

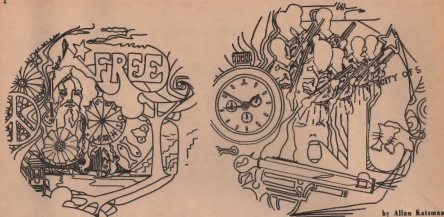
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METROPOLITAN 156

# THE east village OTHER

JULY 12, 1968





by Allen Katzman

## THE NEGRO'S DREAM

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 coalesces 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 life-styles 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 megatonian 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 megal of marijuana where the hip and straight smoke with cool immunity, but where luscious 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 having 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. Dosing or tripping the dose gives more kick than any marijuana joint ever could.

Discovered four years ago by Israeli chemist R. Mechoulam, THC is so 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 the wooden facade of brightly arrayed houses lies the broken bones of his life experiment. North Beach, the home haven of the Beat revelation, has become a beat and tourist camp, 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 the 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 microbiotic 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 hang-ups 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 ball 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 150,000 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, which I had arrived, had just gotten over a 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 distaste of fires and looting in Richmond's Negro section. Berkeley expelled the sight 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 26)

WINE LOGGIE  
ALLAN KATZMAN  
JAAKOV KOHN  
DON KATZMAN  
LEONOR RAFAEL  
MANUEL ROSSIGNOL  
PETER MIKALAJUNAS  
ALAN ASHEN  
JED FENSTER  
GIL WEINSCHEIT  
WALTER BRZDOL  
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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." WE 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 huries 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 René 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 "abrupt 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, Barricatos (el presidente), Ovando and other big military chiefs coldly made the decision to assassinate him. Major Miguel Ayrosa and Colonel Andres Solnich, 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, Ayrosa and Solnich, 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 undershirts."

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

"Milk is one of our corrupting factors," Che writes, and, earlier, "I spoke to More 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 bad, no medicine, yes hell, but they fight on, all trust in the revolutionary vision.

"He based the disciplines 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 sea exhausted due to the lack of water and Eustaquio made a scene crying for a mouthful of water."

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

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, torso), he knew men must die, and the revolution must continue.

Then they killed him & ransacked 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 enfuses 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 balustrading fantasies.

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

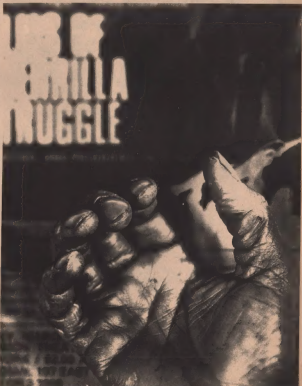
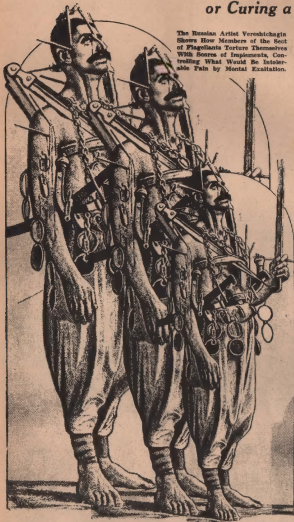


Photo by Greg Kozakow

# 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 Vereditchagin Shows How Members of the Sect of Flagellants Torture Themselves With Scores of Implements, Controlling What Would Be Intolerable Pain by Mental Exaltation.



By Reafra 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 cult. 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 derivations from any previous theology or ideology. Of course, by 1960 all the Major Abnegations had been snuffed up, leaving a lot of obscure confessions, lightweight deities, and synthetically derived hallucinogens for "new" religions. What follows here then is a rather stultic 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 "frustr" for total basality. Eventually it becomes clear that rational thought is not only disruptive to the proceedings, it is an extremely bad taste.

Recognizable by their black, monk-like uniforms and silver crosses, members of The Process parhadike 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 mere 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 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 systematic 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 snooty when the comparison is made.

But aside from these Luxury Worries, the primary tenet is that the destruction of mankind is inevitable and 1968 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 recent times and history, but seven ago, way before Atlantis was crumpled in an Almighty Bail. 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 as embarrassing *fuck-up*. Aside from losing The Process, no positive alternatives are suggested for the salvation of the casually visiting *and*. 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 self-employed Body Painter."

For seven months last year you could find Lydia at the plastic-grassed Think Tank at the Electric Circus doing her thing, painting "little cosmic warriors" on hippies, whistled into from the Bronx and celebrities like Odette Yustman and a "lover to her hand," ex-Bellefleur Winters. ("The last person I painted at the Electric Circus was one of the biggest") and even Roy Williams. How big? "I did her eye sockets... very heavy, very spiritual. Did she die? Well, she was never around, but I've never made anyone look ugly."

