

The Realist

50 ¢

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MARTHA MITCHELL
IS A SPEED FREAK



“ Tim and Rosemary and Eldridge and Kathleen ”
(... consider the possibilities)

"Take Me To Your Children . . ."

Why did Joan Erdmann suddenly shatter the conversational cacophony at an Upper East Side dinner party by shouting with great sincerity, "I hate you!" Her remark was addressed to Frank Donnelly of the Lower Eastside Action Project (LEAP). Only moments before they had been discussing art.

"We know now," wrote George Steiner in *Language and Silence*, "that a man can read Goethe or Rilke in the evening, that he can play Bach or Schubert, and go to his day's work at Auschwitz in the morning. To say that he has read them without understanding or that his ear is gross, is cant."

Mrs. Erdmann's instant hostility came upon learning that Donnelly is associated with an organization which has revealed that another organization, Youth House - of which she is president of the board of trustees - is New York City's junior varsity version of Auschwitz.

Youth House is the result of a Caesarian birth in 1944. It was supposed to fill the void left by the emergency closing of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is a private agency supported totally by public (city and state) funds, although the 18-member board is not accountable to government officials.

"If it comes to getting days off, we're a city agency," a staff member told me. "If it comes to otherwise, we're Youth House."

LEAP, on the other hand, was found in a basket on a store-front doorstep in 1962. It started as a club for ghettoized kids, mostly black and Puerto Rican. Now 40% financed by the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, it nevertheless remains outside the fear and smugness of the Establishment.

Its father and director, Larry Cole, began to hear horror tales about Youth House from the kids. Other young victims corroborated their stories about verbal degradation, forced homosexuality and commonplace beatings, all taking place in fantastically overcrowded settings.

"At the point that I was convinced that most of these allegations were true and Youth House was in fact a most destructive influence in the lives of children," said Cole, "I became responsible for what was happening to kids locked up there."

It is, after all, a prison, and the huge keys which staff members use alternately to lock kids in and to hit them with, are symbolic of the hypocrisy of the respectable liberals who are, finally, responsible.

A word about responsibility here.

The United States is one of the last countries in the world to maintain seven as the specific age of responsibility - this means that there are 7-year-old children, truants perhaps, fraternizing with under-18-year-old muggers and ethnic teenyhookers at Youth House - whereas responsibility for the kids is as vague as a political press conference.

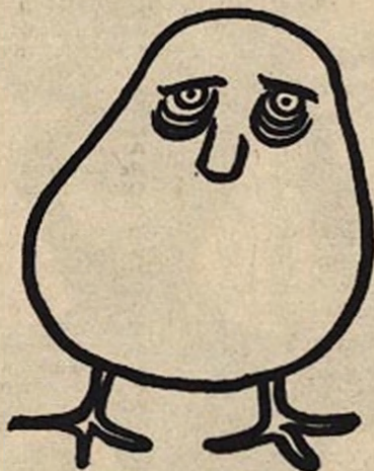
So, for example, Youth House may not provide medical attention without a specific order from a family court judge or a parent. Since many youngsters are confined there precisely because of family breakdown if not actual abandonment, parents are sometimes impossible to find. And if a child gets sick at night or on a weekend, a judge may be at the theatre watching an Arthur Miller play about how we're all guilty or in the country acting out a Fellini film.

One boy was in Youth House for five days with severe bronchitis that was never treated.

A girl had her baby delivered by the janitor.

Another girl was punished for hysteria by being made to roll in her own urine.

Another boy was "chested" - a process wherein a rain of heavy blows is inflicted on a child's chest - and he died. Youth House insisted it was a heart attack. A Grand Jury ruled he had suffocated on his own vomit.



LEAP took its facts to a hearing of the Joint Legislative Committee on Child Care Needs. It was as if the emperor had stopped the parade and said that the children had no clothes on. The adult spectators immediately developed cases of selective deafness, dumbness and blindness.

So LEAP then took a couple of kids to *New York Post* columnist James Wechsler; he published their stories; Assemblyman Bertram Podell read the *Post*; he visited Youth House; he was moved to tears at what he witnessed; and the Joint Legislative Committee on Penal Institutions held a hearing.

The kids themselves testified and then a former staff member, Judy Andress, prefaced her testimony with a statement that what the kids had described were everyday occurrences.

Podell wasn't exactly an impartial chairman. "If I were a judge," he said, "and I had a choice of sending a child to Youth House or back into the street with the

possibility that he might not show up in court, I'd rather take that chance."

But Judge Florence Kelley, chief administrator of Family Court, refuses to take responsibility, even though "My staff psychiatrist has told me stories about Youth House that make my hair stand on end." She did think it was scandalous, however, that kids should have been let out of LEAP's school in order to attend these hearings.

Nor does the head of the Probation Department, John Wallace, hold himself accountable. If his office gets a complaint about Youth House, what they do is ask Youth House for a report. In addition they "maintain a kind of incident roster."

The grapes of abstraction.

LEAP is currently trying to get the courts to enjoin the courts from sending kids to Youth House, which is operating outside the law anyway - that is, if you take due process and other legal standards at all literally. LEAP also wants to enjoin the budget director from supplying Youth House with any more public funds.

There are, of course, positive alternatives to Youth House. But as it functions now, the cost-per-day could put a child up at a fancy hotel and be more rehabilitative in the process.

Joan Erdmann wrote in the *Legal Aid Review* of 1964 that "Youth House decides how best to minimize the damaging effects of detention." But in practice (she neglected to add) it goes on to maximize them.

In September 1966, the Executive Director of Youth House, Martin Poland, sent a memorandum to the board of directors confessing that "we have failed to maintain minimum standards of good child care defined by the State Department of Social Welfare, the National Council on Crime and Delinquency and the Federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare." He calls Youth House "an archaic service [that] should be done away with."

So Mrs. Erdmann fired him.

She admitted this but later changed her lyrics and said that he had resigned.

It's irrelevant, really, except perhaps to his resume. What is relevant was summed up at the hearing by Larry Cole: "It seems clear that the responsibility for the chaos in youth detention must be shared by the family court and the Youth House board of directors for their lack of direct and firm corrective action, and by all the rest of us for writing them such a blank check. Now that the facts are coming out, we are all responsible."

In Los Angeles, 7-year-olds are punished with solitary confinement.

Pick a community. Any community.

Joan Erdmann admitted knowing about the inhumanity of the Youth House staff, "but after all," she said, "we run a large institution and we can't afford to be fussy."

EDITORIAL GIGGY TRIPS

Ah Sordid Announcements

This is still another pre-anniversary issue. Feedback indicates there are those who don't believe the 10th anniversary issue is really going to be published. The only way I can reassure you is to say that such a hoax would be a pointless betrayal of trust. It's like trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle while the boundaries keep changing. But the 13th anniversary issue should be ready in Spring 1971. Meantime, there will be a few issues sent to subscribers, including the final *Whole Earth Catalog* supplement, co-edited by Ken Kesey and me. Non-subscribers may also receive it by mail. Worship at the coupon of your choice.

* * *

The quality of co-optation can be strained. A couple of dozen publishers have chickened out of lending their imprint to Abbie Hoffman's manual of urban guerrilla information, so he's doing it himself. Copies of *Steal This Book* are available at \$2 each from the Free Ranger Tribe, Box 26, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. Make checks out to Fair Play Press. (George Metesky, the Mad Bomber, used to close his grudge notes to Con Edison with, "Yours for fair play. . .")

* * *

One of the things keeping me on the east coast is a passionate love affair I've been having with WBAI, a listener-sponsored FM station in New York City which provides perhaps the freest programming in the country, including complete coverage of events ranging from the Black Panther Convention to the National Women's Strike to the Silent Majority Rally to Earth Day. Their broadcast schedule is listed each month in the *Folio*, available by subscription for \$24 a year (students and retired persons: \$15) from WBAI, 359 E. 62nd St., New York, N.Y. 10021. Recently, for a week's worth of Bob Fass' all-night Radio Unnameable, Wavy Gravy (formerly Hugh Romney) of the Hog Farm talked his book. Excerpts appear in this issue.

* * *

The 1971 Peace Calendar is mortared with rock lyrics and commentaries by various countercultural chroniclers plus a foreword by Pete Seeger. Price is \$2 - or \$5 for three; \$10 for six - from the War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

* * *

Larry Cole has a book out called *Street Kids*, written with four of them, and he is writing another, based on his nationwide investigation of such organizations as Youth House. (My article on the facing page was rejected by *Ramparts* for fear of libel, even though each allegation was a matter of record or personal witness. The city has since taken over Youth House, but the conditions remain inhumane.) To help support the Institute for Juvenile Justice, which has been founded to deal with the legal mistreatment of kids, send \$3 to LEAP, 112 4th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003, and you'll receive a beautiful poster of a soulful black child painted by Paul Davis and underscored by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers
... the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others . . ."

A Word to the Wise Is Repression

The House Internal Security Committee released a list of 65 "radical" campus speakers, and the *New York Times* published it, without checking the accuracy of alleged affiliations. The fact that individuals didn't belong to organizations matching the numbers which followed their names is an indication of governmental and journalistic irresponsibility, but since they have the right to join, the report was obviously intended to suppress dissent via college administrations.

So the *Realist* is publishing the list as a guide to student boards that book guest lecturers. Many of these dangerous influences can be summoned through the medium of the Movement Speakers Bureau, 365 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Or phone 212-245-3575/6. Should such an arrangement result in controversy, well, it's a purely organic issue. When the president of the University of Arizona said that young people must "make a choice between getting an education and taking a side," he was speaking in his capacity as a schizophrenic dinosaur.

- Muhammad Ali (1)
- Herbert Aptheker (2)
- Robert Avakian (8)
- John C. Bennett (3)
- James Bevel (4)
- Paul Boutelle (5)
- Elaine Brown (7)
- H. Rap Brown (7)
- William Bunge (8)
- Stokely Carmichael (9)
- John Ciardi (3)
- Jesus Colon (2)
- Don Cox (7)
- Carl Davidson (8)
- Angela Davis (2)
- Rennard Davis (6,8)
- David Dellinger (6,10)
- Douglas Dowd (10)
- Harry Edwards (7)
- Richard R. Fernandez (10)
- John Frolines (6)
- Charles Garry (2,7)
- Carlton Goodlett (10)
- Dick Gregory (4)
- Deirdre Griswold (11)
- Fred Hampton (7)
- Floyd Hardwick (7)
- Nathan Hare (3)
- Tom Hayden (6,8)
- Nat Hentoff (5,8,11)
- Amsal Hewitt (7)
- Abbie Hoffman (6,12)
- Paul Jacobs (7)
- Michael James (8)
- Le Roi Jones (7)
- Edward Keating (4)
- Paul Krassner (12)
- William Kunstler (6)
- Mark Lane (3)
- Claude Lightfoot (2)
- Staughton Lynd (11)
- Floyd McKissick (11)
- Stewart Meacham (10)
- Charlene Mitchell (2)
- Jessica Mitford (2)

- Carl Oglesby (8)
 - Linus Pauling (2)
 - Sidney Peck (2,10)
 - Marcus Raskin (8)
 - Richard Rothstein (8)
 - Jerry Rubin (6,12)
 - Nancy Rubin (12)
 - J. Mark Rudd (8)
 - Robert Scheer (7,8)
 - Bobby Seale (7)
 - Mulford O. Sibley (10)
 - Jerome Skolnick (11)
 - Robert Sollen (3)
 - Mike Speigel (8)
 - Benjamin Spock (10)
 - Reles Tijerina (7,8)
 - C.T. Vivian (3)
 - Wyatt Tee Walker (3)
 - Daniel Watts (5)
 - Michael Zagarell (2)
1. Nation of Islam
 2. Communist Party, USA
 3. National Committee to Abolish HUAC (House Un-American Activities Committee)
 4. National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam
 5. Socialist Workers Party
 6. Cited for contempt in connection with the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial
 7. Black Panther Party (supporter or member)
 8. Students for a Democratic Society
 9. Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
 10. New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam
 11. Spring Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam
 12. Youth International Party (Yippies)

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And Whose Little Blue Movie Are You?

Terry Southern had tried in vain to persuade the publisher of his novel, *Blue Movie*, to advertise in the alternate press, but the response was, "People who read those underground papers do not buy books." It was finally agreed upon to try a one-shot ad in the *East Village Other*. William Burroughs furnished the following quote:

"Considering that sex movies on the public screen couples rolling around on top of each other in fake orgasms the man with a limp prick is an impotence image and the actual blue movie posing the all too familiar dilemma of an actor trying desperately to make it when he obviously doesn't want to is another step on the same road, Sid Krassman, a Hollywood archetype, sets out to make a Blue Movie with story lines and sets all the super production buildup for real sex acts performed by enthusiastic and dedicated artists. Some of the artists including the female star fall by the wayside unable to throw off innate sexual pruderies. 'I mean,' she screams, 'just how the hell is me getting *fucked* on camera by a bunch of *stupid... dumb ass... nigger extras going to help my image?*' Others like Davie and his sister Debbie perform with spirit and vigor. It seems for a magic moment as if Grey Eminence Films will bring it off. But the negatives are kidnapped by agents of the Vatican. Or agents perhaps of the film industry itself divining in their ripe wisdom that if they give the audience *too much* they will stay home and do it themselves in front of their own video cameras? Like *Dr. Strangelove*, *Blue Movie* is already on set."

Attorneys for the publisher had this reaction:

"We have reviewed the proposed advertising copy which the author and William Burroughs have suggested. We strongly advise against the use of this copy. Our advice is not based primarily on the use of four-letter words but on the general content of the copy. After the Ralph Ginsberg (sic) case, it was obvious that borderline material could be judged for obscenity purposes by the advertising of the publisher. The proposed advertising copy stresses the prurience of the book, even suggesting that it is 'hard core' pornography and, as such, could be used to sustain an obscenity conviction involving the book. We return herewith the copy submitted."

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New York, N.Y. 10012

- Enclosed is \$1. As soon as it's ready, please send me a copy of the 13th anniversary issue of The Realist.
- Enclosed is \$1. As soon as it's ready, please send me a copy of the final Whole Earth Catalog supplement.
- Enclosed is \$5. As soon as it's ready, please send me a copy of "The Truth Is Silly Putty" - a collection of pieces by Paul Krassner including the infamous "Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book" plus interviews with Woody Allen, Dick Gregory, Joseph Heller, Timothy Leary, Norman Mailer, George Lincoln Rockwell, Mort Sahl, Terry Southern and Dr. Robert Spencer.

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Report from Algiers

by Jomo Raskin

We leave New York from JFK Airport. The place is an armed camp. The guards search us and our baggage before we can board the plane. This airport, and every other one we land at and depart from, is terrified because of bomb threats, kidnappings and hijacks.

Jennifer Dohrn has the *I Ching* in her knapsack, with sticks and coins. The security cop is freaked out by the sticks. He tells them at arm's length, then sniffs them.

"What are they?" he asks.

"Oh, they're for magical purposes," Jennifer says.

"Search her," the guard orders.

