

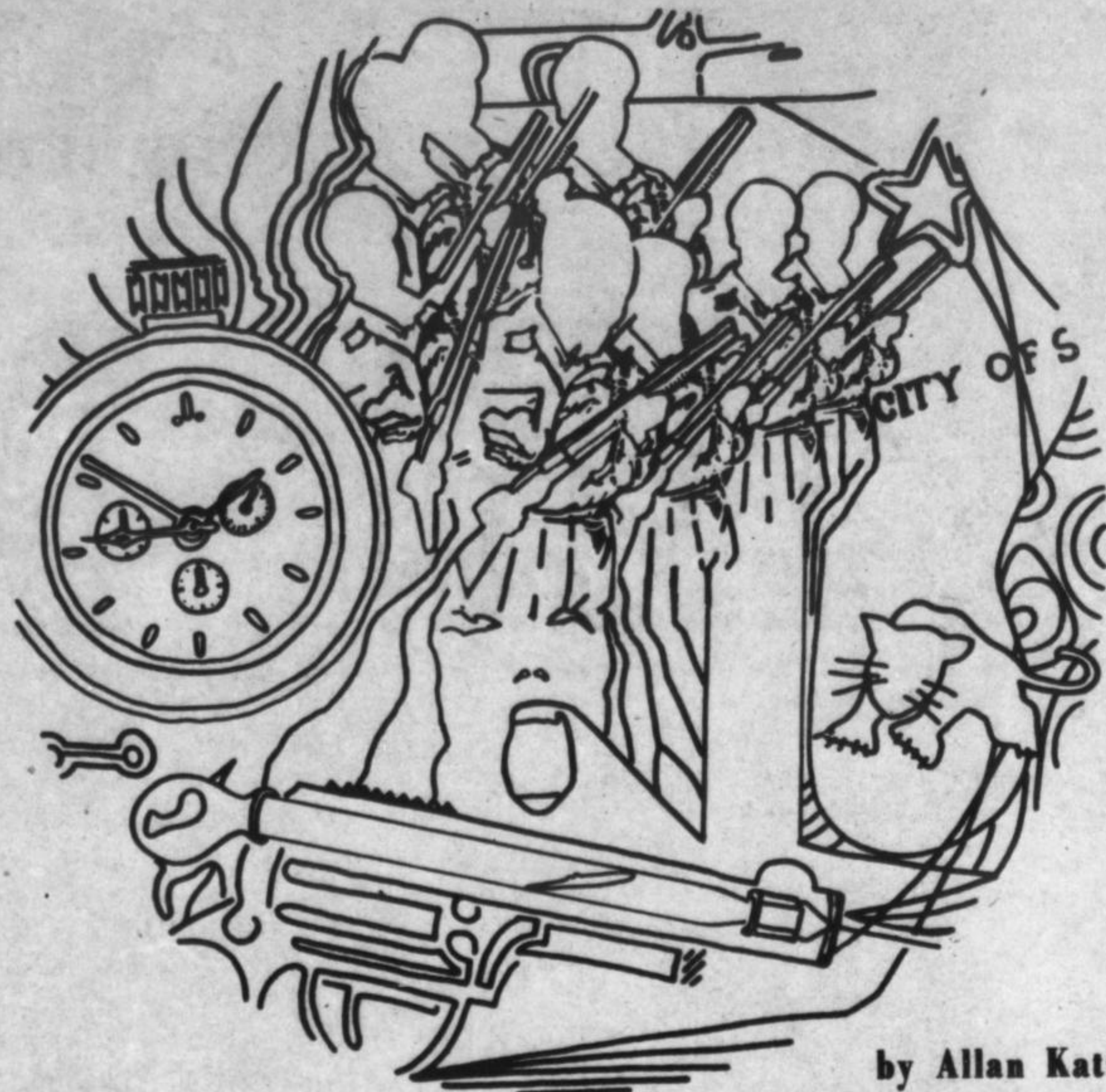
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METROPOLITAN 15¢

THE east village OTHER

JULY 12, 1968





by Allan Katzman

FOUR PARANOIDS' BLAMING

San Francisco, city of seven hills, home of the hippie, dubbed the New Jerusalem by its most faithful, sits with majesty among mist and sun. Nothing happens here that is not tantamount to religion or revolution. One third Negro, one third Chinese, one third white with Russian and Japanese thrown in for good measure, the myth of the Wild West coagulates with spontaneous combustion refined and honed to a fine edge.

When I first arrived on Friday last week, I could not believe the cleanliness nor the absence of paranoia. There is a laundromat practically on every street and people go about their business oblivious to the new found lifestyles that seem to spring up from nowhere. Unlike New York with its large group movements toward speed and machine, it is individual freedom that prospers. Unlike New York with its no escape from the meglomaniacal monoxide of automobiles, it takes 15 minutes in any direction to partake of the natural movements of mountain, ocean, or woods. No one is ever afraid of not being able to leave and when they do, are confident that the mist that surfaces from the bay every night will dispose of the leavings of the old day within its wet jaws.

San Francisco is a paradise of paradox, a mogul of marijuana where the hip and straight smoke with cool immunity, but where lately narcotic arrests among juveniles are on an alarming increase with marijuana leading the list.

Where drugs are concerned, San Francisco is the leader in an innovative Brave New World. The new THC, synthetic marijuana, is now available in small quantities. Purchased in pill form or liquid, it is a mind boggling pandora's box lasting anywhere from four to six hours. Its lack of color and smell in liquid form makes it almost impossible to detect. A person could blow the smoke right in a policeman's face without fear of being caught.

Another advantage of this new found windfall is that the man-made marijuana is many times more potent than the natural. Two or three drops on an ordinary cigarette gives the same kick as one marijuana cigarette. Doubling or tripling the dose gives more kick than any marijuana joint ever could.

Discovered four years ago by Israeli chemist R. Mechoulam, THC is no more than marijuana's active ingredient, which Mechoulam identified as Delta One, tetrahydrocannabinol.

What worries narcotics authorities here is the possibility that marijuana marketers may steal supplies of the man-made drug or even learn how to make it themselves. Indeed there are already rumours that the Mafia is interested in it. One report had a Swiss chemist offering THC secrets to the highest bidder.

But, if Frisco is first in drugs and first in lifestyles, this is where the difference end.

Behind its wooden facade of brightly arrayed houses lies the broken bones of its life experiment. North Beach, the home haven of the Beat revelation, has become a teat and tourist carny, and the Haight Ashbury, its youth counterpart, the final fix of freedom. Drug abuse and broken consciousness are the order of the day. The creative clique that once harbored dreams of artistic takeover have been siphoned off into other areas and now sit tight awaiting the Intergalactic World takeover to drop from the skies and initiate the final solution.

One such group are known as the **World Messiah Commune**, a flying saucer commune, run by Al Noonan, 51 year old Messiah who now finds himself in jail on charges of possession and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Noonan's quest is to initiate this Intergalactic World takeover by spreading good karma. He has established a working commune with two restaurants and a life school of experience which teaches anything from baking macrobiotic bread to sewing and making clothes.

Noonan takes his orders from the Intergalactic visitors that hover in saucers around the spaceship Earth. He runs seances to contact his outer space visitors and hopes to cleanse the establishment of its material hangups through a clear shaft of cosmic energy which he claims runs through his commune's livingroom. One of his acknowledged heroes is none other than Hugh Hefner of Playboy fame. He feels that Hefner has freed Americans from their sexual hangups and that Playboy breeding houses are a must to breed bigger and better spiritual humans and to adjust the tendency of fellow beings towards Homosexuality.

Right now Noonan's followers are running around trying to raise the thousand dollars bail needed to free him from his earth bound captors. Noonan's quest is not an odd one in a state like California which is the head breeding ground for such cultist freakouts. In fact he is a normal aspect of California when one considers the Governor, Ronald Reagan. Reagan recently raised the ire of fellow Californians over the Redwood tree incidents in Northern California where lumber companies were destroying the beauty of the landscape before they were made into national parks. Reagan rationalized the incidents with this bit of wisdom: "If you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all." Right now there is a petition going around to recall him and all that is needed is 100,000 more signatures to make the ballot.

Frisco awaits across the bay from its fellow counterparts in lifestyles — Berkeley, Richmond and Oakland. Oakland is quiet with the Black Panthers holding their own against the police, "the Oakland Pigs." Richmond, when I had arrived, had just gotten over its racial

cold triggered off by the shooting of a 15 year old Negro youth as he fled in a stolen car. A curfew had been lifted after a four day diatribe of fires and looting in Richmond's Negro section. Berkeley exploded the night of my arrival.

The confrontation between police and University of California students was triggered off by a rally to demonstrate solidarity with campus rebels in France. Two hundred Berkeley police, without warning, threw tear gas to disperse students who were blocking traffic on busy Telegraph Avenue. The students responded with barricades and rocks, but the tear gas was overwhelming.

Max Scheer of the **Berkeley Barb** told me in a telephone conversation that, "Businessmen on their way home from work were mercilessly beaten and that the whole town was irate over the police provocation which has caused students to riot and a curfew to be imposed on everyone."

Max went on to say, "This is an unprecedented incident for the west coast and martial law is a reality in Berkeley. My wife and I were chased down the street by four policemen. We had to go to the rich section of Oakland in order to get back to my office."

(Continued on Page 16)

PETER LEGGIERI
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JAAKOV KOHN
DON KATZMAN
LENNOX RAPHAEL
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
PETER MIKALAJUNAS
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ZOD FENSTER
GIL WEINGOURT
WALTER BREDEL
PHIL GARVIN
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Che is the saint who climbed mountains.

by Lennox Raphael

"Read this wilderness quest of a contemporary saint," I wrote, recommending his diary to a Catholic priest in Ohio.

The Diary, a spiritual logbook, covers that last pilgrimage when he initiated the guerrilla campaign in Bolivia against the Devils of Death.

He was in "this isolated region where everything indicates that we shall be able to stay here practically as long as we deem necessary."

Days rush by, then weeks & months. "The oven could not be finished because the clay was soft." And his detractors? "Time here will also be the judge."

The guerrilla legend grew & grew while "I had chills all day, but the illness did not overtake me." Will was intact. "Two turkeys were shot down while hunting, and an animal fell into the trap, but he was able to escape because the trap cut off his paw."

Time hurries in the mountainous stubble. And the peasants? "We talked to a typical peasant: capable of helping us but incapable of realizing the danger that this entails, and, because of this, potentially dangerous." But trust comes through. He loves them because, essentially, they are the dream & extensions of it — a Latin America free from stultifying uncreative American hegemony & other big sticks.

"\$1000 will be lent to the peasant to buy and fatten pigs, he has capitalistic ambitions."

There are spiritual charts everywhere; and, after an hour of Che, I reread MOUNT ANA-LOGUE, by Rene Daumal. Another journey with a goal. Pilgrims. Climbers climb over themselves, saints vacillate. "One climbs, one sees," Daumal writes. "One descends, one sees no longer but one has seen. There is an art of conducting oneself in the lower regions by the memory of what one saw higher up. When one can no longer see, one can at least still know." And the instructions: "Keep your eyes fixed on the path to the top, but don't forget to look right in front of you."

Sometimes Che felt "faint" and walked miles "on will power alone." He abhorred dying in an "absurd manner." His death was swift & bitter.

"It has been established," Fidel writes in an introductory essay, "that Che continued fighting despite being wounded until the barrel of his M-2 rifle was destroyed by a shot, rendering it completely useless. The pistol he was carrying had no magazine . . . Moved to the town of Higuera, he lived approximately 24 hours more. He refused to exchange words with his captors and a drunken officer who tried to vex him received a slap across the face.

"Gathered in La Paz, Barrientos (el presidente), Ovando and other high military chiefs coldly made the decision to assassinate him. Major Miguel Ayoroa and Colonel Andres Selnich, rangers trained by the Yankees, instructed Officer Mario Teran to proceed with the killing. When the latter, completely drunk, went into the place, Che, who had heard the shot which had just killed a Bolivian and a Peruvian guerrilla, saw that the assassin vacillated, said firmly, "Shoot, don't be afraid!" The latter left, and again it was necessary for his superiors, Ayoroa and Selnich, to repeat the order, which he then proceeded to fulfill, firing his machine gun from the waist down. The version had already gone around that Che had died several hours after combat, and therefore his executors had orders not to shoot at his chest or head so as not to induce fatal wounds. This cruelly prolonged Che's agony until a sergeant — also drunk — finally killed him with a pistol shot in his left side."

But a turn to Che's diary shows that six months after the start of the surgical revolu-

tion "we set the soldiers free after giving them a talking to. Then shoes were taken from them, their clothing was changed and the liars were sent off in their undershorts."

The fight continued. Some of the pilgrims were peevish & petty, greedy & nonvisioned; always fighting for food.

