1968, a History in Verse

Edward Sanders
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The text is in great part identical to that of the 1996 edition published by the great Black Sparrow Press. There have been a few corrections and additions. Also see my poem, Robert F. Kennedy for more information on his assassination.

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From the Author

I will not pretend
that I was a very big part
of '68

I surged through the year on my own little missions
most of them not much matter now

but then I strutted through the time-track
daring to be part
of the history
of the era

& believing that huge change was imminent—
that the United States
would become more free and sharing
that poverty would be banished
and racism ebb
very very quickly
by the time we were middle aged.

Many names & illustrious events no doubt
I have neglected, passed over, or subsumed
in someone else’s tale.

For that I apologize,
but this is the '68
whose pulses still surge
in my psyche
Out of the Summer of Love
came an Exorcism Fall
& a chilly winter

On New Year’s Eve
the Fugs sang their final set
at the Player’s Theater
    on MacDougal Street
after two years of perfs
    and 600 shows
I rented my final limousine
    and pretended to be rich
going to parties in the Lower East Side

and then it was time for ’68
    the year the people spoke
for the Iron Polis.

A beaknosed guy named James Earl Ray
went to a hypnotist in L.A.
    on January 4
(He’d been seeing hypnos
now and then

since coming to California
    the fall of ’67

and sped up
his phone installation
by claiming he was working
to get George Wallace on the
    presidential ballot)

Zoom! Shree! Ack! Crash!
Four U.S. planes down over ’Nam
    on January 5
with the total above 5,000

but nothing I’ve read of January 5
adds up the napalm or agent orange
    (or the evil fragmentation bombs)
Also on January 5
Benjamin Spock and four others
were indicted for counseling young men
to avoid the draft.

and on the 9th
Sweden granted asylum to four U.S. Navy guys
who had deserted in Japan

January 10th, a conference at the White House
on Domestic Intelligence
chaired by Joseph Califano, special assistant to Johnson
Among those there:
Under Secretary of Defense  Paul Nitze
Army General Counsel Robert Jordan, III
AG Ramsey Clark
Dep AG Warren Christopher

They wanted better data on discord
after the ’67 summer riots,
and the October March on the Pentagon.

There was a meeting
on January 11th
at Anita and Abbie’s on St. Mark’s
We were there to plan
a visit to America
by a party of dissidence

Rubin wanted to call it the
The Youth International Party
Krassner blurted out
“We’ll be Yippies!”

We shouted with excitement and laughter

Police then and now
are often too fond of the pot bust
as witness a pre-dawn grass raid
on the 17th
by 200 cops
at the SUNY Stony Brook campus,
in Suffolk County, Long Island

The fuzz had floor plans and dorm keys
They tipped off reporters
and gave them a little booklet, “Operation Stony Brook” with maps and descriptions of the students they were looking to book.

38 were cuffed and vanned

Dawn raids at houses of learning are an insult to Hathor

the goddess of schools

January 19

James Earl Ray enrolled in a 6-week bartending course in L.A.

Sharon Tate wed Roman Polanski in London on January 20

They were there for the premiere of *Rosemary’s Baby* and soon to return to L.A. where they stayed for a while in a fourth floor apartment at the Chateau Marmont Hotel

The Fugs had a new record out called *Tenderness Junction* with jacket photos by Richard Avedon. One of its best tracks was the “Exorcism of the Pentagon” of 10-21-’67 when we rented a flat bed truck and stood on it in the Pentagon parking lot with San Francisco Diggers chanting “Out Demons Out!”
We’d signed with Warner/Reprise
after being tossed off Atlantic Records
and in January had begun to record our next•

We played the Psychedelic Supermarket
in Boston
the same weekend
Ms. Tate married Mr. Polanski
(a place now long since gone—it’s now,
I’m told, a biomedical research
facility for Boston University—
and maybe it was then too)

A soldier named Ron Kovic was injured
the Saturday Fugs sang “Kill for Peace” in Boston
by Vietnamese firing from a graveyard
He was taken to intensive-care in Danang
Given last rites, told he’d never walk

He glanced around the ward
at the legless
a child without arms
a baby burned by napalm
men with gaping brains
a Green Beret who screamed
each night for his mother
a black pilot bloating into convulsion—
the sights & sounds & smells of wardeath’s suturing anthems

At North Star Bay in Greenland
in the evening of Jan 21
a B-52 with four atomic bombs
crashed near the U.S. base at Thule

Denmark was angry
that U.S. planes
had flown above its lands
& reaffirmed its policy to forbid
atomic planes overhead

The American war caste smiled
in its rivers of nukes

Honk honk
go the ducks of derision

From January 22 to 27
The Fugs were in Montreal
at a club called the New Penelope
I asked Jake Jacobs
to join us for the gigs
He had a beautiful voice
Few things are as thrilling
 as singing with another person
 whose voice interweaves with yours
 to form that mantra-seed cloth
 so cherished by Erato and Calliope

The Fugs drove to farmland outside Montreal
 in their psychedelic garb
 rented snowmobiles

and then sped crazily
 through fresh fallen snow
 howling & growling
 in long curving arcs
 & random ornateness,
 peace signs &
 the 8's of Forever
 in the gas-eating thrill zones of Gone

On the 25th
Bob Seagren
 vaulted 17' 4 1/4"
at the Millrose Games
 at MSG

On January 28 the Fugs
 played a club called The Trauma in Philadelphia
 always a good party town
 The place was so packed with half clothed bodies
 we could barely get on stage

We returned to the Lower East Side
 in time for the
 Tet Offensive
 on January 30

They planned it
 from a huge tunnel complex
 northwest of Saigon
 with 150 miles of tunnels on three levels
 humid and slithery
 about two feet wide and two high
 dug during the 30 years of liberation

There were underground rooms:
hospitals for instance

On the 31st
the Viet Cong entered the presidential palace
and the U.S. embassy in Saigon
holding it six hours

In Hue
the U.S. used gas, and bombs,
to try to dislodge the
Viet Cong invaders
for days
till the Marines reclaimed the city.

*Fortune Magazine*
in its January issue
said that the most alarming aspect
of the youth revolution
was its hesitance to consume,
a huge threat
to the American Way

*Quack quack*
go the ducks of derision

Also in January
at the Army's Dugway Proving Grounds
sixty Miles southwest of Salt Lake City

a deathwaft
of nerve gas
escaped
and killed around 5,000 sheep
on nearby farms

*Honk honk*
go the geese of Canada

On February 1
good people winced
at the image of terror
shown 'round the world
Justice CIA-style
as General Nguyen Loan
shot a Viet Cong suspect in the head
in public, for the cameras.

*Quack quack*
go the ducks of derision
I helped write a press release
signed by Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner
and myself
for the birth of Yippie
and the Festival of Life

Arlo Guthrie, Country Joe & the Fish
The Fugs and Allen Ginsberg
were so far the biggest draws
but the idea was to get the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Dylan

At first it was a triumphant idea—
a Festival of Life

in a city where L.B.J.
was coming for his crown
in a doomdome of death

so natural and Tom Paine-ish
to rouse up a 6-day Festival
where Be-In & Love-In
turned left.

The spirit of the Digger Free Store
would suffuse it
—free food, free music, free pot and loitering love
I liked it
We planned a daily newspaper
There’d be a night where
100,000 people would burn their draft cards:
with the words “Beat Army”
written in flame

“We demand the Politics of Ecstasy!”
our leaflets thundered,
“Rise up and Abandon the Creeping Meatball!”
—though it might have been a tactical error
to announce that 500,000 people
were going to make love
in Chicago parks

for most Americans
didn’t want kids
fucking in the streets.

The Fugs flew to California
to play the Avalon Ballroom on Feb 3
at Sutter & Van Ness•

At a psychedelic club
you played with images projected across you

It was good for the ego
to dissolve in the visual gestalt

On Sunday February 4
Neal Cassady went to a wedding in
San Miguel de Allende
He'd left his bag at the railroad station
a few miles away
and after the party
the legend goes
Neal went hopping
down the tracks to get it back
counting the ties
stoned on tequila & seccies
one two three four.....

when he tumbled down roll-eyed

the muse of novels
a psychedelic bus
& a hundred good poems.

Jimi Hendrix finished his album
 Axes: Bold as Love
and was touring the States—
On February 6,
he flame-Strat’d in front of 20,000
at Arizona State
On February 8 he played
with Eric Burden and the Animals in Anaheim

The Fugs had performed with Eric Burden and the An's
a few months earlier
at the Santa Barbara fairgrounds

We were leaving after the gig
and there were teen-shrieks
clumping feet
and the sharp slide of fingernails
on post-perf skin
It was the only time
I’d ever had my clothes torn off
—not quite the fun once imagined—
the rip-sounds of button holes
and the faint clicks
of buttons on concrete
racing to
rented cars

In San Francisco that early ’68 I went to see Hendrix backstage
at the Winterland
where he was making movies
with an 8 mm cam
I wanted to ask him
to sing at the Festival of Life

I remembered how one night on MacDougal Street
he’d told he hated his singing voice
I told him, “Man you have a beautiful voice”
or in Egyptian, or Latin:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{a kherew} & & \text{nefer} \\
\text{vox} & & \text{pulcherrima}
\end{align*}
\]

During this trip
I helped Michael McClure
record some tunes at a studio in San Francisco

Michael played autoharp
and it was not easy keeping him close to
the microphone
in his agitated strumming
laying down tunes such as
“The Allen Ginsberg for President Waltz”
and “Oh Lord, Won’t you Buy Me a Mercedes Benz”
the latter made famous later
by Janis Joplin

We watched his play, The Beard
with its famous cunnilingus scene
’tween Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid

In Los Angeles we appeared on the Les Crane TV show
Phil Ochs was there
in the audience
and after that he was my friend
Then the Fugs flew up to Seattle for a concert
and back to the Lower East Side

In early February
while the Fugs were in Cal
there was a famous garbage strike in NYC
Miriam was talking to her mother
and looking out of our second story window
at 196 Avenue A
(an old dental office with a marble fireplace
pricey at $150 a month)
she saw that the phone booth
across the street was
entirely covered with trash!!!

Down in Memphis
the garbage workers were
treated like dirt
There were 1,300 of them, mostly black
—low paying jobs, no job security, no insurance
They hauled the garbage around in old leaky leather tubs
    on their shoulders
and no place for shelter in the rain
because white folk didn't want them on their porches.
The workers were members of
    the American Federation of State
    County and Municipal Employees
but the city refused to recognize them
Two workers
got into the barrel of their truck
a big cylinder with
     a built-in compactor
during a rain storm
and were crushed
A few days after the crush
there was another rainy day
the mostly white supervisors were permitted to wait in the barns
playing cards till the rain stopped
and were paid for the full day
     but 22 black workers were told to go out and collect it
    in the rain
    or not get paid
They went home 
and were paid two hours. 
So, on Lincoln's birthday, February 12 
they struck

emboldened by the famous New York City strike
whose phone-engulfing
   visuality
   so startled Miriam
   as she talked with her mother.

The Olympic Games at Grenoble
brought grace
   to television eyes

Jean-Claude Killy, three gold medals
   for grace on skis
Eugenio Monti, age 40,
   gold on 2-man and 4-man bobsleds

In ice hockey the Czechs beat the USSR by 5-4
though the USSR in weeks
   would use their tanks as hockey pucks

Peggy Fleming grace-dazzled the ice
with a double axel 'tween what the Britannica called
“two smoothly controlled
   spread eagles”

In another part of the world
a young man named Sirhan Bishara Sirhan
had been employed as a exercise boy
   on a thoroughbred horse ranch
in Corona outside L.A.
   and hungered to be a jockey
September ’66 he fell from a horse,
and though his injuries were not serious—
he had blurred vision and pain,
   and gave up his passion to race.

He lived with his mom in Pasadena
& dropped out of sight
   'tween January and March ’68

It may have been then
they made him into a patsy,
   or a programmed assassin•.
In The Search for the Manchurian Candidate, John Marks quoted an unidentified CIA researcher, from the old days, who alleged it would be much easier to make a “patsy” programmed to “make authorities think the patsy committed a particular crime,” than to program a robot assassin. Hypnosis expert Milton Kline, unpaid consultant to CIA researchers, guessed to Marks he could

fashion a patsy
in a mere three months.

Sirhan was very, very easily hypnotized

February 15
The National Security Council
did away with draft deferments
for most grad students
and occupational deferments too

February 19  Oscar Nominations:
Ann Bancroft for The Graduate
Faye Dunaway for Bonnie and Clyde
Dustin Hoffman for The Graduate
   Spencer Tracy for Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner?
Paul Newman  for Cool Hand Luke
    Rod Steiger for In the Heat of the Night
Warren Beatty for B & C

I’d been on a panel about The New Journalism at Dartmouth in early ’68 with Jack Newfield
I told him the Fugs and Allen Ginsberg were going to perform in Appleton, Wisconsin
where Senator McCarthy was buried

Jack suggested we exorcise his grave

Thus was born the
   Exorcism of Senator Joseph McCarthy’s Gravesite

We flew to Appleton on Feb 19
and played the Cinderella Ballroom

Nothing much of interest
a place more usually devoted to polka concerts
   and chicken dinners
except that during the break
a deputy from the Winnebago County Sheriff's Dept
came up and said
“I don’t care what you sing,
but if you jack off that microphone
one more time
I’m going to arrest you.”

The next morning we were driven to
the cemetery
I glanced at the headlines of that day's
Appleton Post-Crescent:
SAIGON AWAITING NEW ATTACK BY COMMUNISTS
& TREASON LAW INTRODUCED FOR HELPING HANOI

It was surreal and chilly
an excedrin morning
after a 5 a.m. party
our toothpaste-scurry breaths
in chilly clouds
by Mr. McCarthy's
unimposing 'taph

Ginsberg and I conferred on
a proper flow for the rite
There were about 50 people there
mostly students from Lawrence U
the sponsor of our performance.

A limber-limbed damzel lay down by the grave
and later sat across its granite top
beauteous in the clear winter morn—

I wonder what happened to her
phantom of photos
now decades old

Here's what we did:

1. Ginsberg stood in the face of the stone
   and chanted the Dharani spell
   to remove disasters

   He'd brought his harmonium

2. He then created a circle
   by walking around the participants
   intoning the Tibetan spell
   to banish malevolent spirits:
Om Raksha
Raksha
Om Om Om
Phat Svaha
six times

3. We asked those present
to place articles of offering
on the gravestone

Food and flowers were bestowed above
and a few marijuana seeds were planted
in the sod

4. Ginsberg recited the Hebrew prayer for food

5. Then the Mantram for the Invocation of Shiva: Purification of Bhang:
   Om Aing Ghring Cling Chamunda Yea Vijay!

6. Next was a sing-song
   chanting of deities and power-words
   by Edward Sanders
   in the mode of what he’d done at the Pentagon Exorcism
to conjure the ghost.

   Nothing overt occurred
   no hover-job, no mist, no noise, no clank, no rustle

7. Next was an invocation to bisexual Greek and
   Indian deities (since McCarthy was a notorious
   baiter of homosexuals)

8. We recited the Prajna Paramita Sutra
   to purify the ghost of McCarthy
   with Sanders sitting in on the harmonium

9. The group sang “My Country 'Tis of Thee”

10. Ginsberg suggested we sing “Hare Krishna”
    —so we did, six times through

11. Ken Weaver suggested, “Let’s sing ‘Hey, Joe’”
    Sanders: “Hey, Joe, where you gonna go? (laughter)"
    Weaver: “with that subpoena in your hand.”

12. The purified and exorcised Spirit was then sent
    back up to the sky
    or to its, uh, appointed Karma realm
by the Ceremony of the Greater Hexagram
followed by the last words
of Plato’s Republic:

εὐ πρᾶττωμεν
“We shall fare well”

It was over.
Tuli Kupferberg said, “So long, Joe.”
and we walked down the hill to our cars

I went back and jotted down what offerings lay
on the top of his stone:
a bottle of Midol, a ticket to the movie *The War Game*, a spring Mobilization Against
the War leaflet, English leather stick cologne, a stuffed parrot, one candy bar, chapstick,
one dozen red roses, one dozen white geraniums, one dozen yellow geraniums, one “Get
Fugged” button, some coins, sugar wafers, coat buttons
plus two seeds of marijuana.

And then, as usual for a year of bullets
we drove away to a concert in Madison,
and left the locals to sort out
the knots of what we had done•

February 22
The good part of Lyndon Johnson
proposed to Congress to build six million low and mid income
housing units in urban areas by 1978

In Stockholm
the Minister of Education Olof Palme
spoke to 6,000 people holding candles
against the U.S. war

It looked for a while as if the US would
sever diplomatic relations

**Pegasus**

The Yippies decided to run a pig for president
At first Rubin called it Bancroft P. Hogg
but a much better name was found:

Pegasus

I went along with it
hoping it would help stifle
a certain use of the name
for I could never join in on the rhythmic chants
of the Panthers at demos:
  “No more brothers in jay-all
  Off th' pi-ig!”
  “No more brothers in jay-all
  Off th' pi-ig!....”

just as I thought it was a mistake
for the Futurists
to call the Austrian gendarmes
  “walking pissoirs.”

The first Yippie action
  was Feb 27, a response to the dawn pot raid
  at the State University at Stony Brook,
    a month before
We went to the gates of the school at dawn
  and sang through microphones—
  The Fugs, Country Joe and the Fish,
  the Pageant Players, and a group called
    Soft White Underbelly
It got what everybody wanted: publicity
There was a picture of me
  in my chilly long grey coat
and our guitarist Ken Pine
  in the Daily News
while the N.Y. Post made note that
  “Timothy Leary predicts that 100,000 dancing, joyous
  yippies will swarm over Chicago's airports so the
  Presidential plane cannot land at convention
time.”

It was at the Stony Brook gig
  tired at dawn
I began to feel the long, craving shame
  for some of my work
I didn't have the type
  of idealistic and topical repertoire
    to inspire the streets
& I didn't take the time to research & write them

Instead I was working on tunes like
  “Johnny Pissoff Meets the Red Angel”
    & “Ramses the II is Dead, My Love”
which we were about to record
to follow up Tenderness Junction
so we chugged through our repertoire
of “Nothing,” “Kill for Peace,” “Saran Wrap” et cetera
huffing out phonemes of winter steam
unable to look at the
sleepy crowd
just five feet away

In the afternoon after the dawn at Stony Brook
I signed a lease on a new location
of the Peace Eye Bookstore

The Peace Eye Bookstore

I rented an old kosher meat store
in late ’64
at 383 East 10th, near Avenue C
I kept the words “STRICTLY KOSHER” in place
above the Hebrew letters
and added a sign adorned
with Eyes of Horus

It was there Tuli Kupferberg & I formed the Fugs
had our first rehearsals
It was there I published
the final issues
of *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*

It was a famous little place
built like a railroad flat
LEMAR was founded there
We printed hundreds of leaflets
posters, booklets & poems
on the back room mimeo
and writers from all over the world
found there way there
to sit on the red couch
in the front room.
The police raided in ’66 
and busted me for my magazine
The ACLU took on the case
    and finally,
    after something like 17 court dates
    a 3-judge panel
    found me not guilty
    during the Summer of Love of ’67

For a while during Love Year
I’d turned Peace Eye over to the “Community”
    and the community
    turned it for a while into a crashpad

with mattresses in all three rooms
A charismatic youth named Groovy
    took charge
until the landlord forced me to call it off
    (I was still paying the rent)
and the place reverted back to a bookstore

A few weeks later Groovy and a woman
named Linda Fitzpatrick
    were murdered a block away
    with furnace bricks
    in a bare bulb mattress basement.

After that I left Peace Eye dormant
caught in the pleasant pincers
    of carousing, recording and fame
    till the spring of ’68
when I was determined
    to bring it back to power

and so the afternoon
    following the cold dawn concert at Stony Brook
I signed a lease on Avenue A
for the place that had once housed
    The East Village Other
I gave the Other $500 in key money
and hired people to get it ready—
scraping, painting, putting in shelves

The artist Spain Rodriguez
who’d painted the groovy sign
    for the Digger Free Store
    around the corner
did the new Peace Eye sign
—chrome yellow letters on red—
and a fine Eye of Horus

On February 29
Defense Secretary Robert McNamara left office
waving his arm up high in the
front page New York Times photo
but letting none know of his
qualms about the war

CIA Chaos

During these months
the movement called the Resistance
which had begun in April of ’67
when 75 burned their draft cards
at the Sheep Meadow in Central Park
grew mightily
and attracted the stern attention
of the CIA’s Chaos program

a six-year domestic program
set in motion by CIA director Richard Helms
to squash domestic dissent.

Operation Chaos grew out of an investigation of Ramparts
a left-liberal investigative magazine.
CIA learned in Jan '67 that Ramparts was going to do an exposé of the fact that the National Student Association was funded by CIA.

Ramparts had run big ads on February 14, '67 in the Washington Post & N.Y. Times announcing a big article in its March issue:

“The CIA has infiltrated and subverted the country's student leadership. It has used students to spy. I has used students to pressure international student organizations into Cold War positions, and it has interfered in a most shocking manner in the internal workings of the nation's oldest and largest student organization”

The CIA went tweedily bonkers
Right away a rightist breakin man
had stolen the Ramparts CIA files
and they were brought to D.C.
where two CIA officers
 took a look at them.

They created some detailed files on Ramparts backers
and sicked the IRS on as many as they could

Then, in August of '67, the CIA began its enormous
and mostly still-secret program called Operation Chaos for spying on and and
looking for ways to stymie the anti-war left
The Underground Press was one of the Chaos program's targets
as we shall see later on in the chrono-flow

The CIA’s Operation Resistance

Circa December 1967
A CIA Chaos sub-scheme called Operation Resistance was set up, ostensibly to dig up data to help “protect” CIA recruiters on campuses
It was an Operation Resistance officer who later came up with a scheme to destroy the underground press, as we shall see.

The CIA in 1968 spent our tax money to index some 50,000 members of the California Peace and Freedom party
One of hundreds of antiwar groups
the CIA surveilled.

Thank you, o twerps.

On March 2
the human named James Earl Ray
got his diploma
from the International Bartending School
and on the 5th
had the sharp tip of his nose
removed by a plastic surgeon
in L.A.

I wonder if he was then in the clutches
of the CIA/Intelligence robowashers
fixing him up to be one of those “three month patsies”
or a killer
to whom Mnemosyne
is not a muse

In early March (March 4, to be exact)
J. Edgar Hoover updated the FBI’s
“Black Nationalists”
Counterintelligence Program
the one known now in disgust
as Cointelpro

At the time there were six (soon to be seven)
Cointelpros

They were very secret
not even revealed to the Attorney General
(especially not to Ramsey Clark)

Here’s the list:
Cointelpro-Espionage
Cointelpro-New Left
(begun in May of ’68)
Cointelpro-Disruption of White Hate Groups
Cointelpro-Communist Party, USA
Cointelpro-Counterintelligence and Special Ops
Cointelpro-Black Extremists/Black Nationalists
Cointelpro-Socialist Workers Party Disruption
(Hoover loathed the
scions of Trotsky)

Anyway, J. Edgar
spread abroad
to his secret police that March 4th
a document
against “black nationalist hate groups”
to “prevent the rise of a ‘messiah’
who could unify and electrify the militant
black nationalist movement”

The hoov-doc
fingered MLK as a
“very real contender for this
position should he abandon his supposed
‘obedience’ to ‘white liberal doctrines’ and
embrace black nationalism.”

Martin Luther King
wrote Hoov-boy in his March ’68 directive
“has the necessary charisma to be a real threat
in this way”

Hoover revealed himself more paranoid than the
’noidest of the ‘noids
sinking to the chasm
of MauMau-noia

as he wrote of the need to stave off
any coalition of black militant nationalists:

“An effective coalition of black nationalist groups
might be the first step
toward real ‘Mau Mau’ in America,
the beginning of a a true black revolution.”

King’s code name
to the FBI
was Zorro

March 4 I read with Allen Ginsberg, Ted Berrigan,
Diane Di Prima and others at what was billed as
BENEFIT FOR RECENTLY ARRESTED ANDREI CODRESCU
At the Poetry Project
in the St. Mark’s Church
(and on the 14th I gave a solo reading there)

A Night of Truth

Robert Bly’s book of verse
The Light Around the Body
had won the National Book Award
and there was to be big awards ceremony March 6
At first the bard was going to reject it
to protest the war

Then he decided to accept
on the condition he could make a statement
longer than the usual
brief bland quietudes

The Book Award folk
hesitatingly allowed it

so he created a speech, with the help of friends
such as James & Anne Wright
and David Ray.

Bly faced
the usual bifurcated crowd
on such an occasion in the late-'60s

Some were the tsk-tskers
“Oh Gawd!
What war? This is poetry, not war!”

Others applauded his braveness
and stamped their feet
not long after he began:

“I am uneasy at a ceremony emphasizing our current high state of culture. Cultural prizes, traditionally, put writers to sleep, and even the public. But we don’t want to be asleep any more. Something has happened to me lately: every time I have glanced at a bookcase in the last few weeks, the books on killing of the Indians leap out into my hand. Reading a speech of Andrew Jackson’s on the Indian question the other day— his Second Annual Message— I realized that he was the General Westmoreland of 1830…”

And then,
in a set of words
that might have miffed
the mighty Harper and Row:

“What have our universities done to end the war? Nothing? They actually help the war by their defense research. What has the book industry done to end the war? Nothing. What has my own publisher, Harper and Row, done to help end the war? Nothing…..

“I respect the National Book Awards, and I respect the judges, and I thank them for their generosity. At the same time, I know I am speaking for many, many American poets when I ask this question: since we are murdering a culture in Vietnam at least fine as our own, have we the right to congratulate ourselves on our cultural magnifi
cence? Isn’t that out of place?

“You have given me an award for a book that has many poems in it against the war. I thank you for the award. As for the thousand dollar check, I am turning it over to the draft–resistance movement, specifically to the organization called the Resistance.”

Bly handed the $1,000 check to Mike Kempton of the Resistance and then risked the indictment served just weeks ago to Dr. Spock, William Sloane Coffin & other Resistance activists:

“I hereby counsel you as a young man not to enter the United States Army, not under any circumstances, and I ask you to use this money I am giving you to find and to counsel other young men, urging them to defy the draft authorities—and not to destroy their spiritual lives by participating in this war.”

A glorious moment in 1968 that reverberates even unto the end of the century

“There was silence in the hall for a moment,” David Ignatow has written “the silence of extreme tension until, finally, a scattering of handclapping began.”

There was then an “uproar of talk mixed with boos and cheers,”

Like the opening of a Chekhov play in the 1890s.

Bravery such as Bly’s no doubt missed the creeps in the CIA’s Chaos program because the CIA was trying to disrupt the Resistance movement as well as the Underground Press as detrimental
The CIA hated to be tabbed as killers

By '68 many many thought they had killed JFK, and a Dec 11, '67 memo by Howard J. Osborne CIA director of Office of Security, complained that Eldridge Cleaver and many other black activists had accused the CIA of killing Patrice Lumumba in '61

(whose body, I once read, was carried around in the trunk of the CIA station chief).

March 6 about the time that Bly handed over the grand to the Resistance
The Fugs, Country Joe and the Fish, Bob Fass, Paul Krassner and Lightshow creators Joshua and Pablo did a benefit for the Resistance at the Anderson Theater on 2nd Avenue a place with a round rotating stage.

Meanwhile, those early days of March it looked as if the Festival of Life would triumph!

The first few weeks Abbie Hoffman set up a bunch of prestigious committees to plan the Fest
I was impressed at the time with their complexity He had an intricate knowledge of the avant-garde N.Y. left

Egoist males seemed to grab the spotlight but there were a number of powerful women involved in the early Yippies:
Anita Hoffman, Sharon Krebs, Robin Morgan, Nancy Kurshan, Kate Coleman, Judy Gumbo, Nancy Cohen, and others

For entertainers, the YIppies had Judy Collins, The Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Richie Havens, Country Joe, Dick Gregory, Barbara Dane, Phil Ochs Jim and Jean but still no Dylan, Beatles or Stones
Throughout the month
there were Saturday afternoon meetings at the Free University
at 20 East 14th Street near University Place

I'd taught a course there once
called Revolutionary Egyptology
    which had piqued the attention of the secret police

(Them commies, you know,
    will even use hieroglyphics
    to spread the rev)

The Criminal and Subversives Section
    of the New York State Police
kept files, mainly on leftists and what they called
    “subversive elements”

A study of the State Police a few years later
revealed that among the 1,000s of cards
    listing data on potential slime-commies
“One card noted that XXXXXXX was teaching a course in
    ‘Revolutionary Egyptology.’”

