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# HELLIX

20¢



VOL III NO I LNS-UPS FB 15



# THE FUG

Thing's

The New Music is the passionate wife who moans in the frigid bed of Northwest culture.

Milton Katims went to the Eagles to dig Charles Lloyd. The Seattle Symphony maestro was richly impressed by Lloyd's combo but he couldn't understand what the light show had to do with the music. Survival on a psychic frontier depends almost entirely upon one's ability to make connections. Katims isn't making the connections. Seattle's Symphony is primed by enormous grants from the Ford Foundation and the federal government, yet still it wallows in red ink. Rightly so. It's a matter of evolution. You can't preserve things artificially and expect them to be viable. Symphonic music has the stink of museums. The new music has the stink of life. Roll over, Beethoven. We are a culture on a psychic frontier and the New Musicians are the agents of our ferment.

Consider the Fugs. Wait! Turn your mother's picture to the wall. Now. Consider the Fugs. Into stifled, brutally proper Seattle--into the pang, the void, the dark and the drear--came the Fugs dripping joy, jism and vasoline, strumming a back-seat boogie, ripping off our masks, pulling down our pants, assaulting our hypocritical propriety, goosing our super up-tight plastic dignity, shaking the very drown of the Space Needle with their pagan praises of Peace, Pot and Pussy.

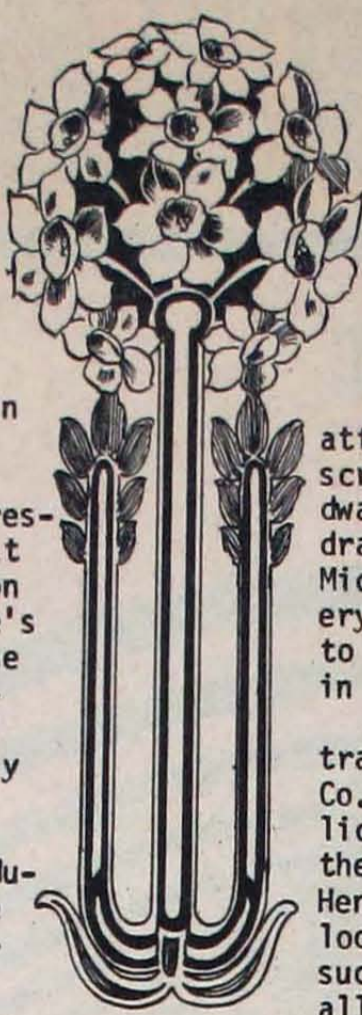
There they are on stage at the Eagles, Tuli Kupferberg scratching his testicles (in 4/4 time) while Ed Sanders engages in cosmic crotch comedy about the teeney-bopper who sliced off her right nipple while shaving her armpit ("it wriggled until sundown") and Ken Weaver drums a solo in the middle of the Fugs' golden oldie "Donkey Puke" and preaches an old-timey backwoods sermon on the evils of chastity and LBJ.

After the concert, we fall by my pad for a little refreshment and Sanders insists, "The Fugs are not obscene. If we were obscene we'd cut the heads off of kittens or bomb Vietnamese. That's obscene. We use words like 'fuck' in a positive, tender, non-prejudicial way. 'Fuck' is not a hate word, it's a love word--and that's how we want kids to use it. If we wanted to put somebody down we'd say 'celibate you' not 'fuck you.' There is no unity in celibacy and a world without unity is a world obscene."

## ( SOME MORE OF THE FUGS ) THING

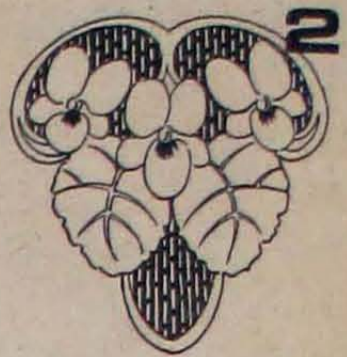
There is folk-rock, hard-rock, acid-rock and raga-rock. I guess you could call what the Fugs play bed-rock. The Fugs cut through hypocrisy like a chain-saw through a padded bra. Jazz and folk always have contained elements of social protest. Good classical music and the best of today's rock music transcends social commentary and enters the spiritual, metaphysical, religious realm. But pop music, pop always has been about just one thing and that thing is sex. When your mommie and daddy sang "Making Whoopee" they weren't talking about playing ping pong in the rec room, and when Bing Crosby crooned "I'd Love to Get You on a Slow Boat to China" what he had in mind, mom was a nice private uninterrupted six-week pants-down scene. Man, even in his most exalted moments, is a thoroughly biological creature. The Fugs place the human animal securely within his biological context: they have dispensed with the vulgarity of Doris Day euphemisms. And far from disgusting, there is something majestic in the trembling humorous beautiful terror of biological honesty.

Musically, the Fugs have come a long way since their first album when they sounded like a riot in the perversion ward of a Mongolian funny farm. Incongruously, this trio of hairy gross ginch gropers is the most intellectual, sophisticated and literary ensemble in rock. The raw poetry of their lyrics is studded with references to mythology, literature and ancient history; they borrow freely from Blake, Swinburne, Ezra Pound, D.H. Lawrence (naturally), Shakespeare, Ginsberg and grand opera. They hire the best back-up musicians they can find, and on their next album Kupfer-erg said they are spending \$1,500 per song out of their own pockets in order to enrich the musicianship. For example, on one cut called "The Bread Crusts of Paris" ("about some Parisian shit-eaters"), they are employing a top arranger and have hired a jazz singing group from the French Academy to back them up in Gallic. The Fugs, you see, really care. At intermission Friday night Sanders was way up tight because Weaver was playing every number with equal raucity. "Why can't he be tender?" Sanders repeated as he paced backstage. Later, Sanders searched through my phonebook for mortuaries that might rent him a casket for a routine he wanted to add to the Saturday show. Renting a coffin isn't going to bring one extra person into the Eagles--no one would know of it in advance. And, actually, they can do the routine without a real casket. But Sanders is willing to spend the money because the Fugs sincerely care about the quality of their performance.



# HENDRIX

by Tom Robbins



Hardly had the Fug juice dried on Seattle's windshields than Jimi Hendrix screeched into town looking like a black dwarf cowboy Oscar Wilde in Egyptian drag. "Sexiest male in the world," said Mick Jagger of Seattle's own Jimi and every King County teenie-bopper old enough to wash out her own Lollipop panties knows in her heart that Mick is right.

As for us men, having had our prostrates massaged all weekend by Sanders and Co. we're set for some post-Fug psychedelic banshee blues and panther rock. But the atmosphere is different now because Hendrix will not be heard in the easy looseness of the Eagles; no, he's been sucked into the Pat O'Day syndrome with all of the phoney baloney implicit in that milieu.



## EVEN MORE ABOUT THE FUGS

They care, too about the quality of life in America. Musically, they may never be in the same league with the Beatles, the Doors or Country Joe--even though many of their tunes are memorable. But musical expertness is not really their function. Jesus sent the Fugs down to cure our people of Puritanism--a disease that causes more human misery each year than cancer and coronary thrombosis combined. The Fugs, dear gentle monsters, reign like poet-kings in that area of the New Music that is concerned with liberating the mutilated nervous systems of a population imprisoned in a dungeon of Ego, strapped to the torture rack of Fear. Relax and listen, say the Fugs. Listen and dance with natural grace to the sweet songs of your glands.

Incidentally, the Fugs report that the scene next summer will be Chicago. Especially during the week of the Democratic National Convention. There will be live New Music in the park every day, plus street theater of extraordinarily absurd dimensions. The entire American underground digger freedom freak complex will be involved.

A week before (before O'Day and pals talked Hendrix out of a Boyd Grafmyre Eagles date and signed him for the Arena), Jimi's new LP was listed as "Up and Coming" at the bottom of the KJR Top 40 album charts. Now, with ominous suddenness, the album shoots into the No. 2 spot in the ratings and KJR begins playing Hendrix records for the first time. "He's so big!" rhapsodizes O'Day. Yes, Hendrix is so big that Tom Hulet, who handled this particular promotion for O'Day, had never heard of him. When Hulet, an ex-football player who looks like a cop, found out Hendrix is a Negro he freaked. "God," he groaned, "I hope we don't attract a lot of colored people." And O'Day, himself, kept referring to Hendrix as "boy," a term that is not exactly melodious to Central District ears. It's all a highly non-professional operation. The critic from the P-I had to knock at the backdoor to get in to review the show, and the Helix, the only publication in the area that consistently reviews rock performances, received no passes at all.

I used to think that O'Day and associates were a musical Mafia, but I've come to the conclusion that they aren't really dishonest--they're just dumb. When O'Day collapses into multiple orgasms over the City Zu (one of the lamest groups in the west), he probably really thinks the Zu is good. The man, like most DJ's, simply has no sense of aesthetics, no feeling for quality; he responds to music not in terms of profound sonar sensations that can tickle the innards and push back the walls of consciousness but only in terms of big-deal promo and dollars and cents.

Listening to rock in the Arena is like making love in a file cabinet. It's a study in frustration. For much of the audience, the band is entirely outside the field of vision--you have to turn your neck 180 degrees to see. And there is no way to turn your head far enough to hear. Some used-car salesman mentality is repeatedly on the PA system warning that there's "a city ordinance that prohibits no smoking" (sic) and "that goes for them incense sticks, too. I like to smell 'em as well as anyone else but it's against the law." At the mention of "law", the abundant fuzz in the place does a little inward goose-step hard-shoe and the young freedom lovers squirm in their beaver-trap seats.

Hendrix comes on, 30 minutes late but splendid in robin's-egg blue vinyl slacks and a Comanche scout hat. He plays it straight--no copulating with his guitar (does Stokley know that Jimi's much-screwed guitar is white?), no shoving the mike up the drummer's arse. After all it's a long way from Monterey and his mother is in the audience. Jimi's voice is like raspberry preserves--thick and sweet and the seeds stick in your ears. He has a very limited range and not much gradation in tone. It's a standard blues voice, but too artificially mannered to handle gut-bucket phrasing. There is warmth in his timbre, however, and some surrealistic poetry in the lines. On the guitar, Hendrix does not hold up under analysis, either. For all of his explosive dynamics, his chording is bulky and course. For all of his electric weirdness, his changes are amateurish and contrived.

Yet, despite the shallowness of much of his sound, Hendrix is a hotly exciting performer. What he lacks in content, he makes up in style. He is, in fact, a master stylist; an outrageous exponent of high black showmanship. He is Adam Clayton Powell on DMT and freaking fine, thank you. He possesses an uncanny sense of manipulation--by skillfully maneuvering the atonal effects of electronic distortion into parallel relationships with traditional blues melody, he molds the mood of his listeners and tantalizes them into making his trip.

Hendrix, like the Fugs, is a valid art tremor in the New Music space-quake. To ignore his savage discourse is to leave ourselves at the mercy of some new meaning that may lurk in ambush at the center of a primitive blaze. The fire THIS time, Uncle Miltie. Within us and without.





BARRY SCHACHT



BARRY SCHACHT

## SEATTLE IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL A SNEAK PREVIEW

The rain stopped, the clouds went away and the sun appeared. Sunglasses sold faster than crystal. A crumpled pair of shorts were rescued from a forgotten drawer. Freshly waxed squad cars stalked the Ave. Teeny boppers bloomed in the February Thaw and litter piled up on campus. Summer '67 rerun.

The kickoff came with the City Council meeting last month when Police Chief Frank Ramon publicly advocated that U District merchants join the police force in an overt conspiracy to close down the "three hippy establishments".

The Deli lost its lease. An ignoble end for the world's only addictive delicatessen.

A sign appeared (reprinted here) in the window of The Churn (formally V.D.'s) ice cream parlour which tearfully informed hippies they were no longer welcome. The next day counter pickets were organized and festive crowds formed, consisting mostly of cops and newsmen.

But the Churn's discrimination had a twist to it.

For many months the Churn has been losing money, about \$10,000 worth. The Churn, always filled with people but not with customers, became the place to loiter. Cops made hourly forays into the back corners, looking for curfew violations. Smack moved faster than Swiss Chocolate Cherry. All in all a bad scene.

The Churn's owner, Russ Bucklin, soon found himself on the horns of the proverbial dilemma. Sales volume was so low his business was threatened and at the same time pressure from cops and local businessmen was mounting. Serve hippies and get harassed to death as sales decline, discriminate and have no business at all: that was the choice.

Caught in the middle with nothing to lose, Bucklin opted for the hips -- by "discriminating" against them. The now famous notice in his window was formulated by hips and the pickets were hips hired by the Churn.

By this action the establishment's clandestine maneuvering was exposed and Ramon's theory that closure of hip businesses would eliminate hippies was exploded. Instead of vanishing, hippies and their variant species simply took over the sidewalks. In the absence of any loitering law (thank God) the police were powerless to contend with the growing crowds.

The Churn's action also pointed up another problem -- how do you distinguish hippies from non-hippies in order to discriminate against them? When is hair too long? Clothes, too outrageous?

No, the Churn is not discriminating, although it is enforcing a 30¢ minimum. But this does not mean the whole affair is a massive shuck. The behind-the-scenes pressure, the harassment, the latent fascism of the police and the need for organized and concerted resistance on our part, all that is very real.

Last week I ran into two of the plainclothesmen who haunt this area. One (I wouldn't think of compromising his anonymity) said, referring to the Churn, "I think this whole thing is silly." His companion echoed displeasure adding, "It's all a big shuck!"

"The Churn claims to have been harassed. No law against two playing the same game, is there?" I commented.

"Harassment, ha! He doesn't know what real harassment is!" the first narc replied.

"Well, I hope he doesn't find out." And with that I departed.

Well, the stage is set, the actors know their parts and are waiting anxiously in the wings. All that remains is the curtain cue.

The District is a carnival sideshow. To me you are the performers; to you, I am an insignificant extra in the chorus line. We--cops, hips, straights, or whatever--define each other's roles. Good, bad, or indifferent, together we will determine this summer's outcome.

**WALT**

BARRY SCHACHT



## BE-IN

According to the Feb. 9-15th issue of the L.A. Free Press, "representatives of the LA hip community," (Green Power, LA Diggers, Free Clinic etc.) have agreed to supply monitors to control unseemly behavior at LA be-ins, in exchange for a reduction in police participation at such functions. Unseemly behavior include smoking pot, drinking, making love, suggestive dancing and...chicks in miniskirts without panties! (really) Monitors will wear red arm bands.