They go through her luggage, find nothing sinister, and allow us on the plane. We're both marked down as suspicious characters, security risks, even though the *I Ching* sticks are the only weapons we have.

A day later we arrive in Algiers.

At the airport just beyond the passport control, two men are standing together. One is white. The other is black. Two exiles, two fugitives - Eldridge Cleaver and Tim Leary. As Tim himself later phrased it, "Chromosome damage meets Black Panther. That means trouble."

Eldridge is all in black: black boots, black pants, black turtle neck, black leather jacket.

Tim is a kaleidoscope of colors. We give him a button bought on 8th Street in New York which says TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT. He laughs, embraces us, and pins it on his cap.

We're guests of the Black Panther Party, International Section, so we get through with no problem.

"You're in the Third World," Tim says, handing us a joint. Immediately we get stoned. The Algerian government is down on drugs. Drugs are associated with decadence, passivity, European rule and oppression. Mexicans don't like the *gringo* image of them asleep under a *sombrero* at midday. Algerians don't like the Western image of them sitting on a hasek smoking a hookah.

If you've seen the film *Battle of Algiers* you might remember that the Algerian revolutionaries kick the drug pushers out of the Casbah. Drugs in the Casbah are like heroin in Harlem. They are a form of genocide, killing off youth. While Panthers smoke marijuana, the Party seeks the end of the heroin trade in the ghettos of Amerika.

So why is Tim, the High Priest of Acid, welcomed in Algeria by the Panthers? Why has the Algerian Government granted him asylum? Tim was little known in Algeria before his unexpected arrival.

When it was first announced that he had been granted asylum, the Algerian press service sent out over the wires the story that Tim was an Afro-American psychiatrist. They thought he was black; they thought that a new Franz Fanon had landed on their shores.

Tim was delighted by the mistake. "You can be anything you want the second time around," he said when he first heard the account, repeating one of his best known lines. Tim hasn't changed color, but he is becoming a revolutionary. Revolutionaries are welcome in Algeria. So his passport has been stamped O.K.

His seven months in jail, and his stay with the Weathermen who helped him escape prison and flee the

country, convinced him that dropping acid isn't the answer. He's seen that people who engage in armed struggle - the Weatherman underground - aren't dehumanized.

"The Weathermen and Weatherwomen," Tim said, "live totally committed and beautiful lives. Their revolution is sacred and holy; we must celebrate and defend it. I dropped acid with Bernardine Dohrn and Jeff Jones. We laughed a lot. What came out was their joy in the revolution. Jeff Jones is an All-American kid. Bernardine Dohrn is a high energy sister."

Eldridge thinks that Tim's revolutionary trip will move freaks, pacifists, and heads to a new understanding that cultural revolution and political revolution must come together, that Panthers and Weathermen must be supported.

Ken Kesey, author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and the chief Merry Prankster, wrote to Tim attacking him for his defense of the gun. Tim thought that there was a tinge of jealousy in Kesey's voice. As Tim pointed out, Kesey had been a fugitive in Mexico, but had returned to the USA and had been caught. Now, Tim was far out, further than Kesey had ever been, in Algeria.

Kesey's novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, contradicts his recent statement. There, Chief Vroom, his Indian hero, smashes the machine which makes men robots, and lights out for the territory.

Algiers is an alien city to Tim, Eldridge and Yuppies from the Lower East Side. The city begins at the sea, then rises into the hills. The buildings are white, the sky is blue. The Panthers gave us a revolutionary tour of the city, pointing out the historical spots.

The center of town is the "Place du Martyrs." Here the French slaughtered thousands of Algerians, then dragged their bloody bodies across the cement pavement and dropped them into the harbor.

The buildings are like fortresses. They seem to have been designed by people who feared invaders. It's a city of two cultures, two languages - French and Arabic.

Women still wear veils. They do not appear on the streets after dark. Cafes are filled only with men.

We spend most of our time in Eldridge's pad. The only decoration on the walls is the Yippie flag: black background, with red star in the center, and a green marijuana leaf superimposed on it. There are thick carpets, soft pillows. We

listen to Eldridge's favorite records - Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen - and talk about politics.

"I'm going back," Eldridge says.

"What do you think should happen in the USA?" we ask.

"There are three things necessary for every revolutionary struggle. If any one is missing, you don't have a successful revolution. The first is mass organizing, a united front of all groups opposing imperialism and fascism. The second is armed struggle, attacks on policemen, and blowing up of the physical structures of the State, as the Weathermen do. The third is a disciplined party which offers leadership and ideology."

It's in Eldridge's pad that we celebrate Tim's 50th birthday. It's a double birthday. Bobby Seale was born the same day. On the birthday cake it says *Tim's Free, Free Bobby*. Tim has pledged himself to work with Eldridge and the Panthers.

At a press conference in Algiers he announced that he would be returning to New Haven for a Panther rally at the start of Seale's trial. The FBI took him at his word and turned out to look for him. He wasn't caught. Several hundred kids wearing Leary masks showed up at the rally and confused the undercover police.

(Editor's note: The reason he wasn't caught is because he was wearing one of the Leary masks.)

The Panthers have an embassy in Algiers. Eldridge Cleaver is the head minister. The Panthers are recognized by the Chinese, Vietnamese, Koreans, and by liberation forces in Asia, Africa, Latin America. Their embassy must be the least ambassadorial in the world. There are posters on the walls. Otis Redding is on tape.

Two of the Panthers in Algiers are little known. They are Larry Mack and Sekou Odinga, two of the New York 21. But unlike the others, they weren't caught.

Sekou is a legendary figure. When New York City police tried to break his door down and bust him, he picked up his gun, shot the cop's hat off, ducked into the bathroom, slid through a tiny window and jumped down three stories to the street and freedom. Sekou lived in the USA for several months while police unsuccessfully tried to catch him. Then he and Larry Mack hijacked a plane and made their way to Algeria.

The Panthers introduce us to the Vietnamese, the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. We talk about the Weathermen fall offensive, the peace movement, youth culture, Ho Chi Minh's poetry.

The Viet Cong are into youth culture. They aren't put up-tight by our long hair; they recognize our national identity, our right to self-determination and independence, to our music, our communes, peace and love. They ask us to remember them to our family and friends.

We invite them to tour New York with us when it's liberated, and they in turn ask us to come to Saigon when all American troops have departed.

After Algiers we split up. Half the Yuppies go East to Lebanon and Egypt. The other half goes north to Paris, London, Belfast.

Every place people ask us about the revolution going on inside the USA. They're turned on by it, encouraged in their own struggles by ours.

Everywhere we meet young people, smoke dope, listen to rock, conspire for the end of the American death machine, and the birthing of the new world.

Then Tim and Eldridge will no longer be exiled.

Bernardine Dohrn will no longer be a fugitive.

In Algeria, getting higher and higher, we felt that day moving towards us faster and faster.

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PAUL KRASSNER, EDITOR

What Is the Sound of One Clap Dripping?

by Dean Latimer

With the clap, at the height of the infection, you have to take a leak every 20 minutes. You could set your watch by it: every 20 minutes, whoops, where's the little boy's room? For men at least this is true—women tend not to even notice the clap, or to shrug it off as a fungal infestation of the cervix, a phantom period, or one of the other frequent sloppinesses that attend the female body. But for me, if you want to know the truth, I have to take a very emphatic leak every 20 minutes with the clap, thanks to the efficiency of my kidneys in flushing out those gonococci ever so fast as they creep into the old bloodstream. And so it was with a certain stab of bladder-anguish that I perceived I had a *go* as I walked up 4th Avenue about 11 o'clock last night.

A men's room! A urinal! A commode! A *pisspot*, for the love of God, is there a luncheonette with a men's room open around 4th Avenue in the middle of the night? A Campbell's soup can would've made me the happiest man in the world. In New York there is a law, or so I understand, that all places that serve food and beverages to the public must have patrons' conveniences, but this law is never enforced, or so it appears, with the rigour generally applied to the law against pissing on the sidewalk.

And the only luncheonettes open after 10 o'clock at night, as a rule, are the ones without toilets. Just off 4th Avenue on 14th Street there's a Horn & Hardart's which proudly advertises that it has public restrooms, but once inside you find that the portion of the cafeteria with the restrooms has been cordoned off, lest every paraplegic and clap-sufferer on Union Square be using the toilet. "Using the toilet." God! How could such a wonderful cleansing thing sound so horrible and unsanitary?

A tavern on the corner of 12th was open, casting me headlong into dilemma. They always tell you, when they treat you for clap, not to drink alcohol until the treatment is over and a positive cure has been effected. Well, they *almost* always tell you that. The physician who cured my current case (I hope she cured it, anyway—it's still too early to tell, at this writing), Dr June Finer of the East Side-Village Youth Project Mobile Health Unit, told me nothing about drinking when she handed me the tetracyclin.

Dr. Finer, in fact, was unusually brief, for a physician, in her recommendations for my clap convalescence: "Don't get laid," was the only thing she told me, "for about five days after the medication runs out." In this she contrasted markedly from the doctor who had treated my two previous doses of clap, both in the summer of 1968. That doctor, an expensive Upper East Side physician with Calvinist tendencies, had closeted me and my old lady—separately—and issued to us a horrifying list of prescriptions he assured us were necessary for our complete recovery.

Not only were we to refrain from sexual intercourse, he solemnly admonished us, but masturbation too was strictly forbidden, all alcoholic beverages to be eschewed, and any energetic physical activity was to be avoided for the next month. *Month!* Also I was to keep my glans penis swathed in absorbent gauze for that period. Then he hit us both in the asses, all four buttocks between us, with heavy doses of

penicillin and managed the needle in such a way that neither of us could sit down with comfort for three days.

Each week for four weeks we returned to fulfill our penicillin tablet prescriptions, and each week he'd cripple us with penicillin shots. He seemed to feel that clap alone wasn't enough punishment for fucking more than one person, but that the treatment for it had moreover to be as torturous as possible.

What hell it must have been to have suffered the clap before penicillin was invented. Old-timers are fond of horrifying us youngsters with yarns about the various primitive pre-Fleming clap treatments. Most of them seemed to involve the thrusting of a rubber tube up the patient's urethra—straight up through the tip of your dick, that is—and the titillation of his prostate gland with a rubber-gloved fingertip until the sperm issued up with a dry come, painfully flushing out most of the gonococci with it.

"Most of the gonococci"—sure enough, this treatment usually left in the patient's uro-genitals a small population of bacteria, which would inevitably proliferate, producing perforce a return of the symptoms and the occasion for another treatment with rubber glove and rubber tube. Imagine then, unpleasant as all of this sounds already, having it done to you by a vengefully puritanic doctor.

Compared to this Oriental torture, my own treatment at the Mobile Health Unit was mere recreation. Nevertheless, I was nervous: "This is the third time I've had the clap," I confessed to Sid Weinheimer as he parked his Peugeot by the Clinic trailer, located then at the extreme eastern end of Stanton Street. "I'm a clap recidivist. Do you think maybe the third time you have it they repossess your dick and impound it until you promise to live a clean life?"

"Naw," Sid assured me, dragging me out by the pantsleg. "They just revoke your fucking permit for a couple of weeks. Come on!"

The trailer had been taking heavies at the end of Stanton Street, known familiarly among the Lower East Side as Ripoff Row, thanks to the unusual number of junkies that inhabit it. A couple weeks previous to my visit, a junkie or junkies had broken in and made off with some medical equipment, and now the windows of the 50-foot white trailer had been boarded up with plywood from the inside. According to Dr. Finer, this had provided the police—at whose good pleasure the Mobile Unit had been located on Ripoff Row, rather than in some other less homicidal part of town—with a long-awaited opportunity to legally search the premises for such as fingerprints, dope, the records of radical patients, etc.

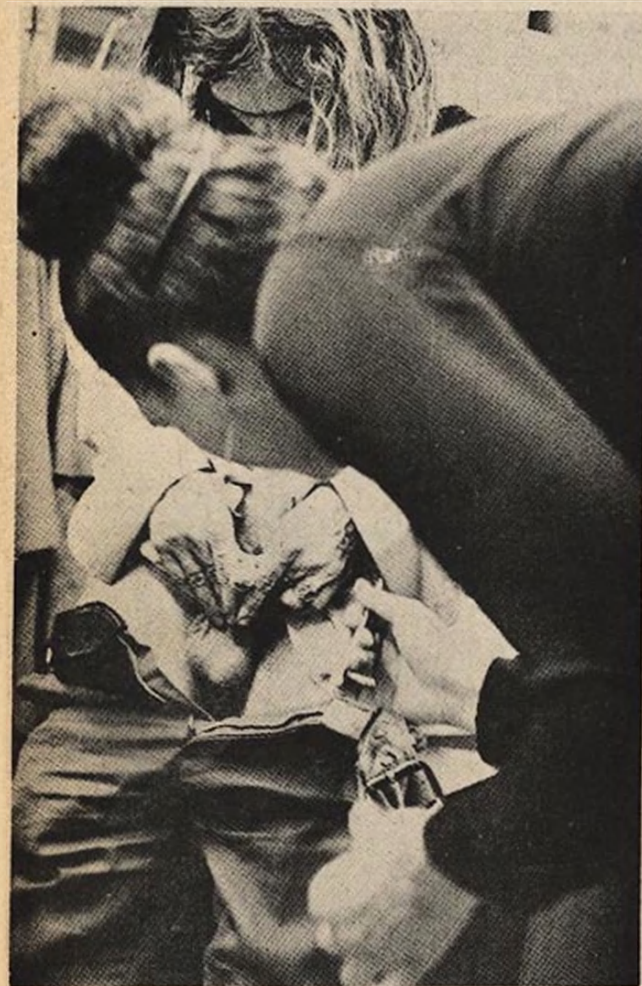
Understand, most of the Mobile Health Unit's patients are impoverished residents of the Lower East Side, and thus include besides black and Spanish people a good number of dope-freak-hippie-revolutionary types. Now, the police have never been easy with the idea of middle-class dropouts mingling with Third World ghetto residents—it tends to complicate the well-defined patterns of class separation on which The System desperately depends—so that any time a genuine Community Service such as the Mobile Health Unit appears, the police are notorious for hassling it as much as possible.

Operating however as it does under the aegis of several Liberal Establishment institutions—the Judson Memorial Church, among others—the Mobile Health Unit so far has managed to avoid most major hassles, other than lack of money.

This is mildly astonishing, because Dr. Finer and her staff appear to verge on the Radical. Expecting, who knows, a collection of white-smocked sanitary interns and snappish bull-dyke nurses, it suprised me to find Dr. Finer and her staff wearing levi jackets and khaki safari shorts. The posters on the walls were also unusual for a medical clinic: most of them had been taken out of the Black Panther Party newspaper, *Rat*, and *EVO* and depicted the Establishment in a highly critical light.

Some of the posters, however, had little graffiti scrawled upon them in an infantile hand, communicating certain sentiments which seemed anomalous in the general Health Unit atmosphere. From the Panther paper, for instance, there hung on the wall a depiction of a young black mother handing a pistol to her child as the police were breaking into their tenement apartment: this was cool, but a speech balloon had been drawn over the mother's head with ballpoint pen, and in the balloon it had her saying, "You are nothing but a little nigger."