Yes, yes, I confess! I taught a course,
heh heh, in Revolutionary Egyptology
and loaned my fancy Sir Alan Gardiner
Egyptian grammar
to one of the students

and so take the opportunity
to plead for its return: o student of then
please send my grammar
to Edward Sanders
    Box 729
    Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

The Saturday Yippie meetings at the Free U
were very, very crowded
    There was much excitement
    and much mirth
Energy and that kind of mixture
    of nonchalance and intensity
that store it in the world brain

There were the usual unhappy factions
A member of the group
    known as the Motherfuckers
stood up
and accused me
of having a Swiss bank account

I laughed, knowing how close to the line
Miriam and I lived
and defended myself as best I could—
It's true I'd suffered for a while the malady
known as “limoanguia,”

that is,
the hunger to
be scooted around in limousines

but I remember being on the cover of *Life Magazine*
and not having enough for the rent

so if I'd known then that Brecht had had
a Swiss account
I might have stood up and announced,
well yes, that I had taken over
Bertold’s account
at Credit Suisse.

There is never any answer
to the snarl
“You don’t care about
the suffering of the people.
You only care about pleasure.”

or the anger that crunches
the dry twigs
left and right

A writer is never right enough
for the right
left enough for the left
pure enough for the pure
nor poor enough
for the poor of heart.

Plus, didn't we all know the Glyph?:

\[ \text{fun} \quad \rightarrow \quad \text{revolution} \]
A story is told now and then
how once at Stanford in the ’60s
a student heckled
the socialist Irving Howe
(one of the founders of Dissent )
over his lack of commitment
to the rev
That his fingers were sooty with Moloch’s boot polish

Howe glanced over at the youth and replied,
“You know what you’re going to be?
You’re going to be a dentist.”

The guy that heckled me at the Yippie meeting
later became a rancher in the Southwest.

Back in the fall of ’67
Senator Eugene McCarthy
came to Robert Kennedy
to say that he was running for President
on an antiwar ticket
if Kennedy were not

Kennedy felt that Vietnam
was a national tragedy
but believed that a challenge to Johnson
would be political suicide

There was a rush of support for McCarthy
They called it the Clean for Gene phenomenon
as 5,000 people, clean shaven, eschewing beards
and fresh of breath
worked through New Hampshire
in the earliest Democratic primary. Phil Ochs
was among them,
singing all over the state

On the 12th of March
McCarthy stunned Johnson by getting
42.2 percent vs. 49.4 for war

Robert Kennedy thought McCarthy
was weak on the poor & trodden
and talked with his friends incessantly
to the click of the wingéd primaries
He knew, should he win, he might split the party
and give it to Tricky
plus no incumbent had lost a renomination
since Chester Arthur to James Blaine in ’84
The basic fact was that, for all his brilliance, McCarthy lacked the manic metabolism required to win.

As I.F. Stone put it, “A certain cynicism and defeatism seem basic to the man.”

March 13

RFK was on Walter Cronkite’s national news show and then after dinner Kennedy got on the phone with Democratic honchos around the country, one of whom was Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago who urged him not to run.

“I still wish the President would change his policy,” said Daley. “You wouldn’t feel this way.”

Daley told Bobby he’d call Lyndon right away about setting up a high-level commission on Vietnam to seek a wider road to peace.

If Johnson would allow it then Kennedy would not run against him.

Shortly thereafter Daley called back, according to the pro-Kennedy account, and said that Johnson had told him, “I’m all for this commission. I’m waiting for Sorensen to give me the names.”

Daley suggested that Kennedy contact the newly sworn Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford to move it ahead.

March 14

Kennedy and Sorensen met with Clifford at the Pentagon at 11 am to talk about who might sit on the commission.

Clifford then met with Johnson at 4 pm pitched the list & the concept, & Johnson said no.

Clifford called Kennedy around 5 or dinnertime with the word.
**Seed Syllables from O**

I had written Charles Olson in Gloucester for a mantram we could chant in Chicago

I also asked Ed Dorn and d.a. levy.
It came from the chanting the Fugs and the Diggers had done at the Pentagon
    “Out, Demons, out! Out, Demons, out!”
and the ceremony with Ginsberg at Senator McCarthy’s grave

It was worth a try
to see if a great bard’s sung seed syllables could help end the war

The day President Johnson rejected Robert Kennedy's call for a national commission on Vietnam
Olson called Avenue A and recited his mantram to Miriam:

    *Plann’d in Creation, Arouse the Nation*
    *Blood is the Food of Those Gone Mad*
    *Blood is the Food of Those Gone Mad*
    *Blood is all over already the Nation*
    *Plann’d in Creation, Arouse the Nation*
    *Blood is the Food of Those Gone Mad*

Olson then mailed us the Chant from Chicago on the way to deliver his “Poetry & Truth” lectures at Beloit College
He had his bard-eye
on a big American problem:
The War Caste wanted blood
(still does)

And the evening Olson
chanted his mantram to Miriam
there was a dinner party, 3 tables of 12,
at Hickory Hill—
editors and publishers
from the New York Press Association

At RFK’s table sat Village Voice writer Jack Newfield
who “argued vigorously for legalization of marijuana
and shocked the older guests by candidly admitting
he smoked it himself with some frequency”
in the words of
one of Ethel Kennedy’s biographers.

RFK overheard
and wrote a note to Newfield
Maybe you can talk about something else
or you might cost me the nom
and signed it Timothy Leary

Kennedy had offered to stay out of the race
if Johnson would name a “high-level bipartisan commission
to re-evaluate”
what the U.S. was doing in ’Nam

Kennedy had suggested members of commission
(with RFK a member)

During the Hickory Hill dinner
Kennedy was called from the table
It was Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford
with the answer from Johnson
No commission
& Kennedy had to enter

March 15
In the midst of big gold crisis
The London gold market
was closed at bequest of USA
to stop huge gold sell-off
it reopened April Fool’s day•

This was the month
mal-mental’d, laissez-faire poverty-creator Milton Friedman
had his “presidential address”
on

“The Role of Monetary Policy”
published in the American Economic Review

wants money supply increased 3%, say, per year,
(with an unfettered market system
   spitting the skulls of the poor
to a dead-tired Tartaros)

On March 16
in a tiny place called My Lai 4
   the day began
      with each family lighting fires
         in their yards
            and keeping pans of water boiling
while children went down to the river
to check the fish nets

   ee ee ee ee ee ee

Then a group of helicopters landed
9 of them, dropped troops, & lifted off
to go get more
The three platoons of Charlie Company
   105 guys just three months in Nam--

The soldiers
   spread out
      racing to the bank of an irrigation ditch

A farmer
   raised his hands
to show no weapon
They murdered him with a machine gun

More soldiers arrived
   They were shooting at any motion
but there was no return fire
   no VC
      just women, children, and older folk

   ee ee ee ee ee ee

They went through My Lai
   shooting pigs and cows
soldiers dispatching
   wounded Vietnamese with .45s
a woman with an unexploded M-79 grenade stuck in her stomach
fragmentation grenades tossed into huts
—thank you Minneapolis Honeywell•

The soldiers went what used to be known as berserk
One of them later talked of scalping and cutting out tongues

ee ee ee ee ee ee

Medina was upset at the slowness of moving on
Calley said there was a large group of civilians slowing down the platoon
Medina said get rid of them
Calley then ordered all dead
Some complied, some cried, some refused but many slaughtered

They herded the villagers to slaughter
Calley shoved a woman in a ditch and ordered a soldier to kill her
He refused but others did
mothers protecting babies people desperate to slide beneath the already dead

ee ee ee ee ee ee

Some took evil pleasure in the creation of gore rape, slaughter, beheading,

One soldier bragged about, pants down, penis exposed, trying to get a blow job from a Vietnamese women while threatening her child

A couple of soldiers became what was horrifyingly known as “double veterans” slang for raping then murdering
One solder raped with a rifle barrel
then pulled the trigger
There were scalpings
a thread of evil
that led forever to

These boys
soon to return
to the U.S.
to be normal
tube-staring paychecks.

4 hours, 500.

That night
in the distance
an old woman
grieved & keened so
loudly & disturbingly that

one of them
lobbed a grenade
from an M-79 launcher
Some others fired their M-16s, but

she continued
through the night,
weeping & wailing

eerily, the keen of ghosts,
the lament of love
the agony
of eternal separation

None of us knew about it for
at least a year and a half
‘till late ’69
after heroic work
by Seymour Hersh who published the story
during the second moon landing)

Finally, in the ’80s, it took the truth of the tape recorder
and flying to the homes of prior soldiers
to overwrite
the clean visions of war
in Euripides, Homer, & the Pentagon Papers
with Michael Bilton and Kevin Sim’s

terrifying book

Four Hours in My Lai.

Robert Francis Kennedy announced for President

on My Lai morn

in the Senate Caucus Room

where he brother once declared

Ethel was there with 9 of their kids

Robert stood in a blue suit

and a blue PT-109 tieclasp

reading his speech

from a black notebook typed in overlarge letters

and then he headed for

NYC

to march in the St. Patrick’s Day parade.

General Curtis LeMay

had retired from the airforce

and was living Bel Air, L.A.

The singer Eddie Fisher,

in his autobiography (page 340)

wrote about visiting LeMay

not long before Bobby announced his run:

“Toward the end of our visit,” wrote Fisher

“I happened to mention that I was going to

Bobby Kennedy’s for his wife’s telethon.

‘Bobby Kennedy?’ LeMay said without expression.

‘He’s going to be assassinated.’”

March 17

Martin King was in L.A.

to speak to the

Democratic State Council

in Anaheim

& James Earl Ray

filed a change-of-address card

to general delivery

Atlanta

King’s home city
Robo

At the risk of being accused a 'noid
I think it's possible that Ray
was a programmed assassin (or patsy).
In his book
*The Search for the “Manchurian Candidate”*
John Marks interviewed a hypnosis expert,
Milton Kline,
a consultant for CA hypnosis research,
who claimed he could create an
assassin in six months

The Poor People’s March

The great Martin King
was leading the plans
for a March on Washington
for April 22
which, had it been allowed to happen,
might have
changed America
for the permanent better
(which is perhaps
why he wasn’t allowed)

The March on Washington
was much more truly revolutionary
than scads of New Left dither
It would have trembled America
with its simple mode of
“jobs, income and a decent life”

3,000 poor people
blacks, Puerto Ricans, whites, Indians, Mexicans
would go by caravan to D.C.
pitch tents and sleep in them
& each day delegations
would go to government departments

The numbers wd increase
to great size
They’d stay camped out
till there were results from the gov’t.

March 18
RFK had gone on a trip to K State and KU
In Manhattan, Kansas
14,500 in the fieldhouse
He told them how
a huge struggle was tormenting America
not for who would rule
but for the heart of the nation—
In the campaign months
Americans would have to make
decisions on what the nation will stand for,
what kind of citizens?

“If you will give me your help, if you will give me your hand,
I will work for you
and we will have a new America.”

It was as if an explosion had occurred
Students surged, shouted, beat chairs together
and pressed toward the candidate
in a hot high-metabolism moil of Yes
till he finally got outside to stand in a convertible

That was the day
Martin King broke into plans
for the Poor People’s March
& came to Memphis
to speak to the strikers

Mayor Loeb had replaced them with scabs
There’d been a protest march
police ran over a women’s foot
men rocked the car
police then maced a number of ministers
after which there were daily marches to city hall
& a boycott of downtown

They asked King
to come and help
as busy as he was with the March

He spoke to a huge crowd
the night RFK was at K. State
and said he would return
in a few days for a General Strike

“I want a tremendous work stoppage,”
he told them

“All of you, your families and children,
will join me & I will lead you on a march
through the center of Memphis.”
March 19

Johnson signed a law eliminating the requirement
that 25% of U.S. currency be backed by gold.

The Yippies held a press conference
at the Hotel Americana
the day the U.S. began to end the gold standard
They'd acquired a professional p.r. guy, a volunteer,
who worked for Jimi Hendrix

It was a “slick” event in a function room
with a shiny wooden rostrum
with the words “Americana of New York”
across the front
Tacked to the wall behind was a quilted banner
sporting the word: YIPPIE

“A Yippie is what happens
to a hippie when a cop
hits him over the head”
the first speaker said

On hand were Allen Ginsberg, myself,
Paul Krassner, Judy Collins, Phil Ochs,
the producer Jacques Levy, Allan Katzman, Jerry Rubin—

“We are demanding the politics of the toe freaks
and kisses;”
I chanted
“as opposed to the politics of the worm farm,
suicidal hysteria, slums, baby broil, and
the napalm drool cancer.”

Ginsberg unhooked his harmonium
and sang Hare Krishna

I later found in my FBI files
the following blurb
on a heavily censored page:

“On March 19, 1968, Special Agents of the FBI observed a press conference
called by the YIP, held at the Americana Hotel, NYC, at which
ED SANDERS of the folk singers, the Fugs, stated that a quarter of a million
youth are going to Chicago to hold a Festival of Life during the National
Democratic Convention to demand politics of ecstasy.”

The March 20 headline in Variety was
the stixnixhixpix-ish
“Yippie Music Theater
To Tune Up Viet Beefs
During Dems’ Chi Conv”

The same day Joan Baez
gave a concert and lecture
at Brooklyn College
for the Resistance

March 21
an Israeli commando unit
attacked an Al Fatah center
in Karaméh, Jordan

March 22
General William Westmoreland was chosen
the Army Chief of Staff
after running the forces in 'Nam

HYMN TO AVENUE A IN THE SPRING OF ’68

Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea
—Dylan Thomas

Spring ’68 was a very active time for me
& I was feeling good
in the rebel zone
called the Lower East Side

In politics
I was glad that RFK was running
and didn’t care
that it would ebb
our Festival of Life

& I liked the way Peace Eye looked
with Spain’s red and yellow sign
blazing on the boulevard
across from Tompkins Square Park

How temporary it all was
but for its part
in the mozaic
It froze there on the Avenue
for a few months
in a satisfying stasis
so that a stroll
from our house at 196 Avenue A
to Peace Eye at 147
was an anarcho-Bacchic Goof Strut
of contemplation & non-CIA chaos
— the chaos of the first line of
  Hesiod’s *Theogony*

Ah, how I loved that Avenue of Goof
I loved the dripping faucets of Goof
I loved the hooting sax of Goof
smoking the hookah of Goof

_Some called it lazy_
_Some called it spoof_
_Some called it crazy_
_ but I called it Goof_

Goof City
City of Flaming Teeth,
or maybe it was Eyes, for

Polis is
eyes

sang Olson the bard.

Our apartment at 196
was on the second floor
  above the Figlia Air Conditioning Co.
and just down the street
from Pee Wee’s bar
  owned by blacks
  and very friendly to whites

Miriam had shoulder length blond hair
and flashed her pretty legs and shiny knees
  beneath the short short skirts of the time.
Deirdre was just under four
  and sometimes wore a little wrist bell
  from the Psychedelicaressin

The house had one of those
  inner windows ’tween rooms
  indicating it was old
(Inner windows were required
  in the 19th century
  to spread light
  keep sickness down
  & to prevent depravity)

Our rooms were big
  almost like a loft
and our bedroom
  had windows
  on the Avenue
and there was a marble fireplace

The kitchen had a porch
  we had to keep sealed with a police gate
against the creepy-crawl of junkies

There was a big red wall in the middle room
with a golden Eye of Horus
  above a madras-topped floor mattress
and a vase with peacock feathers

On the opposite wall of the red room
was a shiny black floor-to-ceiling
  set-up of shelves and cabinets
with a fine UHER stereo.

However, when Allen Ginsberg discovered
we didn’t have a kitchen table
but ate with trays on the bed!

(the Beats favored kitchen tables
  with their zones
    of food and agitated talk)

he demanded we get one
so we went over to Elk’s Trading Post
on Avenue B
and purchased a round oak table
Miriam stripped away
  a dozen layers of paint
down to its darkling grains
and ever thereafter
we carried its roundness
to whatever house the Fates
  snipped and cut for us.

Miriam has a witty memory of the life-style nonchalance
on Avenue A.

Just as someone today might ask
“Do you mind if I smoke?”

In ’68 they’d ask
“Do you mind if I shoot up?”

There was the sense
of being sensual all the time
without pressures.

A whole half-day
in book store goof!
15 hours
reading Kant
in Kant-goof!
45 minutes
in front of the peacock feather vase
   listening to Varèse & Beethoven
   at the same time!

Let’s listen
   to every Coltrane cut again
   in ’Trane-goof

Why not waste time
   for is not time itself
   the biggest waster of them all?

Underneath the Goof, of course
lay the skree of weirdness, calamity and the secret police:

The Thérémin fill
   oo- oo- oo-
   oo-
   in the Beach Boy’s “Good Vibrations”

and the oo-ee-oo
   in Krzysztof Komeda’s soundtrack
   for Rosemary’s Baby

were always there
   in the sounds of ’68

(along with the throb of
tall stacks of amplifiers,
   the sizzle of napalm,
   & the sky-groaning vowels of lycergica)

The secret police were always there also
   like puking drunks in a phone booth
hung up on manipulation
looking for evidence of rubles
racist, pretty much right wing
   & hating the left
We were pitiably easy to monitor

Miriam’s mother would call Avenue A
There’d be no ring
and all of a sudden
she could hear everything
in the room

Miriam and Deirdre in 1968 on Ave A
with the Bugged Phone

(Later, from reading my FBI files
I realized how closely surveilled we were,
I was shocked to learn that
the FBI at least twice
forwarded actual Fugs records
to the U.S. attorney
“for prosecutive decision”
to use the Bureau’s own icy language)

How the Secret Police Bugged Your Talk in ’68:
• leased lines
• phone tap
• room tap
• car tap

(A Panther attorney once told me
the FBI had more than
6,000,000 pages of transcripts
of Panther conversations

ai yi yi)
Here's a chart on the different types of bugs and taps they used in '68:

There were also what are known as “mail covers” where a government agency gets the post office to copy the names and addresses on mail you send and receive and during the Vietnam war as many as 2,000,000 letters a year were examined by the CIA.

The CIA invented a kind of oven with which they could bake open letters, copy, then reseal & send.

The Agency had a “Watch List” people whose mail was to be given close scrutiny which included such dangerous Americans as John Steinbeck and Linus Pauling.

Was it Paul Goodman who said that you can say anything you want in America as long as it doesn't have an impact?

Meanwhile, in March, the military got ready for stern streets with their secret “Cable Splicer” maneuvers.

The poet Bob Kaufman
had a book once called

*Does the Secret Mind Whisper?*

In ’68 the white power noise
of the secret mind
    hissed on our phone lines
with orders to monitor
the concept of armed blacks from ghettos
combining with politicized hippies
    and partisans of music
    & the underground press
    (stirred up by rubles & commies)

to wreak fire
    on the capitalist safety zones.

The first Cable Splicer exercise was in March of ’68
They were held each year through ’73
    in Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington

Over 1,000 persons participated in the ’68 Cable Splicer exercise.
State, county and local law enforcement from six states, plus National
Guard personnel and U.S. Army advisors

The Cable Splicer exercises
    formed a “regional subplan” for a DOD program codenamed
    “Garden Plot”

to be used in coping with large scale civil disturbances
(such as the one they helped stir up in Chicago)

**That Thing Called Yip-In**

The Yippies called for an early spring Yip-In
at Midnight, Friday, March 22
    in the cavernous Grand Central Station
    on 42nd Street

The Yip-In, as I recall,
was the concept of Keith Lampe
    who wanted a celebration
    to shake off the snowy winter
    of the garbage strike

The Yippie flier had a map of Grand Central Station,
with the text:
    “BRING:
    BELLS, FLOWERS BEADS,
    KAZOOS, MUSIC, FM, RADIOS (TO WBAI)”
The plan was to party all night
then dance forth at dawn like bassarids
   up to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park
     “to YIP up the sun”•

The Yippies still trailed
   a swirl of good will
so the New York FM rock stations
   gave the Yip-In many free plugs
with the result
   the Station was packed
     with 6,000 curious and querulous youth.

The elegant information booth
   with its familiar round clock
     in the station’s center

was aswarm with loitering youth
   like bees on a tree branch

The tiny faction known as the Motherfuckers
were on hand
   bent on violence
One of them raised a banner festooned with the cop-inciting words,
   UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHERFUCKER

and at 1 a.m. firecrackers and cherry bombs exploded
while a querly-youth tore the hands from the clock

That’s when the cops began to club

Abbie asked an aide to Mayor Lindsay
if he could use the PA.
   to calm the crowd
     but the aide said no

When the Tactical Patrol Force
(dreaded by demonstrators
   as much as
the ancient Athenians
   feared their Scythian policemen)
moved in
   with whacking billies
there was NO ROOM TO MOVE
whack

stick-butt face

whack

A cop grabbed Ron Shea, 22, from behind, as he stood in the terminal and ran him toward the exit doors on 42nd street.

The four doors in the middle were open. The door on the right was closed. The cop changed shove-direction and mashed Shea into the closed door’s glass.

He threw up his hands to save his face.

but wrists were slashed
an artery severed
and tendons in both hands severed

I was recording at Impact Sound on the next Fugs album and arrived late.

I came into Grand Central. There was broken glass and policemen holding clubs.

One of the first friends I saw was young Village Voice reporter Don McNeill. Runnels of blood, not yet congealed were dripping down his face. He was very angry. The cops had smashed him through a plate glass door.

Uh oh, ⌒⌒ eyes of reproach

He was angry at the Yippies (and me as well) for their lack of planning. They had no bullhorn, had done no negotiations Quaker/CNVA style with The New York Central railroad and the police.
It was the age old problem of the Left:
Long on shouts
Short on Shinola.

I shuddered at the eyes of reproach
from the rising young writer
who'd come to New York
from the University of Washington
for a “Junior Year in Washington Square”
dropped out, and in late '65 was a volunteer at Peace Eye
helping with the Committee to Legalize Marijuana
then starting to work for the Voice
where he covered the counterculture

It was the first of many many eyes of reproach
for associating with the Yippies.

*New York Times* put the Yip-In on the front page
with a photo showing a gnarl of youth
sitting on the information center
and a querl-kid
pulling off the clock hands
above an article
on the “ politicization” of hippie

(If this poem had a sound track
there'd be the snipping sounds
of secret police agencies
the FBI, CIA, ONI, NSA, NY Red Squad
et alia multa
clipping and gluing and filing the *Times*
that morning)

The day after the Yip-In
Arthur Greenspan wrote in the *New York Post*
“Ed Sanders charged that Tactical Patrol Force
officers during Friday’s fracas ‘when away from
the people who control them acted like mad
dogs.’ He said police acted like a ‘Grade B
Indian movie,’ and said, ‘they’re terrorizing kids,
they’re terrorizing people with long hair.’”

It didn’t bode well for Chicago
If they threw people through doors
for tearing off clock hands
what would they do
to 500,000
making love
in Grant Park?
The night of the Yip-In
James Earl Ray was in a motel in Selma
Martin Luther King was supposed to stay in town that night
but instead slept 30 miles away

The day after the Yip-in
a bunch of Yippies flew to the midwest
for a meeting of the Mobilization to End the War
in Vietnam (everywhere called the Mobe)
and then to Chicago
to meet with Mayor Daley’s staff
(the mayor himself
made himself scarce)

In a climate of frolic & satire
The Yippies presented a formal request
for a million person freak-out space,
grope zone, and lifestyle encampment

March 25-29
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
the bard Charles Olson
gave the lectures called *Poetry and Truth*
at Beloit College in Wisconsin

I was grateful, reading them later,
that he had expounded in Beloit
in fairly understandable detail,
on the terms “topos, typos and tropos”
from his great essay on poetics
*Projective Verse*

For the Beloit lectures
Olson wrote three short, exquisite poems
two of which ever since
I have read over and over
as numinal text

The first I keep in my writing studio
on the wall
‘neath the Endymion medal from Mardi Gras

the one beginning,
“an actual earth of value to
construct one....”

and the “Beloved Lake” poem
beginning,
“Wholly absorbed
into my own conduits to
an inner nature or subterranean lake....”

While Olson was delivering his lectures in Beloit
there were three days of performances at the Electric Circus
a popular club of the time
on St. Mark’s Place

billed “3 Ring Yippie”
to raise money
for the Festival of life

March 26: Judy Collins, Blood, Sweat & Tears
Taj Mahal, Elephant’s Memory

March 27:
The United States of America
Dave Van Ronk
Taj Mahal

March 28:
Blood, Sweat & Tears
The United States of America
The Stone Ponies
Jimmy Collier & Rev. Kirkpatrick

Somewhere about now
in the time-flow
Judy Collins had a dispute with Abbie and Jerry
and dropped away.

On March 26
an open letter to Richard Daley
and park commissioner William McFetridge:

“Thousands of young Americans, possibly upwards of 500,000, will be coming to Chicago this summer from August 25 to August 30 for a national youth festival—a celebration of life and an affirmation of man and community.

“The festival will be held in Grant Park, and will last continuously for the week... Response to the festival of life, also called the Yippie festival, has been overwhelming....

“Because of the other affair being held simultaneously with our festival, and because of the enormous number of people expected, those attending the festival will need to sleep in the park. We are urging them to bring sleeping bags, blankets and tents.
“We are asking the city to cooperate in providing portable sanitation units. In addition, our emphasis will be on food sharing and we will ask the Health Department to cooperate with us in the setting up of kitchens in the park.”

It was signed
“For fun and freedom”

with Paul Krassner, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Jim Fouratt, among those putting pen to the bottom.

Many many times
as the decades have trickled past
I've asked myself why I,
a pacifist, bard, and Social Democrat
ever associated with
the violent-hearted core of the Yippies.

I think it’s because
of the evil I perceived
going on in Vietnam
To me the use of napalm and
fragmentation bombs
sank down to the gutter of Hitler

& I wanted very much
    to believe in the Yippies
just as I had come to believe
    in Olson and Sappho
in Greek lyric poetry
    in “Howl”
    & the early Joan Baez records

I wanted the level of belief
    I gave to a work of art

Jerry was honest
He said to me he wanted a revolution
    like that in Cuba
“We have to make it happen here,”
    he told me

The closest Abbie
came to calling for a direct rev
(in my direct experience)
was talking about “tossing it up for grabs”

(The problem with throwing it up for grabs
is Grabs likes to throw too)
As for Jerry, after a while a few of us began to call him Bloodbath Rubin because it was obvious he was hot for whacked heads and violence.

He said, in an issue of RAT in early March, “The Democrats will probably have to travel from hotel to convention hall by helicopter. Johnson will be nominated under military guard, under the protection of army bayonets. Even if Chicago does not burn, the mass paranoia and guilt of the government will force them to bring thousands of troops, and the more troops, the better the theater.”

Whatever would come
Abbie & Jerry (and Jim Fouratt) had a lot of credit built up in the counterculture—
for tossing the money onto the stock exchange floor (The image of stockbrokers groveling to their knees to grab it was an anecdote chortled o’er across the land)
& then when they were tossed out, they burnt some money on the stock market steps

An actual dollar bill burned outside the Stock Exchange late in the Summer of Love, '67

Many New Leftists questioned the paradigm of luring youth to Chi giving them rock and lots of dope then saying, in effect, “time to face bayonets now so that you’ll become revolutionaries in the bad experience
like Lenin after the hanging of his brother in 1880"

It was easy to chip away at Yippie
There was no mass base
although in America a mass base is what a sit-com has

Early in Revolution for the Hell of It
Hoffman quotes his August ’67 speech
“Whoever hesitates while waiting for ideas to triumph among the masses before initiating revolutionary action will never be a revolutionary.”

**LSD and the ’68 Rev’s**

Looking back in hindsight
I am aware how much LSD played a role
as in the first paragraph of the book Abbie Hoffman was writing in ’68
“Once one has experienced LSD...one realizes that action is the only reality.”

The Mark of Acid
was stamped on the time

LSD had not long ago been made illegal
and many were in a defiant mood

R. Crumb has talked about how acid changed his art—helped him expand his drawing

Acid changed those whose changes had led them to tab their tongues

**Columbia**

Meanwhile the great trouble at Columbia University began late in March

On the 27th Mark Rudd led a hundred-person delegation in to Low Library
(the administration building)  with a petition against the Institute for Defense Analysis• one of those how-to-kill-’em better intellectual war tanks which had a close relationship with Columbia and did research, for example, on something called “riot control”  

March 27
James Earl Ray purchased a rifle in Birmingham then exchanged it the next day for a Remington 30.06 with a telescopic sight  

March 28
King flew from New York where he’d been on a fundraising tour with Harry Belafonte to Memphis to lead the march to city hall from the Clayborn Temple A.M.E. church  

His plane was over an hour late and the huge crowd had already begun to flow  

There were a handful intent on looting and the ’68 antagonisms—stirred in part by the FBI and CIA—’tween Black Power violence & Nonviolent Direct Action  

King noted the disarray, people crowding the sidewalk more of a swell than a march but nevertheless got out of his car linked arms with ministers and began the march singing “We Shall Overcome” headed toward City Hall  

Then there was the sound of windows breaking from the punch of poster staves & the grabbing of American largess  

It was decided that King would abandon the march, and police escorted him to the Riverfront Hotel (as opposed to his usual place-of-stay, the black-owned Lorraine Motel)
The police then donned gas masks
    crushed the march with
tear gas, mace and clubs

Many were high school kids
    who fought back
    the police becoming hysterical, beating bystanders and marchers
    and a young man was killed

Mayor Loeb called a 7 pm curfew
The governor called in 4,000 federal troops

King grieved
    He felt guilty perhaps
    & his entire
    Poor People’s March on Washington
    coming up in April
    was threatened

March 28
James Wright and Richard Howard
    read poetry
    and discussed “What Has Been Happening
    in American Poetry Since World War II”
    at Stuyvesant High School
    in NYC

March 29
King slept exhausted for the night
    awakened
    in the shift of grace
    8 hours can bring, then
    announced to the press a
    big march April 5, Friday
    in Memphis

    after which he flew back to Atlanta
    for a staff meeting at his church
    then Sunday to D.C. to preach at the Washington Cathedral.