Paul Johnson, of the Diggers, was asked by the Free Press what he would do if a small contingent broke away from the main group and began violating rules. Replied Johnson, "I'd ask you for the dime to call the Man."

The SF Diggers, someone once said were originally formed--sans title--to feed people in the park, after curfew, during a SF race riot. The LA diggers, according to the same issue of the FP, are now the Diggers Creative Society, and have a board of directors.

Fortunately it was too cold at the Volunteer Park be-in on Sunday for young ladies to venture out in pantyless mini-anythings, so the number of citizen's arrests was kept to a minimum.

NO HIPPIES

(we discriminate)

### CHURN

Although they are not violent and have not troubled us Although they are quiet by nature, ultimately loving friendly, and quite often considerate -- we note that --

having long hair, beads, beards a wealth and profusion of color about them -- are somewhat unorthodox in appearance, attitude and behavior.

Further, it has been brought through pressure to our attention that the "powers that be" will be brought to bear on us should we not submit to social convention and this establishment continue to be frequented by hippies and finally from economic necessity we are forced to observe that many prospective patrons fearing personal discomfort are avoiding us.

HENCE

If you are one of the former people

you are a hippy (alas) and no longer allowed to play in here with us and our ice cream

The Churn

## more fugs

BILL SCOTT





# ! DIVINE !



Photo by ALLEN ZAK from the Lafeep

"Faggots! Vultures! Creeps!" screamed Mike McClure after the LA opening of his sexpoemplay "The Beard". "You're a bunch of faggots and creeps!!" he yelled at the banks of TV cameras and interviewer's mikes. "Once more for the cameras, Mike," a crew-cut cameraman asked. "Faggots! Vultures! Creeps!" A reporter from KHJ-TV shoved a mike in McClures face and asked, "Are you proud of that piece of garbage we just saw?" "You are a faggot and a creep!" McClure screamed tossing his locks.

As expected "TheBeard" has caused considerable controversy. Before the play opened police came to the theater during rehearsals and announced that they intended to tape and film a performance to be used as evidence against the actors and directors. Robert Barrows, producer of the play, succeeded in getting a restraining order against the police. On opening night the police handed him a citation for operating without a permit which they refused to give him. On every following performance night the police have arrested, booked, mugged, incarcerated and set a bail of \$1200

each on the two actors, the producer and the director, charging them with "the performance of, or aiding and abetting the performance of a lewd and immoral act."

Before each performance the producer makes this announcement: "Every adult is capable of deciding for himself whether he wants to see this play or not...if you don't like it you can walk out. But what is happening to your rights when the police are attempting to prevent the performance of this play by seizing the cast and taking them away?? The play you are about to see, in my opinion, is a work of art...you are free to say that I'm wrong, I'm an idiot, that it's the worst play you've ever seen in your life...But if the police can do this to us they can do it to anybody they disagree with. They can do it to you..."



## SNIPER

WHEN JAZZ-BLUES SINGER RAY CHARLES HEARD THE RECENT PUBLICITY ABOUT THE LACK OF NEGRO ENTERTAINERS GOING TO VIETNAM, HE QUICKLY VOLUNTEERED - AND WAS JUST AS PROMPTLY TURNED DOWN. MILITARY SOURCES SAY HIS HIS BLINDNESS PRESENTS TOO RISKY A SECURITY PROBLEM WITH ALL THOSE VIET CONG SNIPERS ON THE LOOSE. (FROM THE FACTS)

## SUPREME

WASHINGTON D.C. DAVID P. O'BRIEN, A 21 YEAR OLD BOSTON UNIVERSITY STUDENT, WHOSE CONVICTION FOR BURNING HIS DRAFT CARD WAS OVERRULED BY THE FIRST SUPERIOR COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS LAST YEAR ON THE BASIS THAT DESTROYING THE CARD IS A FORM OF "SYMBOLIC SPEECH" PROTECTED BY THE FIRST AMENDMENT RECENTLY TOOK HIS CASE BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT. NO OFFICIAL DECISION WAS MADE BY THE COURT FOR JUDGMENT, HOWEVER, THE THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY THE SEVEN MEMBERS PRESENT WERE FAR FROM FAVORABLE TO O'BRIEN. HINGING UPON THE O'BRIEN DECISION IS THE FATE OF RUSSELL WILLS, A UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON STUDENT, RE-CLASSIFIED 1-A FOR RETURNING HIS DRAFT CARD, AND CONVICTED FOR REFUSING HIS SUBSEQUENT INDUCTION.



BOSTON MASS. FEDERAL DISTRICT COURT JUSTICE JAMES FORD, IN A HEARING CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC, SET BAIL FOR ALL FIVE ANTI-DRAFT DEFENDENTS AT \$1000 WITHOUT SECURITY. TRIAL FOR DR. SPOCK, REV. COFFIN, FERBER, RASKIN AND GOODMAN WAS DELAYED ON REQUEST OF THE DEFENSE FOR 30 DAYS, WITH 20 DAYS ADDITIONAL FOR THE PROSECUTION. ALL PLEADED "NOT GUILTY." AS THE INDICTMENTS WERE HANDED DOWN A THOUSAND MARCHERS IN SUPPORT SURROUNDED THE BUILDING. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE HEARING 2200 PEOPLE HEARD THE MEN SPEAK AT A RALLY AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

## STRIKE

CHICAGO, ILL. AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT STRIKE AGAINST THE WAR IN VIETNAM, THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM, AND RACIAL OPPRESSION WAS SCHEDULED BY THE STUDENT MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE AT ITS NATIONAL CONFERENCE. THE STRIKE IS SCHEDULED TO BE HELD ON APRIL 26, 1968. THE DAY BEFORE THE ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATIONS PLANNED BY THE NATIONAL MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE.

MIND EXPANDING POSTERS

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## STARVING

CINCINNATI O DeCourcy Squire, arrested with 86 others after a Dec 7 anti-draft demonstration at the new federal building, has refused to eat since her imprisonment 71 days ago. The 18 year old girl is drinking water and eating only vitamins and is kept in a four by eight cell with a hole in the floor for her excrement. She says, "In a situation where my freedom is being taken away from me, I will not assist by giving up my freedom nor by acting in such a way as to imply that I consent to having my freedom taken...By fasting I want to say as strongly as possible that human beings do not belong locked up in cages."

## SCIENCE

WASHINGTON, D.C., FEB 9 (LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE)--SEN. THOMAS DODD'S SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS PLANNING HEARINGS ON LSD. THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN SCHEDULED.

THESE HEARINGS WILL CONSIDER LEGISLATION TO MAKE PERSONAL USE OF LSD OR POSSESSION FOR PERSONAL USE, A FEDERAL CRIMINAL OFFENSE. JOHNSON HAS GIVEN THIS LEGISLATION HIGH PRIORITY.

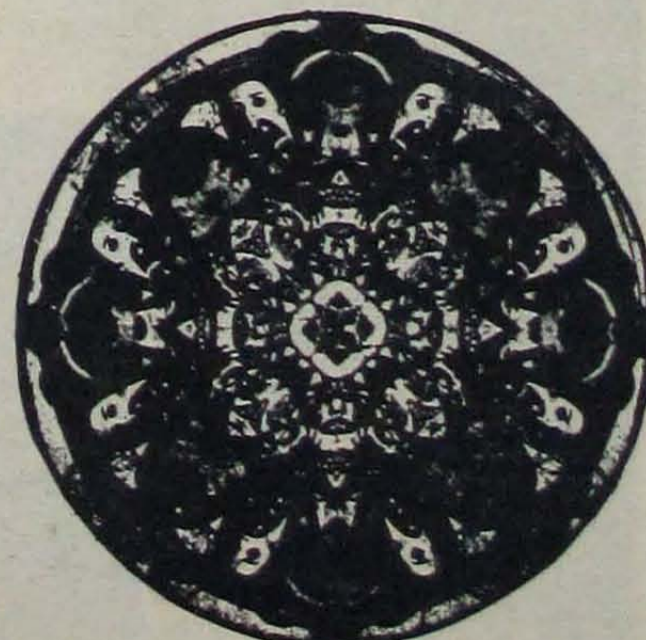
THE PSYCHEDELIC INFORMATION CENTER OF WASHINGTON D.C. (P.O. BOX 4958) HAS REQUESTED THAT MEDICAL AND PROFESSIONAL PERSONS AND ORGANIZATIONS TO WRITE TO SEN. DODD TO ASK TO TESTIFY TO MAKE THEIR VIEWS KNOWN. "UNREASONABLE FEAR OF LSD COULD CAUSE PASSAGE OF DAMAGING FEDERAL LEGISLATION NOT BASED ON EVIDENCE," THE PSYCHEDELIC INFO CENTER SAID. THE CENTER ADDED, "WE WILL KNOW WHO DOES TESTIFY, AND WOULD APPRECIATE HEARING FROM ANYONE WHOSE OFFER IS REJECTED."



'High' spider  
Scientist injects LSD into a spider. Under the drug, spider builds an oversize web. Morphine slows 1/2 hour job to 3 hours.



WASHINGTON D.C. (LNS) McCARTHY'S LAST SUPPER WITH HIS DISCIPLES, DAVID PETERSON AND DAVID LLOYD JONES OF THE U.S. STUDENT PRESS ASSOCIATION. PETERSON IS ON McCARTHY'S RIGHT WEARING A SUIT, LLOYD JONES IS TRYING TO RESTRAIN JERRY RUBIN, ONE OF THE UNDISCIPLES PICTURED. AS RUBIN AND OTHER JOURNALISM FREAKS CONFRONTED McCARTHY A FUNERAL CORTEGE MOURNING THE DEATH OF AMERICAN ELECTORAL POLITICS SLOWLY MADE ITS WAY INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM. SIX MEN CARRIED A COFFIN LED BY A WOMAN BEATING A DRUM. McCARTHY LEFT UNEXPECTEDLY.



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# BRINK OF DOOM COMIX

@ALGERNON BARKISH and M Rodriguez



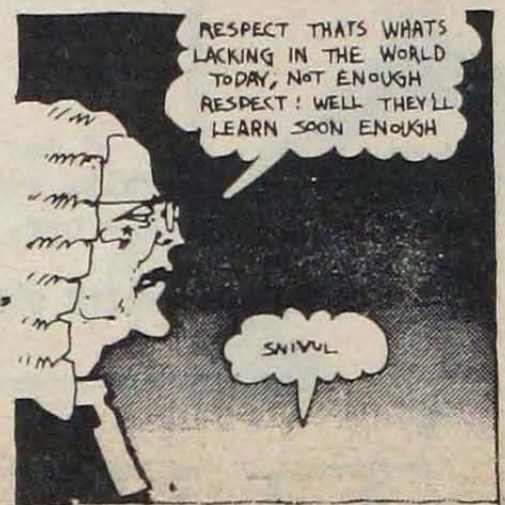
# WHA?

BROOKLYN, N.Y. A THOUSAND COPIES OF THE LATEST EAST VILLAGE OTHER WERE SEIZED AT A NEWSSTAND AND TWO MEN WERE ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF POSSESSION OF OBSCENE MATERIAL. THE SEIZURE, ATTORNEY ELLIOT GOLDEN, HAS INTIMIDATED SOME DEALERS FROM CARRYING THE PAPER. ALLAN KATZMAN, EDITOR OF THE OTHER, FILED FOR A TEMPORARY INJUNCTION AGAINST THE SEIZURE WHICH WAS DENIED BY FEDERAL COURT. THE CHARGE REVOLVES AROUND A CARTOON WHICH ACCORDING TO AN EVO SPOKESMAN, "SHOWS A GUY EATING A GIRL." THE EVO CARTOONS BELOW, BY R. CRUMB, EVIDENTALLY AROUSED NO LEGAL PRURIENT INTEREST.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



# DISCIPLINARIAN



# SNOT

MILLBROOK N.Y. SRI RAM ASHRAM, YOGA COMMUNITY AT MILLBROOK, HEADED BY GURUJI, WILLIAM HAINES, SEEKS TO EXPAND AND ENRICH PERSONAL LIVES THROUGH THE PATHS OF YOGA. LAST DECEMBER COUNTY SHERIFFS CAME UPON THE SANCTUARY OF ASHRAM, FIVE TIPIS IN THE WOODS AND SNOW, THEY SMASHED HOLY SHRINES, DESTROYED THE TIPIS AND ARRESTED THE TWENTY RESIDENTS OF THE CIRCLE. MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY, LIVING IN A LARGE HOUSE AT MILLBROOK, HAVE HAD THEIR PRIVACY VIOLATED BY DEPUTY SHERIFFS WITH WARRANTS FOR FICTITIOUS PERSONS, ARTHUR KLEPPS, CHIEF BOOHOO OF THE NEO AMERICAN CHURCH BLEW HIS NOSE ON HIS HANDKERCHIEF. DURING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SEARCHES, STUFFING IT INTO HIS POCKET HE WAS NOTICED BY AN EAGLE-EYED DEPUTY WHO CONFISCATED THE HANDKERCHIEF AND ITS CONTENTS FOR ANALYSIS AND EVIDENCE.

I wanted to know my mother when she sat looking sad across the campus in the late 20's into the future of the soul, there were black angels straining above her head, carrying life from our ancestors, and knowledge, and the strong nigger feeling. She sat (in that photo in the yearbook I showed Vashti) getting into new blues, from the old ones, the trips and passions showered on her by her own. Hypnotizing me, from so far ago, from that vantage of knowledge passed on to her passed on to me and all the other black people of our time. When I die, the consciousness I carry I will to black people. May they pick me apart and take the useful parts, the sweet meat of my feelings. And leave the bitter bullshit rotten white parts alone. LeRoy Jones - Evergreen



THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON VIETNAM COMMITTEE IS PLANNING TO HOLD A TEACH-IN ON FRIDAY MARCH 1. A LARGE NUMBER OF GUEST SPEAKERS HAVE BEEN INVITED, INCLUDING SUPPORTERS OF THE WAR. UNFORTUNATELY, ADMINISTRATION SPOKESMEN ALL APPEAR TO HAVE FULL SCHEDULES. VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY WISHED THEM A SOMEWHAT CRYPTIC "BEST OF LUCK". ANTI-WAR SPEAKERS WILL BE: BRIG. GEN. HUGH B. HESTER, DAVID MARR, GRACE NEWMAN, ORVILLE SCHELE, MIKE LEIBOWITZ, AND FRANZ SCHURMAN--ALL AUTHORITIES ON THE FAR EAST.