When I asked Dr. Finer about this, she said these little



The Author Having His Article Researched

items had appeared the night the junkies broke in: either the junkies had taken the trouble to scrawl them on the posters, which seems unlikely, or perhaps it just may have been the police who did it in the course of their investigation. Dr. Weinheimer, a Freudian shrink from the word go, inspected the handwriting and analysed it thusly: "Infantile aggressions pent up over a lifetime of anal retention finally finding a moment of expression. Probably did the motherfucker good."

While waiting our turn with the handful of ailing scruffy hippie types—from whom I was distinguished by being not merely scruffy, but *filthy*—Sid and I fell into an animated dialog with two young women in coveralls. Heaven knows what they were there for, but it transpired that they both lived in the Lower East Side revolutionary commune known as the Firehouse Collective, and thus represented the very Politboro of the Revolution. And for whom, they wanted to know, were we taking pictures? Casting around among my many employers for the least offensive possible periodical, I told them *The East Village Other*.

Well, then, if we worked for *EVO* we were scum of the earth, because *EVO* is a sexist rag because it exploits women by its classified ads and its whole editorial policy and internal design is sexist because it exploits women and the sickness of society.

"Now hold on!" I objected. "You just hold on, now! That'll be enough of that. It just so happens," I told them self-righteously, "that *EVO*'s classified ads are *predominantly* taken up with homosexuals looking for other homosexuals, and furthermore, *EVO* has a policy in running movie ads of running them for both straight and gay flicks, *and* —"

"Now *you* hold on!" they said. Suddenly both of them wore on their faces certain subtle, exclusively female pre-catatonic expressions, as if another word out of my mouth would throw them both into some other world. "Do you want to hear what we have to say?" they asked. "Do you want a *dialog*, or are you just shooting off your mouth?"

Abruptly, as in a vision, I witnessed how these two women are just constantly being outshouted and put down by men at the meetings of the Firehouse Collective, and I shut my mouth more out of pity than anything else, and let them carry on untrammelled.

As it turned out, neither of them had so much as looked at *EVO* since early 1968, but this only came out toward the end of the dialog, when, noticing that neither Sid nor I was listening any more, they began to very ostensibly caress and fondle one another. Yes, there I stood with the clap dripping down my leg, witnessing the latest dialectic in the Firehouse Revolution, Gay Liberation. They were turning me on, unbeknownst to themselves. What a chauvinist pig!

The drip down my leg ceased directly on first taking the tetracydin Dr. Finer laid on me. "I'm not giving you penicillin," she told me as she slipped a swatch of fragrant pus off my glans with a Q-tip, "because even when somebody's had it before, you can never positively anticipate a bad penicillin reaction." Fancy that! Most doctors just tell you they're giving you "a little something," and wait to see what happens. "Just don't get laid," she warned again, "until about five days after the medication runs out." And dropping about \$21 worth of tetracydin on me—for *nothing*—she let me go without so much as a stab in the behind.

No, she never told me to watch the old drinking, the old grog, the old booze, the Bacchic libation or the hair of the dog, but then, that tetracydin was such horrible shit I *knew* better than to drink anything. Tetracydin is tetracycline cut

with caffeine and an antihistamine, and for an hour after taking it you have heartburn. Bad heartburn, next-best-thing-to-puking heartburn. I could imagine what a few swallows of brew would be like on top of that shit, and I shuddered, hopping one foot to the other desperately up 4th Avenue in the middle of the night looking for an angry piss.

But there was nothing for it. Besides the bar there, the only place in sight was a Blimpie Base, and even if I could have made it that far, *imagine* the disappointment of learning, "Na, we got a no roost room, go 'way you bum."

Obviously it had to be the bar or the sidewalk. Squirreling past two people through the door, I hollered to the man behind the bar, "Draft!" I meant I wanted a drink. The juke box was playing Mungo Jerry very loud, and he pointed affably toward the Men's Room, thinking I was asking for it. "No," I said louder. "Draft!" Catching on, he headed for the Budweiser tap.

At the door of the men's room it hit me: I hadn't had to buy a beer at all, the man was perfectly happy to let me use his john for free. What a dummy! Latimer, the clap has addled your—

Somebody was in the men's room! Of all the curses and pestilences that afflict Man, an occupied Men's Room must surely be the most horrible. A trickle of chilly urine was perceptibly threading down my left leg now. With an express train roaring through my lower abdomen, I grabbed for the Ladies' Room, right next door. Thank God for women, that none of them was using that ladies' room right then.

Two long hissing groaning minutes later, emptied and depleted, I had everything wiped off and was back at the bar, sipping tentatively at the brew, wondering how to get out of the place without consuming it, and still not bring down derision upon me from all the potbellied fag-baiting barflies in the place. But then, looking around, I witnessed that the place was *not* full of potbellied fag-baiting barflies, but kids around my own age. With long hair, what's more, and consuming alcoholic beverages. Even the *bartender* had a long carroty mop, which I had not noticed in my rush for the john.

Bathed in the neon from the Schlitz sign, breathing cigarette smoke into the air fragrant with the reek of hops and bar-varnish, were all these folks I must have gone to high school with. And I hadn't drunk beer in *years!* Very odd.

Two dudes with Afros and black jackets were shooting pool on a quarter table, apparently doing pretty well at it, and this, I determined, would be my way of getting out of the place. It had been a long time since I hung around bars, but I remembered all the proper procedures: checking out the table and finding the quarter slot unoccupied, I tossed in a quarter of my own at parade rest, therewith challenging whosoever won the match then underway. Then I punched a couple Creedence Clearwaters on the juke box and waited for my turn at the table. A natural barfly.

After the break I picked up low solids. It had been, as I say, a long time since any bar had contained me, and since then I'd gotten used to full-size tables. Before I knew it I'd sunk the 8-ball, and someone else had challenged me.

Friends, I went through five racks in a row that night. Setting my beer down in a dark corner, I forgot about it as I cleared off table after table. Thirteen in the side? 'Tis done. Four in the corner? Easy as shit. Seven banked into the side? Sure enough. Stoned on tetracyclin, bladder filling all over again with slaughtered gonococci, I stood off all comers until one of the girls who was there took it into her head to flirt

(Continued on Page 20)

Wavy Gravy Raps

The Great Baby Race

This was really a great bulletin board because it had a hole in it, so when you made an announcement, you would stick your head through the hole in the bulletin board and it would become 4-dimensional.

And the first time I made an announcement was to announce the Great Baby Race, and that's where I met Max Yagur, he was looking at the bulletin board and I stuck my head through and I said, "Would you like to come to the baby race?" And he really liked the baby race. I think that's what sold the farmer on Woodstock. That baby race.

So we got all the babies together. Old Susavitch ran around with a sign-up sheet and she gets everybody's baby signed up and we discovered we had three types of babies. Three categories. We had crawlers, runners and walkers. The mothers got around the inner circle with the babies, and everybody let out this sound, and the sounds died, and they dropped their babies and started cheering them.

And this farmer, he is watching us do that in this family kind of way, and it's all together, and he started to totally re-evaluate his whole conception of what freaks were about. Because we were kind of folksy, and corny, but left him with a tingle.

Smokin' and Snortin'

I see that this cowboy guy is being sold a joint by a long-hair for \$5, and I grabbed the mike and I said, "This is Wavy Gravy on the floor. I can see this cowboy guy being sold a joint by a long-hair for \$5 and that isn't fair. Let's have all the dope on stage. Okay, let's have all the dope on the stage. All the dope on the stage..."

And a couple of little lids start coming up, and then some guy, he's got half a pound, and that's up on stage, and it's impressive. And then it starts to come, and it's coming in



"...I don't like bringing this up after giving you the bad news, but the County Health Director wants to know if you would be available as a source for vaccine..."

from all over the crowd. All this dope. And I say, "Okay, let's have some rollers now."

And these guys are coming up and they're rolling joints one-handed and they're tossing them out into the audience, and this great cloud just went up...

* * *

We were wandering down the streets of Amsterdam. It was garbage day, and we were picking through the garbage. And the first thing we came up with was this little soccer ball, so everybody was playing soccer as we're going along, maybe twenty blocks of soccer.

And I found this little arm this little tiny arm from a doll that I had sticking out of my nostril. I was saying, "More coke." I later gave it away for a coke spoon, this little hand, you just ram it up there.

I like to think of cocaine as the thinking man's Dristan.

Fantasies Into Reality

Stuff to plug into. Okay, we sit around in a circle and we start making our ideas. Now, we find out this one guy is a tightrope walker that never got to do it, and he really wanted to. So we decided we'd make a human net, and he would tightrope up on the ceiling. We could also make a human pyramid—maybe everybody'd stand on everybody's back—and the guy on the bottom could take turns with the guy on the top, and that's how everybody stays high.

* * *

It's Rory's birthday. And her trip is that—she doesn't want a cake—there is a pudding in Amsterdam called flan, which comes in vanilla and chocolate, in bottles. You go to the milk store, and you say, "Flan!" And they give it to you. You don't need a prescription or anything. But people become incredibly hooked on flan.

So she wanted to be encased in flan. That really got people's imaginations cooking. And that was the day of the show so it was just right. So they built her this plastic space suit, with straws coming off it, millions of little straws. The idea was, of course, that she'd get out in the audience and everybody'd start sucking till there's just Rory, naked, and everybody's full of flan.

And she's been sucked by the entire audience, which is, you know, sayin' hello, which is communication of one form or another.

* * *

This one guy always wanted to have an orgy so we made him Orgy Commissioner. At the end of all these tunnels, he could have his Orgy Room. And we had all these signs saying *This Way to the Orgy*. In Dutch. And the poor guy, the ten minutes he'd left there was an orgy. And he got back, it was over. He felt awful.

Getting It On . . . and Off

This guy finally began to fold into us and open up and he finally told us that he could not read or write and for like thirty years he's been fooling people. So Bonnie Jean started getting over in the corner with him every night, and they'd do a little bit, and now he just writes the alphabet and he can write phonetically, and he got up so high to think of that...

Like, in Texas, this guy was blind, and we knew of an eye surgeon that developed a kind of surgery that could cure that particular kind of blindness and we were able to plug the one into the other. Something like that comes along every 6 or 8 weeks to make the whole trip worthwhile. If we didn't do nothing in all Europe but teach that guy to read and write—I mean we're really getting it on.

* * *

We're scheduled to do an Earth People's Party at the Harvard Cage. What to do is to use the main resource of Boston which is, naturally, beans. So we cook up beans upon beans upon beans, great pots of beans, and announce a farting contest, taking the winner to Winter's End Pop Festival. Consideration will be given to the loudest fart, the longest fart and the most original fart.

The Great Bus Race

It's feeling like we're going to have some kind of bus race. And everybody could participate because there's a lot of buses, maybe eight buses, including Kesey's bus, *Further*.

And I figured the safest way to have this bus race is to send one bus out at a time, have them go up the meadow to the other end of the canyon and come back to the finish line and we'd time it. And then we'd send out another bus. Like in heats.

But Reno slithers up to me with a note from these State Police guys—they want an announcement—they say they are looking for a couple named John and Mary who have been exposed to bubonic plague.

Bubonic plague! I don't know where it came from. I kept looking at it and it kept saying bubonic plague. And bubonic plague. And—far out! So I look at this note and Kesey says, "Well, you sock it to them." So I said, "Well, folks, it's bubonic plague! John and Mary have bubonic plague so let's get them shot up."

It started to bring everybody down. You could feel that. Bubonic plague! You know—*whoop*—the human race, and so that knocked the bus race right off the track. So we changed our race and each bus is going to look for John and Mary. And the first bus to find John and Mary and shoot them up, wins the race.

The Watch Dog

This old basset hound wanders up the road and gets hit by a truck before our very eyes. We picked him up off the road and carried him—it was really wasted—and hugged him, and got some ice, and put water under his lip, and after a while he came to, and just looked at you.

And he's got every disease that a dog could have. All at once. And he drools. And it comes out of both sides of his mouth, and comes together in a big Y around his chest. Looks like a Yale made of phlegm. It's really, oh God, just so ugly, he was incredibly beautiful, and I wanted to keep him.

There wasn't much energy around to keep him, because he couldn't climb in and out of the bus unless he was lifted in and out, because he was too old. Centuries old.

So somebody had this watch. It was this far out watch. They found it. It was an anti-magnetic, waterproof, scuba diving, ink block, self-winding watch. And I attached it to Rex's right paw. And I said, "It's a watch dog."

So whenever anyone wanted to know what time it was they called "Rex, come here." And Rex would have the time. And people who didn't know about Rex, they looked down, and they heard this ticking.

Apple Sauce and Toasted Marshmallow

We made this incredible apple sauce and didn't use a single apple. It was all made from pears that we got in the country. "Boy, that's great apple sauce!" We never told anybody, but that's all right, man. I thought it was great apple sauce. It was the best apple sauce I ever ate.

* * *

This guy started building this huge bonfire—big enormous logs—I mean it was larger than scale, like Klaus Oldenburg's big popsicles. And we decided, well, if we've got

this huge fire, we've got to have a marshmallow.

So we started to look for a hundred pound marshmallow, and we couldn't find any marshmallow recipes, so we bought out all the supermarket marshmallows and we pushed them and smooshed them all together and put them on a snovel and everybody had a little marshmallow and it was like glue, for us as a family. That marshmallow kind of stuck us all together.

Pigasus Gets Married

I once did a head trip of drilling down with a drill to the center of the earth and discovering fuge, which meant that Captain Tootsie was right.

Anyhow, we're wondering what to do, and our pig is a virgin, Pigasus the Pig. That was an impostor in Chicago, because we were all collapsed with hep in the mountains of New Mexico, but she made a hell of a campaign until she told people to vote for themselves and she sort of retired and had her scene going, you know, her little nest.

I remember we were living at Narrowsburg, and her room was the cleanest of everybody's. It's really weird. She made this little bed with her nose, she got all these little rags and stuff, and she crapped in one corner and it was really neat, and everybody else just kind of spread all over. It blew my mind, because I'd never gone actively into the pig's house.

It took her a couple of weeks to get this thing together, but she's sort of living there and it's hers and we go out and scratch her, and she can run around sometimes, but otherwise she'd get into the squash, and anything else that was chewable. She's a great one for eating sleeping bags.

So, there's a boar down the road and we decided to have a pig wedding, and everybody is really excited about the pig getting married, and we put on our most elegant clothes and decorate the pig pen, you know, put flowers and stuff, and they bring in the boar - there's a Spanish-American guy down the road and it's his boar, but his boar, I don't know, he came out of his mother angry.

It started with a frown and it's got muscles on its frown, and the rest of the pig works off those muscles. I mean it's just angry. It's all *ugh!* With these tusks sticking out. We gave it a high hat and that didn't even help. It was just ridiculous, but hung, really hung.

So we get out the kazoos and start playing *Here Comes the Bride*, leading in the boar with the high hat into Pigasus' pen, and let him go. "I now pronounce thee pig and pig" - and there were some other words. I was reading from *The Book of Pig* - somebody got this book, it was all about pigs throughout the centuries, and I'm reading a love poem about pigs.

