

# THE HARBINGER



'The bright morning star, day's harbinger.' —Milton

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## ARTS

### Wavy Gravy on Campaign Trail

by David Seidenberg

*Wavy Gravy lives on the Hog Farm commune in Berkeley. He is best known for his role as M.C. and Please Chief at Woodstock. Wavy Gravy is the campaign manager of the Nobody for President Committee. He will come to Dartmouth near the time of the New Hampshire Primary.*

**H:** I've always been fascinated by the hippie movement. Could you tell me about the Merry Pranksters, Acid Tests, and the Hog Farm?

**W:** I tell people that the 80's is the 60's twenty years later. I just got back from the Lawrence Livermore peace camp. But let's see ... The Pranksters, that goes back to the ancient ancient times. We used to do a road show called "Can you pass the acid test?" It was after Kesey (author of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest") lit out for Mexico with the FBI hot on his ass that most of the Pranksters came to live at my little house in southern California. The landlord came by and said, "You can't have forty people in a one room cabin." An hour later our neighbor told us, "Saul just had a stroke up on the mountain; you can probably get that place. All you have to do is take care of seventy hogs." When we hit the road with the Hog Farm and the travelling show, we took one of them with us, which was Pigasus. She was the first black and white candidate for President.

Prior to that, I was with an improvisational theatre called "The Committee." We stumped California for LBJ because Goldwater was going to set off a bunch of A-bombs. Then LBJ got elected and at one point strove to kill people more efficiently than Attila the Hun.

After that I backed away from conventional political campaigns — first with the pig, and then we ran a rock for President and a roll for Vice President. We had a beautiful rock that came from Mt. Ararat. That was spaced out in a

taxi in New York City on the way to a recording session. It was one of the few Presidents that you could put in your hip pocket. But Nobody's even easier. It's impossible to lose Nobody.

I still feel that Nobody's perfect. It's got a lot of tradition behind it. I tell the Native Americans, "I sympathize with your cause, but Nobody was here first."

I think what we have now, this millionaires club popularity contest, is an insult to a lot of people's intelligence. We'd probably be better off without it. We could have an official greeter like Bo Derek or Harry Belafonte to cut the ribbons. It would save a lot of money and a lot of brain strain.

**H:** How would you describe yourself?

**W:** I'm your basic psychedelic relic. At the UN a few years ago I was introduced as "activist, humanitarian and ... uh ... clown." Clowning has been very good to me. I started out by working in the children's hospitals. Then one day I had to go to a political rally and didn't have time to take my makeup off. The police didn't want to hit me anymore. I realized that clowns are safe. You don't hear a bunch of rednecks saying, "Let's go kill a few clowns."

**H:** So how your a clown, full-time or part-time?

**W:** I guess full-time. I'm working with leukemia kids and I run a children's theatre camp called Camp Winnarainbow. I call the camp "survival in the twentieth century or how to duck with a sense of humor." I think it's important to inject laughter into these movements. If you're not laughing you're going to end up with beans on the ceiling.

**H:** Can you make Ronald Reagan laugh?

**W:** I don't know. His face might fall off.

**H:** Then he wouldn't be much good for greeting.

**W:** I don't think he's much good for anything myself. In fact, I am having a lot of moral struggles with the Nobody trip