Lydia, at 28, 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 furnished apartment. I found an atmosphere of stark purity within her white walls, low bed and almost no decoration except a Persian tapestry her German painter, had sent from Florida. Lydia lives 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 Maianan with feet in closer inspection acquired the faces of insects. "Oh, even a cat..." all instinctually intricate. "Virgos are into intensity all the time, and those people make that work more since real. But Indians — they've always been into astrology. Read the Tibetan Book of the Dead. And astrology... that's pure energy force! The Indians paint things they're pulled right from the air."

EVO: Do 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 doled out her wardrobe. "I only have 3 dresses 'cos I have to dress real simple. If I come in looking freaky I really scare those hip 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 bother to pick them out myself. This German man came to interview me. They said I was a trend-setter and asked me about milks and all that stuff. 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 longest with an uneven hemline and a particular waistline. I call it spragtime in the kitchen.

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

LYDIA: Okay, I love makeup. Chosen make-up is probably one of the most beautiful things in the world. Each chosen 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: How was your painted yourself?

LYDIA: One night when I had nothing else to do, I painted this one 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 cat on his face. And I used to get a lot of collect call from Drunks all over the country. They just wanted to talk. It was sad, really. I just stopped answering the charges.

EVO: How much do make body painting?


LYDIA: I charge \$50.00 and have for rich peoples' parties and such. How did I arrive at that figure? It just sounded good. There's 1 week for 2 hours I've got \$100.00 plus food to get home on.

EVO: What's your sign?

LYDIA: Pisces, with the moon in Gemini.

EVO: Do you have any personal life?

LYDIA: I have about a billion of 'em.



# fashion

Interview by Trina

Photo by Diane Durr-Dornack

# THE KABITZEN *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 SINCE THESE MANY YEARS. ONE DAY THOUGH, SOMETHING RATHER STRANGE OCCURED.

AHA! A COCKROACH



WASTING NO TIME, I SNUFFED THE LITTLE BEGGER

YAAAAGRA!



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! WELL OUT



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





...rock and roll is being selected with a vigilance which the existence of exciting directly counter-industrial, honest musical expressions are being lost as it is unlearned and classified into formulas to become established as "the new art form." Its sterilization is being forced by a kind of "Rock-Monism" to give the burned-beverage-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 rawness, freshness and politic concert-goers are replacing wild screaming teenagers. In a drive to become an established art form, "Rock Monism" is squeezing the excitement out of the music, constricting rock and roll freedom with the guiding criteria of a mid-measured, "filly-livered liberal", safe and secure middle class society. As it comes into bourgeois culture, it becomes less immediate and more cerebral, self-righteous, arty, pretentious, totally unphysical and exceedingly boring.

The sophistication of undisciplined, unbridled musical forms has become a repetitious pattern of confusing, homogenizing, materialistic ones — 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." Touch it in the colleges they proclaim and then "humble-as-TV-diners" 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 fulfill they seek proclamations of an official, government sponsored "jazz day" with specially commissioned new musical scores of the new watershed down, streamlined, modern, so-sweet jazz. They tried to cut the image of the music and restrain the emotional experiences and range of the musicians. "Look at us," the "jazz Uncle Toms" whine pleadingly, "we wash behind the ears, buy Chev-

role, 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 Asst Lott 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 spiritual 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 Joe Landau about the dilemma crippling Rock and Roll because of an "artistic cult" appears in the current issue of the Rolling Stone. Landau points out that "balinese 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 dilemmas in both fields. According to Frank Kofsky in Jazz and Pop Magazines, "Black Americans, as well as whites, 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 Bunker Street.

Rather than imitate Indian classical music as the eclectic rock musicians are doing, Ayler uses simple melodies the same way raga 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 extetic/rhythmic, unlinked 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 occur 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 unbound by traditional definitions; densities produce the pulsating impact on attributes to rhythm; rhythmic changes an almost melodic quality. And all of this takes place in the context of a freely stated, spontaneous musical instruction."

Ayler's music is committed to the truth and is shockingly powerful. Hearing this music is not enough, it must be felt. Transposer Don Ayler advises that "one way not to experience the music is to focus on the notes and staff 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 a. 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 38)



WELL, THE HULLER FLY'S SENT BY THE REPTILOIDS FOLLOWING HIS MURDER AND THE SQUALLING HAS GAINED.