"Milk is one of our corrupting factors," Che writes, and, earlier, "I spoke to Moro explaining that I had not named him as one of the best in the group due to his weakness concerning food and his tendency to exasperate his comrades with his crude jokes."

Always sensitive, he remonstrates with himself when he's at fault with a comrade; and during this time the walking, the endless ambushes, sometimes they kill, sometimes they are killed, his asthma is hell, no medicine, yes hell, but they fight on, all trust in the revolutionary vision.

"He based the discipline of the guerrilla on their moral conscience and on the tremendous force of his own personal example," Fidel writes.

"We left at dawn," Che records in the last days of the adventure, "the men exhausted due to the lack of water and Eustaquio made a scene crying for a mouthful of water."

And, "I almost forgot to emphasize the fact that today, after something like six months, I bathed."

No cucumber soap & white towels, only rivers of anguish, streams of hope, and moun-

tains to be found & conquered.

The pilgrim has overcome hope and dwells in the spiritual chaos of destiny; time bears him out because the world is ever changing faster than the hearts of men but in the same circle of action & idea.

"To return to the source of things," Daumal writes, "one has to travel in the opposite direction."

Che did not want to die. He was too busy, too committed to the entire body of the revolution (not just arms, legs, toes), he knew men must die, and the revolution must continue.

Then they killed him & rummaged his flesh. But his spirit, don't you feel it?, returns to take care of business.

And what is the meaning of this? Che is dead, we are alive, some of us dead alive. Che's essentialism embraces like fire in heat.

"Here we are concerned with facts;" he writes, and "words that don't coincide with fact are not important."

Maybe he was speaking to underground writers.

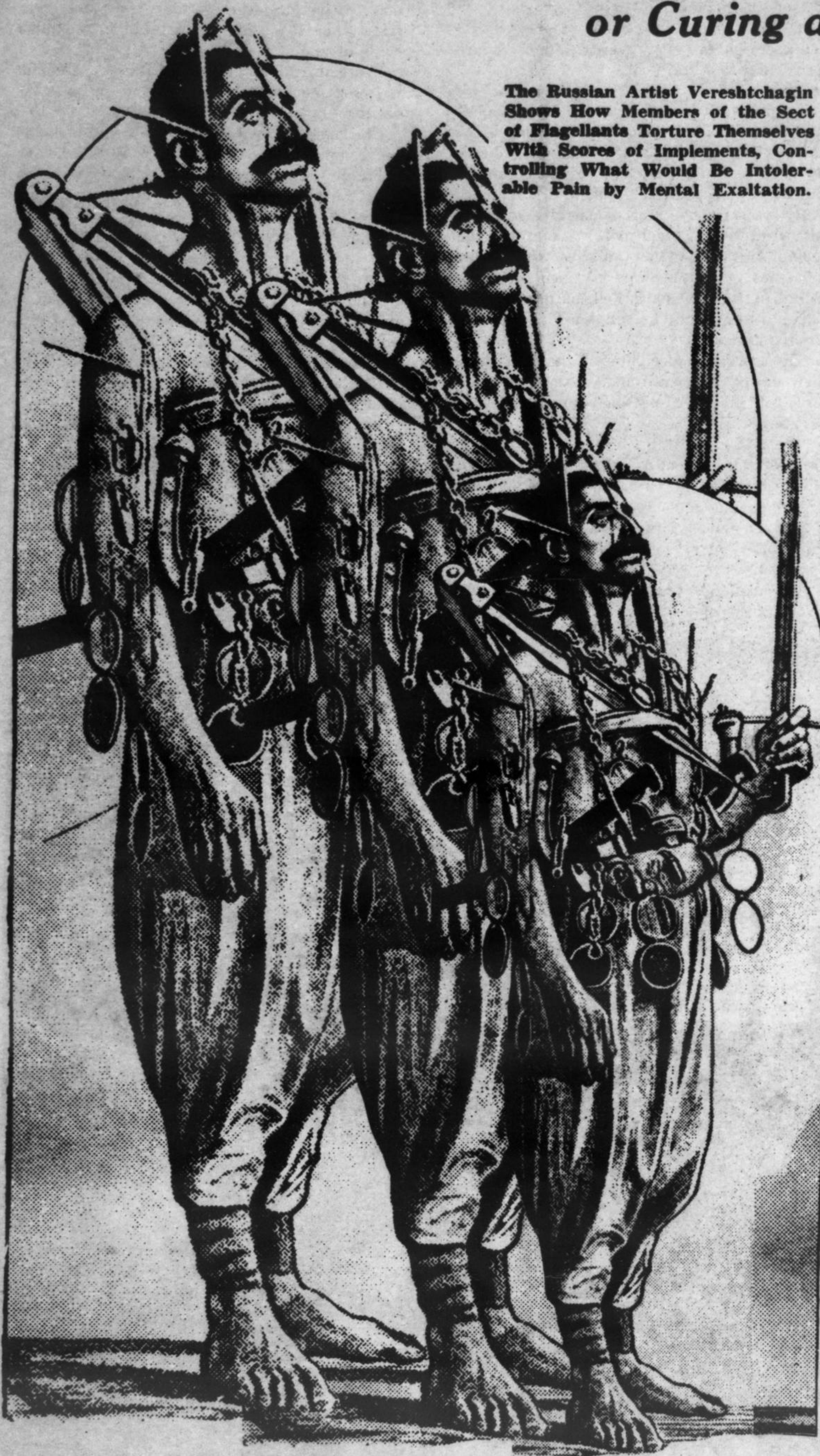
There is there too, facts to be used or abused; and stretched before us endlessly seeming are the pyramids of misunderstanding we construct sometimes like hallucinating fantasies.

Faced by a mountain, and without Mohammad's help, "One climbs, one sees. One descends, one sees no longer but one has seen."



Photo by Greg Kosakow

Science Accepts the Startling Effects of Bad Mental Habits Which May Cause Stomach Trouble, Arthritis or Heart Disease---And Shows That Faith Can Help in Stopping the Growth of Cancer or Curing a Rattlesnake Bite



The Russian Artist Vereshtchagin Shows How Members of the Sect of Flagellants Torture Themselves With Scores of Implements, Controlling What Would Be Intolerable Pain by Mental Exaltation.

by Renfru Neff

THE PROCESS

"The whole religious complexion of the modern world is due to the absence from Jerusalem of a Lunatic Asylum."
Havelock Ellis

I must confess that on first hearing about "this new group from England called The Process," I thought it was a rock and roll combo. As it turned out The Process is a religious group, so this is my first time out as a religion reviewer and I give it two-and-a-half crosses.

Originated five years ago in England, The Process claims itself to be completely original and without derivation from any previous theology or ideology. Of course, by 1963 all the Major Ambiguities had been snapped up, leaving a lot of obscure confusions, lightweight deities, and synthetically derived hallucinogens for "new" religions. What follows here then is a rather elusive dogma in which logic, historical reference, and scientific data seem to have been filed under "Whimsy," leading the observer to suspect that if God is dead, He was probably bored to death by similar confrontations with well-intentioned, but mildly hysterical, wholly irrational disciples of the New Fanaticism, a "front" for total banality. Eventually it becomes clear that rational thought is not only disruptive to the proceedings, it is in extremely bad taste.

Recognizable by their black, monk-like uniforms and silver crosses, members of The Process panhandle on the streets — some have reported earning as much as twenty dollars a day — and other income is derived from visitors' contributions and from the sale of various booklets setting forth their views on war and vivisection. As yet nothing has been printed with a more pertinent explication of their religious beliefs, although The Process lays claim to having twenty-seven to about fifty followers residing in England, Japan, Miami, California, and in New York where about twenty of them, all young men and women, live communally at 28½ Cornelia Street.

Which brings us up to celibacy . . . Among other exotic rituals, members of The Process allegedly practice celibacy. Wild, unbridled, shameless . . . celibacy. Another back-lash of the sexual revolution.

Well, that takes care of sensationalism. Now we can get on to drugs and vivisection.

They oppose the use of drugs, medicinal and mind-blowing, and they're anti-vivisection. Despite the glorious irrelevancy of whole issue, part of their argument against the use of animals in laboratory experiments is sound . . . animals do get the short end of the stick . . . but this initial validity is soon lost in the emotion-charged denunciation that follows: animals are superior to man because they are pure, uncorrupted, at one with God; it is against God's will for man to seek synthetic cures for his diseases and to involve animals, who are perfect in nature, in this blasphemous quest (insulin, vaccines, all drugs, all bad); human beings should be used in this experiments, an idea practiced most recently by Hitler, but The Process doesn't accept his "research" as applicable to their cause. In fact, they've been known to get sort of snotty when the comparison is made.

But aside from these Luxury Worries, the primary tenet is that the destruction of mankind is inevitable and 1998 has been set as the date for the Big Boom. Why thirty years from now? It just will be, that's all. Its inevitability, however, does approach the border of rationale . . . briefly, though, without going too far into its interior. Man, it seems, has turned away from God, and not merely within the confines of recorded time and history, but aeons ago, way before Atlantis was crumpled in an Almighty Snit. In spite of presumably more recent "warnings" (The Process isn't too keen on times, dates, chronological sequence, and that sort of things), man has continued on his Godless course, and a veritable quandary of illustrations are cited as proof that all the way down the millennia man has been an embarrassing fuck-up. Aside from joining The Process, no positive alternatives are suggested for the salvation of the casually visiting soul. On the other hand, considering its magnitude and consistency, perhaps Fuck-Upmanship is, indeed, the pure and natural condition of mankind.

Lydia: "I would say I'm New York's only full-time employed Body Painter."

For seven months last year you could find Lydia in the plastic-grassed Think Tank at the Electric Circus, doing her thing, painting "little cosmic wonders" on hippies, whistful kids from the Bronx and celebrities like Odetta ("I painted a flower on her hand.") Shelley Winters ("The last person I painted at the Electric Circus — and the hippest.") and even Mrs. William Buckley ("I did her up good — very heavy, very spiritual. Did she dig it? Well, she was very drunk — but I've never made anyone look ugly.")

Lydia, at 25, has been making a living by doing her thing for a year now. (She had been in N. Y. for one year and two weeks at the time of our interview). I visited her in her bare Japanese flavored basement apartment. I found an atmosphere of stark purity within her white walls, low bed and almost no decoration except a Persian tapestry her father, a painter, had sent from Florida. Lydia likes to work on the floor and is only concerned about eventually getting chairs so her friends will have somewhere to sit.

Also on the wall were two paintings by Lydia, oil on canvas versions of her body painting. What looked at first like a Mandala with feet, on closer inspection acquired the faces of insects, birds, even a cat... all fantastically intricate. ("Virgos are into intricacy all the time, and more people make that scene now since and the Indians — they've always been into intricacy. Read the Tibetan Book of the Dead. And paisley — that's pure energy force! The Indians paint things they've pulled right from the air.")

EVO: Or that they've pulled from themselves.

LYDIA: Well, they are the air.

When I told Lydia I was interviewing her for a fashion column she laughed and went to her closet. Stopping to remove a cat that had gotten locked in, she displayed her wardrobe. "I only have 3 dresses y'see, I have to dress real straight. If I come in looking freaky I really scare those big uptown people I deal with."

EVO: What do you wear when you're on your own?

LYDIA: Mostly clothes that people give me. Then I don't have to pick them out myself. This German mag came to interview me. They said I was a trend-setter and asked me about nudis and all that shit. So I just said you should wear whatever looks good on you... you know what I really love? In the deep South, in the mountains, they make their clothes out of old flour sacks, sorta longish with an uneven hemline and no particular waistline. I call it *Springtime in the Rockies*.

EVO: Well, body paint is fashion too, so lets talk about that.

LYDIA: Okay, I love makeup. Clown makeup is probably one of the most beautiful things in the world. Each clown designs his own face. And I never do the same design twice. When I get real close to people I can feel their vibes. That's how I know what to paint. I don't paint for me, I paint for them.

EVO: Have you ever painted yourself?

LYDIA: One night when I had nothing else to do, I painted this vine all over my face in reds and greens; wore it for about two hours and freaked everybody out, then I washed it off.

EVO: Do you get weird requests?

LYDIA: A clinical psychologist once asked me to paint a rat on his face. And I used to get a lot of collect call from Dykes all over the country. They just wanted to talk. It was sad; finally I just stopped accepting the charges.

EVO: How much do make body painting?

LYDIA: I charge \$52.00 and hour for rich peoples' parties and such. How did I arrive at that figure? It just sounded good. Then, if I work for 2 hours I've got \$100.00 plus bread to get home on.

EVO: What's your sign?

LYDIA: Pisces, with the moon in Gemini.

EVO: Do you have two personalities?

