

August 2016

R: So you're prepared. I don't have to ask you any questions?

Lex: I've actually been thinking a bit about this. If you don't mind.

R: Oh, I've been really looking forward to getting some stories from you.

Lex: Okay, well, I'm known for telling bad stories. But anyway, so ah, should I go ahead and do this?

R: Yeah.

Lex: Okay. So basically, you know, I was born in Amsterdam, and my mother was born in the old Jewish neighborhood, the same neighborhood (Spinoza?) lived in.

R: In the Jordaan?

No, no, the Jordaan was next door. That's where my dad was born. The Jordaan was actually a workingman's neighborhood, mostly semi protestant, a lot of ** influence, very strong socialist identity there. My father was very active as a young socialist in Holland, and I guess my mom was, to some degree, too. She was a little less overtly political in that sense, but she was there (asking a lot of questions? or acting...?) [pause while waiting for siren noise to subside] ... So my folks, my mother was from an old Jewish family that actually, believe it or not, were Jewish farmers in the eastern part of Holland, and then they moved to Amsterdam. And my father was, like I said, labor class. He was the first in his family to go to school, to college or what was actually trade school, got an engineering degree, and back in '34, right around the time they got married, his first work, which was an assignment — supposedly, he verified it, and two other guys verified it, his colleagues — He was hired by Fokker Aircraft, which, you're probably familiar with Fokker? — and he was asked to design a fighter jet, and if he did it well he'd have a job, and if he didn't, he'd be ** and his project apparently was to design a ***** airplane, supposedly it's the first one that was ever put in operation, his design. Anyway, so the war breaks out, Fokker closes down, the workers refuse to go to work after the Germans just kind of take over, and actually, my dad's supervisor was taken off * slave labor and worked directly under Messerschmidt for most of the war, ended up with Lockheed like my dad and guys I met about two years ago in San Andreas. But anyway, so the war breaks out, my mother's family of course all Jews, and they started being called up and ***** and my grandmother, well my grandfather was allowed to die, he had diabetes, my grandmother went to Auschwitz, and my mother and dad decided this is not a good thing, so they took in all the people that they knew that they could. One couple they didn't know, but they took in six people. My uncle, my mother's brother, my aunt, who was actually my mother's cousin, but they were very close, and my mother's uncle and his wife, and another couple called the Hamburgs, who I had met. I recently saw a picture of one. Anyway, and then about 1942, maybe early '43, I think late '42, one of my mother's associates in the underground, they were very active in the resistance, found that, there was this Jewish couple who were taken away, and he grabbed their baby before the Nazis took it,

the baby too, and he was a bachelor, so he brought the baby to my parents, and so in addition to all the risk of having six people, now they had a crying baby to hide. And, so, but they made it through. There's a classic story about that that my mother used to tell. Do you want to hear it?

R: Mm-hmm.

Lex: They realized the risk, this was life or death, you know, people were getting shot for no reason. This guy drops this kid off in a box, a baby, you know? Three months old or something like that. So, my mother takes the baby and puts her on a table, they're taking care of her, but they're all nervous, because my father's ** they don't know what he's going to do. He's like the honcho, right? And so, they would all say that he was going to say no, that this can't work, we can't have a child in here, it will be too high risk. So finally my dad gets home, and the story goes that he walked in, looks at the baby in the box, says "What a pretty baby!" went over and sat down, never said another word about it. So that's how my sister came into our family.

R: Wow.

Lex: And, so, she passed away in 1997 of Lymphoma. Had a ***** lust for life herself. Her first husband was a guy who was a four-time Olympian from Venezuela, and was at Rome, Tokyo, Mexico City, and Munich, and was also, he was a ***** though [laugh obscures words]. That didn't work out too well. And her second husband was a guy who got his PhD from Berkeley, and actually *60 Minutes* did a story on him one time because (he was such a weird guy) he was the only criminologist, professor of criminology in the country who was walking a beat. He was walking a beat ***** I think he was itching to shoot somebody because he was a real freak. Anyway, so we were, my father and mother were pretty shattered by the war, and there was all this other stuff going on around my sister, some of her family, her aunts wanted her back and my parents said no way, *** so this agreement was made and everything, so finally my parents said, ***** and right at that time a guy from Lockheed came around recruiting for engineers, because the Americans got wind of Sputnik happening, and so they needed engineers. So my father went for that and we ended up in Marietta, Georgia. And the minute we hit the ground in Marietta, my parents looked around and said it's not our kind of place, you know, it was just the height of Jim Crow, and my parents had been all their lives, and ***** so my dad applied for a transfer and in about two and a half years later we finally got transferred to San Jose. But, I, you know, how did we live in this sort of extremely rural environment in Georgia on an old ranch?