At the end of March
Johnson was telling people he would not
    win any of the upcoming primaries:
    Wisconsin, Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon, Calif.

and so on April Fool’s eve
Johnson abdicated
    in a television talk to the nation
He lifted the crow’s feet that spread
out from his eyes to his dangling ears
   in a goodbye smile

McCarthy was winding up campaign in Wisconsin
Robert Kennedy was returning from his
   first campaign trip
and was told when the plane landed
   at JFK
with a large group of fans
   by the exit ramp

Late that night Kennedy
   sent Johnson
   a telegram
   calling his no-run decision
   “truly magnanimous”
   (Sorensen, Schlesinger, Walinsky, RFK, and
 others helped write it)

April 1
   RFK toured N.J. and then to Pennsylvania
where he said, to students,
   “Stopping the bombing must be part
   of a coordinated plan.... The first thing we must recognize is that
we will have to negotiate with the NLF. It is silly for our gov’t
   to act as if the NLF does not exist.”

   No doubt the War Caste
   winced in its secret rooms
   at this April surprise

The next day
   Eugene McCarthy won 57.6 % in Wisconsin Dem Primary,
   vs. Johnson 35.4

That was the week
   there was a big Draft Card Return in Boston
   sponsored by the Resistance

April 3
   Not wanting his youth to fall to
   rock and roll and thrills
Castro, according to a Reuters dispatch,
   on April 3, banned beards, long hair and tight pants
   at Havana U

the same day a
   a referendum for immediate ceasefire and troop withdrawal
was defeated in Madison 27,533 to 20,679

April 3
King flew to Memphis from Atlanta
and checked into the Lorraine Motel
where he usually stayed

About noon a black detective
went to a back room at a nearby fire station
and taped a newspaper to a window
that looked out upon the 3rd floor balcony
of the Lorraine (King’s room)

He cut out holes in the newspaper
then put his binoculars up against them
and jotted the license plates
and names of visitors
and, as much as possible,
who did what.

The detective was joined by another black patrolman
—between them they could i.d.
virtually all the
black activists in Memphis

The march on city hall,
called for April 5,
was moved to the 8th
to wait for supporters from across the USA

King paused
for photographs
on the balcony
—maybe giving the kill team an idea—

In the early evening— not long after 7—
James Earl Ray
in role as Eric Starvo Galt
checked into the New Rebel Motel in
Memphis

There was a wild spring rain
that thrummed upon the metal roof
of the Masonic Temple

Two thousand supporters
applauded wildly
when Martin King came up the steps to the podium
like a Saint of American Truth
He had an intense awareness of the danger as he gave out his gravely, high pitched, blues-chant voice of the Numina:

“And some began to talk about the threats that were out, of what would happen to me from some of our sick white brothers... Well, I don’t know what will happen now. We’ve go some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn’t matter with me now. Because I’ve been to the mountaintop!”

There was great applause—thunder outside—lightning.

“And I don’t mind. Like anybody I would like to live... a long life. Longevity has its place. But I’m not concerned about that now... I just want to do God’s will! And He’s allowed me to go up to the mountain... And I’ve looked over, and I’ve seen the Promised land. I may not get there with you, but I want you to know, tonight, that we as a people will get to the Promised land! So, I’m happy tonight. I’m not worried about anything. I’m not fearing any man!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!”

Then he turned from the mike of prophecy drained from the thanatopsis & left the podium a moment that many have watched over the years with bitter regret

At Riverside Church on April 4, ‘67
King had said, “The greatest purveyor of violence in the world today— my own government.”

Hoover had sent a “secret” report, one of a continuing stream, to the White House on 4-19-67, with the language:

“Based on King’s recent activities and public utterances, it is clear that he is an instrument in the hands of subversive forces seeking to undermine our nation.”

By early ’68, as we have seen, Hoovy-boy was afraid of the rise
of King in a Black Messiah mode

and it occurs to me

thirty years later

that the gents of CIA Chaos

and Hoover’s right wing array

might have actually believed King

might soon be seen as a Messiah

(though King was much too guilt ridden

when you read his biographies

ever to have declared himself the M)

Just a few weeks before the shooting

Hoover prepared a lengthy report on King

his opposition to the war

the threat of the Poor People’s Campaign

his sex life,

including the Willard Hotel

“two day, drunken sex orgy”
in the Bureau’s kind words

& a section called “King’s Mistress,”

the wife of a California dentist

they surveilled him seeing.

There was a big campaign

to get King to call off the Poor People’s Campaign

It didn’t work

You can hear the chant in the halls of robokill:

“He won’t call off the PPC

He’s a Messiah

An antiwar traitor

One of his advisors is a commie

He’s a sexcrazed burrhead

(Hoover called him a burrhead)

He’s on the rise

Nothing can stop him

Hey, let’s kill him”

On April 4 at 3:15 p.m.

James Earl Ray, using the name Willard•

checked into a rooming house

whose back side

faced King’s motel

—the bathroom in the hallway had a view

of King’s door

and the balcony
on the third floor

The window was opened
a few inches
& apparently by standing in the bathtub
someone could fire a rifle
directly toward the area
of King's room

but a later judge (who was an expert at rifles)
pointed out that
Ray's rifle was a pump-action
and would have kicked back
if he had leaned the pump on the sill
as he fired
making it almost impossible
to hit his target as he
stood, maybe with one foot in the bathtub
one foot on the floor
waiting for his brief moment
in history

4:00 p.m.
Ray drove to a gun shop
in his white Mustang with Alabama plates
to purchase some binoculars

Right around then
the police pulled the only two black firemen from
the firehouse by the Lorraine
and also ordered the two black police surveillors
out of the building

5:40 p.m.
King and Abernathy came out of Rm 201 and went up
the steps to Rm 306

Just before 6
King came out onto the balcony

His associates were arrayed down below
in the courtyard
with a limousine on loan from a
local black funeral home

He stood on the balcony
for a minute or two
then back into his room

Abernathy wanted to put on after shave lotion
Not long later
King said he’d wait for him on the balcony
where he chatted with people,
including young Jesse Jackson of Chicago

It was just the moment
they all were set to walk down
the iron-edged steps

then a shot
and King fell down
blood spurting from his jaw

Certain types of secrets
are possible to keep
The Eleusinian Mysteries
were not betrayed
for 1,000s of years

An FBI agent in a car
hearing the news on the radio
shouted, “We finally got the son of a bitch!”

According to Ralph Abernathy's biography
*And the Walls Came Tumbling Down* (p. 441)

“the black woman operating the motel switchboard
at the time of the shot
...suffered a heart attack and died,
thereby making outgoing calls impossible.”
The Thicket of Mulberry Bushes Cut

You know how young mulberry trees can grow in bushlike profusion.

Photos taken at the hour of the murder show there was a profusion of mulberry by the edge of an 8-foot-tall retaining wall in back of the rooming house where a shooter might have hidden himself

(The rooming house’s backyard was higher in elevation than the street in front of the Lorraine Motel & the retaining wall dropped down from the back yard’s higher elevation to the street)

By the next day the scrub brush that stood between the bathroom window at the back of the rooming house & the retaining wall presenting clear sight difficulties for someone leaning a pump-action 30.06 on the sill of the window to focus on King on the balcony had been cut away

The Great RFK

RFK’s chartered plane was just on its way from Muncie to Indianapolis a reporter rushed up the aisle with the horror

They apparently didn’t think to ask the pilot to radio ahead so when the plane landed RFK aide Fred Dutton sprinted to airport security to confirm it

The motorcade went to the rally Kennedy spoke at once to the festive crowd
many of them black

“I have bad news for you
for all of our fellow citizens
and people who love peace all over the world
and that is that Martin Luther King was shot and killed tonight”

Kennedy spoke movingly and spontaneously
including his famous quote from Aeschylus

“My favorite poet was Aeschylus. He wrote: ‘In our sleep,
pain which cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart
until, in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom
through the awful grace of God.’”

I remembered so intensely
standing beneath a big tall elm
by the Lincoln Memorial
that hot day in August ’63
to hear King give his “I Have a Dream”
& now
I hated the guy that killed him
though nothing the repressionists
would do
by King day

surprised me

Jimi Hendrix, Buddy Guy and B.B. King
played a club in the Village
the weeping night of King•
They stood on the stage together
in the timeless agony of genius blues

It had the “threinos” —the moaning lament
of a weeping chorus
in a Greek tragedy
(let’s say the ee ee ee ee
at the end of Trojan Women)

The club passed the hat
for King’s Southern Christian Leadership Conference
and Jimi put in a check for $5,000.
That night too the beautiful Bernadine Dohrn
a graduate of University of Chicago Law
working for the National Lawyers Guild
& very active in SDS
changed into her demonstration attire
pants and loose clothing
and went up to Times Square,
weeping for King
She’d worked with him in Chicago

There was a demonstration
They ripped down signs,
broke windows
Some kids trashed a jewelry store

Even as she wept
she felt the fierce hands of Bellona
goddess of war

These were the months
in which a few young and quick
became radicals, then socialists
and even communists
in quickened time
who saw the need
for revolution now
BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY•.

On April 5
A brown envelope come to 696 E. Howard St
in Pasadena
for Sirhan Sirhan, from the Argonaut Insurance Co.
settlement at last for the ’66 fall from a horse
He’d expected $2,000. It was $1705

The Shove of Bacchus

Bacchus, as ever,
pushed into the Grief
and the Fugs flew the day after King to Cincinnati
for an arts festival

I remember how someone
at Frank O’Hara’s funeral
asked if there was a party afterwards

Sitting next to me on the plane was
a young woman
who claimed she was returning
from a tour as a hetaira for
one of Ohio’s senators

For a city that
later persecuted Mapplethorpe
there was a glut of fun in Cincinnati

for instance, a party in our motel
where a Fug (not I!) frolicked with a fan
after which they watched a Mexican vampire movie
while his toe was
moving gently
in and out of the entrance
of Venus.

Meanwhile, the same night
the bullet at the Lorraine
seemed to many
the full flaring signal
that right wing racist vomit
had won

The sword stabbed blacks
in their hoping hearts
& big riots began in D.C., Baltimore, Chicago
Detroit, Boston
and 125 other places

where 46 died
with over 20,000 arrested
55,000 troops sent to quell
stats that do not tell the pain

In chicago, for instance,
5,000 fed troops and 6,700 Illinois National Guardsmen
were dispatched to assist police

Mayor Richard Daley soon
criticized the Chicago PD
“for having failed to take more aggressive action when
the riot started.”

April 6
There was a gun fight in Oakland
’tween Black Panthers
and police

a 17 year old, Bobby Hutton, was killed
The Panther
 Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver and
Panther Warren Wells were wounded
Two policemen also hurt
8 Panthers, including Cleaver, arrested
Cleaver ultimately freed on 50k bail
(he had been paroled in ’68 after serving 9 of 14 for
’58 Calif conviction of assault with intent to kill)

April 8
Jorge Luis Borges
read poetry
at the 92nd Street Y

April 9
Gen. Creighton Abrams
became U.S. Commander in Nam
& the napalm, defoliation,
fragmentation bombs
evil’d onward.

The stock market didn’t mind the King hit
or the riots
Maybe it liked Johnson gone
and uppity King erased
the gold crisis “averted”
when on April 10
the volume of shares traded
was the greatest since the market crash of ’29

and Marianne Moore
tossed out the first pitch at Yankee Stadium.

**April 11  An Ominous Bill from the Republocrats**

Martin King’s killing
(and the riots of grief)
sped up passage of the 1968 Civil Rights Act
to ban racial discrimination in the sale or rental of
housing.

The bill was signed today

Congress slid into the Act what they called the
“Rap Brown amendment”
making it a crime to cross state lines
“with the intent to incite, organize, promote,
encourage, participate in and carry on a riot.”

Meanwhile, on Rap Brown day
25 Yippies sat in at City Hall
to get a permit for the Central Park
Yip-Out on Easter Sunday

It worked. Lindsay official Sid Davidoff negotiated with Abbie et al and with Davidoff agreeing their requests for Sheep Meadow to Parks Commissioner Heckscher. Davidoff said he’d return in an hour. He did.
Permission was granted.

And in Germany on April 11
There was the attempted rub-out of Rudi Dutschke, of the Socialist Students’ League.

This brought about huge student demonstrations throughout West Germany.

As in the U.S. the right took advantage of public dislike of protests in the street and so in the April 28 elections the right-wing National Democratic Party of Germany (Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands, or NFD) in the state elections in Baden-Württemberg made a leap in the vote count

April 11 in Lansing
a report to Kennedy’s security of a rifle on a roof
An aide came into Kennedy’s room and pulled the curtain
Kennedy, getting into a clean shirt, “Don’t close them. If they’re going to shoot they’ll shoot.”

Then the car to take him out was brought to the basement Bobbie was miffed “What’s the car doing down here?”

“We have a report— maybe serious.”

“Don’t ever do that. We always get into the car in public. We’re not going to start ducking now.”
April 15
Richard Daley announced that from now on
police would “shoot to kill” arsonists and “shoot to main” looters.
Tactless, tasteless, and out of sync
with the sounds of what was needed

But it was real
and it rhymed with a streak of meanness
in the populace

Daley picked up massive ink
for the “shoot to kill”
and the Civil Rights movement
groaned but, after King,
probably expected anything.

It’s not easy, even 30 years later,
to track the role of
Military Intelligence
in the upcoming Chicago mess

There was an Army Unit
outside Chicago
in suburban Evanston
called the 113th Military Intelligence Group

that worked with a right wing group called the Legion of Justice
to plant bugs in groups such as the
American Friends Service Committee

and to disrupt anti-war groups

This supposedly happened from ‘69 through ‘71
but didn't it happen too in ‘68?

The 113th Military Intelligence group
supplied the Legion of Justice
with mace, surveillance devices, and money
The Legion planted bugs for Mil-Int

There was a kind of “survnoia” in the era:
Military-Intelligence agents
on duty to preserve western culture
nodded in quiet dread
as they copied down the
dreadful out-of-state license plates
at the demo planning meeting.

It was around this time a few of us flew again to Chicago.
I paid for Rubin and maybe Abbie too.
I smiled seeing them in the youth fare line getting their tickets.

We met with Dick Gregory who was running for President with Mark Lane for a party called Independents of America.

Up to then we’d said we were doing the Festival of Life in Grant Park. Gregory suggested we do it instead at Lincoln Park because it was used by blacks whereas Grant was almost totally a white-zone. We agreed and Lincoln thereafter was our place.

A Good Stable Band

By the spring of ’68 the Fugs finally put together a stable and excellent band. I wanted an ensemble that could play outdoors in front of thousands and deliver thrills.

April 11 The Fugs flew to Denver to play a version of the Avalon Ballroom that had opened there then we flew the next day to San Francisco.
to play the main Avalon
April 12, 13, 14

Jim Morrison was backstage one night
in his snake skin pants
swigging from a Jim Beam bottle
a bit too wasted to ask him
to sing in Chicago

We stayed in S.F. till the 17th
with a few extra days to party

Charles Olson was in town
after the Beloit lectures
for two weeks
(He had a gig to experiment with other poets
in the new medium of video)

& staying with editor/publisher Don Allen
on the pull-out sofa in his apt on Jones St.
(Allen's Four Season Foundation would publish
Poetry and Truth
several years later)

One morning I visited Janis Joplin
who excitedly showed me a packet of seeds
Richard Brautigan had given her
with poems glued to the sides

I told her the great poet Charles Olson was in town
and would she like to meet him?

I thought maybe Olson could write some songs for her
and, well, both were single
maybe there could be some eros
between bard and blues

We went to a restaurant
in Chinatown
and since Don Allen was the
famous editor of New American Poets
and the Evergreen Review
the party was paid for by Grove Press!

Afterwards
we crowded into a booth at Gino and Carlo's
in North Beach

Olson was talking about Sutter's Mill
and the word “Donner Party”
entered the quick flow of his words.
Around then Janis went to the back
to shoot pool
and my plans for
a blues/bard romance
were racked up on the green

On April 17
The Fugs flew to Los Angeles
and stayed once again at Sandy Koufax' Tropicana
at 8585 Santa Monica Boulevard
just a few blocks from the Troubadour bar
During our two weeks in L.A.
jukeboxes everywhere were singing out
with the seething/soothing of
Leonard Cohen's “Suzanne.”
We performed on the 19th and 20th
at the Cheetah, a place built on piers
at the beach in Venice
It was like playing Coney Island
There seemed to be a glut
of bikers backstage
Some of the Straight Satans
for instance, who lived nearby
Janis came to one of the gigs
and later visited
one of the Fugs at the Tropicana
At 2 AM she decided to take a swim
I watched from the balcony
She was topless
& at first the place was desolate
but then, in minutes, the poolsides came awake!
as if it were daytime
a dogwalker standing by the bouganvillia
people holding drinks
and chatting with vigor
The front desk rang my room,
“Mr. Sanders, I'm sorry
but The Fugs will have to
leave if Miss Joplin continues
to swim
bare breasted”
Possible Career Mistake

I used to take a cab over the powdered granite hills and down into the San Fernando Valley to Burbank to visit Warner/Reprise, the Fugs recording label.

I’d talked with people at Reprise about a movie idea I had starring Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

They’d be marooned together on a Mississippi River boat in a flood.

They’d be romantically involved, as they say, and they’d sing together.

It was a good idea. Just the concept of Janis & Jimi singing together voices woven together. or maybe in call and response with Jimi’s genius guitar would have been a marvel.

I could hear her voice & his guitar & voice make hieroglyphics in my Egyptian mind.

At the Warner Brothers complex I was introduced to Ted Ashley of the Ashley Famous Agency. I got a call when the Fugs returned to New York.

They wanted to do it! I’d get my own office and secretary but I’d have to move to L.A.

I probably should have done it but, well, I was working hard on the new album at Alderson’s studio.

I’d just reopened Peace Eye on Avenue A.
so I turned it down.

As for the Fugs
for years I had accepted
the strange wisdom
that a band had to have both a rhythm guitarist
AND a lead guitarist

When we’d gone to California in February
our lead guitarist Danny Kootch
announced he was leaving
and moving to L.A.

(where he ultimately formed a songwriting team
with Don Henley of the Eagles)

After Kootch left
we did quite well with Ken Pine
as our single scorching guitarist

In another change, we copied the Mothers of Invention
and used two drummers

It caused a bit of friction with Weaver at first
but it freed him
to do his brilliant routines
& stride the stage.

While we were in L.A.
our bass player Charlie Larkey
met and fell in love with the songwriter/performer Carol King
and announced that he too
was leaving the Fugs
though he’d stay through our upcoming
Scandinavian tour

(We replaced him with Bill Wolf,
with a fine harmony voice
after which for the final months of the
Fugs’ first incarnation we stayed the same:
Pine, Mason, Wolf, Weaver, Kupferberg, and myself

We had a memorable photo shoot
for our album cover
at the Warner Brothers movie lot in Burbank
We had our pick of costumes
from the Warner Brothers wardrobe department
We ordered anything we wanted
from movies we’d seen

Larkey, for example,
perhaps under the influence of Carol King,
ordered the attire of a 19th century Viennese fop

Weaver was transformed into a horn-headed
9th century berserker

Ronald Reagan was then the right wing governor
of California

(and we would have sneered
and bet big money
 in the spring of ’68
he’d never be president)

so I ordered Reagan’s old Gipper #32
football uniform from the Knute Rockne Story
an a tuxedo from a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers move
plus an Errol Flynn D’Artagnon Renaissance
 puff sleeved outfit
 with a sword

We went to some Warner Brothers sets
The place where they shot the TV series F Troop
 with its famous falling tower
and to the sets of Camelot
and, I think, The Alamo
 (the Mission church you can
 see on the back cover of the album)

Reprise supplied some limber-limbed damzels
who frolicked with us for the session
clad in scantness
 and breasts exposed
 in the F Troop air

We learned that the Week of April 22
had been designated as “D for Decency Week” in Los Angeles
by the LA County Board of Supervisors

We noted a groovy “Stamp out Smut” poster
We couldn’t let that pass by without some fun
We selected a Supervisor named Warren Dorn for our focus
He had been particularly vehement against erotic literature

We were scheduled to play a large psychedelic club, with a rotating state, called the Kaleidoscope the weekend of April 26-27

The press release from the Kaleidoscope was headlined:
FUGS PERFORM MAGIC RITE FOR WARREN DORN DURING DECENTY WEEK

“.....The Fugs will lead a gathering of gropers, chanthers, lovers and toe freaks in a magic ceremony to be performed in a 1938 Dodge, the back seat of which is an important symbol of the American sexual revolution.

“In the parking lot of the Kaleidoscope, where they are currently engaged, the Fugs will declare National Back Seat Boogie Week and will conduct a magic rite to sensually refreshen and testicularly juvenate Supervisor Warren Dorn......”

The club had rented a searchlight the night of our rite which beamed white tunnels of psychelalic allure up toward Aquarius

There was an anarcho-Bacchic Goof Strut parade into the parking lot of the club behind the mint condition ’38 Dodge (similar to a Kienholz work at the L.A. museum)
A woman volunteer in a green down
lay supine in the back seat
holding a carrot
in a green gown
waiting to erotomotivate
into the dreams and mind of Mr. Dorn
and ball him

It had a kind of pizzazz
the visual of the woman
in rustling green
through the back seat window
as we spread a line of cornmeal around
the Dodge

& just as at the Pentagon and Senator McCarthy's grave
I tried to give the
rite my finest sing-song C chord
chanting such sizzling lines as
“I exorcise the circle in the name of the Divine Toe”
and

“Arise! Arise! Eye of Horus! Arise Toe Freaks!
Arise! Sir Francis Dashwood! Arise Tyrone Power!
Arise! Arise! Spirits of heaven! Arise William Blake!”

The green gowned deva then
suck-licked the carrot
in oneirophaleroetic mimesis
as she was “telechanted”
into Mr. Dorn's Decency Week's dreams.

Afterwards I lead the crowd
in a few minutes of “Ommmm”
and then we sang
“My Country 'Tis of Thee”

before retiring to
the Tropicana to party.

I was very tired of exorcisms
and did no more
after the carrot-licking
woman in the green dress.

Meanwhile back in New York
while I was in California
the Yippies were planning their Yip-Out
in Central Park
on Easter Sunday April 21

Theoretically,
it should have been a big event
to put the oomph back into the Festival of Life
drained by the
fear from the Yip-In.

Three days before the Yip-out
an 8 page press packet
was lofted unto the media
including a poster with a headline:
“YIP-OUT
RESURRECTION OF FREE
CENTRAL PARK/ALL DAY/EASTER SUNDAY”

“A be-in is an emotional United Nations”
the poster read

and on the cover of the packet
a couple fucking, she on top,
his hands on her ass
on top of an map of America
with a circle drawn
around Chicago

On the inside of the press packet
facing a page that contained an image of Buddha
was the kind of thing
that made the secret police
start clipping Yippie stuff for the files:
instructions on how to make a
whiskey bottle fire bomb

As for the Yip-Out
it had a kind of open-mike quality
& did not make a lasting impression
in neosocialist circles
or in the tracks of time.

April 21-May 1
Much more impressive were the
big nationwide demonstrations
organized by Students for a Democratic Society
with rallies, teach-ins, sit-ins, marches

On the 26th a million students boycotted classes
It was overshadowed by events at Columbia U
but the secret police
knew of it,
clip clip snap snap file file.

The Fugs remained a few extra days in Los Angeles
after Decency Week
waiting for some gigs in Portland and Eugene—
Five weeks was a long tour
for the hard-partying Fugs
& we missed the beginning of the Columbia take-over

I was feeling tentatively confident
even with Martin King shot
For reasons
I’m not quite able to grasp
(listening to the tape almost 30 years later)
I thought maybe Joan Baez and others
might record some of my works
—one of which was probably the only
song in the history of rock and roll
about Samuel Beckett’s character Murphy
tying himself up
in a rocking chair—

so I had an engineer
at Warner Brothers
make some copies
which I mailed here and there
in fameland

Around the time the Fugs were in L.A. that April
Dennis Wilson
drummer for the vastly successful Beach Boys
with their clear perfect harmonies
and their tunes of damozels, beaches, hotrods, surfing
   & a frozen image of summer
picked up Patricia Krenwinkel
& a Garboesque beauty named Yeller
hitching in Topanga Canyon
& brought them to his
   estate at 14440 Sunset Boulevard
once Will Rodger’s place
with a swimming pool
   shaped like the State of California

Wilson
   spent some time with them
then left them at his house
to go to a recording session
and when he returned at 3 a.m.
  there was a school bus painted all black
   with the words “Holywood Productions”
on the side

in the driveway

In his living room
was a guy with a guitar named Charles Manson
and about 20 caressing damozels
plus a few guys
   followers
living it up
in the twists of no tomorrow

the beginning of a multi-month mooch

The black bus borrowed
many concepts from the
Merry Pranksters, the Diggers,
and the Hog Farm
(such as garbage runs
   tons of good food
tossed away in California
They used Wilson’s Rolls for garbage runs)

Manson
gave away
   the drummer’s gold records
   and rock king attire
& Wilson called him the Wizard
   in interviews.

Manson had studied the guitar during long years in prison
and had a voice that attempted a vowel-path
   somewhere between Elvis and Johnny Mathis
but had a kind of watery slosh to it
like too many unknown cans in a Garbage Run soup

He hungered for subservience
hungered for a record deal
and hungered for Wilson’s fame.

**Columbia**

The roots of a grab
are never so simple
but after a long run of events
the take-over at Columbia began on the 23rd
while we were in California

The stodgy, elitist, authoritarian clique
running the university

seemed to rhyme with the kind of thing
that started wars

At a memorial for Martin King
Columbia president Grayson Kirk
refused to join hands with students
and sing “We Shall Overcome”

For several years SDS had
demanded the end of CIA recruiting on campus

The activists had several minds
which formed coalitions of agreement
on this and that
& now and then

By the fall of ’67
there was the well-known split in SDS
'tween the action faction & the praxis axis

The university proposed taking
some Harlem land for a gymnasium
with separate entrances for
students and the “community”

The IDA & its secret defense work
in an era of napalm, assassination plots,
fragmentation bombs
was an issue
The arbitrary and unilateral decisions
inged with authoritarianism
of the Columbia administration
were issues

but, of course, “The Issue is not the Issue”
the famous Berkeley slogan decreed

And so, on April 23,
there was a rally
in front of Grayson Kirk’s office
to protest the placing of 6 SDS leaders
on probation for demonstrations

which turned into an action
at the construction site
of the gym

A member of SAS (Students’ Afro-American Society)
urged the rally to storm it

A few hundred quick-walked to the gym
tearing down a fence
& blocking some construction equipment
then marched back to campus

“Seize Hamilton!” someone shouted
and then,
as natural as natural food
they took the hall,
the home of Columbia College

seizing the dean hostage

During the next three days
around 1,000 students and activists
liberated
five buildings
including the Low Library office of Grayson Kirk

One day Mathematics Hall
with its flow of numbers
the next day
it was packed with SDS and leftists
and renamed LIBERATED ZONE 5

with the red flag of Rev
and the black of Anarchia
starkly elegant, freshly defiant

Leftists also grabbed Low
Tom Hayden (non Columbia student) chaired Mathematics— he’d come over from Newark where he’d been a housing organizer Abbie Hoffman stayed there too.

Blacks were in Hamilton where they decided to toss out the SDS whitebread There was a long debate on whether to leave
Hippies and grad students in Fayerweather Visionary architects in Avery

On campus people wore colors like ancient Byzantium Red armbands for strikers Blue for jocks and conservatives White for faculty Green for amnesty supporters

There were fistfights Jocks surrounded Low threatening to evict

The Columbia take-over with its spontaneity, thrill, and sense of the forbidden and those soon in France gave millions in cadres all over the nation a false sense of standing full square on the bookcover of Turgenev’s On the Eve.