LYDIA: I have about 8 billion of them.



fashion

Interview by Trina

Photo by Diane Dorr-Dorynek

THE KABLITZEN Gazette BY FUNGO FERRIS

IT IS GENERALLY ACCORDED BY MOST SAGES, THAT THE BATHTUB IS A BOSS PLACE TO GET IDEAS

YODLE LAY HEE
YODLE LAY HEE
HOOOW!

ANYWAY, SUCH HAS BEEN MY BELIEF NIGH THESE MANY YEARS. ONE DAY THOUGH, SOMETHING RATHER STRANGE OCCURED

AHA! A COCKROACH



WASTING NO TIME, I SNUFFED THE LITTLE BEGGER

YAAAAGRA!

NO PLEASE

DZZZ

ROACH

PLINK

OH MY GOD IT...IT FELL IN...



MY WATER

AT ONCE, MY THOUGHTS TOOK ON A SARDONIC...

YES EVEN A SOMEWHAT FATALISTIC TURN; ALL TO NO AVAIL THOUGH FOR MY,

WILL TO LIVE!, WON OUT

GASP

SPLASH!

PING

AFTER THAT, I WALKED ... JUST A LITTLE TALLER,

AND AS I GREW IN AGE, I CONTINUED TO REFLECT WITH GREAT FONDNESS,

UPON MY MIS-SPENT YOUTH

ColA-La CANDY CIG

SIGH

HEE HEE HEE (DROOL)



by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley



Rock and roll is being sucked into a vacuum in which the existence of exciting directly communicating, honest musical expressions are being lost as it is analyzed and classified into formulas to become established as "the new art form". Its sterilization is being forced by a kind of "Rock-Momism" to give the bastard-teenage-music a smart edge of class. Take it out of the hands of youth (folk) and make it acceptable to the elders who guard the Halls of Art. Move it out of the dance halls onto the concert stage. Talk about the number of college degrees the new "rock artist-poet" has. Enough of those semi-literate, vulgar, crude, obscene, ugly people who dominated the music. The "rock is art" movement with its respectability is suffocating rock's raunchy freshness and polite concert-goers are replacing wild screaming teenagers. In a drive to become an established art form, "Rock Momism" is squeezing the excitement out of the music, constricting rock and roll freedom with the girdling criteria of a mild-mannered, "lilly-livered liberal", safe and secure middle class society. As it oozes into bourgeois culture, it becomes less immediate and more cerebral, self-righteous, arty, pretentious, totally unphysical and exceedingly boring.

This sophistication of undisciplined, nonrigid musical forms has become a repetitious pattern of confining, homogenizing, materialistic societies — to formalize spontaneous folk-art until it fits neatly into a controlled precisely defined form which is rigidly subjected to the traditional laws of the established order. It has been occurring most recently as "jazz Uncle Toms" beg to have their music accepted as a "valid original American art form." Teach it in the colleges they proclaim and then "humble-as-TV-dinners" protest to city, state, and federal governments that their art form isn't recognized and promoted by the reigning authorities. The "Jazz Uncle Toms" say their art is JUST AS good, smart and academic as another; they just want equality, acceptance, and definition as a cultural form. And on top of that bullshit they seek proclamations of an official, government sponsored "jazz day" with specially commissioned new musical scores of the new watered down, streamlined, modern, no-sweat jazz. They tried to clean the image of the music and restrain the emotional experiences and range of the musician. "Look at us," the "jazz Uncle Tom" whines pleadingly, "we wash behind the ears, buy Chev-

lets, and play for our courageous soldiers in Vietnam. God Bless America!" And in their sterilization of jazz, they condemned it to a slow dull death by starvation.

But although an anemic jazz is tolerated by Aunt Lotti and Uncle Jake, the music is more than formula with orthodox musical symbols. Anyone can play around the edge of jazz, but a new generation of musicians is preserving the heart of the music—its emotional statements, and are ignoring all or most of its structure. More than a mere form of entertainment or exercise for a virtuoso, the music is a way to communicate, a way to work out spirited social and political thoughts. Charlie Mingus calls it "another language, so much more wide in range and vivid and warm and full and expressive of thoughts you (the rude listener) are seldom able to convey . . ."

Rock does face the same suffocation that almost annihilated an exciting, personally involving, vital way of musical expression. An excellent article by Jon Landau about the dilemma crippling Rock and Roll because of an "artiness cult" appears in the current issue of the Rolling Stone. Landau points out that "ballsiness and the primitive quality" are essential to "a sound and performing style that was genuinely liberating for the young people . . . It was unmistakably a folk-music form. Within the confines of the media, these musicians articulated attitudes, styles and feelings that were genuine reflections of their own experience and of the social situation which had helped to produce that experience. Because the media would tend to reject any serious comment on society, when the artists wanted to bitch they tended to do so in the form of humorous comment."

Another parallel can now be drawn between jazz (black) and rock (white) music aside from the threatening paralysis of their spiritual fervor by status-oriented dilettantes in both fields. According to Frank Kofsky in Jazz and Pop Magazine, "Black Americans, as well as white, are engaged in repudiating the values that are rampant in the dominant sector of this society. For these values, as white rock musicians are rapidly discovering, are devoid of spirituality; and hence are of no use in creating an art which ultimately must function on a spiritual (mystical, emotional level. Both white and black are willing to employ Western technologies in creat-

ing their art: the saxophone is just as much a child of that technology as the transistorized amplifier. But both reserve the right to seek their spiritual guidance elsewhere."

Avant-Garde jazz is much further along than rock in its development of pure spiritual expressions. It also makes better use of non-western musical influences. A good example of these two points can be illustrated by the music of Albert Ayler who radically reinterprets basic jazz elements. On July 15, he begins a week engagement at the Cafe Au Go Go on Bleeker Street.

Rather than imitate Indian classical music as the eclectic rock musicians are doing, Ayler uses simple melodies the same way ragas are used for improvisation. "Both act as starting points and areas of energy from which the improviser starts his music. And also, as in Indian music, the saxophonist's playing tends to be melodic/rhythmic, unlimited by the harmonic cadences of European chord sequences."

IN a Downbeat article concerning the dramatic breakthrough of Avant-garde jazz, Don Heckman aptly describes Ayler's performances as being "filled with simple spiritual-like tunes, march themes, all the varieties of melodies that recur in folk cultures throughout the world, melodies that are singable and communicate directly in feeling and spirit. These melodies establish a starting point for the listener that is undeniably appealing. The vocalized, passionately articulated sounds represent an attempt to build a music unbounded by traditional definitions; densities produce the pulsating impact one attributes to rhythm; rhythm achieves an almost melodic quality. And all of this takes place in the context of a freely stated, spontaneous musical interaction."

Ayler's music is committed to the truth and is shockingly powerful. Hearing this music is not enough, it must be felt. Trumpeter Don Ayler advises that "one way not to experience the music is to focus on the notes and stuff like that. Instead, try to move your imagination toward the sound. It's a matter of following the sound." Albert added: "You have to relate sound to sound inside it. You have to try to listen to everything together. Follow the sound, the pitches, the colors, you have to watch them move."

Ayler states that he is playing about the beauty that is to come after all the tensions and anxieties.

(Continued on Page 13)



FACES THE MILLER FLYS SENT BY THE INSIDIOUS DILLON AS VENGEANCE FOR SPOILING HIS GAMES



BY SKILLFULLY MANIPULATING AIR CURRENTS HE BRINGS THE SCENT OF HIS HANDIWORK TO THE ATTENTION OF THE FLYS, THUS DIVERTING THEM FROM HIMSELF



C'MON LETS GET GOIN'



I IMAGINE YOU'RE QUITE SATISFIED WITH YOUR LITTLE STUNT, YOU PROBABLY THINK IT WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN AN EXHIBITIONIST PRANK

WE GOTTA GET BACK TO THE EPPKENTER



YOU PETTY BOURGEOUS ANARCHISTS ARE ALL ALIKE, NOTHING BUT MINDLESS ADVENTURISTS, PURILE THRILL SEEKERS



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WAIT



C'MON WHERE YOU GOIN'

BACK TO THE CHAMBER, IF IT'S AS BAD AS ALL THAT I'LL STRAP YOU BACK DOWN

...DONT GET FUNNY

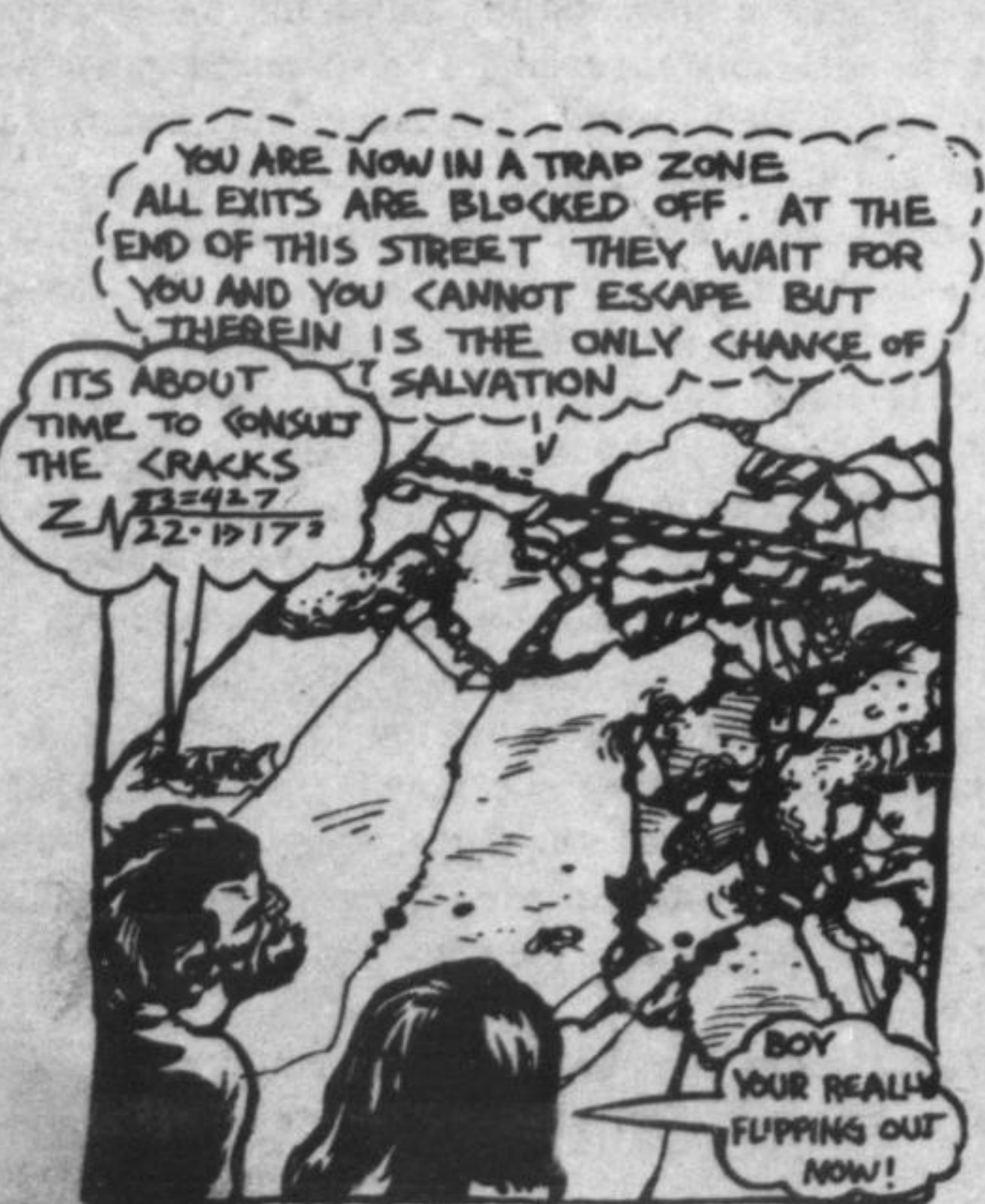


LETS GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE



MEANWHILE

SO THEY'RE ENTERING THE TRAP AREA ... GOOD ... GOOD ... YES ... LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS THE JOB IS COMPLETED



YOU ARE NOW IN A TRAP ZONE. ALL EXITS ARE BLOCKED OFF. AT THE END OF THIS STREET THEY WAIT FOR YOU AND YOU CANNOT ESCAPE BUT THEREIN IS THE ONLY CHANCE OF SALVATION

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO CONSIDER THE CRACKS

BOY YOUR REALLY FUPPING OUT NOW!



