckos, balling their ass off. Its an orgey porgey . . . a growing closer and some of us do and some of us don't and them that do pay the dues of the kooze. I mean a lot of our people get the clap or applause. We send a pioneer crew out to the country while the rest of us deal and wheel in New York. Lookin for jobs. Construction, destruction, baby watchin, scraping up bread for our lawyers and tummies.

When the windows are in and the water is running we all get together in the country. A family reunion with lemonade acid. Since the shut down of Sandoz and Owsley's retirement most of the acid is Mafia made. The old purple tab, she ain't what she use to be. Methadrene, vaseline, and maybe a little gasoline. We're taking it less and less. Just give me a little reefer and a lot of love.

A large loft has been located in the city. Property of Elizabeth Van Der Mei and her merry band. They are more than generous flopping us hogs on their acres of floor and we set up a shuttle from city to country. The family divided means dilution of magic but we got to get money to move. . . for moving is grooving and we're basically gypsies and standing still is aswamp.

Richard Nixon's coronation is just around the corner and some of us political piggies

decide to attend. So load up the Road Hog with secret kazoos and a couple cases of chocolate syrup. Foxies U-Bet to be specific . . . 1,000 egg creams in the rough. Still working for the CIA. We bust the bus down in some little town and send out for help and we get it. While waiting for relief we're just dishing out egg creams, passing out kazoos to the children of wherever that was. Krassner and Fass and One-legged Terry drive up with some cash . . . in a flash of garage show we're mobile once more.

The Washington scene had a tent on the green right next to George Washington's dork. Set up by Mobe with Yippies and flippies . . . a carpet of mud thank the lord. First a parade of anti-establishment peace-o's like us in our bus who are popping kazoos to christians and jews and we all play *Home on the Range*. The police are befuddled and standing in puddles as we drive the bus to the tent and park it. Start dishing out egg creams. One third syrup, one third milk, one third seltzer . . . a trinitee-hee. Dump it in a cup and pass it out the window. Art Steuer is outside in high hat and cane barking in the rain: "Hey step right up and get your holy egg cream!" And we got double lines of thirsty believers. The egg cream dream come true.

Inside the tent there's a lot of revolutionary rock and roll. We toss in 50 beach-balls to up the action and they multiply under the strobes. Ed Sanders is emcee and he's too stoned to stand so we lay him down in an egg cream. Radical guys in helmet liners are shrieking like Hitler full of bennies: "Kill the pigs! Pill the kigs! Gibber hate it's not to late to burn a baby!" Paul Krassner gives me a mike and I mention that this is supposed to be a peace rally and peace makes peace and hate makes hate and we sure got enough hate in the world already. I expect to be stoned and am turned on instead. Most folks want peace but the nasties are noisy and people think they are alone with their love when actually we are together. Ten thousand people hook up a mammoth gong bong in the mud. We really get it off. Thank you King Dick for turning the trick. We'll meet again some sunny day.

Back in the city things aren't very pretty so we stay in the country a spell. Word comes from New Haven that we could set up a celebration at the Yale Law School. On St. Valentine's Day. A clump of tomorrow's lawyers called Cosmic Laboratories are setting it up. Promising gas and food and lodging for 50. It all sounds so nifty I am a little suspicious. David Butcavotch goes up to sniff around and it smells good. A two day show free for all. These students have spun into the Prankster mystique via Tom Wolfe and without the acid. Just into turning people on. They saw the Yule Hog Christmas Day and didn't read the reviews.

Cosmic Laboratories are a very together event, on top of the hassles of permits and crash pads and electrical hoo-haws.

"Just tell us what you need." They type it up in triplicate and two hours later it's there. There's nothing like the show-show for lining up the life show and we really needed the work out. The convoy to Connecticut was really a joy . . . making movies inside the bus. Imagine sleeping in somebody's movie.

Yale looks a lot like Camelot with snow on the ivy. As we dismount Buckavitch hands everyone a mimeographed slab of paper full of where everything is and how to get there. He has always been an organization freak and these guys have taken him over the edge. But it's warm and it's food and it's fun.