At this moment Boris - that is the name of the boar - began to tear Pigasus to shreds. Big, gaping wounds and pig blood all over the children, and the kids are going "Stop it!"

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Stop it!" And the Spanish-American guy is saying, "They always do that. Pretty soon they are going to fuck like crazy. You know. Ha ha ha."

And we have this purple ointment spray that you keep spraying on the wounds, and they keep doing it and doing it and doing it, and everybody was truly brought down, and they're playing one-string guitars - *ting, ting, ting* - and the sun's going down, and I look over and it's actually happening.

And I let out a scream: "Pig fuck!" And people were coming from all over, and it was really a sight to watch that, because a boar has a peculiar apparatus, it's shaped like a corkscrew and it's translucent and it moves very fast, like something from another planet.

And it's *fff fff fff* and that's it. And Stewart Brand is there, and he got a picture of it. This porky porno picture . . .

The Great Frog Race

The frog race, that's the only time I ever won anything at the Hog Farm in all the contests we ever had. I remember getting up late at night - we went out to look for frogs. Ran around all night with flashlights. Couldn't find any frogs. We finally had to arrange a frog beating through the grass like in Africa when they are looking for elephants or tigers or something.

And these little green frogs, young, quick and almost invisible - but after a while everybody got one - and I got my frog and I call him Fast Eddy. The reason I won the frog race is because I had these big swimming flippers on my feet. I had a fish mask on, and huge wooden beads, all different colors of the rainbow, a sliver loin cloth and fish flippers.

The frogs and the people that were racing the frogs got in the center of this circle. And then there was another circle around that circle. Where all the people that didn't have frogs were cheering on the frogs to come that way. And we were running along behind the frogs, saying, you know, "Do it!" And the reason I won is because these big swimming flippers would come down and this current of air would go right at the frog's butt and he'd say *hoo-hoo* and he'd take off. Huge leaps. The other frogs couldn't believe it.

And my prize was a trip to Idaho Springs where they have the great world frog race, so we take Fast Eddy and we put him in a special private pond, which is a birch log, hollowed out, with a lotus inside floating and some water, and I covered him with a light-show crystal, so the dogs wouldn't eat him.

The next morning, I get up and take out Fast Eddy and he is fried alive because the sun comes through the crystal like a magnifying glass and he's stiff as a board.

The Great Banana Conspiracy

There's some people in Chicago who want me to come there to set up a benefit for the Conspiracy. So I say sure, it's just right, and I slip away from the family. I'm walking all around Chicago with this inflatable plastic banana. The cops stop me. "Where are you going?" "I'm walking my banana, officer." And I'm dressed in a duck beak aviator's hat and a First World War jumpsuit. They want to see my ID and all I got is a picture of me in the San Francisco *Chronicle* dressed as a hamburger. This cracks the cops. The cops never crack, they're just pieces of dust falling around, all the sides of their faces are beginning to crumble and puff. They want to take me in, not to book me but to show me to the other cops. But I talked them out of it.

If I bring my banana into the courtroom, I get six months. I wouldn't even do that for an artichoke or a pomegranate. Forget it! They slip me into the first door. Jerry Rubin says that I'm his cousin. Then to get into the

court, Jerry isn't around so Abbie Hoffman says, "Well, he's my cousin." Then the two marshals get together and they say, "Hey, how come you Jerry's cousin and you Abbie's cousin?" And Jerry and Abbie simultaneously say, "We're married," and they flash these rings and smile at the cops.

There's Doctor Spock and he's peering at it all and they just lift me up and deposit me in the elevator, take me down, put me in the spinning door and give it a spin . . .

The Black Panther Confrontation

We're going around doing all kinds of things, meeting with the Panther guys. They weren't too sure of Wavy Gravy with his banana and they say, "Well, uh --" And I'm saying "Earth People's Park --" . . . talking to Panthers about that, like what it is to knock down your walls and all have one refrigerator and everything. Well, not revolutionary serious.

I said, "Listen, I'll fill my banana up with cement, but I will take my whoopie cushion to Dachau because it is joy that makes it possible for me to live in this jail. The whole earth is in jail and we're plotting this incredible jailbreak. It is joy that enables me to, you know, just put the file in the cake."

It's like a pressure cooker with a little valve on top and the chuckle is like the steam going off. Otherwise, if you don't chuckle, you've got beans in the ceiling and no brains at all.

So they said, "Well, that's interesting." I almost took it too far behind where, at a big demonstration for Bobby Seale, a bunch of people had put gags in their mouth and I was going to gag my banana, and I caught myself because I knew it was in bad taste. But it was all right for me to tell some people that I thought of it and didn't do it, because I never would have, but I still got to think of it because I'll laugh at anything.

You know, I mean it's either that or go crazy -- which I've done more than a couple of times. But as my friend John Brent says, "After you flip out, then you don't have that to worry about." You know, insanity can be the most normal thing in the world.

The Last Moratorium

Now in my pocket I got a device which many of you have seen in drugstores and stuff. A couple of batteries and a button. You push it and there's this laugh, it sounds like Marshal Ephron and it goes on for a couple of minutes. So every time I get hit with tear gas, I push the button and this laugh -- it not only disturbed the cops but also our own people -- who's that? It was really handy.

All we could do was run around and pick up the people that were overly teargassed. It was pepper gas, which means if you rub your clothes to your nose you start to sniff, even days later. So we're picking up the crumbled-down and taking them up and dipping them in water and trying to help.

In the middle of Dupont Circle I run into the head lawyer of Mobe, and he says, "It's over now. The police are going out of control but the police chief has the police together and there's not going to be any more rioting. There's a guarantee that there will be no more gassing. The gas has stopped. We want to have a rock and roll concert here to change the vibes. I have a personal guarantee from the chief of police, there'll be no more gassing."

At that moment he's hit on the toe by a live cannister of tear gas and everybody runs.

The Great Softball Game

So we all took green acid and started making up the rules for softball, starting out at the Gonk Family Theatre. First

base -- it's about twice as far as the normal first base, to the other side of the road to the telephone pole. Like you had to hit a double to get to first.

And from first to second, you had to run to the Road Hog bus, through the back of the bus, out the back, and touch the bumper. To get from second to third, you had to run into this little house, up the ladder, into the attic and through the attic, stick your head out the other window, touching the window ledge.

To get from third to fourth, you had to slide down a rope into a bucket of water. And in order to get from fourth to home, somebody else on your team had to hit a four-base hit and pick you up and carry you home. And when you got home, you knew you were there, because home was a big pillow and our sleeping bag home plate.

Home plate is out there somewhere. It's all embroidered with little pieces of this and stuff of that. Bonnie Jean worked on it for a long time, and it was confiscated by the FBI. But there were other things that were there. There was a TV set. There was a hamburger -- and carrot juice -- you know, so you could go either way. And a joint. It was up to the team in the field to make home plate groovy for the team at bat to score, which is how the thing was holy, I guess.

The first round was scored by Erika. I remember her, God, this picture of her just rounding fourth and heading for home. Somebody's got to hold her because she's wild-eyed and crazy, and we laid her down and foot-massaged. I think we had about five minutes to enjoy home, and then on to the next frontier.

The other team had all these one-eyed guys who kept striking out, it was kind of pathetic, we'd give them six or seven strikes. They had two one-eyed guys, and we wanted them to play together, to hold the bat, but they weren't going for it.

We had about four runs going when they finally scored. And the funny part of it was that the guy's feet were dry, which means that he really didn't touch fourth base. But we didn't push it. We just dissolved a little bit after that, into something else, the rest of the afternoon, but it was a great softball game and I don't think we'll ever play softball again.

The Silent Partner

Now in Chicago we park our bus on this blight block. There's this gang sees our bus, you know, these greaser kids. The bus is the brightest thing on the block and somehow they resent it. They started throwing rocks at it and just trying to destroy it somehow and ripping the chrome Donald Duck off the thing, and rocks through the window. And we only have one member of the family inside, this guy, Baba Redhat, that hasn't talked for a year.

He was so into his particular yoga that while he was being stoned and he was even bleeding, he did not speak. Finally I looked out the window and I saw what was going on, I grabbed my banana and I started charging this gang of thugs. I wasn't even thinking. They saw this crazy man wielding this huge banana and they stopped. I said, "It's our home! It's our home!" They said, "We thought it was abandoned," and they walked away . . .

* * *

Out to Joshua Tree and going up this big high mountain, everybody climbing up the stone stoned, till we got to the top. As it always is with these mountains, we discovered this path and a road. We just went up the sheer area and got it on, you know, just humming and bumming around and decided to slither back to the bus. Plugged in the earth, sang a little song to it, and it wiggled a bit and we split. We got to the bottom and we discovered that we didn't have Baba Redhat.

He could have fallen over a cliff and nobody would have known, because he got glass in his arm in Chicago and shut up. Who knows? So it's dark and the desert. We send out party after party, going "Baba!" - and finally we find him. Where is he? On top of the very mountain we left, still waiting for the earth to move, staring at it.

It was on that day we gave him an incredible horn like Clarabell the Clown in the *Howdy Doody* days. Because he knew we were walking away, but we were too far away for him to call out and so he just let it slide and he was pretty spaced.

The Flying Nuts

On to the nut house. We go to the Middletown State Mental Institution. It's really groovy. It was hard to tell who was the nuts and who was us because there was a bunch of long-hair groovies from Yale and us guys and the nut guys. God, it was one of the best parties I've ever been to.

We got a ladder up - a little trick we learned from the Living Theatre, where you just climb up and everybody makes a net and you go *breathe breathe breathe* - dive! - and then you catch him. It was really good for those nuts to get up there and us to get up there and just trust our brothers. Until we had a priest that did a racing dive and almost landed in the Coke machine and then a 400 pound nut who took everything that everybody had, to catch him. It was a hell of a good party.

After they would dive, they would be lifted up and passed around the room. It was really wonderful to see the priest flying around. Yes - I believe!

The Great Cultural Rip-Off

Maybe it was in Nevada, I don't know, but it was Bonnie Jean's birthday, and Francois is there with his whole Warner Brothers film crew, and we bring out this incredible cake which everybody stuck a little piece of something on, you know, that they had in their pockets, that related to everything else that was stuck on it.

So sixteen of us are into her birthday and we're getting these other guys into it, because it's kind of fun, Hog Farm birthday, because you've got to eat cake with no hands and everything and we kind of - *Happy Birthday to You* - you know, and blow out the thing, and we're getting ready to bite into it and Francois says, "Very good, it's really perfect. Wonderful. Would you mind doing it again?"

Whew - but it is such a bizarre request that it cannot be denied. We put the candles back in the cake. We light the cake, and instead of singing *Happy Birthday* we sing *They're Gonna Put Me in the Movies* and they didn't notice. I think it's going to get bizarre because a lot of the French guys that are editing this flick don't speak English.

There's this one scene where we're all on a ledge on the side of the Grand Canyon. We're sort of up there and we're just kind of chanting and singing and the cameras are sort of creeping up, and the mikes on a pole, and everybody starts chanting - *cheese, cheese, cheese* - and this incredible fugue of all the cheeses in the world begins to go cheesing and teaching our camera to say cheese and our cheese to say camera.

And editing the flick, this guy may think this is some kind of sacred hippie ritual.

Maybe Warner Brothers was ripping off the culture. But maybe the culture was ripping off Warner Brothers. I think it was nip and tuck. And as Tiny Tim says, "Only time will tell."

But at Antioch the school finds out about it and there's a lot of noise. So they decided to have a meeting. Antioch's

pretty good that way. The whole school turns out in this auditorium, and all these people give all these various views on why the concert should take place and why it shouldn't... and it turns out 500 to 10 for doing the concert.

So we asked those ten to come and get in front of the cameras and say their piece, so it can be wound and ground and fed into the mix because it's what's happening. But in case people didn't want to be ripped off, we made these little black bars that you could stick in front of your eyes, like some *Confidential* magazine.

Fred and Janis

Fred Hampton is one of the authentic heroes of our age. A couple of summers ago he walked up to a policeman's smoking gun, after a cop had gone berserk and shot somebody in the street, Fred walked up and placed his chest against the cop's muzzle and said, "I arrest you for murder in the name of the people, call a policeman." Can you believe it? I didn't have no jokes. I just left Chicago.

* * *

This is a notice I put on the bulletin board: "Gala Om Spasm and Fruit Pudding, Tuesday Night in the Tie-Dyed Teepee. Bring Firewood, Incense, Candles, Pudding, Fruit and Oms. Say Goodbye to Janis Joplin. Come As You Are. Peace to All Beings."

So what we did is we sent Fred the Fed out with some bread, and he got what the Dutch counterpart is to Southern Comfort, two bottles. It's really strong, powerful stuff. And we set them in the teepee with the candle burning, and we sort of sang to them a little bit. Then we hooked up tight and close as a family and started moving energy from our feet, up out the top of our body, into a little ball in the center of the teepee, then sort of sent it out to help her through her bardos, you know.

And then we started drinking liquor - I mean, what's a party all about? - and passing it around, and eating the mushroom corks, of course. And it's going around in a circle, until on the last swallow everybody holds the swallow and spits in the fire, and there's this big *Whhissshhh!* - blinding light, almost - just everybody consumed, but nobody was burnt because it was so fast.

But Janis would have dug it.

Earth People's Park

What I'm saying is, you know, remembering how it was to like make these footprints. In the snow. So somebody coming behind us can put their foot in the footprints till they come to where we fell down. And then they can keep walking.