BERKELEY, CALIF., FEB. 5 (LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE)--HEADS, BARE FEET, AND OTHER "FANTASTIC GETUPS" WILL HEREAFTER BE NO LONGER PERMITTED IN LOCAL POSTAL CARRIERS ACCORDING TO A NEW FIAT.

ASST. POSTMASTER GENERAL RICHARD MURPHY HAS DECIDED BEARDS MUST BE "KEPT TRIMMED" AND HAIR KEPT "NOT BELOW THE EARLOBES" IF 'HIPPIES' EXPECT TO WEATHER SNOW, SLEET, ETC. FOR UNCLE S.

THE P.O. HAS BEEN FORCED TO HIRE THE LONGHAIRS, MURPHY SAID TO UPI, BECAUSE IT IS "HEMMED IN BY NUMEROUS LAWS AND REGULATIONS WHICH WERE DESIGNED TO PREVENT DISCRIMINATION IN HIRING ON GROUNDS OF RACE, RELIGION OR POLITICS."

"THE HIPPIES," HE ADDED, "ARE HIGHLY EDUCATED SO THEY MAKE TREMENDOUS SCORES (ON THE POSTAL INTELLIGENCE TEST) AND GO RIGHT TO THE TOP OF THE HIRING REGISTER."



## SYRCUS

The Chrome Syrcus has left Seattle again for New York and the Robert Joffrey Ballet production "Astrate" They will stop enroute in San Francisco to do the music for some TV program. They were contracted to play at the International Pop Festival in Rome which fell through. However, if the Festival is somehow revived the Syrcus expects to fly away to Italy. Their album is out at last

You don't have to be Jewish

ORANGEBURG, S.C. (LNS) FEB ( THREE BLACK STUDENTS WERE KILLED, AND 50 OTHERS INJURED, AND MORE THAN 40 JAILED BY ORANGEBURG AND SOUTH CAROLINA TROOPERS AFTER THE POLICE OPENED FIRE ON A GROUP OF DEMONSTRATORS ON THE CAMPUS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINE STATE COLLEGE, A BLACK SCHOOL. THE FIRST RIOT OF OF 1968

## BUTTONS

I'D RATHER SAVE MY ASS THAN JOHNSON'S FACE

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"All of the words like love are buried"  
JOAN BAEZ

## FESTIVAL





# FUS

WHAT PRECISELY IS HELIX?

This newspaper is one of several members of a so-called Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) that has been established from Coast-to-Coast.

The Helix has busied itself espousing smutty attitudes (editors note: see centerfold) of anti-war and anti-draft movements, champions American Civil Liberties Union moves against the Law, violently opposes this country's laws and police officers in certain areas, publishes articles and pictures that according to US Supreme Court rulings have socially redeeming qualities but otherwise would be classed as pornography, stands up for drug abuse, champions conscientious objections, and reports on U.S. military personnel involved in drug and anti-war activities asking for reader support of the "poor G.I."

No one, I know, knows precisely who wrote this little burst of flatus. It is taken from one of 40 odd pages "apparently" published by the Army to expose the vast plot that nets several Seattle institutions. It is not generally available; it was slipped to us. The Principle target in this edition of the eternal fight between the rhetorical forces on the Right and the Left is the Free University. FUS is exposed thusly...

Although there are basket weaving and pottery type courses listed as part of the school curriculum and tend to give the establishment an aura of respectability, the Free University of Seattle is nothing less than a communistic institution designed to recruit new members for the party and its affiliates or the "New Left."

The affiliates, it turns out, though "not active members of the Communist Party U.S.A., they certainly practice and preach the "party line". In other words they are the pseudo-intellectual dupes. After the 7 introductory pages of the FUS expose follows "the list", or Part II "Organizations Affiliated with the Free University of Seattle and Part III "Individual's Affiliated with or Members of the Free University of Seattle and Their Biographies." McCarthy used to wave lists, and the fascination with masses of materials, collections of facts, and statistics of all sorts has always been a part of the superficial trickery typical of slander. Example: "Of the courses offered at the Free U, over 50% of those accounted for have been leftist or at the very least questionable in their intent."

After you finish the initial curiosity of seeing your's and many of your friends names in print the entire report if then read as a comic put-on is very funny. One twitters. I twitter. Having spent two quarters of FUS time as Curriculum chairman I can, upon reading the report, advise that we drop our charges of "red baiting" (after all, some of our best friends are RED.) and take to literary criticism. Then, this report will illicit much the same response as that garnered by Mrs. Barger from U. of W. students when she showed here DATA (drugs and their abuse) film there last fall. In fact, the entire report sounds a good deal like Mrs. Barger. Her little committee having spent all that time collecting and filing all that material (records, tapes, films, etc.) would certainly like to see it get into all the right hands available. If then, it is Mrs. Barger's gift to the Army we have, at least, explained for ourselves the incredible naivete exhibited in the report. No super-trained intelligence expert would admit to some of its more blatant tricks designed to suggest that snooping had been done which just wasn't done. Example: "Unfortunately, the operation methods of the Free U preclude identifying military personnel by name, their reason for attendance or the actual number in attendance." Operation methods at the Free U. involve almost open-everything. If you really wanted to find out the names of every student there you could. Also, asides or "items of interest" are stuck in here and there whenever, mainline, triple AAA type communists (not those of little faith nor those who can be appropriated by proxy through the journalistic ideological jump) have been too long neglected the name of a real mainliner is inserted as friend of...friend...of...ad end of the state. Also the appeal to experts is particularly ingrossing. Example: "Experts on the subject of Communism have stated that it is part of the intent of the Communist Party U.S.A. to break the moral fiber of this country fo facilitate the downfall of the United States." This quote is followed by a particularly precious literary delight: the scholarly gesture to the "degree factor" so normally foreign to the either-or head of the fanatic. "This school, its subjects and curriculum, and its instructors appear to be headed in that direction."

In fact, the "direction" of FUS has always been haphazard. That is to its advantage, and to the inscrutable disadvantage of evensuper-sleuths.

## A Confrontation of spades

A white girl stands alone at night on a street corner in Seattle's Central Area. She wears a mini-skirt, textured stockings, flat-heeled shoes in shiny black and a coat of Woolworth pink. Her hair is mouse-colored. Her face is somewhere between desire and absurdity.

A colored girl approaches. She is quite tall, and she is dressed mostly in red --- red plastic coat, tight red stretch pants and red boots. Her hair too is red.

COLORED GIRL: Whatcha doin' baby?

WHITE GIRL: (murmuring) Waiting.

COLORED GIRL: Huh?

WHITE GIRL: Waiting, just waiting.

COLORED GIRL: Got a date?

WHITE GIRL: (hesitantly) Yes.

COLORED GIRL: How many dates you usually work a night, baby?

WHITE GIRL: One ... just one. Why?

COLORED GIRL: You hundred dollar a night girl, huh? Wow!

WHITE GIRL: (fingering her badge inside a coat pocket as her face turns more to absurdity and less to desire) I'm just waiting for someone.

COLORED GIRL: Ain't we all, baby, ain't we all.

WHITE GIRL: What are you doing here?

COLORED GIRL: Talkin,' waitin,' hangin' around.

WHITE GIRL: Waiting for tricks? (her face is a Concise History of Absurdity in Western Society as she asks the question.)

COLORED GIRL: Waitin' for dates, baby, jus' like you.

WHITE GIRL: ( showing the badge in the palm of her hand) But I'm different ... a lot different.

COLORED GIRL: You ain't no different. What's different if you're hung up on a piece of tin or a piece of ass?

A car drives up, a horn blows, a white finger beckons quite specifically at the tall colored girl. She enters the car, and it leaves.

WHITE GIRL: ( caressing the badge) I AM DIFFERENT. (her face is awash in absurd desires.)

## THEIR SILENT LOVE

The spy game is from the back side an independent daisychain of involved intrigue. Which is to say spies need each other. They take positive delight in screwing one another. The "super-secrets" are the facts of life, and the agents and counter-agents are brothers and sisters snooping into each other's pants.

It is one measure of civilization's maturation that it is now confidently explicating for itself the spy-style. The cloak and dagger, toughmindedness of old style spying is being quickly replaced by the sensitive style spying

sensitive techno-sexo-crat whose love for the machinery of his silent war is as super-articulated as his love of fine wine and women. With the popularity of James Bond came the deflation of the FBI. The fanatical hammerheads of the latter are epitomized by their leader J. Edgar Hoover. In the late forties and early fifty's Hoover was a national paragon for patriotic youth. Today he is generally appreciated to be a graceless, hot-headed, senile, impulsive Dick; infinitely removed from the international gamesmanship of sensitive spying. (This dichotomy of spy-style is fairly well parodied in a so somewhat second-rate film "The President's Analyst.")

Now, one of the men who made it all possible, H. A. (Kim) Philby, -- who has been called the most remarkable spy in the history of espionage-- will have the American rights to his memoirs published by Grove Press. The first U.S. publication is set for April's Evergreen with the book "M y "My Silent War" to follow.

Philby headed the Soviet section of the British Intelligence Service-- while he himself was a spy for the Soviets. As chief British liason officer with the American CIA, Philby was in a position to learn the most vital U.S. secrets--which he, of course, passed along to the Russians. Philby now lives in Moscow. The announcement that the memoirs would be published followed closely speculation that Philby was attempting to make some deal with either the British or American government to withhold publishing them in return for the release of some of his more unfortunate fellow-spies who have been caught. Now that they will be published, Philby's 30 years of double vision, including private conversations with J. Edgar Hoover, Allen Dulles, and others will prove embarrassing for some of the same.

at the NEPTUNE-  
now playing




I'm glad I got something they want"

JOHN HURT

**FESTIVAL!**  
A FILM BY MURRAY LERNER

NOT AVAILABLE  
AT BETTER  
BOOKSTORES



the poor man's  
periodical

5-issue  
subscription  
for \$1

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FOR  
A  
SAMPLE

ASPECTS MAGAZINE  
P.O. Box 3125  
Eugene, Oregon  
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at the NEPTUNE-  
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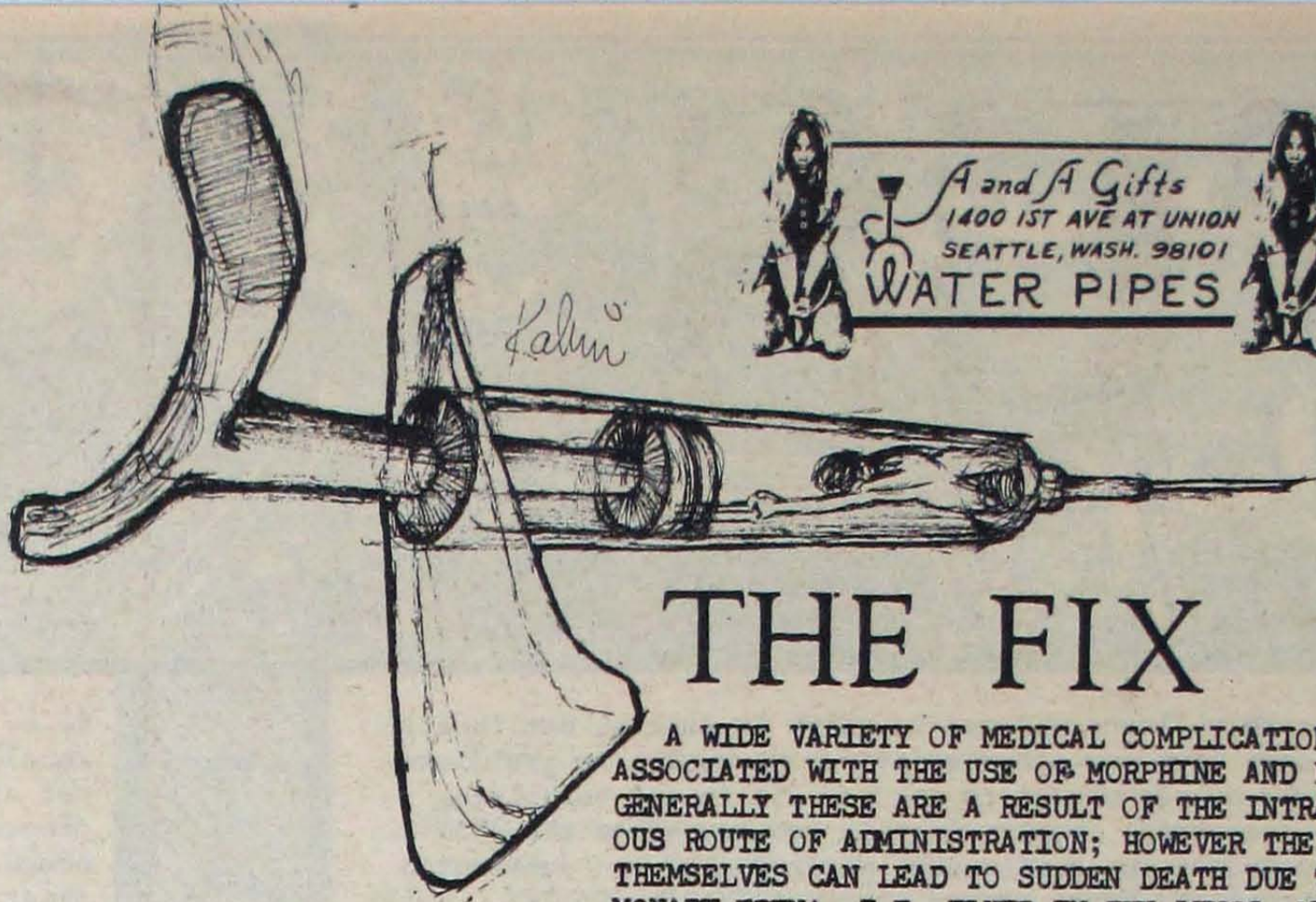
"In this  
Machine Age,  
it doesn't  
all have  
to come  
out of a  
loudspeaker"

PETE SEEGER

**FESTIVAL!**  
A FILM BY MURRAY LERNER



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## THE FIX

A WIDE VARIETY OF MEDICAL COMPLICATIONS ARE ASSOCIATED WITH THE USE OF MORPHINE AND HEROIN. GENERALLY THESE ARE A RESULT OF THE INTRAVENOUS ROUTE OF ADMINISTRATION; HOWEVER THE DRUGS THEMSELVES CAN LEAD TO SUDDEN DEATH DUE TO PULMONARY EDEMA, I.E. FLUID IN THE LUNGS--WITH OVERDOSAGE.