I IMAGINE YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE GUNSA WITH CHARLOTTE'S STUNT. BUT DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL BE BACK TO YOU WITHIN AN HOUR. DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL BE BACK TO YOU WITHIN AN HOUR. DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL BE BACK TO YOU WITHIN AN HOUR.

YOU FEEL IMPROVED AND ENJOYED AND ALL THESE THINGS BUT FEARLESS ADMIRATORS, PURPLE SMALL SERVED.

WHO'S THE MASTER? WHAT?

C'MON! WHERE YOU GOING? DON'T GET DOWN! BACK TO THE GARAGE. IF IT'S AS BAD AS ALL THAT, I'LL FIND YOU REAL SOON!



IT'S ABOUT TIME TO GRAB THE CRACKS. EASY! (X) 12/17/77

BOY, YOUR BRAIN FLIPPERS OUT NOW!



JUST ONE MORE PLEASE. WITH TRASHMAN AND WE SHALL TRIP YOU AND YOUR 'LADY' FRIEND BY TO YOUR BELLS. DECEASED NAME SAYS.

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO GRAB THE CRACKS. EASY! (X) 12/17/77

# thilm

by Lita Elisen

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, *Rehich, Istanbul* and *Homo* will be done off-Broadway, while *He Wants Shik* 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 Shik*, explaining that, "The word, 'shik,' means everything, all — plus the obvious pun — is Chinese, one sound has so many vocal pronunciations, 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 *Rehich* while in Philadelphia, and she yelps, "A true fan! How wonderful!" We talk about the Philadelphia ghetto Negroes (the play is a sort of forceful Emperor James a la *Mars!/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 Parks-Barnet 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-and-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 theatre. He has sought the gate to see *FUTZ*, and yet he has the gall to criticize the play and Mr. Barnes for liking it. This paddy little fubner of the American theatre, this mogul of relentless mediocrity, is as inspiring as a wet safety match! May Apollo and the Muse 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 hand-shake 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 Rezsene Radványi

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 weird 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 to the mid 60's. His lower old criticized: fanciful flourishes, which are transgressed 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 bob (resembling the Statue of Liberty.) The light bulb metamorphosed 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 herrotch.

المعنى له من ينزل في السعة وعنته سي من في الجنة على سعة

عبد الوهاب  
بن  
عبد الوهاب

# Sidi Heddi

## the Key Saint

### of Morocco



"From dreams come knowledge."  
(I-Allah dadd el-wilay.)

Sidi Heddi  
The Heddaws are the most suppressed and therefore the most mysterious of the Islamic brotherhoods of Morocco. Although almost every one smokes kif (marjara) in Morocco and although the other brotherhoods (Fala, Aitawa, Hamadcha) generously use the kaf's herb as an aid to religious ecstasy, only the Heddaws 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, majoun and opium according to a precise ritual. The Heddaws are wandering monks or bushaki (loosey saims) committed to lives of poverty. They wear their hair long, go shoeless and dress in rags, and are the most dedicated killers (kyyafa) in the world. "Kif is the most delicious herb there is had if the one enjoyed it he would sell his very skin to get it," say the Heddaws.

The Sheik Haydar, who died in 628H (1231 AD) in a monastery in the mountains between Nijlagar and Ramah in Fez, had isolated his disciples and the victims of the herb and made them take an oath never to speak of their sect to an ordinary man, the so-called *awwal jaww fahid*. "God Most High," he said to them, "conferred to you by special favour the knowledge of the virtues of this herb, the end of the law dispel the cares which would obscure your souls and release from your spirit everything which would tarnish your behaviour." Furthermore it is said that Sheik Haydar ordered his disciples to sow the plant around his tomb and to cultivate it in the cemetery. He himself even passed a whole day without smoking one of the herb. In the last century the Arabians of Almorav and Spain appeared who under the command of Hassan al-As-Sabbah, the famous Arabist, the Moabitais, organized a rebellion that caused for passage the prohibition in the 14th century when the sultan derishes, following the example of the Haydar, and keep as a means of provoking religious ecstasy. Also Sidi Mubtar b. Abasi who argued for the use of hemp against certain religious critics, saying that plants are cited among the persisted substances, that hemp is the giver of friendship and destroyer of hatred, that it encourages the

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

Sidi Heddi, founder of the Heddaws sect, himself was at one time strongly opposed to smoking the narcotic. It is said that he disappointed Sidi Waris taking hashish one day Sidi Waris waited for him on the road and convinced him to smoke his narcotic. At the first puff Sidi Heddi forgave everything he ever knew. Sidi Waris then said to him "Yac learning which you have worked so hard to acquire and which you have lost by one puff of my narcotic is no real knowledge." When Sidi Heddi asked Sidi Waris to teach him the wisdom which could never be lost, Sidi Waris gave him the plant once again. The second puff brought 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 was never have believed attainable. It was after this that Sidi Heddi returned to the world and took up his true path.

