

# It's A Wild Time - I See People All Around Me Changing Faces It's A Wild Time - I Am Doing Things That Haven't Got A Name Yet

Forty-five Hog Farmers in three buses came to Hartford Thursday to promote and explain Earth Peoples' Park through a festival of life in the gym. At least three thousand students and members of the Hartford community participated in the party. The idea is that if all the people who participated either directly or indirectly in Woodstock contribute a dollar then we can buy back the whole earth and turn it over to ourselves. The one thing we learned at Woodstock was that it wasn't the music or the drugs -- although there was plenty of both -- that brought us together; it was ourselves that brought us together. We have to get ourselves together every so often just to prove to ourselves that we are real.

You can get the idea that it won't work at all, until you realize what we did. Sunday, March 8, the hog farmers did a show in New Haven and said that they'd be willing to come to Hartford on the way to Boston. So Monday, the Student Association Executive Board agreed to sponsor the costs of the show -- approx. \$400. - and we got



the room reservation filled out and approved by Dr. Lomaglio. This is usually a month's worth of paper work all by itself. Having a place to hold the festival in started to give us a context. Tuesday the hog farmers were busted in New Haven, but a couple hundred people followed them to court -- chanting hare krishna they even turned on the matrons in the jail and the charges were dropped. Meanwhile, in Hartford, people were lining up bands and equipment and food -- brown rice, fruit, bean pies -- all good organic food. Tuesday we also started to get some publicity out on WDRS radio. The festival was open and free, and now people started to know about it. This started to get some people in North House and in the Northern wing of Student Services up tight -- but everything was going to be cool -- that's all we kept saying. Everything will be cool. There were hectic meetings with security people, who all agreed that it might be cool but that we would need a lot of cooperation.

Wednesday there were more hectic meetings with security and Mr.



-Paul Kantner

Sanderson, more people in administrative offices to be calmed, but things started taking shape. The Quiet Ones were coming, we were getting ten dozen kazooks and slide whistles and noseflutes. We got permission to use the cafeteria kitchen and the food arrived. Mr. Broughton also agreed to give us twenty gallons of kool aid, so long as we paid for the cups. And the Hog Farmers did a show at the Conn. Valley Mental Hospital, where this girl who hadn't spoken in seven years started speaking. "You've got to treat people as people rather than as patients," one hog farmer explained.

Thursday morning saw the arrival of the Hog Farmers down on High Street. After four hours sleep in the warehouse, we started getting supplies, people and energy together. Our toys and noise-makers were picked up, candy and marshmallows were bought -- marshmallows are a nice thing outdoors, but inside they are a real drag. Sometime that afternoon WDRS gave us a radio station, and the hog farmers rapped about peace and the earth and saving ourselves . . . by five p.m., everything started showing up at the gym. We put down the floor covering, started setting up the light show stage, the bands and getting it together.

PEOPLE...PEOPLE...PEOPLE from everywhere began to arrive. Students, alumni, hog farmers, members of the community. All night long Dean Sweeney complained about the number of strange faces he was seeing, but that was all a part of it. This urban university opened itself, exposed itself, and everyone who came and participated shared in the opening. We declared the gym to be part of our earth for some hours in time -- completely open and exposed and asked that those who came do what they wanted to do. How do you explain to the Dean that those who are involved have a stake in what happens and when you have nothing being hidden you have nothing to lose except each other and the chance to do it -- something which none of us wanted to give up so none of us would do anything to jeopardize it. As long as it belongs as much to the guy with the blue paint dancing by us, dean, as it does to you or me then he's going to take care of it too.

And it was all a night for dancing and music and lights. In the blur of twelve bands in six hours time, the Quiet Ones stand out as something worthy of much greater listening to -- they passed the acid test. Then the Hog Farmers showed THE MOVIE. A perpetual motion venture, the movie ends with cries of now we are going to make a movie; and we are in the movie. After the movie, we picked up after ourselves. It is our earth and we have to take care of it. We freed the gym, a block of building 132' by 110', for a gathering of the Woodstock nation -- some three thousand of us, and we put it back together so that a gym class could be held at 8:00 a.m. Those of us who put it back together played basketball at seven.

### IN CONCLUSION

We really ought to thank W. W. Sanderson, the hog farm, mke lyster, john cronin, bob halpern, frank zimmy, blues and sam Mc-carver, all the people's names I didn't get and all the people who came and participated. One hog farmer was asked if he knew what he was doing and replied "I don't know, but I think I am getting the idea." The Hog Farm came, and it was cool. The irony is that it took the hog farm's coming to show that we don't need them. We put the gym back together, and we can do it anytime we want to all by ourselves, but they had to show us that. Next time though, I'd like a week's warning.

love.....gentle ben

### EARTH PEOPLES' PARK

is not a music festival  
is work and love and generosity and devotion and play  
is doing it whoever you think you are  
is not being negative  
has no time schedule  
is immediate and spontaneous  
is not possessive nor possessed  
is great humility  
is as serious as the universe and the life it sustains  
will last as long as your hair  
has inherent balance  
has no glamour  
breathes deeply  
will allow life to live on knowing it is only our thoughts of knowing  
killing us instantly

is beckoned by surrender  
has the giggle of give up  
is not afraid of freedom  
identifies with the infinite  
is an earthly garden  
knows life is holy  
is a first step in a universal action out in the open  
beckoning us back to our mother earth  
our roots our bodies the flowers  
the sun fun food all that we are  
is even in our lifetime

backtracking we seek the peaks no longer  
we will learn to live in the contours  
backtracking we will learn to walk gracefully  
as the way is so is the goal  
backtracking all land bordering wilderness is hereby declared sacred  
to the universe and to all life

earth peoples' park is a changing prototype of an alternative to the self destructive quality of materialistic culture a format for consciousness we all must soon share and for an easy phaseout it is neither a drain nor a builder of the materialistic system but sustaining life within a basic beautiful and refined system wherein the quality of life is enhanced by efficient use of technology and resources and the realization of man's oneness with the universe is sought and found and brought home to the one big family

so we will walk and work knowing the earth knows  
of course she knows--everything knows--have you noticed?

all is reflecting let's clean our mirrors for  
fascination is just for the moment but true love is eternal

think and be ready when the land is and be yourself but not for  
only yourself and let us use every tool necessary to heal the earth  
world round  
is walking in the forest unarmed