Meanwhile, on April 26 the new Sec of Defense Clark Clifford informed the press of a new riot control center at the Pentagon

honk honk go the geese of Canada

Saturday April 27 Big antiwar parade down 5th Ave to the Sheep Meadow MLK was to have been a speaker
Hair had opened on B’way
    & the middle class paid plenty
    for nipples & dongs
    & singable songs
    It was Hippie Capitalism free from
    the actual reality
    of the Lower East Side police, for instance,
    bashing the urban communes &
        crash-pads•

April 29 the Poor People’s Campaign began in DC
    without the spirit of its Genius
and then before dawn
    on the 30th
    the NYPD
    brutally removed Columbia protesters
    from five buildings they had occupied
    for several days

The police were worse than at the Yip-In
Strikers were pulled out of buildings
clubbed
    made to run whacking gauntlets
    and beaten into paddy wagons
so that of the 712 arrested
there were 148 with head injuries
and then a general strike began
    that kept the university closed
      for the rest of May

    President Kirk resigned
    de facto amnesty granted
    the university pulled out of the IDA
    & the gym was never built

    but nothing stopped the cannibal napalm
    and the brain-eating
devoration of the War Caste.
Plus, the right used Columbia to overstate the danger from SDS as when the right wing business paper called *Barron’s* warned on its front page:

“The siege tactics which disrupted Columbia... represent the latest attempt by a revolutionary movement which aims to seize first the universities and then the industries of America.”

**Liberté Égalité Fraternité**

In early May, the ghosts of 1789 danced into Paris with those three thrilling words: Liberté, Égalité and Fraternité as they do every few decades—for another great tossing it up for the Goddess of Grabs.

Back in March, there had been attacks on U.S. facilities in Paris over Vietnam, Several were arrested from the University in the Parisian suburb of Nanterre, a subsidiary of the Sorbonne. Then students had taken over the administrative building of the faculty.

Though there’s no movement in World Civ with more splintery factions than the French Left at that moment, March 22, seemingly led by Daniel Cohn-Bendit, a coalition of Guevarists, Anarchists, and Trotskyites from the Nanterre faculty formed a coalition to occupy the college.

This was the movement known as Le 22 Mars. They were driven out of the buildings and on May 3 took refuge at the
Sorbonne in Paris

It was then the ghosts of '89
did the World is Watching dance of '68

and the well-organized cadres
of various factions
went into a rock-throwing,
car-burning, poster-pasting,
barricade building
war with the bourgeois State.

Throughout the May month
there were riots
and just about every university
in the nation
was closed.

The smell, touch and sound of it
was caught in a fine piece
by Jean-Jacques Lebel
published in the U.S. underground papers

how “the non-stalinist nuances on the extreme left”
were yearning in desperation
for a revolution

The Trotskyist students
had about 2,000 disciplined members
and were active on the streets
Their paper was REVOLTES
Another Trotskyist faction had
a paper called AVANT-GARDE

Lebel judged them
“the most active, determined and spontaneously
revolutionary force in the movement. The bourgeois
and stalinist press picked out one of them,
Cohn-Bendit, and made him famous by insulting him
and slandering him.”

Grabs brought forth the
invisible keys to the nation
& tossed them into the sooty air

A million took to the streets
in a spontaneous swell
“At last the spark has caught the wick,”
Jean-Jacques wrote
“Of course, the general feeling is of trance. We are high, higher than on a psychovitamin trip, high of Great Marriage of our creative subconscious poetic energies and of the revolutionary collective consciousness, high like coming out of the long nothingness which was being caught in the fascist structure, high of having surpassed our egos at last and flowing into a vast electric current, high like zombies suddenly turned into human beings and saying ‘WE EXIST, WE ARE ALIVE.’"

The radio kept people at barricades informed of what’s happening

20,000 students occupied the Latin Quarter

Barge traffic stopped, the ports shut down
No trains  No planes
No mail

It was much much more connected with the workers than in the United States

When workers are well organized that is, “know the new facts early” they can respond very quickly when industry tries to lower conditions and so in France in ’68 farmers on their tractors came to the cities, joining students demanding: full employment fair taxation higher income larger voice in government
It wasn't just students
and the crisis was sudden
thus revealing
the power of hidden conflicts
in back of the pompous masks
of the Gaullist government

The government
managed to build up vast gold reserves
while spending plenty of money
and they tried to suck the costs
out of the workers

The French know how
to mobilize
for instant strikes
It's one of their glories.

As a result there was the Grenoble Protocol
in which French industrialists
had to give 10% wage increases in '68
plus rises in industrial min wage and agricultural min wage
& 1 to 2 hour work week reductions!!

Even though I was
following France
in newspapers
from the road

I could feel the thrill of
those ghosts of '89

_Liberté Fraternité Égalité_

**Chant to Posters**
It was a year of marvelous posters especially in France

This is a chant to all the beautiful protest posters
  made in the haste of going
  made in the church basements
  made in the dorms
  made on the hoods of autos
  made in the union hall

This is a chant to all the beautiful protest posters
  —oak tag, markers, paint, glue, brushes, ahh
  the brush strokes of ten million posters of '68
  glow in a galaxy somewhere
    like a glyphic trail
    or "The Golden Thread of Ariadne"!!

On May 2
  thirty jets
  flew over Jerusalem
    in the shape of a Star of David
  with clouds behind them
  for Israel's 20th anniversary celebration

---

**Robo by May**

If we accept the paradigm
  of it taking the CIA robo-washers
  a few months to program
    a killer

  then Sirhan was likely a robo-killer by May

I think that the intelligence agency robot-makers
  had public interfaces,
    probably some hypnotists & hypnotist-doctors in L.A.

recruited killers
  did background checks
    and did their work on them
preparing them to kill

I have in mind a
place where
Sirhan Sirhan
might have been robo-washed
in L.A.

Robowashing, serial murder, napalm,
what a century!

but far from the thoughts of the Fugs
when we flew up to Portland May 3
after our fun in L.A.
for a gig there
and the next day in Eugene
the students were occupying the streets of Paris
just about the time
we played at a club called the Lemon Tree
by a beaver pond

Before the performance
I walked out to water's edge
I had to go back in my mind
to the lakes of my youth
to Olson's Belovéd Lake
to find such a sense of peace
or Elvis Presley’s rendition of
"Peace in the Valley"
which helped me through
the grief of my mother's death

The beaver pond
by the Lemon Tree
was the best time for me in ’68

and I jotted it down for the files:

"From an Oregon Tour"

(a)
Do not treat us a loathsome dirt
o God,

who have not chosen,
nor kill us too soon
before we might have
touched or seen.

I will brave
the twistings of wind,

to meet Thee
above the v-shaped
trail of the beaver
in the stream.

I will hold within
the shriveled core of fear,

that I might find
Thee in the spirits

of the glen
in the first-glazed
ghosts of mist I see adrift awhirl aswirl
upon the dusk-ivory water

in some body-sense of pax
at last
after 28 young years

(b)

the steam rises above the broken branches
the beaver seen from the window of the nightclub
mixed-log harmony
fills us with longing for the unutterable modes
of the marvelous
before we must climb onto the stage and sing
to the buckskin paisley painted patrons.

It will not be for long
that we will be alone
we are the batter
poured and impuissant.

After that jotting
   I left the mixed-log harmony of
the beaver dam,
and sang, drank, smoked pot & partied.
The Fugs were back in the Lower East Side the 4th of May when

Native Dancer’s son
  Dancer’s Image
won the Kentucky Derby by a length and a half
but then a piss-check
  while they were wiping it down
by a Racing Commission chemist
showed traces of the anti-inflammatory drug
  phenylbutazone

and Dancer’s Image was disqualified,
but later, under appeal,
  the victory was upheld

as the surge toward
the monitoring of fluids
  continued.

We heard how brutal the police had been at Columbia

Tuli and I went up there
to read some poetry
  and give support to the strikers

just as *Rosemary’s Baby* was getting ready to open
  and the oo-ee-oo of its soundtrack
grew louder and louder

**Millions of Hands**

Meanwhile, in skillful use of the motorcade
Robert Kennedy had opened
  the populist page
his family so skillfully
  was able to open

His motorcades
  with RFK in an open convertible
pulsed from black to brown to ethnic neighborhoods
  and always they poured to the sidewalks
black hands, pole hands, irish hands, czech hands

as if on some img dream-time cave wall
  reaching for the promise
of America
that Kennedy was chanting

Kennedy looked down from his open car
toward dusk
he could tell the neighborhood had changed
by the color of the hands outstretched
the accents of those that shouted
and the names on stores

and then at night
his security team would hide the autos
  to prevent creeps from wiring bombs

May 6
  the Monday before the Indiana primary
  he motorcaded for 14 hours
  across the south of the state
  At 1:30 am in Indianapolis
    he went to Sam’s Attic
      with friends
        and had food
      answered q’s
      his hands red
        from thousandfold shakings

till after 3
and then at 11 am
RFK played touch football
  on the lawn of the Holiday Inn

and then in the evening to learn
  he’d won his first primary!

I liked Robert Kennedy
  I was hungering for his Presidency
    Jack Newfield once told me
      RFK frowned at cursing on his staff
    I thought,
      “better a liberal puritan
        than a dirty-mouthed part-fascist populist”

Kennedy reached out to writers like Jack Newfield &
  Bud Schulberg, and to activists like Tom Hayden.
Hayden had been invited to Kennedy’s house
  to talk about issues.

The Yippies I remember were glum
Kennedy was able to reach out to the people
in ways that war-painted dopesters
could not

& the rock stars had run from Yippie
like bad acid

and so, with dwindling vim,
a plan had evolved for the Yippies to take a few
psychedelic buses
teepees and YIP-yurts
on a cross-country jaunt to
the Democratic convention

**FBI Seeks Depravo Data**

Meanwhile, the FBI set up in early May a
a new branch of its Counterintelligence Program
on the New Left

One of the first goals was to smear what they called
Key Activists—
a Bureau Memorandum of 5-9-68 stark-inked it:

“The New Left has on many occasions viciously and scurrilously attacked the Director and the Bureau in an attempt to hamper our investigation of it and to drive us off the college campuses. With this in mind, it is our recommendation that a new Counterintelligence Program be designed to neutralize the New Left and the Key Activists...

“The purpose of this program is to expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize the activities of this groups and persons connected with it....”

All FBI offices
were required to “submit an analysis of possible counterintelligence operations on the New Left and on the Key Activists on or before 6-1-68.”

The secret police
looked in behind the leaflets
& rubbed their hands in glee
how easy how pleasly
to ruin the left

They got professors fired
They stirred up trouble
with credit agencies
They fired off anonymous hate-stir letters
by the hostile bushel
They set up faction 'gainst faction
evil for good
and laid down a sneer-song in the time-track

The Fugs went on a tour
of Sweden and Denmark
      May 6-13
with the bands Ten Years After
      and Fleetwood Mac

Fleetwood, which later filled hockey arenas,
      was our opening act

It coincided with all the action in France

Monday May 6 a tour-opening press conference
               at Jazz House, Montmartre
               in Copenhagen

Tuesday May 7 Two concerts
               Falkoner Centret
               Copenhagen

Wednesday May 8 Fugs press conference in Gothenberg
      and then, that night, a shocking concert
      by Bill Haley and the Comets
               at the big city auditorium.

The crowd chanted,
"Ve want Beill Haley! ve want Beill Haley!"
      and I saw that Haley was doing almost the
SAME SET as when I saw him
      at the Municipal Auditorium
      in Kansas City in 1956!

Rudy got up on his standup bass and rode it,
      just as in '56

Thursday May 9
Two concerts at Liseberg, Gothenberg

On May 10 we flew to Stockholm
      for a TV show
      a meeting with American draft resisters
      and two performances at Congress Hall

while in Paris the same day
the group known as Le 22 Mars
invaded a class on Nietzsche
      and demanded participation
      in the General Strike
The faculty voted to strike

and the demos took over the Latin Quarter by midnight

a set of days when in Paris
the police attacked the barricades
police rise up to take on the 20,000

The Fugs on the 11th flew up near the Arctic Circle
to Umea to sing at the University

and the 12th south to Copenhagen
for two gigs at the Studenterforeningen

The next day we took the hydrofoil across the harbor to Lund, Sweden
two concerts at the University
and a visit to the famous pornographic art show

In France
On the 13th a day and night of nationwide strike by 100s of 1,000s
and on the 14th students occupy the Sorbonne

as we boarded the SAS flight back to the U.S.
**Trying to Finish an Album**

Right away I leaped back
into sessions for the album
I was making long lists
of possible album titles
It got down to where it was either
*Rapture of the Deep*
(Miriam's idea)
or *It Crawled into My Hand, Honest*

It was getting expensive
I didn't like a number of the tunes recorded
back in March and April
and shifted directions

May 17
Fathers Dan and Philip Berrigan
John Hogan, Tom Lewis and George Mische
removed the draft files
from a draft board in Catonsville, Md
and burned them outside
with homemade napalm

May 18
The 9:45 a.m. entry in Sirhan Sirhan's diary:

“My determination to eliminate R.F.K. is becoming more the more of an unshakable obsession port wine port wine port wine R.F.K. must die— RFK must be killed
Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated R.F.K. must be assassinated R. E K must be assassinated R.F.K. must be assassinated...

and repeated nine more times before the grim words:

“Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated before 5 June ’68....”

Although it appears to me that the words “5 June ’68”
were written in a different handwriting
and that at least some of the entries in this diary
might have been written during robo-programo-kill-mumble
or by others
Anything mentioned in the presence of a subject under hypnosis is automatically etched into his mind especially if it comes from the hypnotist, and it might flow out at any time

Therefore, could Sirhan have quick-written some of his notebooks in a “trance regression”

On May 20
There was a benefit for the Black Panthers at Bill Graham’s Fillmore East on 2nd Avenue
The reviewer for RAT Subterranean News walked out in disgust at the black is good/white is trash tone of the perf-flow

On the same day
millions in France occupied factories, offices, mines and on May 23 riots began again in Paris
The May-June French strikes kept the French economy from heaving the usual money to the control class

But, just as in the USA,
it didn’t take too many burnt cars
for regular folk
to have had it with street strife
so that by the end of June
the Gaullists had gained almost 100 seats
in the French Assembly

and of course the riots quelled not the flow of Ploutos
At the Palais Galliéra
in Paris
someone plunked down $85,000
for a Louis IV lacquer commode

Flow on!
Flow on!

and in New York
Elizabeth Taylor set a world’s record
for an emerald-cut diamond of 33.19 carats
$305K
at Parke-Bernet’s

Flow, Ploutos, flow!

The valedictorian
at the Dartmouth graduation
urged his classmates to dodge the draft
and go to Canada

& the War Caste gritted its teeth

Honk honk
go the geese of Canada

May 26 Robert Kennedy spoke
at a synagogue in Portland
wearing a yarmulke
& vowing unwavering commitment
to Israel

Kennedy’s talk was seen around the nation
apparently also by Sirhan Sirhan
who seems to have left the room
with his hands on his ears

During his run for the Presidency
the Senator spoke of his doubts
about his brother’s assassination
A person close to RFK determined that Kennedy was doing his own investigation of JFK.

Kennedy was bothered by an AP story from Oxnard, Calif on 11-23-63:

“A telephone company executive said that 20 minutes before President Kennedy was assassinated a woman caller was overheard whispering:

“The President is going to be killed.’

“Ray Sheehan, manager of the Oxnard division of general Telephone Company, said the caller ‘stumbled into our operator’s circuits,’ perhaps by misdialing.

“Sheehan said the woman ‘seemed to be a little bit disturbed.’ Besides predicting the President’s death, he said, she ‘mumbled several incoherent things.’

“Sheehan said the call was reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Los Angeles but not until after the President had been shot. Until then, he said, it appeared to have been just another crank call.

“Sheehan said there was no way to trace the call. All he could say was that it originated in the Oxnard-Camarillo area some 50 miles north of Los Angeles.

“The FBI in Los Angeles declined to comment.

“Sheehan said one telephone supervisor called another one onto her line after getting the call. He said both supervisors heard the woman say the President would be killed.

“Sheehan said the call was received at 10:10 A.M., Pacific time.

“The President was shot in Dallas shortly after 10:30 A.M.

“Sheehan said he doesn’t think the caller was ever connected with another party. He said she may not have known she had supervisors on the line and may have just been talking to no one in particular.”

In late May of ’68

RFK was flying up and down for votes in the California and Oregon primaries.

During a stop in Oregon

Kennedy told a friend that he intended to stop off in Oxnard to try to learn anything more about the strange phone call.

On May 28

Kennedy did fly into Oxnard & disappeared for two hours. When he returned he said he had lost his hat and had spent the two hours looking for it.
He was delayed returning to Oregon
The official excuse was
  foggy flying conditions

The Oxnard day
  was primary day in Oregon
Kennedy lost to McCarthy  44.7 percent to 38.8

In the hotel in Portland
Kennedy came down
  through the hotel kitchen
  to address his supporters
  in the ballroom

something Sirhan's handlers might well have noted.

By the time Kennedy had given his
  speech of defeat that night
Sirhan had left
a meeting of the Rosicrucian Society
  at 2031 East Villa
  in Pasadena

May 30
The Beatles began the White Double Album
  at the Abbey Road studios in London
Yoko Ono was on hand for the first time
as the young men
did take one through eighteen
  of “Revolution 1”

  —the last six minutes of the final take
  were used as “Revolution 9”

Our managers,
  Peter Edmiston & Charles Rothschild
had booked us into Bill Graham's
  Fillmore East
  May 31-June 1
and I decided to record them
  for a live album

Moby Grape and Gary Burton
  were on the same bill

(The Fugs had performed at Graham's first production
  a benefit for the S.F. Mime Troupe in the fall of '65
  with the Mothers of Invention and others.)
He’d written us a couple of times
wanting us to perform
at the Fillmore

and now it was happening)

I added some musicians to our lineup
so that we were eleven on stage
and laid down the tracks
for the album called *Golden Filth*.•

It wasn’t our finest
though fans keep talking about it
decades later

I recall how during the intro to one of our tunes
we analyzed Robert Kennedy
for his putative ruthlessness
& a Fug (not me) called him
an “amphetamine wolverine,”
which we later edited out of the time-flow

**Warhol**

A writer named Valerie Solanas
had visited me at Peace Eye
with a 21 page manuscript she asked me to publish
called the S.C.U.M. Manifesto

SCUM, of course, was the Society to Cut Up Men
and began
“Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore
and no aspect of society being at all relevant
to women, there remains to civic-minded,
responsible, thrill-seeking females only to
overthrow the government, eliminate the money
system, institute complete automation and
destroy the male sex.”

I’d had it a while
She’d stopped by Peace Eye
a couple of times
wanting to know if I were going to print it
Then she’d left a note
in late May
she wanted the manuscript back
I got the impression from my staff
she was miffed
Valerie had submitted the S.C.U.M. Manifesto to Maurice Girodias at Olympia Press and she was miffed at him also

She’d had a part in Andy Warhol’s *I, A Man* reportedly as a tough lesbian who turns down a pick-up ploy from a guy in an elevator

She’d submitted a film script a bit too erotic for Andy and somehow building up toward June came to believe he was stealing her intellectual property

That spring Warhol had moved his famous “Factory” a combination salon, in-crowd scrounge lounge, and a film/art production studio from 47th Street to a 4th floor place at 33 Union Square on the north side of the park. It was more of a movie set with two big rooms and a projection booth

Late Monday afternoon, June 3 Valerie Solanas took the elevator to the 4th floor She’d had come by earlier in the afternoon looking for Mr. W

This time Warhol was there, as were Paul Morrissey, Fred Hughes, and the publisher of an English art magazine, Mario Amaya.

It may have been an error for Mr. Hughes to greet the author with “You still writing dirty books, Valerie?”

The telephone rang and Andy was on the phone with the writer known as Viva, star of *Nude Restaurant* and *Chelsea Girls*

Solanas slid a .32 automatic out of her trenchcoat and aimed it at Warhol, who shouted, “Valerie! Don’t do it! No! No!”
and pinged him
She then chased Mario Amaya and shot him also
Amaya fled bleeding into the other room
and held the door
while Solanas shoved against it
apparently intent on further pinging
Paul Morrisey sprinted into the projection room
and watched her through the small window
The author of the S.C.U.M. Manifesto
next sought to ping the
young man named Hughes
who had punched the elevator button
while she was trying to push open
the door the wounded Amaya
was holding shut
Hughes dropped to his knees
and begged of his innocence
and was still in the beseeching mode
when the elevator opened
& Solanas
fled downward
Someone telephoned Avenue A that Valerie
had shot Andy
Uh oh, I thought.
I was afraid she might next be visiting
the Peace Eye bookstore,
just down the street from our apartment
to ping me for not publishing her manifesto
and so I stayed indoors
till she turned herself in three hours later
on Times Square.
Warhol survived
& Valerie Solanas was sent first to Bellevue
then to Elmhurst Hospital
as a bonk bonk
June 3
was the final day of the California campaign
RFK flew L.A. to S.F.
for a motorcade
The streets were 3-deep
Bobbie and Ethel
stood in the back seat.
In Chinatown
six loud shots
Ethel sat down at once
hunched over
but RFK stood in place
waving and smiling
as the cherry bombs banged

Then down to a park
jammed with 6,000
in Long Beach
He was very very tired
Then a motorcade through Watts
Then to Venice by the beach
RFK sipping bottle after bottle
of ginger ale
And a final rally in San Diego
so tired he had to leave
to sit head in hands
on the stairs from the stage
before he could return
to finish his words
and hear Andy Williams Sing

June 4
John Lennon rerecorded the lead vocal
for “Revolution”
lying flat on his back
at the studio on Abbey Road

That afternoon
Sirhan Sirhan went target practicing
in the company of a pretty young woman
quick-firing 300 to 400 rounds with a .22
at the San Gabriel Valley Gun Club
in Duarte, not far from his Pasadena house.

the same day Soviet tanks and troops
shoved inward into Czechoslovakia
ostensibly for maneuvers

but excuses were found for leaving them•

Robert and Ethel Kennedy
spent the night in Malibu
at the home of John Frankenheimer
(who’d been making a film of RFK)
Six out of ten of the kids were on hand
The author Theodore White was there for lunch

In the afternoon
there was a ten mile wind and cold surf
and some went swimming

RFK in trunks
  took 12 yr old David and 3 yr Max
to the beach
  and helped with a sand castle

He saw their son David
  being pulled down by an undertow
  and swam in and saved him

Then they swam at the house pool
A CBS check of 400 precincts
showed Kennedy leading 49 to 41 o’er McC.
They called K’s staff at 3 p.m. with the news

There was a staff meeting in Malibu
on how to patch up things with McC
  & Humphrey
  & win over guys like
  Daley of Chi

RFK took a nap
A couple of close RFK aides
bought themselves bright-hued hippie attire
to wear to the victory party
  that night at a discotheque called The Factory

John Frankenheimer invited
  some hollywood people over
  for an early dinner

Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski
  in the success of Rosemary’s Baby
  and six others
RFK was eager to get to his headquarters
  at the Ambassador.

Just about then Sirhan Sirhan
  was taking his supper
  at a Bob’s Big Boy
  after .22 practice at the gun club
RFK was eager to head for the Ambassador Hotel in downtown L.A.

so around 6:30 John Frankenheimer himself
drove the winner in his Rolls Royce
to victory headquarters

(Apparently Ethel was not quite ready,
and went to the hotel a bit later.

The children were to be transported to a bungalow at the
Beverly Hills Hotel)

(According to an FBI file of an interview with one Peter P. Smith,
an advance man for RFK, who ran his L.A. motorcades,
the police issued tickets to Kennedy motorcades

“He said that when Senator Kennedy and his party came off the freeway into L.A. they
were met by the police and told that they could not run any lights. He said that after
they proceeded several blocks the crowds began to gather each time the motorcade
stopped for a light and that finally the police returned and because they were halting
traffic they, the police, took them straight on through the traffic lights to their destina-
tion in downtown Los Angeles. He said that then the police issued the motorcade cita-
tions for passing the traffic lights.)

Kennedy went up to the Royal Suite on the 5th floor
of the 600 room Ambassador
the same hotel in which the FBI
had once bugged Martin King
looking for smut

The California polls closed at 8
There was some sort of computer breakdown in L.A.
delaying the count

First CBS predicted victory, then NBC. It was already midnight in the
East, and the TV audience was ready for sleep

RFK was both nervous & elated
His son David in blue blazer & grey slacks was by his side,
plus Michael, Courtney, Kerry,
and a springer spaniel named Freckles

Ethel was wearing an orange and white minidress by Courreges
horizontal stripes above the midriff, large circles below
with white stockings
In the Embassy room the crowd was up maybe 1,800
way above fire code,
    and it was very very warm
The overflow went down one floor
to the Ambassador Ballroom

One thing the thousands of pages of FBI files reveal
    was how many film crews
from around the world
were positioned in the ballroom

I figure the killers
    had a TV team in the ballroom
    with radio ear piece contact
    with Sirhan’s baby sitters

Sirhan Sirhan had arrived
He’d had a few Tom Collins
Later he couldn’t recall
    even under hypnosis
    much of what he did
He went back to his DeSoto
    and brought back his .22
He was seen with a cute young woman
    in a polkdot dress

About 10:30
    a Western Union teletype operator
noticed that Sirhan had come over to
    her machine and stood there staring at it
She asked him what he wanted.
    He didn’t answer, just kept staring
She asked him again
    He just kept staring,
She said that if he wanted the latest figures on Kennedy
he’d have to look at the other machine
    He just kept staring,
RFK Must Die

Outside RFK’s door at the hotel
were plenty of reporters
    plus a woman with a walky-talky,
    for instance
so that a spotter for the kill-team
    could have easily been there unnoticed

RFK went down one flight to
    speak with NBC
then back up to do the same with CBS,
then ABC, then Metromedia
He was pitching McCarthy and his supporters
to join him to deny Humphrey the
nomination

California was not quite the final contest
Coming up was the June 18 New York selection of delegates
& other struggles
to convince party powers

(There were only 13 primaries in 1968:
   New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Indiana, District of C, Nebraska,
   Oregon, California and South D,
   Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey,
   Massachusetts, and Florida)

Back in his suite
he chatted with Budd Schulberg
    and some of his staff
on what to say
He had a gulp of ginger ale
Scanned himself in a mirror
then he was urged to go down

As he left he asked that Al Lowenstein be called
   (organizer of the ’67 Dump Johnson movement)
in New York
to say that RFK would call him
   right after the victory speech.

RFK wanted to use the same path downward
   as back in Oregon

Very likely his decision
to use the kitchen path
    was noted over radios

    The went down a freight elevator
    and through the kitchen
    into the Embassy Room

It was a time of playful joy
He congratulated
Don Drysdale of the Dodgers
who’d just won a 3 hit shutout

“He pitched his sixth straight shutout tonight
and I hope we have as good fortune
in our campaign.”

He thanked those who’d helped him
It was very very hot in the ballroom

The pregnant Ethel Kennedy
required security protection
during the speech

on the platform
—the area was shovy-packed,
and one particular cameraman
kept pushing against Ethel—

She complained
(his was situated
right behind her)

“Rosey Grier grabbed him
from behind, placing
one hand around his stomach,
so as to prevent him
from being pushed into Mrs. Kennedy”

(FBI KENSAULT interview report)•

The decision
was made by Kennedy’s staff
to do a session
— with the pencil press
in the Colonial Room

His security guys were prepared
to take him to the pencils
by side steps off the stage

The winner of California’s 178 delegates
congratulated McCarthy
He pointed out that the
“country wants to move in a different direction,
we want to to deal with our own problems
within our country,
—and we want peace in Vietnam.”

He was looking forward to “a dialogue, or a debate,”
with Humphrey
“on what direction we want to go in; what we are
going to do in the rural areas of our country, what we
are going to do with those who still suffer
within the United States from hunger.... and whether we're going to continue the policies that have been so unsuccessful in Vietnam....”

Then he finished,
“We are a great country, an unselfish country, a compassionate country and I intend to make that my basis for running..... so my thanks to all of you and now on to Chicago and let’s win there.”

The crowd chanted
in a powerful rhythm
“We want Bobby, we want Bobby.....”

The orchestra may have been playing
Woody Guthrie’s “This Land is Your Land” as the Kennedys made to leave

His body guards
Olympic hero Rafer Johnson
and huge LA Rams tackle Rosy Grier
started to help clear a path to Kennedy’s left

Another tried to lead him to the right but a maître d' named Karl Uecker parted the gold curtain to the rear and lead Kennedy off the platform’s back toward the service pantry and the kitchen

Uecker pulled him along toward a deathly right down an incline and through the double door of the service pantry

It was hasty
“Slow down!” someone cried. “You’re getting ahead of everyone!”