It is to Sidi Arou, the cousin of Heddi, Morocco's greatest saint, that Sidi Heddi came in the early 19th century, to the Jebel Alaw Jebel, a mountain on which is the tomb of Moulay Abdallah, the father of Moroccan saints. There Sidi Heddi is said to have stolen the Seven Sacred Keys which permit the benediction (barkia) and victory of a great saint. In spite of having a double guard on a guardhouse built from flags and wood in the top of the eye, and fired it 21 Sidi Heddi was already some miles away, a extract bullet wounded Sidi Heddi and brought him down near the bank of a small river which is where the Heddaws have their monastery.

It was then that another miracle occurred, the ground opened up and held Sidi Heddi within the castle safe from his pursuers. He spoke them with dignity and kept still in a completely relaxed way. Then he took up the Keys and threw them out into the river where they he remained ever since in the keep of the fish. And so the Heddaws, fast partaking of any food, always send one of their number to give part of their meal to the fish of Mehasen River. There is a story that a group of Spanish soldiers violated the shrine of Sidi Heddi, shooting at the fish. They were miraculously punished by dying on the water in the worst agony going insane. One of them who most insistently began frothing the mouth can still be seen in a town of Alcazar Kebir near through the streets shouting, "Fish! The Fish! They are come after me!"

The Heddaws are never without kif. "When there is so much kif the world it will be found still the house of the Heddaws." T

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

Sidi Heddi, founder of the Heddi-dawa sect, himself was at one time strongly opposed to smoking the magical herb. It is said that he disapproved of Sidi Waziz taking hashish until one day Sidi Waziz walked for him on the road and convinced him to smoke his narghish. At the first puff Sidi Heddi forgave everything he ever knew. Sidi Waziz then said to him, "Yana learning which you have worked so hard to acquire and which you have lost by one puff of my narghish is no real knowledge." When Sidi Heddi asked Sidi Waziz to teach him the wisdom which could never be lost, Sidi Waziz gave him the pipe once again. The second puff relegated Sidi Heddi to an even lower state where he fell 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 recognized the world and took up the true path.

It is in Beni Anez, the country of Morocco's greatest saints, that Sidi Heddi came in the early 19th century, to the Jebel Anez itself, the mountains on which is the tomb of Moulay Abdallah, the father of all Moroccan saints. These Sidi Heddi is said to have stolen the Seven Sacred Keys while he was fleeing with three Keys which represented the benediction (kassas) of the workers of the great saint. The village of Moulay Ali declares proud its "cassas" brought from the great saint. It is in Beni Anez, and from it at Sidi Heddi, who was already some miles away, that a miracle befell wounded Sidi Heddi and brought him down near the bank of a small river which is whose the

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 had remained ever since in the keeping of the fish. And so the Heddi-dawa, before partaking of any food, always send one of their number to give a part of their meal to the fish of the Meharze 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 miraculously punished by dying soon thereafter in the worst agonies of most inhumanly being flung into 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 us!"

The Heddi-dawa are never without kif. "When there is no more kif in the world it will be found still at the house of the Heddi-dawa." They

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 benediction (bila). The kif reserves of the monastery are replenished every year and it is among the main duties of the Heddi-dawa to visit the neighboring mountain tribes where the best kif grows in order to bring back a complete stock. These tribes (Ketama, Genssa, Beni Harid) in effect give away the treasure of their harvest to the monastery of Sidi Heddi without 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 *dwawa* and it 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 Heddi-dawa has the privilege of smoking one puff in this sacred pipe, which is thought of as a door to sainthood. Each evening the mukallim or leader of the Heddi-dawa takes down the above of Sidi Heddi in order to celebrate the special prayer of the sect which is called the *awr*. 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 his spool from the sacred kif, the next bowl chopped kif in it, and the third bowl *dwawa*—the sacred herb, which the smokers use in a special prayer is a deep voice, which his assistants intone the while beating their tambourines in cadence. The *awr* always then takes the first puff from the large pipe and

and the last puff from the small pipe, and the last of the circle has been completed. During this time the rhythm of the *awr* is accelerated and the Heddi-dawa reach the highest point of their exaltation. The *dwawa* is said to help loosen the throat and make the recitation of the prayer easier.