R: How old were you there?

Lex: Well, I was almost 10 when we came in, I was 12 when we came to California, and we did the cross-country auto tour thing with my uncle, my mother's brother, in tow, and ended up here, and my parents started getting sort of interested in what was going on, and—

R: You were born in '45 maybe?

Lex: No, '46, yeah, so this is '56. I was born after the war. And so one of the very first things my parents did, which shows you the kind of courage that they had, (they were really courageous?)

people. The minute they hit San Jose, they were the only white people to join the NAACP in San Jose, and I was the only white member. They weren't the only whites, I guess, there were a few, but I was the only white member of the NAACP youth group, in San Jose, which was a sort of a cool experience. And, so then my mother had been one of the leading moms. She always had been the * and ** to a certain extent, ** the ** for the things they did before the war and stuff, and so my parents decided as parents that San Jose was too flat, and my mother finally talked my dad into buying a house in Boulder Creek, so that's how we got into Santa Cruz. And I started Cabrillo in the fall of '64, which — I forget whether UC opened in '64 or '65?

R: '65

Lex: Sixty-five. So it was before UC. And I became, for a year was chairman of SDS, all four of us at Cabrillo College. This is before Rick came. He was at Berkeley for his first year and then came to Cabrillo in '65. But Johnny Wingros was there and a bunch of other people, so I was active there politically. There was a really significant — people I think underestimate what was happening in Santa Cruz before the arrival of UC. There was a really vibrant arts community here, a lot of discussion. Cabrillo had a population of 3,000 to 3,500 students. It was a real intellectual center of Santa Cruz, and again, a vibrant one. The Cabrillo Music Festival started there. I'm not sure, but I think Shakespeare Santa Cruz may also have started there. And our philosophy professor, Sam Boone, came to class one day and said, "Anybody see ** on the street last night?" and everybody said, "Yeah, yeah." He's like, "I wrote it." So that's the kind of influence, you know. Fred Levy would say — he's Robley Levy's husband? You remember Robley I assume, yeah, and Fred was such a phenomenal Shakespearian expert, ***. When I was tending bar at the Catalyst one day, a guy came up and we started talking. He was from New York, and he said, "What you doing out here?" I said, "Well, I'm trying to meet with this asshole at Cabrillo College, a guy named Fred Levy." He's, "Well, I'm in publishing, and he's one of the most brilliant Shakespearian people. We're trying to get him to finish his damn book, and it doesn't seem to be happening!" you know, so there was that kind of stuff going on. And again, the political stuff really started at Cabrillo, before UC happened. And the hippie thing, I think, started in San Lorenzo Valley way before UC, you know, with some of these, the communities and the whatever in those places that were there, and, living up there all that time, most of the people I met had nothing to do with UC. They were coming in from L.A. and all over the country to be part of this hippie thing. And, so, but there was also a lot of interesting (people?). Max Hartstein lived up there. We used to go to his ** every so often. My friend Gail was very close to ***** He was a saxophone player and he and Max got along really well, which was unusual for people. I didn't get along with Max all that well. I think he can be a hard guy to get along with. And I remember, he would always give me a rash of shit whenever I played the ***** One day I was playing what I thought was worse than I usually played—

R: Do you play a musical instrument?

Lex: ** yeah *** not anymore ***** Anyway, (Solong Borteeth), you know, all those guys. That was all active stuff that was going around in San Lorenzo Valley at that time. One of the things that happened there was a place called Holidays Moon(?), which Holly gets into in her

book, and so I met my ex-wife there at Holidays, and she's the — in that book, *** there's a picture of her, the nude in the waterfall? That's my ex. So, you know, that's a work I could live with, but — anyway, so, dancing about — I'm maybe going a little fast, but just stop me if you want ***.

RA: Good.