TRASHMAN THROWS HIS AND HIS COMRADES FATE TO THE WINDS. CAN THE UTTERINGS OF THE CRACK BE TRUTH OR WILL HE FACE INSTANT DEATH



JUST ONE MOVE PLEASE MR TRASHMAN AND WE SHALL TURN YOU AND YOUR "LADY" FRIEND IN TO YOUR WELL DESERVED NAME SAKE

thilm

by Lita Eliscu

Rochelle Owens is rather marvelous . . . just to think about the plays she's done: *Futz*, whether one of her best or not, was given the front-page of the *New York Times* two weeks ago; this coming season, *Bchlich*, *Istanboul* and *Homo* will be done off-off Broadway, while *He Wants Shih* will be done probably off-Broadway — and of course, *Futz* is being turned into a film, for which she has written the directing scenario . . . Anticlimactic comments, whether, "It must be nice," to "Shee-it!" — somehow seem just that: lame.

" . . . I don't expect pig-fucking to be 'in' 15 years from now," she says about *Futz*. People have even asked me why a pig and not a cow — as though that were the point to go into films. I love theatre, and I'll always of the play. I had fun writing the scenario; it's such a visual play — but I don't want write for it." She is very excited about *He Wants Shih*, explaining that, "The word, 'shih,' means everything, all — plus the obvious pun — in Chinese, one sound has so many vocal pronunciation, each one giving the sound a new definition. It is a play about power, and the renunciation of power, by this Chinese emperor."

I tell her I've seen *Bchlich* while in Philadelphia, and she yelps, "A true fan! How wonderful!" We talk about the Philadelphia ghetto Negroes (the play is a sort of ferocious *Emperor Jones* a la *Marat/Sade*) and their reaction to the play, and then turn back to *Futz*. "The part of the Sheriff is going to be played by a black man in the second cast. (The film will be made with members of the original cast). I wish they had thought of that in the beginning — I think it will be so much more effective." She wrote *Futz* while working as a secretary in the Parke-Bernet Gallery, sneaking time off to write down bits and pieces . . .

"I think people don't want all the mediocre stuff being presented to them; if they are given a choice, I'm sure they would prefer to see intelligent, sensitive good theatre. Broadway is finally beginning, I hope, to realize this. I think these artificial divisions between off-off-off and Broadway are absurd. And then David Merrick's name somehow enters the conversation. "David Merrick criticized *Futz* in *Variety*," she says "without having ever seen it! What nerve! I wrote a letter to *Variety*, but they said they couldn't publish it as it was, and would I write another one. (The original letter is presented herewith in EVO: "I am writing this letter in response to David Merrick's comments on the credentials of Mr. Clive Barnes and on my play *FUTZ* as reported in *Variety*, June 26. He, Merrick, personifies the worst of the diluted stuff in the sad digestive tract of Broadway theater. He has naught the guts to see *FUTZ*, and yet he has the gall to criticize the play and Mr. Barnes for liking it. This pudgy little fuhrer of the American theater, this mogul of relentless mediocrity, is as inspiring as a wet safety match! May Apollo and the Muses deal him severe nemesis! Sincerely, Rochelle Owens.")

"I'm a poet — I can't change my writing to suit the tastes of *Variety*." But it might be worth it, we finally decide. And then lunch is over, Rochelle happily going off (if anyone could be happy in that heat wave we had), part of her head thinking about an equally forceful but less vindictive letter — but only a small part of her head.

I leave thinking about her laugh and handshake and absolutely candid comments, ranging from her husband through articles about her. (The *Daily News* "managed to make me fit into their format. They wrote something about, 'Red-haired, green-eyed Rochelle Owens, sitting across from us at a smoky table in the Cafe Au Go Go — they make me sound positively wicked!" But they fit everything into their style, everybody. EVO does too, in its



Photos by Racine Rubinstein

own way.") About her husband: "George — he's a poet, too, and he teaches at LIU. His special field is medieval literature — some of the lyrics and writing is so beautiful — and he just did his dissertation at Columbia. He was the model for one of my characters — one who doesn't talk at all. He even acted the part in one performance."

* * *

The Cinematheque ran films by Larry Jordan this past weekend — rather wierd and beautiful. Those words seem to crop up, perhaps too often, but for once totally deserved. Mr. Jordan is from the West Coast, and a short introduction to his work mentioned that he is in the tradition of Stan Brakhage — true enough, but he is more than certainly his own man, as well. There were a good number of films, presented in a reliably chronological order; reliable, because the shorts may have been out of absolute physical time order, but surely demonstrated a progression in Mr. Jordan's head. His imagery is exquisite and eloquent, concentrating on simple, repeated

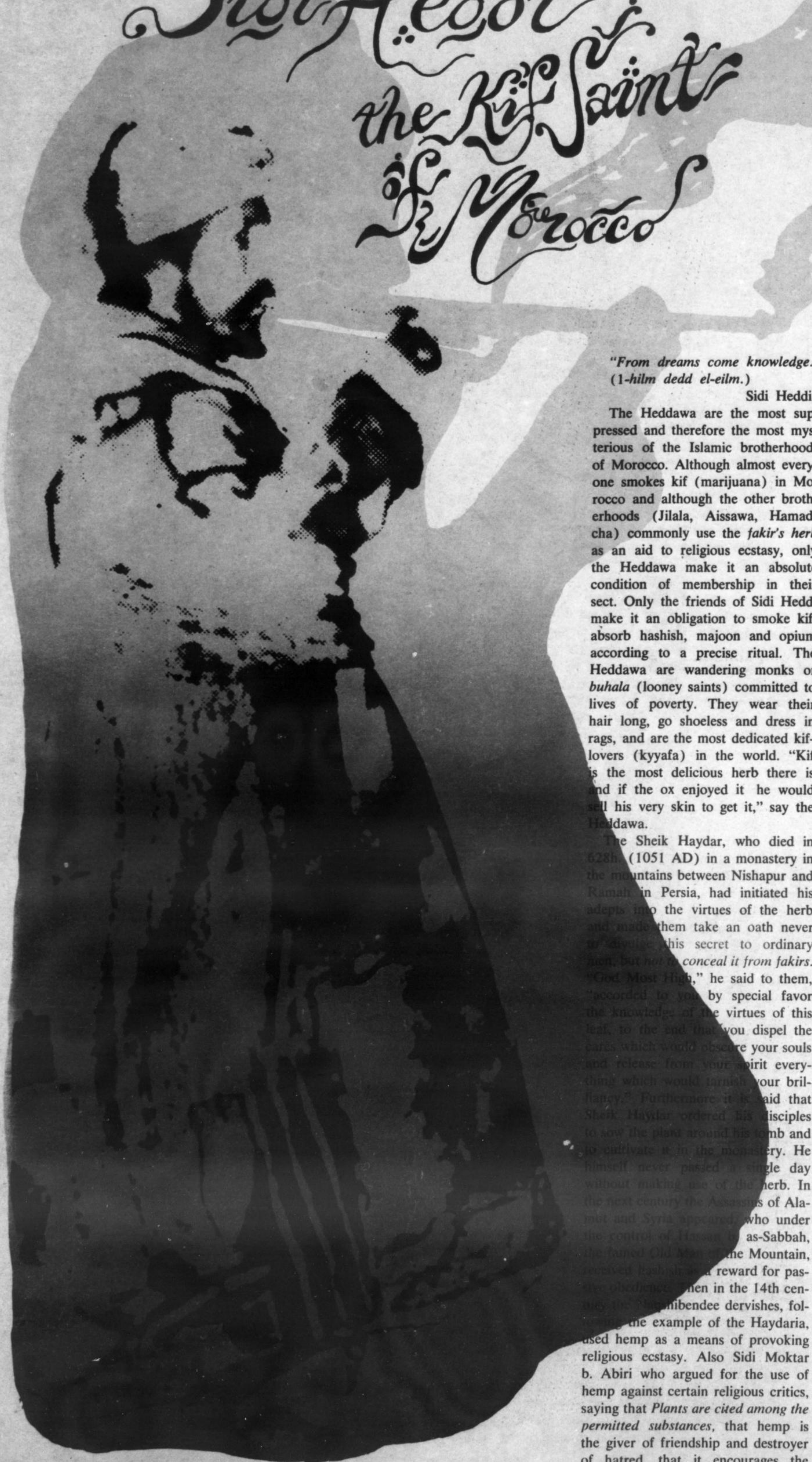
use of particularly poetic symbols and figures, a conglomerative effect of old, Gustave Dore drawing, 19th-century whatnot memorabilia, all fused to a totally aware perception. Unfortunately, I was unable to see all the films, so I cannot really comment on the latter-day Larry Jordan, only up the mid 60's. He loves old lettering: fanciful flourishes, which are transmogrified into film images such as a typical black-and-white lithograph of a melancholy, empty seascape; the ocean waves crashing, the mountain cliff standing lonely and craggy. A rope stretches across, midway between sky and water. On that rope, and hovering over and underneath, are some of the most amazing contraptions and people; all woven finally into a choreographed, animated, Dali-like dream. A little girl crosses the rope, followed by a humming-bird as big as she is; then a photo of Little Egypt, minus her head, but plus a light bulb and halo (resembling the Statue of Liberty.) The light bulb metamorphosized into a flower basket, the little girl becomes covered by the flower basket, and then suddenly she is chased back across the rope again by the bird, who this time is aiming for her crotch.

(Continued on Page 18)

لقد علمت من نظر ربي في الدنيا وعلمت من نور في الجنة على ما سمع

Sidi Heddi the Kif Saint of Morocco

عبد الوهاب



"From dreams come knowledge."
(1-hilm dedd el-eilm.)

Sidi Heddi

The Heddawa are the most suppressed and therefore the most mysterious of the Islamic brotherhoods of Morocco. Although almost everyone smokes kif (marijuana) in Morocco and although the other brotherhoods (Jilala, Aissawa, Hamadcha) commonly use the *fakir's herb* as an aid to religious ecstasy, only the Heddawa make it an absolute condition of membership in their sect. Only the friends of Sidi Heddi make it an obligation to smoke kif, absorb hashish, majoon and opium according to a precise ritual. The Heddawa are wandering monks or *buhala* (looney saints) committed to lives of poverty. They wear their hair long, go shoeless and dress in rags, and are the most dedicated kif-lovers (*kyyafa*) in the world. "Kif is the most delicious herb there is and if the ox enjoyed it he would sell his very skin to get it," say the Heddawa.

The Sheik Haydar, who died in 628h (1051 AD) in a monastery in the mountains between Nishapur and Ramah in Persia, had initiated his adepts into the virtues of the herb and made them take an oath never to divulge this secret to ordinary men, but not to conceal it from *fakirs*. "God Most High," he said to them, "accorded to you by special favor the knowledge of the virtues of this leaf, to the end that you dispel the fumes which would obscure your souls and release from your spirit everything which would tarnish your brilliancy." Furthermore it is said that Sheik Haydar ordered his disciples to sow the plant around his tomb and to cultivate it in the monastery. He himself never passed a single day without making use of the herb. In the next century the Assassins of Alamut and Syria appeared who under the control of Hassan ibn al-Sabbah, the famed Old Man of the Mountain, received hashish as a reward for passing on their secret. Then in the 14th century the *Shaykh* dervishes, following the example of the Haydaria, used hemp as a means of provoking religious ecstasy. Also Sidi Moktar b. Abiri who argued for the use of hemp against certain religious critics, saying that *Plants are cited among the permitted substances*, that hemp is the giver of friendship and destroyer of hatred, that it encourages the

rendering of service and permits one to tell the generous from the miserly that it is the magic herb which grants clairvoyance.

Sidi Heddi, founder of the Heddawa sect, himself was at one time strongly opposed to smoking the narguileh. It is said that he disapproved of Sidi Wanis taking hashish until one day Sidi Wanis waited for him on the road and convinced him to smoke his narguileh. At the first puff Sidi Heddi forgot everything he ever knew. Sidi Wanis then said to him, "Your learning which you have worked so hard to acquire and which you have lost by one puff of my narguileh is no real knowledge." When Sidi Heddi asked Sidi Wanis to teach him the wisdom which could never be lost, Sidi Wanis gave him the pipe once again. The second puff relegated Sidi Heddi to an even lower state where he felt totally lost. But on the third puff Sidi Heddi was transported to a height which before he would never have believed attainable. It was after this that Sidi Heddi renounced the world and took up the true path.

It is to Beni Aros, the country of Morocco's greatest saints, that Sidi Heddi came in the early 19th century to the *Jebel Alam itself*, the mountain on which is the tomb of Moulay Abdeslam, the father of all Moroccan saints. There Sidi Heddi is said to have stolen the Seven Sacred Keys. While he was fleeing with these Keys which represented the benediction (*baraka*) and wisdom of the great saint, the *Sheik* Moulay Abdeslam picked up a stone to throw from the ground and it struck his eye, and fired it at Sidi Heddi who was already some miles away. This miracle bullet wounded Sidi Heddi and brought him down near the bank of a small river which is where the Heddawa have their monastery today. It was then that another miracle occurred: the ground opened up and held Sidi Heddi within the earth, safe from his pursuers. He spoke to them with dignity and kept smiling in a completely relaxed way. Then he took up the Keys and threw them out into the river where they have remained ever since in the keeping of the fish. And so the Heddawa, before partaking of any food, always send one of their number to give a part of their meal to the fish of the Mehasen River. There is a story that a group of Spanish soldiers once violated the shrine of Sidi Heddi by shooting at the fish. They were all miraculously punished by dying soon thereafter in the worst agonies or going insane. One of them who almost immediately began frothing at the mouth can still be seen in the town of Alcazar Kebir running through the streets shouting, "The Fish! The Fish! They are coming after me!"