The Heddi-dawa take kif in many different ways, in tea, hashish candy or majoun. A typical recipe for hashish candy calls for six to eight kilos of kif, about a pound of wheat, another pound of butter, some raisins and about four to five quarts of olive oil. See THE HASHISH COOKBOOK by Parsons Rose for further examples of recipes common among the Heddi-dawa. The Heddi-dawa generally smoke kif in the *felbi* which is a pipe with a stem usually under a foot long and a very small bowl usually made of clay. Also the narghish or water-pipe which is greatly loved by them and is thought of as a fessale (demon) which can bewitch the smoker keeping him in a state of eternal hunger. Often these pipes are works of art as are the leather bags or pouches they always carry with them. Poor

one or more strings fixed at the two extremities of the pipe stem being a large collection of objects which have caught the imagination of the most modest old minds of Morocco—bells of Fatima, shells, whistles, bells, mirror and beads, adorning itself, Roman or Vandal coin 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 disapprovingly. I have heard Tanger shopkeepers say of the Heddi-dawa that they have swath vice, that they are like the (synthetic) American "picknicks," sometimes they even say that the Heddi-dawa are dangerous criminals. When I went to visit the shrine of Sidi Heddi with two Moroccan friends, members of the *felbi* 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 farther. He had some up with a case of his hammer and had decided that we were going to kill him when we reached, probably as an offering to the Saint himself. Although we couldn't persuade him to change his mind (his hair was actually on crack, we were lucky enough to make it without any other means. Mekharze had no doubt decided that I had to be expelled into the monastery as a non-wanted Moroccan, could not have acquired a blessing for this Morocco and so I was. The driver, however, I made so opportunist that he

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shrine and dance around his tomb  
searching again for that religious  
ecstasy which was his.

موروكو

# by Fran Cohen

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and speaking it—  
tended the size of the circle has been completed. During this time the rhythm of the *shir* is accelerated and the Heddawa reach the highest point of their exaltation. The *du'a* is said to help loosen the throat and make the recitation of the prayer easier.

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pipe or more strings fixed at the two extremities of the pipe stem being a large collection of objects which have caught the imaginations of the most stoned out minds of Morocco—heads of Fatima, shells, whistles, bells, mirror and beads, jagged 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 son of Sidi Heddi is spoken of by the general public with mixed feeling, often disapprovingly. I have heard Tangier shopkeepers say of the Heddawa that they have *swath vice*, that they are like the (yechth) American "picknicks," sometimes they even say that the Heddawa are dangerous criminals. When I went to visit the shrine of Sidi Heddi with two Moroccan friends, members of the *Maah* sect with whom I had become very friendly, the driver of the car whom some of us really knew, suddenly stopped three quarters of the way there and refused to go any further. He had some up with a case of the horrors and had decided that he was going to kill him when we arrived, probably as an offering to the *Kaaz* himself. Although we could not persuade him to change his mind (his hair was actually on fire, we were lucky enough to make our way by other means, Mohammedou Abdallah decided that I had better be guided into the monastery and I considered Moroccan custom which required a blessing from the *moukaddam* and so I was. The *moukaddam* I made an *evolution* and

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Hetty



Wyoming is no place to wear a beard, for Christ sake! Those people been back there in the mountains for too long, so leaves reception, no underground magazines, no nothing but geyser and antelope; 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 burn 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 Honor 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 Honor 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, boards 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 bertha.

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 mess milk, he soon put a stop to it — either that fucking bestrak put no 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, so 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 Cincinnati, 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 jailers, the Rev. McCrackin returned to report that the prison surgeon, Dr. P. R. Keransky, had suggested 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, those organizations are calling for a state investigation into the matter. Foraged 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 contumacy should be heaped upon the head of Judge Coppo. Send lots of letters, and maybe some anti-personated ordinance — let's make Wyoming safe for peaberry.

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 gravy feeling. Then you meesayed down in the

de three-holer next to the toilet, 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 soxalls around your ankles. Then you wrapped the soxalls 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 toilet? 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. Soor, thanks to Shoppers magazine, you can stuff your head with optimism and amphetamine, step over to your one-holer with the tank up near the ceiling, and consider head gimickery from the National Psychiatric Material Mail Order Catalogue for five or six hours. Showcase is printing 25,000 of them, most copies going to such "largest" concerns as "Party Shops, Teen and Adult Night Clubs, Dancehousies, and Psychedelic Shops Everywhere!" Get one, there should be one in every hippie home. It'll be an good quality paper, you won't need a corsech.

