

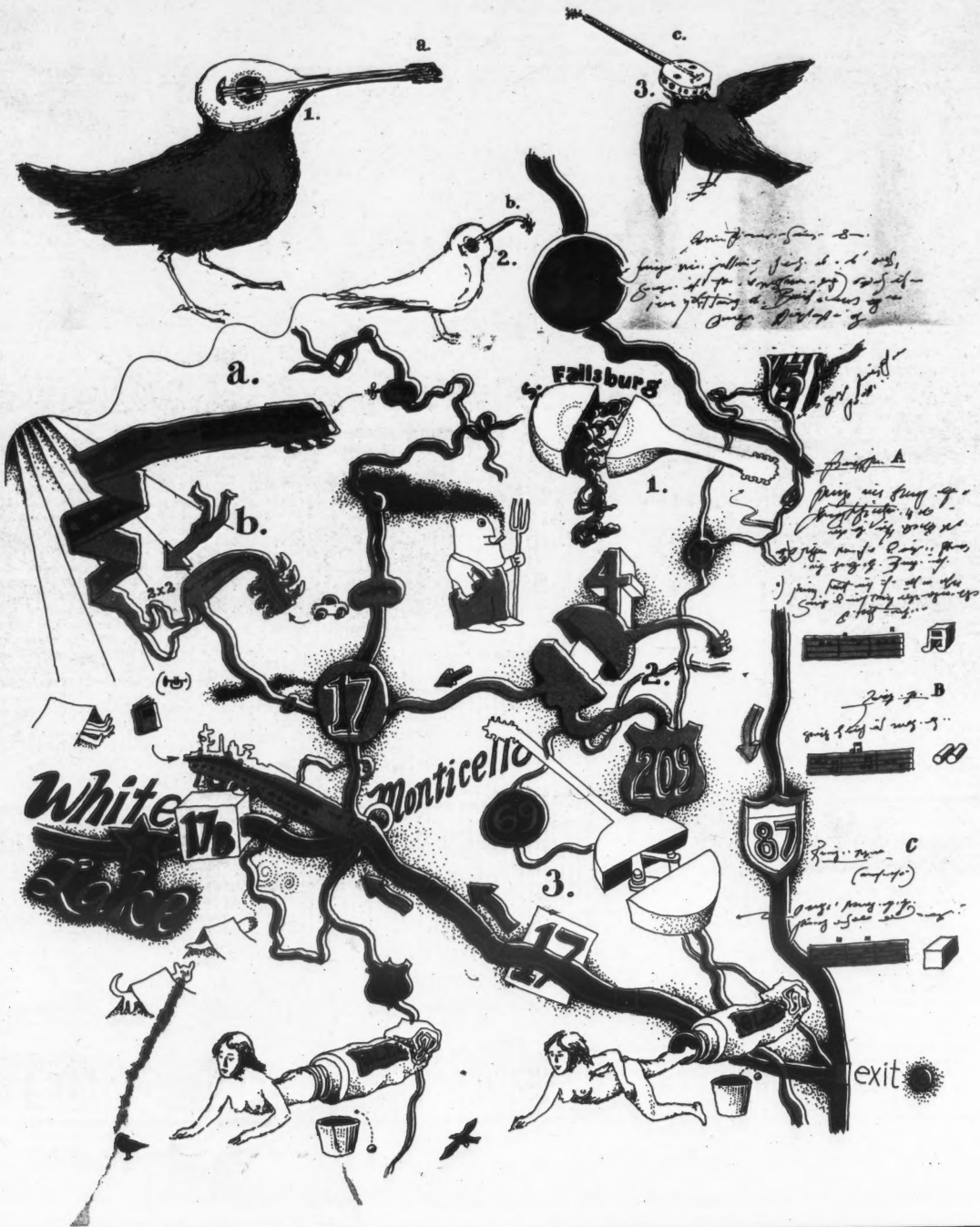
# W O O D S T O C K

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AUGUST 13, 1969

Metropolitan 15¢

# THE east village OTHER



# BOOK MAGAZINE

## by Allan Katzman

# ARRANOS

"We are on the side of the invaders, on the side of the life that is coming, on the side of a changing age and changing ways of thought. Error? Madness? A man's life is only justified by his efforts, however feeble, towards better understanding. And to understand better is to become more attached. The more I understand, the more I love; for everything that is understood is good." -- MORNING OF THE MAGICIANS

The more I understand, the more I make love. I came to San Francisco to see myself and caught a glimpse of other insanities. My own is no less the risk of loving and others are an adventure into what passes nowadays as humanity. I came to the town I love and cherish the most. I came with manufacture. This is a town of broken dishes among small hills using natural light and inhabited by little boys. This is a town which has grown older since last I saw it, a little more decayed. In the eyes of those I pass on the street, little boys are dying. There is so much rhythm hugging the hills of San Francisco and yet only a few who dance to it. Those who dance to it are men with little boys dying with each step.

This is a Phoenix of a strange town rising above its own flesh. But one must learn to experience San Francisco and die with her and those who dance like little boys on the graves of passing men. One does not grow up in San Francisco, one just becomes, this is her secret and those who learn it remain to sing her praises.

There is a new life coming and one feels it all around them in San Francisco. The new life is whatever makes for understanding; that we are greater than what we have done to ourselves. When one dances to life eternally then one can only forgive and San Francisco forgives all it owns. It makes people and things die for so brief a moment that they return from the Beyond with no idea of what has happened to them. It is, as Jean Cocteau has written, "In the midst of the blue sky, erect on a globe like the Hindu world resting on the elephants and tortoises, worlds which are people of flesh and bone, pink carcasses, monsters of solitude and love."

San Francisco exists for me in that eye where, as the Koran has spoken, "whoever represents a human face shall be made to restore one on the Day of Judgement." It is the effigy of the human

form, the double that this town hangs upon your soul. It triggers the inner eye and makes it to look upon itself with love and be reborn.

San Francisco is in the midst of a great renaissance and at the same time it is struggling against almost insurmountable odds. The Wild West Festival which proceeded with unbelievable energy has faltered in its own juices. It has brought together the most talented artistic community ever assembled under one roof. But at the same time, it has aroused a part of its own community against itself.

The Third World Liberation Front and the Haight-Ashbury communities have demanded of the Wild West festival committee that their communities be represented at the same time the festival be free. For the most part, the festival will proceed without charge except for the Kezar stadium shows which will charge three dollars. This money will be used for the expenses incurred throughout the four days of activities. And to create a fund for next year's festival. But the political radicals feel that even these bit of monies are against the tenets of their so called new society. They have demanded that any money made be put to use for a bail fund for their own people. The Haight Ashbury community has gone even further and objected to having the Festival at all because they fear it will bring an influx of runaways thereby bringing the police back into the Haight.

All these objections would not be so deadly, if the Festival committee itself weren't divided among themselves on how to handle the situation. As one committee member posed it to me, "The Wild West is the whole community. If it means separating ourselves from these people for the sake of the success of the festival then I would rather cancel the whole affair."

But the problem does not stop there. The musicians union has got into the act and the city government has begun to renege on a couple of its own promises. The city government fears the infiltration of radical elements into the running of the festival.

As it now stands, the Wild West festival is in the middle of something they never bargained for. The Third World Liberation Front has called for a strike against the festival. The musicians union

won't let their people play for non-union wages and the Festival itself which started with positive creative vibes has turned into a bummer.

Those who stand to lose the most from the situation are the ones who donated their free time, effort, and money for a cause they believed in because it was a creative positive step towards solidifying an otherwise fragmented community.

Now as it stands, the community is more fragmented than ever. The Wild West Festival is beginning to look more and more like what is happening in the real world; a microcosm of the macrocosm that is tearing itself apart because of distrust and disunity.

More and more artists and intellectuals are beginning to turn off from political radicals who are bent on creating negative vibes among its own community.

Their plans seem to never include the building a better world but only the destruction of this one and they seem to be willing to achieve that end even if it means taking their own people with them.

As for the artists themselves, they seem to be caught in an inevitable world. How to create something meaningful in a world negatized by political power grabs and factions? One such artist who set out to make the Wild West Festival a meaningful venture and found his art subject to political manipulation is San Francisco's foremost poster artist Satty Podrich.

Satty believes in Art. He has singlehandedly created a revolution in the graphic arts. By introducing the element of art into posters, billboards and bus advertisements, he has turned on a whole group of people into a new way of seeing. His poster advertisement for the Wild West Festival which is due to appear on 200 buses across California is brilliant. But his creative efforts have been for nothing if the political radicals have their way.

But these are not the only people who seem to stand in the way of the creative man in this century. When the poster arts started in San Francisco six years ago, it was a genuine creative enterprise. Now it has fallen into a commercial adventure without taste or talent serving its own interior motives. The poster art enterprise has been taken over and infiltrated by second raters and

commercial creeps. To show how ridiculous some of these creatures are, Satty recorded a conversation with one of them when he went to present them with his own posters:

NUDES, YOU MUST BE CRAZY! I CAN TELL YOU RIGHT AWAY THAT A CHAIN LIKE WOOLWORTH'S WON'T TAKE IT. WHAT'S THAT CRAZY DOLL THERE, THE ONE WITHOUT A HEAD. SHIT, IF PEOPLE SEE THAT THEY WON'T BUY IT! IT'S GOT TO BE BEAUTIFUL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WITH FLOWERS, AND SO ITS GOT TO SAY LOVE ON IT. LET-T SEE- WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT PE OUT OF THERE? KNOW ANYONE THAT IDENTIFIES WITH AN APE? WELL? I WANT SOMETHING WITH BEATLES IN IT. DO YOU THINK THEIR FACES ARE COPYWRITED? WE LIKE THAT POSITIVE FEELING, THE NOW. DON'T BE NEGATIVE LIKE THOSE WEIRD CHARACTERS DRAWN THERE.

And so on into ad nauseum. Satty has a lot to say through his art and a lot to say outside it. For instance, his comments on commercial magazines in this country:

"Life magazine - People buy it for the pure shock value of its partly superb pictures."

"Time magazine - Wrongheaded, misinforming and stuffy - snobbish, antiprogessive, chauvinistic, arrogant and frightened to death."

As for his political beliefs - "I want negroes and others to get all possible rights of equality because only then will I be able to esteem them (or loathe them) individually, as I do white people."

The artist is probably the most misunderstood man in this society. Most people see him or her as the picture of Dorian Gray. But in reality, when the day of judgement is at hand, he will be one of the few who will be able to present a near beautiful face. As for the others, like commercial creeps and second rate political activists, God will have to turn his head away because of the sheer ugliness of what they really represent.

For in the end, everything is equal and those who have understanding will love. As for San Francisco itself, it is here the Day Of Judgement is about to begin.