The Heddawa are never without kif. "When there is no more kif in the world it will be found still at the house of the Heddawa." Their

مستشفى جنوري، ما خدم بمسرى ردة املاذرى بسى، يدعى مكا ندر و عيلانية

سید ہدی

by Sidi Cohen

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grass is considered to carry with it the benediction of Sidi Heddi himself and smoking with the friends of Sidi Heddi is thought of as a true blessing and is much sought after. The adepts of Sidi Heddi regard each other as brothers and they often say they are nourished at the same *bez-zula* (tits). The kif reserves of the monastery are replenished every year and it is among the main duties of the Heddawa to visit the neighboring mountain tribes where the best kif grows in order to bring back a complete stock. These tribes (Keta-ma, Gemara, Beni Hamid) in effect give away the treasure of their harvest to the monastery of Sidi Heddi with-out the least discussion and the amounts are prodigious, most tribes furnishing hundreds of kilos.

The pipe of Sidi Heddi is kept as a relic in the monastery. It is a kind of pipe not often used in Morocco called a *dwaya* and is made from a long wooden stem—over six feet in length—attached to a large clay bowl capable of holding up to a pound of freshly chopped kif. Each Heddawi has the privilege of inhaling one puff in this sacred pipe which is thought of as a door to sainthood. Each evening the *mokkadem* or leader of the Heddawa takes down the *dwaya* of Sidi Heddi in order to celebrate the special prayer of the sect which is called the *dikr*. The pipe is placed in the center of a large circle of devotees and three bowls are put down before it. The first bowl contains hot coals from the sacred fire, the next has chopped kif in it, and the third bowl is used for the ashes. First the *mokkadem* pronounces a mysterious prayer in a deep voice, after which his assistants intone the *dikr* while beating their tambourines in cadence. The *mokkadem* then takes the first puff from the huge pipe and passes it around the circle, packing it and repacking it for each smoker until the tour of the circle has been completed. During this time the rhythm of the *dikr* is accelerated and the Heddawa reach the highest point of their exaltation. The *dwaya* is said to help loosen the throat and make the recitation of the prayer easier.

The Heddawa take kif in many different ways, in tea, hashish candy or majoon. A typical recipe for hashish candy calls for six to eight kilos of kif, about a pound of wheat, another pound of butter, some nuts and about four to five quarts of olive oil. See THE HASHISH COOKBOOK by Panama Rose for further examples of recipes common among the Hed-dawa. The Heddawa generally smoke kif in the *sebsi* which is a pipe with a stem usually under a foot long and a very small bowl usually made of clay. Also the narguileh or water-pipe which is greatly loved by them and is thought of as a female demon which can bewitch the smoker keep-ing him in a state of eternal bondage. Often these pipes are works of art as are the leather bags or pouches they always carry with them. From

one or more strings fixed at the two extremities of the pipe stem hang a large collection of objects which have caught the imagination of the most stoned out minds of Morocco: hands of Fatima, shells, whistles, bells, mirrors and beads, hedgehog teeth, Roman or Vandal coins as well as other more current ones, even crucifixes, paper clips, the arm of a china doll.

Today in Morocco the sect of Sidi Heddi is spoken of by the general public with mixed feeling, often dis-approvingly. I have heard Tangier shopkeepers say of the Heddawa that they have much *vice*, that they are like the (yecch) American "picknicks," sometimes they even say that the Heddawa are dangerous criminals. When I went to visit the shrine of Sidi Heddi with two Moroc-can friends, members of the Jilala sect with whom I had become very friendly, the driver of the car whom none of us really knew, suddenly stopped three quarters of the way there and refused to go any further. He had come up with a case of the horrors and had decided that we were going to kill him when we ar-rived, probably as an offering to the Saint himself. Although we could not persuade him to change his mind (his hair was actually on end), we were lucky enough to make our way by other means. Mohammed and Ab-dullah decided that I had to be smug-gled into the monastery by a local- minded Moroccan cousin who re-quired a blessing from the Heddawa and so I was. The blessing received I made an appropriate gift which was highly appreciated and then went to the door of Sidi Heddi's tomb which had on it a great metal ring. In this ring we each tied one thread from the clothing we wore, so that many pilgrims before us had been doing I went down to the Atlantic River and on there I had a little smok-ing by myself. Strongly enough when I returned to Tangier, I found that I had lost my fine *fourouka* pipe on the bank of the historic river. *Was the Bani of Sidi Heddi keep it for ever!*

If people smother the Heddawa it is through ignorance and fear of what lies beyond their imagina-tion. The Heddawa are not sinners, exceed in piety, and are good. Their way is ascetic and is practiced at the same time. Although some-times said that there are no more Heddawa, that they have ceased to exist because the government has ordered it, the spirit of Sidi Heddi still passes from pipe to pipe in the mountains and in the forests, and at night the Heddawa come to the holy shrine and dance around his tomb searching again for that religious ecstasy which was his.



Hetty

by DA Latimer



Wyoming is no place to wear a beard, for Christ sake! Those people been back there in the mountains for too long, no teevee reception, no underground magazines, no nothing but geysers and antelopes; the last president they ever heard of was Roosevelt and he was a damned free-love-advocating Socialist. Wyoming's where the Wallace votes come from, goddamit, you can't even hitchhike through there. You're against the law there, and the law's mean.

It took Chuck Matthi and Bram Lukam nineteen days to bum through Wyoming as far as Rawlins, county seat of Carbon County. There they were seized and arrested on 9 June, and prosecuted the day following. Since they're both members of War Resistor's League, they felt obliged to cooperate with the authorities as little as possible, which displeased the authorities no end. So immoderately displeased was His Honour Judge Edward Coppo of Carbon County Court that he punched Matthi in the jaw during arraignment proceedings, and refused to read the charges against him; and what's more, His Honour further deemed it a meaningless formality to let Matthi plead one way or the other to what the charges might be, and levied against the defendant a fine of nineteen dollars for hitchhiking (\$1 a day) and \$54 for contempt of court; not wishing to be suspected of usury, the judge added a ninety-day sentence for resisting arrest. Lukam, who had made a few gestures of appeasement by this time, pulled a \$19 fine and only thirty days for resisting arrest.

Matthi was the focal point for the unpleasantness from then on. While being fingerprinted, he was slapped around some by the under-deputies; then, when he refused to sign an identification statement, Carbon County Sheriff Charles W. Ogborn held him down and beat the shit out of him. No problem, the kid's a pacifist. Later, in jail, Sheriff Ogborn had both men's heads shaved to the skin, beards and all, for "sanitary" reasons — Matthi was at that time in excellent "sanitary" shape with a nose so full of blood and fluid that he couldn't breathe through it, and one ear so severely damaged it was rendered virtually deaf. Sheriff Ogborn can be reached by mail care of the Carbon County Jail in Rawlins, Wyoming. Send him bombs.

For reasons not fully elaborated, Lukam was released from jail on 24 June, while Matthi was retained to serve his full sentence — "good behavior" does not apply, apparently, in Matthi's case. When Lukam last saw Matthi, Matthi was still near the point of death, having refused all food and water for nearly twelve days; on the twelfth day, he agreed to drink some water. Sheriff Ogborn remained unmoved, declaring, "People who deviate from

society should be killed or castrated. When I was at Guadalcanal with the marines, I killed 39 men and never thought anything about it. One more doesn't matter." Send him lots of bombs.

For some time after that, water remained the greater part of Matthi's diet. A devoted vegan, he can consume no meat, milk, or poultry products. Sheriff Ogborn, a strict disciplinarian, refused to alter the prison diet for Matthi's sake: when he learned that a trustee was slipping Matthi an occasional bowl of cereal sans milk, he soon put a stop to it — either that fucking beatnik put milk on his corn flakes or he wouldn't get no fucking corn flakes at all. Eventually though, after Matthi's case started getting an embarrassing lot of press, the local vegan societies got up in arms and demanded they be allowed to ship food in to the jail; after three weeks of their agitations, Ogborn reluctantly complied.

All this time, mind you, no one was getting in to visit either Lukam or Matthi. Sheriff Ogborn went so far as to swear that the first person who came into town to see either of them would be arrested. As soon as he was released, Lukam went to Cheyenne to visit Governor Stan Hathaway; with him he took the Rev. Maurice McCrackin, pastor of the Community Church of Cincinatti, and Dr. Marshall Jones, professor of Criminology at the University of Wyoming. Together, the three prevailed on Governor Hathaway to allow the Rev. McCrackin to visit Matthi in jail. After persuading Matthi to cooperate as much as possible with the jailors, the Rev. McCrackin returned to report that the prison surgeon, Dr. P. B. Keraney, had neglected to treat Matthi after Sheriff Ogborn's beating.

The Medical Committee for Human Rights is deeply concerned over Matthi's treatment in the Carbon County Jail, and the National Council of Churches feels that his religious rights may have been violated; together with the War Resistor's League, these organizations are calling for a state investigation into the matter. Enraged letters may be filed with any of the three committees, with Governor Hathaway at the State House in Cheyenne, or with Sheriff Ogborn at the jail. Particularly extravagant contumely should be heaped upon the head of Judge Coppo. Send lots of letters, and maybe some anti-personnel ordnance — let's make Wyoming safe for posterity.

* * *

Time was, when you could finish up chores and stuff your belly with corn on the cob and strawberry shortcake, and just set back happy at the kitchen table until you got that good grunty feeling. Then you moseyed down to the

ole three-holer next to the toolshed, picked the Sears & Roebuck up off the floor, ripped out a good foundation-garment ad, and considered it gravely for a spell by the light of the crescent moon, with your coveralls around your ankles. Then you wrapped the swatch around a corncob and wiped your ass with it a good deal longer than absolutely necessary.

But times is changed. Where can you get decent corn on the cob at this late date? Who, for that matter, has a toolshed? Sears & Roebuck's still around, but their foundation garment ads pale by comparison with those in *Vogue*, for instance, or even *Good Housekeeping*. Do not despair, though. Soon, thanks to *Showcase* magazine, you can stuff your head with opium and amphetamine, step over to your one-holer with the tank up near the ceiling, and consider head gimmickry from the National Psychedelic Material Mail Order Catalogue for five or six hours. *Showcase* is printing 25,000 of them, most copies going to such "target" concerns as "Party Shops, Teen and Adult Night Clubs, Discotheques, and Psychedelic Shops Everywhere"! Get one, there should be one in every hippie home. It'll be on good quality paper, you won't need a corncob.

* * *

Incensed ice skaters (ref. last week's *decomposition*) and others who may be wondering just what, exactly, August Heckscher is up to, can now subscribe to *Weekly Summer Scene*, a free publication put out by the Administration of Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs. Those fellows up there in the Arsenal will be hard put to it to go about closing ice rinks and such if enough citizens know what's going on. The magazine is free, they can't charge you for it, and can be obtained by filing a request with the Administration of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs, at the Arsenal, 830 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10021 — send name and address, you'll get it free every week till Labour Day. The magazine will announce upcoming events in all the parks in each of its four editions — Brooklyn-Staten Island, Queens, Manhattan and the Bronx. If anybody wants to find out what happened to that skating rink in Flushing Meadows, call 755-4100. Be careful.

* * *

Anybody who was in France last spring for the Cannes International Film Festival will be happy to learn that the French Line, the celebrated international steamship company, plans to screen the nine remaining flicks that were not shown at the Festival due to its rude disruption by Messrs Lebel, Resnais, Buenel et al. The screening will take place far from any possible unpleasantness — on board the *SS France*, in fact, the pride of the French Line stables, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. M. Robert Favre-le Bret, Delegate General of the Cannes Film Festival, will emcee the showing, introducing such nuggets of the avant-garde as *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush* (Clive Donner) and *Petulia* (Richard Lester). French Lines has also scheduled such less strenuous flicks as *How Sweet It Is* and *Topkapi* for the enjoyment of those whose brains may be addled by the heavier muck. Best of all, there'll be no sweat from the radical elements this time around — the most incorrigible entries on the passenger list so far are Irving Wallace (ref. *The Chapman Report*) Philip Roth (author, according to the French Lines release, of both *Goodbye* and *Columbus*, not to mention "Whacking Off") and the Honourable Gordon Thomas, mayor of East Lansing, Michigan. Popcorn will be served in the lounge, no smoking on the orchestra floor.