Increased ice skaters (ref. last week's decomposition) and others who may be wondering just what, exactly, August Hockschler 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, 800 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10021. Send name and address, you'll get it free every week till Labor Day. The magazine will announce upcoming events in all the parks in each of its four editions — Brooklyn-Statens Island, Queens, Manhattan and the Bronx. If anybody wants to find out what happened to that skating rink in Flushing Meadows, call 758-4106. Be careful.

Anybody who was in France last spring for the Cannes International Film Festival will be happy to learn that the French Lines, the celebrated international steamship company, plans to screen the nice remaining flicks that were not shown at the Festival due to its rude disruption by Messrs. Label, Romaine, Buzuel 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 Breu, Delegate General of the Cannes Film Festival, will emcee the showing. Introducing such surperts of the avant-garde as *Here We Go Round Ya Malberry Bush* (Clive Donner) and *Pedala* (Richard Lester), French Lines has also scheduled such less strenuous flicks as *How Sweet It Is* and *Tadpole* for the enjoyment of those whose brains may be addled by the heavier mock. Best of all, there'll be no sweat from the radical elements this time around — the most in-cerigible 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 "Wacking Off") and the Honourable Gordon Thomas, mayor of East Lansing, Michigan. Popcorn will be served in the lounge, so smoking on the orchestra floor.

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

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

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## karma

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY PAGE 71

"When there's chaos, which is now, it's 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 it's 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 answer."

During an Ayler session, time actually stops while he stretches out with his vein of beauty, power, 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," "Beh," "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.

Plugs have been lowered to half mast at the Brill Building (home of Tin Pan Alley and strong-hold of the music magpies 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 sweet-heart, 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 jazz appearance on the Johnny Carson Show was so outrageous that the midnight picnic signed him to do 10 more shows. The hip comedian co-authored Stan Freberg's religion commercials and beat out Mel Brooks as well as Freberg for a series of Beecham commercials which will be aired next month. He is being held out 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 scrambling for writers to hack out quickies" on the pop phenomenon. However, there should be at least three worth pursuing. Paul Williams, editor-in-charge of Crawdaddy, is writing one for his own publishing firm, Bantam. 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 Crowt-Mellon.

The air conditioning system at the Fillmore East is expected to be in working order for the July 15 and 20 shows 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 collar 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:

Avanti: Joe Simon, Five Stalwarts, Mad Lads, Cliff Mobles, Precisions, Billy Stewart

Cafe Au Go Go: Sea Train, Buzz Liechart, ALBERT AYLER

Water Door: Tom Paxton, David Steinberg, Razz McKinnon

Central Park: Pete Seeger, Len Chandler (Folk), Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66, Monterey Joe ("Sax"), Don Ellis and Outh, Kenny Barrell, Chien Hamilton, (Men.), Indiana's Festival of Indian Dance and Music with special guest Ali Akbar Khan (Wed)

Museum of Modern Art: The Pazzini Brothers (Thurs., July 18)

Does The Gospelists

Electric Circus: Woody's Truck Stop, Apple Pie, Motherhood

Scene: John Hammond, Bunky and Jake, Kenny Rankin

Slugs: Roland Kirk

Village Gate: Oscar Peterson, Dirty Gillespie

Village Vanguard: Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner

Space: Fleetwood Mac

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# decomposition

(Continued from Page 12)

Peace Machines Incorporated of Thousand Oaks, California, appears the latest possibility for the expansion of anti-Humphrey sentiment. Peace Machines has been around for a couple years, filmmaking 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 it, 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 "Hubert 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 "Hubert 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 six Yippie invasion this summer. The Chicago fans 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, night whir? Anyway, the local Yippie organizers are seeking means to keep the kids out of jail, and they need bread. The Augustans 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 run-away 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 an odious and so unnumberable 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 69 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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# 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 misappreciation. 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 Americans 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 insurances for all contingencies to all participants in the community at fair and normal rates while loans 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 fund function of the bank as collector of these funds 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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## thim

(Continued from Page 7)

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.

\* \* \*

'Petals is breathtaking, 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 Beau-père*, told from a masculine angle 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 "typical 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 broadsights reflecting the supererogation 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 tight contact with the simple pleasures, like everyone else in America; unlike the others, they can afford to do something about it — damage just come from one insurance policy or another, Julie Christie is "Petals," 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; so 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 requisite agony when he only feels unbearable torture. The Dead and Janis Joplin are on only for a few moments. It up in day-dogs and screams; there only to provide another inside view of the society trying to wrench the insides out of a 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 5-3520.