The Valenswine show is a Cosmic Mixer. A Pig 'O My Heart in the Law School dining room with chicks ferried in from neighboring campuses. We got the Claude Doty Hog Farm Band together with Jim Ground, a local sound, providing the musical pudding. Even the Hog came to college looking like an overweight bulldog with a glandular hangup.

The second night's show is a million dollar bash in this old atomic laboratory. All iron and cold with catwalks and twisty pipes designed to make monster machines do their terrible thing that goes bing in the night. Well, we fixed all that with a mixture of music and movies and light show and love. Just add people. Lots of people . . . all joined together forever right now. Everybody's got a hold of everybody else. A chain reaction in action. A lesson in space.

Let's take a quick look at the black-board. All us earth people are holding hands in a circle. Whether we know it or not. We are all dancing and chanting and making our own individual sound which makes up the whole racket of life. Now somewhere along the line the circle turned in on itself so the folks in the middle are squished and screaming like hell. Maybe that's where Hell is . . . in the middle of that circle . . . Hiroshima . . . Dachau . . . Vietnam . . . Bellevue. Just close your ears and you can hear 'em. Now what we can do is help relieve the pressure by absorbing a taste of the tug. Pass it on. Trust your neighbor. Trust your trust. Practice makes perfect and everybody wants to be practice. Open the whole thing up so everybody's comfortable. Take a deep breath and start all over.

It gets real cozy in the center when everybody's watching out for everybody else like at Yale University. In the middle of all rock and roll my brother-in-law let loose 5 live frogs . . . on cue . . . I grab a mike. "Don't anybody move! Some nut has just let loose 5 live frogs!" And the hunt was on . . . like looking for jumping contact lenses but we brought 'em back alive. It was a calculated risk and it worked.

Later we all laid on the floor with his head on her tummy and her head on somebody else. Not freaky at all but warm and snuggle. After a while I asked to be passed around. Over the top of the pile. Everybody lend a hand . . . and I'm skimming

along at a pretty good clip and it really felt nifty. Then we sent Tooker aloft. The baby of Barry and Moe. He's maybe two and bald like the buddha. Talk about total attention. Hand over hand . . . it was really quite grand with Tooker on top of us all. We can fly with the help of our friends.

Back to the country with only a minor roust . . . stopping in the city for a garbage run. Boxes of lettuce and barrels of fish given freely by farmers and fishers of food. It's trial time for Peter and Paul and they are convicted and out on appeal. Lenny Bruce once told me the only justice in the halls of justice is in the halls. We search for new lawyers and try for a change of venue.

The family is going through some changes of its own. The polka dot parents are a variation of the checkered demons without the sleazy overtones. As usual some do and some don't and them that do get out of bed more married than when they climbed in. Only with different old ladies. You can hardly tell your players without a score card. Now I'm only an innocent bystander but from up in the bleachers it felt pretty holy. We learn by screwing, sometimes.

Round about now which was then we start to work on our formal presentation for love and money at N.Y.U. We send invitations to rich relations, foundations, and wallets we don't even know. The fantasy is to stash the checkbooks in the balcony leaving the main floor wide open for folks. The Hog Farm is becoming a non profit tax deductible charity called Invisible Inc. We want to continue our free show and set up a dome base in northern New Mexico. The guys up at Yale are into the paper work and we are into the pudding.

The name of our show is "Meet the Pudding." The projected fantasy is 1,000 pounds of chocolate pudding in a large vat on wheels. Bring your own spoon. We planned to show our movie with plenty of popcorn followed by the family on stage answering questions about the life style. Then on to the pudding and some good old rock and roll.

This is what really went down. First of all we moved the pig in from the country and stashed her in Abbie Hoffman's office which is next to the 9th precinct police station. Under cover of dark with burnt cork on our faces we arrived in the Road Hog pretending to be lost. We had no key so it was necessary to go through the window and open the door from the inside. So far, so good. But when it came to removing the hog she had different ideas and voiced them verbally. A series of loud and tortured squeals ensued like the rape of the Sabine women on a bed of hot glass with lead up their ass, but nary a policeman in view.

We got the pig stashed in the bathroom and could explain everything except why we were standing around with burnt cork on our faces. "What pig, massah? Ah

didn't see no pig!" Returning to the loft we discover that NYU has called off the whole thing . . . unless we can get a promise from the "Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers" or what is commonly referred to in the tabloids as "that other east side commune" that they won't burn down the college. A fast phone call and we are back in business.

