

detroit

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The Bonzo Dog Band went through its incredible razzberry of an act. The rain became a teasing fact. Dr. John came on and played, and as he ended, the rain came in a downpour. The rain stopped and the MC-5 came on, in slipstream technicolored high shit aciton, managing to count 3 coup before the night was over, girls in the front of the stage grabbing at Rob Tyner; he chose 3 to grab on stage, but all of the front row chose to grab him. The set churned on and out, past all energy stops, into high oxygen systems, and the end of the act was a fury of destruction, almost the whole stage obliterated, instruments and equipment and boys all falling over and over, the boys jumping up first to catch the poles forming the open roof.

Chuck Berry. Came on and did it right, playing all of Them, those Hits Which Are R&R and Are Chuck Berry's: Maybelline, Sweet Little Sixteen, Rock and Roll Music, Johnny B Goode. He played blues. At 1 minute to 12, he stopped and at 45 seconds to 12 the rains came.

The Festival was great but the people who came were the amazing part of it all. Thousand and thousands, all in their teens, big clean boys and girls, aware of certain beautiful power they had gave them this awesome strength, not just in numbers, but in being themselves. That they are the festival, that the Festival is us, we are the becoming and we have joy. The Yippies wanted to hold that Festival of Life at the Death Convention but in fighting the enemy, discovered they had breathed too much of the poisoned air . . . This was a real Festival of Life-style, no downers or bummers to create confusion. Only that power over the self which is accessible to everyone and accepted by so few. This was the first annual Detroit Etc., but it was also a revival . . . of something which has for too long been around and not visible, a revival of happiness through some fulfillment instead

of acquiescence to compromised illussions.

Strange to find it in this oversize mass of people who remained anonymous, young, faceless. To realize that the power did exist there, without being able to catch on to any particular symbol shot of the Festival itself: a rare great happening, and one full of hope for all of us.

. . . The first paragraph assumes that everyone knows that Trans-Love Energies sponsored and create the Revival. Well, it's true: Trans-Love and

John Sinclair did do so, and perhaps that explains at least part of the power felt like a charge running through the 2 days.

Zenta
Zenta is
Zenta is cosmic
Zenta is cosmic life
Zenta is cosmic life energy
Energy life cosmic is Zenta
and Zenta is what ran through the Festival.

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the village VOICE, May 22, 1969

scenes

—Howard Smith

"HE WANTED ME to take a bath with them. That's the newest craze with all the English—they want you to take a bath with them and rub their back.

"Rub their back, what about when he played with himself?"

"Oh, he played with . . . when? when was that?"

"When you wouldn't make piggies with him."

"I wouldn't make piggies with him, so he went in the bathroom and whacked off. He's really crazy, he's really horny."

"Randy is what they call it, randy."

"He's puny too."

"These English groups are so kinky, God, (she names a well-known English guitarist)—loves being beaten."

"The English groups are so pure and good, they come over here and get dosed up. He went back with the clap. They all do."

That conversation, as you may have guessed, took place between two groupies. What may surprise you is that it happened in a recording studio. The tape wound around for 12 hours inscribing the views of four girls, 17 to 22. The result will be an album called "The Groupies" that will be released in a month and probably be a big seller.

I think "The Groupies" will sell for a lot of reasons. For those on the scene but removed from this particular activity, there is a double-edged fascination. It is both morbid and vicarious in an attraction-repulsion way. The record also probably will be a handbook for teenyboppers with groupie aspirations. For parents of teenage daughters, it will be the scare record of the year.

Like this section, speaking of the road manager of a famous English group: "Oh, he's violent. I got black and blue from him."

"Oh, she's sore! She showed it to me."

"I'm black and blue. That boy is evil."

"To every group there's about 20 chicks and everyone's jumping them and each chick wants to be around. And the way to do that is by being the freakiest, and like Liz had pickles and stuff on the table."

"And they decided they'd try something new."

"Something new, so he stuck a sausage up her."

"And then they stuck it back in the refrigerator. And then they put a cucumber and they put a . . . what else? (Giggles) They put something else . . . (Laughter) it's really killing me."

"Pickle!"

"A pickle . . ."

"Pickles, cucumbers, and sausages."

"I don't know what this girl's made of."

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the groupies



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