OVERDOSAGE CAN OCCUR FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS (1) UNKNOWN CONCENTRATION OF STREET OPIATES--A RECENT STUDY IN NEW YORK OF 132 STREET SAMPLES OF HEROIN REVEALED THAT CONTENT VARIED FROM 0-77% HEROIN (2) A PUSHER MAY DELIBERATELY OVERDOSE A USER (3) AFFECTS OF TOLERANCE--A USER WHO HAS GONE "COLD TURKEY" MAY BEGIN AGAIN WITH THE SAME DOSE THAT HE LAST TOOK. THIS MAY BE AN OVERDOSE BECAUSE TOLERANCE BUILDS UP TO THE OPIATES AND A PERSON NEEDS EVER INCREASING DOSES TO GET "HIGH"; THEREFORE WITH NO TOLERANCE AFTER BEING OFF HEROIN THE OLD DOSE MAY BE AN OVERDOSE (4) THE POLICE MAY BE CLOSING IN ON A SELLER AND HE MAY DUMP LARGELY UNCUT OPIATES ON THE MARKET, JUST TO GET RID OF THEM. THE DANGER OF OVERDOSAGE AND PULMONARY DEATH IS ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE WITH OPIATE USE.

MOST OTHER MEDICAL SEQUELAE OF OPIATE USE ARE A RESULT OF EITHER THE INTRAVENOUS ROUTE OF ADMINISTRATION OR SECONDARY TO GENERAL DEBILITY FROM LACK OF SLEEP, INADEQUATE DIET, OR SUBSTANDARD LIVING CONDITIONS. HEPATITIS IS THE MOST COMMON COMPLICATION OF HEROIN USE. (SEE PREVIOUS COLUMN). IN A STUDY OF 96 CASES OF COMPLICATIONS OF HEROIN ADDICTION 45% HAD HEPATITIS. THERE WERE 8 CASES OF ENDOCARDITIS (INFLAMMATION OF THE HEART VALVES) 4 OF WHICH WERE FATAL. ANOTHER COMMON COMPLICATION IS SKIN ABSCESSSES OR CELLULITIS (INFECTION OF THE SKIN) AT THE SITE OF NEEDLE INJECTIONS.

LUNG PROBLEMS ARE ALSO SEEN. IN THE AFOREMENTIONED STUDY THERE WERE 14 CASES OF UPPER RESPIRATORY TRACT INFECTIONS AND 3 OF BRONCHOPNEUMONIA. PULMONARY EMBOLISMS (BLOOD CLOTS GOING TO THE LUNG) ALSO OCCUR. THESE MAY ARISE FROM VEINS THAT HAVE CLOTTED OFF; A PIECE OF CLOT BREAKS OFF AND GETS INTO THE LUNG AND BLOCKS BLOOD FLOW TO THAT SEGMENT THEREBY LEADING TO DEATH OF LUNG TISSUE.

The Black Revolution started on Aug. 11, 1965 in Watts, California. Actually, it had been going on long before that -- 300 years or so -- but never before had it spilled out (in living color) through the TV sets of America Wonderland. From the arrest of Marquette Frye through the withdrawal of the National Guard eleven days later, the Los Angeles riot meant pure and simple the end of black passivity in the United States.

It is a Revolution that has been brutal and without doubt will get more brutal in the close future. But it is a Revolution with the end already in sight -- an end that by 1985 will see the black man in political equality and in many cases control of many of America's leading cities. Watts was the beginning of all that, joined by Cleveland and Chicago in 1966, Newark and Detroit in 1967, and who knows this summer.

Since it is next to impossible for the white person to understand the sense of isolation and alienation of the black American, things will go on the normal way: that is, nobody will do anything until the apocalypse. Then the whites will appoint a committee to investigate. The McCone Committee, for instance, investigated Watts (at a cost of \$300,000) and came to the conclusion that living conditions in the ghetto were not up to snuff. Mayor Yorty appointed a committee to investigate the McCone committee, suspecting they might be Communist influenced. Watts has had a lot of Committees.

And practically nothing has come of them. The bus service has improved a bit. Now one runs every half-hour or so, which is a great deal better than the three hour wait it usually took. But Watts is pretty much as it was before the riot. Except for the Watts Writers Workshop, which has made a big stride in that vast area of anger and despair.

Budd Schulberg (*On the Waterfront, The Disenchanted*) started the Workshop even before the last of the fires had burned themselves out. A man of great charm, honesty and incredible naivete, Schulberg took his life in his hands by going into Watts and trying, singlehandedly, to get something going out of the ashes. For three months, people simply ignored him, but then a young man, Charles Johnson, came around to find out what the hell Schulberg wanted, and that started things. The Writers Workshop was born.

Since then the Workshop has grown. Now there are four branches (one in Chino State Prison), and Houston, Texas will soon start one based on the Watts model. At present there are 70 members of the workshop. Their work has been published in major magazines throughout the United States, a NBC special was devoted to the Workshop, and an Anthology, *From the Ashes*, sold out in print.

This past week, five members of the workshop were in Seattle. Their purpose was to start a workshop here to uncover black talent. This kind of thing has been in the wind a long time, but the white establishment is never going to do it, and a workshop functioning under the white establishment probably wouldn't be worth a damn anyway.

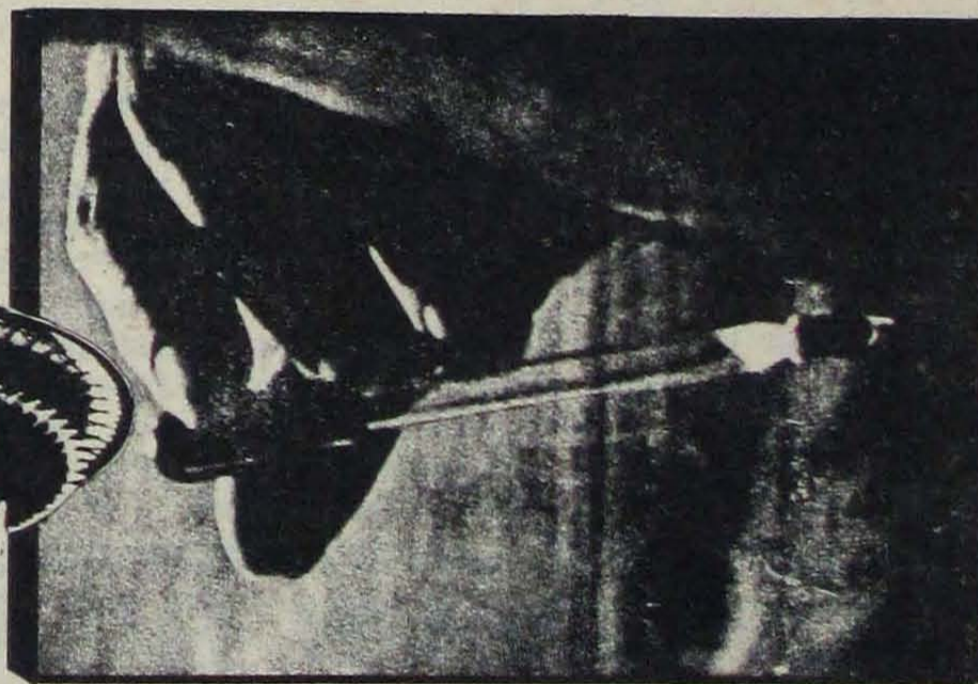
For seven days, the workshop people were all over the place. They did their thing at Garfield, Seattle U., KRAB, the Irv Clark show, and the Big University. Mostly, they got at people, but they kept their eye on the main point; the creation of a workshop. Sponsored by CAMP, the five writers may set up enough excitement to get something going before the great fire next time.

Not that success is going to accomodate the Watts people. They are not in the white man's bag. Most of the writers are convinced that Black Power is the answer. And they are right. By themselves, these people have produced more real art than has ever come out of the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities.

Take the case of James Thomas Jackson, 42 years old, a big, lovely man with a laugh that shakes walls. James came to Watts from Houston, arrived there the night the big fight began. His introduction to the ghetto was four fuzz shotguns shoved in his face through the car window. "Turn around, nigger, and get the fuck out of here," said Chief Parker's finest. So James turned around and got, but he later came back, and he came back to the Watts workshop. Jackson had been a writer before he came to L.A. He had been a writer for 25 years without publishing a thing. He was trying to write white man's stuff. Four fuzz shotguns gave him a new approach to creative writing. Now he says what's on his mind. He says it with great power and beauty. And he gets it published.

James Thomas Jackson is just one out of many, each with a lot of stories, poems and plays to write about Life with The Man. And in America, Life with the Man has become unendurable. From the "riots" and from the writing of the Workshop, one single theme emerges: rebellion against white authority and white control over black life. It would be healthy and wise to pay attention to that theme. If the white establishment listens, really listens, Seattle may yet be a city not for burning.

jack leahy



from the NAVAL

OTHER COMPLICATIONS INCLUDE SEPTICEMIA (GENERALIZED INFECTION OF THE BLOOD) TUBERCULOSIS, AN UNKNOWN TYPE OF CHRONIC LIVER DISEASE, AND PULMONARY HYPERTENSION SECONDARY TO FOREIGN BODY GRANULOMA.

OPIATE ADDICTS ARE HIGHLY PRONE TO DEATH AND DISEASE. IN A RECENT 12 YEAR FOLLOW UP STUDY OF OPIATE ADDICTS APPEARING IN THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE, THE MORTALITY OF ADDICTS WAS FOUND TO BE "TWO TO FIVE TIMES WHAT WOULD NORMALLY BE EXPECTED AND THE EXCESS MORTALITY SEEM ENTIRELY CAUSED BY THE ADDICTS OWN ACTS," THEY STATE THAT "NO PSYCHIATRIC GROUP IS MORE PRONE TO SUICIDE THAN NARCOTIC ADDICTS."

THIS STUDY REVEALED THAT THE "AVERAGE ADDICT REMAINED ADDICTED FOR A DECADE OR MORE; NEVERTHELESS, BY THE AGE OF FORTY-TWO ONLY ABOUT A QUARTER OF THOSE INITIALLY ADDICTED WERE STILL USING OPIATES. STABLE ABSTINENCE OCCURRED IN PERHAPS 40% OF THE CASES, AND FREQUENT RELAPSES DID NOT NECESSARILY PRECLUDE RECOVERY.

dr. bearman





Tupper WashPrep

All art reflects the age in which it exists, but theatre perhaps more than any other manifest the patina or grainlessness of the people who go to see it. It is not surprising that the commercial theatre in this country since the 1930's has evolved from the sentimental martyrdom of the depression to the tinsel and brass plated glare of "Hello, Dolly". We'll just sing and dance and laugh the lie away. Everything is wonderful. Have another drink and dance and sink.

To analyze the state of our theatre in any depth would be almost as arduous and dull as the theatre being analyzed. Suffice it to say that for the most part it is without passion, blood or guts. It is a theatre of gesture rather than immediate experience. The actors gesture feeling at the audiences, and the audiences gesture response back at the actors, and nobody feels a thing. Above all it is safe - safely comic, safely tragic, safely shocking. At best it only slightly resembles life, which is the point, of course. It avoids obvious failure by a perfection of technicality, and everybody is happy. Well, not everybody, because only about 4% of the people in this country go to the theatre, but those who go are happy. Well, at least some of them must be happy.

But the theatre is in a beginning metamorphosis. New scripts have begun to emerge. In the last five years off-off Broadway has begun to produce more honest statements in new forms and styles with new life and vitality. Experimentation is no longer thought of as an idiosyncrasy, but rather as necessary for survival. Obviously the change will be slow. The Establishment relishes the lie it has so carefully built and defends that lie with all of its awe-inspiring power. It will be able to maintain the status quo in the commercial theatre for a depressingly long time, but it can't any longer prevent or curb a revitalization in the life flow of other kinds of theatre. It is beginning to happen.

Ironically enough it is beginning to happen in Seattle at a new theatre called the Ensemble, located at 107 Occidental Avenue South, just off Pioneer Square. One primary reason for its possibility here is economic. The economy of the theatre, as in most other things in this country, is absurd. It is simply myopic to the point of blindness to believe that the continuing trend of grants can maintain the ever increasing cost of production without the support of the people at the box office. When the box office cannot begin to meet the cost of production even at 100% capacity, as is the case at Lincoln Center in New York City, there must be a tragic mis-evaluation of how things are. It is still possible in Seattle to work toward self support because of the comparatively low overhead, the largest factor being the rental of a building. It is not cheap even here, but it is more feasible, at least in terms of new theatre.

The Ensemble's physical plant is by no means perfect. There is much work yet to be done to make it atmospherically as appealing as we want it to be, but the beginnings are born. There is little or no separation between the audience and the production; the audience must see and respond to itself as well as what's happening on stage; and informality and relaxation are an integral part of the whole experience. There are tables and chairs rather than regular theatre seats on three sides of the thrust-pit stage to enable the audience to smoke, drink coffee or eat whatever they may choose to bring with them. The stage space itself in relation to the audience

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is by comparative standards almost ideal. It is large enough to allow visual perspective, design and experimentation, and yet at the furthest point it is only 15 feet from the audience. At capacity the Ensemble seats 140. It is small enough to allow genuine exchange, but large enough to allow theatrical expression of almost any size or dimension.

A physical plant alone does not make good theatre, of course. That lies more really in the total sensitivity of the people involved in a personal vision of life and its manifestation in art. The theatre is about what happens to people and what people do to make it happen. The vision of the Ensemble Theatre is to work toward the exploration of a life which is recognizable, a life and not a lie which must be faced and dealt with. In a real theatre there must be growth as people and between people and therefore as artists, which in turn allows more growth. In a real theatre there must be exchange; there must be touching; there must be blood and love and pain and joy and life - there must be feeling as well as brains. It must be a living medium, and living is never safe. We must be able to explore with audiences, make mistakes before audiences, and correct those mistakes for audiences. We must be able to go on, to experiment, to look ahead to the new. We must be unable to stop growing. Such a vision is not easy, but we have to try. We have to try because art is one of the few positive means left to make meaning in an absurd world, and if we don't try there is only destruction and death as an alternative.