The morning of the show, myself, Barry and Motorcycle Richie stoned out of our mind make it over to Abbie's to give the pig a bath and take her to the theatre in Richie's truck. It was really a scene with the pig in the tub and rub-a-dub-dub. We used Breck Shampoo and plastic Brillo. Then the problem was how to slip the pig into the truck in broad daylight without getting busted. We hook up a harness and the pig is anxious to split. Also on hand is Bonnie Freer, a free-lance photographer and some other straight guy with a tape recorder.

Outside there are hundreds of police . . . they are changing shifts. We cook up a story that the pig is our mascot and we have been shooting publicity photos. Bonnie Freer agrees to be our spokesman as we are all too loaded to do anything except giggle. We wait for the heat to thin and just when it's cool we open the door and there is the landlady emptying garbage. Barry gives her a hand while we conceal the hog.

Once again to the breach with Pigasus tugging like hell. About 5 feet ahead of us is this old drunk who is walking very slow. The pig is pushing and we are pulling cuz we don't want to trample the drunk. At last in the truck and driving away I heard some one say, "What the fuck was that?" Safe inside the college we meet up with everybody else and start to pull it together. The Eisner-Lubin Auditorium is this lusho-plusho kind of a show and the hog can't get any traction on the shiny floor. It's still pretty early and we're all bagging popcorn and checking out mikes and projectors.

It's dark before we know it and folks start arriving. Wearing mink stoles or hippie freak clothes. We give spoons to them that forgot 'em. Also a bag of popcorn. In no time it's full and we start up the movie and everything's groovy except for the riot downstairs. It seems the police won't let any more in but they huff and they puff the police in the wind and there's people on people. None of the mikes are really working so the sensible thing is to wheel out the pudding and dig in. Everybody's feeding everybody else and we got a bit of heaven at NYU. Then somebody jumps in the vat and springs to the stage all chocolate down to his tummy. "I have seen the bottom of the pudding," he gurgled.

The pudding is flying all over the place. People are dancing in the pudding and fucking in the pudding. Old ladies with pudding on their furs are looking for an exit. There must be some way out here. But not for us hog farmers. We are reduced to psychedelic policemen. Trying to

keep the peace from coming to pieces. Everybody else is having a wonderful time. I am running around sticking pudding in anything that resembles a mouth. I just hope they don't burn down the college. Not the Motherfuckers but street energy raw from the lower east side.

Somebody starts passing out ice cubes and that's a pretty good idea. Naked men with shoes on are being passed over the heads of the crowd. Then naked men on top of women with clothes on. My mind turns to marmalade. Backstage I discover three spades and 20 purses. "Well, you know man, we're just sittin around talkin about the revolution while we watch these chicks' bags from New Jersey." I slip out for help but nobody's handy and when I return with some heavies the dudes have departed leaving a lot of empty pocket-books.

Paul Krassner is held up in the men's room. "Give us all your money, man" and he did so. While walking down the hall he is accosted by other cats who whisper, "Don't tell anybody." These guys are the looters of love-ins . . . the vultures of free. Five microphones are also ripped off, literally cut at the cords . . . for the revolution, baby. Can you dig it? Not me. No siree. Boosting's had karma in front . . . but on a free night, forget it.

The same guy that passed out the ice cubes has filled the empty pudding vat with water and is wheeling it around . . . sort of a mobile baptism and it helps to cool things off. Pigasus is so full of pudding she can hardly stand. The small dome evolved into a geodesic coat rack and I liked that. People keep slapping me on the back. "It was a hell of a party, man! When are we going to do it again?" And it was that . . . one hell of a party and nobody got hurt. Another miracle.

The clean-up show was a dilly . . . but we got it all. Everybody left peaceful and happy exactly on cue . . . and New York was so much the richer. That very same energy other-directed could level Park Avenue. And us poor hog farmers with our busted bubbles of tax deductible bread are ready for bed with no sea shore in sight. To all a good night. Things always look better in the morning.