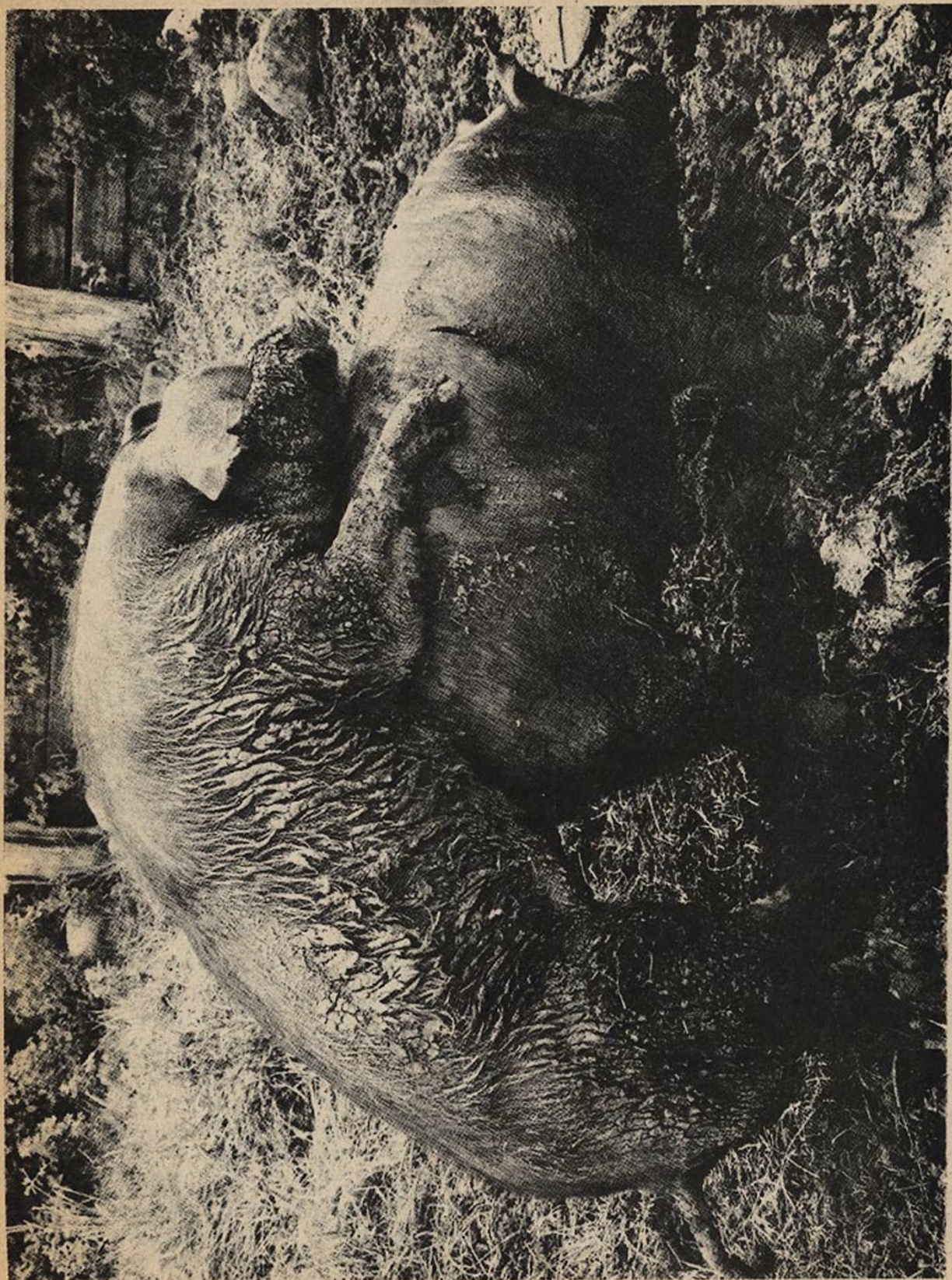
And the thing that gets us high is Earth People's Park, and what that is, is the amalgamation of everybody's idea of where it's at. And taking his where it's at, and her where it's at, and taking all those where it's at, and sort of lining 'em up. And making a tunnel.

So, what we got, so far, is: land should be free. And we'll buy it and say it's never for sale. And people should have shelter. And not just Levittown or Miami Beach. But starting to use these new age structures and shapes, where people can flow through like blood instead of colliding at corners.

We want more land. If you got any land folks can live on, maybe you could get in touch with us so it could be used. Because we could do anything, if we get it together, we could do anything at all.

We could buy back the earth.

(Editor's postscript: Free land is even better. Write to Earth People's Park, Box 313, 1230 Grant Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94133.



"The Wedding Night of Pigasus" is available as a large poster - by mail only - for \$2; from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. "Th-th-that's all, folks."

REPORTER AT SMALL

by Robert Wolf

New York City's Marriage License Bureau is on the first floor of the Municipal Building, a 36-story filing cabinet which is topped with a statue of Civic Virtue that appears to be made of brass. Meeting there one afternoon were five members of The Feminists, chosen by lot.

They distributed a leaflet:

"We can't destroy the inequities between men and women until we destroy marriage . . . According to law, sex is the purpose of marriage. You have to have sexual intercourse in order to have a valid marriage. . . . Love and affection are not required in marriage: If you can't have sex with your husband, he can get a divorce or annulment. If he doesn't love you, that's *not* grounds for divorce. . . ."

In the lobby, the women answered questions posed by a knot of reporters.

"Let me get this straight. You girls are saying that you don't believe in marriage?"

A chorus: "Yes."

"But free love?"

"No."

"Abstinence?"

"For the time being."

"Aren't any of you married?"

"As many as a third of our members are permitted to be married."

"But are any of *you* married?"

"We don't answer that."

"Why not?"

"We don't answer *that*."

The group proceeded down a marble hall to the license clerk's office. They passed — as do 76,000 marriage license applicants a year — a greeting pasted on the door of the marriage chapel:

YOU ARE ASKED NOT TO THROW ANY RICE IN
THE HALLWAYS OR ON THE STAIRS. IT IS A
HAZARD TO WALKING.

The marriage chapel is conveniently closed during lunch hour. The women went first to the office where license applicants fill out their forms. Then they stood outside the office of clerk Herman Katz. A notice on his door said that no one may speak with him without first being announced over the intercom.

The women produced a mock indictment. It charged city and state authorities with violation of the 13th Amendment, regarding slavery. Slavery, it reminded, is present when a subject is not free to move about at will and is not paid for labors performed.

The substance of their complaint was that a man may demand more services from his wife than he may from a paid domestic, and that if he decides to move somewhere else and his wife refuses to go with him, he can charge her with desertion.

The Feminists took turns reading parts of the indictment aloud in the hall. One of the reporters asked Ti-Grace Atkinson why they didn't read it in the license applicants' room.

"It might upset some of them."

Katz returned from lunch with bureaucracy on his breath.

"Hey, what's going on here? I didn't give anybody permission to use this building!"

He began to search for the wall socket so that he could unplug the lights of a TV cameraman.

The newsman: "Say, don't push me out of the way — this is a public building!"

"I'll push anybody who has no right to be here. Now —" He interrupted himself: "Hey, no smoking, please! That's another rule. Now, if you ladies have a petition to present, come with me alone into my room."

Atkinson: "Oh, no, we've been alone in too many rooms already."

She handed him one of the official-looking documents, bound in blue legal paper. It charged "fraud, and malicious intent." Katz turned a little pale. He rushed into his office and came out with two legal volumes, *Religious Corporation Law* and *Domestic Relations*.

"Now supposing you explain your document to me."

Atkinson: "Okay. But that's more than you do for women who come here to sign the marriage contract. Where are the rules of that contract posted?"

Katz leafed through his law books. To an aide: "Where is that statute again?"

Atkinson: "Are you aware, sir, that the law says that a husband may force his wife to have sex with him?" She gave the citation of a case in which the court had exonerated a man who raped his wife.

A female clerk in the office: "Don't worry, honey. I know how to force my husband."

Katz gave up trying to find the statute. "You'd better ask the court about that. I'm not a judge, yet."

A reporter: "Mr. Katz, if you learned that it is legal for a man to rape his wife, would you resign your post?"

"Young man, if you're suggesting that the law would condone rape, you ought to be fined for contempt!"

The women left and went across the street to City Hall. Mayor Lindsay was scheduled to present an award to an outstanding "New York citizen" in a lunch-hour musical salute sponsored by Chase Manhattan and the Wall Street complex.

The citizen was Tony (*I Left My Heart in San Francisco*) Bennett, and he was warming up the audience in front of City Hall with renditions of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby* — dedicated to Pearl Bailey — and *I've Got to Be Me* ("I'll go it alone, if that's how it must be/Because I can't be right for somebody else if I'm not right for me").

Lindsay had just returned from a campaign errand and pulled up to the back door of City Hall in his limousine when The Feminists arrived there. He stuck his head in his newspaper and told the chauffeur to stall for a while.

But Ti-Grace Atkinson saw him, and on the site where Washington ordered the Declaration of Independence read to his troops, she pushed a copy of the indictment through the car window.

This one called for "compensatory and punitive damages" for Domestic Engineers — that is, housewives. Lindsay asked the chauffeur to circle the block a few times.

A reporter asked Atkinson, "Do you think you're going to get anywhere with such ineffective tactics?"

"Did you think the grape-pickers would have any success?"

THE OCCASION

by Dona Tolson

She left him
the day he told her
that he had replaced
her face creme
with his

smegma
which he had been saving
for five years
for that
occasion.

This Little Yippie Ran For Sheriff

by Stew Albert

I got the idea to run for Sheriff of Alameda County during a trial in which I was acting as my own lawyer.

Things were going well. The DA was acting like it was his first case and confided in me he would find it embarrassing if my friends in the audience started oinking out loud and calling him a pig. Confidence was running high and I felt the jury was going to give me a standing ovation instead of a verdict. During intermission I got to rapping with the Deputy Sheriff who was acting as bailiff.

"I got to admit you're smarter than most hippies."
"Oh, we hippies are real smart. In fact, we're going to take over."

"Sheriff Madigan ain't going to let that happen."

"Oh, yeah, well I'm going to run for Sheriff and turn the county over to the bums."

The pig laughed; the whole idea of my running for Sheriff was an absurd impossibility. But when I insisted on the seriousness of my candidacy, the guy twitched and turned a quick shade of white.

"Hey, you really gonna do it?" asked a passing freak.

"Yeah, why not? I'll deputize the Black Panthers."

The sheriff trip popped into my brain as just a way of putting on a courtroom pig, but when I really thought about being a candidate, it all made surrealistic sense.

We all started thinking about what a Yippie Sheriff would do with his badge and gun. As Sheriff he would live off graft and collect no salary.

Police would be disarmed and made to carry leaky water guns. The sheriff's arsenal would be distributed to the dope dealers and a statue of John Dillinger would be built on the main freeway. It would all be very educational.

When the jury returned their verdict it became clear I was going to become an inside expert on the Sheriff's Department. I was found guilty of one count and the Santa Rita County Jail was inevitable. Sixty-five days of my life were now the property of the state.

Jail is like honky Amerika being made compulsory. You wake up at 6 o'clock every morning, clean-shaven, short-haired, and then eat a dead breakfast and go to work. Cons have got to be real polite with their boss and you can be put in solitary confinement if your shirt isn't nicely tucked.

In Alameda the Sheriff is Warden of the county jail. The prisoners automatically hate him and dream of blowing up a statue of a deceased Sheriff which stands right in the middle of the prison compound.

"Hey, I'm thinking of running for Sheriff and burning this place down."

We were lying in our bunks after lunch and I just decided to begin the Yippie campaign by soliciting the convict vote.

"Yeah, Albert, you're just bullshitting. It takes money to run, and who's going to vote for you anyway?" raps Slim Jackson on the verge of falling asleep. Slim is black and a recognized leader in the barracks.

"You gonna vote for me?"

"Yeah, I will, and maybe my wife if I can find her."

"Well, that gives me a good chance of winning."

(Continued on Page 19)

by George Kimball

Shortly after I'd announced my candidacy for Sheriff of Douglas County, a friend wrote from New York and asked if I was "in any serious danger of winning?" I had to admit that I was not.

Beside Stew Albert's 65,000 votes and Hunter Thompson's near-victory in Aspen, Colorado, my 2,089 vote total appears rather piddling, particularly since my opponent collected over 14,000, but if nothing else I can claim credit for being a stalking horse for Phil Hill. While the whole town was in an uproar about my running, he managed to keep himself anonymous enough that he was easily elected Justice of the Peace.

At this point, it appears that the power structure is going to declare the office obsolete in order to prevent Phil from ever being sworn in, which should come as no surprise to an astute student of American politics. If by some fluke I had been elected, in fact, I have not the slightest doubt that they would have abolished the office of Sheriff throughout Kansas rather than allow me to take office.

But on the other hand, I must admit that, with the possible exception of my wife, no one is more relieved than I that I *didn't* win. The whole experience was terrifying, and besides performing what I am assured almost daily are some horrible alterations in my psyche, the campaign made me and has left me a very marked man.

At a point in my life where I'd planned to be relaxing after a harrowing summer and fall, I am out on bail on two different criminal charges and the plaintiff in a three million dollar lawsuit.

Largely because of the predictable pigeonholing by the mass media, I am publicly identified as a "hippie leader" (they think everyone must have a leader) by everyone *but* the freaks. This is often qualified, "Self-proclaimed leader" or some-such, despite the fact that I have never in my life proclaimed myself to be *anyone's* leader; since being elected, Phil, too, has been promoted to "self-proclaimed."

Then again, when I look back at some of the more outrageous statements I made during the course of the campaign, it's quite incredible that I *did* get 13% of the vote. In one interview I admitted to advocating the violent overthrow of the government, which, I understand, is not only unpopular, but illegal. I said in my platform and maintained throughout the campaign that I sought the office in order to destroy it. I placed ads in the newspapers saying that I would assign deputy sheriffs to patrol the Lawrence police 24 hours a day, since they were "hired killers" from whom the people needed to be protected.

I ran another ad stating that, "If the senile idiots serving as campus police at the University of Kansas have not been disarmed by the time I assume office, as the chief law enforcement officer in Douglas County I will direct that the boys and girls on the School Safety Patrols at every elementary, junior high, and high school in the county be issued .38 caliber service revolvers, which they will be required to carry until the KU porkers give up theirs."

On another occasion, when Attorney General Frizzell had boasted on statewide television that he would prevent me from closing down the State University (which is something I had never advocated nor expressed a desire to do), I

announced at a press conference that Frizzell (who was running for Governor at the time) was a "scurrilous liar" who "harbored a predilection for engaging in unusual activity with livestock," adding that I might consider a retraction of the observation once Frizzell apologized for his fabrication.

I also announced that the only laws I would enforce regarding the "drug problem" would be fraud, truth-in-packaging, and price-fixing conspiracy statutes against unscrupulous dealers. And, perhaps most galling of all to the citizenry of Douglas County, I declared my intention to appoint blacks to half the deputyships.

Fucking A! It might be amazing that I got through the thing alive at all.

To set matters straight, no, there wasn't a conspiracy of any sort between me, Stew, and Hunter to run for Sheriff in our respective hometowns. As a matter of fact, although I'd known of Stew for some time, I've never met him; and although Hunter and I have been friends for several years, I actually didn't know he was running until Warren Hinckle told me on the phone in late June - a couple of weeks after I'd announced.

Phil, my wife Mary Ann, and I did visit for a few days in Aspen with the Thompsons shortly after the August primary, and there was enough feedback in both directions that I'm sure there were some similarities between our campaigns which might otherwise have not existed.

There was, though, a mini-conspiracy of sorts between me and Phil, which consisted largely of a mutual agreement to keep his identity as obscure as possible. Although we later told the press that we'd filed for the two offices because of their importance, it simply wasn't true. Sheriff was, as Hunter described it, important because the Sheriff is the "main pig," but the J.P. job was selected as a target mainly because the filing fee was only a buck. We'd actually considered seriously running a whole Yippie slate, and probably would have, except that the \$100 filing fee for sheriff pretty well wiped out the treasury.

I announced that I was running at a press conference at the Tansy bookstore, just off Oread Ave., in the heart of what the press says we call "Hippie Haven." (We don't, but you know how the press is; in case anyone hasn't noticed, Spiro Agnew and I share similar opinions of the fourth estate.) John Moritz, the proprietor, made the mistake of letting use his joint, and it ended up being the closest thing to a campaign headquarters we had, and as such, became a potential target for redneck reprisals as well.