- Jaakov Kohn
- Peter Leggieri
- Allan Katzman
- Sherry Needham
- Melissa Stout
- Flicka
- D. A. Latimer
- David Walley
- Irving Shushnick
- Claudia Dreifus
- Alex Gross
- Lita Eliscu
- Don Katzman
- Lil Picard
- Elfrida Rivers
- Walter Breen
- Manuel Rodriguez

- Kim Deitch
- Metty MacLise
- R. Crumb
- John The Swede
- Bob Parent
- Gilbert Barnett Weingourt
- Stephen Kohn
- Arthur
- LONDON: MILES
- PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
- AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENNOOG
- NORTH: THE KID
- SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE
- BEGODD

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# Up Against the Wall, **Crazies!**

**NAGASAKI DAY MARCH FOR PEACE: The Crazies come to Roost**  
by Claudia Dreifus

SUNDAY - 3:00 AM

In the anal antechambers of the White House, one knows that Richard Nixon is smiling. By now he has heard that the Nagasaki Day demonstration of the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee was broken up—nay, demolished by Walter Teague, his American Committee to Aid the NLF, his six everpresent Vietcong flags, and about thirty very deranged Crazies. Ah, Nixon must be grinning—cracking his knuckles in utter delight: What Lyndon Johnson couldn't do with all his paratroopers at the Pentagon demo, a group of Teagles and Crazies did so handily. What joy, what pleasure: a fifteen thousand man peace demonstration, smashed to smithereens!

The Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee had not planned the Nagasaki Day March with the thought of giving President Nixon such a moment of delight. Indeed, they had contrived the idea in the hope of telling Richard "We've done all we can in Paris" Nixon that the American public will not be fucked with. For a solid week, they had bombarded officialdom with Hiroshima-Nagasaki memorial demonstrations. Saturday's mammoth march from Times Square to Central Park was planned to show Washington that the peace movement had not forgotten the slaughter in Vietnam. But then no one counted on Teague and the Crazies rushing the Central Park Bandshell.

The Crazies, it seems, had grabbed first position in the line of march, arriving in Central Park perhaps twenty minutes before the rest of the demonstration. With a Whoosh, Crash, and yells of "Power to the People," Walter Teague, plus his entourage of flag waving NLF supporters, were suddenly on stage. When weary peace-walkers arrived from Times Square, they were greeted by an unscheduled battery of orange and blue banners and a minibattle between the upsurers and the original organizers for control of the bandshell.

In the audience, undercover Red Squaders were having a glorious time clicking away at the pandemonium on stage. Fistfights everywhere. People fainting. Charges of "revisionism," "fascist-pig" and "Trotskyism" being hurled like angry slugs. Teague had a portable microphone system, some Vietnamese records and a phonograph which could blast the crowd in an unbearable frequency that must have been invented in the secret labs of the Army's "Special Warfare" Division.

For the rest of the afternoon the skirmishes would go on for control of the stage: the Parade Committee kept control of the center-stage sound equipment, while the rebels kept up an unremitting counterattack with

their portable amplifiers and screeches. Valiant attempts were made by the scheduled speakers to communicate over the heads of the Teague-Crazy Claque to the more appreciative audience beyond. With varying degrees of success, the audience tried to encourage the Parade Committee's program. But as the crash of insults and chants raged on, the audience dwindled in disgust at the misdirection of so much at least nominally "anti-war" energy.

"Teague Sucks...HARE KRISHNA...Teague Sucks...HARE HARE..."

Perhaps the power of prayer is underestimated, for some time later, Teague did disappear—though he left his troop behind.

Specialist Skip James, one of the "Fort Dix 38," a group of brave GIs who had taken on the military brass by staging a stockade revolt, was the next scheduled speaker. The Parade Committee, which had somehow

Volunteer, was one of those making a hasty exit. "I'm leaving," he explained, "because of the assholes on the stage. They're alienating everybody."

Two Coast Guardsmen, who had never before witnessed a peace demonstration, were totally bewildered. "I came to this thing," said one, "because I'm for peace. But I just don't understand what's going on here."

But James Johnson, one of the



Allen Ginsberg, Daddy and Grand Dada of the Movement, had been scheduled to give the Nagasaki Day Benediction. Religiously he tried to drown out the Teague Terror with the peaceful sound of "OM." "The bandshell belongs to the people. The bandshell belongs to the people," chanted the furious Crazies in an attempt to drown out Ginsberg. "Power to the People, the demonstration belongs to us."

Allen Ginsberg, perhaps angry in public for the first time, shouted back: "We all believe in power to the people, but the people here are not on stage now. I think the only thing we can do is to sing a loud Hare Krishna. I intend to sing Hare Krishna until Teague moves his body off this stage. HARE KRISHNA...HARE KRISHNA...KRISHNA...KRISHNA"

Ginsberg's hopeful prayers were drowned out by the choocoo chanting of "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, The NLF is gonna win." From an audience, which would otherwise have joined the chorus, came curses and hisses: "You're a CIA agent, Teague." "Teague sucks!"

maintained control of the microphone, pushed James to the platform. Near me I heard a disgusted cynic mumble that the GI would have a harder time here than he would at an Army courtmartial. The cynic was right, for no sooner had Specialist James begun to talk of the GI anti-war movement than a chant began from the back of the platform: "Get the C. P. (Communist Party) speaker off the stage." James, who had endured the irrationality of the Army, could hardly bear this scene. Looking at the Crazies, he asked, "What are you going to do about what's happening to the guys in the Army?" His noisy detractors returned vacant stares and shouts about the stage belonging to the people.

While the platform may have belonged to the "people," the rows of benches in front of the bandshell were quickly being emptied of any form of human life. From the "liberated" platform one could see the thousands of marchers painfully collected by the Parade Committee heading for home.

Steve Spivak, a former Vista

"Fort Hood Three," understood the situation very clearly. Three years ago, he and several buddies had been the first GIs to refuse shipment to Vietnam for murder duty. He has spent the past three years in the Federal Pen, and on his release he traveled with a pacifist group to see North Vietnam.

"There are a lot of super revolutionaries up here," he said, "who are full of shit. I've just come back from North Vietnam and seen what it takes to make a revolution. It takes unity, discipline, and a lot of sacrifice. And I think there are a few lessons that the people here could learn from those who flag they are carrying. Some of these people up here who call themselves 'Crazies' are either agents or crazy or both!"

Were the Crazies really police agents? Ann Hirschman, a nurse with the medical team from the Medical Committee for Human Rights, claims that at least three of the Crazies on stage were probably cops. She stated that she saw a trio of the Crazy ones approach super-sleuths Finnegan and Brennan of Red Squad fame.

According to Miss Hirschman, they flashed some metallic-badge-like-object and handed the cops some papers. Nurse Hirschman, incidentally, was belted and pushed off the bandshell by a Crazy when she tried to rush to the aid of one of his comrades who had fainted.

On stage, the insurgents finally found a supporter in Jeff Jones of National SDS. Jones said that the movement could never permit any kind of attack on the flag of the NLF. It was his feeling that the removal of the Crazies would be tantamount to defiling the revolutionary colors. To Jones, apparently, the revolution was a piece of cloth, not a coming together of people.

Feeling more curious than courageous, I ventured into Crazy corner. My goal: to ask them why they did what they did. Front and center stood Prince Crazy, alias George Yippie, alias George Demmerle, a resplendent figure clad in a purple satin cossock shirt and hot pink helmet. A most articulate fellow, Prince Crazy explained his reasons for the action: (Continued on Page 18)

**NEW SIZE!**

**51**

STANG

RED SOX

LEARN ELECTRONICS At Home

FREE OFFER INSIDE

WHY NOT BELIEVE GOD TOO?

STYLUS SET-DOWN

LOCKNUT

FORCE SPRING

STYLUS

ARM HEIGHT

STATE 2

STATE 2

STATE 2

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**IMPORTANT**

## NEW SIZE

by Robert Roberts

We, the underground, have found another wizard to enlighten our movement. Not that we give a fuck about more self-justification (our existence is justifiable enough) but just so we can give the establishment some food for thought, we can cram Marshall McLuhan down their throat and then watch them vomit. McLuhan, director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, is one of the leading exponents of our tribal culture, mainly because he predicted it and now sees it as the vanguard of man's primitive rebirth.

As explained by McLuhan, man, in his mad quest for happiness, has developed communications to such an advanced degree that he has created a mind-bending environment whose tribalizing effects he has failed to recognize and explore. McLuhan is one of the few people who has really gotten into it.

What has happened is that we, the electric-age generation, have been subconsciously molded into tribal creatures by, literally, the massage of instantaneous mass media. Such things as electric-speed news service via television and telstar have altered our concept of reality to one in which we see the world as a global village and ourselves as members of tribes or corporate families, integrated with the worldwide fraternity of man.

Since the emergence of the hippy lifestyle in response to this electro-media stimulus, the tribal thing to which our minds have been tuned has finally been manifested. In a state of outrage, the "civilized urbane" establishment does not know how to accept the Frankenstein monster it's created and wants to destroy it at all costs. But they never realized that we would fight back.

McLuhan has quickly become the radical prophet of a brave new world that's got the establishment shitting in its pants. We are no longer a bunch of drop-outs and creeps (we never were), but a social revolution in an historical process.

Tracing man's history through communications, McLuhan's has made a startling discovery. Man, immersed in the electric age, is retribalizing himself and doesn't know it because he is still thinking in the fragmented, nationalistic terms of the out-dated mechanical age. By the time man does realize what's happening, he'll be into a new technological age that will require new ways of thinking and living. He, in fact, is doomed to technological lag because of technology's volatile nature. Nor does man realize that his headlong technological rush will inevitably backfire, as it already is doing.

Almost traditionally, the forces of revolution have been suppressed and brutally trodden underground by reactionary powers who will not yield to the tides of change. The Christians, Reformists, Jacobins, Romanticists and Marxists, to name a few, were jailed exiled or murdered because of their "dangerous" ideas. Our movement today is no different.

We, the children of the electric age, have become man's hideous offspring, reared on a diet of super-technology,

and now rejected as deformities. We are the mutants who've been bombarded by speed-of-electron media and metamorphized into a tribal society that the establishment, ironically, finds repulsive. We want the freedom of mind and body and life we're entitled to as tribal people, but the bust scene just keeps worsening.

McLuhan has seen us in the renaissance of oral, pre-literate man, who lived in close communion with nature and his people in tribal social structures. Everything that was spoken or performed had great meaning to the members of these communes because they were so tightly knit together. It was an existential togetherness with rituals, basic arts, astrology, and group awareness, a collective consciousness of cosmic energy and humane vibrations. Only when literate man came on the scene did much of this imaginative, emotional and sensuous culture become gradually destroyed.