(Continued on Page 10)

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**SINGLE, white professional** man, warm, intelligent, and attractive, in convertible circumstances, seeking a sensitive, slender female no older than 35 who prefers the man to play a dominant role but who wishes to share in mutual interests and in the process sincerely of getting to know one another. Please write them merely a personal relationship. Box P.O. 967, N.Y.C. 10027.

**EXPLORE** Eastern States for one beautiful week during mid-August in private airplane with professional 25 year old lady. If you are a LEAN, CLEAN girl 22 to 40, please write for non-committal meeting to FRANK, BOX 327, Southview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

**ATTRACTIVE, single male** writer/photographer—employed successful professional—wishes casual or dinner date with slender, pretty, young girl—willing way-out and absolutely no fags, 959-3270, evenings.

**STRICT BACHELOR, 20**, male part-time houseful to age 35. Should be obedient and lovable, familiarly with leather and rubber whips. Flexible hours, low wages will rise. Call YU 8-8191, even. NO replies.

**UNSATURATED husband**, 40, 25 seeks pleasure with a woman in some circumstances or otherwise. Single, slim, intelligent and discretion assured. Frank letter and phone; photo desired but not essential. Write: J.W. P.O. Box 5322, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10027.

**BACHELOR**, undergraduate, vet, nature, white, clean-cut, good looking, seeks attractive, slender girl in D.C. area (good weekend) for romance. Call 373-2658 between 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. or on weekends.

**ARE YOU** an attractive, intelligent, young girl looking for a new scene? There now air conditioned mid-Manhattan apartment with very successful sex. Room, board, other necessities provided. Let's discuss it over. Call: single, slim, Call 373-2658 between 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. or on weekends.

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the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ad & detailed  
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**SPECIAL SERVICES**

**YOUNG** man 23 yrs. French linguist catering to the desires of women bored with everyday life who want a little exotic (most added age and race no barrier (no legging). Discretion assured phone and photo pleasur, my services gratification. J. E. K. P.O. Box 131, Maplecrest 304, Maplewood, N.J. 07040.

**LIGHT** moving 24 hour service wagon, plus one year \$5.00, two years \$3.00. 330-1354 or 966-1403.

FOR THE ultimate in massage, male and female clientele. Call Betty and I. 522-2422, MU 4-4681 and 5-3392, 220 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

**HIDE/COVER**  
Most interesting people who enjoy social activities. Any age. Male/Female, Married/Single. Send \$1.00. Alan Tack Association, Dept. E-5, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N. J. 07983.

**AUTHENTIC BELLY DANCING**  
Rita teaches at 1674 Broadway, Rm. 404, Wed. 6 and 7 p.m. For information, call GL 2-2436 or 226-8750.

**ASTROLOGY** your life, your love, your career. Rod Chess, WA 8-9954, \$35.00.

**WE WILL MOVE** anything (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (as long as it can be driven to) all rates strictly available, and free estimate also. Long and short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-8608, 477-1767.

**"THE GAY ORBITER"** offers fellow gays thrilling bohemian rendezvous \$3.00 brings work-out details, body contacts. Box 24-Y, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**ASTROLOGER**  
from San Francisco, is now in Chicago. For your Personal TAPE-RECORDED METAL CHARACTER READING of Astral/Divinations SEND \$10.00 with the Exact Time and Place of your Birth to: ARIC, c/o The Seed, 837 N. LaSalle Dept. E, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

**SINGLE SWINGERS** interested in joining a well organized group for intimate terrace parties, blowdown, send description and photo-number to: DG, Box 3514 Grand Central St., N.Y. 10017.

**MALE MODELS**  
and **COLOR PRINTS** and **FULL LINE** of PHOTOFINISHING SERVICES including superlative color printing. For **FULL COLOR CATALOG** of models, send \$3.00 (refundable) information free on request. Write I.C.C.A. (Dept. E), P.O. Box 1181, Tacoma, Wash. 98403. BUTCH GRODYVANSI

**"CLUB P.O.M.P.O.R."** Where swingers meet for adult fun, Seattle hobbies. Communicate S.I. Delta 23c from: Fairfax, Dept. E, Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

**PUBLICATIONS**  
**DOING YOUR THING?**  
If you think includes fulfilling your desires for fun in the flesh, find your writing counterpart(s) at the **Wildcat Sports Club**. Sample magazine \$1.00 to K. S. Box 3808, Chicago Illinois, 60654.