We got a call from NYU saying the pudding has warped the auditorium floor to the tune of \$3,000 . . . and the students will have to pay for it. Well, we could always hock the pig. Most of us are earning money to pay back the minister in Binghamton so he can send his kids to college plus there are additional lawyers fees, buses to fix, bellies to fill, but where there's a will there's a way.

We all shuffle on to Buffalo and the Lemar Convention. The Legalization of Marijuana sounds like a pipe dream but the college has mailed us the gas and we're moving again where we never have been and where there's dope there's hope. All the name heads are coming together like Ginsberg and Leary and Metzner and Kesey (who never shows up when he's supposed

to) not to mention Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Bob Fass, Paul Krassner, and the MC5. Man alive, even the Motherfuckers and the Hog Farm. I secretly suspect the FBI of invisible nets to cast us all over the falls.

The first day is lectures and terribly dull interspersed by occasional weirdness. Abbie Hoffman tosses 500 carefully rolled joints of catnip in the middle of a seminar. Stuart Brand's semi-spontaneous slide show called "War-God" is ultra nifty. So is Stuart Brand. A part time Prankster, it was he who organized the San Francisco Trips Festival which kicked off the psychedelic revolution. He is now editing *The Whole Earth Catalog* and running a truck store. If you don't own one already send \$8.00 to 558 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park, California. It is evolutionary dynamite.

The night-time show at Buffalo was dedicated to Psychedelics and the Arts. The gym is jammed and full of dopey chairs. They got a speakers platform on stage along with an impressive array of amplifiers belonging to the MC5. Allan Ginsberg on crutches hobbles humbly to the mike followed by Peter Orlovsky. They start chanting to Krishna and it is a bit of a drag but in my eyes he is a semi-saint and can sing *Mairze Doates* if he wants to . . . but the Motherfuckers aren't going for it. They're beating on bongos and lookin to boogie. After a lot of yelling one of the Motherfuckers grabs a microphone and states his case which is this isn't India and we got our own chants which keep changing and why doesn't he get up to date.

This is kind of crude and tasteless but terribly to the point. Krassner tries to intervene and they tell him to fuck off. It's kind of scary and intense with everybody shouting at everybody else. I slip up on stage in my jump suit and jester's hat and attempt to make the peace. "War is a complicated way of getting acquainted." After a bit of a tongue dance we all hook up for a gong bong. It's really together now and we empty out all the chairs with a human chain stretching clear to the basement. The MC5 plugs in and Buffalo is boogie city. The band is grand with everything working and people are dancing up the walls.

Another day of seminars, then back in the gym with Timothy Leary. There's a lot of suspense behind the Motherfuckers but forget it. Leary's got a smile like a searchlight. During his rap two babies crawled on the stage. One from the Motherfuckers and the other from the Hog Farm. You remember Tooker from the Yale show. Well Took is into percussion and shows beating on this big gong. Timothy's really a showman and knows about how to give stage. It got so Leary would say something far out and Tooker would punctuate musically . . . like they rehearsed it. Only everybody knew it was Magic. We liked Leary a lot and took him for a little bus ride over to this Professor's house. Just ten minutes away and we made it in under

two hours. Even threw in a gas station show. And he never did stop smiling.

We get rousted twice on the way to the city and the first one is fun. Skinnytatalus New York. Drivers licenses, registrations, I.D.'s. You name it and we showed it to them. Billy Rose got a note from his father. Let me tell you about Billy Rose. We found him in Washington with his head in a helmet liner coming on like a militant midget. He wasn't quite 15. He'd run away from just about everything toting a violent bag. He really liked the bus and something of us. Bonnie Jean adopted him instantly so I give the kid my kazoo and we smuggle him into the city. We call up his dad and make amends with the police and some psychiatrists say he's a Hog Farmer. Now the Skinnytatalus Cop shop is a combination fire station and we all pile inside and start a party. Billy Rose on lead guitar with a lot of kazoos and even a jew's harp. "This land was made for you and me."

It turns out we're clean so after a couple photographs we stick some posters on the wall and drive away. The next roust came near Socrates, New York round about sun-up and we were tired and wired and these cops are pigs. I'll spare the gory details but 5 hours later we were on our way without our money and missing a piece of our mind. A policeman looked at us funny near Monticello and everybody burst into tears.