The bodyguards were not yet caught up

On the right was a large floor-to-ceiling icemaking machine
Near it was a low tray-stacker
On the left were two stainless steel steam tables
that narrowed the passage
at one spot to about 6 feet

Sirhan, in a powder blue sports coat
with his .22 stick into his waist
had been standing on top the tray stacker
with a woman in a polkadot dress
Maybe she was whispering his
final wire-up

Now he had gotten down
and was waiting
in the gloom

There was a sign,
THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING
on the kitchen wall

Kennedy stopped by the ice machine
He was about 30 feet from his destination
of a press conference
in the Colonial Room

Then there were shots
Witnesses gave differing accounts of the number
There was an initial quick popping sound
then a rapid series
pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop

A man named Thomas Vincent Di Pierro,
son of a maitre d’ at the Ambassador
spoke of it to the FBI
very soon after
in the time of fresh memory:

“I observed a white male and a white female standing on a tray holder at the opposite end of the ice machine which is approximately 12-15 feet away. This white male turned toward the white female and appeared to converse with her very briefly. He then dismounted from the tray holder (and) went into the crowd and I did not observe him until shortly thereafter when I then saw him standing at the heating cabinet behind Mr. Karl Uecker, another hotel employee. I did not see this white female again after this time.

“As Senator Kennedy shook the hand of the hotel cook he then turned to his right in the direction of the heating cabinet and that time I saw the white male who was previously standing on the tray cabinet. I saw this individual reach his right arm around Mr. Uecker and in his hand he had a revolver which was pointed directly at Senator
Kennedy’s head...."
(Vincent Di Pierro to FBI 6-7-68)•

The woman with whom Sirhan talked on the tray table Di Pierro described as a white female, 21 to 25, wearing a form-fitting scoop neck dress. "The dress appeared to have black or dark violet polka dots."

A guy named Thane Eugene Cesar worked a full day at Lockheed as a maintenance plumber and got home (in Simi) to receive a call from Ace Guard Service (where he worked part time) to go to the Ambassador for guard duty that night.

Cesar has assigned to escort Kennedy into the Colonial Room. He apparently grabbed RFK’s right arm with his left and began pushing back the crowd in the pantry with his right before Sirhan fired.

Cesar spotted the gun and saw a red flash from the nozzle. He told the police, “I ducked, because I was a close as Kennedy was. When I ducked, I threw myself off balance and fell back.... And when I hit...I fell against the iceboxes and the Senator fell down right in front of me.”

Cesar apparently drew his gun a source of much speculation by conspiracy buffs. He said he pulled his gun after the shots and went to Kennedy’s side “to protect him from further attack.”

(Writer/sleuth Philip Melanson later interviewed a witness who saw ANOTHER person fire a gun in the pantry)

Dr. Stanley Abo, summoned from the crowd, found RFK holding his beads & crucifix

“Ethel... Ethel
It’s all right
It’s ok,"
RFK said,
his body contorting

Pete Hamill looked at his watch:
12:15 AM

Here’s What I Believe:
I believe that King and Kennedy
were assassinated
    by U.S. Clandestine Intelligence Agencies
probably by the CIA
but I wouldn’t put it beyond a few violent guys
    in, say, Naval Intelligence either

& that Sirhan was robowashed
    by secret government experts
and maybe also have worked on J. Earl Ray
    in L.A.

That’s what I believe
Have believed for a long time

On Avenue A
we had watched the speech
and still had the television lit
when the gun by the icemachine fired

In Chekhov’s story, “Rothschild’s Fiddle”
the dying coffinmaker Yakov
    plays a tune for the Jewish musician Rothschild
who later performs the melody
“so passionately sad and full of grief
    that the listeners weep”

All that night
the strings of Rothschild's fiddle
trembled my soul
It was the kind of night
    that made one want to join
an intentional community.

Drear morn droned drear
on a destiny day
I awakened in a pit of ashes
forlorn and bereft
    out of sorts with America
& wanting a different life
when Jerry Rubin called around noon.
   “Did you hear the good news?” he asked.
   “What good news are you talking about?” I replied.

   “About Bobbie. Now we can go to Chicago!”

   I let what he said
   pass by in silence
   though I felt more alienated
   than someone crawling
   in a Beckett novel

Jerry Rubin probably wasn’t the only one
exulting over RFK.
Although there are no smoking stockings, of course,
I picture J.Edgar Hoover
rewarding himself with a little lipstick
   some rouge, a wig perhaps,
pulling his garter belt
   upon his fresh shaved legs
& maybe clicking around his room
   in spike heels
to some records
   he’d gotten as gifts
   at an o.c. casino

June 8
   The robo-hobo James Earl Ray
   was arrested by Scotland Yard at Heathrow in London

June 10, 11, 12, 13, 20-22
   The obla-di obla-da factor
   suffused the sorrow
   and wiped into the grief for RFK
   in the convolutions of an art project
   just as the plans for the Pentagon Exorcism
   had ebbed the grief for Groovy
   the preceding fall•
   or touring did for Memphis

so that less than a week after RFK
   the Fugs began 7
   long and exhausting days recording
   at Richard Alderson’s Impact Sound
   on It Crawled into My Hand, Honest

I wanted the second side of the record
   to be like a long collage

I was working with the composer Burton Green
on a long piece, with words, called Beautyway
    named after a Navaho ceremonial
    and we were recording it

but it was not to wind up on the album.

Things were getting expensive: It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest
    would wind up costing about $25,000

I abandoned the long, complicated “Magic Rite”
    that we had recorded early in the year
    because I was getting
disgusted with the fake short-cuts
    which substituted
    for real change

(I finally used a short snippet of it on the record—
    the “Irene (Peace)” section at the end of side two)

And I gave up also a tune called
    “The Vision of William Blake’s Garden”
(a version of which can be heard on our CD
    Fugs Live From the Sixties,
    from our spring '69 concert at Rice University)
Now, thirty years later, I sorely wish we’d finished
    “William Blake’s Garden”
    We’d planned to use Olson’s mantram
    “Act in Creation/Arouse the Nation
    Blood is the food of those gone Mad!”
    as a chanted preamble.

The year had such a frantic pace
I had to abandoned a number of projects
    especially in publishing•

Janis kept me apprised of the various famous men
    she’d been balling
and it helped inspire a publication
    called “Greta Garbo’s Mouth”
    which was to feature salacious gossip
    from the world of rock and roll
    & the counterculture

In my notebooks are various scandalous
    entries
    such as her comment to me
    after making it with Jim Morrison
Pot busts have often been a government tool
to twist the lives of activists

On June 13
narcotics officers showed up at the pad of
Jerry Rubin and Nancy Kurshan
They said they were investigating a murder in the Bronx
They shoved in
They had no warrant
They roughed him up
They tore up his poster of Fidel
and called him a Commie
They took him down to the Tombs
for possession of bu
To me it looked like another
instance of pot laws being used
against the counterculture

I didn’t like it
I’d resented it when the Feds tried
to set up Allen Ginsberg for a pot bust back in ’65
and so at Peace Eye the next day
I mimeo’d a leaflet
and had it distributed
around Tompkins Park and
over by Gem Spa on 2nd Avenue:

“Last night Jerry Rubin’s apartment was invaded by detectives who were more interested in politics than pot. He was busted on a felony rap because he allegedly had more than a quarter of an ounce. The cops made a point of checking telephone directories, files of letters and ripping up posters of Ché and Fidel. The cops were eager for any information regarding the Yippies, Chicago, and
ESSO (The East Side Service Organization, a help-the-hippies umbrella group that had gotten money from the city). Jerry was repeatedly beaten although no charge of resisting arrest was lodged. Jerry required medical treatment and had a broken coccyx bone in addition to other injuries. The androids repeatedly called him a Communist. His apartment is in total shambles. Bail was $1,000 with no cash alternative because the Legal Aid lawyer told him he had tried to wreck Columbia and he wouldn’t help him. Bail was raised by all-night canvassing.”

William Kunstler defended him
“This is clearly a political arrest,” said Kunstler, “and an attempt to stifle the Yippie demonstrations in Chicago this summer.”

Government pressure weighed against psychedelia against guys like Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary and forced them to change their rap just as it did against Blake or an ancient Egyptian stonemason wanting to experiment with changes in glyphs

June 19
50,000 took part in a Solidarity Day March in D.C. to end the Poor People’s Campaign

It showed how much things had changed with the death of King for King had vowed that the campaign would continue growing and growing till the government actually did something about “jobs, income and a decent life”

Hoover and the CIA no doubt were happy that Zorro was under the sod and all this talk about the poor there with him in the dark farm of Dis.

The same day as the big march Marge Piercy read her poetry as part of the series, “SDS on WBAI, 99.5 FM”

June saw Lee Trevino win the U.S. open
Stan Freberg’s TV commercial for Jeno’s frozen pizza, starring the Lone Ranger and Tonto, pick up awards at the American Television and Radio Commercials Festival

**The Law Commune**

A kid named Jerry Lefcourt graduated from NYU same year as I did, ’64 then made it through Brooklyn Law in ’67 and went to work for Legal Aid In ’68 he organized a group of attorneys in Legal Aid to protest working conditions and was fired in July He sued Legal Aid that his free speech was violated He was rep’d by William Kunstler lost case then appealed

His sister-in-law, Carol Hoffman Lefcourt graduated from Brooklyn Law in ’68 She too was hungry go to the roots and joined with Jerry & some other young lawyers in the coming months to found the New York Law Commune (Later she wrote NY’s important child-support legislation)

The Commune accepted as given the need for fundamental change—

It took on radical and civil rights cases and helped win the famous Panther 21 case in NYC

Two of its members later founded one of the first all-women law firms Jerry Lefcourt defended Abbie Hoffman in Chicago in the “FUCK”-on-forehead case and after he was arrested wearing an American flag shirt at a HUAC hearing

The law commune of Lefcourt, Garfinkle, Crain, Cohen, Sandler, Lefcourt, Kraft and Stolar: a bright bright sequence in the time-track before it dissolved in the Heraclitean panflow•

May 10,000 Law Communes Rise Up in the U.S.A.!
Everybody in the do-good Counterculture borrowed from the Diggers

The Fugs performed at a Digger outdoor concert in Golden Gate Park in the Spring of Love

The Diggers and the Fugs were both on the same flat bed truck exorcising the Pentagon

By mid-summer ’68 there was a split ’tween the Diggers and Yippies

I’d meet Emmett Grogan on the streets and he’d complain about Rubin & Hoffman

Somewhere about now in the time-track the ghastly word “media-freak” came into parlance

I think Emmett felt that that’s what they were

particularly Hoffman whom he accused of stealing Digger tactics for a non-Digger agenda

Grogan, of course, had his imperfections

He’d said some some amateurish and homophobic things

at an SDS convention earlier in the year (standing up on a table and shouting, “Faggots! Fags!” as a preamble to a speech, for instance)

As Chicago grew near Emmet Grogan and another Digger with some volunteers used Albert Grossman’s rock management office on East 56 to make calls and work the media to get kids not to go to Chicago for the Rubin/Hoffman follies

Meanwhile, in Chicago Mayor Daley
ran things
   like a low-grade Orson Welles
   in role as a
   flawed authoritarian populist
ill-at-ease in epaulets
whose whims become inflictions
In Daley
   the puppet and the puppeteer had mutual strings—
I’ve thought for many years
   his arms jerked jively that summer
   from the strings of the secret police
No one knew for sure
if Daley had stolen the state for JFK in ’60
but that he MIGHT HAVE
gave him a fist
   to shake above the city
He lived in a modest house
   and did not have a hunger for money
He knew how to sing quite adroitly
   the song called “American Mean Streak”
in a way that made
   too many millions croon along
and he kept what the tired, angry afterwork American tubestarerer
   really wanted
—more money, safe streets, tight families,
   someone to blame, plus beer & circuses—
   clearly in focus.
The underground paper The Chicago Seed
proposed a sit-down
   ’tween city and local Yippies
“to avoid bloodshed and needless hardship”
After that
Daley began harassing the Seed
arresting street vendors, for instance
   and making things hot

Summer on A

That summer I divided my time
   in the slices of too many commitments
   ’tween our pad on Avenue A
running the Peace Eye Bookstore
   recording the record
working on Chicago
and hanging out in the
many bars of the counterculture:
Rafiki’s and PeeWee’s on Avenue A
& Stanley’s, the Annex, and Mazur’s on Avenue B,
plus Slugs, the Old Reliable
The Cedar, & many West Village places
(such as the Lion’s Head)

what a toke of ruination for the liver!
Dr. Nemhauser of Tompkins Square North
told me to stop drinking
that my liver was enlarging

I knew that sometimes it felt outlined
like a minimalist neon sculpture.

A few times I helped soldiers fleeing the war
They arrived in their uniforms
and slept in the back room at Peace Eye
They changed into civvies
& the next day
I tossed away their uniforms
here and there
in the garbage cans of 10th and 12th

At Peace Eye I printed hundreds of leaflets and flyers
free, including many for the Motherfuckers,
even though they’d been mean to me

I strolled around the scene
in my red boots or my white boots
attired in necklaces, striped pants
Tom Jones shirts and lacy finery
that helped rinse away
what Kenneth Rexroth once called
“The light from Plymouth Rock”

Miriam and Didi went just about every day
to the playgrounds at Tompkins Square Park
Didi had a little bell
from the Psychedelicatessin
she sometimes wore around her wrist

The park was where all the races, cultures and factions
came together
There was very little open strife

and the streets were safe enough
that Miriam and Deirdre could go out at
3 AM to the Three Guys from Brooklyn
produce market
on First Avenue.

**A Year of Fear**

It was a time of ’Noia
Part of it was caused by the cosmic
   revelations of acid and psychedelics
which for some became
Flashbacks Flashforwards Flashsideways

The old adage “keep a stiff upper lip”
   was translated on Avenue A to
   “keep a calm hallucination”

But that was only a part of the
Year of Fear
The revelations about the CIA
The suspicion they’d killed JFK
The fact that
   when my mother-in-law called
   she could hear everything in the room

No one wanted to be fingered a ’noid
And the secret police didn’t mind
   if you thought they were everywhere

It was in this context of ’noia
that the novelist H.L. Humes
   universally known as Doc
began to hang out at the Peace Eye Bookstore
I’d been friends with Doc
   through most of the ’60s
It was through him I first met Harry Smith
   who produced the first Fugs album

Doc had been one of the founders of The Paris Review
He’d had a huge— something like 755 page— novel
published called *The Underground City*

He had the NOIA.
He thought there was a huge and benevolent
network of computer scientists
who ran a network
called FIDO

He would stand in Peace Eye up against the bookcases and
talk in a low voice
sure that FIDO satellite-based monitoring equipment was picking up his words

He also thought the CIA was spreading lowgrade infections in the counterculture.

He told me he thought a friend of his was a CIA officer who had tried to strangle Sirhan Sirhan in the Ambassador kitchen after Kennedy was shot.

I helped him get a little rent-controlled pad from my landlord Sam Scime on 9th near A.

He was very magnetic and people would come into Peace Eye to hear him speak.

Of course the CIA was paranoid also.

James Angleton, whose counterintelligence section ran the counterculture-killing CHAOS program was a noidy-noidy among noidy-noidies.

There was fear fear everywhere.

and I felt myself afraid, afraid O Lord, afraid of the Secret Police.

I was afraid to talk in public about Cuba because of the threat from CIA-funded right wing Cubans.

I was afraid, afraid O Lord, afraid of the Secret Police.

Keen for disgrace
Keen for smut
The Secret Police in Their coffee-cup hut

At the State University at Stonybrook where we'd done the dawn concert early in the year there was the World Poetry Conference June 21-23.

and I was invited. Some of my friends,
including Anselm Hollo and George Kimball were there, as were Donald Hall, Louis Simpson, Allen Ginsberg, Nicanor Parra Zbigniew Herbert, Eugene Guillevic and many others.

There was a party on Saturday, the 22nd at Louis Simpson’s house in Bell Terre

It was a thronging, well done event both indoors and out Donald Hall, that brilliant poet, was very drunk and in fact was about to pass out I myself had drunk so much my liver was feeling like a Rudi Stern neon

I overheard a discussion between a male professor and the wife of another professor He taunted her, “You’re nothing without your husband.” I laughed at him, and then began to taunt him that he was a nothing also (After all, Tuli Kupferberg’s “Nothing” had become one of the Fugs’ most popular tunes)

A poet pal (now a famous sports reporter) came up from behind and broke a bottle of champagne over his head.

The result was a broken glass-topped table on the outside patio.

It was then, noticing the zzz-zoned Mr. Hall, we hatched a scheme to say that it was Hall, a good friend of Louis Simpson, who had broken the table.

It was years before the gentle bard found out it wasn’t he who had bacchus’d the broad sheet of glass

During the World Poetry Conference a number of us stayed in the dorms. I recall Anselm Hollo, trying to toss a typewriter out a window,
but the glass was too tough
whereupon he hurled it down some stairs,
a piece of typed-on paper
around the roller.
It was a battered relic I couldn’t resist retrieving
I kept it for many years
and wish I still had it.

It was as if the country had been in
a huge car crash
& we all wanted it to be “normal”
“normal” struggles against the war and racism
normal struggles for a better economy
normal cycles of work and fun
a normal revolution
but normal is never normal.

At the Stony Brook World Poetry Conference
I had not yet recovered from MLK, RFK,
Daley’s “Shoot to Kill,”
my own racy time-track &
the strange proclivities of my
brothers and sisters at the barricades

No normal, no healing
and Olson’s line
“Blood is the food of those gone mad”
was whispering in my bacchic noggin

July 1
62 nations, including US, UK and USSR, signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty

**FBI MEMO ON TECHNIQUES TO DISRUPT THE NEW LEFT**

Meanwhile, an FBI Memo of
July 3, 1968
analyzed the suggestions from FBI offices on disrupting the New Left:

- taking advantage of personal conflicts among New Left leaders
- the creating of impressions that certain New Left leaders are informers
• using underground newspaper articles to show “depravity of New Left leaders and members”
• exploiting hostility between New Left groups and orgs such as the Progressive Labor Party, which the FBI described as “a pro-Chinese, Marxist group”
• The use of ridicule, ahh ridicule, against the New Left
• pointing out dope use by New Left
  (Memo, Cointelpro head C.D. Brennan to W.C. Sullivan, at headq’ters)

July 3
The Beatles began work on one of the theme songs of ’68
“Ob-la-di  Ob-la-da”

On July 4 Paul McCartney laid down the lead vocals in the amazingly fast way their Muses allowed

Ob-la-di  Ob-la-da  the war went on
On skyrocket day in the U.S. the Pentagon announced that US combat deaths the first six months of ’68 exceeded all of 1967

July 7
I’d written a “persona” song called “Johnny Pissoff Meets the Red Angel” after Kennedy’s assassination

I wanted to explore the American mean streak my own included such as when I have Mr. Pissoff sing, “I’d love to get my hands on Sirhan Sirhan I tear out his spine and shove it down his throat”

It was the year when the *Imago Violentiae* was like an attacking spiral galaxy against the *Imago Mundi*

I took a bus to Stroudsburg, Pa to meet with singer/composer Bob Dorough whose pleasing Buttermilk Skies tenor reminded me of Hoagy Carmichael’s Dorough arranged “Johnny Pissoff,” and one of Tuli’s tunes, “Life is Strange,” plus a satire on Medieval chants called “Marijuana”
In July
Janis Joplin and Big Brother's *Cheap Thrills*
went to the stores
through the Columbia Records flow
and “went gold” as they say
with flowing ease

Robert Crumb did the cover
for $600
and was bitter he never received back the original art
especially when, in the early '90s,
someone sold it for $20,000
at an auction at Sotheby's

The Band's *Music from Big Pink*
& The Doors' *Waiting for the Sun*
hit the turntables in July

and sixteen heart transplant surgeons
met in Cape Town, South Africa
the majority of which agreed
that a blood globulin, ALD (antilymphocyte globulin)
should be given future heart transplants
to suppress lymphocytes
those white blood cells
that destroy foreign tissue

The LeMans 24 hour sportscar race had been postponed
for the French strikes
but was held in July

the winning car had a 4.9 litre Ford V-8 engine
which drove 2,765 miles in the 24

**Cuban Terror**

Meanwhile in early July right wing Cubans
began a campaign of bombing and terror

They bombed the Canadian and Australian tourist offices
in NYC on July 5
& July 8
another bomb hurting two at the NYC Japanese tourist
(the goal was to stop them
from letting travelers
go to Cuba)
For decades
all my adult life
no real colloquy in the United States
could be conducted safely
because of the threats of right wing Cubans
like a curse of CIA metalwinged
hornets

In conjunction with right wing drool-heads
in the CIA
the right wing Cubans
successfully prevented
any full discussion
in America
on the issue of Cuba

The rightite Cubans
killed liberals within their community
It has ghastly, evil
and successful

July 10
the exiles made
explosions at the Yugoslav and Cuban missions to the UN

and on the 13th
they invaded WBNX in NYC
to broadcast anti Castro statements

July 15
Black Panther co-founder Huey Newton
on trial in Oakland
for killing a policeman
back in October ’67

2,500 chanting BP’s surrounding Alameda County Courthouse
Newton found guilty
and given 2-15

Meanwhile, the Yippies submitted
a new proposal to Mayor Daley
for the use of Lincoln Park for a 5-day Festival of Life
and for a concluding gathering at Soldiers Field
on August 30
after which everyone would leave Chicago

Daley stalled. Attorney General Ramsey Clark
sent an aide, Roger Wilkins, to meet with the mayor
to ask him to issue permits
July 17 the Beatles attended the world premiere of *Yellow Submarine* in Piccadilly Circus. The next day they recorded “Helter Skelter.”

July 18
the Yugoslav communist Party declared “unconditional support” for Czech liberalization (and Pres Tito visited Czechoslovakia three weeks later)

July 19
John Lennon’s tune “Maharishi” was changed to “Sexie Sadie” and recorded on July 19 in London

July 21
right wing non-Castros bebombed the Jefferson Books Shop at 100 E. 16th

and then early in the AM on the 26th

one of them stood with a grenade launcher on 80 University Place near the Cedar Bar and fired a grenade up into the big second story window of Grove Press

The current issue of the Evergreen Review—shudder shudder—printed sections of Ché Guevara’s diary

(A few years later the *New York Daily News* wrote that it had been told by a former NYC police commissioner that CIA had provided bombs to anti-Castro groups in New York, to be used against leftists.)

The CIA as of ’75 had refused to release the contents of 25 files on Grove Press.

though Army Intelligence had released doc’s that the Army had intercepted Grove Press’ mail.
Also in July
the ghosts of needles were in the air
as the poet we all called Szabo
whom I’d published a number of times
in *Fuck You/ A Magazine of the Arts*
came out of hospital after a long stay
with needle hepatitis
which ten years later
killed him with liver cancer

July 25-27
The Fugs went back to the Psychedelic Supermarket in Boston
to sing and party
as best the Chicago summer allowed

July 29
Beatles began recording “Hey Jude”
with its long long fade
that limned the decade

The next day there were
huge demonstrations in Mexico City
students and protesters
bashed by Federal troops and police
students barricaded themselves
in buildings at National University
after excessive force
was used by the police
during protests

August 1
The good aspect of Johnson signed a housing bill calling for
$5.3 billion for 1.7 million low cost housing units

In early August
I was desperate to finish *It Crawled into My Hand, Honest*
before the Chicago convention
(where I thought I might be jailed, or worse)
and before our upcoming European tour
I also was designing
the double-album liner notes

We went to Cleveland
to play Le Cave
a club where Linda Ronstadt
and the Stone Ponies had once performed
We were there from July 30 to August 1
During the daylight I would fly back to New York
    to mix the album at Alderson's studio
then fly back to the gig

On Wednesday went to Ivanhoe drafting supplies
to get a drafting board
    which I carried back on the plane
to cut and paste
the inner fold-out sleeve
    of It Crawled into My Hand, Honest

The bard d.a. levy
came to one of the gigs
I tried to interest him in coming to Chicago
(He was one I'd asked to send a mantra
to chant in the streets)
He'd been publishing the Buddhist Third Class Junkmail Oracle
a mix of his brilliant collages, his poems
and the usual look of a tabloid underground paper

He'd just printed his August issue
    in which he announced he was giving it up
    because of no financial support from the community

He was glum
earlier in the year he'd faced a five year sentence
for reading “obscene” poetry
to some teenagers
    in a coffee house in the basement of a cathedral
in Cleveland
and so he had pled nolo contendere,
    though he hated it.

It was the last time I saw him.

A bunch of bikers had commandeered
the stageside tables
    by threatening the longhairs
that had occupied them.

We often broke things during
our song "Nothing"
It was just about our only lighting cue
darkness at the end of Nada
and in honor of the chaos of ’68
    and in front of d.a. and the bickery bikers
I tore up my beautiful black velvet coat
    with brocaded cuffs
    (in which I had made the mudras
    in Copenhagen)
and tossed rough pieces of black
out to the Goddess of Grabs

From Cleveland on August 2-3
we flew from Cleveland to Chicago
for a booking at the Electric Circus
4812 North Clark Street

We stayed
at the Heart of America Motel
where we partied in lieu
of worrying about Chicago

I bought a T-square on 8-3
for $6.30
at Izenstark Hardware
in Chicago
to finish the liner notes layout
of It Crawled into My Hand, Honest

I recall the throbbing lights
and colors in dishes
picked up by projectors

An audience
some stoned
some ready to stone
as tie-dyes and gowny grace
gave way to teargas and lace

Then back to N.Y.
working around the clock on the album

To Orientalia then at 11 East 12
a beautiful book store
I’d been visiting
since first coming to NY from Mo. in ’58

I went to on Hiroshima day
and bought some books
to chink my leaking Book Boat:

Iversen SOME ANCIENT EGYP PAINTS & PIGMENTS
Hopkins THE COPTIC VERB
Reiner LINGUISTIC ANALYSIS OF AKKADIAN
Plototzki STUDIES IN EGYPTIAN & LINGUISTICS
Idris Shah ORIENTAL MAGIC

I was also looking for some glyphs
for the album design
I took a few minutes to study my old Linear B textbook from N.Y.U. to figure out what motherfucker was in Mycenean:

From my '68 notebook

On August 7, a bunch of us (myself, Richard Goldstein, Krassner, Abbie, Jerry) flew to Chicago for a meeting with Al Bougher and David Stahl of Daley's office.

It was scorching hot.
They didn't dig Abbie smoking pot in the mayor's office.
We continued to beg for permits (but all they would ultimately give us was access to one electrical socket for one afternoon show in Lincoln Park).

The staff at the Chicago Seed and Chicago Yippies wanted the New Yorkers to cancel activities in Chicago.

August was the month the Lennon tune “Revolution” came onto the radio playlists and the marvelous threnody “Hey Jude,” with its famous long fade. & Tom Wolfe's THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST was published by Farrar Straus and the Fugs finally finished It crawled into My Hand, Honest.
In Miami Beach
  Tricky won on the first ballot
  with Spiro Agnew his running mate

About the time that Tricky
  was beginning to trick,
  at a make believe western town
  called the Spahn Ranch
  used as a grade b movie set
  and for Marlboro commercials

on the northern edge of the San Fernando Valley
at a place called Chatsworth
arrived Charles Manson and his family
  in their psychedelic bus
They'd been tossed from the Will Rogers/Dennis Wilson mansion

The Spahn Movie Ranch was
just a couple of gallons of gas away
  from the rich haunts of Hollywood

He asked if he could stay in the Outlaw Shacks
small movable huts looking
  like damaged motel units from the 1920s

Charlie approached the 80-year-old nearly blind Mr. Spahn
  to be allowed to move onto the Western Set itself
where they lived for a while in the jail

Sleazy awnings held up by crooked posts
ran the length of the mockup cowboy main drag boardwalk
There was a fake Rock City Cafe
a jailhouse with wooden-barred cell
the Long Horn Saloon with mirrors, roomlength bar and juke box
a carriage house with old carriages
& an undertaker parlor

The M group made themselves useful
Several young females made themselves
caressingly handy to Spahn
Others fed the horses, and helped rent them out
to tourists

By day it was fantasyland
by night it was acidland
   and a place of communal meals
   singing
   and many many fornications
by twos, threes, and tens.

There the group
could further plot
   the rise of Mr. M
   as a rock star/therapist-crooner
   with a Jesus-Satan complex
   and a Porsche-stripping stolen car ring on the side

On the 11th another tragedy
my friend Don McNeill
drowned swimming alone in Lake Mombasha
   near his summer cottage
   in Orange County upstate

I felt the desolation
   without bounds
as we sat, a few of us,
in St. Mark’s Church
   for his memorial service
I remembered
   his work at Peace Eye
his leather jacket
   his search
   for the perfect commune

The Voice published my elegy
   For Don
Here are some of the lines:

“...I kiss your tender hand fair brother
I cry for you, for us,
when the lines shift to fill
the bright gap at the barricades”

and
“Anubis guard this man
Khepri lift him up as a beacon in the prow
Jesus share with him the crowned heart of god
Thoth play into his brain the Image of the Earth
and Magna Mater, Woman of the Lake of Thrills
take this man to fulfillment
If you are, and if the sky is lit up with flares,

& Don McNeill, as we move onward
and the old fires fade
receive this for all time
a kiss from your brother’s lips”

You can find his single book, Moving Through Here,
in the libraries.