To avert any possible disturbance, the Boat left the day before this announcement was released to the press.

* * *

The sentient people of this country, confused and frightened though they may be, must somehow, at any cost, prevent Hubert Humphrey from becoming the latest hands-down lying jackass asshole bastard crook to be elected President of the United States. Thus, from

(Continued on Page 15)

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PINK FLOYD

karma

(Continued from Page 7)

"When there's chaos, which is now, only a relatively few people can listen to the music that tells of what will be. You see, everyone is screaming 'Freedom' now, but mentally, most are under a great strain."

The Avant Garde jazz musicians is concerned about the listener. He wants to reach out to all who would hear his message, feel his voice. Ayler states: "When I talk with somebody, I must communicate to them. I must communicate with their spirit that comes within the soul and the heart. And if I can communicate with that—I can feel it. Some people come up to me and say, 'I love the way you play'. But its not necessarily that they loved it; they are trying to figure out what's happening. Never try to figure out what happens, because you would never get the true message."

During an Ayler concert, time actually stops while he reaches out with his vision of beauty, peace, simplicity, love. His sound surrounds you, penetrating deeper with its message of truth until listener and prophet become one.

This path will be the salvation of Rock and Roll. The Ayler Brothers may be heard on the following albums: on ESP—"Spiritual Unity," "Bells," "Spirits Rejoice" and on Impulse—"Albert Ayler in Greenwich Village" and "Love Cry". They will be appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go starting on July 15.

Flags have been lowered to half mast at the Brill Building (home of Tin Pan Alley and strong-hold of the music moguls who produce "All American" tunes for good music listening). This action symbolizes the warmth and affection the show business industry feels for that all time variety-show sweetheart, Rosemary Clooney, who shocked an opening night audience at a Reno Casino with the announcement of her departure from the entertainment field.

David Steinberg's last guest appearances on the Johnny Carson Show was so outrageous that the midnight pixie signed him to do 10 more shows. The hip comedian co-authored Stan Freeberg's religion commercials and beat out Mel Brooks as well as Freeberg for a series of Beechnut commercials which will be aired next month. He is being held over at the Bitter End.

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This fall there will be a flood of paper back books on "rock-n-roll". Publishers are screaming for writers to hack out quickies on the pop phenomena. However, there should be at least three worth perusing. Paul Williams, editor-founder of Crawdad-dy, is writing one for his own publishing firm, Ent-whistle. Richard Goldstein is doing a book on rock lyrics for Bantam. John Gabree, formerly an editor at Playboy and Cavalier during its hip years) has just finished a comprehensive history for Crest Medallion.

The air conditioning system at the Fillmore East is expected to be in working order for the July 19 and 20 return of the Jefferson Airplane along with H. P. Lovecraft. Big Brother and the Holding Company are expected for concerts on Aug. 2 and 3.

John Hammond, the most popular of the white urban blues singers during the folk boom, is going over so well with the cellar pop crowd at the Scene, that club owner Steve Paul wants to hold him over another week as well as bring him back again in August.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- This weekend in New York:
- Apollo:** Joes Simon, Five Stairsteps, Mad Lals, Cliff Nobles, Precisions, Billy Stewart
 - Cafe Au Go Go:** Sea Train, Buzz Linehart, ALBERT AYLER
 - Bitter End:** Tom Paxton, David Steinberg, Raun McKinnon
 - Central Park:** Pete Seegar, Len Chandler (Fri.), Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66, Montego Joe (Sat.), Don Ellis and Orch., Kenny Burrell, Chico Hamilton, (Mon.), Indrani's Festival of Indian Dance and Music with special guest Ali Akbar Kahn (Wed)
 - Museum of Modern Arts** The Pazant Brothers (Thurs., July 18)
 - Doms** The Gospelites
 - Electric Circus** Woody's Truck Stop, Apple Pie, Motherhood
 - Scene:** John Hammond, Bunky and Jake, Kenny Rankin
 - Slugs:** Roland Kirk
 - Village Gate:** Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie
 - Village Vanguard:** Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner
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YIPPIES



Copyright, 1968 by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

ARE YIPPIES HIPPIES?

Early this year, when the proposed Yippie Convention in Chicago had the support of most of the leading musical groups, artists and other leaders of the current cultural renaissance and seemed to have a real potential for drawing hundreds of thousands of young hippies to Chicago, I wrote Jerry Rubin in New York telling him my feelings that, with so many people involved, provision should be made for emergency services at Grant Park. Jerry's reply to me was written the day that Martin Luther King was shot (in fact, he interrupted his letter to mention this news).

When Lyndon Johnson announced his decision not to run for another presidential term, I thought a major objective of the Yippies had been realized. The assassination of Martin Luther King and the wave of demonstrations and riots which followed made me further doubt the wisdom of a Yippie gathering in Chicago at the time of the Democratic National Convention. My doubts continued to increase when Dick Gregory announced that he no longer supported a demonstration at the Democratic Convention site, fearing for the safety of the black people in the neighborhood.

"Yippie" stands for Youth International Party. To call it loosely organized would be an exaggeration — the FBI probably has the only membership list. A recent meeting had to be moved to Manhattan's Union Square because Jerry's girlfriend had gone to Long Island, taking the key to the hall where the meeting was scheduled.

Last April, in a Chinese restaurant on Second Avenue in the East Village, neighborhood where I often visited my Tante Rose (past the Yiddish vaudeville theatres, one of which has become the Fillmore East), I met several of the Yippies, including Jerry Rubin, Paul Krasner, Abbie Hoffman and John Gerassi. I had associated Yippies with Hippies so was startled to hear one of the group defend the physical attack on the editorial staff of the San Francisco State newspaper by some student at the college. Later that evening, some of us went to Jerry's apartment. I stated my concern that serious physical harm was a possibility if any of the Yippies gathered in Grant Park were to go on the Democratic Convention site (an entire regular Army division has been training for the past eight months specifically for disorders which might arise at the Democratic National Convention). I told them my feeling that the best way to achieve lasting change was by example. I believe people more readily change their values and style of life when they feel they have something pleasurable to gain, rather than when force is applied and change occurs as the result of fear.

Some Yippies would welcome a bloody confrontation in Chicago this summer. They believe that, while a few people might be hurt or killed, in the long run it would do good for people in this country and over the world. Let me emphasize that most Yippies do not want violence. But those who expect and welcome violence may use their skills of oratory to urge crowds in Chicago to provoke the authorities. They can easily be provoked. All the latent and overt prejudices against minority groups (including hippies) lay very close to the surface in that capital of America's torment.

I had been intending to write to Jerry shortly to tell him my feelings about the proposed Yip-in, but the recent killing of Robert Kennedy prompts me to do this publicly. Whatever one may have thought of his political career, his murder was an outrage. And the "climate of violence" blamed by some for his

death may be used as an excuse to further curtail civil liberties.

Last October, I participated in the Friday demonstration at the Oakland Induction Center. At the end of the day, when automobiles were being pushed into the middle of the streets and their tires deflated while street benches and trees were strewn about as additional barricades, I felt a sense of excitement on being involved in the most direct protest of any that I had witnessed. At the same time I recognized that simply because this kind of protest was effective, it would be followed by more violent protests and met with increasing violence by the opposition. These fears have been realized.

There is no doubt that black people have suffered more persecution in this country than any other minority group. Claims have been made recently that there is a plot to exterminate the black man in the United States. I don't believe there is such a plot but I do feel there is a possibility of this occurring — a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. The assassination of Martin Luther King has led to a vacuum in black leadership, rapidly being filled by black militants, some of whom espouse violence as a means to obtaining their ends.

The Yippies who planned the loot-in at Macy's in New York City on June 8th had no specific complaint about Macy's but chose the store because it is probably the best known department store in the United States. The Yippie looters think this kind of chaotic action may lead to some changes. But we need only look at Nazi Germany to notice many striking parallels.

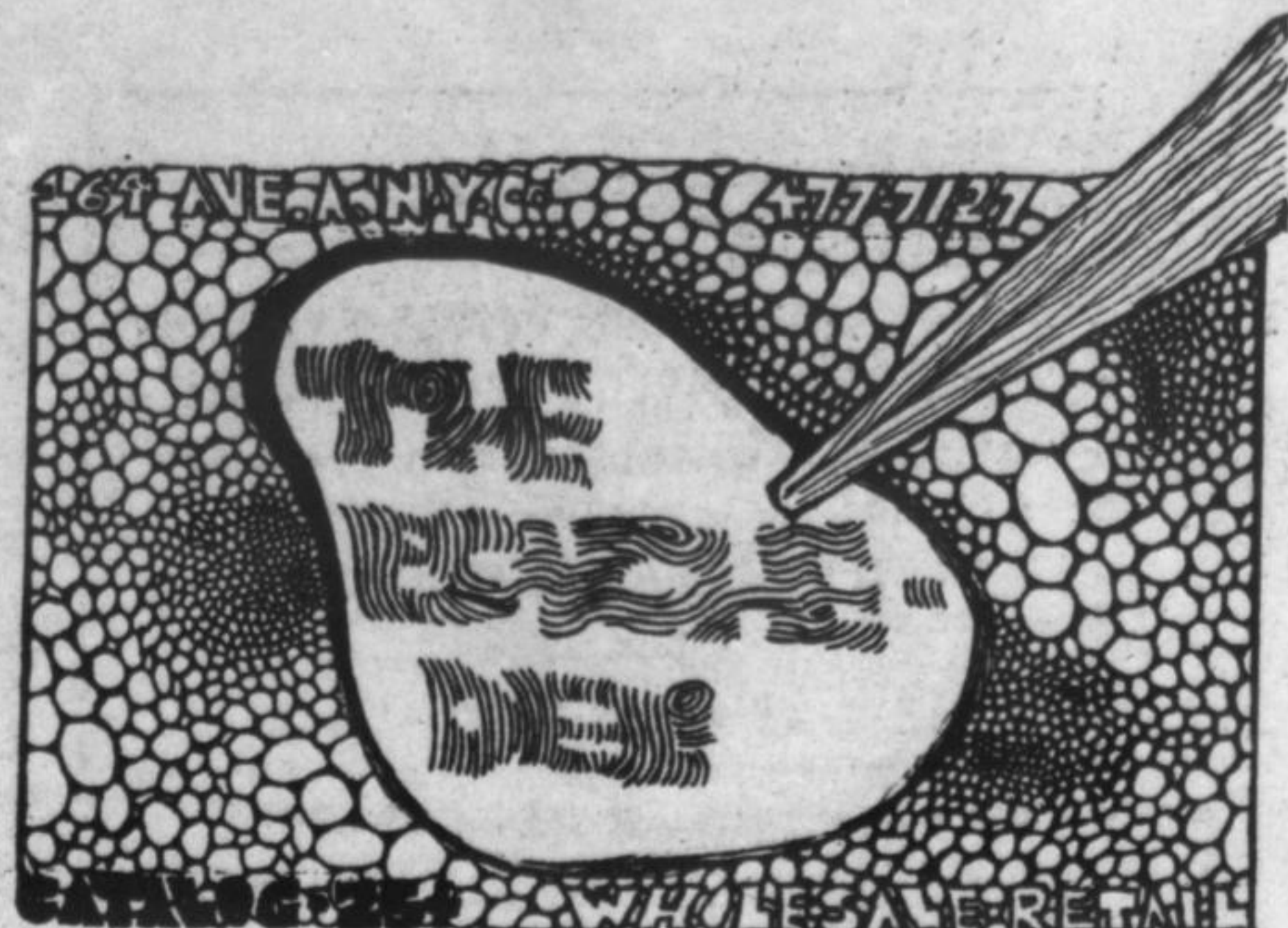
When Germany was affected by the world wide depression, paper money there became virtually worthless. I recall seeing old motion picture films of people carrying money in wheelbarrows to buy groceries. During the same years in the United States we had an opposite problem — the scarcity of money. However, it was far worse for a money-oriented society like Germany to find its currency worth nothing than to have it worth a great deal and unavailable. Because of the "safeguards" on our money, banks would not fail in the event of a depression as they did in the 1930's, at least not right away. What would happen is that the currency would just become pieces of paper.

A relatively small and powerless portion of our population consider themselves workers and identify with a "working class." Our unions concern themselves not with political issues, but only with questions of increased pay and benefits for their members. Union members, for the most part, are among the most conservative groups in the United States and truly feel they have a stake in the status-quo. In a vacuum created by anarchy, violence and economic catastrophe, "status quo" people look to a strong man or a leader to help them. German communists thought they could use Hitler and later take his power from him. They were among his first victims. Some of the Yippies feel that creating anarchy and chaos will indeed lead to a rightist reaction but then a turn to the left. German communists believed the same until they were eliminated.

Violence leads to more violence. If the Chicago Yip-in ends in violence it could do no more harm to the cause of peace and black progress in this country than if it were directly supportive of the radical right.

