



# be-in

Sunday, June 8.  
 Student Mobilization Committee's High School Anti-war be-in.  
 Music from Smoke.  
 The park was filled with people.  
 Long hair, short hair, afros. Flowered dresses, army fatigues and bathing suits.  
 Workers, students and community folk.  
 Vibes of Peace.

Guerrilla theatre by Emory students and Mobe workers.  
 Familiar Scenes:  
 "Go to school, get a degree, get a job."  
 Ya da da da yah da da da da da, yeah.  
 Turning to scenes of terror:  
 "Work for us, work for Dow, make money."  
 "But in school, they talked to us about napalm. . ."  
 "You won't even meet those people, you'll have your own project. TEAR GAS IN OUTER SPACE!"  
 The Play ends:  
 "All my life has been a waste."  
 The stage of Army Americana is torn up.  
 The crowd rushes up to receive candy and diplomas: "BULLSHIT."  
 Laughter, understanding.

Vibes of Peace.

An Anti-war be-in.  
 Not much was said on Vietnam.  
 Not much was said on war.  
 But there was music. And there were people.  
 And there were vibes.

The park was filled with vibes of peace.

-pam gwin

**Our Mother the Mountain**  
 Towndes Van Zandt  
 Poppy Records PYS 40,004

Dear Towndes,

I listened to you last night in the crowd that had no ears and I listened to you this morning on the grass with my duck and cat. The three of us listened hard, although I must admit that the duck was more interested in getting into its pool than anything else. It certainly had a hard time of it; the pool is too high for it to get into easily.

You sounded this morning like a lot of my friends when they get together and we all make music. You sounded like people I've known before and like singers we all have known—before. You sound kind of like Eric Anderson, Bob Dylan and Glen Campbell but that's all right; it doesn't matter anyway. You also sound like someone whose name I can't remember, and that is by far the most important.

You certainly have many people playing with you. So many friends all playing gently; you singing songs that I haven't listened to in a long time even though I've never heard them.

I've known many people who have started as you have. Coming from Colorado was only a dream for most, but the simple and pervading sadness about them was the same. So were their soft smiles, half withheld. I've also known many who wanted to be like you; people for whom the sadness and the rambling were guises and games. It's too bad that everything comes to that; emotion becomes perverted, simplicity destroyed.

BE  
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 AFRAID  
 LEVEL NO. 1  
 SERIES NO. 8  
 ORDER NO. 2

KANDAL

It seems now like I've known Caroline and that I've had the Snake Mountain Blues but with different names. They both call me home to where I can't be reached, where being quiet and alone is allowed because there's no one to disturb it and where the mountains hold you forever and you don't return.

It's funny. I can't help but think of your songs as pauses between fast chaotic scenes that are needlessly played out for no reason at all. The pauses are necessary sometimes, forced at others, times to remember where we should be and how things should go. The scenes are just as necessary and forced, each creating the other. It doesn't stop. Funny. "Think I'll go insane; got to stop the pain." That's a good line.

-don