**thim**

(Continued from Page 80)

Last week, the first paragraphs dealt with a Rock Flow event, but the hopefully enlightening photos were missing, so somewhere along the side, there are photos of girls dressed and made-up in sequined 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 an 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, mix, costumed dancers and stills (such as an upended girl whose cunt one walks through to pass from one room to another) day-to-day 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 Molesters*, and *Ballad of a Soldier* during the week or so; *The Thalia* has *Ikuu* and *The Spanish Earth*; and *The Blacker* is running *Breathless with One-Eyed Jacks* . . .

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**"SLIPKING Adult Tabloid"** New, Bold, Daring! Groundbreaking news, Personal, scandals, head-to-head items. Sample 25c. Box 228, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

**GENERAL new "NOW" catalogs** plus fantastic sample photographs 25c. Address: 320 North Sweeter, Los Angeles 46, California.

**YMCA DIRECTORY**  
New, 32 page directory of YMCA's lists, address, tel. no., and rooms available for each Y in U. S. and Canada. Send \$2.00. Alan Tack Associates, P.O. Box 1532Y, Union, N.J. 07983.

**HIP TRIPS?** Travel without being rich! \$1.50/Travel and get paid \$1.50/new! Visas 2.00/Europe on a 3 hour/2.00/World Jobs Overseas 3.00/Worldwide Freighter Guide 2.00/World's Biggest Parasites 1.50/Fabulous Mexico 1.50/order from Certain Publications, 2317A Delaware Pl., Phila. Pa. 19123.

**THE BLACK BOOK** is the singles-only magazine, that puts new people into your life. Unlike other publications advertised nearby, **THE BLACK BOOK** is dignified, legit and deals in service not sensation. Want to see some new faces?—Then **THE BLACK BOOK** is for you. Send \$1 to Suite 503 E. 140 St. 66 N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036. Let **THE BLACK BOOK** sock it to you.

**DRUMMER NEEDED IMMEDIATELY** for full time working progressive bands based in Philadelphia. (215) 893-2962.

**WE HAVE** extensive rock material (with music publisher's backing) that can be compared closest to Simon and Garfunkel and/or Incredible String Band. We are looking for an **liberty musician** to complete a group and perform our songs. Needed are: lead and bass guitar (both must sing) and drummer (not hard rock, but gentle and creative). Call: Andy 663-6212 or Chuck 929-3688.

**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. We'll try to change your mind.  
**ROE and BOB.**

**ASTROPSYCHOLOGIST** Stanley Fisher will give a series of lectures on the UFO, the PPR Dimension and World War III starting July 25th, at the **Aerie**, 12 West 45th St. \$8.00. His first lecture in the series will cover the subject of **The Palkeys, the Palamaters of Super-Optimizations**.

**BLEEXER ST.** 154 newly decorated rooms. On daily or weekly basis. **AFRICAN VILLAGE RESTAURANT UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT**, 154 Eleker St., 212-254-2020.

**CLASSIFIED** and personal deadline will be Friday at noon in **publishing Vol. 3, No. 28.**

**SCOTT CHASE** call home: He Len, Va. collect, immediately. This is an emergency.

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any age. Do your own show . . . music, poems, reviews, comments or your own THING. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY, we'll train and assist if you have "it" If you have a message want to break into broadcasting, need exposure on radio or have good ideas . . . we want to talk to you. Serious people only, call: 201-987-6322.

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**AD RATES** are Personal Ads: \$5.00 for the first 20 words, 20¢ per word thereafter, classified ads: \$5.75 for the first 20 words, 15¢ each additional word. A telephone number should be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Wednesday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Port Jervis Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

**GIRLS wanted** for pricing, really \$90 for 1 hr. Harold magazine, Lee, Studio A, 65 W. 39 St., 279-6452. 1-9 Thers. Fri. and Sat. Also studio modeling.

**ARTIST** looking for girl studio assistant (groovy job, groovy hrs, 12.5 a. days a week. Would love girl who is pretty, respectable, pleasant to work around and willing to model occasionally. Call 826-2397 to arrange for interview.

**CRUMMER NEEDED IMMEDIATELY** for full time working progressive bands based in Philadelphia. (215) 893-2962.

**WE HAVE** extensive rock material (with music publisher's backing) that can be compared closest to Simon and Garfunkel and/or Incredible String Band. We are looking for an **liberty musician** to complete a group and perform our songs. Needed are: lead and bass guitar (both must sing) and drummer (not hard rock, but gentle and creative). Call: Andy 663-6212 or Chuck 929-3688.

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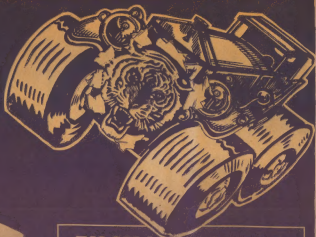
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