It was sometime during the 8th century B.C. that the papyrus manuscript was introduced, and this marked the beginning of the end of tribal man. Epistle and message communication now made it more feasible for people to branch out and still keep the grapevine intact. The tribes expanded into more complex city-states and became because of their extension-mindedness, colonizers and forming powerful military leagues. This extrusion process eventually led to the growth of empires, and, or course, imperialism.

When Johann Gutenberg invented the movable type in 1450, he unwittingly ushered in the era of linear, visual perspective. Thoughts were no longer limited to sounds or scribbles, but were expressible in sequential, rectilinear print. Ideas could be duplicated and reduplicated line by line on a mass-production scale. As a result, man began to think in linear form. Man became hung-up with connectedness, uniformity and two-dimensionality. The latter is evidenced by the fact that Middle Age man thought the world was flat, despite the Greek tradition of the spherical earth.

Even the great minds of this age were massaged by linearity. Descartes linearized mathematics with his creation of coordinate geometry and founded the school of rationalism, which made philosophy a linear process of deduction. In the 18th Century, Dr. Johnson put language itself into linear perspective with the first lexicon. During this era, anything that wasn't rational, logical or grammatical was taboo. And because of the strong visual focus on literature and printed matter, man thought it unnatural that he see any exposure of the irrational, appetite-oriented body. So society covered itself from head to toe with layers of clothing.

The Romantic movement became the underground of the early 19th Century, as it tried to revive the emotions, nature, mysticism and sexual freedom. Rousseau, Byron, Shelley and others were often condemned - branded as pervers, and ostracized, but they stuck to their thing. Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, more than just a children's story, and Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* became important literary explorations into fantasy and mind-

expansion. Long before LSD, poet William Blake exclaimed:

If we could but look beyond the doors of perception  
We could see things as they really are. Infinite.

But Romanticism died as new communication breakthroughs, such as the telegraph, typewriter and telephone, triggered an explosion of mechanical inventions which obsessed man with industrial growth, nationalism, and, or course, suppression of human freedom. In fact, Victorian morality was probably the most anti-human morality ever imposed on a society. Because of man's mechanical-mindedness, he treated himself as if he were a robot.

As communications accelerated, so did the gears of production. Man's world now became one of moving interchangeable components, complicated mechanical hardware, and assembly-line processing units. Capitalists played games with labor as if the workers were chess pieces—replaceable and disposable.

Man's thinking, too, became fragmented. Specialization, compartmentalization and bureaucracy, in a sense, disintegrated society. Man became a cog in a colossal industrial machine. And it is this mentality of man as a unit of production that is still prevalent today, despite the reintegration effect of radio, and most important, television and computerization. Again, this is due to technological lag.

We, the electric-age generation, have been the first to feel the impact of the retribalizing effect of the new multi-media environment. We grew up with television, which fed our brains with millions of black and white dots electronically arranged and rearranged into microsecond patterns and images. We are surrounded by computers which read configurations of punched holes, not printed matter. We are in the age of gestalt, form and shape. We are no longer die-cast parts of a national mechanism. We are a tribe.

We are the new breed of American Indian who smoke grass and hash and drop peyote as a tribal ritual. Not as a cop-out, you can't cop out of a dying society you've never really belonged to. We are the reincarnation of oral, pre-literate man. We've come the children in *Lord of the Flies*, retribalized after a cycle of 2,800 years.

We are a tactile generation who groove on touching. Jim Morrison screams "Come on and touch me, baby." We grow our hair long because we don't need visual distinctions any longer. We are no longer hung up on visibility and voyeurism. We are tactually sensate. Nudity is no longer sexual, but a free-form expression of oneself in a tribal environment. Sex is no longer goo-goo eyes and sweaty palms, but an essential experience of movement and energy.

We are the product of a society that wants to disintegrate us, but frankly "we ain't gonna take it." When the society turns against its youth, it is doomed. The youth live on.

News Flash:

HIPPIES ARRESTED AND DEPORTED FROM MUSHROOM COUNTRY by Art Grossman, LNS

Mexico City (LNS) In a joint effort to permanently keep Mexican and foreign hippies away from the psilocybin mushrooms which grow in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, the office of the Mexican Attorney General and the Mexican

Department of Defense made what the Government here calls is only the first of 2,000 arrests of undesirable "vagrants" and people with bad health habits.

The first raids, which yielded about 250 hippies, were executed by helicopter during the peak of the rainy season in the rugged

two mile high mountains of this area.

In a country where student political leaders have been in jail without trial for almost a year, the Mexican hippies arrested were quickly thrown in to their homes by bus. Most of the Mexicans arrested live in Mexico

City. The foreign hippies are being jailed until they are deported by air to the United States as undesirable visitors.

In the past few years the Mexican Government has developed a pattern of suddenly descending upon a chosen region, usually important tourist areas, in

an effort to wipe out the hippie community. In Mexico, hippies are treated like a class of subhuman beings by the national press. A product of foreign decadence. Often national problems are attributed to the destructive influence of this subculture.

FOUR WEEKS IN THE MUSHROOM MOUNTAINS by Art Grossman, LNS

I have just returned to Mexico City, weak with aemicbic dysentery, after living for a month in Pointe de Fierro, a small town in the state of Oaxaca, Mex., where heads came from all parts of the world to eat the psilocybin mushrooms which grow there.

Pointe de Fierro is a small community of about six families situated along the beautiful crystal Zapu River which flows through the tropical orchid covered hardwood forests of that mountain area. The town acts as a center where the Mazateca Indians sell their coffee. Corn is also grown in this region, but mostly for domestic consumption.

A new source of income for the Indians, which has developed into "big business" in the last few years, is the sale of the psilocybin mushrooms which grow only in that area. Every morning the Indians bring mushrooms from the steep mountains jungles into the small towns where Mexican, American and Canadian heads come to stay in small inexpensive houses for a few days and eat the mushrooms.

The mushrooms are wrapped in banana leaves to keep them from drying out and they sell for about 50 cents a trip, the price varying depending upon the type of the mushrooms, their freshness, and ones ability to bargain in Spanish. Spanish is spoken only as a trade language by the Indians, Mazatec is used as the common tongue at other times.

We arrived at Pointe de Fierro in the early morning after a four hour bus ride along the unpaved road from Teotitlan. Mexican hippies at Pointe showed us how to distinguish between the different kinds of mushrooms and how to choose the best ones. Looking at mushrooms is a great pastime of both Indians and hippies alike. Even the oldest Indians who have been eating mushrooms since they were children rarely fail to walk across the road for a small peek while a transaction is in progress.

In this area two varieties of mushrooms are most popular. The derumbe and the pajaroito. The derumbes look like sturdy little penises with white stems and dark brown heads. Their size can vary from an inch long to four or five inches. The entire plant is eaten, head stem and root as well as the rich black dirt surrounding the root. Good fresh mushrooms smell and taste very metallic as if there were extra electricity inside of them

The pajaroitos are more fragile than the derumbes and have a more traditional umbrella shape. When fresh they are a light tan color with streaks of purple in the heads. After being picked, both varieties become darker in color and in up to three days the metallic aroma and taste vanish as the psilocybin decomposes. I have been told that the mushrooms have been preserved much longer by keeping them submerged in honey.

We rented a house for the first time for fifty cents, and bought our mushrooms from a man who later we learned was one of the "Maestros" of that town. That evening I ate my first mushrooms and discovered some of the secrets that Lewis Carroll must have found when he visited those mountains before he wrote the eternal question asked to Alice by the Caterpillar with the hooks -- "Who are you?"

My trip that evening was one of adventurous joy as I wandered along the river -- the living mark of beauty and fantasy of the area. That evening I evaluated my life as having been a happy one and I knew that I would have to spend more time in the woods hiking and camping as I had done so regularly and with so much pleasure in my boyhood. I also saw how I had abandoned some important questions of life style during the time when I had sacrificed some of my humanity for the false prize of educational security. I saw also that first night, how the beauty and fascination of nature, which I love so much, had been obscured while studying physics many years ago in the grindmill atmosphere of the university.

Thinking became such a clear process, as natural and beautiful as running like a deer across the field when you can feel the strength of your body lifting its weight gracefully into the air. It's not a feeling of being high as

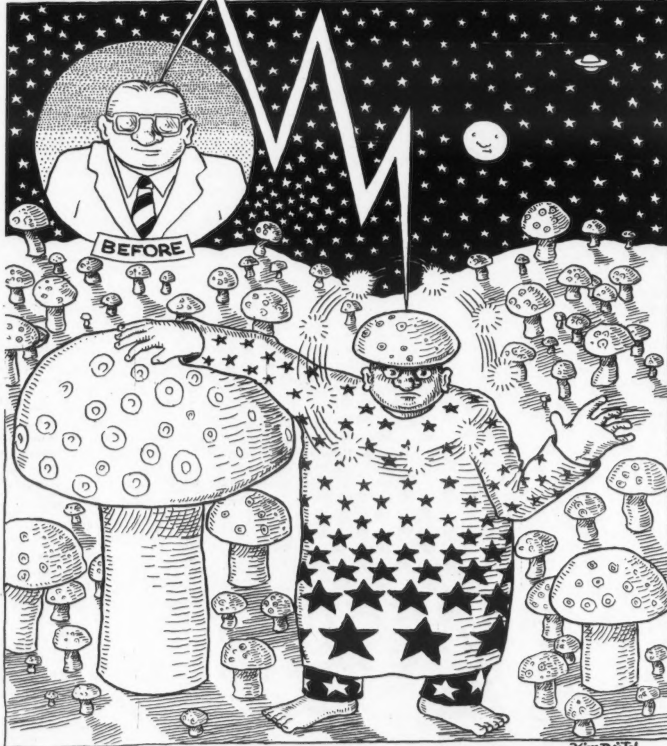
much as being totally spaced. Going up is smooth, and coming down never really happens. You keep bouncing or skimming freely a few inches above your starting point.

Three days later I moved into a large house high in the mountains with a group of Mexican and Indian heads. Actually we had two houses. One was a dormitory and the other was a cooking house where the girls always kept a large pot of rice or beans on the fire. The guys gathered th y wood.

The house had been rented for \$2.50 for the month from the Indian who lived with his wife and several children a little farther up the mountain. One night the man who owned the house took mushrooms with his family. It was evident that a family that had the advantages of taking mushrooms together knows a unity that has long been lost from city society, U.S.A.

Mexican heads are on a Jesus Christ Trip. Taking mushrooms represents the death and rebirth. There were many religious books in our house on the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. There were also a few volumes of Eastern philosophy as well as a copy of Island, Aldous Huxley's novel about a utopian society which was inspired by his trip to the mushroom mountains. Some of the Mexican heads did yoga, but not as many as in the States.

MR. GROSSMAN..... THEN AND NOW



Some of the Mexican friends that I met aggressively fashioned their life style after that of Christ. In the evenings we played cards, chess, read books by candlelight, and had many good conversations. Mushroom raps are much more serious than typical grass raps. Holiness fills the air of a room of twenty people who have eaten the mushrooms.