Allen Ginsberg was in San Francisco
Abbie called him and said that city hall was stalling
and could Allen stop over in Chicago
on his way back to New York

Allen did
He went to meet with deputy mayor Stahl
on August 13
The meeting lasted several hours
“I asked them to please give a permit
to avoid violence”
Ginsberg said
at the Chicago Seven trial later on.
He sang “Hare Krishna” for them
as an example of the sort of music
the Festival promised

but even Krishna
could not shake loose some assembly permits
from the ill-willed mayor

Meanwhile
the hemic glare-threat of pizza street
continued the week of August 14
when the Army gave
riot control training
6,000 combat soldiers in Ft. Hood, Tex

August 15, the Fugs gave their annual free concert
in Tompkins Square Park
There were so many people
the park was totally filled
and also the surrounding sidewalks
I’d written a satire against the group called the Motherfuckers, whose member had accused me of having a Swiss account so we stood like a bunch of Laurence Oliviers in The Entertainer in square topped straw hats and canes dancing across the stage crooning “Up Against the Wall....”

August 16
Valerie Solanas was declared bonk bonk and sent to Mattewan State Hospital

The same day the Fugs flew back to California for some warm-up gigs before Chicago The cab from LAX to the Tropicana in those days cost $7.30

The Fugsw played Friday and Saturday, the 15th and 16th, at a place The Bank in nearby Torrance, California

It was one of the few times I performed barefoot continuing my experiments on rinsing my puritan heritage by being the first performer on Warner/Reprise to dance barefoot during “Kill for Peace” wearing goldflecked toenail polish
The Cheetah was in financial trouble
so, like fools, we did a benefit for
them the Sunday before our weekend gigs there.

The rationale was that they would pay our $4,000
fee out of the benefit

It didn’t work,
and we were burned
even though one of the owners
of the place was quite wealthy.

Just before midnight, August 20,
Soviet troops, with help from Poland, Hungary,
East Germany and Bulgaria—
forced themselves into the country
The 170,000 person Czech army did not fight

but there was resistance
thousands demonstrating
a few tanks burned

Some sat down on the road
facing the oncoming tanks

I didn't like it
The Fugs talked about
trying to sneak into Czechoslovakia
when we were in Europe
next month

Prolegomenon

In Early August
the Yippies published a neatly-designed 30 page manual for living free in New York City called *Fuck the System*

They printed 10,000 copies
I was not involved
It appears to have been written by Abbie and his friends

The text was accurate and fairly well written such as, say, the section on communes which began, “Communes can be a cheap and enjoyable way to live. They are a good tribal way to live in the city. Because they are tribes each has a personality of its own. This personality depends on the people in the commune and how well they get along together. For this reason the most important part of setting up a commune is choosing people who are compatible. It is vital that no member of the commune has any strong objection to any other member. More communes have been destroyed by incompatibility than any other single reason. People of similar interests (speed freaks with speed freaks, painters with painters, and revolutionaries with revolutionaries should get together.”

On August 18 the *New York Daily News* ran a piece on it
under the headline
“New York on $0.00 a Day”
and printed the Yippie post office box
which triggered a
big flow of letters
wanting copies.

Around that time
other Yippie items were printed
such as the official Yippie symbolic
matchbook:

Meanwhile, it didn't look good in Chicago:
No bands
No money
No good times
No nothing

Just Yippie shine-ons
setting some freakly fires
in the lens of Mayor Daley’s mind
but they were frail frail excuses
for the massive schemes of CIA-CHAOS, FBI Cointelpro
the NSA, and military intelligence

**GARDEN PLOT**

Beginning in '67 the Army Security Agency
an arm of the NSA
was doing electronic snooping
against anti war people
as part of a project called Garden Plot

In August '68
the ASA was activated under Garden Plot
to work Chicago
This op was coded “Rancher III”
involving the 5th Army in Illinois
and units of ASA from III Army Corps in Texas.
Plus ASA and USAFSS units from Warrenton and Arlington, Va. The directive ordered ASA, wearing civvies, to “provide covert and overt monitoring of Citizen Band and emergency nets through the employment of fixed and mobile intercept and communications positions.”

A writer named Jack Mabley wrote some columns in the Chicago American that the Yippies planned to kidnap delegates, careen stolen gas trucks at police stations and hotels plus poison the air conditioning at the convention center and oodles of other malevolences.

The Yippies did not deny it (nor did I, with all my access to the media)

It was perhaps partly under the rubric of “ink is ink” or Abbie’s concept of “spooking” as a kind of armchair put-on with menace that none of us even commented on the impossible logistics of stealth-doping the water.

Mike Royko in his bio of Daley, Boss, said the Chi Red Squad gathered every ridiculous rumor and passed it on to reporters as “unimpeachable fact”

I had my own little place in the rev-up with a piece I wrote for the undergrounds hurridly while trying to finish the final recording and mixing of It Crawled into My Hand, Honest a list of plans the Yippies intended for Chicago, a work that doesn’t give me much pride decades later

I predicted things like rewriting the Bill of Rights plenty of balling and dope, a Yippie Ecological Conference,
and dawn ass-washing ceremonies
prior to Yippie volley ball tournaments.

In this rev-up toward violence
we later sniffed the secret emissions
of CIA CHAOS
Army and maybe Naval Intelligence
in what they later openly called psy-war
(except in Chicago
it was more war and less psy)

By the beginning of August
I was afraid of the secret police
whose moany shoves
like subsurface Blake-clanks
I felt in my soul

This much I knew
by the time of Chicago:
When you rip the veil from Evil
Evil rips back

In the search for a mantram
to quell the violence
We finally settled on OM
Ginsberg and I published
a statement
in the “Convention Special” edition of
RAT Subterranean News
(a fairly prominent NYC underground paper)
a few thousand of which were passed around
in Chicago:

The Magic Password is Aum
Gov Sam H. Shapiro of Illinois
called up the national guard
at the snarl of Daley

Early in the a.m. on Thursday, August 22
two teenage hippies
near Lincoln Park
were stopped by the police
one was a Native American from South Dakota
named Dean Johnson
They said he pulled a gun on him
They killed him with three shots

This was the horrid early
indication of Daley’s fist

It was on my mind
when I arrived in Chicago from L.A.
late that day
to work on whatever music
we could get together
plus I had promised the Fugs
a safe place to stay

Phil Ochs had a room at the Hilton
with the McCarthy campaign

Abbie and Jerry chided him,
but with RFK gone, McCarthy was the one for Phil

There was a Yippie Snake Dance practice
which sent fake shudders
through the Mil-ints

and picked up a ridiculous amount of ink.

There was a climate
of police state experimentation
that came into play in the days before the convention
—equipment, tactics, techniques—
as the secret police, the FBI, the CIA, the Chicago police,
Daley, Army Intelligence, et al
betrayed their eagerness for pizza street
The Yippies held a press conference at the Chicago Civic Center to introduce the candidate known as Pegasus.

Anita and Abbie had purchased a little pig at a nearby farm and in one of the stupidest quarrels in the history of the American left, Rubin felt that the Hoffmans’ oinker was way too cute that Pegasus had to be mean and tough so that a more fierce and macho pig was purchased and brought to the conference.

Just before the press conference began, a person came up to a woman in the crowd, handed her a shopping bag and said, “Give that to Jerry Rubin.”

Then he precipitously split
The woman opened it and saw that it was packed with grass. She tossed it aside.

Then Pegasus arrived
Rubin was holding it and speaking on its behalf when the fuzz moved in.
Some officers shouted “Get Rubin, Get Rubin!”
Rubin denied he’d ordered
a delivery of marijuana
at the Pigasus conference
(You don’t have grass delivered to a place
surrounded by police)

“They seemed disappointed
that all they could charge me with
was disorderly conduct,”
Rubin told a reporter.

Besides Rubin, the police arrested Phil Ochs
and five others

The police seized Pigasus
and after that there was a 24 hour guard
on the pigs at the Lincoln Park children’s zoo

honk honk
go the geese of Canada

That day
Miriam and Deirdre, then 3 1/2
flew from New York

We stayed at the Hotel Lincoln
on the edge of the park
in Rm 817
We reserved 620 for Allen Ginsberg
who arrived on Saturday the 24th

Country Joe and Fish played
the Electric Circus that weekend
A few of us left in the middle of a meeting
to confront Joe leaving the theater
The Fugs and the Fish
along with the MC5
were the only rock bands
still ready to come
McDonald told Abbie
they couldn’t do it
The vibes in Chicago were too vicious
They were worried about their fans also
and wanted their symbolic
support withdrawn

The Fish went to their motel
and were assaulted by
three guys with crew cuts,
apparently from the South Carolina
Democratic delegation. Arr harr!

Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farm
also refused to come to Chicago from New Mexico
Again because of no permits
and concern about the
Rubin/Hoffman/Yippie
peace/pizza street commixture

That Friday night
while we were nervously
settling into the teargas mode

Janis and Jimi
were talking in the dressing room
of the Singer Bowl in Queens
before going on
sharing some Jack Daniels

They were talking about the blues
then Jimi took a Confederate flag
and blew his nose with it

to Janis’ high pitched growly laugh
waiting to sing to the thousands

**Saturday August 24**

After a gathering in Rm 817
the Hotel Lincoln front desk
called, they wdn’t let us have Yippies
in our room
for meetings
That afternoon there was a big planning meeting at the Free Theater at 1848 Wells near the park.

The police were going to toss people out at 11 p.m. and no sleeping in the park.

The issue was what to do?

Abbie predicted "fifty or sixty people in a band going out from the park to loot and pillage if they close it up at 11."

I didn't dig the L. & P. words so I exploded, as they say, "I'm sick and tired of hearing people talk like that. I don't want some kid who hasn't been through it all and doesn't know what it's all about going to get his head busted. You're urging people to go out and get killed for nothing. Man, that's like murdering people."

We decided not to urge people to sleep in the park overnight.

Though clearly that was what was going to happen.

After Saturday afternoon's meeting wherever Miriam, Didi and I went in Chicago we were followed by two plain clothes detectives.

All the so-called leaders had surveillance teams. At the time I didn't think much of it. I'm more angry about it now, decades later, than then.
to a Mexican restaurant
& the police waited outside
to save Western Civ

Sunday August 25
Festival of Life Begins
& the Democratic Convention

I’d found a safe place for the Fugs to stay
during the blood
but one of them phoned
from his room at the Tropicana in L.A.
They were worried about violence in Chicago

He said they’d seen a report on TV
that Country Joe
had been punched out in a motel

They were hesitant to come

I was angry
but I remembered how embarrassed I had been
at the dawn Stony Brook concert
at having no current political tunes

so I left it up to them &
Tuli flew to Chicago, the rest to New York City.

Sunday was the opening of the Convention
with a “Welcoming of the Delegates”
at the downtown hotels

According to Norman Mailer
Daley was looking to get Ted Kennedy
to run against Humphrey
then if he lost
to accept VP nomination under Hubert
but if TK won
Daley could take credit
for Humph-sweep-out

The secret police had monitored
plane, train and bus reservations
to Chicago
and knew the numbers
weren’t high.

Daley had won.
Won it for Nixon

There were only about 5 to 6 thousand demonstrators
Daley had 6,500 National guardsmen
plus 6,000 soldiers
and 1,000 undercover agents

Military intelligence
told CBS
that 1 out of 6 protesters
in Chicago were government spies.

**Satellites Above the Park?**

The CIA admitted later using
its satellites to spy on protesters
The cameras were positioned
over 100 miles high
and could focus on objects the
size of a suitcase

I wonder
if a CIA satellite were focussed
on Lincoln Park
that Sunday morning while a bunch of us
set things up in Lincoln Park
We did it quickly
as a kind of Digger fantasyland

There was a “Free Store” area
Some peace-balloons we dangled from trees
and a place for medical care

Sunday was also the “Day of the Honey”
Abbie introduced me to a guy
whom he called “Jim Morrison”•
For years I wasn't sure of his real name

who was dipping into jars of hashoiled honey
with a spoon
which he would swirl upon our tongues

It was very, very, very powerful
I looked up through the teargas sonata of Lincoln Park
and the Universe
from the edge of the Lake
up across the wide Midwest sky
was made up of pulsing, writhing, and sift-shifting
mountains and vistas of Spinach
I was literally that: spinach! Cooked spinach. It was as if I had awakened in one of my Kansas City aunts' Thanksgiving dinner bowls!

I was not alone
My cofounder of the Fugs, Tuli Kupferberg, had taken a tongue of the honey and immediately passed out
Paul Krassner was on his knees nearby holding on to the grass very tightly “so that I wouldn't fall up” he later wrote

all of which made it difficult for us to attend to the details of the imminent concert by the MC5

Unfortunately, the police were not allowing the flat bed truck that Abbie had rented for a stage into the park

so when the bard John Sinclair and his band arrived they drove directly into the park and we discussed what to do.

They parked near a little building
so that the extension cord from their sound system could reach a socket at the side of the building

It took all my years of studying Greek and silent languages All my many months of handling complicated tours with the Fugs to focus through the Ultimate Spinach and insert the MC5’s sound plug into the socket.

That was it— the structure of Chicago city cooperation with the Festival of Life one socket, one plug-in, one act

The MC5 had a flag draped over their amp stack as they performed their

151
wall-of-sound
ultra high energy set
then they packed & drove out of Lincoln Park
toward their next gig.

I found my police surveillance team,
told them I wasn't feeling well
I did not mention the universal sea of Ultimate Spinach
in which we were standing

and they helped me back
to the Hotel Lincoln
till the waning of the Green

The bard Allen Ginsberg
recalls,
“a lot of us were wandering around Lincoln Park”
when police showed up with guns and clubs
“Nobody knew why or if the police were going to attack”

Ginsberg saw that some of the protesters
were ready to fight:

“Some of the Maoists were acting insulting
and revolutionary in their ideological prophetic style.
Police fear everywhere so I sat down and began chanting OM.
I thought I’d chant for about 20 minutes
and calm myself down,
but the chanting stretched into hours
and a big circle surrounded me.”

He opened a small harmonium
and chanted six straight hours, till 10 PM

There was a dusky sundown
in Lincoln Park
and the lights in the Hancock building
switched on
as the ommmer ommmed onward
and the police announced
through loudspeakers
the 11 pm curfew

By evening I had recovered from the Spinach
It was very very dark in Lincoln Park
but we strolled among the clusters of Yippie campers
I had a walky talky to talk with others.
but, ai yi yi, I heard a voice over the speaker say,
“This is Ed Sanders
please join me by the zoo!”
I shouted, “No! No!
I’m not at the zoo!”

Allen and I banded together
to lead people out of the park at 11
to avoid the whacking clubs
I settled my tenor harmony
above his baritone
and we brought a few hundred with us
out of the hell

Earlier some had joined a march south
to the hotels in the loop
such as the Hilton and Sheraton
where many Democratic delegates were staying

There was no violence at the loop
but when the Yippies came back to Lincoln Park,
out of the TV klieglights
the police assaulted the demonstrators

There were about 1,000 in the park
when the police began clubbing
some fought back
but most just bled

The police tore everything up
smashed the Free Store
seized the Yippie walky talkies
and drove everyone into the streets

They gleefully searched out reporters to club.
65 journalists were injured or arrested or had their equipment
smashed that night

The billyclubbers chased
the tentative revolutionaries
through the streets of nearby Old Town

The outrage and the size of the crowds grew
as night after night of police rampage continued.

Honk honk
go the geese of Canada
There were about twenty of us in Hotel Lincoln coffee shop

At first they refused to serve us

“Is it money?” I asked, “You think we have no money?”
and I pulled about $2,000 in tens and twenties from my jeans
and piled them high near the salt and pepper

“Money talks now and who cares about later!?”
the capitalists say
and it talked loud enough

that police-riot morn

to get us served.

I brought Didi and Miriam some breakfast up to our room
and then we tried to take Deirdre across the park to the zoo
but the gas still lingered in the grass
and she wept with the pain of it

That afternoon
I went with Miriam and Didi
to the sporting goods section at Marshall Field department store at North State Street at Randolph
where I was trying on football helmets
I wanted one with a face guard
in case my police escort should wax face-bashy

and the tall plainclothes guy approached
He said, “Mr. Sanders, we’ve been following you for twelve hours, and the next shift is scheduled to take our place.
I’ve called them. They’ll be here in a few minutes.
If we miss them, it could be another six hours before we’re relieved.”

I chuckled, and told him we’d wait

Early in the evening
I went back into the Lincoln Park
I noticed, with a shudder, that
my police escort
were lifting billy clubs
out of their unmarked car

That night when the Yippies tried to march on the Loop
from Lincoln Park
a line of army troops stopped them after a few blocks
with an armored vehicle
wrapped in barbed wire

Barricades were built in Lincoln Park
to defend the right to sleep there
at 12:30 a.m. the police
clubbed and attacked the barricades

Jean Genet was in the park!
He had no visa
and had sneaked in from Canada
Allen Ginsberg was acting as
his interpreter
Genet had an assignment for
Esquire Magazine (along with Ginsberg,
William Burroughs and Terry Southern)
to cover the convention.

All four had passes to attend the convention

“Not if it means violence”
Ginsberg said
when someone asked if he
intended to remain in the park

It was just about time for
the invasion of the fuzz
Tonight they marched behind
a street sweeper truck whose
water tanks had been
converted to hold tear gas

(These ghastly police state devices
maybe gifts from Garden Plot or the CIA Chaos program?)

To me this was the last mote of proof
in 1968
that the Nation was lost

I’ll never forget the sight of
Jean Genet, dressed in leather,
peering into the paranoid darkness
of the park just before the
fascist tear-gas trucks
began their voyages of filth

He strode into the darkness
and was gassed

There were plenty of clergy on hand
and medical volunteers

While Ginsberg chanted OM
for soothe-quell
I heard a prominent Yippie
do a counterchant
“Ommmmmm sucks!
Ommmmmm is bullshit!”

Ginsberg said
“I got gassed chanting AUM
with a hundred youthful voices
under the trees...

The Daily Mayor has written a
bloody vulgar script for American Children.”

I went with Allen back to the Hotel Lincoln
but there were snout-nozzled cops there
lobbing tear-gas grenades
which plomfed near our feet
We crouched down and dashed through
the hostile molecules
heads low, knees high
as if we were halfbacks
on a high school football team
toward the lobby.
I later visited Allen in his room
where a nervous Burroughs
sat in ridicule

(The next day, Burroughs, Ginsberg, Genet and
Southern wrote a joint statement
with Burroughs leading it off:

“Regarding conduct of police in clearing Lincoln Park
of young people assembled there for the purpose of
sleeping in violation of a municipal ordinance. The
police acted like vicious guard dogs attacking everyone
in sight. I do not ‘protest.’ I am not surprised. The
police acted after the manner of their species. The point is why were they not controlled by their handlers? Is there not a municipal ordinance requesting that vicious dogs be muzzled and controlled?

Colonel William S. Burroughs")

Meanwhile the police, with knives and nightsticks, sabotaged about 30 cars, according to the Chicago Journalism Review in the Lincoln Park lot

all the cars had McCarthy stickers
three or four flat tires on each, busted windows
broken aerials.

Tuesday August 27

At dawn on the 27th
the Yippies promised
“poetry, mantras, religious ceremony”
on the shore of Lake Michigan

I slept late
but Ginsberg was there in the park
singing various mantras
for several hours
till his voice became hoarse and whispery
from overommming

The Yippies and the Mobe
threw a 60th unbirthday party
that night for Lyndon Johnson
at the packed Chicago Coliseum
1513 So. Wabash

They asked me to be the m.c.
and so I scurried
back and forth between backstage
and the microphone
making sure it went by
in one smooth flow
Six thousand people were there
A band called Home Juice
opened with a 20 minute set
The duo called Jim and Jean sang
While Phil sang “I Ain't Marchin' Anymore”
a guy burned his draft card
and then in one amazing sequence of seconds
there was a sudden poof-up of
maybe a hundred blazing draft cards
pointillisticly patterning
the Coliseum audience

The great Dave Dellinger spoke, and
Dick Gregory, and Jean Genet

I auctioned off the original statement
signed by Burroughs, Genet, Ginsberg, Southern
to help bail people out

Ginsberg’s voice had not yet returned
from his many hours
of chanting

to quell the violence

so he passed me a note to read
to the audience:

(Introduce me as Prague King of May— Ed —in my turn,
you explain I lost my voice chanting Aum in park— so please
you read my piece— then I’ll do 3 Minutes of Silence Mind
consciousness & belly breathing)

The honorable Pigasus was brought forward
and Paul Krassner was his interpreter

At another point
Abbie Hoffman, not scheduled to speak
nevertheless trotted onto the stage
and grabbed the microphone

We sang happy unbirthday to the napalm man
and then, “God Bless America”
and it was back out to the
blood bash boulevards

Demonstrators were chased from Lincoln Park
with Daley’s sleazy teargas trucks
There was a march out of the park
toward the Dem Conv
at the International Ampitheatre
but after ten blocks
stopped by a line of soldiers
and a grim police-state vehicle
ringed with barbed wire
and outfitted with rotating searchlights!

Hoffman lay down
in front of it
and gave it the finger

Police filled Michigan Ave
by the Conrad Hilton hotel,
and Grant Park just across the Street

Around 1:30 a.m. the police announced
that demonstrators could stay in Grant Park
if they stayed “peaceful”

At 3 a.m. the National Guard relieved
the Chicago police at the Hilton

**Wednesday August 28**

The ghastly word inked forth that
George Corley Wallace was on the ballot in 43 states
He was coming back from a western tour
and headed toward the South

and at dawn around 80 protesters
remained in front of the Hilton

That afternoon
Daley had allowed
a single rally at the bandshell
in Grant Park
sponsored by the Mobilization

From 10 to 15,000 showed up

Daley had turned down a permit
to march to the Convention
The Mobe announced it would try it anyway

Wednesday Afternoon is when the convention
voted down a peace platform plank
When Phil Ochs heard the news
he sensed the Fall of America
and Bloody Wednesday began

Some protesters had canteens
and pieces of cloth to wetten
I had purchased a few dozen daisies
to use as a gas mask
I handed some out to friends

At the Grant Park bandshell
there were speeches and songs

And then at 3
a Chicago police undercover officer
posing as a biker
led a charge
to pull down an American flag from its staff

With him were some guys
who wanted to run the
black cloth of Anarchia
up the stanchion
—proper for the city of the Haymarket Riot

(The “biker” had volunteered
to be Jerry Rubin’s bodyguard
and Rubin was apparently flattered
that a prole from the urban underworld
had come to him
as if to cast for a part
in a Brechtian
“Rise and Fall of the City of Teargas”)

*William Burroughs Holding Some of my Gas Mask Daisies* •
in Grant Park
Police fired tear gas
protesters lobbed it back
and there were clubbings and arrests

Rennie Davis was beaten bloody
The blood soaked rag
with which his wound was stanched
was later run up the
Grant Park pole

Tom Hayden
spoke to the crowd suggesting that
people break up into small groups
and go out into the streets

(Things were happening also at
Lincoln Park
Rubin had arranged for Bobby Seale
to give a speech there
the basis for Seale's later
indictment with the Chicago 8)

About 4:30
Dave Dellinger addressed the crowd
through a portable bull horn
to announce a nonviolent march to the Democratic Convention.
4 1/2 miles
from Grant Park

Grant park is connected to downtown via a series of bridges
across railroad tracks to the west
Lines of soldiers prevented the march from leaving
over any of the bridges
U.S. Army helicopters circled overhead

It was very scary
There were fixed bayonets
& jeeps with barbed wire
hippie-sweeping screens
plus the whoppa whoppa
of helicopters
that mixed with the songs Phil Ochs
sang to calm us:

“We’re the cops of the world, boys,
We’re the cops of the world...”

& then his song,
“Outside of a Small Circle of Friends.”

singing through the bullhorn
someone was holding to his face
so that his guitar could not be heard
while Dellinger
went off to talk with the police
Then Allen Ginsberg,
still hoarse from singing seed syllables
in the rings of violence
chanted “The Grey Monk” of William Blake
through the bull horn

All of us who were sitting and waiting
were chatty and restless
yet by the time he chanted
the final verses of the wounded Gray Monk
all was silent
except the ghastly helicopters:

“Thy Father drew his sword in the North,
With his thousands strong he marched forth;
Thy Brother has arm’d himself in Steel
To avenge the wrongs thy Children feel

“But vain the Sword & vain the Bow,
They never can work War’s overthrow.
The Hermit’s Prayer & the Widow’s tear
Alone can free the World from fear.

“For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing,
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the Martyr’s woe
Is an Arrow from the Almighty’s Bow.

“The hand of Vengeance found the Bed
To which the Purple Tyrant Fled;
The iron hand crush’d the Tyrant’s head
And became a Tyrant in his stead.”

I was sitting down on the sidewalk with
Terry Southern, William Burroughs and Jean Genet
in front of the rifle-poking soldiers
A few of us had pushed fresh daisies into the rifle barrels at the Pentagon just 10 months ago and now, even though I again had fresh white flowers I knew this was a different type of event and that I would likely have been bayonetted and shot pushing petal in metal

Military Gas-Men in Grant Park

Finally, after hours of negotiations, the protesters found a way of getting out of Grant Park and they surged across a bridge & gathered in front of the Hilton on Michigan Avenue at Balbo

Others walked miles north or south to get around the National Guard on the bridges

In the lobby where the Democrats prepared to go to the convention hall four miles away soldiers with helmets & guns marched past the plush divans & the potted trees

Medical teams began to arrive from local medical schools and from the Chicago chapter of the Medical Committee for Human Rights

A few thousand gathered on Michigan in front of the huge Hilton or they stood at a gas-avoiding distance on the edge of the park
Then, without warning, a throng of police charged the
demonstrators at 7:56
smashing, macing, beating
apparently to clear the avenue

Ten minutes later the protesters were back
chanting
“What do we Want?
Peace!
When do we want it?
Now!”

Jeeps with machine guns mounted to them
arrived at the Hilton

Just then a mule wagon pulled onto Michigan Avenue
from the Poor People’s Campaign
a police officer fired tear gas at it
Welcome to Chicago
said the sign

Some leaped behind the Poor People’s mule train,
led by Ralph Abernathy
which had a permit to go to the convention hall.

“Wahoo! Wahoo!”
like the bomb riding cowboy
in Dr. Strangelove
shouted an officer on a three wheeled motorcycle
as he mashed into the crowd

The bar at the Hilton
was named after the Haymarket riot
of 1886
police against anarchists

It was packed with reporters and others
People outside came crashing through the window
The police then leaped through the broken glass
to beat those trying to flee
They still seemed particularly eager to
bash reporters.

Thus began hours of bloodshed
In the streets outside the Hilton and Convention Center
It was a place of 10,000 anecdotes
as the police nightsticked, hurled tear gas, bludgeoned
and made blue red—

Among their victims was a crippled bystander
and it was there
in the surgery-room glare of the television lights—
that thousands took up the chant
“The whole world is watching
the whole world is watching....”

McCarthy volunteers set up
a first aid station on the Hilton’s 15th floor
at his suite

They gave up their passes
to get the injured up to the room

Humphrey was on the 25th floor
An aide opened a window and complained
of tear gas

On the nominating floor four miles from the Hilton
CBS-TV’s Dan Rather gave a live report,
“A security man just slugged me in the stomach,”
to which Walter Cronkite replied,
“I think
we’ve got a
bunch of thugs here,
Dan.”

Inside the convention that horrible night
Senator George McGovern was a last minute peace candidate
after McCarthy refused to lead a floor fight
against Humphrey•

Senator Abraham Ribicoff was giving his nominating speech:
“With George McGovern,” said Ribicoff, “we wouldn’t have Gestapo
tactics on the streets of Chicago.”

Mayor Richard Daley, his face reddened with malevolence,
shouted, “Fuck you, you Jew son of a bitch!
You lousy motherfucker, go home!”

Daley was seated in the front
Ribicoff looked down at Red Face, and said
“How hard it is to hear the truth.”

When a Wisconsin delegate asked
stood up and asked the convention
to adjourn itself for two weeks
because of the beatings in the street
Allen Ginsberg leaped to his feet in the balcony
and began shouting “OMMMMM” for about five minutes•
Meanwhile, outside
    in the television lights
the teargassed, terrified and angry crowd
continued its own version of ommmmm,
    “The Whole World is Watching!
The Whole World is Watching!”