Lex: In about '66 I guess, some people started this place called the Catalyst, and I don't know if it was open yet or not, but I was down there one day, and I was looking for work, you know, any kind of work, you know, and Patty said, you know, ***** I can't hire anybody right now, but I can give you something to do and give you a sandwich. So I said okay. So I did something that, today, I look at with horror, but she gave me a stack of rubber gloves, a can of lye, and stacks of these beautiful pieces of art glass that were in the ceiling of the bar, I don't know if you remember that, the glass. It was covered with paint, it was all with this moldy yellow red goop paint. So my job was to sit in the gutter, with the lye and the gloves, and scrape all this paint off of these paintings. So when you were in the Catalyst and you were looking at those brown pictures? That was my artwork, my contribution to the building of the place. Went through **** gloves, *****. But then finally I got hired on, and started working behind the counter, and *** I started working as a dishwasher. At that time the Catalyst consisted of only two rooms, the fountain room and a little front room which later became ** and so it disappeared. It had about five or six tables, a couple of big ones, some small ones, and it was one of those big, wide, eight-foot doors or ten-foot doors that opened up, it wasn't like a regular door, it needed a little extra hand. And the guy I first started working with was a guy named Michael Spaulding, who I ended up, after the ***** using that * where we were, he had to be a member of this joint and sold Indian ** and he was *** a really interesting guy, I don't know whatever happened to him, but, actually I have some pictures of that time. I brought this in case you wanted to see some pictures of anything in particular. One *** of the things I have is, and I've been thinking about getting together with the people up at the ** museum. I have a picture of, here it is, a picture of my mother's other cousin, the three girls always hung out together. She was married, but when the war broke out, her and her husband got sent off to Auschwitz and died there, and so in here, **** the house somehow, and ** my parents got all their stuff before they left. So I have their wedding photos and all of their family photos in here. And it's sort of a ** because *** beyond ** It's sometimes so painful to look at, but I still do every so often. So anyway, back to the Catalyst, so eventually I worked my way up to trying to make sandwiches and doing that, and this is all for Al and Patty, and my ex-wife was a waitress, because when the Catalyst first opened up, we actually had a waitress.

R: What was her name?

Lex: Liliane. Now known as Pearl. Anyway, so, and so — what's-her-name ** — she was a good friend of Paddy's —

R: Judy Lomba.

Lex: She was one of *, but she wasn't—

R: Terri Mason (or Nathan?)

Lex: I don't remember her **. Anyway, we were all there (as kids?). And one of the things that is ***** about the Catalyst, was the influence of Al and Patty as *. Al was the father; he was definitely a strong father figure. Patty was the mother; you could always go to Patty with a problem. She would help you, she would talk to you. Every so often she'd cut one loose and get really pissed off. Most of the time she was the warm creature that, you know, everybody wanted to have as a mom. And I think that was a big influence on all of us, because we just became sort of the same way, and, with all of the *, prostitution and stuff that goes on. So anyway, so Holly, actually, I mean I sent some emails after I got the original book and I made some comments about some things that were quite inaccurate **, so she made some corrections, and I mentioned to her somewhere along the way that I'd taken some very bad pictures of Kai Moore singing at the old Catalyst, and so she asked me if I ** that. So actually in the new version of the book is one of my pictures of Kai Moore is in there, and was a big influence. I—you know, I think you know the whole history of the Catalyst, right?

R: I don't, know.

Lex: Okay, well basically, Al and Patty got involved with Norm Levin and stuff. In fact, there was a sandwich at the Catalyst called The Norman for Norm Levin; it was pastrami and Swiss on an onion roll, warm, which had I think sauerkraut, if I remember, no, no sauerkraut, that was the Reuben with sauerkraut on it. I still make them **, with my eyes closed. And so, eventually, we got the bar together, and so the bar opened up and there was a year or two where it was just those three rooms, and then the big room that became the entertainment room of the Catalyst, was at that time the storage facility for County Bank. They had all their records in there, and they finally moved all that stuff out, so we took over that big room, and that became the entertainment room. And at that point they needed someone to work the door, you know, for an event, to take the money. Ed McFerrin(?), who I'm sure you're familiar with, was there, sort of, you know, the muscle, you know. They needed somebody at the door. [more noise] Anyway, a wonderful guy named Jesse Davis was there. He was an African-American fellow who had been a police officer in St. Louis, apparently he left under a cloud, and so he agreed to be the doorman. And I remember standing there, it was at the end of the night that he worked, he was just like sweating and shaking, and, "I can't do this! I can't do this anymore! Can't do it! I quit!" and went off to have a wonderful career as a cobbler and making and doing shoe repair around town for years. He was a wonderful man. So Al was around and said, "Who wants to be the door person?" and it was like everybody took one step back, and I was just standing there [laughing], so I started working the door, collecting the money at the door. So it became seamless, Ed McFerrin and I. By the way, his real name was Depew. Very few people know that. Edward Depew. He was ***, he'd been a Golden Glove boxer as a youth, and was nobody to mess with. I mean, he was a lot tougher than people imaged he'd be. And actually, a guy came after me right at the door one time, the guy must have weighed close to 300 pounds, and Ed, in one full swoop — now see, I was there, I watched this happen — grabbed the guy, lifted him up, hit his head on the doorframe, set him back down [laughing] —

RA: Whew!