The local establishment press - the Lawrence *Journal-World* and the Topeka *Capital* - covered the event, and although I spent about 40% of the announcement speech dealing with racism and oppression in Lawrence, not a word on the subject the next day. Instead, they ran a huge spread with a dingy picture and references to my hair, my earring, grass, dope, everything but the central issue. They also assumed that I would file as an Independent, since obviously neither party would have me.

They were consequently somewhat surprised the following Saturday, when I walked into the courthouse and posted the filing fee, signing up for the Democratic Primary. I waited till half an hour before the deadline, to make sure they wouldn't find out about it and run across the street to enter the drugstore clerk or somebody against me. Since write-ins aren't permitted in primaries in Kansas, I thereby was assured of being on the ballot for the General Election.

If anyone was more pissed off than the Douglas County Democratic Party about that one, it was probably Wayne Schille, the Undersheriff who'd just resigned to enter the

Republican Primary against the incumbent, Rex Johnson. (Meaning that the two porkers had to stage a hard-fought primary battle for the privilege of opposing me in November.) Schille lost, by the way, and is now a Lawrence patrolman. I was glad of that, because if he'd won, I'd have had to devise a new campaign slogan, replacing "Douglas County Needs a Two-Fisted Sheriff." (Johnson has a withered hand.)

Johnson was a beautiful opponent, a refugee from a Dodge commercial. The only real drawback, in fact, came in the fact that he is so stupid that a goodly number of the marijuana harvesters initially favored retaining him in office as insurance against being busted. He can, I am told, barely spell his own name, and in fact, were he not such a vituperous racist, we might have left him alone and gone after someone else. I only regret that he would never agree to debate me. At least two radio stations, a couple of civic and church clubs, and the League of Women Voters all tried without success to get him into the same room with me.

The media were quick to jump on the story. A reporter from the Kansas City *Star* did a front-page feature article, which was then picked up in a somewhat bowdlerized form by the wire services. Dingbats and morons waving press credentials started terrorizing the saloons where I am wont to hang out, and a couple of them barely escaped a death too horrible for words after pounding on my front door at strange hours like nine in the morning. After a couple of weeks, though, just as it appeared that the rash of ink was about to subside, the shit hit the fan for real in Lawrence.

Within a week, two Kansas University freshmen were dead, and Lawrence was an armed camp. The first killing occurred when a Lawrence cop, Billy Garret, shot a 19-year-old black kid, Rick Dowdell, through the back of the head. The Lawrence police had considered Dowdell a troublemaker, and threatened his life on several occasions; the night before he was killed, Garret told him, "We're going to get you sooner or later." He got him sooner.

The black community took to the streets to avenge what they very correctly considered his murder; so did we. The freaks were slightly more together at first than they had been when a similar situation arose last April, and the night after Dowdell's death, there were about a dozen firebombings and other diversionary actions coinciding with a barrage thrown at every cop who showed his face in the black neighborhoods.

One cop was shot in the chest, and several patrol cars were put out of commission. It rapidly became clear to the police that they would make no headway in the black community, so they turned their attention to ours. A couple of nights later, after several acts of "provocation" like fire hydrants being turned on, they fired into a crowd with double-O buckshot and M-1 carbines, killing 18-year-old Nick Rice and wounding another student.

We held a press conference the following morning to announce that any further acts of violence against our community would be met with an appropriate response. As Defense Chairman of the Lawrence Liberation Front, it was my function to do a lot of the talking. This had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I happened to be a candidate for sheriff, of course, but the mass media just doesn't see things that way.

Network crews were crawling all over the place in front of the Gaslight tavern, where we held the conference, and when the footage showed up on the tube that night, the first thing they pointed out (sometimes the *only* thing, for that matter) was that it was me, the candidate for sheriff and

"self-proclaimed leader" (sometimes they fucked up and shortened it to "self-proclaimed candidate") who was doing the talking.

They bugged me for interviews about the killings, although I hadn't seen either one, while literally hundreds of people had. Finally I quit talking to the fuckers, but that didn't stop them. I was wishing very much that I hadn't gotten into the whole thing, and of course, my effectiveness in any sort of street action was absolutely nil due to my overexposed and by then easily recognizable features.

Largely because of what he'd read in the papers, the head of the Kansas Highway Patrol came to me and tried to bargain for a truce. Not only that, but after I'd explained that I wasn't in a position to make a deal even if I wanted to, which I did not, a wire service story went out announcing that I had made a deal with him. I had to spend half a day on the phone with every influential black leader in town explaining that I do not make nor had I made any deals with the police.

So being public is a bummer. But I did get quite a few speaking engagements, at such unlikely places as churches and fraternities, as well as an invite to the League of Women Voters' coffee. (They loved me; I kissed hands, and when introduced, doffed my cowboy hat and waved, "Hi, girls!") One place I did not speak, however, was before the Democratic Party gatherings.

The Democratic Party Committee in Douglas County holds a barbecue about two weeks before the election, and besides publicizing it well in advance, they announced in the newspapers that "all Democratic candidates were invited to speak." Now, since I'd won the Democratic primary, it seemed reasonable that this meant me, too, although I'd had no contact with the party hierarchy.

When the evening of the barbecue arrived, I was there in the company of about three dozen freaks (who'd read about it in the *Oread Daily*, our mimeo street newspaper, which had erroneously described the event as free). The featured speaker was Norbert Drieling, the state Democratic Chairman, and the balance of the audience was made up of approximately 300 hard-core Democrats with the median age of about 83.

The County Democratic Chairman immediately went berserk, and ordered me to "get out and take my circus with me," threatening to use physical force if I attempted to speak at his party. Glancing around, I quickly perceived that the only non-hippies present capable of administering violence of any sort were members of the Collegiate Young Democrats, so I told him that if he wanted me to leave he should call a cop.

I halfway expected him to, but I wanted to buy the freak contingent time to scarf up all the munchies, which they were in the process of accomplishing quite adequately. He never did, although he ringed the speakers' platform with a group of senior citizens while Drieling went into a long speech which had literally put half the audience to sleep. He woke them up by endorsing Rex Johnson for Douglas County Sheriff.

If there is a fathomable explanation for any large segment of the thousand-plus non-freak votes I got, this was probably it. The Young Democrats were up in arms, and bombarded the papers with angry letters denouncing both the party's treatment of me and the endorsement of the Republican candidate. I imagine it got me at least a couple of hundred votes, but with the Democrats still fuming, we hit the streets with 3,000 leaflets depicting me and the Governor, Democrat Robert Docking, in a pose which resembled conversation. (Actually the picture had been taken last spring when I was

harassing him at an antiwar rally.) The caption, in big black letters, read:

VOTE DEMOCRAT NOVEMBER 3
DOCKING KIMBALL
for GOVERNOR for SHERIFF

They went apeshit.

But then right after the election I heard a funny story. A veterinarian was out checking cattle on a farm where a friend of mine was working, and the farmers got into a conversation with the vet about the forthcoming election. Eventually it got around to the sheriff's contest, and the vet jokingly asked them if they were voting for me. "Yup," said the first. "Yup!" "Yup!" said the other two.

The vet was aghast: "Why?"

"He's the Democrat, ain't he?" drawled one farmer while the others nodded.

If you want to drive your most paranoid friend crazy, figure out a way to nominate him for public office. Not only am I fearful of keeping grass for private consumption in my house these days, I'm sometimes uptight about walking down the street. In October a group of us from Lawrence drove into Kansas City for dinner and an evening of carousing. We were in one bar, in which I'd been recognized, when the word came that a cop wanted me outside.

I went out to see what he wanted, and it turned out that what he wanted was my ass. I had two minutes to get out of Missouri, I was told, or I'd be under arrest. Since I'd done nothing particularly wrong, I asked what he proposed to arrest me for, and he replied that I was already under arrest, for *resisting arrest*.

I remembered that I had two tabs of LSD in my jacket, so I attempted to remove it and hand it to my wife, since I'd gotten myself caught under similar circumstances once before, and was promptly slapped with the additional charge of "challenging an officer to a fight." Fortunately, I suppose, he really thought I *did* want to fight him, since he made me put the jacket back on.

I had to eat both tabs in the paddy wagon, and then spend the night being awakened every few hours by some moronic jailer who kept kicking the bars to wake me up, bellowing: "How's it feel to be in jail, Sheriff?"

The other criminal charge pending against me is in Wichita. The Sheriff down there is an utter maniac named Vern Miller, who was just elected Attorney General. Miller, although a county official, has spent hundreds of hours and no telling how much money "assisting" in massive dope roundups all over the state. While it is true that this was partially due to the fact that he was running for statewide office, it is also true that the man is so obsessed with the drug issue that he's devoted his life to a one-man vendetta.

Besides the dope issue, in fact, the only thing he had going for him in the election was a black eye he'd received after wading into a group of black students who were staging a walkout from a Wichita High School. He maintained throughout the campaign that his first official act upon assuming office would be to "land with both feet in the middle of the drug-ridden hippie community in Lawrence."

Four days before the election, Spiro Agnew (remember him?) made a trip to Wichita to stump for the Kansas Republicans, and the Wichita Yuppies decided to hold a counter-rally. They invited me down to speak, and upon learning that I would be there, Miller canceled a scheduled speaking engagement in Kansas City.

I was the last speaker, and even before I'd said a word he moved toward the platform with a phalanx of deputies. He waited until the first time I said "fuck," and then proceeded

to personally place me under arrest, in full view of the flashbulb freaks and TV cameras, on a charge of "violent and obscene language." The motherfucker got more publicity in the papers than Spiro did; it may have even won him the election.

The next day I filed suit in U.S. District Court against Miller for \$3,015,000. (The 15 grand for personal damages, the rest in punitive damages.) The suit accuses him of violating my constitutional rights, and as a candidate for public office speaking by invitation with a permit, I would seem, on the surface anyway, to have a reasonably good case. Only trouble is, of course, that the case will be tried in the United States of Amerika, State of Kansas, which will probably be remembered as the place where Phil Hill was elected to an office they decided to outlaw rather than allow him to serve.

On election night, we commandeered the Tansy one last time as an election headquarters, and stocked up with about a dozen quarts of Moritz' "Moose Breath" home brew. This, if nothing else, assured us of a turnout for the victory celebration, for as horrible as the shit tasted, it was the only available booze in the city until the polls closed. We'd considered draping the store with crepe paper, but not quite sure how a headquarters was supposed to look, we settled for a couple of televisions and a radio. A local shopowner had procured a black robe for Phil, just in case the press showed up.

For the most part, they didn't. The University *Daily Kansan* sent a reporter and photographer, but when they discovered the next day that no one else had picked up on the story, they killed theirs. The *Journal-World* actually sent a guy, but when he arrived he was immediately accosted by a couple of burly louts who demanded five bucks for the beer collection. He apparently decided that whatever copy he might get wasn't worth that much and went home.

We were briefly ecstatic when the results from the first precinct reporting arrived: I'd gotten over 40% of the vote. Ultimately that was the largest percentage I got anywhere, and the totals fell steadily as the evening wore on. By the time half the vote was in, I was trailing by over 5,000 votes, but by then I (along with everyone else in the joint) was too fucked up to care.

Since Phil was running unopposed, they weren't even counting his votes that night, but he ended up with over 6,500, the second-highest total of any Democrat running in Lawrence. I got 2,089, and Johnson 14,725; hardly startling figures, but they appeared to surprise everyone but us. The headlines next day in the *J-W*: *Sheriff Johnson Swamps Kimball*, which I considered somewhat inappropriate. Mildly hung over, yes, but *swamped*? And not a word about Phil, *anywhere*, which leads to one of the classic insights into the machinations of the mass media in Amerika.

The morning after the election, Betsy Solberg of the *K.C. Star* (who'd done the front-page piece on me earlier in the summer) rang me at the Gaslight to get a quote or two and, I suppose, to see if there was a story worth driving to Lawrence to get. I told her about Phil's winning, and within an hour she was on her way over with her husband, a *Star* photographer, and we sat around drinking expense-account beers while Phil laid some of the most incredible bullshit on her I've ever been witness to. Naturally, they printed it all.

Besides telling them that he intended to perform group marriages and marry homosexuals (which was true), he allowed that he was a dope dealer, then amended that to dope marketer, explaining that the latter position had a little more class and involved a sophisticated knowledge of

accounting. He explained that he had no permanent address, since he'd just sold the car in which he'd been living, and that he planned to hold court on a street corner on Oread Avenue.

The front page of the *Star* Thursday had a big picture of Phil wearing his robes and wielding a claw hammer, with a monster headline, *Yippie J.P. Slips By Lawrence Voters*. Besides making good copy, the story literally forced the Lawrence media to take cognizance of the fact that he'd won at all, something they'd ignored entirely up to that point, and within 24 hours set off the biggest freakout to hit this town since Quantrill burned it.

Between the press, television, and the townsfolk themselves, the hysteria was of such proportions that Richard Nixon might as well have been bugged in front of the Rock Chalk at high noon. The phones in the Oread Avenue saloons rang day and night - AP, UPI, underground papers, college syndicates, Tass, Reuters . . . Jesus, it was madness. TV crews from all the networks trampling through the flowers in front of Sandalwood, followed by huge throngs of curious hippies and undercover cops.

(Miller had won the race for Attorney General, and besides reiterating his pledge to stomp every hippie in Lawrence, had announced that he was putting a tail on Phil immediately: "Just make a note of his name and see how long it is till you hear he's been arrested.")

The townsfolk, meanwhile, were equally insane. Half of them went home and oiled their shotguns; the other half ran around screaming to the Mayor, the County Attorney, the Attorney General, to anyone who would listen, to *do something*, and as the story broke in every fucking paper in the country, to say nothing of the world (a missionary in Peru wrote a letter back home to the *J-W* expressing his indignation at reading of Phil's election in a local Lima gazette), their frenzy mounted.

When it seemed that it had almost built to the boiling point, the CBS *Sixty Minutes* segment turned up in their living rooms. Now this was too much. Not only *their* living rooms, but 25 million living rooms all over the country saw the Kaw Valley Hemp Pickers running all over Lawrence smoking and harvesting marijuana, virtually with impunity. Rex Johnson, strolling through a freshly-chopped acre of grass, scratches his head and mumbles-drawls, "Looks like somebody done *cut* it!"

The head of the KBI, when pressed by Mike Wallace, admitted that there was *one* full-time agent assigned to patrol an estimated 68,000 acres of pot fields in the state. Hemp Pickers polishing their guns and brazenly admitting their profession. And, of course, Wallace and Reasoner chuckling over the election of Phillip C. Hill as Justice of the Peace in Lawrence.

It couldn't be taken lying down, and it wasn't. Less than a week after the election, rumors started popping up in the press that certain legal minds were of the opinion that the office of Justice of the Peace no longer existed in first and second class cities in Kansas, meaning cities with populations of over 1,000. Given the out, Frizzell popped up first saying that it was "probably true" that the office was obsolete, and then a couple of days later rendered a legal opinion from the Attorney General's office that the position had been abolished by an act of the State Legislature in 1968.