A company for such a theatre takes time to develop, and the problems in developing it in Seattle are unique. Actors migrate to where theatre exists, and it hasn't existed in Seattle, so there is no great availability of trained, dedicated actors. But this is not all bad. It means we can develop our own style, direction and motivation without having to cut through habits ingrained from years of mis-training and ego demonstrations in the tar pits of the commercial theatre. The Ensemble has just begun workshops for the core of actors with which the theatre began, and we are now accepting applications from other actors that want to work with us toward the goals we have set up for ourselves. The workshops will involve basic technique in acting from the Stanislavski and Michael Chekhov point of view, as well as extensive experimentation in new forms and techniques. If you are interested in participating in these workshops, phone MA 3-3177 for further information. The workshops will be free, but the participants will be expected to work in other phases of the theatre's operation.

The theatre has been open seven months. We have done and will continue to do mostly new plays. We are interested in new unproduced plays by local playwrights, and we have two such productions scheduled in the Fall. In order for there to be exchange, there have to be audiences, and with patience and time we hope our ticket price of \$2.00 will more realistically allow theatre to become a vital, concurrent part of our lives rather than an occasion, expensive escape. We hope the excitement of our work will make people want to share it with us. If we can survive for a while longer, we may truly make something worthwhile. Obviously, we can't make it alone. We need your help - your attendance, your artistic contribution, your energy, whatever. Together we may truly make something worthwhile. We want to. We want to very much.

d. meader 9

## HOW I WON THE WAR

HOW I WON THE WAR is a technical pretension. It combines at once the latest in cinematographic chicanery with the old common laugh, the rib tickler and gut buster. Richard Lester's technical skill is not to be doubted; he produces all of the current techniques and devices in HOW I WON THE WAR without flaw and without purpose as well. Advice can be beautifully disturbing when used as a vehicle whereby an important concept is subtly highlighted. Lester has so many of these vehicles with nowhere to go that HIWW becomes a crashing bore and a rather insulting survey course of Film Method 1967. This is '68. The other part of the movie, this rib tickling, has all and nothing to say. (The latter, being a characteristic of the afore-mentioned part of the movie, seems to be the two parts' only common ground.) It says that war is absurd, bleeding is unfortunate, death is colorful, men are good, hierarchies are ridiculous, you are watching this movie, and so forth, chalking off truth after truth carefully disguised by knee-slap after knee-slap. Now truths are true and little else; it is the style with which one approaches truth that is truly of value. HOW I WON THE WAR has no style.

PC





# DUMP TRUCK BABY

## THE SONG OF MAXWELL THE CAT IN THE GROVE OF ACADEME

FELIX DOMESTICUS

The Professors said Maxwell was  
Though Latin was hardly where Maxwell was at;

FELIX DOMESTICUS

(From pedants deliver us!)  
For Maxwell could never ever even spell "cat."

"Is it 'T' after 'A'  
Or is it before?  
And what about 'C' and 'BQ' and '4'?"

"And Alpha and Omega  
And Beta and Phi,  
And when you spell 'circle,' do you capitalize pi?"

The Professors cried "Think of it!  
He's functionally illiterate,  
And can neither read or write in this age and day!"

Maxwell just purred  
And licked at his fur  
"At least I'm functional," was all he would say.

Then with laughing and joking  
And prodding and poking,  
The learned Professors all gathered around;

They laughed isn't he weird?  
Then they ALL disappeared,  
(Pepsi caps and Bear tracks were all the cops found.)

Then the Professors grew fearful  
And trembling and tearful,  
And offered Max various learned degrees.

But all Max would have  
Was a job in a lab  
Testing if hemp smoke would really kill fleas.

FELIX DOMESTICUS

The Professors said Maxwell was;  
Professors are Ridiculous

Snapped Max.

## A FISH EYE VIEW OF THE LURE OF THE EAST

(Note: Hashish was originally gathered in India by laborers who ran naked through the hemp fields, afterwards scraping the Cannabis resin from their bodies to be dried into the final product. Later the laborers began to wear leather aprons to collect the resin.)

In the olden days of yore  
When they brought the hashish in  
The Indian workers wore  
The uniform of Gunga Din--  
Just a faded paisley diaper  
Fastened with a safety pin.

Chorus:

So won't you swim across the Ganges  
With me baby,  
Like braceros cross the border we will steal;  
And I'll nibble on your shoulder, maybe baby  
And we'll smile and scatter matches in the field.

It'll be like time's redemption,  
It'll be like Buddha's hope.  
For they're all growing that hemp  
And there's no one twisting rope  
And we'll split the fire insurance  
When the fields go up in smoke.

(chorus)

The answer to the worker's prayer  
When at sunset he comes in  
With a centimeter layer  
Of hashish glistening on his skin,  
And many a strong man sucks his thumb  
When they haul that pollen in.

(chorus)

They don't need to stash  
Their dope inside the toilet.  
And they never smoke their hash  
Behind locked doors.  
They stroll the fields-- no narcs are there to spoil it,  
And thank the Lord for their distended pores.

(chorus)

Damn the fastidious rabbits  
With their leather aprons,  
The invidious habits  
Of the sterile West;  
No matter what you pay  
For stainless drying ovens,  
It's still warm skin that cures good hashish best.

(chorus)

Say your faretheewell to papers,  
To your seed tea say goodbye,  
Give your good friends all your roaches  
You won't miss them, you won't cry.  
For the Wise advise osmosis  
And an epidermal high.

So Won't you ferry cross the Ganges  
With me baby,  
Like braceros cross the border  
We will steal,  
And I'll nibble on your shoulder  
Maybe baby,  
And we'll smile and scatter matches  
In the field.

ologically pure, but still a drag.) Finally the 'tabla started doing it's thing, and the sitarist started grinning and nodding--the rapping stopped.

Then Lloyd's band came on; drummer--no pictures on his bass--hassled with his drum until it was set up just right (that's jazz, baby). Lloyd came out looking so pure, so goddamned gentle, like being black in Memphis wasn't what Hentoff and Gleason said it was at all, and people kind of gasped and applauded. It was the first time I'd ever seen him, and I could feel the records suddenly coming into focus. He played and played and then wandered to the back of the stage while Jarrett climbed inside the piano and banged

the strings making a sound like a 12 string sarod in open tuning fretted with a bottle-neck. Or something. Even not playing, he's like the archtypal Musical Into Something. I think it's love.



## CHARLES LLOYD:

Concert of Eyrie Music: Lloyd and Sitar.

First sitar set was beginning when I walked into Eagle's. In the back of the room teenie-boppers were rapping, and with the fantastic reverse acoustics at Eagle's, the roar was slowly rolling back the music. (I was later told that Indian audiences talk until the music shuts them up, so it was ethnomusic-

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

first, I am still doing my KRAB rock thing on Sunday night starting at 10:00 (and maybe ending at 6:00 Saturday if I get a license.) KRAB needs bread, subscriptions, which entitle you to a year of strange program folios, cost \$20 (\$15 absolute poverty rate, \$12 for 9 mos. for students).

### plug II

--I'm also doing a thing at which the OD clinic, 3800-12th--near the Exit--has a 24 hour flying squad for bad trips, a free Wed. night medical clinic and super strong boiled tea if you stop by.

### plug III

--I need some kind of thing for pay, part time: job wanted, some typing, some harmonica, some writing, could probably be trained to operate cash register, some anecdotes...Even short term gigs are alright--call Helix, leave message for John Cunnick.

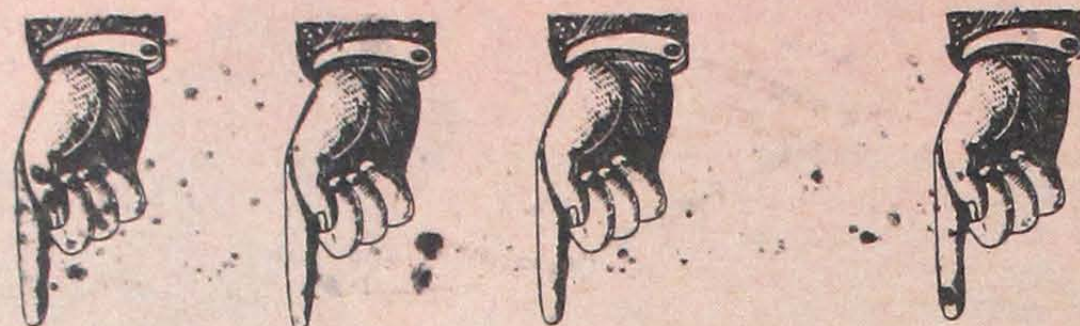
I NEED A STEAM SHOVEL TO GO TO KEEP AWAY THE DEAD  
A DUMP TRUCK BABY TO UNLOAD MY HEAD  
JOHN CUNNICK



# MORE LITTLE THOUGHTS ON SEX

**1** WHATEVER THE REVOLUTION IT MUST BE A LAUGHING MATTER

**2** "Woe to the country where a generation arises which shrinks from doing the rough work of the world." Roosevelt said that. Roosevelt was an earnest man, and our nation--HELL ANY NATION--is dead serious.



**3** Civilization runs on principled sentiments fitly chronicled in B-movies, newsreels, and the deadly intent humanity of aging liberals. CIVILIZATION IS CRUCIFIED TO THE FACTS OF THE MATTER.

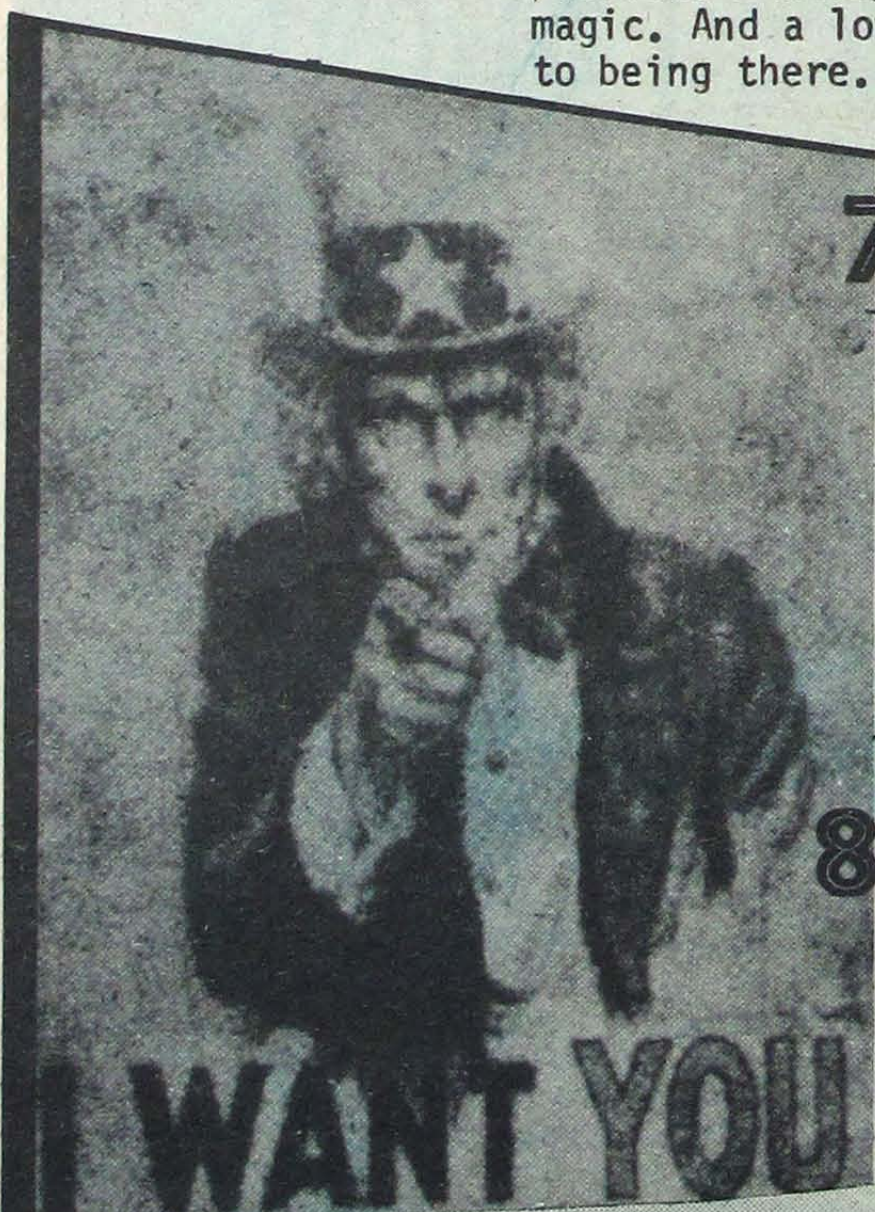


**4** A distinguished gentleman slips in the gutter. Bergson's formula for what's funny. "A LIVE THING ACTING LIKE ITS DEAD." He slipped like a broken machine. He fell flat in the gutter slop. HA HA HA

**5** THE STRONGEST SENTIMENTS ARE ERRECTED IN SUPPORT OF THE WEIGHTIEST PASSIONS. HE'S STUDYING MEDICINE AND ALWAYS LOOKS AT ME AS THOUGH HE'D LIKE TO OPERATE. OR "DON'T GET UP--I'M JUST GOING TO WASH MY HANDS AGAIN."

How many wives are slain each night on the altar of their husbands' lust?