Easter week we're hired as freaks to open the new Electric Circus. A similar gig to the Shrine in L.A., only more pay . . . and we earned it. During that time a clump of our people shoot up to Boston to set up a show and shake loose some dough that's stuck up there in a stock fund. The show's set to go but the money is hung up in red tape. They drive down near Baird but never get out of Poughkeepsie. While chugging along on this parkway they see a sign that says *no buses*. Now all of our buses are registered house-cars—but why take the chance?—but they are busted on the off ramp. Poor Peter Whiterabbit has a Florida license and New Mexico plates and he cost \$250 to spring. But the rabbit's in jail for Easter. Back in the city we got the day off with pay.

The Motherfuckers have planned a sunrise service in Central Park before the Love-in begins. We split from the Circus at 3 in the morning, have time to change clothes and maybe blow our nose and we're mobile. Picking up food, picking up passengers and popping some LSD. What time does the egg go up? We drive into the park and it's windy and dark. While we unload we are mildly busted for running a blockade. Barry moves the bus while the rest of us merge with the Motherfuckers.

Now about these Motherfuckers. I think they are pretty nifty although it took me a while. We're country folks you see and there ain't much country on the lower east side but they're busting their ass to make it better for everybody . . . which is what our trip is about . . . except they work with winos and scabby A-heads while our

scene is more uptown or out in the sticks.

Goddamn, that's good acid. Hey it's 8 in the morning and still no sign of the sun. It's time for some serious magic. We skoot up close to the roar of those congas and hook up our hearts in a huddle of hope. Now me I'm a chanter and I'll yell till my throat falls apart. Goodam that's god acid. I haven't been this high in years. I can feel everybody's dream all bunched together and pushing for a better world. How hard can you push. Uunngghh! Not hard enough. UUUuunngghhh. Still harder. UUUNNNGGGHHH! Give it all you got. "If I push harder I'll be inside out and pushin up daisies." Take a chance. UUUUNNNGGGCHHHHHHHH. Look out father, here come the sun. That's what I like to see. Total commitment . . . and don't ever stop.

I have just re-located my body and am into setting up a telephone. We would like to bring the loft bus into the park and paint it up for Easter . . . the Road Hog blew up at the farm, I forgot to mention that. Rocket was doing some welding and the acetoline tank exploded and gutted the whole bus. All our beds and worldly hoo-has.

So you see, officer . . . "You got a permit?" No I sure don't have a permit. Let's call up the mayor. We got about a half mile of dental floss and several dozen dixie cups. You make a small incision in the bottom of the cup . . . stick in your dental floss and attach it to a match . . . do this at both ends and you got a passable telephone. I have turned into the telephone company . . . with a lot of help from my friends . . . we got lines running everywhere . . . even an extension for police calls. The cops say it works a lot better than some of their equipment but if I want to get a permit it is necessary to make a real phone call. This cracks everybody up. I am all wound up in dental floss and red tape. The person you have just reached is not a working person.

Nelson Silvershoes walks all the way to the armory and talks to the official in charge. It's cool to paint the bus if we post a \$20,000 bond in case the grass gets dirty. Meanwhile if I was a Motherfucker I could have painted six buses by this time. You just roll in the bus and you paint it. I feel a change coming on. Metamorphosis. I may be a Mother Farmer but I'll never fuck a pig. Meanwhile they are rolling dozens of vending concessions onto the grass. Hot dogs. Soda pop. Balloons. All perfectly legal. Your telephone company is exhausted and all lines are down. I look for a place in the sun to recover. It's all too bizarre.

Louis Abolafia, the love candidate for mayor, has just arrived with his paid entourage along with his princess Kusama a bird-brained Jap with a nice ass followed by a long string of porn movie-makers. Just a pawn on the lawn. They are there to take off their clothes and be arrested. A platoon of police are stationed in the buses waiting their cue. Also six dyke

police ladies in full uniform. I pan in for a close-up of Louis. He is wearing a gold lame restoration wrapper and a jet black jockstrap from which he is dispensing marshmallow squirrels. "Let me feed the hungry," he whines to the starving tape recorders. This causes my eyes to actually upchuck. I would like to place the whole shebang into a very large baggie and toss it off the side of the earth. More food for the moon.