The Free University of Berkeley this summer is offering a course in the use of small arms. It is said that this will be a highly popular course. I see no difference between middle-aged housewives in Detroit training

(Continued on Page 15)



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decomposition

(Continued from Page 12)

Peace Machines Incorporated of Thousand Oaks, California, appears the latest possibility for the expression of anti-Humph sentiment. Peace Machines has been around for a couple years, fiddling with different ways to solve great world problems using the technical resources at hand: the most perplexing problem, they figure, is war, and the most promising means to end war, specifically the Vietnam war, is to elect somebody besides Hubert Humphrey president. With this in mind, the company has come out with a little strip of adhesive markers that read "Heil Humphrey": the paper is rain resistant, the glue sticks to anything, and is very difficult to remove. They can be got in packages of ten for a quarter, or in bundles of ten packages for \$1.25, from Peace Machines Inc., P.O. Box 356, Thousand Oaks,

California 91360. For no charge at all, Peace Machines will further allow people to chant "Heil Humphrey" at Happy Humph any time he makes a speech or gets nominated or whatever. This is not as bad an idea as it sounds. Remember, while Hubert Humphrey may indeed have his constitutionally guaranteed right to express his ideas freely, you have to draw the line somewhere.

Park or no park, it looks as though Chicago may well suffer that dreaded ole Yippie invasion this summer. The Chicago fuzz are certainly apprehensive: "This summer we expect to see an influx of around 60,000 young people coming into this area of Chicago," declares Juvenile Squad Sgt. Glass of the 18th Precinct. "Of this number we believe that from fifteen to twenty-five percent will be runaways. Our juvenile detention facilities are overtaxed as it is." The prospect of twenty thousand runaways speaks ill for the American Home, nicht wahr? Anyway, the local Yippie organizers are seeking means to keep the kids out of jail, and they need bread. The Augustana Hospitals around the city have offered to provide free medical attention, charging only for "dressings, medicines, sutures, anesthetics, operating rooms, etc.," a generous move. The Cellar, a coffeehouse at 1722 N. North Park Street has volunteered its services from noon to curfew a center for films, folk music, arts and craft and whatnot. Now the Youth Influx Program for Runaways needs only a place to house the kids, and all will be well — they plan on having offices, separate dormitories for boys and girls, kitchen, dining room, hygiene facilities and resident rooms for "house parents." Not to mention food. This is a respectable project, calling for the respectable budget of ten thousand dollars for a three-month period. Donations may be sent to the Youth Influx Program for Runaways, care of the Vanguard Bookstore, 1010 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610. The runaway program is associated with the Church of the Three Crosses Vanguard Ministry, and all donations are thereby deductible.

hippocrates

(Continued from Page 14)

with guns or blacks training with guns or long haired so-called hippies training with guns at the Free University. Fascism is fascism and it doesn't matter whether it is a black fascist, a blue haired fascist or a long haired fascist.

There are ways of achieving social change without destroying the entire society. Some members of the underground and overground press believe that the present events in history will occur whatever is said, that they move with inevitable force. But I cannot remain silent, I will not contribute to a situation which potentially could lead to another Nazi Germany, or a situation which might result in thousands or millions of deaths. I think the Yippies had an important role in forcing President Johnson to decide to step down at the end of his current presidential term. But all Yippies are not Hippies. One should distinguish the essentially non-violent and pacifistic hippie from militant New Left groups. I think it is time for everyone to seriously decide whether the situation in this country is so odious and so unamenable to change to warrant riots, rebellions, the possibility of thousands killed or imprisoned and the eventual take over by the right. We have only to look to the example of Russia to know that intellectual tyranny can continue 50 years after the end of a revolution. We must ask whether the economic and social inequities in the United States are so severe that they warrant the risk of a destruction of a society and a race of people. I say things are not yet that bad. I say the non-violent course followed by Gandhi and Martin Luther King is an ideal toward which we must strive. The alternative may be an unprecedented period of barbarism. I'm not going to Chicago this August.

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(Continued from Page 2)

The next two nights after the initial confrontation with the police saw roaming bands of student rebels breaking windows, throwing molotov cocktails, and about a dozen injuries on both sides including about sixty arrests by police. At one point the Mayor of Berkeley was spit upon and almost beaten when he walked among students at a rally at "Provo Park."

Later the Mayor met with Peter Camejo, a leader of the Socialist Workers party, Max Scheer, editor of the Berkeley Barb, and two other spokesman for the students.

At the meeting, Mayor Johnson was handed a list of demands which demonstrators maintain must be met if the crisis is to be ended:

*The city must indicate its willingness to close down Telegraph avenue on "special occasions."

*The city must close down Telegraph on July 4.

*The curfew set for Sunday night had to be lifted.

*And a parade had to be authorized down Bancroft way to Civic Center Park, which has been dubbed "Provo Park" by the students, where they wanted to stage a dance and a party.

The Mayor dismissed the demands of the students with the accusation that "no one group of people can be allowed to control the city."

As of Monday, the streets were quiet (but reflect the chaos caused by the police) with its broken windows, burnt out houses and blood stained pavements. More demonstrations are expected tonight and its anyone's guess if the two units of National Guard observers will have to be called in to meet the challenge of the students to control their own destinities.

San Franciscans eye the incidents in Berkeley with armchair disdain. This is a lifestyle they do not accept as holy. But Berkeley students consider what is happening in their own city as almost a religious war to insure themselves the freedoms that San Francisco unconsciously radiate. If San Franciscans are to evolve their own felt destiny, they will have to accept the fact that the Temple of Man is not founded on some fog swept illusion but the Truth in action.

So San Francisco waits while Berkeley boils over, and watches the mist roll in from the sea bringing with it the promise of a new day to the seven hills of New Jerusalem.

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THE HANGED MAN

by Don Katzman

The Negro in America today stands not so much as a symbol of a class structure in need of help but more so as a separate society in need of immediate assistance.

This assistance has become immediate because of the ghetto type of existence he has been confined to all his life. The majority of white men do not practice economic miscegenation. They are content to leave the Negro out of the capitalistic practices of material fulfillment. They are only willing to accept most negroes as a potential labor force and not as possible landowners and entrepreneurs. And the fact that their recognition of this prejudice does nothing to solve the problem, because the black man who is in need of immediate assistance cannot wait until all souls are cleansed of wrong doing. It is not enough for the white man to give to the proper charities to save the negro as he would be willing to save the buffalo or practice conservation. No man, be it white or black, can deal honestly when he has too much of an advantage. It is ironic that American have never applied the theories of capitalism to solving the problems of the underprivileged. Instead they prefer to filter down welfare funds through the hands of various agencies. By the time the funds are received by the poor, both precious time and money has been wasted. What must be done is the establishment of poverty banks in the various ghetto areas throughout the nation. These banks will be run by the negroes in the community who are best suitable for the job and their work will be subject to periodic audit by the Federal Reserve Bank. The bank's first function will be to lend money to the most qualified negroes in the area. The funds loaned will be used by the lender as working capital for new businesses and industries. The labor force will be recruited from the unemployed negroes in the area. The second function of the poverty bank will be to provide insurance for all contingencies to all participants in the community at fair and normal rates while losses paid over and above the reserve requirements of the bank will be reimbursed by the government. The third function of the bank will be that it will act as a savings and investment institution for the community. Savings will come from the people of the community who wish to bank their money at a fair interest rate. The investment duties of the bank will be contingent on the final function of the bank as collector of those taxes usually levied upon the income and wages of the people in the community by the various governmental agencies. The poverty bank will then invest these funds for the people not only in various community projects such as private and public housing, sewerage disposal, garbage removal and educational facilities but also in other capital institutions across the nation that will help their money grow as an investment. These funds will be subject to periodic audits by City, State, and Federal governments. Any monies that the bank produces for itself and the community will be fairly taxed by all three agencies including the interest that is made on mortgage loans and in real estate. When the community has reached a certain economic success then the Federal government will call in the funds as it sees fit and over a gradual period of time so as not to affect the development of the community itself.

There are very few instances in our capitalistic society when it can be said that money can do so much good and the denial of it breed so much wrong. When you deny a community the fuel it needs to deal from a position of power, it will always seek an artificial source. Violence is one of those sources. America must now make a choice between this violence and economic salvation for the negro.



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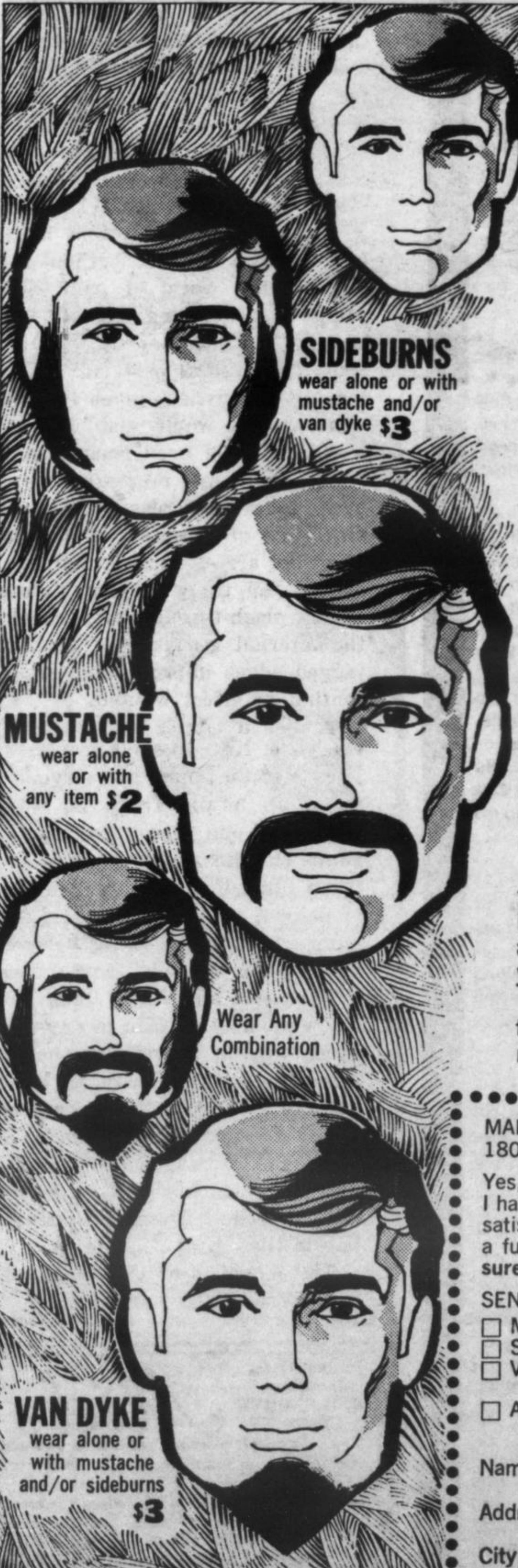
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EARTH THERAPY — Real help write Earth Company, 237 E. 5th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

MEN! CUSTOM MADE by NORMAN KNIGHT. Store at 17 East 13 St. Telephone 255-7390. Nylon Bikini under briefs \$3.00. Posing straps from \$3.00, nylon bikini swimsuits \$3.00, Wool slacks cotton beach pants and shorts, Tight or loose, leather briefs, shorts. Low rise stretch nylon boxer swimsuits. Silk scarves \$3.00. Largest selection of fabrics. Imported Belts and custom ties you name it and I'll make it.

PERSONAL

WANTED: Sensitive, hip, loving, well-adjusted male, by hearded groovy, mature college grad who digs permanent friendship. Write Walter, Box 2142, Paterson, N.J. 07509.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

INTERESTING, tall, attractive white executive early 40's, discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 97, I Vanderbilt Ave., N.Y.C.

TWO personable, intelligent, sincere and friendly young men seek same (single or otherwise) for fun, social and intellectual friendship. No sex. Masculine, intelligent, and personable please. 464-5468 after 6 p.m. If no answer, please keep trying.

YOUNG good looking boy with business and money looking to meet all kinds of women. Call anytime if not home leave number with answering service 654-0827 home number, Howard.

I WOULD like to meet Latin or American girl for amateur modeling. Im a South American artist with a beautiful pad in Fifth Ave., corner of Eleventh St. I'm nice looking. Call 929-0919.

YOUNG, unsquare white male. Seeks swinging chick, soul or white to share nice pad. No strings. Everything free. Call John, evenings, after 10 p.m. 246-8029.

TOM CAT ON PROWL RICH EXCITED Cat Lover wishes to talk over experiences with pussies, will take all kinds of orders, so that wild emotions will run out. No. 78 Larry the Cat. Call ask for Larry, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. BO 9-9411.

YOUR own elevator apt. in the West Village, Sheridan Sq., in return for occasional sex with groovy, handsome cat, film maker, excellent lover, 25 yrs. old. Must be slender, under 5'6", well built, intelligent, hip, sophisticated, chick, 18-22. OR 5-5774.