Lex: The guy like literally dropped to the ground and said, "Please don't hurt me." And I saw him do that to one other guy, a lumberjack, where he actually, the guy called him the N word, in the bar, and Eddie grabbed him the same way, with this technique. He grabbed him so he had him off the ground, carried him over to the first post *, a big square post, threw him, hit the *, * sitting on his butt, he's saying to him, "Eddie, please don't hurt me, please don't hurt me," you know, and this guy was like one ** old tough guy, right? So yeah, Eddie was **, was the thing. I ran into him one time in Oakland, years later, and he'd gone back to drinking really bad, and did not look good. That was one of the saddest moments, **, that period of drinking, that ***** almost. And a noble man, he was a good man, a really good man. He didn't kill me once, which is nice, he found me in bed with his girlfriend. So I consider him quite a noble man.

So Kai Moore was sort of the original person who became the reason for people to go listen to entertainment. Now at the beginning the Catalyst, it was all about catalyzing, the environment, getting people together. There was the liberal people with money, there was Al and Patty with the idea, and there was a lot of kids willing to work hard, and I think we built a pretty outstanding place. And, so after a while, we started having different kinds of entertainment besides folk music. And so we started doing a little jazz every so often. I played there a couple times, and there was a guy named Pat Grit(?) who was another one of those people that faded from history, that made it owning a record company in Southern California, world, world class professional alto saxophone player. He was responsible actually for the Bach Dynamite and Dancing Society. It still exists. It's up in Half Moon Bay. On Sundays they have concerts there. It's sort of like Kuumbwa, but much older and well known in the world of music. The guy who owned it, Pete Douglas — whose brother, by the way, was a professor at San Jose State when I was a graduate student here, and I got to know him a little bit and that was really interesting, but Pete was a juvenile probation officer, and he had this case of a **, a saxophone player who really had a lot of talent and a lot of promise but was, you know, getting in trouble. So he finally said, come on over Sunday and bring some of your friends, and we'll play some music. And that was the beginning of the Bach Dynamite and Dancing Society. And when I first met Pat, it was just, there was no technician, the only people who went there were people who knew the family. It was more like a UC party. It was the locals. And it was in his house, in their living room, and there were some fascinating old leftovers from the Beatnik generation. A lot of those folks were there. And then eventually it got so big that Pete ended up building a second house, the house that he lives in, not the same venue for the Bach Dynamite and Dancing Society. But anyway, Pat and I hung around for a long time, he was so phenomenal a musician and a friend and influence on me, and he used to play there every so often, at the Catalyst, also. And then we got into playing a little more rock 'n' roll, like Snail, and Django was there, used to play there.

R: You played in those groups?

Lex: No, I didn't play in any of those groups. No. I played a couple times with a guy named Dave Molinari, who was a piano player who also taught high school at Harbor High in Soquel, ***** and he died in a car accident a few years later. His brother played bass and he played the

piano, and one day they didn't have a drummer and they asked me to come and play with them, so I did that a couple times, and it was pretty fun. I think their actual drummer was better than me, so * but anyway.

There are thousands of stories in the Catalyst alone, from that period. One of them is — well actually, that comes later, after Randall takes over. You know, the Catalyst **** psychedelics * seem to be on the * exterior wall, and what happened was, one night, I think it was Rick and I and some other people were in there talking, and I met this guy named Scotty Brady, and Scotty Brady was a real character. He was in Santa Cruz because he was a high painter, and so he was in Santa Cruz to paint masts with boats, because that was a special talent that not that many people had. You could make a real good living in one * harbor by painting everybody's masts, all right? And so he was staying in the St. George, and actually this is before Randall, and — I'm getting two, I'm crossing over two stories, so anyway, so Scotty, we became friends with Scotty, and went up to smoke a joint in his room, a bunch of us, and he opened up his suitcase, and it was, I remember this vision so perfectly: one pair of shoes, one shirt, I think one or two pairs of socks, a copy of *Das Kapital*, and a copy of the comic newspaper. That was it. ***** And you know, his pot. And years later, many years later, I was looking at *Parade* magazine, which in those days was a real magazine, and on the front cover are the painters of the Golden Gate Bridge, which had always been his dream job, and so I looked at it, and I said, * that's Scotty, sitting on one of the top cables *** looking up with a brush in his hand. So that's the last I ever knew of him. The story I was going to tell you is another painting story, but different, and that is, there was a guy there who had just gotten out of prison, he'd been in prison for 17 years, named Steve **. And Steve was a painter, he had learned how paint in prison, and Randall hired him to paint the front of the building, and he did this whole psychedelic thing out there. And that stayed there until I think the building was torn down pretty much, but Steve ended up, he was like, he went to jail when he was very young, and he was one of those people that had in many ways the maturity level of an 18 year old and never got past it, and he was more naïve than that in many ways. I don't know whatever happened to him, but I still have two of his little paintings in my house, ****