The crowd grows thicker with lots of heavy breathing. Then finally they do it. They take off their clothes. The cops jump out of the bushes and the chase is on. Kusama's tits in the wind her bush in the breeze followed by Louis's dangling dork all over the park with the police in pursuit till they pop 'em . . . and it's all on film . . . every floppy inch of it. I am feeling sorry for Louis Abolafia who just doesn't know any better. I am also feeling sorry for the police who are puppets of hack politicians in the suburbs with loving children and they don't give a flying fuck for anybody else unless there's a buck in it.

Right now everybody's working for pay pornography and it's Easter Sunday and they are all my brothers. We are not our brothers keepers . . . we are our brothers . . . and we can work it out. What this world needs is a cosmic enema. There are 10,000 people in the park and they all got a camera. Click click. How do you do click f8 at a 50th click o yes LOVE click click. . . . I take it home and put it to bed.

First thing in the morning our gang in Pookipsee get a student from Baird to drive them to court with \$250. They bail out Whiterabbit and drive a couple blocks when they are stopped and searched . . . 5 seeds are unearthed on the floor of this kid's car and everybody's in jail again. Also Bob Redhat who has gone down to drive back the white bus. He is found naked in a parking lot claiming to be Jesus Christ.

That Easter in the park was rough on everybody. Bonnie Jean and Buckavitch make it to Pookipsee and plug into Tim Leary's lawyer. The 5 seeds is changed to disturbing the peace . . . \$50 each ding ding come again. After a more complicated rap Bob Redhat is also cut loose. Some lawyer!

The trip to Boston cost a thousand dollars. With the Electric Circus under our belts we still got enough to pay back the minister. Now we're working for ourself. Still fucking with Foundations and showing our movie to individual checkbooks.

Trying to get out of New York City. That is our advice to all New Yorkers. The southwest furthers. Start gradually. Rent a farm upstate with a couple other families. Not too close to Pookipsee. Share the refrigerator. The first lesson begins with the belly. Get your gang together and decide what you want to do. You can do anything if its together. Split it up and they start picking you off. The Hog Farm has changed to Invisible Inc. We live in Total Commitment, wherever that is.

Cocktail Party by Jerome Agel

Arthur C. Clarke says that the zero gravity toilet was the only intentional joke in *2001: A Space Odyssey* (see page 15).

Coming from New American Library this autumn is the inside story on how Stanley Kubrick made *2001*. Some of the items:

—Arthur Clarke: "I think Dullea's breaking the glass in the Louis XI room scene was a cinematic gimmick. Stanley was listening to his inner demons at the time and they may have been telling him, 'What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a place like this?'"

Kubrick aide: "There's no stork in the birth of the star-child scene. Sounds like an idea we should have pursued. Don't know how we missed it."

—Clarke: "*How the Solar System Was Won* was our private title. It was exactly what we tried to show."

—Kubrick: "Margaret Stackhouse's speculations on *2001* are perhaps the most intelligent that I've read anywhere, and I am, of course, including all the reviews and the articles that have appeared on the film and the many hundreds of letters that I have received. What a first-rate intelligence!" Miss Stackhouse is a senior at North Plainfield (N.J.) High School, and 17 years old.

—Clarke: "An educated person can never be bored . . . If man can live in Manhattan, he can live anywhere . . . I've really got no use for young people who drop out completely. Why don't they just commit suicide rather than cluttering up the streets? . . . The goal of the future is full unemployment, so we can play. That's why we have to destroy the present politico-economic system . . . It is highly probable that Earth has been visited many times in the past and will be visited many times in the future. What we think are flying saucers aren't from outer space, but are probably atmospheric phenomena. When there are really flying saucers from outer space, we'll know it."

Clarke says he's visited Atlantis with Wernher von Braun.

A young man named Freund told the *Times* that he has discovered what he calls "the patterns of the city." He says, "If you see a girl coming out of the Plaza Hotel at 1 a.m. in everyday clothes, it's a good guess that she has been taking dictation there." Mr. Freund says he plans to enter Yale Law School in the autumn.