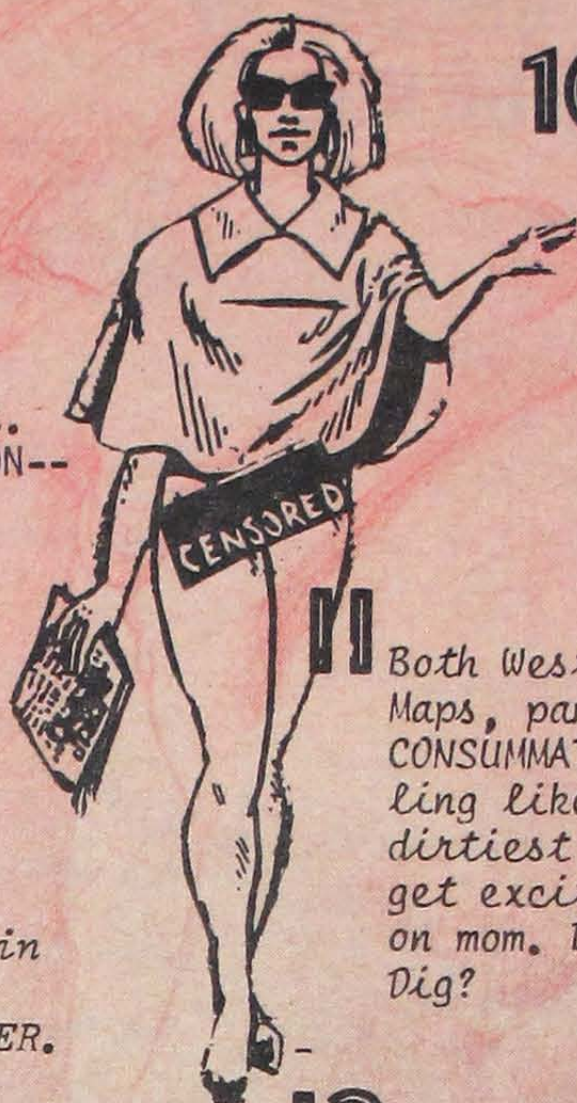
**6** The problem of war is the problem of idolatry. "A just and honorable peace" is the hypocritical prayer of the head strong: dead-heads or idol-heads. Hubris or pride: a monument in the mind of the most potent erection. Or for the third eye the pointed index finger sticking out of the forehead, directing the democracy to "Kill for Peace." Our leaders are global voyeurs desperately straining to force the eye to perform the act of erection. The eye is far removed from the scene of the passion. Huntley and Brinkley are the media for this sacred magic. And a long distance phone call is the next best thing to being there.



**7** "THE FACTS OF THE MATTER" then, must be subverted, must be made a LAUGHING STOCK. For "the facts of the matter" are bloodless abstractions disguised as bloody things. Principles are bloodless abstractions disguised as somethings-worth-dying-for. All because the scent of life is more threatening than that of death. The Sirens and the Lorelei. The male ego binding its head in bandages to shut out the sounds of ecstasy. The male ego "dying many little deaths" to escape the cataclysmic death of a ripe principleless life: the body of a woman doing nothing but licking its lips. The perverse laughing licking of it's lips. BURN BABY BURN. "What good is a revolution without general conflagration."

**8** All killing is eating. And it's eating the body of a corpse. General Ky invited Ho and LBJ to Tea. For desert they stripped the pants of Asia and ate it up.

**9** LAUGHING IN A REVOLUTION demands a little reflection: little wonder thoughts. We must, twittering, confess to the ABSURD TRUTHS. Like the drift between YOU AND THAT; your delicious, bewitched meditations...and that recalcitrant living-space that collects crap about in round numbers. Or like the gulch that's yawning like a sleep-walking god between YOU AND THE UNKNOWNABLE. We are always being asked to build monuments to our corporate immortality on the proud fiction that the unknowable is indeed only the unknown. Come let us time-bind the generations, and eventually the best mouse trap will catch God. Our absurdities must be fondled, not escaped in realities.



**10** ALL JOKES ARE DIRTY JOKES: the all-at-once windfall of the ancestral forest. The shrinking prick of the powerful, or the perverse inflation of a child's fantasy. "Why can't he just play games like all the other kids." Sex is the infinite pun on all actions...the ripening of all abstractions. "He makes quite an impression." All energy is sexual energy. Westmoreland's fascination with "counting the dead" is the grotesque parody of a child's intent inspection of the poop in his pants. Some settle for shit...or... "Even the President of the United States must sometimes have to stand naked."

**11** Both Westmorland and the child are to be cosmically pitied. Maps, pants and the alchemy of shit. ALL DIRT SHOULD BE RICHLY CONSUMMATED. You must walk right through it and come out smelling like a rose. Imagine in your stinking deep crotch core the dirtiest fantasy you can muster. In the stag movie of your mind get excited. MEDITATE ON FILTH. Meditate on Mahareshi. Meditate on mom. Be proudly puritanical in your disgusting exploration. Dig?

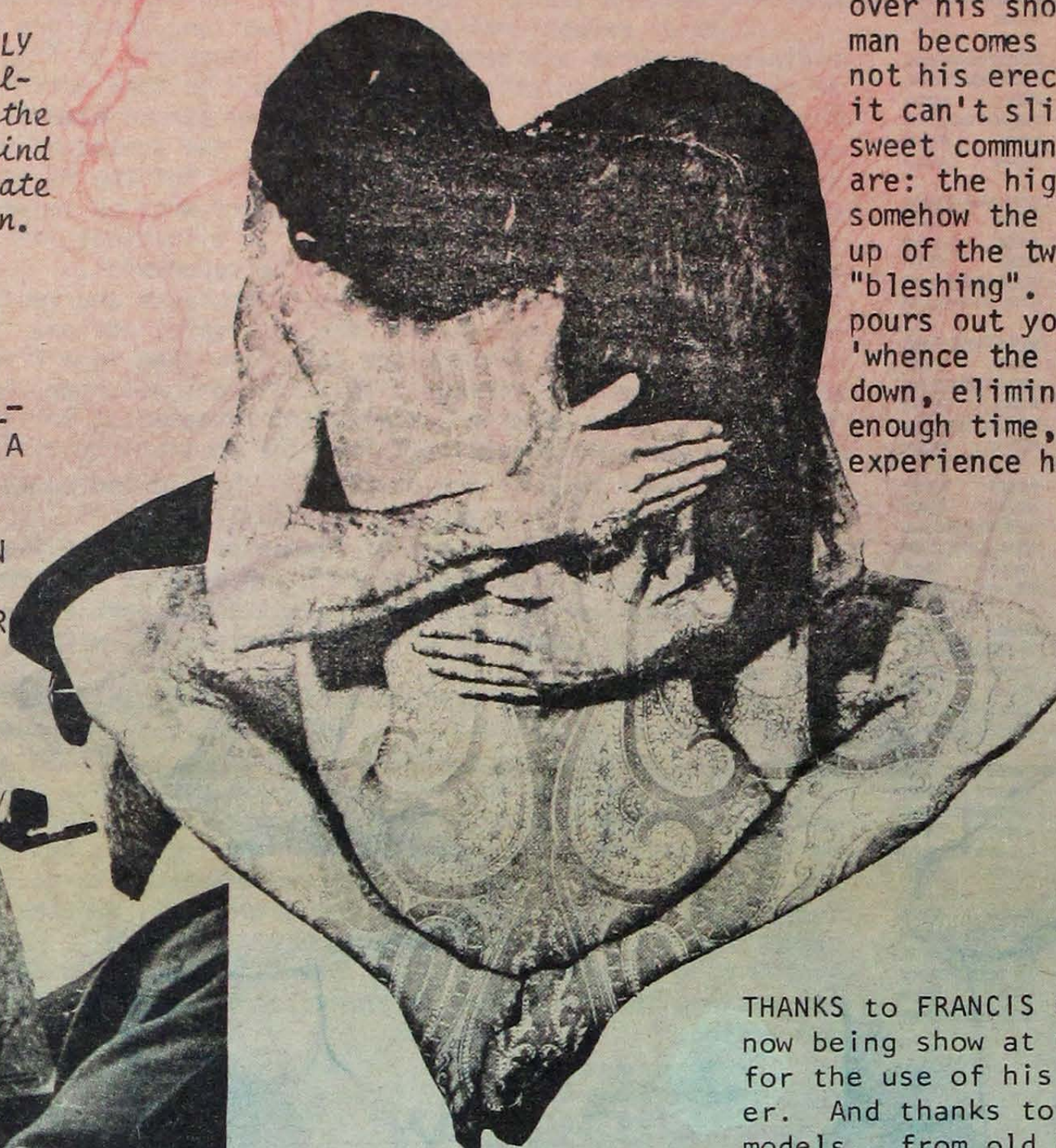
**12** THREE RIPE RECEPTICLES IN SILK CHAINS GREET YOU, YOU GOGGLE THEM FIRST THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE. THEY HAVE ALL BATHED IN MOLTEN VASOLINE. "IT'S REALLY NOT YOUR FAULT, IT SEEMS TO HAVE A MIND OF ITS OWN, DOESN'T THE SMELL OF ROAST MEAT MAKE YOU HUNGRY...AND FOR DESERT YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S HAVING YOUR CAKE AND EATING IT TOO." JUST SO YOU MUST MEDITATE ON FILTH, THEN SOON ALL THE CAKE AND LACE WILL DISSIPATE AND YOUR SPLENDID BODY SLURPED FOR MANY THINGS WILL WAKE AT EVERY PORE AND STIR THE SLEEP-WALKING GOD THAT WANDERS BETWEEN YOU AND THE UNKNOWN.



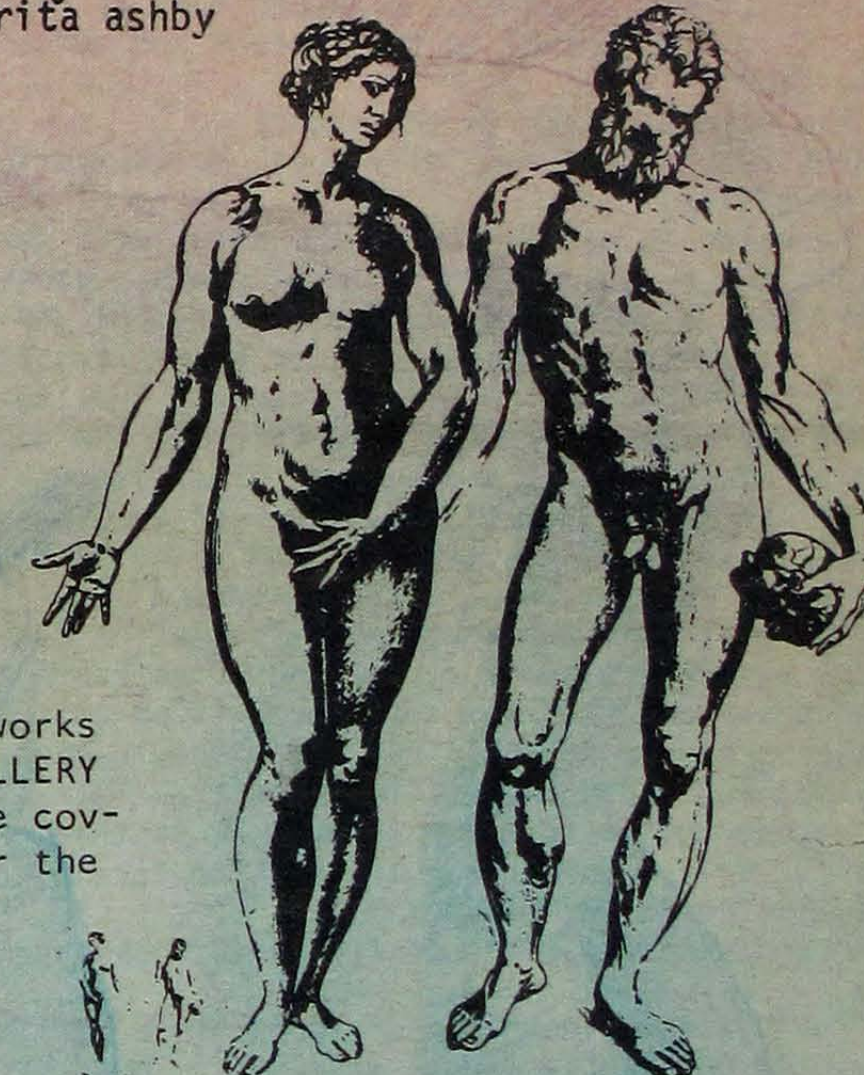
**15** "THE RIGHT THING HAPPENS TO THE HAPPY MAN" A LIFE WITHOUT PROMISE. NO HERO HOMONCULOUS TAKING PICTURES OF THE FUTURE. NO OBLIGATIONS OUT THERE. JUST A MAN DOING WHAT HE OUGHT TO DO. LOVING HIS FATE IN A UNIVERSE THAT LIFTS ITS STARRY SKIRT TO NOTHING BUT THE INFINITE NET OF THINGS THAT CARRESS. THE INSCRUTABLE GOD BREAKS THROUGH THE PUBIC WEB.



**16** "In Maithuna, the man does nothing (no motion) to bring on orgasm. Most often he delays it, at least until the end of the ceremony. Ordinarily the woman sits astride the man, facing him upright, her legs not in lotus but wrapped around his waist; the man puts his hands on her back; she hangs her hands over his shoulders. She is always the active partner. In Tantra, man becomes receptive, letting her call the tune. Whether or not his erection continues isn't important; in this position, it can't slip out." ... "After an hour or two of this long sweet communion (the actual duration depends on how high you are: the higher the less time it takes), you begin to create somehow the feeling of a third presence. This presence is made up of the two separate selves overlapping, melting down and "bleshing". When this bleshing occurs a field is created--it pours out your pores like shoots of light opening out a way 'whence the imprisoned splendor escapes.'" ... "Slowing a man down, eliminating his pillaging, looting motions, allows him enough time, enough eternity to experience a woman, really experience her." thad & rita ashby



THANKS to FRANCIS CELENTANO -- works now being show at the ATTICA GALLERY for the use of his design on the cover. And thanks to Ed Denson for the models...from old FISH posters.



**17** Man is about, hints McLuhan in "The Future of Sex", to become a woman. Just a man doing what he ought to do. His idol-ego "martyr to a motion not its own." "The piece that passeth all understanding." "The word made flesh."

**18** There are THREE SEXUAL ACTS. (1) The act that is like an Angle. Or turning the corner. It shows itself in the need to solve problems...one by one. The organized life of little goals. The rhythm method. Its hidden aim is the "discovery and recovery of the life of the body." It is the sexual act hidden in technology: Its actual achievement are the little novelties of gadgetry. DON JUAN and JAMES BOND are both angle lovers. (2) The act that is like a LINE. Or that romantic yearning. The Virgins long highway to God. The christians yearning for heaven. Hitler's yearning for mother Russia. Patriotic sex or BETTER DEAD THAN IN BED. The Domino Theory of the Final Castration. The President of the United States is a line lover. (3) The act that is like a CIRCLE. Or the understanding that there is no place to go. The act which curves upon itself in repeated assertions of the ripe life. "Every finding a refinding." The glorius narcissus who "seeks a world to love as he loves himself." The Orphic infection.