So anyway, the Catalyst got started as this cooperative. I still have my two shares at home, photocopies of them in the computer, and we were all part of this thing. It was a, you know, we were all part of this effort to make something happen. And it really became a gathering place for Santa Cruz. Everybody that was anybody came in there. Peter Chang, who was the District Attorney at that time, used to come in and play with Jesse. He was a really good trumpet player, but he was also a big drinker, so he was really, really good in the beginning of the set and at the end of it he was really (acting out?). But so, from Peter Chang all the way down to us, the hippies, you know, who worked in there, and Tom Scribner. I met Tom, I don't know if I met him there or through Rick. I think you know the story of how Rick got together with Tom to do the Redwood Ripsaw?

RA: I think so.

Lex: You know, so there's all that, and so I got to know Tom right around the same time, and actually got drunk with him on his 80th birthday at Lulu Carpenter's. He was living in the St. George Hotel at the time, and he was pretty bad with the emphysema, and he could hardly make it back to the hotel, he was so drunk. We were actually going — both of us, not just him — we were going from parking meter to parking meter.

RA: That's terrible! (laughing)

Lex: Horrible. How I lived through all those days, I don't know. But, so, the cooperative started changing, I think. Al and Patty had this dream of wanting to go off and have a, he wanted to get his skipper's license and do some sort of transport around the coast of California, up to Oregon and Washington. So I don't know whatever became of that, but finally this guy named Randall Kane, who had been the librarian for the, either San Francisco Art Institute or the San Francisco — they're merged now. There used to be two art schools in San Francisco, now they're merged. For one of them, he was the librarian. His wife was heir to the Underwood Typewriter Company, and his father had been, I believe, a professor of, I want to say philosophy, but I'm probably wrong about that, at some like Midwestern university somewhere. And he came in with a completely different agenda. One of the first things he told us was that he'd always wanted to own his own saloon, and he really wanted to make the Catalyst into his saloon. That's the word he kept using. And so it was a different sense. I worked for him for a year and a half, two years, whatever—

RA: At the new location.

Lex: At the old location. I never worked in the new location, yeah. And actually, I think he was just, when I quit, I wanted to go back to graduate school, I think that he had been beginning to dicker about maybe buying the whole **, but it wasn't even, you know, it wasn't going to happen ***

RA: Hmm. What year did you go back to graduate school?

Lex: That was 1970, I believe, '70, '71. I worked there from — No! Pardon me, no. It wasn't, it was seventy — I worked there from '69 to '73 — no, no, no, '67 to '70; '69 to '73 was my marriage, kind of similar. Yeah, I left in late '70, and then I came back a few times to work a few shifts, just to make a little extra money. So I, basically my regular job I left in late '70, and then I went to San Jose State. *** But the atmosphere changed. It became more a drinking thing. Randall had never ever been the macho guy he wanted to be. He'd always been sort of a wimpy guy, and he really liked the tough guys, and he tended to support the guys who were his idea of, not so much tough, but the good looking, those kind of guys, and usually he didn't want to deal that much with some of the other people. There was a guy named — I don't know if Rick told you about Steve Ginkalocker. Steve Ginkalocker was a really close friend of Rick's. They met at Berkeley. And after the (ritfalk?), Rick and Steve started to teach Beginning Unix. They were living on Buena Street at the time. And Steve was a pretty dedicated guy, and a really good writer, and he did a, for this free spaghetti dinner, he did a sort of story on Randall one day, and the thing came out, and I walked into Randall's office after it came out, and he had it in his hand.