BACHELOR, 29, 5'7" attractive and well hung. Seeks young attractive nympho type girl for fun and sex. Call 638-0894, after 7 p.m.

BIG BOSOMED chick with hang-up for bald-headed guys wants to meet same for fun and games. Send picture S.W.G. Box 200, Edison, N. J. 08817.

thilm

(Continued from Page 9)

That may or may not have been an exact sequence in the film — but it is almost impossible not to hallucinate on your own while watching any of them. Strange.

* * *

Petulia is bewitching, marvelous and cruel, the objective correlative memory-key to a love affair; the point of view is the masochistic one of a female's make-up. (Yes, it is a woman's movie. Richard Lester made the movie but, then, Agne Varda made *Le Bonheur*, told from a masculine sense of life-style . . . it is not the obvious sex gender, but the essential desire on the part of the filmmaker that counts). This movie is *An Affair to Remember* for this generation with all the insistence on truth that entails — the "pepsi generation" as one ironically says to another. The one is George B. Scott, the other Julie Christie, who has decided to marry him — no, they'll become lovers — no, they will simply rip each other apart: cinematic dreadnoughts reflecting the superreality of an affair.

Pain. The movie is about pain. "I want to feel;" "I have to feel," "I need to feel . . ." ". . . What do you need? . . . To feel." Pain has no time to it, no way of remembering when it was not there, and the film realizes that immediate, overwhelming quality, the throbbing of it. The outer setting is California, and the rather rich who have really lost contact with the simple pleasures, like everyone else in America; unlike the others, they can afford to do something about it — damages just come under one insurance policy or another. Julie Christie is "Petulia," married to Richard Chamberlain. She lives in a world without consequences, without a future — she lives in the world of pain, inflicting it and being hurt. Nothing can affect her, however, because nothing means enough. George C. Scott's marvelous performance, counterbalancing Miss Christie's, gives the film its tension. Otherwise, it would just be *One Kook vs. the world*. Scott is a surgeon at a large hospital — the locale and profession chosen for all the obvious dramatic reasons; the monumental indifference of hospitals is already well-known. The lines are alternately funny, cruel and savage — anything to draw blood. Shot in a violent slash-through of chronology, to reveal the internal workings of flashback, the film's jagged edges improve and emphasize the discontinuous effect wanted.

This is a bitch's movie about the bitch in everyone. No two such people as this ever existed, yet they lurk in everyone's after-memory of an affair. Truth is, substantially, the dreams of one person; no man could probably admit this kind of truth, and in so doing condemn himself to having inflicted this amount of pain. A woman's threshold is far and away more adaptable, allowing her to feel exquisite agony when he only feels unbearable torture.

The Dead and Janis Joplin are on only for a few moments, lit up in day-glo and screams; there only to provide another inside view of a society trying to wrench the insides out of the life around them. Various scenes come to mind: the topless restaurant, Scott with his kids at Alcatraz (it turns out he is getting divorced from his wife), a last scene with his wife, a scene between Christine and Chamberlain in their boat . . . the end . . .

The movie is at the Plaza, 58th and Madison, EL 5-3320.

(Continued on Page 19)

Searching for uninhibited GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES. Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details Mid-City (Dept. A-5) P.O. Box 682 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

Mid-City

VERY successful business man (39) interested in intimate relationship with young lady 23-35 who is interested in going to and being seen in the finest places in town—El Morocco, Persian Room, Voisin, etc. You must be very pretty, well groomed, a good conversationalist and very well proportioned. If you do not fit the above description please do not answer as I am too busy to waste my time. If you do I can promise you excitement, glamour and adventure. Write your name, address, telephone number and best time to contact-photo preferred but not mandatory. Radio City P.O. Box 327.

CAREER GIRLS who desire no emotional involvement. Discreet male with every required expertise provides completely guaranteed satisfaction. Box 5208 Grand Central Station, New York 10017.

YOUNG MALE seeks same for piano four hand work. I have the music, interest, and time but not piano. Please call 464-5468 after 8 p.m.

SINGLE, white professional man, warm, interesting, and attractive, in comfortable circumstances, seeking a sensitive, slender female no older than 35 who prefers the man to play a dominant role but also wishes to share in mutual interests and in the process sincerely of getting to know one another. Wants more than merely a physical relationship. P.O. Box 967, N.Y.C. 10027.

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STRICT BACHELOR, 30, seeks part-time housegirl to age 35. Should be obedient and trainable. Familiarity with leather and rubber helpful. Flexible hours, low wages will train. Call YU 8-8191 eves. NO males.

UNSATISFIED husband, am 25 seek pleasure with a woman in same circumstances or discreet single gal. Satisfaction and discretion assured. Frank letter and phone; photo desired but not essential. Write J.W. P.O. Box 5322, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

BACHELOR undergraduate, vet, mature, white, clean-cut, good looking, seeks attractive, slender girl in D.C. area (coed welcome) for inexpensive balling. No fags. Call (301) 927-3706, after 9 p.m.

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AUTHENTIC BELLY DANCING Rissa teaches at 1674 Broadway, Rm. 604, Wed. 6 and 7 p.m. For information, call CL 2-2476 or 256-8750.

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WE WILL MOVE anything (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimate also. Long and short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage. 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellas, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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"CLUB POM-POM". Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communicue \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

PUBLICATIONS

DOING YOUR THING?

If you thing includes fulfilling your desires for fun in the flesh, find your swinging counterparts) in the Kindred Spirits Club. Sample magazine \$1.00 to K. S., Box 3806, Chicago, Illinois, 60654.

thilm

(Continued from Page 18)

Last week, the first paragraphs dealt with a Rock Flow-event, but the hopefully explanatory photos were missing, so somewhere along the side, there are photos of girls dressed and made-up in sequinned outfits, their bodies and faces considered part of the costumes as well. Rock Flow, after all, is an exercise in totalities and environment, both singular and multiple; so that one person is as much of in interaction as the whole event. In case anybody missed reading about it last week, Rock Flow is a multi-media experience which will include music, mist, costumed dancers and stills (such as an upended girl whose cunt one walks through to pass from one room to another) day-glo changing colors . . . and whatever ambience and paraphernalia one wishes to bring with himself . . .

* * *

A word about Movie Festivals . . . They are all over, no matter where you go. If summer brings nothing else but great revivals, New York has something going for it. The New Yorker has **The Killing** and **One-Eyed Jacks** coming up, plus **Accident** and **Fahrenheit 451**; APA-Phoenix has **The Virgin Spring**, **The Magician**, and **Ballad of a Soldier** during the next week or so; The Thalia has **Ikuru** and **The Spanish Earth**; and the Blecker is running **Breathless with One-Eyed Jacks** . . .

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A lot of people think that's all Horseshit Magazine is interested in. Sex. Sex. Sex. But that's not true. Horseshit has lots of interests. Horseshit is interested in the whole range of human life and activities, not just any one thing. Why we have all kinds of articles and pictures. Some are concerned with doing it standing up, others are concerned with something completely different, like doing it upside down. Horseshit is just a mass of variety. It's got stuff about kneeling positions, and ones sitting down, and sideways . . . does that sound like being interested in only one thing to you? Horseshit's also been condemned for its drawings which show pussy hair and the male cock. No, no, these things aren't our idea. We didn't invent the genitals. That's the way people come naturally. Blame nature, not us. Just think of it this way, Horseshit is no more concerned with sex than a thirty-five year old female virgin is. It . . . hm . . . well, no, it's not *that* concerned with sex. Look, Horseshit doesn't talk about sex any more than the average person thinks about it. Fair enough? Test your averageness. Subscribe.

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NUDIST BEACHES — FREE beaches where you may disrobe or not your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info send \$1 to Craig, P.O. Box 85175, L.A., Calif., 90072. Yes, East Coast nude beaches too!

THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL includes complete instructions for building strobes, color organs, light machines, etc. Send \$2 to LIGHTWORKS, 407 East 6 St., N.Y. 10009.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

MIKE S.
Miss you terribly. Please call home. Won't try to change your mind.
Roz and Bob.

ASTROPSYCHOLOGIST Stanley Fisher will give a series of lectures on the UFO, the Fifth Dimension and World War III starting July 15th. at the Atelier, 12 West 4th. St. 8:30 p.m. His first lecture in the series will cover the subject of 'The Pulsars, the Pacemakers of Super-Civilizations.'

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EMPLOYMENT

GIRLS wanted, pose for photography \$50 for 2 hrs. Nudist magazine. Lee, Studio A, 68 W. 39 th, 279-6452. 1-9 Thurs., Fri. and Sat. Also studio modeling.

ARTIST looking for girl studio assistant groovy job, groovy hrs. 12-5, 4 days a week. Would like girl who is pretty, responsible. Pleasant to have around and willing to model occasionally. Call 826-2997 to arrange for interview.

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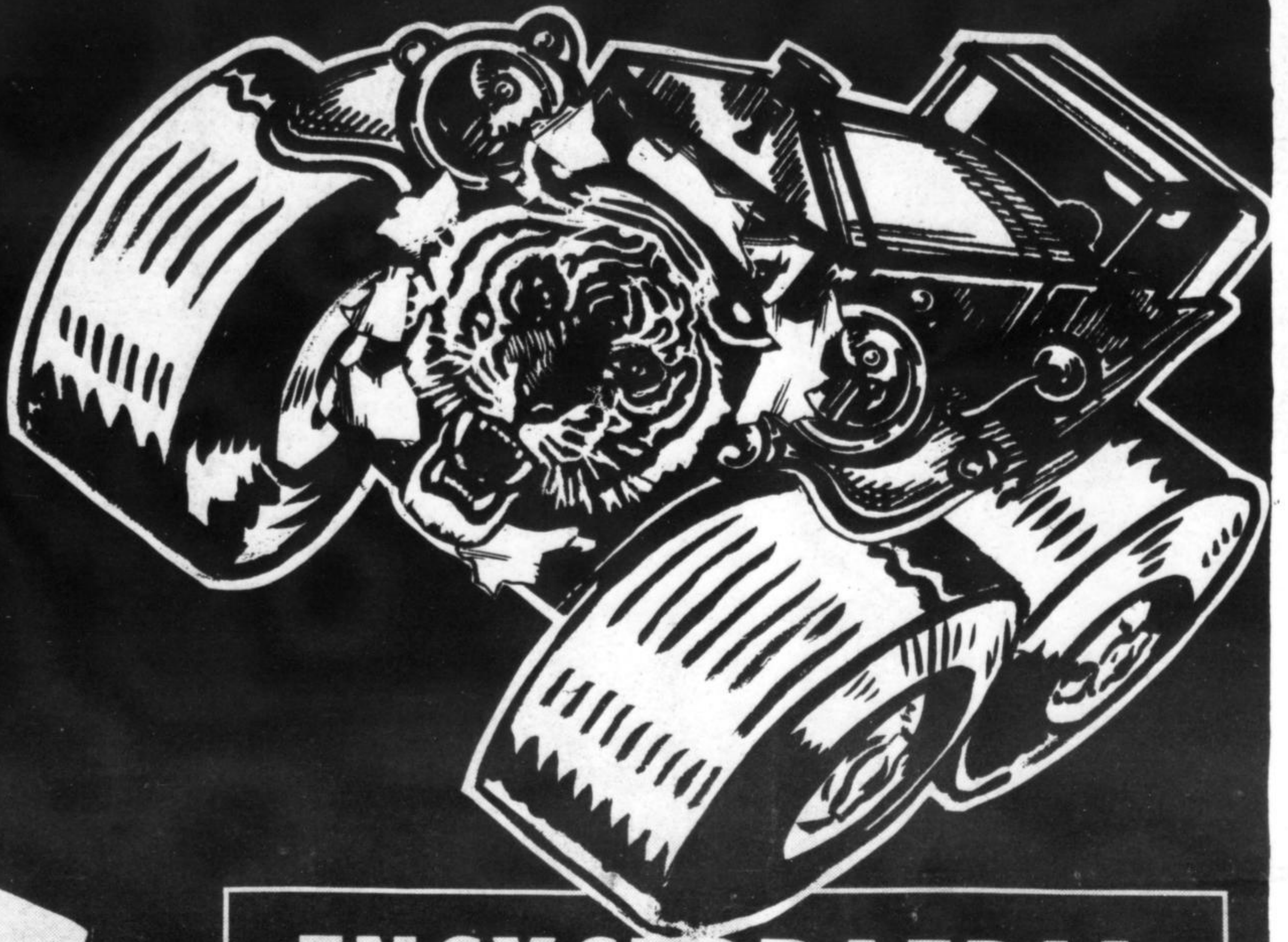
PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro etc for illustrations of dresses, etc. figure pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Ave., MU 6-8827.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

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