This, notwithstanding the fact that, as Attorney General, Frizzell had twice previously ruled that the abolition of the J.P. office would require a constitutional amendment - once, interestingly enough, *since* 1968 - and, of course, it doesn't begin to answer the obvious question: *If* the ruling is valid, why was the office on the ballot in the first place?

One need not be a rabid revolutionary nor a legal whiz kid to recognize that the ruling was patently and solely contrived to keep Hill from assuming office. A minor irony is that it wiped out about 50 other J.P.'s in the state too, and invalidated, if it stands, the marriages they've performed since 1968.

Frizzell's answer to that is that the marriages are still valid since they also fulfill the requirements for common-law marriages in Kansas, but it seems that quite a few people are just a bit uptight at the realization that they are married only by common law.

Meanwhile, Phil Hill's lawyers are preparing to challenge the ruling in court, which will probably be an exercise in futility. The major point, though, has been made, and I certainly want to be there the next time Frizzell makes a speech to an audience of Young Republicans telling them to work within the system and, if they want to change it, to "run for public office" - as he advised here in Lawrence a week before the election.

Freaks still smoke dope openly on Oread Avenue, but they look back over their shoulders these days. Miller and his feet are anticipated come January, and there are already preparations underway. The Hemp Pickers are already out rounding up bread to bolster the LSD (Legal Self Defense) Fund with bail money, and Doug Walker has been retained to defend the community at a flat rate.

And if the townspeople are pissed off about the CBS expose, some of the Hemp Pickers are getting a bit nervous too. The good citizens of Lawrence remember Quantrill's raid of 1863, and in fact, the town's motto is "From Ashes to Prosperity," but what we remember too is that in 1856 the Sheriff of Douglas County cooperated with a Federal posse to sack the whole fucking town.

The newspapers of the time quote him as saying, "We must have law and order in Lawrence, and in order to do that we must eliminate radicals." The "radicals" (including the man who was to become the first Governor of the State) laid down their arms and went off meekly to jail, charged with High Treason back then. Whatever the outcome, that hardly seems likely to occur this time.

STEW ALBERT

(Continued from page 15)

A couple of days after this rap I was thrown in the "hole" for coming to the defense of a prisoner who was badly bruised from a beating given by one of the guards. All I demanded was the guy get medical attention.

The hole in Santa Rita is a 7 by 7, all cement, no-window cell. Prisoners can't smoke, write letters or read anything but the New Testament. We ate a half of a warm meal once a day.

Lying around all day with nothing to deal with but a cold floor without a mattress, I plotted revenge. At first running for Sheriff was going to be a total Yippie goof. Now I wanted to express some real hatred because of what was being done to me and my brothers and sisters in Frank Madigan's torture chamber.

But when I got out of the can I started eating big steaks, smoking good dope and putting Santa Rita as far out of my mind as my last *bar mitzvah*. This is what all the Berkeley politico ex-cons do. When they're on ice they swear to do something about Santa Rita. But when their feet hit the street all jail house crime partners are forgotten. It's back to doing important things like arguing Trotsky and reading the latest pamphlet smuggled in from Albania.

We all went to Chicago to see the Conspiracy Trial. A lot

of my friends were up on charges and I wanted to stay close to them while they battled to stay out of a federal prison for the next ten years.

I could not forget Santa Rita. All the pigs, prosecutors and Julius Hoffman kept it on my mind. One day I was busted in the Chicago courtroom on a total harassment rap. They put me back in a small jail cell where you eat a white bread sandwich with bad black coffee. My friends put up bail and all charges were dropped, but I had to do something about the Santa Rita which still imprisoned my mind.

When a bunch of us went down to the Alameda Courthouse to post the filing fee for our Sheriff candidacy there were a couple of Red Squad photographers on the set from Berkeley and Oakland.

Our fists were raised as the pig cameras clicked, and we predicted an easy victory.

The filing fee set us back five hundred and seventy-five bucks. It was raised through the contributions of some big dope dealers and the Alameda Welfare Department. Running for Sheriff is supposed to be totally respectable, but if a long-haired freak does it, you can count on the secret police showing up for old times' sake.

Announcing for Sheriff got my picture on the front page of the semi-fascist *Berkeley Gazette*. The press treated our Yippie candidacy as good copy and a big joke. Our Gang announced we would challenge Madigan to a public debate. Preferably taking place in Santa Rita with complete freedom of expression for the prisoners in the audience. We said prisoners can vote and they are entitled to meet personally with all candidates including the Sheriff. It was our hope to actually freak Madigan's ego into meeting us in some sort of TV debate. We were going to throw a cream pie in his face.

The Yippies soon found out Madigan was playing it smart. KPFA Pacifica offered both candidates an hour time for debate. Madigan sent back word he was running on his record and not at all interested in debating a Yippie. In fact, Madigan decided he wasn't interested in doing *any* campaigning. He would pretend he was the only candidate and sit back in a home-made souvenir electric chair with an easy 99% of the vote in his back pocket.

Reality smacked our faces. The campaign gang was counting on a Richard Daley-style freakout. Instead, Madigan was acting with IBM rationality. If Madigan did not campaign, we weren't going to get a whole lot of free and equal TV and radio time to unzipper the Sheriff's fly and preach revolution.

The main reason for the campaign was to build a freak-prisoner alliance. We knew we weren't going to be allowed into the slam to campaign so another way of making contact had to be figured out.

Every Sunday the prisoners at Santa Rita are allowed to have visits with some family and friends. The prisoners rest in their bunks or play cards while the names of those cons who have visitors are called out on the loudspeaker. Most never receive visitors. These guys just shut their eyes and fake sleep. They try to pretend they don't mind being totally alone in a pig-run universe.

We decided to go out to Santa Rita every Sunday to rap with the prison families. They all lined up in cars outside the jail-house gate waiting for the deputies to begin issuing passes.

The pigs usually like to begin visiting time a half hour late just to show they have all the power, but when they saw us in front of the jail preaching revolution the deputies became very punctual. They didn't want to give us an extra second

with the people. As long as we were out there, visiting always began on time.

"I hate Madigan's guts, we all do, but what can be done, do you think you can win?"

"Tell the prisoners you are visiting they have friends in Berkeley and all over the country. They aren't alone. We are building a movement to bust them out."

Every week it was like this. The families were all for the campaign. They spread the word inside Santa Rita during their visits and reported back that the cons really dug what we were doing but weren't too optimistic about the vote.

The week before the election we went out to Santa Rita and, instead of leaflets and rap, we gave out our ugly campaign button, which had an M-16 on it and the slogan, *Smash Santa Rita*.

"Hey, get that pin off! I got to take that shit on the streets but not in here."

"Listen, officer, I got my rights. This guy is my man for Sheriff and I can wear his button any place I want."

Most of the people refused to take off the buttons and the prisoners saw the M-16s and got the right idea.

The day before the vote I walked over to the Fishermen Commune in Berkeley and we took a poll about how many people would vote for the Yippie candidate.

The average estimate was 5,000. This seemed about right. We did the important things. The prisoners knew the Berkeley Movement was relating to their struggles. Our campaign was only a start. Contact was made and even the guys who never got a visit on Sunday knew they had some friends.

Election eve I went to bed early after watching a re-run of *The Untouchables*. My head was getting ready for a miniscule vote, and I was conditioning my mind to say it didn't really matter. A Yippie would win this election only if Madigan dropped dead. In holy truth our official campaign slogan

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was: "Stew Albert is a heart beat away from being Sheriff." Maybe some madman would get the right idea?

We got 65,000 votes. It was 30% of the vote. The right-wing press freaked out. They sent their youngest reporters around to our office at the front table of the Mediterranean Cafe.

"We got so many votes because of endorsement from the White Panthers, the Berkeley Tribe and a secret Yoga sect."

There are many more human beings living in Alameda County than our cynical calculations ever allowed.

The Sunday after the vote we went out to Santa Rita to celebrate with our brothers and sisters.

"Hey, man, you did great. I bet that bastard Madigan is sure fucked up over it."

"I'm sorry you didn't win. I voted for you and so did all my neighbors."

"My son will be very happy. He and the other prisoners in his barracks sure loved your button with the gun on it."

We spotted Dillon. He was the pig who sent me to the hole. He enjoyed doing it so much he sang a Johnny Cash song while accompanying me to the special cell.

"Hey, Dillon, I got 65,000 votes. That's one thousand for every day I was in your jail."

"Yeah, the vote surprised me."

"Do you think I'm rehabilitated?"

"You got a big vote."

Dillon was pissed to the point of misery. It was like an atheist had run for Pope and actually got some French Cardinals to support him. But the cop also seemed scared and respectful. Sixty-five thousand votes looked like real political power. Perhaps an ex-con was now his superior? It was pure revenge. The convict version of a Walter Mitty daydream come true.

A couple of days later the Santa Rita prisoners rioted. They put the torch to four buildings. It was the best action to hit the jail in years. Some brothers who were doing time when the joint blew say our big vote contributed to the good humor of the incendiaries.

The jail stands. There have been no reforms, and we have information that a crackdown is being carried out against the prisoners. But there is real human satisfaction. Frank Madigan will look proudly into the mirror and 30% of himself will be missing. Those are our votes. It is small punishment for the murder of James Rector over People's Park. But Madigan will feel the pain.

THE SOUND OF ONE CLAP

(Continued from Page 8)

with me.

This fucked me up. Before this, all through this dose of clap, I had not much bemoaned my sanitary celibacy—I never seem to do much fucking anyway, being rather *schmutzik* and all, which is why I got the clap, I guess, because of taking the first thing that comes along—but this lady got me all hot and bothered. She was really nice, peering over my shoulder at the difficult shots, resting her little hand on my arm, saying flattering things like, "You should spot three balls as a handicap."

She was young, and clean, and sweet, probably not a hooker, and she seemed to be interested...But I got the *clap!* This so disturbed me that I forgot to chalk the cue, and, shooting for the 8-ball, scratched into the side, thus losing the table.

Halfway home from there, I had to take another leak.

THE NEO-NANCY DREWITES

(Continued from Back Cover)

Nancy proceeded to explain that they don't usually do full-scale investigations themselves. The Neo-Nancy Drewites are usually called in to help someone else who is doing a full-scale investigation: magazines - and she rattled off a list of names which was rather impressive; detectives - and she rattled off a list of names which was rather impressive; insurance companies - and she rattled off a list of names which didn't mean a damn thing to me.

"We work for just about anyone - with one exception - if the price is right and Carson approves," George said. The exception, for obvious reasons, is the police.

Having gotten over my initial shock, and beginning to believe that in a peculiar way they were legit, I began to wonder why they had chosen to single me out. Why me? George soon answered that question. "I bet you're wondering why we came to you," she said. And she went on to tell me a little bit more about the Neo-Nancy Drewites.

They all live together in a big house up in the hills, cared for and worried over by Hannah Gruen, the Drews' housekeeper in the book. New in concept and new in fact, their membership is only seven now, eight if I consented to join. They have a museum in their house which is dedicated to their heroine. In the museum is a clue from each of the mystery stories.

"The nicest one," said Bess, "is the old clock. We had it made for Carson on his birthday." Carson Drew, known to some as Nancy's father, to others as the famous detective, teaches them to be free with themselves in such a way that they are always in complete, rigid control of all of their faculties at all times. And through her explanation I began to understand that they felt an affinity for the Manson Family.

They felt that they could learn a lot from the Family. "Because, you see, we were trained how to be spontaneous, and forgot how to be completely free." They'd hoped to be called in to help on the case, she told me, but it didn't look as if that was going to happen. Which, I guess, is where I came in. Their schedules and current assignments prevented them from making contact with the Family, and they wanted my help.

They did assure me, however, that even if I didn't agree to, or wasn't able to, help them, that, from what little they did know about me, I definitely qualified for membership, and could feel perfectly free to consider myself one of them. They gave me the address and asked me to think about it. As we were walking out, Bess said, "Drop in any time. Hannah always makes enough for one more."

* * *

Set back from the street by a long twisting driveway straight up with many cars in front ranging from a station wagon to three Porsches, their house resembled many other affluent owned Spanish homes in Los Angeles. The doorbell chimed. The door was opened by what I presumed to be Hannah, looking a bit dishevelled in what was last week a freshly starched uniform.

I asked for Nancy, since it was the first name that came to mind. Without any prompting on my part, she called me by name, which was rather reassuring on one hand since I'd spent two hours in the public library that week poring through the Nancy Drew books in a fruitless attempt to locate a character named Amy so that I wouldn't have to change my name; and a little disconcerting on the other because I didn't recall having told her.

She asked me to come in, and showed me through the house to the garden. The garden had an over-abundance of hedges, and I had visions of invisible intruders lurking behind each one. Hannah looked a bit worried as she led me over to George and Bess, who were sunning by the pool. George jumped up with a big grin and said hello. Bess rather lazily turned and nodded. The pool area, with about ten bikinied young girls lounging around, resembled Palm Springs at Easter time.

George told me quietly that Nancy had disappeared Friday night. It was now Sunday. And no one had heard from her. She said, "I know I shouldn't be worried. She's probably just off on an adventure. And she'll walk through the door any minute giggling with delicious tales to tell." And George giggled again, rather nervously. She asked me not to mention it to anyone else, since they didn't like to alarm the family unless there was cause for alarm. Carson was out of town, and she and Bess had decided to keep it to themselves until he returned that evening.

Changing the subject rather hurriedly, she said, "Come on, I'll show you the house," and led me inside. The downstairs - with the exception of a rather oversized dining room table, and a library that consisted mainly of full sets in all editions of Nancy Drew books - was surprisingly normal.

George explained to me that this house was their haven. "We have an apartment in Hollywood which we use as the starting point for our adventures. I mean, we really do need a place where we can just be ourselves. Our line of work is sort of demanding." At which point we both giggled, but I did understand what she meant.

Hannah came in and told us that lunch would be ready in about 15 minutes. So I went upstairs with George while she changed. The upstairs consisted of numerous bedrooms, each with a separate bath. Each one had twin beds, some a little messy, and some very neat. I guess that depended on the occupants. It had a scary resemblance to a dormitory with very rich proprietors.

I think I was sort of disappointed by the house. I'd envisioned sunken beds and adjustable lighting. The closet, however, was not a disappointment. George alone had an outfit for every occasion, from bluejean jackets to fur coats, or as she put it, "a costume for every image." There was a communal dressing room which housed the accessories for the various images.

We went down to lunch, waited for the last stragglers to appear, and began eating. I was sitting between George and a girl named Helen. Helen of the book is named Helen Corning Archer, and is one of Nancy's married friends. True to form, she wore a thin gold band on her left hand. I wondered if the presence of the ring impaired her in her work, and asked her if she removed it while on an adventure?

She giggled and replied, "Some men like married women."

Lunch was definitely above dormitory standard. We began with shrimp cocktail, and as Hannah began serving the main course, which smelled suspiciously as though it had been cooked in wine, Nancy appeared. Hannah, unable to control herself, practically shouted, "Where have you been!"

Nancy took her place at the table and said that she had been on an adventure. She then went on to describe a rather grisly weekend with what she termed "a walrus posing as a lawyer." And her descriptions were such that we had no choice but to laugh. She ate very slowly, and seemed to be exhausted by the weekend's activities.