Every trip was different. Some were hard, some were easy, depending upon what my mind finally decided to think about and how comfortable I felt in dealing with the subject. The rough areas were the ones that dealt with the most ignored thoughts in my everyday life. The reward of these rough spots of course was the great progress made by the time the trip was over. The heavy part of the trip lasts about six hours, but you can easily extend the time with concentration or taking more mushrooms.

While in that area of Mexico I ran into the police only twice. On both occasions they were making a general check, with armed soldiers for runaways and foreigners who were in the country illegally. In a brief conversation with one of the police officials, I was told that they didn't like foreigners to take the mushrooms - although it wasn't illegal for them to do so.

During the year it rains in the mountains almost every day for at least a few hours, but during my last week, in early July, the heavy

rainy season began and the precipitation never stopped. The river became a raging slimy serpent and we decided to return to Mexico City.

The people who took the mushrooms knew that they would someday return to those mountains so that they could bring the people they loved with them to share the same rewarding experience.



Dear EVO:

Those "public service" anti-dope commercials on TV. Representing three psychadelic churches (Neo-American, Paleo-American & Shiva Fellowship) I wrote a letter to the FCC and demanded "equal free time to defend our sacraments from such slander and sacrilege."

William B. Ray, Chief of Complaints and Compliance Division, replied July 28. He said I should go for the "fairness doctrine" instead of "equal time" (who cares), but then he really blew it:

"In view of the fact thw the use of these drugs is prohibited by law, the fairness doctrine would not apply to any commentary of a licensee (station) suggesting its listeners abstain from using them."

Mr. Ray means that there shall be only ONE SIDE in the discussion of whether people should smoke pot and drop acid. Such newspeak doesn't fit the U.S. Constitution's First Amendment at all. Remember all those U.S. Supreme Court decisions defending your right to preach revolution, even though revolution itself is prohibited? Distinction between ACTION and mere ADVOCACY. Government cannot restrict advocacy unless there be a "clear and present danger" to the public safety. And pot ain't dangerous.

Besides, sacramental religious "use of these drugs" is NOT prohibited by law anyway. Like sacramental use of wine in churches during the liquor prohibition.

So now it seems I need an East Coast lawyer (for free) who can go to Washington and set the FCC straight about the First Amendment. And, if necessary, file suit. Could you and - or your readers get me one?

Fraternally, Rev. Jefferson Fuck Poland (for NAC, PAC, and Shiva) P.O. Box 6196 San Francisco, Calif. 94101

# DECOMPOSITION

by DA Latimer

In 1953, when your reporter was just a weeny snottling, a rare trick of the heavens dumped a few thousand tons of what had been Nevada soil onto him and all his weeny snottling friends. Nevada came in the form of fine microscopic radioactive granules, transported by some unforseen caprice of nature to the St. Lawrence River Valley; if all had gone as America's top scientists had expected, this cloud would have poisoned the Atlantic Ocean instead of my bone marrow, but the best-laid bombs of even the Pentagon, they gang aft, aft aglay.

1953 was a quiet year, for the North Country. Scientists from all over the world travelled quietly to St. Lawrence County, where they tested the sod in Jimmy O'Brien's blackberry patch, broke open the apples from Bower McLaughlin's orchard and peered inside, braved the slippery spring cowshit on my brother's barn floor to run tests on his milk with little aluminum geiger counters. The results were then quietly tabulated, and graphed as time went on with the incidence of leukemia cases in the area, a disease from which a few of my little schoolmates so quietly died that I can't even remember their names. And even now the scientists run tests, seventeen years later, as the birth and infant mortality rates in St. Lawrence County grow ever curiouser and curiouser...

Oh to be in Hiroshima now that Nixon's here! Again! Just like in 1953, which, as the Daily Caluma writers all agree, was 'a saner, more civilized age.' No uppity niggers in '53! No bad-mouthing college creeps in '53! No see-thru blouses, no marijuana, no Joe Namath in '53, no sir! Just big fat dreamy clouds of Strontium 90 grazing over America's chromosomes, yours and mine. What's a little fallout among friends? There's a cold war on, dammit!

Which brings us up, cursing and puking, to the incredible events in this last amazing week in the year 1969. Those of us who survived it witnessed all manner of peculiar phenomena. The Cincinnati Reds and the Philadelphia Phillies played a phenomenal 16 inning ballgame which the Reds ultimately won by the rather footballish score of 16-14; the Reds then went on to dump the Mets two games out of three, setting our Amazin's back 8½ games behind the division-

leading Chicago Cubs, and putting Cincinnati at the head of their division. Also in local sports, the World Champion New York Jets faced the College All-Stars at Soldier's field in Chicago, and won by the astonishingly meagre measure of two points. Joe Namath, after a mere ten days of pre-season practice, played a creditable game for three periods, but was replaced by backup QB Babe Parilli after throwing a couple interceptions and failing to connect for a touchdown. Fullback Johnny Sample was injured late in the game, and will be sidelined indefinitely with a stiff back. Most Jet points were scored off the inimitable toe of Jim Turner, the field goal utility kicker.

So what's all this got to do with the synthesis of Strontium 90? Well, dig the way the Mets have been playing lately; they were running a fine pennant race until a couple weeks ago, but they've been slipping drastically since the last part of July. And why? Because of Uncle Sam, that's why. The same Uncle Sam who garnishes your vichyssoise with unstable isotopes has been calling up Met personnel all summer to work out three-week reserve hitches. Tug McGraw, Bud Harrelson, Nolan Ryan—try spending three weeks digging latrines and then see how fast you can whip off that old peg from short to first, baby. Gil Hodges has the youngest and best pitching staff in baseball on the Mets, but Uncle Sam keeps tying them up in knots. And does this happen to any other team? Say, to the Cincinnati Reds? Just how did Randy Tolan come by a three-day pass last week, just long enough to get off five solid hits (17 AB's) against the Mets?

Then there's this infatuation the FBI has with Joe Namath...It seems every time Namath throws an interception, J. Edgar Hoover puts another goon on his tail. Everybody knows, of course, about Bachelors III (or is it II now?) and Namath's argument with Football Commissioner (read: prick) Pete Roselle. Last year Roselle threatened to blackball Namath if Joe didn't shave it off, off, all the way off. This year he all but accused Namath of throwing games for the Mafia (A World Champion quarterback who throws games? Come again, Pete?) and Joe perforce had to step out of his partnership in Bachelor's III before ever he put his cleats on this year. And now

Namath tells us in True Magazine this week about his phone tap ('I just wish they'd pay their share of the bill, it's only fair.') and the gumshoes who tail him for weeks every time he loses a football. The FBI indignantly denies this, just as they'd deny tapping your phone.

From this it could be projected that Hoover has a personal thing about Joe Namath and would like to see him blackballed out of football, as Johnny Sample was up till a while ago. Ridiculous, you say? Look at Hoover; now look at Namath. Stranger things than personal Hoover Manovers have come out of this country's government, especially last week when they passed the ABM allotment.

Oh, even for last week that was a wallop, passing the ABM on Hiroshima Day. Nixon dubs it the 'Safeguard' anti-ballistic-missile system, as if it were something America could spray into her armpits to make her even more confident than she was before, God forbid. What these missiles, charmingly nicknamed 'Sprint' and 'Sentinel', what they're supposed to do is intercept other missiles and blow them up in the sky. This is a tricky problem, but the top American scientists (the ones who work for the Pentagon and Sperry Rand, natch) assure us Sprint'll work at least 37 percent of the time. Or was that 25 percent? Anyway, President Nixon and the Pentagon both want this Safeguard very badly, and eleven billion dollars—to start with—is not so much when it comes to keeping the President and the Army happy, is it? Imagine what could happen if they became **unhappy!** Remember the Checkers speech? Would you want a man in that condition in the White House? Remember Tonkin Bay, Hiroshima Day 1964. Would you want that Army holding a grudge against you? Eleven billion dollars—to start with—for a 37 percent high-yield nuclear deodorant. And they tell us the Mafia runs protection rackets!

This is the country that was first on the Moon. Nixon is the President who took credit for it. (Just think, if Johnson was still President it'd be his name on that plaque.) Now, between us and Nixon we also have a new nuclear apparatus called MIRV, which is just as perverted as the name lets on. It was described to me about a year ago by a physicist friend, but I confess I

took MIRV with a grain of NaCl until the Daily News started composing ecstatic panygerics to it. You see, MIRV resembles somewhat a pregnant cockroach when it blasts off, carrying in its underbelly a clutch of smaller missiles. When it reaches a certain point in its trajectory, MIRV farts out these baby missiles one by one and they tear off like so many little fruit flies to their various destinations. Guided from the ground, these little offspring bombs can be retargeted several times before they blow up, can in fact engage in actual evasive maneuvers. Gzorch, Rube Goldberg, what hath God wrought?

MIRV gives you the creeps just to think about it, but I'll have to admit, I kind of liked the idea—up till last week. You see, one thing MIRV does, finally and absolutely, is it wrecks the whole ABM concept. In Nixonese, MIRV 'obsolesces' Safeguard. If the Pentagon has MIRV, simple Newtonian logic will show you that the Kremlin surely has MISH. So when I saw all this tsurris over the ABM I just shrugged it off. I never suspected they'd go head and do it, I just thought they'd get it out of the way and go on to MIRV.

But they PASSED the cocksucker!!! By a vote of 51-50, the Senate gave the Military-Industrial Complex the whole bag of shit—eleven billion dollars' worth, to start with. The vote was tight, this is supposed to make us happy. 'Foes of the ABM put up a brilliant last-ditch battle and valiantly lost,' they're telling us, 'and it's clear that huge unquestioned Defense Department allocations are a thing of the past.' Sure, Harry, feed us another one, it tickles once you get past the perineum.

What they did was, they gave Nixon his play-toy so he'd keep the Pentagon off their backs. You know what happens when you cross up the Pentagon: either your cars drives off a bridge or that Duluth hooker comes back to haunt your headlines. The vote was tight because a landslide approval, after all that hoo-rah, would have looked suspicious. They might as well have drawn straws—short straw votes no. So now America can look forward to all-day Safeguard protection, for the mere cost of eleven billion dollars—to start with.

Of course, the really hilarious aspect of this ABM noise is the way it's going to protect us. It

blasts the other missiles out of the sky, ho ho, thus releasing two-count them, boom! boom!—two complete high-yield charges of radiation into the atmosphere. So if it works with 100 percent effectiveness, dig it, this planet is enveloped in an ionised cloud of radioactive gas which kills every living thing on it, hee hee. And if it doesn't work with 100 percent effectiveness, well, you should worry? That oughta make you spit your sides.