## Bill of Rights Congress of the United States

begun and held at the City of New York, on Wednesday, the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one

**14** Now the reward for knudging down is the added right to with free conscience calculate the chances of a GENITAL VACATION. To Florida to slurp up some surf-goddess. "Of course they float, silly." Or to California and the bumping rumps of cover girls. "OK, now go moo." HOME FROM WORK as you climb to the porch the front door melts. Then all the fluid lippings of earth's valves sink out of sight. Your body flaps through the swinging doors of the long and the sort, the slow and the fast, the big and the small. For the moment you've made it across the drift between YOU AND THAT.

**19**

ALL OF THE ABOVE IS SOCIALLY REDEEMING.



# CHING

Riot control equipment doesn't prevent riots. Bigger jails don't prevent crime. New cars don't make traffic run faster. Bigger bombs don't make peace. That type of reasoning is a product of the same paranoid fear that causes a breakdown in communication between any individuals or groups. It is not surprising to find it as a norm in a culture so based in games of dishonesty and blatant hypocrisy.

Mistrust and fear manifests itself not only in the alienation of youth with the accompanying parental reaction, but also at a national level in talk of the credibility gap. Many youth today are discovering that they have been misinformed, both at home and in school. Suffering from this injury it is easy to overlook the fact that ignorance and myth are nothing new to man. Your parents, and schools, are acting in good faith on the basis of their information. To disallow them this is a dangerous game that can lead only to confusion and destruction.

The world no longer has room for fear, mistrust, confusion, and destruction. It is now essential for man to rediscover the honesty and love at the source of nature. We must now break through the encrusting layers of mistrust and failure to allow the power of light to shine from the core of human existence.

It is not mine to show the way, each man must find his teacher. I can only speak of what I know and recount the advice of ancient sages. The "I CHING" is both a book of wisdom and an oracle. It dates with the bible and speaks in terms more basic than fable or myth. Its tone is neither mystical nor intellectual. A universal source of direction is to be found in its text.

Today I asked this oracle advice for the young and the old. In both castings many changing lines, signs of internal unrest, were revealed. Although this is statistically rare, it is not unusual to the masters and certainly speaks to the times.

The Oracle speaks to the young:  
YOUTHFUL FOLLY (fool and folly speak to inexperience rather than stupidity)

Stopping in perplexity on the brink of a dangerous abyss is the symbol of the folly of youth. However, the two trigrams also show the way of overcoming the follies of youth. Water is something that, of necessity, flows on. When the spring gushes forth it does not know at first where it will go. But its steady flow fills up the deep place blocking its progress, and success is attained.

In the time of youth, folly is not an evil. One may succeed in spite of it, provided one finds an experienced teacher and has the right attitude toward him. This means, first of all, that the youth himself must be conscious of his lack of experience and must seek out the teacher. Without this modesty and this interest there is no guarantee that he has the necessary receptivity, which should express itself in respectful acceptance of the teacher. This is the reason the teacher must wait to be sought out instead of offering himself. Only thus can the instruction take place at the right time and in the right way.

Youthful folly means confusion and subsequent enlightenment.

Youth in its inexperience is inclined at first to take everything carelessly and playfully. It must be shown the seriousness of life. A certain measure of taking oneself in hand, brought about by strict (personal) discipline, is a good thing. He who plays with life never amounts to anything. However, discipline should not degenerate into drill. Continuous drill has a humiliating effect and cripples a man's powers.

A weak, inexperienced man, struggling to rise, easily loses his own individuality when he slavishly imitates a strong personality of a higher station. He is like a girl throwing herself away when she meets a strong man. Such a servile approach should not be encouraged, because it is bad both for the young and the teacher.

An inexperienced person who seeks instruction in a child-like and unassuming way is on the right path, for the man devoid of arrogance who subordinates himself to his teacher will certainly be helped.

Another part of the oracle for the young indicated by the changing lines is THE CREATIVE:

The hexagram is consistently strong in character, and since it is without weakness, its essence is power or energy. Its image is heaven. Its energy is represented as unrestricted by any fixed conditions in space and therefore is conceived of as motion. Time is regarded as the basis of this motion. Thus the hexagram includes also the power of time and the power of persisting in time, that is, duration.

Great are the responsibilities the oracle places upon the young, but beautiful and powerful are the fruits of those who heed this advice.

The oracle speaks to the old:  
PREPONDERANCE OF THE GREAT

This hexagram consists of four strong lines inside and two weak lines outside. The hexagram represents a beam that is thick and heavy in the middle but too weak at the ends. This is a condition that cannot last; it must be changed, must pass, or misfortune will result.

For future Dope columns Jack invites pertinent questions about dope and things. You send them to Jack Delay, c/o Helix 3128 Harvard E., Seattle.



Nourishing without putting to use evokes movement. Movement without end leads finally too far, too overweighting.

It is an exceptional time and situation; therefore extraordinary measures are demanded. It is necessary to find a way of transition as quickly as possible, and to take action. This promises success. For, although the strong element is in excess, it is in the middle, that is, at the center of gravity, so that a revolution is not to be feared. Nothing is to be achieved by forcible measures. The problem must be solved by gentle penetration to the meaning of the situation; then the change-over to other conditions will be successful.

The attributes of the trigrams, joyousness and gentleness, also indicate the right behavior for successful action.

The nine in the third place is a firm line in a firm place, which gives too much firmness for an exceptional time, hence the misfortune of bending and breaking threatens. For through obstinacy one cuts oneself off from the possibility of support.

The second part of the oracle for the old indicated by the changing lines is STANDSTILL (STAGNATION):

Heaven and earth are out of communion and all things are benumbed. What is above has no relation to what is below, and on earth confusion and disorder prevail. The dark power is within, the light power is without. Weakness is within, harshness without.

When, owing to the influence of inferior men, mutual mistrust prevails in public life, fruitful activity is rendered impossible, because the fundamentals are wrong.

When those above and those below are disunited, political and social life stagnate. Within, at the center, there should be light; instead, the dark is there, and light is pushed to the outside. Man is inwardly weak and outwardly hard; inferior men are at the center of the government, and the superior men are forced to the periphery.

I have no more room for the oracle and can only ask that you contemplate the advice to interpret it in terms of your own action.

**JACK DELAY**

**BEER**



On June 15, 1968, a huge hunk of space rock, titled Icarus, an astroid or more a planetoid, with the mass of Mt. Everest, traveling at the speed of 13,490 mph, will cross orbits with the Earth. Scientists have calculated Icarus will miss the Earth by 500,000 miles (twice the distance to the moon); however, if their figures contain as little as .00001% error, Icarus will collide with the Coffee Corral, or Burién, or Hoboken or Peking. Flaming white-hot from its passage through our atmosphere, Icarus will do as much damage as a small atomic weapon: send out shock waves, start horrible fires, flatten everything directly in its path, be worshipped by savages for centuries afterwards. If Mother Earth is lucky and Icarus misses collision by 500 miles or so, it's gravitational force

will cause tidal waves 289 feet in height in the Atlantic and Pacific, violent earthquakes will submerge San Francisco and elevate Manhattan Island, Cairo and Phoenix will be buried under fifty feet of snow.

But fear not good citizens: Your Government has a Plan. If Icarus appears to threaten the earth, seven Saturn missiles each loaded with a 40 megaton hydrogen bomb will be launched into space and will reduce Icarus to harmless radioactive dust. Instead of destruction the earth will witness violent electric storms in her outer atmosphere and possibly suffer drastic and total genetic changes of her populations and species. Everything and everyone will be bombarded with the radioactive dust of Icarus...democracy in action. As you read this article Icarus moved 120.6 miles toward you.



I FINALLY GOT TO BOSTON ABOUT 7:00 AT NIGHT, AFTER A LONG, COLD DAY. THE GUY WHO HAD GIVEN ME A RIDE FROM CONNECTICUT LET ME OFF BY THE PRUDENTIAL BUILDING DOWNTOWN, AND I STARTED ASKING PEOPLE WHERE RUTLAND STREET WAS. NOBODY KNEW, EVEN THE PEOPLE AT THE POLICE STATION. AFTER AWHILE I TRIED CALLING THE AVATAR OFFICE, AND A VERY SLEEPY SOUNDING, VERY BRITISH VOICE ANSWERED. AFTER CONSULTING WITH TWO OR THREE OTHER PEOPLE, HE FIGURED OUT HOW I COULD GET THERE FROM WHERE I WAS, AND YES HE COULD FIND ME A PLACE TO CRASH, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE HIS PLACE. AFTER TRUDGING THROUGH THE SNOW FOR A COUPLE OF MILES, AND GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION TWICE, I FINALLY FOUND THE PLACE. AFTER BEING ADMITTED, (THE DOOR IS KEPT LOCKED AND YOU MUST RING A BELL TO ANNOUNCE YOUR ARRIVAL, IS KEPT LOCKED AND YOU MUST RING A BELL TO ANNOUNCE YOUR ARRIVAL DUE TO FREQUENT VISITS OF THE BOSTON VICE AND NARC SQUADS) THE ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE AND GROOVINESS WAS OVERWHELMING AFTER THE PREVALENT UPTIGHTNESS OF THE EAST. THE BRITISH VOICE TURNED OUT TO BELONG TO JEREMY GREENWOOD WHO, WITH FULL TIME SECRETARY MARIA AND ANDY FARNSWORTH--BY DAY AN INSURANCE EXECUTIVE, OTHERWISE AVATAR PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN AND PAPER DEALER AT CHURCHES ETC.--STAY AROUND TO DISTRIBUTE PAPERS TO THE STREET DEALERS. WAYNE HANSEN, THE CO-EDITOR, AND OTHERS IN THE HIERARCHY OF THE PAPER WERE SELDOM AROUND SINCE THEY SPENT MOST OF THEIR TIME OUT SELLING PAPERS. SEEMS KIND OF STRANGE, BUT I GUESS THEY FIGURE THAT THEY SHOULD BE AS BRAVE AS THEIR STREET DEALERS, SINCE UNDER PRESENT MASSACHUSETTS LAW IT IS A FELONY TO SELL AVATARS.

MRS MURPHY'S CHOWDER



EMERSON

WE CLOSED UP THE OFFICE ABOUT 8:30. AFTER WE GOT HOME, JEREMY BROUGHT OUT THE GROOVIEST MOTHER'S OATS BOX I'VE EVER SEEN. I REALLY DIG MOTHER'S OATS NOW. I'D BEEN STRAIGHT FOR AWHILE, AND I GOT SO STONED THAT I COULD HARDLY MOVE. JEREMY IS SO MUCH LIKE A FRIEND IN SEATTLE THAT IT SEEMED LIKE I WAS WITH HIM --ONLY SUDDENLY HE HAD ACQUIRED A HOUSE--AND THE NEW PEOPLE AROUND US. EVERYONE AROUND WAS STILL CONCERNED WITH A SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT LEVEL. MOST OF THE STAFF MEMBERS ARE, TO GREATER AND LESSER DEGREES, ASSOCIATED WITH OR MEMBERS OF A GROUP KNOWN AS THE "FORT HILL PEOPLE." FORT HILL IS A HILL IN BOSTON, SET AWAY FROM THE REST OF THE CITY, WITH FIVE HOUSES CLUSTERED AROUND A MONUMENT AT THE TOP. IN THE HOUSES LIVE THE CORE OF THE AVATAR PEOPLE; BEFORE YOU GO TO ONE OF THE HOUSES, YOU SHOULD GO TO THE TOP OF FORT HILL--BY THE MONUMENT--AND LOOK DOWN AT THE CITY, WITH THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH YOUR HAIR.



THE AVATAR IS PRIMARILY A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER. MEL LYMAN--EX-HARP PLAYER FOR KWESKIN--IS THE SPIRITUAL LEADER OF THE AVATAR FAMILY, AND HAS BECOME CONVINCED THAT HE IS THE AVATAR (INCARNATION OF GOD). IN HIS WRITINGS, WHICH MAKE UP MUCH OF THE PAPER, LYMAN EXPLAINS HOW ONE MAY APPROACH ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH ASTROLOGY.

BEFORE ONE CAN TRANSCEND NORMAL EXISTENCE, HE MUST FIRST BECOME WHAT HE IS--THAT IS--THE TYPE OF PERSON THAT HE SHOULD BE ACCORDING TO HIS SIGN. THEREFORE, ONE'S EFFORTS SHOULD BE CONCENTRATED NOT ON ELIMINATING FEATURES OF HIS SIGN, EVEN IF HE THINKS THEM UNDESIRABLE, BUT ON PERFECTING THE TRAITS ONE HAS BECAUSE OF HIS SIGN. SINCE PEOPLE OF ALL SIGNS ARE NECESSARY TO MAKE THE WHOLE, ELIMINATING THESE INNATE TRAITS WOULD MAKE THE WHOLE UNBALANCED, AND IS NEITHER POSSIBLE NOR DESIRABLE.

MEL'S EFFORTS ON FORT HILL ARE BECOMING FAMOUS, OR INFAMOUS, ENOUGH THAT ESQUIRE DID AN ARTICLE ON HIM THIS MONTH.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE SCALE OF THE AVATAR STAFF IS A GROUP FORMED BY M. PRESTON BURNS, WHICH CONCENTRATES HEAVILY ON INTENSE ACADEMIC STUDY, AND ON RELATING IT TO LIFE AND TO INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS BY WORK, EXPERIENCE, AND COMMUNAL LIVING. THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE IS SUCH THAT YOU WANT TO SPEND AT LEAST A COUPLE OF WEEKS WITH THE AVATAR FAMILY--THEY'RE SO GROOVY THAT IT'S KIND OF UNREAL--LIKE YOU'RE HALLUCINATING THE WHOLE THING AND NO PLACE CAN REALLY BE LIKE THIS. I'VE GOT TO GO BACK SOMEDAY.