Hubert Humphrey picked up the nomination
on the first ballot:
    Humphrey  1761 3/4
    McCarthy  601
    McGovern  146 1/2

It was reported that Humphrey
    lurched up from his seat
in his suite
    and kissed the television set
when he “went o’er the top”

A day or two later, according to an Army record,
Warren Christopher (later Secretary of State, but
then a Deputy United States Attorney General)
called the Pentagon and asked for still
and motion pictures taken by a
    U.S. Army Intelligence unit
of demonstrators outside the Convention

Yeats in the Gas

Phil Ochs later mentioned how
in the horror of the gas and the clubs
he thought of Yeats

“I was in the worst police brutality,” he said, “right when they charged up
by the Hilton. I was between the charging cops and the crowd and I
raced into a doorway in the nick of time.... While racing away from the
tear gas, I just had a sensation of Yeats. I thought of Yeats (laughs) for
some reason.”

I wondered about that for years
till it dawned that he might
have been thinking of Yeats’ poem
    “Easter 1916”

and its repeated line
    A terrible beauty is born

That is, those crazy youth and not-so-youth
their hasty signs, their hasty props, their hasty yells
were transformed in the Chicago injustice so that
A terrible beauty was born

“Chicago has no government,” said Allen Ginsberg a few weeks later. “It’s just anarchy maintained by pistol. Inside the convention hall it was rigged like an old Mussolini strong-arm scene—police and party hacks everywhere illegally, delegates shoved around and kidnapped, telephones lines cut.”

and, in opposing it, A terrible beauty was born

I was in a “don’t say hello/don’t say goodbye” mood and wanted to get out of the hell of Chicago to the safety of Avenue A where the street sweeping trucks still used water

It all seemed so senseless I filed away the clips I cut of the action in Chicago the leaflets and flyers and let them rest in a box for 28 years

The Fugs decided to tour wherever possible with Pegasus In early September I wrote a Prayer for the Pig hoping to use it as a chant or a song:

We pray for the pig confused and surrounded by hate-vectors

pray for the pig in crowds of growling & oink blasts

pray for the pig in the missions of nausea & gas

pray for the greed-pig lost among money need & ledgers
pray for the war-pig
ripping & cursing in
foam-fits of war

pray for the glory-pig
licking the leather of fame
with snout snorkels & pig gobble

pray for the poet-pig
slobbering for the laurel,
grappling the sunshine,
lusting for acceptance,
with a string of words in the void

pray for the silence-pig
lost in lonerhood
while pregnant women bleed to death
in the alleys of the poor

We
pray for the lost grey honkie
surlly & despising,
lost in comfortland
of self & family & money.....

Onward Earthlings, kiss the radiance,
worship yourselves, & pray for the pig.

I might have chanted some o' this prayer at every gig
or used it as the Mantram I did not sing
in Lincoln Park

but I didn't
It lurked in my files
till time for this book

September 3
the day after my
prayer for the pig
I was on William Buckley's television show
Firing Line with Jack Kerouac and sociologist Lewis Yablonsky
author of a book called The Hippie Trip

I was in the elevator
going up to the studio
when a guy came in
in a checked jacket
with two friends

I didn't recognize him at once
All of sudden he said,

“You look like Ginsberg
You talk like Ginsberg
& You write like Ginsberg”

I didn’t recognize him right away
one of my heroes
whose novels
especially Big Sur, Dharma Bums and The Subterraneans
had been like religious texts
when I was in college

I knew he’d swung to the right,
as they say,
and was supporting Buckley’s run for mayor of NYC

He’d ridden to NY two two pals
Joe Chaput and Paul Bourgeois

They’d had a couple of drinks on arriving in NYC
then checked into the Delmonico Hotel. Burroughs was also
at the Delmonico, finishing his piece on Chicago for Esquire

Jack chugged and smoked pot
into the zonk mode
Burroughs urged him not to go to the show

After the first segment
his chair fell off the studio riser
and it was obvious he was
stumbly-drunk

The producer wanted to substitute Allen Ginsberg
(who was in the audience) for Kerouac
but we all protested
and on it went

I mentioned Ginsberg & Kerouac
as heroes of my generation
but Kerouac said
“I’m not connected with Allen Ginsberg
and don’t you put my name next to his.”

He wasn’t very friendly
His face was very florid
and his forehead vein popped out
when he stroked above his nose
with a hand that held
a coronella sized cigar
I told him that I respected his writing too much
   and that I wasn’t going to fight with him
   on camera

even though my years steeped in controversy
   as a poet, publisher and Fug
   had trained me well
   to give back razory raillery—

I was very tempted to mention his daughter Jan
   who’d come to many Fugs shows
I remembered how the owner of the Astor Place Playhouse
   had come upon Jan and a Fugs guitarist making it
   on the drum riser
   one midnight
I remembered how Kerouac would call me now and then
   and recite little poems
   which I would write down

I remembered other things
   that Peter Orlovsky told me
   in Peace Eye
   after Kerouac visited Allen’s pad
   just up the street at 408 E. 10th

but why tell all
   just because Tell tells you to tell?

and I kept silent
   in front of the author
   Mexico City Blues

Afterwards we all went out
   to a bar in Times Square
   to light up the neon liver

On September 5
   the National Commission on
   Causes and Prevention of Violence
   said it would investigate
   police violence in Chi

The next day
   Mayor Richard Daley
   issued his report
   that supported what his police
   did during the Convention

September 6 & 7,
   the Doors in London played the theater
September 10
I put out a press release on September 10 about upcoming Fugs concerts in London and at the International Song Festival in Essen, Germany

I mentioned we would be traveling with Pigasus

and this: “After the Essen Song Festival the Fugs will journey with Pigasus to the Czechoslovakian boarder and attempt to to to Prague where they intend to hold a free concert and poetry reading, meet with their brothers in the streets, and conduct a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Franz Kafka, an early Yippie.”

In September, at last!

It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest
was pressed, printed & distributed by Warner/Reprise!

September 13
direct press censorship was reestablished in in Czechoslovakia

and the next day
Denny McClain won his 30th game as Detroit Tigers
defeated the Oakland A’s

By Mid September
the U.S. had 535,000 troops in Nam

and a group called Radical Women protested the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City

auctioned off a Miss America dummy set up a “freedom ashcan”
tossed bras, girdles, dishcloths, and steno pads

It was always the burned & banished bras that titillated the curve-batty media and not the dishcloths & pads
September 9-14
The Fugs went back in Montreal
to play again at the New Penelope

The local underground paper helped us
rent a candidate

We went with Pigasus
to the U.S. Consulate
w/ a CBC film crew

The Consulate officials
lied later,
saying we'd had the pig wrapped in an
American flag
when actually
it was covered with a gunny sack

The footage was to be
broadcast alongside
a Moral Rearmament program.

On September 15 in Montreal
I bought a tiny electronic synthesizer
called a Stylophone
the beginning for me of what I called the
E/B/S, or Electronic Bard System

I began turning tiny synthesizers
into instruments
with keyboards mounted to garden gloves
called the Pulse Lyre

![Drawing of Pulse Lyre by Miriam Sanders](image)

and followed
over the years by the Talking Tie,
the Singing Quilting Frame, the Microlyre
the Lisa Lyre
and the Bird Lyre
In Sweden an important election September 15
The Social Democrats had been in power for 36 years
and the right wing hoped to trounce
but the Soc Dems won

The '68 election was
the last for the two-chamber system
to be replaced in '71
with a single

The goal of the Social Democrats was for the State
to own 25% of industry
Sweden had formed a state-owned bank
which could give low-interest loans
to businesses
in exchange for the right to purchase stock
in the companies it aided

& a value-added tax
was created
instead of retail sales tax
for 1-1-'69

September 20
The U.S. military swore upon a stack of fragmentation grenades
that “defoliation in South Vietnam had produced no harmful results.”

The next day the Soviets sent Zond 5 around the moon
& resecured it after an Indian Ocean plop.

On 9-24
two FBI agents visited our house on Avenue A
I let them in, but restricted the questions.
Later when I got my files,
I saw what they wrote:
“Outside of his personal belongings the only items he took with him to Chicago were five dozen daisies and a gas mask.”

Perhaps they were looking for the origins of the psychedelic honey
or maybe they felt I would break down sobbing
to admit
I hauled in a crate of
bazookas packed in grease
from a Black Panther camp in the mountains of Cuba
My FBI files indicate bureau awareness
that the Fugs were thinking
of trying to visit Prague.
A single entry remaining on a page otherwise totally censored
dated 9-25-68
to Director, FBI from SAC, New York:
“Ed Sanders hoped to leave for Prague, Czechoslovakia, on 9/18/68.”
Perhaps they felt I might
be going to pick up my rubles from the KGB
And so Miriam and I and the Fugs
flew to Europe the second time
first to the Essen Song Festival
September 25-29
with Frank Zappa and the Mothers
and many others
Once again,
we held a press conference with Pigasus
this one in the central square of Essen
The Fugs did a concert or two
appeared on a political panel
and then did what we hungered to do
tried to sneak in Czechoslovakia
We rented a car
and drove toward Czechoslovakia—
Ken Weaver, Miriam, myself
and Peter Edmiston,
of Edmiston-Rothschild Management
We couldn’t go through East Germany
So we drive southwest into Bavaria
to the Czech border
In a restaurant in Bavaria
   I wrote much of a song called
“Jimmy Joe the Hippybilly Boy”
   which I later recorded on Sanders Truckstop

It was potato harvesting season
and we spotted big carts of potatoes
   in distant fields
   right at the border

We heard that at harvest
farm workers
   cross back and forth across the border
   along farm roads

so we thought we might sneak
   along a potato lane
   then streak to Prague

We had some vague concept
of shooting an album cover
   lying down in front of the Soviet tanks
and to visit the the house of Kafka,
   whose texts seemed keys to quelling the fear
   at the end of an
   endless year

We tried going in by one of the paved roads
They were stopping even the milk trucks

While we waited
Miriam walked out into a field
   to pick some small light yellow wild violas
next to the border guard
We pressed some little blue harebells, clover
   and a few violas in a poetry book
Here’s the harebell-viola glyph
   still resting in the
   bound copy of my little book Peace Eye
Then we drove along the potato wagon border
looking for a guardless path
to Czechoslovakia
We thought we had found one

A few more yards and we'd have been on the way to Prague
but then we spotted a single gun
with a machine gun hanging down his back off a shoulder strap

“Halten sie!” he shouted, holding out his weapon, and then gave forth a stream of German ending with “demonstrazionen”

Miriam was asleep beneath a blanket in our rented BMW and the guard thought we were trying to smuggle her in

and thus came to closure our search for an album cover with Soviet tanks

On Monday September 30 the Fugs flew to England for television and some concerts

That day we had a press reception at the Arts Laboratory on Drury Lane

Tuesday October 1
We were on the BBC TV show “Twenty Four Hours” at Lime Grove Shepherds Bush

We got a note that the BBC producer was fairly eager to discuss our “programme content”

Friday October 4
Fugs on the BBC TV “How It Is” Studio G, Lime Grove
a live show at 6 p.m.

and then to a gig at the
   Roundhouse
   Chalk Farm
   Camden Town, London
It was the new theater
of the Institute of Contemporary Arts
A good place to play
The Doors and Jefferson Airplane
   had been there not long before
& our opening act was the Hare Krishna singers.

We rented a double decker bus
   for a trip to Stonehenge
We packed it full of friends
and were ready to
   head for that remarkable circle of stones
but there was a bit of a delay
because a poet friend, Michael Horowitz
had a tooth ache
   so we took the bus
to his dentist

We flew back to New York
and then almost at once to Toronto
for an October 7 concert at Massey Hall
   one of the best Fugs concerts of '68
but I've never seen a tape of it in the bootleg catalogs

We were guests at the Rochdale Commune
It was the last time in the '60s
that I wasn't unhappy or dissatisfied
after a Fugs gig

While we were in Europe
the jerks at the House Unamerican Activities Committee
subpoenaed Dave Dellinger of the Mobe,
and Abbie and Jerry of the Yippies
to give some testimony
in D.C. on October 3

A U.S. marshall boarded a plane carrying Abbie
from Chicago to N.Y.
to serve him

Abbie's Subpoena to Appear before the
House Unamerican Activities Committee

It was scheduled as a three-day pervathon
October 1 Mayor Daley et al gave their testimony
but October 2 was called off because of the
opening of the World Series
Detroit vs. St. Louis

On the morning of October 3
Abbie arrived at the HUAC building
with a smile on his face
wearing an American flag shirt
stars running vertical on the left
stripes down the right
and wraparound shades

The Capitol police arrested him on the steps
A photograph of the time
shows a cop holding Abbie's elbow
his forearm jutting upward
just before the shirt was removed
revealing a Vietcong flag painted
on his back

(Of course now, decades thence
women in bikini catalogs
shows patterns of flag
on the mons veneris)

Anita Hoffman flew to his aid
just as she had in the Yip-In
and she was arrested also

Yippie Brad Fox was arrested
letting the air out of the left rear tire
of the patrol wagon
with the Hoffmans inside

Inside the HUACery
a barefoot Jerry Rubin stood resplendent
in three quarter length velvet pantaloons
naked from the waist up
his neck adorned with a necklace

with a live ammo bandoleer
a toy M-16
and a beret completing his sartorial presentation.

When the undercover police officer, disguised as a biker,
who had served as Rubin's volunteer
aide-de-freakout in Lincoln Park
(and who helped trigger the riot in Grant Park)
testified that Rubin had said, in the park on August 27,
"We should isolate one or two police and kill them."

Rubin shouted, "This worm's lies will prejudice my case in Chicago!"

Five lawyers for the "defendants"
including William Kunstler
demanded to cross examine the hostiles
but were denied
    and tossed from the room
    when they stood in silent protest

The same day as HUAC
George C. Wallace
picked bomb-batty General Curtis LeMay
    (the inspiration for
    the mad general in Terry Southern's
    *Dr. Strangelove*)
to run with him as VP for the American Independent Party
but the hate hicks erred
    and began to lose support
when at the October 3 press conference
bonk-bonk LeMay said
    he “would use anything that we could dream up,
    including nuclear weapons, if
    it was necessary”
to win the war

“*Where’s the Depravo Data?*” Part III

Hung up as always
    with fucking, genitals, dope & assignations
FBI headquarters
sent another “airtel” message to its stations
    on October 9:

It reminded tardy agents that memos had
been spewed forth on May 10 and May 23
advising all FBI offices
    “of the necessity of taking immediate action to expose,
    disrupt, and otherwise neutralize the activities of the New Left. As a
    part of this program, you were instructed to remain alert for and to
    seek specific data depicting the depraved nature and moral looseness
    of the New Left. You were further instructed to consider ways to use
    this material in a vigorous and enthusiastic approach to neutralizing them.”

The FBI airtel went onward to beg
    for smut:

“Despite these instructions and in the face of mounting evidence
of their moral depravity,
    little evidence has reached the Bureau
    to indicate field offices
    are using this information to best advantage.”
“...Where a student is arrested during a demonstration or his participation in a demonstration is accompanied by the use of or engagement in an obscene display, this information is to be promptly incorporated into an anonymous letter which can be directed to his parents.”

The airtel urged the Agents to include photos.

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Nobody loves weirdness
more than the secret police.
It signs their paychecks.
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October 10
I was invited to speak at Iona College along with Paul Krassner, Abbie Hoffman and Black Panther Minister of Information and presidential candidate for the Peace and Freedom Party

Eldridge Cleaver

We spoke on the columned steps of one of the buildings There were about 100 people there including FBI, red squadders, d.a.’s

Cleaver arrived with about 25 shudder-producing Panthers and when it was his turn to speak a priest, Iona faculty member Brother Edward Duggan stood across from him in front of another building & disrupted his words by shouting through a bull horn

Cleaver was fairly calm about it, and quoted Voltaire’s concept of “the last priest strangled with the guts of the last capitalist”

a startling string of words that had no results, until the police asked the college president —since, shudder shudder,

ACTUAL Panthers were circulating in the audience and things were hostile— to tell Bro Duggan to stop bullhorning so that Cleaver could finish.

This whole event, including a photo of me,
is contained in a Senate Internal Security Subcommittee report which reveals that a full array of FBI, Yonkers Red Squad, and assistant District Attorneys monitored the event and dutifully took down license plates in the parking lot which the Internal Security committee published in its report!

For the preservation of America, they printed the license plates of those at the Iona rally

That night of October 10 there was a benefit for the Catonsville 9 at the St. Mark's Church I wish I had a time machine to go hang out and hear Paul Blackburn, Ron Padgett, Kenneth Koch, Joel Oppenheimer

Ron Loewinsohn and Michael Palmer raise a few hundred

The Fall Olympics

The Mexican government was vehement to forge placid streets with blood ostensibly because the language of the deal with the International Olympic Committee made clear the olympics could only be held if the host country had a nice, docile populace
In the weeks leading up to the October games
the army occupied the university in Mexico city
Over 50 people were killed
and Chicago-like patrols surrounded Olympic stadium

Some remember the 15 days
in Mexico City
for the Black Power gloves
in the stadium

but the truth is that there were
so many
good players
in the Olympics
the time-track
could have used
a Pindar

Jim Hines won 100 meter run
in 9.89 seconds

There was a great pole vault competition
a three-way tie at 17’ 8 5/8”

with Bob Seagren the winner
because of fewer misses

In field hockey
Pakistan beat Australia 2-1
for the gold

A sixteen year old named Debby Meyer
won the 200, 400, & 800 meter freestyle
first places

There was a new technique
called the Fosbury flop
enabling Dick Fosbury
to win the high jump gold
as he sailed over the bar
on his back

and many other
Pindaric moments
thirsting for meter

October 17
saw the glorious moment
of the raised fist glyph
when Tommy Smith
won the 200 meters
    in a world’s record 19.8 seconds
    raising his arms in jubilation
John Carlos winning the bronze

A few minutes later
on the platform of triumph
Carlos and Smith both lifted their arms
during the national anthem
    with fists enmeshed in black gloves

a glorious glyph that told the world
such tales the War Caste forbade

    Both were dismissed
from the squad
    by the U.S. Olympic Committee
    and sent home

October 18
    John and Yoko were busted at Ringo’s pad
    by a sniff dog & seven fuzz
    for grass
    booked at police station
    and later fined 150 pounds

and two days later
    Jackie and Aristotle married on Scorpios

The Living Theater
    had a three week run in October
after 4 years of exile.

They did four plays
  including *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*
I saw the performance
  of *Paradise Now*

which began with communards
strutting through the audience
confronting people with

  “I cannot travel without my passport
   I do not know how to stop wars
   I cannot live with money
   I am not allowed to smoke marijuana
   I am not allowed to take off my clothes

and then many stripped down to loin cloths
  as I watched from the side
   with my scorchééd eyes

October 23
  finally! after months of
  debate-killing terror
some right wing Cubans were
arrested in New York
  for some of the bombings

Fugs   October 25    in Boston
  once again at the Psychedelic Supermarket
   for thrills and partying

A group called W.I.T.C.H.
for Women’s International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell
  raided the New York Stock Exchange
   and left behind hexes

November  2 Hendrix came out with
*Electric Ladyland*
  and it seemed like every
    alternate wall in the nation
       had his poster.

Humphrey staggered onward
in the fall campaign,
At first there were “ever present hecklers” at his campaign stops.
Anger-creating and frustrating—
maybe they were right wing
provocateurs for Tricky

The hecklers began to lessen
as Hubert’s campaign continued.

I switched off my disgust
& voted for him
just as I had voted for Johnson in ’64
after picketing the
Democratic Convention
in Atlantic City

on behalf of the seating of the
Mississippi Freedom Delegation.

Humphrey would never have been able
to buck the War Caste
and the image of him stupidly lurching
to kiss the tube in his room
in Chicago
while the War Caste bloodied the streets

chilled my eye
more than Yeats’ cold cry to “cast a cold eye....”

**The Secret Police Go Against the Funding of the Underground Press**

A CIA Chaos program analyst,
saving western civ
by spending taxpayer’s money
gazing at the underground press
came up with a simple strategy
for the Secret Police
that “worked”

Much of Operation Chaos is stupidly still kept secret
It’s known that the CIA began it in August of ’67
and that much of its “work”
was spying on and and
looking for ways to
stymie the anti-war left
The Underground Press was one of the Chaos program’s targets

One of the Operation Chaos’ programs
was Project Resistance
Around October of ’68
a CIA Chaos/Project Resistance analyst
whacked out a memo which noted
“the apparent freedom and ease in which filth,
slanderous and libelous statements,
and what appear to be almost treasonous
anti-establishment propaganda
is allowed to circulate”
in underground papers.

The CIA smut-sleuth then suggested a strategy for silencing the underground.

“Eight out of ten,” he wrote, “would fail if a few phonograph record companies
stopped advertising in them.”

The CIA of course denies it directly carried out the concept of interdicting
the record company moolah stream.

Instead, the FBI did it. In January of ’69 the San Francisco office of the FBI wrote
to headquarters
that Columbia Records
by advertising in the underground
“appears to be giving active aid and comfort to enemies
of the United States.”

The memo from SF suggested the FBI persuade Columbia Records
to stop advertising in the underground press

It worked
By the end of the next year
many record company ads had been pulled
& a number of underground papers had folded.

Humphrey went down
by seven tenths of a percentage point
and Nixon was elected.

There was a certain amount of frail analysis
among my companions
who felt that the advent of Tricky
was the prolegomenon
to the victory of the left.

Others, such as Allen Ginsberg,
blamed the Yippies and
the disaster of Chicago
for Tricky’s advent.

No doubt the kids in the teargas
were easy to hate  
by the workaday millions—
lazy and crazy  
as if they had Bartleby the Scrivener  
tattooed across their pot-taking lips

but they were only a few  
and cannot be blamed for this:  
Humphrey defeated Humphrey

(with a fiery assist from LBJ,  
and Nixon’s demimonde treason;  
See the “Treason in the Fall” section of  
*America, a History in Verse, Volume 3* (1962-1970))

**Shadow Government**

I was always very suspicious  
of the words  
“The form of government  
will grow out of the revolution”

Yet part of me  
always agreed  
with Proudhon  
that Property is Theft.

I had this notion  
of a Universal Rent Strike  
and in late “68  
codified it with “The Universal Rent Strike Rag”  
(later on my album, *Beer Cans on the Moon*)

I listened to it for the first time  
in 25 years  
researching this book  
and, while not poetry,  
pays good honor to Proudhon’s  
*La propriété, c’est le vol.*

I suggested to Jerry Rubin  
that the Yippies  
ought to form a Shadow Cabinet  
that shadowy fall

and issue decrees  
and prepare themselves to govern

if they really wanted to forge
a socialist revolution

but in the back of my mind
I wondered if I really wanted
Jerry Rubin or Abbie
the Weathermen
Eldridge Cleaver
or even my hero Allen Ginsberg
running the nation?

No set of mammals in '68
yet had the strength,
the time, the grit
the genius, the Vision
to open the door of America
to the structure of sharing.

It had taken almost a decade
for me to realize
that I was a democratic socialist
or a Danish-style Social Democrat

In the years just before World War I
there were 70 socialist mayors in 24 states
1,200 socialist office holders in 340 cities
And the socialist Meyer London was in the
House of Representatives
representing the very
apartment
where Miriam, Didi and I
were living!

Eugene Debs in '12 got 6% of the vote for prez
My mentor Allen Ginsberg
had once sought to become a labor lawyer
and there were even a few good overtly socialist poets,
including Carl Sandburg

Meanwhile I tried to ebb my
sorrow with projects
throughout the fall of 1968.

I did a lot of work, including sequencing the sections,
for a television film for the Yippies
Country Joe McDonald and I wrote a song
called "Chicago" which we used in the film

and I put up the money to publish
a quarterly called the *Marijuana Review*

I collected photographs
for a possible book on Chicago
but gave it up
and began notes instead
for a satire
that I finished
in 1969
published by Grove Press

I'd put the Fugs mailing address
on our Warner Brothers records
and the mail poured into Stuyvesant Station
by the several thousand
so I spent several weeks sending newsletters
to those who had written

Hundreds of these letters reside in my Woodstock file cabs
and I've noticed how many were adorned
with psychedelic festoonage, eyeballs, peace signs
and trembling capitals
One even contained an LSD-spritzed Necco wafer

I've often thought of looking up
30 years later
some of these people
damozels willing to take baths in jello
or young guys
so determined to be Something Else—
to see how they've fared.

I began gathering original art
from some underground comic artists
whose work I admired
for a show at Peace Eye which opened November 7
I think it was the first
underground comic art show
The walls were packed with great works--
pages from R. Crumb’s notebooks,
and original strips by Crumb, Art Spiegelman, Kim Deitch,
Bill Beckman and Spain Rodriguez
(who drew the invitation)

I sent out a press release
with text such as
"These comic strip plexi are high energy spew-grids
which at their best discharge intense power & beauty in
to the brain as the eye slurps across their surface. The
jolt of such immediate energy creates in the beholder
profound sensations of mirth, anarch, poetry, sodomy-
froth, Hideum apparitions and somehow, faith. It’s not
easy. These artists live & work together, constantly
comparing a million ideas and anecdotes, cackling &
chortling over the pushy violence of the world,
annotating with their tense disciplined rapidographs the
terror in the wall...."

Peace Eye was packed that night
—even Robert Frank showed up!—
and so were the fine-drawn walls

Standing in Peace Eye
with the Comic Art on the Wall

November 15 at Hunter College
was Janis Joplin’s final NY performance with
and then they flew west for final concerts in California

I was feeling a little guilty
for urging Janis all that spring
to go out on her own
(though many others also urged)

November 16
Nor Nix nor dread
prevented the celebration of Miriam’s birthday

as that day I went to Seashells Unlimited
at 39th and 3rd

and bought some gifts:
a pearled nautilus and an elephant’s tusk
from the Philippines
a black abalone and a sea urchin
from off California
a mushroom coral from the Red Sea
a sand dollar from Florida
and a tree snail from Haiti

Though the phrases “Trance of Sorrow”
and “Universal Joke”
showed up in my notebooks
by the end of the year
I’d never experienced the mood swings
and depressions
befalling a few of my friends

Phil Ochs in particular
began to experience
a late-century version of Fitzgerald’s “Crack-Up”

He pulled together some tunes
in the fall and booked time to record
Rehearsals for Retirement.

It had a horrifying cover
a photo of a tombstone
“Phil Ochs (American)
Born: El Paso, Texas 1940
Died: Chicago, Illinois 1968”

I loved to hear him sing
& wished I’d been in Vancouver
for a concert late in the year
Phil sang his setting of Poe’s “Bells”
with Allen Ginsberg
on hand to play the
tintinabulations.

The phone always rang.
Abbie told me he had conditioned himself
to be fully awake and ready to discuss anything
the moment he picked up the phone
at 4 a.m.

I was impressed
how in one weekend after Chicago
he’d slaved around the clock
to finish his book called
Revolution for the Hell of It

I thought the title
told a great deal
about his psyche
but I was under the sway of his brilliance

so I worked with Dial Press
and threw a publication party November 22
the anniversary of JFK
at the Peace Eye Bookstore

He signed a copy for me
on a book plate
tree whose roots
clutched a book:
“To Ed Sanders
There are
but few that get
to fuck the world
Abbie”

(There was another Abbie signature
from around that time)
that helped set his legend—
Movie rights to *Revolution for the Hell of It* were bought by MGM
with an initial payment of $25,000
Abbie signed the check
and gave it to the
Black Panther bail fund

During Abbie's party at Peace Eye
I went down the street
to get more wine
There'd been a stick-up
and a shooting at the liquor store
just a hundred feet from the party

It was one of those “400 Blows” moments
a frozen image of
an elevated heap of Burbly blood on the pavement
which I stepped over
to get into the store
to buy some Bacchus

November 22 was also the day the
Beatles White Double Album was released.

In Death Valley
in a lonely old dry upper desert ranch
the Manson group
listened to the White Double
by a gasoline-generator

and began to believe
the words of black-white war
were hidden in the vinyl grooves

Events were beginning
to acquire a kind of equality—
Liverpool & Armageddon
& jacking off became the same
as offing Jack

and I was thirteen months away
from starting to study
this strange group of
edgy wanderers.

**The Book Boat**
Out in California
a young man named John Martin
and his wife Barbara
began Black Sparrow Press in ‘66

By ’68 it was one of the finest,
publishing Zukofsky’s *A Fragment for Careenagers*,
*A Tree Telling of Orpheus* by Denise Levertov
Creeley’s *The Finger*, and *Greed*, Parts I & II by
Diane Wakoski, *At Terror Street & Agony Way*
by Paul Bowles, Robert Kelly’s *Finding the Measure*,
plus tomes by Bukowski,
McClure, Duncan, Rothenberg,
Owens, Dorn, Eshleman & others

They had a belief in books
and I know for sure
that as a kid
books had literally saved my life

Lawrence said to build a Boat of Death
but I was steeped in things Egyptian too
and built a Boat of Books
which brought me out of the chaos

Ever since I’d felt I had a Book Boat
a gathering of precious tomes
    to take me through the rapids

But now, at the end of a teargas year
(even though I owned a book store
    with almost instant access to any I wanted)
I lost their succor

Books were
    falling from the
sides of my boat
    and water was rushing in.