When Woody Allen told him that he was writing a pornographic novel in braille, Dick Cavett said that it should fill a long-felt need.

John Wingate apologized for Garry Goodrow's word association on station WOR, in New York. The first word was "Nixon" and the next word was "homosexual without a sense of humor."

Marlboro bookstores reportedly refused to sell Robert Cenedella-Oggi Products' Eld-

ridge Cleaver F.B.I.—Wanted posted. It seems Marlboro feared that its stockholders would quit *en masse*.

Coming from Bantam Books in the autumn is Buckminster Fuller's *I Seem to Be a Verb*, an illustrated message of his life's work. Some of the items:

—No man can prove upon awakening that he is the man who he thinks went to bed the night before, or that anything that he recollects is anything other than a convincing dream.

—Science is operating almost exclusively in inaudible and nonvisible areas. Ninety-nine per cent of all the important work relating to man's evolution is non-sensory and abstract. How long has it been since you've said to a telephone caller: "This is fantastic. I wasn't just thinking of you." Seeing-is-believing is a blind spot in man's vision.

—The most important fact about Space-ship Earth: An instruction book didn't come with it.

—My objective has been humanity's comprehensive welfare in the universe. I could have ended up with a pair of flying slippers.

—Man can no longer live by bred alone.

—Everything you've learned in school as "obvious" becomes less and less obvious as you begin to study the universe. For example, there are no solids in the universe. There's not even a suggestion of a solid. There are no absolute continuums. There are no surfaces. There are no straight lines. Why *did* the chicken cross the road?

—Man is born a wise child. One reason humanity loves its children is that the children start off with such potential. Raise high the roof beam, carpenters.

—Science has hooked up the everyday economic plumbing to the cosmic reservoir. You will now have your cake and eat it. And eat it. And eat it. And eat it.

—Nothing is so easy to steal as the right bright idea. In New York's publishing world, idea-stealing is called, "Let's have lunch."

—Americans fear automation, but a study of the applications of automation reveals it can vastly increase goods and services — such prodigious wealth, in fact, that "the rank and file" will demand automation. Most people will be able to "do their own thing" all the time on highly paid "research" fellowships. They no longer will need to prove "a right to live."

Major corporation changes will occur when today's young people move into the business world. There will be rebellions among white-collar employees. If the country can produce it, and it can, everyone will want it — and for free. Automation insures an immense supply of products and services. The future welfare system will be free everything, not just money. How many television sets and automobiles can the ad agencies talk the affluent into buying? Since "the other half" can't afford a second-anything, much less a first-anything in most cases, corporations will figure a way to keep producing and give everything away.

The Japanese are so busy buying television sets and furniture that their birth rate is at an all-time low. Economists, seemingly unaware of automation and miniaturization, fear a labor shortage in the 1880's.

Two Los Angeles citizens, seeking the right to breathe clean air, are suing three automobile companies and 26 oil companies for \$15,000,000,000.00, charging failure to clean up the smog.

Seoul, Korea, has its first air pollution, with the mass introduction of automobiles.

Dr. Barry Commoner, professor of Botany, Washington University: "A new generation is being raised — with DDT in their fat, carbon monoxide in their systems, and lead in their bones. This is technological man."

Marshall McLuhan: "Both Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate* and John Wayne in *True Grit* present parodies of long established patterns of suburban and frontier images in the U.S. Such parody is a kind



of declaration of civil war. This civil war may explain the passionate quest for goals in space as an alternative to the now obsolete territorial objectives. In terms of an identity quest, the Vietnam War offers a kind of replay of the Indian wars of the early frontier. The effect of the Vietnam war is to hasten the Westernization of Vietnam and the orientalizing of the West. This reverse polarity is another phase of Hertz' law of reciprocal metamorphosis."

Impossible to get from United Negro College Fund is a transcript of its commercial — broadcast during a Leonard Bernstein television program on CBS last Christmas — suggesting that Negroes ought to be given a college education so that they, too, can become taxpayers.

None of the news media spotted President Nixon making an obvious two-hand automobile driving gesture after shaking hands with Edward Kennedy at the Andrews Air Base reception.

The *Times* surprised many readers by quoting the Indian observation of Mrs. Nixon: "She runs like a chicken."