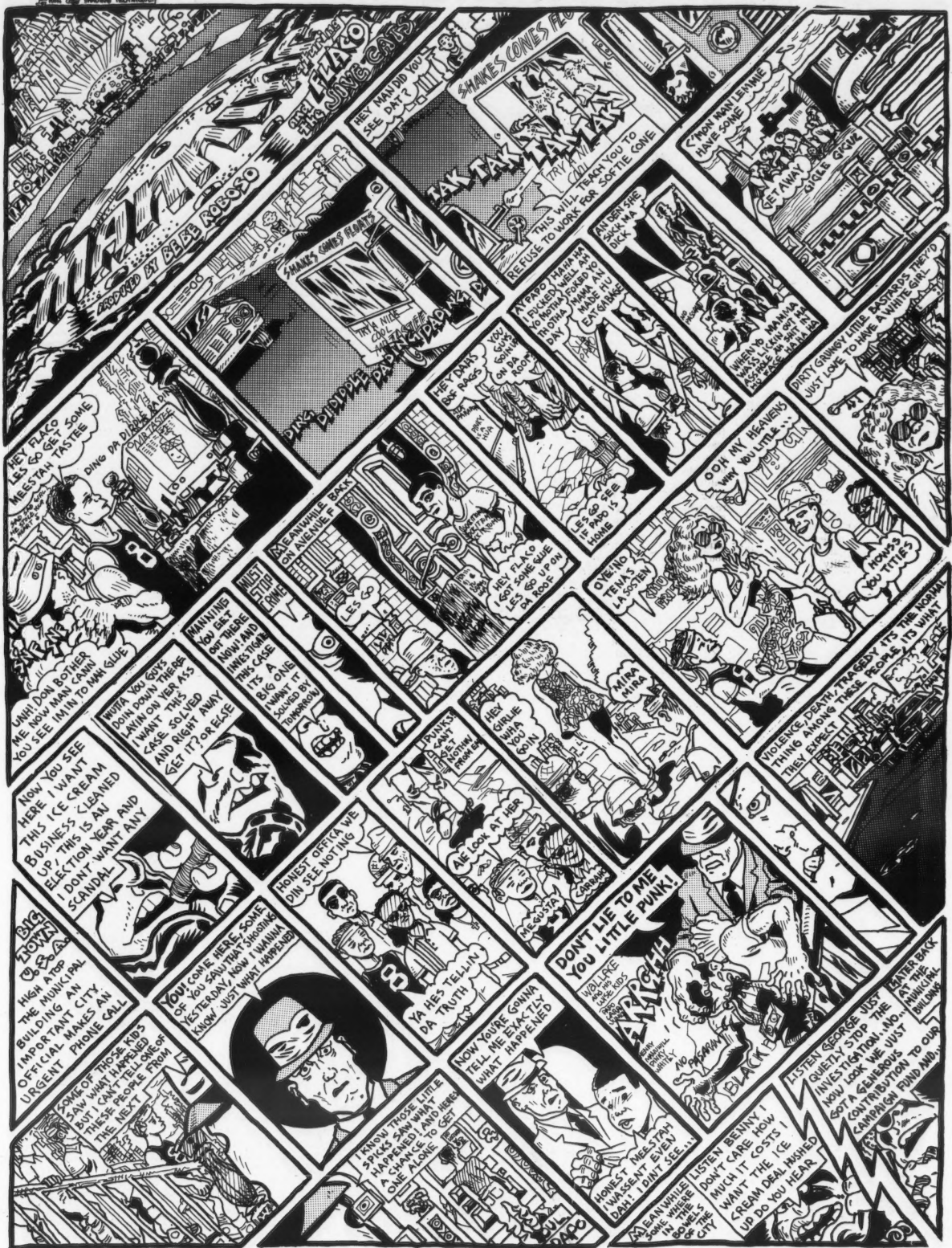
Nixon will bring us together again if he has to melt us down into pink slush, that's clear. 'Safeguard,' 'MIRV'—it's the Cold War again, brinkmanship and all that, the long-awaited Return to Traditional Values as heralded on the cover of the January 17 EVO, by artist Willy Murphy. Zoiks, kids! We're being ambushed in the Generation Gap!

So any day now, some top American scientist will call Dickie from the Pentagon and complain that, shucks, he hasn't watched a hydrogen bomb explode for nearly eight years now, and what's he working on these fancy new missiles for if he can't touch off a few of them? Twenty thousand feet of mushroom holocaust! WOW!!! Micky Mantle never hit one THAT high! The boys in the shop need some positive incentive, after all, keeps up the morale on the home front. And Dickie'll say what the hell, why not, enhances the old prestige and all that...And before you know it these multi-megatonners will be bursting away every other day over the South Pacific.

But there's a Test Ban Treaty, somebody objects. Well, lookit lady, can Nixon in all fairness be expected to honour the commitments made by a previous Administration? It was the Democrats and their Permissivism that got the country where it is, remember—uppity niggers, bad-mouthing college stunts, see-thru blouses, marijuana. Joe Namath. Besides, what's a little UN treaty, the Goddess Communists bust 'em all the time! Boom! Boom! Besides, America has promised time and time again never to be the first to use atomic weapons. So it's purely defensive Strontium-90 in your baby's bones, lady. Purely defensive, ma'am. Just like Hiroshima.

Some of us have Hiroshima in our blood, you old men!





PRODUCED BY BAIBE ROBOSO  
THEY PLACO SOME  
LES GO GET  
MEET-TAH TASTE  
DING DA DIKKA  
DING DA DIKKA  
DING DA DIKKA

SHAKES CONES PLATO  
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CONE

UNH! DONI BOTHER  
ME NOW MAN CANI  
YOU SEE IM IN TO WIN GLUE  
MIRIA YOU GOVS  
DOIN DOWN THERE  
I WANT YOU  
CASE SO LVED  
AND RIGHT AWAY  
GET IT? OR ELZE

MAINTAIN  
YOU BERT  
NOW I AND  
LINKS THE  
THIS CASE  
IT'S A BIG  
I WANT IT  
SOUND BY  
TODORNO

THE DANK  
BE NEEZ  
YOU GOV  
ON A ROY  
I PAID THAPAT  
TO BATHY STARD  
IN THIN PANK  
MAE FU  
EAT OMBRE

THE DANK  
BE NEEZ  
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ON A ROY  
I PAID THAPAT  
TO BATHY STARD  
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TO BATHY STARD  
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EAT OMBRE

Now You See  
HERE I WANT  
THIS ICE CREAM  
BUSINESS - CLEANED  
UP, THIS IS AN  
ELECTION YEAR AND  
I DON'T WANT ANY  
SCANDAL

HONEST OFFICIA WE  
DIN SEE NO THING

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BIG  
TOWN  
HIGH A TOP  
THE MUNICIPAL  
BUILDING AN  
IMPORTANT CITY  
OFFICIAL MAKES AN  
URGENT PHONE CALL

YOU COME HERE SOME  
YES TODAY NOW I WANT  
KNOW JUST WHAT HAPPENED

KNOW THOSE LITTLE  
SPYKAS CAN WIA  
A CHANCE I AND HERE  
ONE ALONE

KNOW THOSE LITTLE  
SPYKAS CAN WIA  
A CHANCE I AND HERE  
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SPYKAS CAN WIA  
A CHANCE I AND HERE  
ONE ALONE

SOME OF THOSE KID'S  
SAW WHAT HAPPENED  
BUT I CAN'T TELL ONE OF  
THE NEXT

LISTEN GEORGE JUST  
INVESTIGATION, NO...  
NOW LOOK WE JUST  
CONTRIBUTION TO OUR  
CAMPAGN FIND AND

LISTEN GEORGE JUST  
INVESTIGATION, NO...  
NOW LOOK WE JUST  
CONTRIBUTION TO OUR  
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# pop

by David Walley

Instead of modern music breaking down barriers, new walls and categories are continuously being erected. The newest wall, ART-ROCK, is the most orerous. Art Rock is a special form of rock music in which the musicians openly use classical forms to make a fusion with rock and roll. There are various groups which specialize in art rock, and most touted in the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble. The NYRRE according to its press hype supposedly is the most inventive group around - even Leonard Bernstein likes them. If that is the case, what is this 'art-rock' all about, and how does it relate itself to rock music or modern music as a whole.

Art rock, if it is examined closely is schismatic in as far as it upholds the parts over the whole, the origins of rock over its present expression. (For classical music is a logical extension of the old masters in every sense.) Good rock is an amalgum of styles including the classical composers like Bach and Beethoven as well as the contemporary music of Cage or Stockhausen. Rock is its own thing. The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble is superfluous within the context of rock music because they generate a meaningless form of cultural snobism about the 'special nature' of their music. As well, they seem to misunderstand the nature of rock music as a creative form in and of itself. The NYRRE is composed of a majority of conservatory trained musicians (3 of 5) who could not make a clean break, not with their classical training, but with the superior attitude which goes along with it vis-a-vis 'pop' music.

Everyone from the Times on down has been lavish in their praise of the quintet's work. However, these critics with their accolades belie their own ignorance about the nature of music be it 'classical' or modern. They also fail to listen

## FULL DRESS



ART ROCK, ANYONE - OR AN ANTI-REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK ROCK AND ROLL ENSEMBLE

to other groups less touted, but more talented who are neither as self-conscious about classical music and correspondingly have been playing one hell of a lot longer than the Ensemble.

The two groups which immediately spring to mind are the Mothers of Invention and the Nice. The former group of talented musicians need no introduction or further-accolades since they indeed uphold the highest traditions of modern music. The Nice, an English trio are something which need a little discussion. This particular band makes no pretensions about being classical ecclectics, however, the organist, Kieth Emerson, can switch from a Jimmy Smith to a Bach invention or tocatia without skipping a beat, and without sounding out of place. (Give a listen to ARS NOVA, VITA BREVIS, their second album to hear what I mean.) Emerson can play rings around E. Power Biggs, the highly touted organist, but that doesn't wind up in the press kit - the audience who has heard the Nice perform will vouch as to their classical ecclecticism but to the detriment of their own individual style of music. The Nice relate to the classics unselfconsciously on an organic level. They realize that music has no divisions, that 'pop music' is a continuum.

Modern music changed constantly in case the critics haven't noticed. Art rock is not a contemporary medium of expression as much as it is essentially conservative. From the begging of musical history, composers and musicians have created from their present backward incorporating what they had heard to give them insight into what they were creating. In art rock the opposite seems to be true. The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble doesn't use rock as their medium and classical music as part of their natural tradition. Rock is the novelty which is musically alluded to but never really used for its own creative potentialities. (For an experiment in pretentiousness, listen to their second offering called Faithful Friends.) The NYRRE as a highly touted rock experiment fails because they play derivative rock and merely adequate classical music. Like dilettantes they Ensemble toys with modern music under the delusion that rock represents an aberration of what good people, the concert going minority ought to listen to. And in order to make rock acceptable to these people it must be disguised.