I wasn’t sure what to do
I thought maybe I’d copy Ferlinghetti
    and begin a serious publishing house
give up music
pretend Avenue A was the Euphrates
and build a cabin of books again
    as if they were mud and wattles

and then on November 24
a dreadful telephone call
my friend d.a. levy
    shot himself
    in the third eye
sitting lotus
    on a mattress
    in a nearly empty pad
    in Cleveland

using his childhood .22
    and triggering the shot
    with his toe

Since we'd talked in August
he'd begun to give away his things
broke up with his wife

In the fall he'd gone to Madison
to be the poet in residence
    at the Free University

He taught a course in telepathy at the Free U
    which he did not attend
though the class met anyway
    and focussed on levy from afar

He made some brilliant collages in Madison
and then in November he returned
to Cleveland

He wrote a final lengthy poem,
    with its haunting lines:

    “i don't know
    poetry seemed like such
    a good idea
    a way to communicate
    pretty pictures
    or to see things that exist
    now. But the people want blood.”

I heard he was moving to the Coast
I think he hated to be driven from Cleveland
but the poverty that haunted Hart Crane
    smashed him without mercy

The issues of
    economic justice
    and personal freedom
which wore out the good bard levy
have not yet
beenn addressed
in America
so that a shyer & less-pushy genius
can flourish a proper span

1968 was the year
Lord Byron finally got his plaque
in the Poets Corner
at Westminster Abbey

It sometimes takes centuries
to sort out a poet
and so it may be for
darryl allan levy
of Cleveland

November 27
Eldridge Cleaver fled to Europe
on the day he was to surrender for parole violation
The CIA followed him
as a fascinating threat
to national security

The Fugs November 29-30
Played the Kaleidoscope Theater
at 4445 Main Street in Philadelphia
for $2700 bucks

The place was outfitted
with hundreds of sofas
upon which the audience
toked and erotically desported
during our gig

December 15
Ted Berrigan wrote me from his job
teaching poetry
at the University of Iowa in Iowa City

“Dear Ed,
thanks for the poem, and the records, and papers. The
new album is inspirational. Sandy likes Crystal Liaison
best, not knowing it's RC..... and I
like all of it, especially Ramses II is daid and
the last cut on side one whose name I don't recall.
There's a real feeling for quietness, sepulchralness
(is that a word) and death throughout. A kind of awful
hush filled with song that's fitting and so saying the
critic took another pull on his stogie and then nodded out

Levy’s suicide was a kick in the gut. A terrible disappointment, tho not in him of course...what’s it all about.... is what it released in my heart awfully.....
If you do his book, you might try to get some of his collages
The few I’ve seen were quite nice and
and quite beautiful in some ways...”

December 16
the Spanish government
finally got around to voiding
the 1492 decree expelling Jews from Spain

It was the same day that Valerie Solanas
got out of Mattewan State Hospital
and the judge declared her competent to stand trial
for shooting Andy

December 19-22
the Fugs were in New Haven
for gigs at the Stone Balloon
We were very, very weary
though the band was tighter than ever
sharp & bitter & full of ferality
though nothing could overcome
the décadance
that was chewing our work
like mice in a box of archives.

The Ostracized Elf

Another career I was thinking of pursuing
was as a producer for Warner Brothers/Reprise
I was a producer for Warner Brothers/Reprise
I had a little book of other Warner producers
with Sinatra’s private number
so at year’s end
en role as producer
I wrote a Christmas story
which I had typed and printed
to send out to my associates in the biz
where it made a bit of a stir

It was a variation on the Rudolph fable:

Osbert, the story went, was a long haired hippie elf
whose specialty in the North Pole toy factory
   was Shell Stations with adjoining hippie communes

When Santa ordered Osbert not to make any more pipes
and weird toys, Osbert dared to argue, and Santa tossed him out.

Osbert, the tale continued,
stood outside the toy factory and wept.

For days he stood there in the snow
watching the frenzy of packing, packing and singing
Everybody noticed Osbert but pretended not to see him.
Santa was heading out on Christmas Eve
Osbert the ostracized turned his wet face to Santa
and said the miracle words, “Merry Christmas, Santa.”
Santa himself began to weep
   in a moment revealing what I longed for—
   the spiritual power of reconciliation, and he said
   “Osbert how would you like to ride with me tonight
   in the front seat of the sleigh?”
after which Kringle and Osbert the elf flew above the habitation,
shouting and singing in pre-K-Mart jubilation
   no doubt planting a few
   unusual Shell Stations
   on Avenues B and C.

On Christmas eve
the phone rang
   Andy answered
   to his horror it was Valerie

She was free on bail
and wanted all criminal charges dropped
some roles in upcoming films
that Andy buy her manuscripts for $20K
   and help her get some
guest shots on TV shows

(not long later, February 25, 1969
   she pled guilty
   and on June 9, ’69 was sentenced to three years)

Also on Christmas eve
3 astronauts on Apollo 8
   were the first to orbit the moon
   ten times they whirled the circuit
   with live TV
   and then they wended home
I was beginning to worry about this journey into outer space that it was not such
a Santa Claus benevolence trip

that we were crossing the great Iron Void
like Hesiod’s anvil into tartaros or, maybe worse, like the hostile spores of metastasis

It all seemed quite benevolent, however, watching the moon on Avenue A with Miriam stringing tinsel in neat patterns on a tree

and Deirdre excited about Santa Hanging stockings on our marble fireplace

There was a Christmas reading at the St. Mark’s Church for the Poetry Project—a huge list of names, myself, Joe Brainard, Anne Waldman, Peter Schjeldahl, Kenward Elmslie and oodles of bardic Other

The day after Christmas the Fugs flew to Cleveland, for a three day gig at Le Cave

I tried to learn what I could about d.a. levy’s suicide

Some bikers came back stage at Le Cave and spiked our drinks maybe with STP

Whatever it was
it was another one of those Ultimate Spinach trips
which I had to carry out in a Howard Johnson motel
I called Miriam
to have her talk me down from the spinach
(as she had in '66
when I called during a
psilocybin trip with Olson and Weaver
in Gloucester)

Things didn’t turn out as well for our bass player
who was almost paralyzed the next day
when we had to take the train to Chicago
because a snowstorm had closed the airport

At the Chicago gig
we told him just to hold his bass
and not to try to play

(A few days later
he was grabbed at JFK
trying to get back to London
convinced he was Paul McCartney!

He had a beautiful voice
and he soon returned from the Visionary Other
and stayed with us for the
remaining months of the 1960s Fugs)

Our gig in Chicago was at the Aragon Ballroom.
with Wilson Pickett!
We couldn’t wait to hear him sing his hits,
“In the Midnight Hour” & “Mustang Sally”
Unfortunately, Pickett was kept by the snow
from coming to Chicago

and the Fugs,
one of our players in a stupor
faced a rather surly audience
who were told the lead act wasn’t there
and they weren’t getting their money back

It was in this context,
that when I called Mayor Richard Daley a motherfucker
the restless crowd of 5,000
didn’t take it well
A woman directly in front of me
tossed a container of coca cola
in my face
& we fled to our hotel
the fancy Astor Towers
Next we hopped up to Detroit
to play the Grande Ballroom
December 30
and the next day flew to LaGuardia
and back to 196 Avenue A

On New Year’s eve
Miriam and I got dressed up
and went down the street
to Pee Wee’s bar and restaurant

Pee Wee was a wide-faced one-eyed guy
who ran a friendly multiracial place

At midnight we clinked our
champagne glasses together
and leaned across the table
as we did every year, for a good luck kiss
and said goodbye to 1968

just as now
on a computer screen
a hundred miles away
from where we kissed
I say farewell again o ’68
May you rest in your
inky vestiges!

Reside! o ’68
in the books and boxes
of my writing studio
so many years from
Grant Park, My Lai, Memphis
& Kennedy clutching
his rosary

Pee Wee’s was packed
when we clinked together our
champagne classes
in the dum spiro spero
(while I breathe, I hope)
mode of our thirsty generation.

We whistled, we shouted
we stamped on the sawdust floor
while in my soul
a year-long carillon of bells was tolling

They were tolling
    for the shrapneled dead in the jungles
    the leafless forests, the napalm and mines
They were tolling for Kennedy’s
    small white cross in Arlington
They were tolling for the centuries it takes
    to make a country more benign
For the bells of d.a. levy’s Cherokee Ponies
The bells of Poe in Baltimore
    that Phil Ochs sang
        and Allen rang
For the bells on the tear gas grenades
    Allen and I sprinted through
        to get back to the Hotel Lincoln
The sweet sound
    of Didi’s wrist bell
        on Avenue A
The bells of the St. Nicholas Carpatho-Russian church
    two hundred feet from the Peace Eye Bookstore
The bells the bells
    sounding in a new year
        on the Avenue

All your inky fury is gone, o year--
but the struggle
    for freedom
        & a just, sharing world
        is always in the air

No police state
    Cointelpro or Chaos
no teargas truck no battle-maddened mind
    no urge to control & enslave
        can stop that struggle
            or erase it.

Farewell, o ’68
End Notes

p. 2 Indicted for conspiring to counsel young men to evade the draft were Dr. Benjamin Spock, author of the ultrapopular *Baby and Child Care*, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin chaplain of Yale University, Harvard grad student Michael Ferber, novelist Mitchell Goodwin, Marcus Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies.

In a trial later in the year
Raskin was acquitted
the others were found guilty
and sentenced to 2 years

As Kirkpatrick Sales noted in his book *SDS*, page 406, it was “the first unmistakable signal that the left faced a serious threat of repression.”

The author and Allen Ginsberg at a candlelight demonstration for Dr. Spock and those indicted, early 1968

p. 2 Not long after the October ’67 Exorcism and March on the Pentagon
Attorney General Ramsey Clark
ordered the creation of “Interdivision Information Unit”
known as IDIU, in Justice Dept, to collect data
on Vietnam war & leftist dissent
IDIU got info from Army Intelligence, from FBI, and other “Federal organizations.”

p. 4 The Fugs had signed a multi-album contract with Atlantic Records in early ’67. We worked hard on our first album for Atlantic, recording it at Talentmaster studio on 42nd Street. We completed it, and the response from a group of Atlantic executives for whom we played it was good. Then I received a terse phonecall announcing that we were tossed off the label. Our managers heard some scuttlebutt from Albert Grossman, Janis Joplin’s manager, that the reason we were tossed from Atlantic was that, since Atlantic was negotiating to sell to Warner Brothers, they didn’t want the Fugs lowering their sale price. If that were true, then it’s ironic that we
soon were given a contract by Warner/Reprise for whom we recorded four albums in the 1960s.

Meanwhile, we had lost a crucial year, 1967, during which we did not release any albums. In early ’68, our album *Tenderness Junction* came out, which was comprised of elements of our banished Atlantic album, plus new songs we had added, such as a version of the Fugs/Diggers “Exorcism of the Pentagon.”

p. 8 The Avalon Ballroom was at Sutter and Van Ness. The concert was produced by Chet Helm’s Family Dog productions.

p. 11 Sirhan had been raised as a Christian Arab in Old City, Jerusalem. One of five sons belonging to Mary and Bishara Sirhan. In Jan, ’57 came to U.S. with mother and dad, two brothers and sister. By mid ’57 dad had deserted them and gone back to Palestine. Sirhan attended John Muir High in Pasadena, and went to Pasadena City College couple of years then wanted to become a jockey.

He was an exercise boy at Granja Vista Del Rio Horse Ranch in Corona. Sept. ’66 tossed from galloping horse. Applied for workman’s comp.

Then worked for a health food store in Pasadena as stock boy and driver. Got settlement, $1,705, and quit health food store. according to the book *R.F.K. Must Die*, by Robert B. Kaiser.

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**The Question of Robowash**

I think that the prevailing mood in the media is that the facts of programmed assassin research should not be spread among civilians because of strong certainty that cults, terrorists, and militias, not to mention governments big and small, would put the techniques to use.

Nevertheless, it seems certain that the U.S. military-intelligence apparatus, well prior to the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, had developed techniques to alter memory, implant false memories, erase memories and create programmed couriers, agents with no recall, and programmed killers.

It’s a scary subject, not only that the techniques likely already were used to alter the history, say, of 1968 (and the world!), but that the techniques are ready to be used now, a number of decades after the slayings of ’68, in an age where more and more control is being placed upon populations, more and more surveillance, and more and more of what is known as “psy-war” is used for the swaying of nations.
There is no space here for a full explication of U.S. military/CIA research into mind control. In 1962, after President Kennedy tried to shake up the CIA following the Bay of Pigs, the CIA had already been studying mind control for ten years. The mind program was called MKULTRA till June 1964, when it became MKSearch. MKSearch went on throughout the 1960s and early ’70s, under the CIA’s Office of Research and Development (ORD).

Richard Helms became director of the CIA in 1967. He was a “protector of unfettered behavioral research,” wrote John Marks in his very informative book, *The Search for the “Manchurian Candidate”—The CIA and Mind Control— The Secret History of the Behavioral Sciences.* (Dell Publishing, 1988). During those years, the CIA’s Office of Research and Development (ORD) worked steadily on robotic control techniques. Creating amnesia was a priority. There was research into techniques of brain surgery using electrode probes in order to sever “past memory and present recall,” to use Mr. Marks’ words (page 225).

The CIA seems to have developed a drug that helps program new memories into the mind of an amnesiac subject.

Another interesting book, in which the CIA was accused of programming an alternate personality into a courier, is *The Control of Candy Jones,* by Donald Bain (Playboy Press, 1976; reprinted by Barricade Books). For a few years during the 1970s I worked on a book about the Robert Kennedy assassination, and learned that the man Candy Jones said was her CIA control was a doctor who lived in California; another CIA robo-doctor lived on Lexington Drive in Los Angeles. I once took photographs of the communications aerial on his roof, to see if it might be operating on government frequencies.

John Marks wrote *The Search for the “Manchurian Candidate”* based in good part on about seven boxes of CIA documents from the 1950s obtained by him under the Freedom of Information Act, plus numerous interviews.

In early 1973 Richard Nixon fired CIA director Richard Helms. Helms oversaw a huge destruction of documents and tapes, including the files on mind control. Seven boxes were burned, but they forgot to burn another seven boxes of financial records relating to mind control research. These seven boxes from the 1950s MKULTRA research became the basis for Marks’ book.

Meanwhile, while he was writing his book, Marks heard of mind research that was done in the 1960s and early 1970s by the CIA’s Office of Research and Development. (ORD had a rural center out of Boston in which it did much of its research) Marks filed under FOIA for CIA files of mind research done by ORD, and was told in reply that there were 130 boxes of relevant material. As far as I know, no one, including Mr. Marks, has ever looked at any of these 130 boxes of 1960s robo-wash files. Perhaps some sleuths should go after these boxes.

Another book with interesting information on robowash is *Operation Mind Control— Our Secret Government’s War Against Its Own People,* by Walter Bowart (Dell Publishing 1978). Other books with pertinent information are The

p. 15 It was published that we had peed on Joseph McCarthy’s grave, which is not true, just as we had NOT done the same to the walls of the Pentagon during the ’67 Exorcism. In its own unique way, this ceremony was Serious.

p. 20 CIA Operation Chaos. Though much of Operation Chaos is still stupidly kept secret, some fragments have emerged over the years, such as Seymour Hersh’s exposés in early 1975 in The New York Times. For instance, in late 1967 an Army military intelligence agent named Ralph Stein (later an attorney) gave a secret briefing to the CIA on domestic dissent.

The briefing was arranged by the CIA liaison to Army counterintelligence offices.

There were three or four elderly gents
from the Agency

They seemed very familiar
with subjects
such as SDS publications
and the Berkeley Barb

and asked a lot of questions

Ralph Stein was a military counterintelligence agent from ’65 to ’68
(see New York Times, January 11, 1975)

The CIA’s Domestic Surv
in the ’60s
was done under the aegis of
James Angleton’s Counterintelligence section

In a memo of August 15, 1967 then head of covert ops
Thomas Karamessines suggested
that Harry Rositzke and Richard Ober
head what became know as CHAOS

(Denver Post July 9, 1975)

Richard Ober was the Chaos liaison with Richard Helms
(head of the CIA in 68)
Had regular and unique direct access to Helms

Ober assembled a large staff
and acquired huge amounts of data

According to the Rockefeller Commission
Chaos indexed 300,000 names, kept 13,000 subject files,
and collected huge numbers of intercepted letters
and cables from the subjects

William Colby
testified in January of ’75
that the CIA had placed
(or recruited)
at least 22 CIA agents
in “American dissident circles”

and that Richard Helms on August 15, 1967
authorized CIA counterintelligence division
to look into foreigners
linked with American radicals
(NY Times Jan 16, 1975)

In mid-1969 Special Operations Group (Chaos)
had 36 positions and increased by 18
in the spring of ’71.

(Denver Post July 9, 1975)

Let’s let Alexander Pope end this note on Chaos,
with the final quatrain from the Dunciad:

Lo! thy dream empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtains fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

p. 20 Information on Project Resistance was pulled out of the
government by the Center for National Security Studies.

p. 22 Here's the fullest version I could find of Hoover's (and his ill-famed Division Five's) March 4, 1968 proclamation updating the “Black Nationalists” program:

“For maximum effectiveness of the Counterintelligence Program, and to prevent wasted effort, long-range goals are being set.

1. Prevent the coalition of militant black nationalist groups. In unity there is strength; a truism that is not less valid for all its triteness. An effective coalition of black nationalist groups might be the first step toward a real ‘Mau Mau’ in America, the beginning of a true black revolution.

2. Prevent the rise of a ‘Messiah’ who could unify, and electrify the militant black nationalist movement. Malcolm X might have been such a ‘messiah’, he is the martyr of the movement today. Martin Luther King, Stokely Carmichael and Elijah Muhammad all aspire to this position. Elijah Muhammad is less of a threat because of his age. King could be a very real contender for this position should he abandon his supposed ‘obedience’ to ‘white, liberal doctrines’ —nonviolence— and embrace black nationalism. Carmichael has the necessary charisma to be a real threat in this way.

3. Prevent violence on the part of black nationalist groups. This is of primary importance.... [Through counter-intelligence it should be possible] to pinpoint potential troublemakers and neutralize them before they exercise their potential for violence.

4. Prevent militant black nationalist groups and leaders from gaining respectability by discrediting them to three separate segments of the community....the responsible Negro community; ....the white community and to ‘liberals’;.... (and) in the eyes of Negro radicals, the followers of the movement...

5. A final goal should be to prevent the long-range growth of militant black nationalist organizations, especially among youth. Specific tactics to prevent these groups from converting young people must be developed.”

(An almost full text of this hoov-noia is to be found on p. 187 of David Garrow’s *The FBI and Martin Luther King Jr.* It’s difficult to get the exact and complete language of this document, even after a good flow of decades!)

p. 22 On Codrescu’s bust. I asked him about it, and he replied, “I was arrested for pot and guns!”

p. 25 To get the scope of early Yippie, you can look at the various committees that Hoffman had set up, as on this letterhead:
Milton Glazer donated a poster to sell as did the 2nd Avenue music commune Group Image. There was enough money to open a YIP office at room 607, 32 Union Square East.

There were a number of activists who contributed time and talent to early Yippie. These include Jeff Shero, Brad Fox, Super Joel, Sam and Walli Leff, Bob Fass, Paul Krassner, Stew Albert, Judy Gumbo, Wolf Lowenthal, Abe Peck, Kate Coleman, Marty and Susan Carey, Paul McIsaac, Nancy Cohen, Robin Palmer, and numerous others

p. 31 The Gold Crisis of '68
a murky thing
difficult to fathom
It may have had to
do with France
hoarding gold
to punish the U.S.
for Vietnam
(They were apparently upset with France
for having oodles of gold
while at the same time
spending oodles for labor peace)
The Chinese also were under suspicion
for aurum-hoarding
Anyway, there had been a multiyear run on U.S. gold reserves and the U.S. and allies began to set aside the gold standard

(As for the European countries making peace with their labor unions, it may take the U.S. another century to learn that Social Democracy is the price Capital pays for peace in the streets)

p. 32 ee ee ee ee
this comes from the final lines of Euripides' Trojan Women, when with the chorus singing ee's of lament as sacked Troy burns and women and children are being loaded in the boats as booty.

p. 33 Minneapolis Honeywell manufactured fragmentation bombs.

p. 46 Here's the innocent looking Yip-in poster:

p. 47 Arriving late to the Yip-in from the recording studio. We were recording with engineer/producer Richard Alderson at Impact Sound, where we had recorded our 2nd album back in early 1966, and then much of Tenderness Junction. Impact Sound was located on West 65th in a building soon to be torn down to make way for the Lincoln Center parking garage. Impact was owned by Harry Belafonte, and the Fugs were able to get some fine singers who performed with Belafonte to sing harmonies on such tunes as “Wide, Wide River,” “When the Mode of the Music Changes,” “Rames the II is Dead, My Love,” “Marijuana,” and other melodies which we were recording that spring. We were very eager to finish the album that was to become It Crawled into My Hand, Honest. And so, the night of the Yip-In we were filling up some 8-track tapes in Alderson's studio.
CNVA-style. The Committee for Nonviolent Action, CNVA, was active in the late 50s and early 60s. They sponsored Polaris Action, the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace, and other important actions. Their philosophy of Openness and Truth meant that public officials and the police were kept informed of all public actions by CNVA, and there were always meetings and negotiations on details with authorities, even when civil disobedience was to occur.

James Earl Ray using the name Willard. Perhaps a little secret police satire, since Willard was the name of the hotel in D.C. in which the FBI had acquired those erotic tapes from early '64 that they had passed around.

The next year, Jimi would build his famous Electric Lady Studios at the site of the Generation Club on Eighth Street 'tween MacDougal and 6th Ave.

At the time this book was written Bernadine Dohrn was a lawyer with a Northwestern University legal aid project for troubled youth. Her husband, Bill Ayers was a University of Illinois professor.

On the Legion of Justice and Army Intelligence a former Army Intelligence officer named John O'Brien testified later that in '69, during Chic 7 Trial he was assigned to keep tabs of the def's and the attorneys sometimes with the goal of "pure harassment." O'Brien's Mil-Int reports were passed to FBI, Secret Service, Chicago PD, et al.

The 113th Military Intelligence Group received 3 or 4 cartons of doc's stolen from the Chicago Seven defense office by the right wing Legion of Justice a group which was being financially supported by Mil-Int, as reported by Sanford Ungar in the Washington Post November 14, 1973

The Legion of Justice threw gas bombs and disrupted perf's of the Russian Moiseyev Dance Company and Chinese acrobats.
One of the grenades was traced to “army stocks”
the New York Post reported, May 1, 1975

p. 99 Peter Noyes. See his book, Legacy of Doubt. Noyes was a news editor
at KABC television in Los Angeles

p. 100 Peter Edmiston and Charles Rothschild were the managers of the Fugs,
and, against many odds, kept us successfully on the road throughout the
late 1960s.

p. 100 The San Francisco Mime Troupe had been busted for obscenity during
free performances in the parks.

p. 101 Fugs at the Fillmore. The additional musicians included Richard Tee,
Carl Lynch, Howard Johnson, and Julius Watkins, with the ensemble
conducted and arranged by Warren Smith. (Smith had beautifully arranged
Tuli Kupferberg’s song, “When the Mode of the Music Changes” for our
new record. In addition we added a harmony singer. We rented recording
equipment from Hanley Sound, and Richard Alderson recorded the concerts.

p. 104 Soviet tanks and troops
Soviets feared that Czechoslovakia would leave
Warsaw pact and declare itself neutral,
thus breaching the buffer zone across Eastern Europe
in place since WW II

p. 105 The early dinner in Malibu. According to Kaiser’s R.F.K. Must Die, John
Frankenheimer invited Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate, Frank and Luanne
Wells, Brian Morris and Anjanette Comer, Dick Sylbert and someone
named Sarah Hudson. Kaiser told me he got the names from Frankenheimer.
All the names are checkable, except Sarah Hudson, which may be a pseudonym.

p. 109 The FBI’s code name for the Kennedy investigation was Kensault.

p. 112 Young Mr. Di Pierro had witnessed the killing of Robert Kennedy, whose
blood had splatters Di Pierro’s clothes. Di Pierro’s story to the FBI was
given on June 7. On July 1, LAPD, very very eager to disprove a conspiracy,
pressured him to change his story. He did, denying there was a young woman
with Sirhan. The woman with Sirhan: see, among other books, Philip
Melanson’s The Robert F. Kennedy Assassination— New Revelations on
the Conspiracy and Cover-up.

p. 114 The ebbing of the grief for Groovy. Groovy’s real name was James Hutchinson.
During the spring of 1967, I turned over the operation of Peace Eye Bookstore
(at its original location at 383 East Tenth) to a community group to be used
as it saw fit. One key community need during the spring before the
Summer of Love was places to crash, so mattresses were brought into
Peace eye and Groovy became kind of a crash pad coordinator. I liked him;
he helped kids with problems, and tried to keep predators at a distance. Insistent police pressure, and my landlord, forced me to stop allowing people to sleep at Peace Eye. Groovy had been living here. Four months later he was murdered, along with a young artist named Linda Fitzpatrick, in an unspeakably grim boiler room crash zone a block away from Peace Eye. I grieved sorely for him, though a few days later I was swept into the plans for the October 21 Pentagon Exorcism.

p. 118 Heraclitean panflow: panta rhei πάντα ῥεῖ, “all things are a-flowing,” or, as Sam Beckett translated it, “everything oozes.”

pp. 128-129 Around the time the Yippies put in a new permit application a group called the Coalition for an Open Convention headed by Dump Johnson founder Allard Lowenstein (the one Robert Kennedy was going to call as soon as he got back to his room on June 5) announced it wanted to bring 100,000 McCarthy supporters to Chicago to open up the Convention but Daley denied the Coalition a permit to march on the convention hall Lowenstein went to court but on August 22 Judge William Lynch, Daley’s former law partner, denied the appeal

p. 149 “Jim Morrison.” For years I wasn’t sure of his real name. Now, I know, and he’s a very respected environmentalist and educator, and, heh heh, saying no to temptation, pass over his name.

p. 150 MC5—Rob Tyner, Wayne Kramer, Fred Smith, Michael Davis, and Dennis Thompson

p. 159 Burroughs, Ginsberg, Genet and Southern had press passes to get into the convention. When I asked him what was going on on the inside of the convention Burroughs chuckle-laughed in his growly St. Louis blues voice and played me a crackly, whirry tape he said he’d played from the balcony of the convention hall If I understood him correctly
it was a Confusion-Creating Tape
deliberately designed to spread chaos.

"Well, Ed, heh heh,
I played a tape
on the balcony
to cause confusion."

It worked, Bill, it worked.

p. 165 On McCarthy refusing to carry his bid to the convention floor. He was a reserved guy, and not a high metabolism quester. Perhaps he felt that Humphrey had a “secret plan” to end the war. After all, Nixon claimed to have one later on that fall. Behind the hesitance, I think, was a fear of the military, as in Charles Olson’s line, “Blood is the food of those gone mad.”

p. 172 New Penelope at 378 Sherbrooke St. West
owned by a guy named Gary Eisenkraft

p. 174 Here’s a page from my FBI files, dated October 10, 1968:

p. 176 The same day, October 1,
in Mexico City
hemic bash-clash
students and police
toward the end of nine-week student strike
The government desperate to get the country quiet for the Olympics just a few days away

p. 182 See EXTENT OF SUBVERSION IN CAMPUS DISORDERS
  Hearings before the Subcommittee to Investigate the

“The Universal Rent Strike Rag”

When the last grim government is gone, my friend
And the last landlord is through
And the last policeman has thrown away his gun
And the last wire tap is done

And the Legions of Green are walking along
with their plastic shillelaghs held high
And the last computer has computed its last
and the Flags of Fantasy fly!

Oh birth, death, sex, gossip, politics, religion
Oh sing that Universal Rent Strike Rag
Not going to be anything left to do
but that Universal Rent Strike Rag!

When the plastic plexidomes are built on the moon
Socialist algae tanks are turning out cream
We’ll sit by the banks of the hydroponic stream
And cackle and chortle in the Universal Dream

The last police state falls on the floor
Clothes are free at the dry goods store
The last hungry stomach is feasted full
The only thing left to talk about more

Birth, death, sex, gossip, politics, religion
Sing that Universal Rent Strike Rag
There’s not going to be anything left to do
But that Universal Rent Strike Rag....