He was crying, and literally crying, tears were coming * down. And he was also really really angry. But Steve had just nailed it, he just nailed him. So that was that. Randall and I got along okay. One time I was working behind the counter. [Actually, once I was working behind the counter cutting pastrami I think, I cut part of my thumb off with pieces of pastrami. It was never seen again. But that's a story we won't tell here.] One day, that was my first day, probably late 1969, maybe '70, I was working behind the counter and Randall, I was sort of managing the counter personnel, I was in charge of *** and one of the things he didn't do, or rarely did, at least when I worked for him, was to officially delegate. There were the people that sort of * authority and they just sort of did these things. But he never said, "Okay, you're in charge," with anybody. He was like really sort of vague and strange, and made it sometimes uncomfortable, because we didn't know who was in charge. But he asked me when I was getting off or something like that, and I said, you know, I'll be here for another couple hours or something, and he said okay and he left. And so, about an hour or so later, he comes back, and he has this big paper bag, and sets it on the counter behind me, and he goes, "Happy birthday!" and he walked off. And I opened up the bag, and it was all of the writings by Kurt Vonnegut up to that day. So, you know, he had his really positive side, and he also had a terrible negative side. He would literally try to exploit people for **** and you know, that was it.

Anyway, I don't know if you know the history of the building itself? Okay, where the County Bank was, right there, well there's still a bank there, it's something else now, was a (stable?), okay, Rick ***** And so the fountain room of the Catalyst was where people would come. They would actually be rolled into what later became the entertainment room, in carriage — that was the carriage house. And then they would get out, and they would sit and have tea by the fountain, okay? And then of course the bar had always been a bar. You could go get a drink at the bar, you know, but it was like a social room.

RA: *** must have been here in 1900 or something like that.

Lex: Right, 1880-something is when the hotel I think was built, and so from there on, but that was the design, and then you went through the door and you went out to the lobby, you know? It was sort of a classic place, and you could tell that by the bathrooms. They were interesting. And also by the wiring. There was something like three or four different generations of wiring in that building, none of which had ever been disconnected, so you never knew when you were looking at a live wire. It was really scary. And one of the things we used to do that was kind of fun was, when we would look out, the guy who was managing the building was a real asshole and he would like, you know, threaten us physically and stuff, and when he wasn't around, we'd go up to the cupola up on top of the hotel. There was a little cupola up there, and you could sit up in there and smoke a joint, and look at all of Santa Cruz. Really kind of * and **** So — you know, I want to digress. I want to digress a little bit, because I want to talk a little bit, go back to Cabrillo and the influences of people like Manuel Santana who, I don't know if you knew Manny?

RA: I did.

Lex: And, uh, you know, right around the time I started Cabrillo, he opened up his restaurant in Aptos, and it became, that and the Sticky Wicket, and a couple other little places, became centers for people to go hang out after school, and, you know, have a cup of coffee. Usually you'd have a *** player. In fact, the husband of the couple that ended up building Zachary's and selling it, that couple lived in, I mean worked for Manny as waiter and waitress, and he played classical guitar. I think *** there was also a guy named Ed Kline there, and I'm not sure if he was a Kline or if that was a separate person, but there were several people who were excellent guitarists and ***** It was a wonderful environment to be in. [loud rumbling noise finally subsides] Influences of people like Stan, you know, Stan Levy and Manuel, Manny, and those kind of environments had on us, again, none of that had anything to do with the university, but was real pivotal in what happened in Santa Cruz as far as the hip scene was concerned, in my humble opinion. And so then when the university opened up, nothing really much changed for a long time. The first year it only had 600 students, and they were in trailers, and we drove to the Catalyst up there called The Kite. It was originally in an A Frame that was in the center of the trailers, and eventually moved into the bookstore building where Paul ended up having his restaurant. That was originally The Kite, and then Paul took it over and made his place there. The only thing I'd say is that a lot of it, a lot of people have university ** but this is separate, related something to, with people's politics. So just (by hanging out with?) the left you could communicate a lot with some folks on the left that were — I remember two guys that **, I mean, Michael Friedman and — there was a Friedman and a Freeman, and I get too confused. There were two guys up there who were really active and we used to talk with a lot *** and got us to do things and stuff, and that was the (basic?) and actually, it wasn't until a few years later, when the campus became big enough to really start influencing town and students started spending more time in town, that there became really a lot of student influence. And I just * from the period of Cafe Pergolesi when it first started out behind the bookshop, when Ron originally built the bookshop where it was, and you know the whole story behind —

RA: Was that Frank Foreman? the Pergolesi —?

Lex: I don't remember the owner's name. *** My friend James Carr, who you might actually know,

RA: I don't remember.