She asked me if I would spend the night, so that we could talk tomorrow. This reminded me of my original purpose in coming there. I'd thought about their offer, for me to

become one of them, and decided that it could be quite a goof and, if nothing else, would certainly serve to be good copy one day. But I understood now why they envied the Manson Family. And I wasn't so sure any more that the life of a nymphette was the life for me.

When lunch was finished Nancy said, "It's good to be home. I think I'll go up and take a nap for a while." She went upstairs. Most of the other girls excused themselves, leaving Helen, George, me and half a bottle of wine at the table. Perhaps it was the wine, but I began asking questions non-stop. They looked at me with what I interpreted to be sympathy, as though they'd been where I was, which I suppose they had, and began patiently answering my questions.

I wanted to know if they liked their work. They answered, "Sometimes." I wanted to know if they got to pick their adventures. George answered, "Sometimes, I mean, if we just got through with a particularly bad assignment, we know we'll get a good one next time."

I asked what a particularly bad assignment was.

Helen said, "Well, for instance, last week I was doing some work for an insurance company. Some guy claimed that he was paralyzed from the waist down as a result of a car accident. They didn't believe him. They were right. But I think we all would have been better off if it was true, cause towards the end I started feeling bad for the guy. He really was poor, and because of me he was going to miss out on a lot of money. I decided I had to give him some compensation, so I went out of my way to make him enjoy himself. That was a mistake, cause he turned out to be a bit perverse. And now he won't stop calling. There's a service on the phone that takes all these messages, so we don't have to speak to these guys again if we don't want to."

I asked her what happens when they do want to speak to them again. She agreed that this was a problem. And George said, "A girl joined up with us about a month ago because she wanted to find a rich husband. Carson busted her for it and threw her out. But I don't know what would happen if I ever really wanted to see someone again. I mean I don't think I could cop to him why I started seeing him in the first place. That would probably be the end of it right there, don't you think?"

Yeah, that's exactly what I do think, and I was beginning to get a little bit confused about the advantages, if there were any, of being a Neo-Nancy Drewite. I asked them how they got their assignments. They explained that there were about five accredited detective agencies that knew about them, and they acted as a middle-man. The detective would get a percentage, partly for the referral and partly because he would do the initial work for the Drewites, providing them with basic information such as restaurants that their "targets" frequented, the kind of chicks they liked, etc.

"You get paid for your work, right?" I probably shouldn't have but I went on to ask, "Don't you ever feel like a slut?"

And in the same patient tone as before, George answered me. "Carson takes care of the money. Some of it goes into the house, and we all have charge cards for gas and clothes. I think we have bank accounts somewhere, but we never want for anything. And if we do want something, usually we get it. Do I ever feel like a slut? I don't know. When I first came here I used to pretend I was an actress. People would ask me what I did for a living, and that's what I would tell them, that I was an actress. I used to tell myself that, too. But I thought I was lying when I said that. I wasn't. I am an actress and I'm good at my work. You're a writer. But this is the only work I'm good at. And you know what? I enjoy it."

I liked her when she'd said that, and she was right about what she'd said about me.

Helen answered my question, too, a little bit differently. She doesn't like men. She was a whore once. "I guess this is just my way of releasing hostility. And I also enjoy it." She asked me how well I remembered the Nancy Drew books and reminded me that quite often Nancy received valuable presents because she solved mysteries. "Don't you see that Nancy Drew, our prototype, had objects to show for her conquests? The old clock, for instance. She really was just a materialistic whore. At least we're not materialists."

FAITH AND FIRE-WALKING

(Continued from Back Cover)

more faith and more assurance that there is something to have faith in, if he goes ahead and "lets go" and makes the leap.

It was thus in the summer of 1970 that I found myself in a position whereby my faith, like that of Abraham's, was tested. I had to make a decision as to whether or not I was going to be able to make the necessary "leap."

I was attending the Sivandanda Yoga Ashram in Val Morin, Canada. During my stay at the Ashram, an Indian Peace and Music Festival was to be held. A number of top Indian musicians, dancers, and Fire-Walkers were to be present for the Festival.

After the arrival of the Indians, I discovered, somewhat to my dismay, that the fire-walking ceremony was to be made open to anyone who had observed and could continue to observe certain acts of purification, and who had faith in the fact that he or she could indeed walk across the hot coals.

The acts of purification included such things as the observance of a strict vegetarian diet, which I had been doing for a few weeks prior to the ceremony, and the abstinence from all stimulants, including any kind of drugs or narcotics, such as cigarets, coffee, tea, etc.

One further had to be celibate for the preceding week, and bathe every day, including a 5:30 a.m. dip in the pool.

One had to attend worship, or as they are called by the Indians, "Pugas," four times a day, and of course morning and evening meditations. One further was to refrain from the fire-walking for egotistical reasons.

Aside from all of these obvious means of purification, however, one had to have the faith that he could do it, that he could, in fact, walk across the hot coals.

Prior to my arrival at the Ashram, there had been a training course in Yoga for six weeks for a group of young men and women, many of whom I discovered had signed up to participate in the fire-walking ceremony. I was enchanted by this marvelous example of faith, psychic phenomena and religious experience, and therefore decided that I wanted to get close to those participating in the ceremony, to talk with them and gather as much information on this experience as I could.

I went to see the man in charge of the selection of the individuals for the fire-walking. In talking with him I decided that if I was to have a good first-hand understanding of the experience, I should really sign up for the fire-walking so that I, too, might take part in the week-long preparation.

There was, of course, no requirement that anyone actually take part in the fire-walking; one could always change one's mind, even at the last moment. I was told that although he would take my application, I would only be able to participate in the fire-walking if there was a cancellation

from someone who had undergone the initial orientation (which I had not heard about).

I therefore began attending the worships, the baths, etc., and at the end of three days I was jokingly informed that I was "on the coals." It now meant that I could go ahead with it if I wanted to, if I had the faith. I continued to take part in the ceremonies, not quite knowing what I would do.

As the time grew nearer I began to wonder, was there some sort of gigantic hoax that these Hindu priests intended to pull before the eyes of thousands of people? Or, if not, was I pure enough, had I been able to keep my ego out of this? But most important, did I have the faith? Did I believe that I could do it, as many of these young followers of Hinduism seemed to believe they could?

I had participated in transcendental meditation, had known trance states and therefore assumed that if I could again return to such a state of consciousness before the ceremony, it might be possible for me to do it. Most important again was the faith; did I really believe that there would be some form of psychic protection afforded us at the time of the fire-walking? Could I let go enough of everyday consciousness to enter the trance state?

During the worship service on the evening before the actual walking, I experienced a state of trance deeper than any that week, and as deep as some of my most profound experiences. This gave me some assurance, but faith remained the primary question.

I awoke early on the morning of the fire-walking and lay in bed for a few minutes reflecting on what the day might bring. I was to give an opening invocation for the Festival, fast all day long, but most important, I was to walk on fire before the day was over - or was I?

Shortly after noon we participated in the fire-lighting ceremony. A trench had been dug earlier in the week. It was about 12 feet long by 3 feet wide, numerous small and large logs were placed on the fire, oil was added and the flames began. The heat soon became so intense that those of us near the fire had to back away quickly. All afternoon two young men continued to watch the fire, repeatedly throwing on new logs.

One of the men who was to participate in the fire-walking accidentally burned his hand in the preparation.

The fire-walking was to take place at 6 o'clock. About 2 o'clock I went alone into the mountains, found a spot in the woods where I would not be disturbed, and sat down to do some breathing exercises and some meditation. Mostly, I simply reflected on the evening ahead, as I questioned my faith, my purity, and my egoism. However, before I left the mountains, I knew that I was at least going to go as far with this as would any of these other young men and women.

Prior to the actual ceremony, the priest in charge of the fire-walking and an assistant took a couple of long 2-by-4's and broke the burning logs into smaller coals. These 2-by-4's caught fire; however they kept working, pushing them in closer until the large pieces were either broken or fished out of the fire. That these coals were hot could be attested to by anyone walking within three feet of the bed.

And so the ceremony began. We had to attend three Puga worships lasting about 45 minutes before the actual walking. Already in the first Puga, I felt a mild trance state. During the second it grew more profound. This was followed by a ceremonial walk into the pool until we were over our heads in the water, then on to the third Puga which lasted about 15 minutes.

Toward the end of the last Puga we all participated in a kind of screaming wail. We had done this once earlier in the week and I found it difficult to let go and participate in this

screaming. This time, however, I was more successful, but not completely. This experience was described to me by one young woman as the most sincere form of prayer she had ever experienced. I had, myself, the feeling that it was a purgation of evil forces.

Still wailing, some of us actually dancing, including for a moment myself, we walked from the third temple to the bed of coals. I was caught somewhere in the middle of the group so I was to be neither the first nor the last to step on the coals.

The Hindu priest began by bending down and picking up some of the embers, scattering them across the coals; then, standing up, he walked smartly across the coals in four springy steps. Following him came Swami Vishnu and then the rest of us.

For some reason, I do not remember the actual walking too well. I do not know who preceded me nor whom I preceded. The coals felt not unlike walking through sand, and although I walked quickly, as had the others, I did not know why I did, as there was no sensation of heat.

On the other side, we all immediately fell to the ground, some of us shaking a bit, a few crying, all of us enthralled by the experience. A newspaper article said that we shook our feet like you would shake your hand if you touched something hot. We shook our feet, however, not because they were hot, but because of emotion.

I lay on my stomach for a moment in front of the Puga temple, my whole body shaking. Then I suddenly realized that I had done it, that it was over, that I was all right, and as I opened my eyes I could see that everyone had done it and that everyone was all right. Only one appeared to be burned, and many of us were laughing - laughing for joy at having been successful, at having been able to cross the fire safely.

Then suddenly where there were two people embracing, there were now three and four together, and then all of us, save only the priest and Swami Vishnu. We were all as close together as we could be, standing in one large circle, laughing, crying, until someone started a long Om . . . which others of us took up and perpetuated until the circle was one big Om . . . which was dispersed only several minutes later by Swami Vishnu, and then only with some difficulty.

A hose was then brought out, and men with buckets began to douse the fire. Each time a bucket of water was thrown on the coals, a large cloud of smoke would rise about five feet into the air, and those of us who had just crossed could only laugh at the beauty of it.

We each returned to the lodge to change our dirty clothing, to break our fasts, and to talk of our experience. One young man, whom I discovered had not observed all of the purification rites, had been burned. But, partly to avoid embarrassment, and partly because it was not that bad, he did not consider it serious enough to see the doctor.

What has come of this experience for me is an even deeper and more lasting faith than ever before. If something like this is possible, then think of all the other things which are possible, acts which we can perform if we simply had the faith that we could do it, that we would be protected if we ourselves perform our acts in purity and in faith.

We may not be able at this time to muster enough faith to walk across the water, as Jesus did, but there are a lot of little things that we can do if we have the faith.

There is a whole world out there, a world beyond the seen, beyond the known. We can open that world up if we but have the faith. If we are but able to "let go," not knowing what is there or how we will be protected, but believing that it will be good and that we can do it. For we can.

The Neo-Nancy Drewites

by Amy Ephron

As I was leaving the Hall of Justice one Wednesday afternoon after a particularly boring day of court, I was stopped by three attractive young girls. They asked me if I wasn't Amy Ephron and wasn't I covering the Manson trial for *Scanlan's*? I answered yes to both, and they asked me if I would come have coffee with them. I said yes to that, too, and asked them who they were. My question was ignored.

We went into one of the many Administrative Building cafeterias, since they are virtually the only things around within walking distance for coffee in the downtown area of that wonderful metropolis, Los Angeles. We got our coffee. They took theirs black. My milky cup looked rather pale by comparison. And sat down at a table that was about as far from any other inhabited table as we could get.

Peculiar thoughts were running through my head, starting with who are these people, and ending with fantasies about who they were. But being naturally adventurous, and expecting them to give me secret facts and exclusive information, I quickly looked for the nearest exit, and hoped I would soon get a civil answer to my question.

In the course of small talk they asked me when I'd gotten into town. Wait a second, I thought, how exactly do they know that I don't live here, and, getting a little paranoid, but not wanting to seem so, I quickly answered their question, and quietly asked them their names.

They looked at each other as if to say, "Now, should we tell her now?" Then they giggled, which was rather reassuring, and one by one said:

"Nancy."
"George."
"Bess."

Being a well-read child I had of course read the Nancy Drew books. There was a time when I prided myself on having read every Nancy Drew mystery story that was ever written, and even entertained notions of following in her footsteps. And I knew very well that Nancy, the detective, had two very close friends by the names of George and Bess.

I looked up and, sure enough, Nancy had light hair with just a "hint of titian" that looked as though it had just been waved. George was "tall and boyish" bordering on angular, with short-cropped brunette hair. And Bess, of course, was "fair and plump." I decided I was quickly becoming the victim of a very delightful, but nonetheless weird, supergoof. My paranoia now extended to escaped mental patients, and I decided that perhaps I'd better play along.

I rather coyly asked if I was about to become a detective. Nancy replied that I already was one of sorts, and they had just come along to make it official.

She explained that they were members of a new organization called the Neo-Nancy Drewites. "Neo" suggested a change in the art of investigating since the time of those detective stories. And as they explained, I realized that they had picked a very appropriate name for their organization.

Nancy went on to say, in a very matter-of-fact, businesslike fashion, "The Neo-Nancy Drewites is an organization composed basically of young nymphettes." I think I looked a bit puzzled, and to make it more explicit, she added, "We ball for information."

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Faith and Fire-Walking

by Jon Mundy

Movement from one state or stage of consciousness to another may come upon one suddenly from the outside such as the altered state of consciousness induced by a near death experience. It may also occur as a part of the normal growth and development of life, such that the individual does not even notice any real difference in his consciousness, unless he reflects upon a time when he was much younger and therefore obviously the possessor of a much different consciousness.

If the sudden movement to a higher state of consciousness is not forced upon us, we may move forward suddenly through what Kierkegaard called the "Leap of Faith." The story of Abraham and Isaac is a classical representation of such a leap. Abraham believed that God had called him to sacrifice his only son, Isaac. Isaac was more than just a son to Abraham, he was his life.

Abraham was an old man before Isaac was born. It was his understanding that he was to be the father of Israel, and yet it could not take place without his son. So, to sacrifice Isaac was to sacrifice everything that was of importance.

Yet Abraham, having faith, went ahead and prepared the sacrifice, believing in the goodness of his God, and in the fact that, though he could not possibly see it, somehow or another there was something good in even this ultimate sacrifice of life.

The leap of faith is thus an arational act, and Abraham made an arational decision. It made no sense at all and yet the sacrifice is exactly what Abraham understood that he was to do. We thus have one of the primary characteristics of mystical consciousness. Namely, that the step, the leap, over into the mystical may be arational, and though we may believe that it is right, no adequate reason can be given for the act.

Yet the results of such a leap can introduce a new level of consciousness, and the individual can be more aware, have

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"But don't you feel the people of Israel will reject this as an imposed solution?"