Not all rock can be placed under the rubric of 'modern music' in the best sense. Just as in the 80's and 90's of the last century when Strauss was grinding out his waltzes, so now there are more than enough commercial rock music to deaden the sensitivities (fill in your own blanks). Gimimics to sell since many people are lost, the 'classical gimimic' is in vogue and thus the Ensemble has its critical acclaim. Obviously taste can be manufactured if coated in enough snob appeal.

Art rock is more than just an attempt to capitalize on the

(Continued on Page 15)

# thilm

by Lita Elisen

contact contact (starting with small letters means that you have been happened on - in print - by the reader, mid-glance, mid-word)

contact contact it has been a long time...why is there so little humility left when now NOW is when I know I need it most, the absolute mockery pride: to want humility and insist upon it but ho hum just can't get

down to where it is

today. Cause am'm jes so wonderful and knowledgeable.

well. Only the facts, ma donna, this is a forthright column.

This is a cry for help.

John Sinclair is in jail. A few weeks back, someone wrote in asking why so much space was being devoted to John (who, for readers of the Voice and Howard Smith, is not also named JC who happens to be someone else.)

Why John...? Because he is a man and there are precious few around; because he realized there is more to activin than words, more to valor than discretion, more to life than scraping the cuticle. There is believing that living should be joy to make the time and space flow instead of drag. There is grass - marijuana - to make moments go by with friends, visible and just around, and John is in jail for ten years because he gave 2 narcs some joints...and those lovely bastards gave him \$5 in gratitude. That's called "dealing."

So now do something cool and worthy and not especially dangerous: send money to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, 1510 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. Help keep amerika strong for the day when it will be free for someone's children.

And this sounds like a rather obnoxious bitch, and this sounds like a demand and it even sounds condescending and it is all of those because time runs out and words are words and John is still in jail while everyone argues logistics and passes a joint around the table feeling wise. And people write in asking why? so much time and space, but they wouldn't ask if John Sinclair was a product, something to consume - that would be a critical analysis.

OK, I want to eat John Sinclair. He is good.

Facts are the pieces of knowledge which you can pass on to another human being so that he may make use of them too. A limited concept of knowledge considering how many illiterates of all species understand evil. The ocean, oh ancient ocean, please forbid that Nixon read Maldoror and learn wher he came from: our collective conscious.

## NOTES OF COMMUNITY INTEREST:

Please, what is a dits...? Obliterate the function of a critic (I'm not a critic.) Feel first and ask questions later...much later. Of other people.

Coming! Soon! That's always of community interest.

(Continued on Page 18)

ATLANTIC CITY POP FESTIVAL

# rock

by J.P. Tepper

Why sweat in the discomfort of your New York City apartment? When you can journey to the New Jersey shore. Sounds like the familiar public relations run by the New Jersey Chamber of Commerce, but actually it is just one of the ways the Atlantic City Pop Festival was so widely advertised. Atlantic City, home of the Steel Pier, Nathans, (Jersey's version), the boardwalk and for the first weekend in August, the home of 150,000 rock enthusiasts.

The Pope Festival was unique. Unique in the sense that there was none of the hassle by the authorities that was so heavily predicted. The New Jersey State Police were present in their ever powerful ragalia, but were asked by Festival organizers not to set foot on the Atlantic City Race Track ground where the festival and the camping facilities were located. Only private security police were seen in their limited number, patrolling the track grounds itself, never wandering into the tent areas where the fragrant smell of grass filled the overcast sky. These camping sites were open and clean and soon after the opening hours of the festival they bore such labels as "freak" and "ripple" cities, the latter being named for a cheap brand of Bowery whiskey.

Inside the track grounds themselves, the festival posed many organizational problems. On August 1st, the thirty thousand plus spectators were forced to see such groups as "Aum" out of San Francisco and Bill Graham, recording on Sire Records, perform while they sweated from the confines of their six dollar (daily) hard, cement seats. Slowly, both the performers and their audience became irritated: The groups, over their short forty-minute playing set and their audience, over their limited confinement. Although the groups did not succeed in extending their playing time, the rock audience soon vaulted over the many wire fences and onto the track itself, where they surrounded the "Manually operated, rotating state" only to be implored back to their seats by the patient civilian security forces. As the day proceeded with such groups as Dr. John and Mother Earth, so did the attempts of the spectators to release the bonds of their confinement, and as the Friday dusk arose, with Iron Butterfly and the Chambers Brothers, the hassles of confinement were removed permanently. On Saturday, although the security forces attempted to control these surging attempts, they could not contain a stampeding thousand, dripping wet rock freaks from climbing the fences and flying into the refreshing coolness of the infield lake and to the sounds of the Byrds and their "Mr. Spaceman" many of these one hassled freaks now swam nude and unconcerned. This freedom inside and outside the grounds was there to stay for the rest of the weekend.

In the pre-festival publications, it did not appear that the Atlantic City Pop Festival would be as successful as it was. Local advertisements were at a minimum, considering the

number of people who came from as far away as Canada and the few who attended from Jersey. The group attending was typical of the "hippie robed" listener, the common "dirty hippie" and the motorcycle freaks who together formed a surprisingly cohesive audience. Musically, the Festival offered the big names in rock music, and depending on your tastes, you could rate their performances. The 13 piece Canadian group; Lighthouse, became the most pleasant surprise of the Festival. By combining string and brass, they overcame the problems of poor sound system to perform "Hey Jude" "Dock of the Bay" and "Eight Miles High" all in an exciting style.

In addition such performers as BB King and Creedence Clearwater Revival continuously brought the audience to its feet in response to their performances. Unfortunately, Tim Buckley tried to compete for the crowd's attention with a style not directly linked to his, and therefore suffered the rude responses of the sometimes vicious rock crowd. In addition to these performers, Procol Harum, Three Dog Night, Chicago, The American Dream out of Philadelphia, Booker T and the MG's all performed to a very responsive audience.

It seems that in organizing this festival, some basic facts were overlooked which might have made the Atlantic City Pop Festival a perfect event. Being held in a spacious race track, the available land on the infield should have been taken into consideration, to relieve some of the congestion of bodies and personal belongings. The concessions should have been more craft conscious than sales conscious and the groups themselves should have been organized into a format, according to their various styles. It appears that the ACF may be the most positive preview of the upcoming Woodstock Music and Arts Fair yet to be unveiled.

## Dr. JOHN



photo by Louis Erick

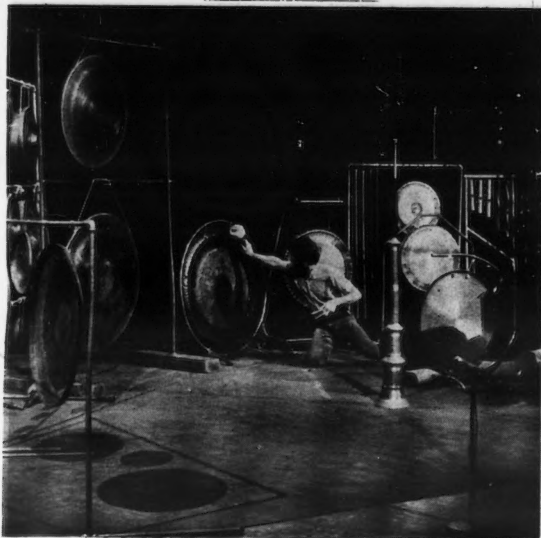
Birth is  
an explosion  
as  
violent as  
death.



(Probe CP 4504)



RECORDS WITH THE GOOD. GOOD FEELING!



**by JOHN HILGERDT**

It's incredible, absolutely incredible, the way the Woodstock Music and Art Fair has grabbed just about everybody in town. Out of town, too. Old friends from the Coast started drifting into town a couple of weeks ago, often as not bringing welcome relief to local heads with them, and everybody and his uncle is trying to scrounge free tickets.

It wasn't all an up trip. It made you feel a little funny to use the title "Woodstock" when it wasn't anywhere near there (which I suppose is just as well as the honks are pretty uptight there this year). Also, there were some negative vibes from some of our holier-than-thou brothers accusing the producers of "rock imperialism." Walkill rednecks put the people through





some changes, too, when they kicked the festival out of their town, but they probably did more good than harm. Setting off the instinct for survival of our way of life and for our music, they, if anything, brought the community closer together.

Trustworthy people (I haven't been there myself) tell us that it's a beautiful sight, much better than the old. While a

large chain operation will be the main food concessionaire, many brothers will be there with smaller stands offering everything from organic to Mexican food (be sure to get some tortillas from Carlos at the El Tacos stand - outasite!) and the Hog Farm was flown in to help people set up free rice kitchens.

(Continued on Page 14)





Hollywood Here I Am; STEVE GEBHARDT: A Numbers Racket; ED MONTGOMERY: Supernova (laughter); HERBERT KOSOWER: The Face - BOWLING GREEN State Univ., Bowling Green, Ohio 43402

MIDNIGHT - NYC - NEWSREEL: For The First Time; History of a Battalion, Community Control - ELGIN

**AUGUST 15 - FRIDAY**

8:00 PM - CAL - Salt of the Earth - HOLY

9:00 PM - NYC - LIONEL MARTINEZ: Attitudes; JERRY WAKEFIELD: Be-In 69; MAURICE AMAR: Instants; BEN HAYEEM: Xmas 67; ARNOLD WESTON: In Progress - U-P

10:00 PM - NYC - JOHN DULANEY: Outing, Fly Family Spectrum, Menat, California Dream, K-16, BN-16, Film Called John Oken, others - AM-EX

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Nocturnal Dream Show - PALACE

MIDNIGHT - CAL - New Films From Cuba; LBJ: Laos, The Forgotten War; Fifth of May; Madina Boe; For the First Time - TELEGRAPH (Benefit for Alan Blanchard)

2:00 - 4:00 AM - NY - Tentative plans for films for the 3 nights of the Woodstock Music and Arts Fair - White Lake, Bethel, NY

**AUGUST 16 - SATURDAY**

9:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX

10:00 PM - NYC - Repeat of Friday program - U-P

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS - Underground film programs some made up from the Ann Arbor Film Festival tour this circuit of 17 theaters - CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - PALACE

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'MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - TELEGRAPH (Benefit)

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 8 - VALLEY

**AUGUST 19 - TUESDAY**

6:00 PM - NYC - LES LEVINE - GARY LEE NOVA - C - M

**AUGUST 20 - WEDNESDAY**

9:00 PM - CAL - Film-Rap - 8, S8 & 16mm open screenings with discussion and wine - TAMALPIAS

**AUGUST 21 - THURSDAY**

8:30 PM - CAL - Program of Underground films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-Op. 8 - 16mm open screening after regular program. - CANYON