Lex: He was Claudia Carr's brother. Do you know Claudia Carr? She was a professor of sociology up there, ended up — you know, there was a period of time there where a lot of the women professors were complaining because tenure was impossible to get here at Santa Cruz, and she was in that group and ended up getting offered a tenure position at UC Berkeley, and went up there, and as far as I know she's either married(?) or she's still there. But James was her brother and actually a brilliant guy, he's now living in Finland, but he got a job working at the very early time at the Pergolesi, and so I would go in there at night and we'd play speed chess, which was a big deal in those days. Which, another thing about Randall ***** was that there was a time there were so many people playing chess at the Catalyst, that Randall decided they weren't spending enough money, so he banned chess. There used to be a chessboard you could

pick up, up front. He took that away, and he banned it. He didn't want anybody playing chess at the Catalyst. And he also banned a couple of other groups. There was, I believe, you'd have to check with Rick on this, but I believe there was a group with him and, which I go to now too, with Gene Moriarty, we get together on Saturdays at **, we just bullshit and talk a lot. And they used to do that at the Catalyst, at the new Catalyst actually, and I think Randall told them that he didn't like them there either, because they were staying there to drink coffee for too long a time. So they left there. So he could have a real weird temper.

RA: Do you remember what year Randall took over the old Catalyst?

Lex: It would have been, let's see, I started there in '67, so it would have been about in the middle or toward the end of '71. I worked for a year and a half or so for Al and Patty, and then I worked for probably close to two years or so for Randall, and so yeah, right around there, '67 ** pardon me, '68, halfway through '68. That's a very, that date gets confused for me, because in '67, I — I have a little story. My parents, of course, heading off to the war and everything, although my dad was working for Lockheed building missiles, they did not exactly want me to get drafted, and so, um, I applied for a conscientious objector status, and they kept messing with me. You know, Paul Dragavon was my — I don't know if you remember Paul. Paul — I * stayed in touch with the guy — he was part of the Unitarian Fellowship. He was also, I think he was a teacher. He was involved with *** or something like that. Anyway, he was missing one hand of one arm. He was a marvelous guy. And he would counsel people who were ** as conscientious objectors and he was my counselor and I adored the man, a wonderful guy. And he was very active obviously during that period of time. Anyway, where was I? Got myself thinking about Paul. Oh, **** so basically, I started to get a little upset with these draft people, and I went down and, you know, demanded to know what was going on, and they just shined me on, so finally my parents said, whatever, you gotta do something. I, my best friend at the time besides Gail and Rick, (who are among?) the closest friends I've had, was a guy named Henry Goss, who was **** in Mexico City, and he was raised in Mexico and spoke Spanish like a Mexican, but he was also raised for part of his life with his mother's parents in New York. So he spoke English with a very strong New York accent. ***** but Henry was a wonderful, wonderful painter, my understanding is that he actually is still in the permanent collection at the Museum of Modern Art, so **** died very young, but he and I were very close. So he said, Why don't you just stay with my dad? So I took the bus down to Mexico City and stayed with them for a month, spent some time, actually writing, trying to write a paper on, it was just like ridiculous, a doctoral dissertation for junior college. I was trying to write a paper on the similarities and connections between two Colombian religions and modern-day Mexican Catholicism, and, which went nowhere, but I spent a lot of time at the Museum of Anthropology. And there was another friend, he was a prep school friend of Henry's, of the name Carlos Oriano, who was also half US citizen and also spoke English like an American, and went to Cabrillo with us for a while. So I hung out with him a lot while I was there, went to ** went to *oacan and all that kind of stuff. So right around the time that I had to make a decision about going back to Holland or, you know, facing the music and getting drafted, I said screw it and I just got on the bus and went home. The day I arrived in Boulder Creek, my mother got my notice from Selective Service that my application

had been accepted and I was granted CO status, which was like totally bizarre. So then I went into a little war about alternative service, and they said you're going to have to find some alternative service. And I said, you know, I'd be happy to do that, but I don't have the resources. I can't do anything. And when somebody gets drafted, they get assigned to somewhere, okay? They get assigned to a service branch and they get assigned to a job and they get training, and I didn't have the same rights as any serviceman, it's my alternative service. So that went around for a while, and finally after several months battling with that with those guys, We've got a job for you at the USC Medical Center in L.A. I said fine. I said, How am I going to get there? They said, Well, you just have to go down there. I said, No no no. When a guy gets drafted, he gets put on a bus and taken to his first base. I demand the same service. They had to go all the way to General Herseybar, and after months of hassling, I finally went ** to pickup my bus ticket to L.A., a one night motel voucher, and one dinner voucher, and I got there and they looked at me, and they were all like, We didn't think you were coming. Well, *** my dad had picked me up hitchhiking that day, and he had just had a car accident, and he decided to buy the biggest car. He had some cracked ribs and was really in pain, decided to buy the biggest car he could, so he bought himself a Lincoln Continental, it was parked right there, right below, it was several stories up, but it was below, he actually stopped right below the window. I said, okay, I'm going to have lunch with my dad. We come back to my dad's car, okay, and if I come back here and like, ** aren't ready, then we'll be coming back with my lawyer, okay? And he looks at the brand new Lincoln and he looked at me, and they actually contacted General Hershey himself, in Washington, and got the authority to issue those things to me. So a couple of days later, I was on the bus to L.A., and I go to USC, get into personnel department, and say, Hi, I'm here. Who the fuck are you? I said, Well, I was sent down here by Selective Service. They said they had a job for my alternative service here. And he said, No we don't. And I said, Well, I ** down here, I have to do something or they'll throw me in jail. And they said, Okay, we can find you something, and I said, Aw, bummer. He said, What do you mean? I said, Well, you know, I have a wife — I just got married to Liliane — I got this wife, and we're living in a truck, which was true, because we were real hippies, so we had to live in a truck, you know, and I didn't know what to do. He says, What if I just tell them you don't want the job? And I said, Well then they'll throw me in jail. So he said, Well, okay, tell you what. What if I write them a letter saying you're unsuitable for employment at USC Hospital. And I said, You know, I think that will work! So he did, and that was the last I ever **** I hitchhiked home that night, and that was it. That was how I ended up my selective service fight. And you know, I have to tell you honestly, Ralph, I think in a way I really regret that, and the reason is that, I think that however horrible it was, the draft maintained some civilian oversight for what the military did, and now we have this totally professional military, we no longer have any control over what's going on.

RA: Right. Good point.

Lex: So in hindsight, I think that's the biggest mistake I've ever made, politically or otherwise, but you know, hindsight is always perfect. Anyway, so, where are we? Are you bored yet?

RA: I'm not bored yet, but I'm getting tired. Maybe we should stop pretty soon. I'll have this transcribed.... [explains the process for improving/correcting] This is great. You might want to, or

we might want to put some of the paragraphs in a different order, but it's all really valuable. Especially I like the early part, from birth up to around 1970 or when Randall took over the Catalist. I think it would be particularly valuable as a history of the Catalist.

Lex: There's one other thing that I wanted to mention, though, before we go. Back in '64, when I started going to Cabrillo, they started this thing called Project Head Start. So there were some families in Watsonville who were saying this isn't fair. Our kids are first graders and second graders. They're not getting this advantage. They're missing out. So Sam Bloom and Manny and other people got together and started this other thing called Project Followup, and Rick I don't think was very much involved. John was involved with it, and ***** a few other people were involved. Kit Lewis was involved. He was also involved with the SDS. Do you know who Kit Lewis was? You know, Stan and, ** what's his name?, Stan was actually the book *

RA: Stan Stevens

Lex: Stan Stevens. His brother in law, his wife's brother. He already passed away also. But we all went down to Watsonville and got some space in a church or some building, and started working with kids and giving them, as best we could, giving them some head start. And it was great. I still have contact with the kid I worked with mostly.

RA: Good.

Lex: Yeah, he's a grandfather now. [Laughs]

RA: Wow!

Lex: Lives up in Oregon, and uh — I mean he's the only one. I worked with a bunch of kids, and he's the only one that I still, we talk to each other once or twice a year.

RA: Wonderful.

Lex: But yeah, I wanted to mention that because again, that was when sort of like there was all the activity happening in Santa Cruz at that time, you know? And it was a really—

RA: It was a creative time.

Lex: Yeah. It was a special era, for everybody. And I feel really lucky to have survived it.

RA: Yeah, me too.

Lex: Well you know, uh, Mayan Man that she talks about in the book?

RA: I don't remember.

Lex: There's a picture of a guy with a **** that guy lived up in Ben Lomond, he was a buddy of mine also, those people in that book that are, ****, the only one of those people I didn't really know well was Ron Boise. I didn't really know him very much at all. But I remember growing up — I don't know, have you heard the story about what Ron did with the Love Machine?

RA: The Thunder Machine? Joe Lugowski painted it —

Lex: And they brought it up on campus and demonstrated to him and it was making all this noise and then when they finally did it for the exhibition in front of everybody, he * up a can of shaving cream in there, so as the machine comes to a climax . . . Yeah, I think it was banned from campus or something after that.

[Conversation come to a close as a man's voice warns about West Nile Virus.]