**AUGUST 22 - FRIDAY**

8:00 PM - CAL - Underground film program - HOLY

9:00 - NYC - Repeat of previous Friday program - U-P

10:00 - NYC - Repeat of previous Friday program - AM-EX

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Nocturnal Dream Show - PALACE

MIDNIGHT - CAL - NEWSREEL: Summer of '68 and other new films - TELEGRAPH (Benefit for Alan Blanchard)

**AUGUST 23 - SATURDAY**

9:00 and 11:00 PM - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX

10:00 PM - NYC - Repeat of Friday program - U-P

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS - Underground film programs some made up from the Ann Arbor Film Festival - tour this circuit of 17 theaters - CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - PALACE

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - TELEGRAPH (Benefit)

**AUGUST 25 - MONDAY**

8:00 PM - NYC - Community Workshop Film Festival - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK

**AUGUST 26 - TUESDAY**

6:00 PM - NYC - VICTOR GRAUER; JEROME HILL; MICHAEL MIDEKE - C-M

**AUGUST 27 - WEDNESDAY**

9:00 PM - CAL - Film-Rap - 8, S8 & 16mm open screenings with discussion and wine - TAMALPIAS

**AUGUST 28 - THURSDAY**

8:30 PM - CAL - Program of Underground films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-Op. 8 - 16mm open screening after regular program - CANYON

**AUGUST 29 - FRIDAY**

8:00 PM - CAL - Underground film program - HOLY

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Nocturnal Dream Show - PALACE

MIDNIGHT - CAL - The Cameraman (Buster Keaton) - TELEGRAPH (Benefit for Alan Blanchard)

**AUGUST 30 - SATURDAY**

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Ann Arbor No. 1 - ACADEMY

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 2 - ART CINEMA

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS - Underground film programs (some from the Ann Arbor Film Festival) tour this circuit of 17 theaters - CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - PALACE

MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - TELEGRAPH (Benefit)

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WORLD PREMIER  
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**aquarian**

(Continued from Page 11)

There'll be music and craft workshops, art displays, poetry readings and theater happenings.

Craft shops, too, such as Fur Balloons, who in addition to their tie-dyed shirts will have a replica of their "infinity chamber" (go to their shop on West 4th St. and Bank Street in the Village for the real thing - it's a gas) and will lead a participatory music and theater number. More important, we're told that there are lakes and ponds for swimming and woods and meadows for walking and goofing around.

Jane Friedman of Wartoke Unlimited, publicity agents for the Fair, told us the producers have taken steps that, they hope, will prevent reoccurrence of hassles that have plagued some other festivals. To avoid a possible momentous traffic jam at the gates, peripheral parking lots have been set up and 200 buses hired to shuttle ticket-

holders back and forth to the site. This arrangement was also designed to control gatecrashers, who have been blamed for previous problems (which is bullshit as the only hassle comes when the internal security people are uncool and call in outside riot fuzz instead of dealing with it themselves in a positive way). Those without bread and tickets will be allowed in an area, they say, within sight and sound of the performance area, with free rice meals served. Campsites are free, too, and inflatable day-glo vinyl tents will be sold for \$3 each (sound groovy, but probably as hot as hell.)

Their professional cop, Wes Montgomery, has hired 356 off-duty NY fuzz to patrol the grounds. They will be out of uniform (in blazers or somesuch) and will not, the producers claim, carry guns or clubs. They have power of citizens' arrest only, they say. Be cool. Booze is verboten, too. If you get hassled, try to get

someone from the Hog Farm to help you out.

We called John Roberts, president of Woodstock Music, at White Lake the other day, where crews were working 18 hours a day getting ready for crowds estimated at 150,000 plus, to ask how things were going. "The town has really been beautiful," he claimed and said much local enthusiasm for the venture. (Helped, I'm sure, from some spreading of bread around town). Some local nervous nellyes, rightist freaks and rednecks are uptight. As expected. Someone put up a sign asking that locals not buy milk from Max the Dairyman, whose farm is the site for the fair, but one local chick has suggested we all buy a quart of milk from Max so he doesn't get burned.

Well over a hundred thousand tickets, mostly for all three days, have been sold already, guaranteeing the largest turnout ever for a rock show. Roberts said he expected sales to reach

These are Stefan's words found in his diary by his friend, the writer-director of "More". They were written when he began his journey. The film tells what happened to Stefan and Estelle, the strange, beautiful girl he loved.

*I finished my studies in May. I wanted to burn all the bridges, all the formulas, and if I got burned, that was all right, too. I wanted to be warm. I wanted the Sun and I went after it.*



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**aquarian**

150,000 by the time the gates open this Friday and termed rumors of a quarter million rock enthusiasts showing up a "nightmare." (If they're not putting us on, these figures indicate a gross of, about \$2½ million of 150,000 ticket sales.)

Reading like a who's who of rock, the thirty groups booked will offer twelve hours (in forty minute segments) or orgies of sounds each day, from two in the afternoon to two in the morning. But, to the producers, the music is only part of the whole event, which they see as "three days of peace and music." And a "monumental exposition to see what the culture of people our age (they're all under 25) is all about."

How to get to Woodstock Music & Art Fair in White Lake from New York:

Take the New York State Thruway to Exit 16 (Harriman & Route 17). Then take Route 17 (North) Quickway to Exit 104. Proceed south for five miles. Signs will be posted along the way guiding you to Fair and parking lots.

Best way to thruway from city is over the G.W. Bridge to Palisades Parkway. Take the Palisades Parkway north to thruway (northbound). Total trip should take the better part of two hours. Fair grounds open at 10 a.m. and music starts at 2 p.m. Food stands, etc, will be open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m.

**pop**

(Continued from Page 8) cultural snobism of classical music. It is the type of music which Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic crowd can safely consume without getting the real message of rock. It reinforces their belief that their still-born art rock creations are still relevant. It reinforces as well the idea that rock is not 'modern music,' not part of the continuum of musical history stretching back to plain song and Gregorian chants, and that rock because it is enjoyed by the sweating masses (not concert-oriented in the traditional sense) cannot be considered as relevant as 'classical' or 'conservatory' music.

If music has to live within the confines of a conservatory then it deserves to rot away since it really is no longer relevant today. (Continued on Page 16)

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ing clay, stop by one of our work shops and see what you can give and take.

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**Music starts at 4:00 P.M. on Friday, and at 1:00 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday**—It'll run for 12 continuous hours, except for a few short breaks to allow the performers to catch their breath.

\* White Lake, Town of Bethel (Sullivan County), N. Y.

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**pop** (Continued from Page 15)  
 The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble as it represents art rock is even more dangerous because implicit in its promotion is the idea that musicians who are not classically trained are not as well equipped to play. This concept is false and base. The average rock musician may not be able to quote you title and composer of a particular piece of classical music but most probably he has heard the piece somewhere and has incorporated the structure of the piece into his head and it has become part of his musical knowledge. If a person claims to be a musician, he has listened to many types of music. (Let the NYRRE play trios and sonatas since they seem to have more feeling for those things than they do for rock, since they cannot take advantage of the freedom which rock gives them.)

Art Rock is just another label made by record companies, PR agents, and yes, critics who feel that labels can better hype a group than public approval, or if not approval, than at least a public hearing. Rock music is already splintered enough - it needs to make no more excuses, no more labels to make it acceptable. Rock is modern music, the logical and natural extension of classical music of

Bach and Brahms. If the NYRRE is the best that art rock has to offer, than art rock is as synonymous with 'bubblegum' music, though, of course, of a more exclusive nature.

**crazies** (Continued from Page 3)  
 "We feel that the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee should be more militant. That's why we decided to take charge of things here. We've been trying for years to get up here and present our ideas. But the Committee doesn't want to hear from us. All they're interested in is the CP line." Prince George-Crazy-Yippie had no concern about the long-range effect of his action. "I don't think what we're doing will split the movement," he declared. "We go around and make the enemies, so that the Parade Committee can gain the support. Besides, we're not into organizing."

Michael Luckman, a spokesman for the Parade Committee, refuted the Prince's charges that Teague or the Crazies had been denied a voice in the coalition group. "The Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee," he said, "is a coalition of 150 different groups working to end the War. Those guys dropped out ages ago because they couldn't have their way with the whole group. They can't expect to drop out of the

Committee and then be represented."

From the stage there was a dignified silence as a delicate, yet very tough-looking member of the New York State Black Panther Party took the podium. "We're all a part of the same class struggle," she said. "We cannot let racism or ideological difference divide us. **POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**"

From the Crazies came the shout: "POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

From the audience: "POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

From the Teaglets: "POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

From the Parade Committee Officials: "POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

And for a brief moment there was unity. Doug Dowd, the newly-elected Chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, took advantage of this temporary calm to make his statement:

"We're not going to end Capitalism this way," cried Dowd, who is one of the original founders of SDS. "This meeting is a success for the Army, for the United States, for Reaction. For Christ sake, we've got to stop caating each other up like this!" (Continued on Page 18)

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Nude male model, 26, White, Bodybuilder, 6' tall, well endowed, will pose for photographers in your home or Studio. Call 246-3292 10 am to 10 p.m. FEE \$25.00

Chicks, couples wanted for erotic photography and - or video theater. Call 925-2835 or 925-0632. Photographer also available for free-lance assignments and portfolios.

Groovy male model, 28, slender, white will pose for you. 120.00 per hour. Call my service 9 p.m. to 9 p.m. only. 228-0900. Jack De Silva

BARBARELLA and Phoebe Zeitgeist types wanted for fantastic futuristic photo exhibit at United States Gallery of Erotic Art. Girls call Tim Boxer Pl. 7 - 3995 and leave name and number.

Young photographer is looking for girls with no hang-ups and dynamic bodies for nude modeling. \$20.00 per session. CALL days 565-2649

FEMALE MODELS or actresses, no experience OK, for features, send photo to studio, Surinan International, 67 Johnson Road, Somerset, N.J. 08873s

For the cream of the grooviest male nudes in New York call the Rolls/Royce of them all. "The Trojans." 679-1911 2 p.m. to midnight. "Discretion and Integrity" "Your thing is our thing."

Photographer needs models experienced and non-experienced caucasian, negro, etc., for illustrations of dresses, etc., book covers, pin-ups figure for magazine. Call 1-6 George Sava, 134 Fifth Avenue. 691-8530

Youthful nude models - male will pose for you or otherwise assist you in "doing your thing." Your thing is mine. CALL RW 9-0277 Nino

ATTRACTIVE females needed for nude photography. Painters, parties, etc. TOP PAY for those with no hang-ups. CALL 679-1911 2 p.m. to 12 midnight.

Groovy looking female model, age 23, will pose for photographers, painters, parties, amateur professionals, etc. CALL 679-1911 2 p.m. to 12 midnight.

Many young male figure models (age 18 to 28) needed for nudist magazine. No experience necessary. \$10 per hour CALL AL 5-2711

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75.

Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe 255-2711

## MISC.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT. Notice to the CIA and all SY shitheads who participated in Project Purple Shaft: After that fiasco in the GDR you worms did your best to screw, blue and tattoo me. You even tried to have my ass dusted in Berlin...you fuckups! Now it's my turn to do a little shafting. Cordially, R.C. Nagell.

Passenger(s) to help drive to L.A., Frisco, August 20. Share expenses. Please call collect 203-435-2971. Cathy.

The secret of calf development plus 3 training tee-shirts (M) (L) send \$5 to George's Physical Improvement Program; 51 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901

YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, MALE MODEL 21; available for your thing anytime. Your place or mine. Ask for Paul Stuart 751-1700. If no answer leave name and phone number.

FEATURE PICTURE. Now in production is looking for the perfect, far out, blonde all american type girl, age 21-26 to star in balling sequence with romantic all-male lead age 24. He's waiting. We cameras are too. Good pay, on location just outside NEW York. For interview call 989-2112 or (914) TU 9 4055

Need electrician to wire printing press for freak oriented printing concern. CALL 228-8640 or 254-8763

Chemicals and glassware. List of good suppliers in U.S. and Europe. \$2.00. Box 648 Yakima, Washington, 98901

SECRETARY - Groovy gal typist wanted for legit typing and personal assignments. Good pay, hours in writer's pad. CALL 874-0692 any time.

## IMPERSONAL

Hear my Heart - when darkness reveals respect - & the core consecrates an architect Hear my Heart - when a mountain shrivels into perception & attainment destroys conception. yu 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart - when softness returns to annihilation & bondage yearns for confrontation Hear my Heart - when transparency recoils into suicide & judgement entombs the outside yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart - when the lion hypnotizes an embryo & veneration envies the incognito Hear my Heart - when loyalty laughs at castigation & originality triumphs with exploitation yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart - when expansion surges the source & fulfillment avoids the force Hear my Heart - when the tempest measures a birth & creation respects the berth yu-2-4471

Females - Couples - Males. Young masculine attractive hung male offers oral stimulating intercourse and satisfaction..1st Ad. DISCREET. Photo, Phone - Nel, Box 11, Forest Hills, New York 11375

Shy male, 26, interested in music, psychology, people and companionship wants sensitive female to share same. All replies confidential. "Bob" P.O. Box 202, Parkchester, Sta., Bronx, N.Y. 10462

Bachelor 32 white, 5'9" 170 lbs., German with car, wishes female swingers 17 and over, also companion to Miami November. Send Photo. Mr. H.F. Box 405, J.F.K. Airport Sta. 11430

Inexperienced handsome, cleancut boy, 18 (white) desires attractive woman 23-34 to show me the pleasures of love. Photo, phone or address. All answered. P.O. Box 20 Williamsbridge Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10467

Athletic European guy wants to share his village apartment with an open minded girl. Send name and phone number to Box 337 Village Station, NEW YORK 10014

Sensitive, intellectual male student 20 seeks compatible, sincere girl to help him overcome homosexual orientation. Send photo. Box 414 Cathedral Station N.Y.

10025Two males, early 20's good looking, straight, seek females - any race - for sexual involvement. Send photo for IMMEDIATE answer. Write: P.O. Box 115 Forest Hills N.Y. 11375

Young, handsome man, taking four day tour of Montreal late August desires uninhibited, sexy female companion; your expenses paid. I. Grant, P.O. BOX 135, Rahway, New Jersey 17065

LONELY MAN wants long friendship with young lady who realizes that love is an art, and appreciates equally physical and artistic sides of it. I guarantee maximum of both. Me, well educated, cultured, handsome, humorous, 30, Apt. N.Y. Please write soon, Box 552 Times Sq. Station N.Y.C. 10036

LADY - To love with me and my teen daughter. Rear major ski resort in Massachusetts if you want, can arrange office or sales work. Details. J.J. Young, Mt. Freedom, N.J. 07970

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 and if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Avenue, N.Y.C. Please, gals only

White, good-looking male 25 can go all night (with gals). Friends call me Super Fuck. Write Dave Strum 18 E. 41st St., N.Y. Rm. 1502. Give phone number.

## UNISEX

Does a really attractive masculine male, 23-35 mature enough to last 1:1 relationship exist? Handsome, educated guy, 32, wonders. Send photo. Box

61, Kingsbridge Sta., NYC, 10463

Tall, handsome, ex-navy guy. 32, rugged physique, wants to meet attractive masculine white males (25-45). Photo, phone please. Box 1173, F.D.R. Station, N.Y.C. 10022

Man in late forties would appreciate company of a sincere young male student who enjoys good conversation, the theater, short trips to the mountains, and just good fellowship. I am the type who is always tempted to answer ads but never does and would appreciate especially hearing from the young student who is also tempted to answer but doesn't please give details. Box 8, Ramsey, N.J.

**BODY BUILDER** - New Yorker on vacations seeks guys interested in wrestling, boxing, weights and judo. H. McLaughlin, Box 650, Livingston Manor, N.Y. 12758

**WANTED:** Young beautiful boy desiring fine things of life with 23 year old guy. Need give only affection in return for luxuries of life. Prefer boy in teens willing to live at my home. Must be available immediately. For short or long relationship. Must send photo and phone number for reply. Should be masculine and hairless. Steve P.O. Box 27, Frederick, Maryland 21701

Negro Male, 20's would like to correspond with masculine gay or bi white males under 35. Possible get together and some sexual fun. Any area. Photo please. P.O. Box 1746 Rochester, N.Y. 14605

### S&M

**LEATHER** subscribe to "What's new in 'A TASTE OF LEATHER' monthly newsletter" 1 year \$3. 3 months - \$1. (incl. brochure) A.T.O.L. Box 5009-EVO San Francisco 94101

**WANTED:** Straight-Gay, Married-Single, good looking masculine guys 18-40 with interest in nylon, garters, hose, etc. Am mid-twenties, good looking, swimmer type body, bizarre tastes. Write R. Cunningham 520 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10036 Those enclosing photo answered first.

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Call "Mark" for massage. Complete discretion no matter how complete the massage. (10 am to 11 pm.) 799-1008 AIR CONDITIONED

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Young man is available for giving rub downs. Why not call me now at: 288-4748. Ask for Thad. 10 am to 11 pm.

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**HURRY SWINGERS..FREE** wild color magazine with hundreds of personal ads and photos. Send \$1 for postage and handling to: The Continental Spectator, Room 504 152 W. 42nd St., NEW YORK CITY, 10036. 1 AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.

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**WORLD GAY GUIDE.** "Le Guide Gris." 191 pp. 12 city maps, descriptive details, bars, hotels, beaches, baths, etc. 67 countries (except US) 74 listings in London alone. 9th year of publication. \$5. B.K. Baird, 1317 Hyde St, Apt. 5, San Francisco, Calif.

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### Crazies

(Continued from Page 18)  
It was over. In a flash the Parade Committee vacated the stage, leaving only the Crazies behind. The rebels finally had to platform to themselves. But alas, no audience. From the side of the stage, someone was waving a pigs head with a prophylactic stuck on its nose. Around the neck of the pig was a sign labeled "Teddy Kennedy." "POWER TO DA PEOPLE, POWER! POWER!" The pig waver kept shouting. But from down below, a furious peacenik was screaming at him: "We're not going to let you forget this, Crazy. You better watch your ass!"

### thim

(Continued from Page 8)  
Wonder: that a record like Uncle Meat can exist, full of tender buttons and the soul carefully hidden under a dazzle complex, tucked away from eyes which never wanted to know. Uncle Meat belongs to you, still; here because we needed to have it, this saga of what really happened in rainy day county when the hero shot it out with his heroine, all foretold on the bubble gum cards. The true story of what happened to this country which is liketh a blob of jelly (J-E-L-L-OHHHHHHH) and which still supports thousands of teeming antholes on the viscid surface. The Mothers take their skill, compassion and their very own sense of humor (which is indestructible and explains their existence) throw it all together and produce a r-sided rap on the state of the 4th. King Kong Variants during which individual members of the band make personalized statements about what happened to that chick when she was in King Kong's hand, or, The Tory of the Thumb and oooooo-ooooo what it was like!

Science fiction is the logical mode for the album, allowing for

certain probabilities to be possible - that you will hear the album - and certain other phenomena: that you will listen. It is a wonder structure: I wonder if it can exist. It does, we all live here by golly, and that's a wonder for sure. You can spend your whole time worrying why you are here, and you can drink muddy water, or be a coon dog the next time around... You can take the energy given to you to create and out of this energy will emerge a special time and space in a particular form. Uncle Meat is the LP form devoted to not worrying why we are here but what to do now that THAT is true.

Bacics: It is a record about the complexity we live in, and the obscured boundaries between what is known to be happening and what might be, the obliteration of music-noise by working with sound. Look at the cover, the yellowed teeth, the blood, the little doodles, the complete design. That's america, blood and guts but always time out for a scene of comic relief to help the agony. And Uncle Meat will resign forever. Because what is wrong with this country is that nobody is uncomfortable enough to move - or that's not true of course: all of us are moving, it's just Then...

Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band have broken up, but it seems it will be a more than ordinary while before the pieces fall back together again, it was an implosion and not an explosion.

Jefferson Airplane (and I wanted to write Audobon: Jefferson Audobon. hm) are in town and in their very own highalutin' callys-chassis way are such a pleasure such a pleasure. More at leisure and interview in a later issue. Paul Williams...said...complexity and kineticism: ways to say,

**FEMALE SLAVE ART STUDIES.** 20 4 x 5 photos. 5.00 10 for 3.00. Sample set 2.00. Sahara Photo, P.O. Box 4993, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

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**LADY** - TO live with me and my teen daughter. Near major ski resort near Massachusetts. If you want, we can arrange office or sales work. Details. J.J. YOUNG, MT. FREEDOM, N.J. 07970

Looking for young, slender, pretty female for skin painting or photography? I will pose for you in my studio. 12 E. 18th St., 2nd Fl. afternoons. CALL Anna 691-9831

Cute, slim 19 year old black boy, 5'6", 125 lbs. wants to pose for photography, etc. Tel Richie 691-9831 afternoons.

Young male model, 6'1", 165 lb. swimmer, attractive, and hung will pose for photography, etc. Your studio or mine. Tel. Tommy 691-9831 afternoons 1-7 p.m. \$5

Five Male Models, young, masculine, hung and very attractive, will pose for photography, etc. in our own studio afternoons. 12 E. 18th St., 2nd Fl. 691-9831

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love and a science of the arts as  
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inside, ah, inside: the book is a  
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will get more attention. But this  
week, without being  
melodramatic, nothing else  
seems as interesting as what is  
actually happening in this  
country, where Sinclair is in  
Jail, as are other friends, where

people are still being killed in  
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