DIARY OF A YOUNG ARTIST



THE PRESENT HASSLE WITH THE POLICE STEMS FROM THE AVATAR'S RECENT ATTEMPTS TO ATTACK THE WHOLE OBSCENITY CONCEPT--THEY AGREE (EVEN INSIST) THAT ONCE OBSCENITY IS DEFINED, IT SHOULD BE MADE ILLEGAL; HOWEVER, FIRST THEY WANT TO MAKE THE ESTABLISH AND DEFINE "OBSCENE." STARTING WITH "DIARY OF A YOUNG ARTIST", IN ISSUE NO. 11, ARTICLES WERE PRINTED WHICH DID HAVE A LOT TO SAY, (AND SO DID HAVE "REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE", CONTRARY TO THE OPINION OF THE POLICE, BUT WHICH SEEMED TO BE CALCULATED TO CONTAIN THE MAXIMUM NUMBER OF OBSCENITIES PER SENTENCE. WAYNE MCGUIRE WAS ARRESTED FOR SELLING THE ISSUE IN BOSTON. ISSUE NO. 12 APPEARED, WITH A DIATRIBE BY MEL LYMAN ABOUT THE "BUNCH OF DIRTY COCKSUCKERS DOWN IN CAMBRIDGE", AND HOW IF THEY DIDN'T QUIT HARRASSING SELLERS, HE WOULD THEREAFTER PRINT OBSCENITIES AND DRAWINGS OF THE ADMINISTRATION DOING THINGS TO EACH OTHER UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES WISHED THAT THEY NEVER HEARD OF THE AVATAR. AND THAT FURTHER, HE NOT ONLY WOULD PUT ISSUES UP IN PUBLIC PLACES AND DISTRIBUTE THEM IN MAILBOXES, BUT WOULD ALSO RENT A "GODDAMN AIRPLANE AND DROP THEM ALL OVER THE WHOLE GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING STATE."

- Aries ♈
- Taurus ♉
- Gemini ♊
- Cancer ♋
- Leo ♌
- Virgo ♍
- Libra ♎
- Scorpio ♏
- Sagittarius ♐
- Capricorn ♑
- Aquarius ♒
- Pisces ♓

- Sun ☉
- Moon ☾
- Mercury ☿
- Mars ♂
- Venus ♀
- Jupiter ♃
- Saturn ♄
- Uranus ♅
- Neptune ♆
- Pluto ♇
- North Node ♁
- South Node ♁
- Part of Fortune ☽

THIS IMMEDIATELY RESULTED IN THE ARREST OF DAN OATES IN CAMBRIDGE. ACCORDING TO OATES, THE ADMINISTRATION DIDN'T SEEM TO KNOW QUITE WHAT TO DO WHEN THEY BUSTED HIM, AND AT FIRST MERELY ASKED HIM TO VOLUNTARILY ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE STATION BECAUSE THE CHIEF WANTED TO TALK TO HIM, WHICH HE DID BECAUSE HE WAS COLD. AFTER HE GOT THERE, HE WAS BUSTED FOR SELLING NEWSPAPERS WITHOUT A LICENSE. THIS CHARGE WAS LATER THROWN OUT, BECAUSE THE AVATAR DOES, IN FACT, HAVE A LICENSE. ISSUE NO. 13 CAME OUT SOON WITH A STORY ABOUT THE POLICE BY OATES, AND THE NOW INFAMOUS CENTER FOLDOUT, WITH ONLY THE ARTISTICALLY DRAWN WORDS--FUCK, CUNT, SHIT, PISS. THIS RESULTED IN FOUR MORE BUSTS, AND ISSUE 14 ADDED ANOTHER FIVE.

WHEN ISSUE NO. 15 WAS PUBLISHED, WITH NOT ONLY NO LET UP IN THE "OBSCENITY", BUT ALSO AN ACCOUNT MOCKING THE TRIAL TO WHICH THE EARLY ARRESTEES HAD BEEN SUBJECTED. THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW.



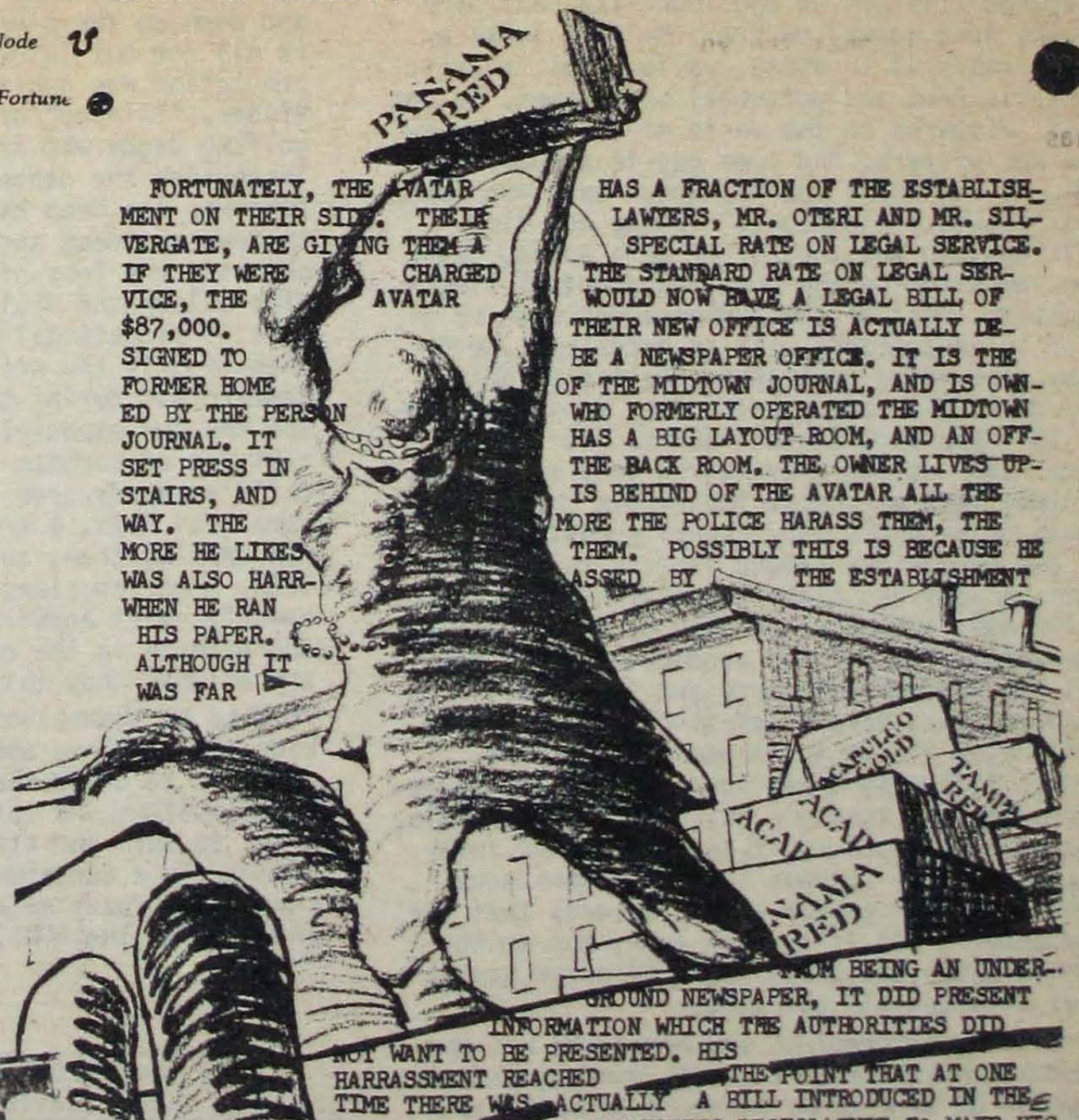
MAYOR DANIEL J. HAYES HAD DECIDED EVEN BEFORE ISSUE NO. 11 TO RID HIS TOWN OF UNDESIRABLE "HIPPIES AND HIPBOES" (HIP AS IN HIPPI, BO AS IN HOBO). FOR SOME REASON, ALL THE HIPPIES IN HIS TOWN WERE "HIPBOES," (DOESN' SPEAK TOO WELL FOR HIS TOWN). HE HAD LED, IN FINEST VIGILANTE STYLE, AN ARMY OF TV CAMERAS, NEWSMEN AND POLICE INTO A "HIPBO PAD" BELONGING TO THE LOCAL DIGGERS.

NOW THE MAYOR DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME FOR ANOTHER RAID: HE LED FOURTEEN POLICE INTO THE AVATAR OFFICE, AND SIEZED ALL BACK COPIES AS EVIDENCE. TEN PEOPLE, INCLUDING MOST OF THE AVATAR STAFF, WERE ARRESTED THAT DAY AT THE OFFICE AND ELSEWHERE AROUND CAMBRIDGE.

PAUL THOMPSON, AVATAR DISTRIBUTOR IN CAMBRIDGE, WAS ARRESTED FOR SELLING A PAPER TO A KID WHO HAD BEEN PLANTED BY THE COPS. HE WAS TOLD BY THE POLICE TO LOCK UP HIS CAR, AND IT WOULD BE ALLRIGHT THERE WHILE HE WAS AT THE STATION. WHEN HE WAS RELEASED, HE FOUND THAT HIS CAR HAD BEEN TOWED TO THE POLICE STATION, AND BROKEN INTO AND RANSACKED BY THE POLICE. ALL HIS RECORDS, ACCOUNT RECORDS, AND DISTRIBUTION BOOKS, AS WELL AS ALL HIS AVATARS AND SAMPLES OF OTHER UNDERGROUND PAPERS HAD BEEN STOLEN. IN THE MEANTIME, SINCE CAMBRIDGE IS APPARENTLY DETERMINED TO GO TO ANY LENGTHS, LEGAL OR ILLEGAL, TO DRIVE THE AVATAR FROM BUSINESS, THE OFFICE HAS BEEN MOVED TO BOSTON, WHERE THE HARRASSMENT IS STILL BAD, BUT NOT NEARLY AS BAD AS IN CAMBRIDGE.

FORTUNATELY, THE AVATAR HAS A FRACTION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT ON THEIR SIDE. THEIR LAWYERS, MR. OTERI AND MR. SILVERGATE, ARE GIVING THEM A SPECIAL RATE ON LEGAL SERVICE. IF THEY WERE CHARGED WITH THE STANDARD RATE ON LEGAL SERVICE, THE AVATAR WOULD NOW HAVE A LEGAL BILL OF \$87,000. THEIR NEW OFFICE IS ACTUALLY DESIGNED TO BE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. IT IS THE FORMER HOME OF THE MIDTOWN JOURNAL, AND IS OWNED BY THE PERSON WHO FORMERLY OPERATED THE MIDTOWN JOURNAL. IT SET PRESS IN STAIRS, AND WAY. THE MORE HE LIKES THEM, POSSIBLY THIS IS BECAUSE HE WAS ALSO HARRASSED BY THE ESTABLISHMENT WHEN HE RAN HIS PAPER. ALTHOUGH IT WAS FAR

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PAPER ILLEGAL. DESPITE INTENSE HARRASSMENT, THE AVATAR FAMILY IS DETERMINED TO KEEP PUBLISHING THE PAPER, IF THEY CAN DO IT FINANCIALLY. MARIA SAYS THAT MOST OF HER NEIGHBORS COME ON LIKE--WHY AREN'T YOU IN JAIL YET--EVERY NIGHT WHEN SHE COMES HOME. HOWEVER, AS WAYNE HANSEN SAYS, "WE'LL KEEP SELLING THIS THING IF WE HAVE TO GO TO THE MOON TO PRINT IT".

(LATE NOTE ON AVATAR: INCREASED HASSLE WITH CAMBRIDGE FORCES FINALLY CLIMAXED IN A MASS SELL IN, MASS ARRESTS, FURTHER MASS SALES, AND, FINALLY, THE CAPITULATION OF THE POLICE DEPT. IN THE FUTURE, THE CITY SOLICITOR RATHER THAN THE COPS WILL DECIDE WHAT IS OR IS NOT OBSCENE AND THE OFFENDERS WILL RECEIVE POLITE SUMMONSES

dave





ward/68

Mrs. Ran Dell is a short, broad woman who has weathered her years better than most in middle age. Looking into her pleasantly lined and rounded face I felt strangely uneasy. Between us stretched the floral expanse of the tablecloth, cleared except for an ordinary deck of cards. Mrs. Ran Dell is a fortune teller.

On her instructions I shuffled the cards and began to cut them the three times she specified. Suddenly her hand shot across the table and clenched mine. I shuddered, not understanding her move. My mind hesitated between fear and curiosity. Then she withdrew her hand and I finished cutting the deck, thoroughly shaken. Yet now an overwhelming feeling of total rapport welled up in me as though this woman and I were in complete communication.

The interview proceeded, lasting an hour longer than the twenty minutes originally allotted. My personal "future" is of no consequence here, but I did ask her some questions of broader interest.

I admitted my leftist leanings to her and she appeared not in total sympathy with my politics, which was to be expected. Then I asked her--the cards, that is--if society will move towards what I would consider a more desirable state.

The answer was an emphatic yes, in nine months. In nine months, it will be November! Then, as suddenly as before, she leaned across the table and confided that years ago she had predicted Kennedy's assassination. She paused and then, in a low voice, added, "President Johnson will not live out this term."

After that, the remainder of the interview was anticlimactic.

When I left her company, I felt as though I had emerged from a warm shroud of mist. I felt a vague sense of loss--the contact had been broken.

Do I believe in clairvoyance or telepathy? No, just as I do not believe in the moon or in evolution. One does not believe in natural phenomena nor in theories fabricated around them. One tentatively accepts or does not accept them, pending further data.

I do not, however, believe in the concept of the Supernatural, but rather in the Preternatural. Our understanding of the universe, though ever expanding, remains limited. Who knows what dwells beyond the horizon of comprehension. **WC**

## OF CENTER

We were on our way to the Fugs the other night, when a friend called and gave us tickets to the opening of 3 new Off Center plays. So we strolled under the concrete mono-rail on Fifth Ave., past the searchlight (an essential for opening night as all students of Hollywood knows), under the sign of the jester and the hand, into the crowded lobby of people having a last cigarette, eyeing each other. I wear whatever I've got on and look like East Side toughs just worked me over. My girl looks a fashionable 19 in boots, yellow legs, plastic fantastic coat and octagonal sunglasses. We got eyed. Pictures on the walls of all our favorite Rep players. And some guy in a space helmet, dark glasses and Mr. Spock ears who runs the "liquid projections." Taking our time walking into the theater we were pushed onto the low stage by the bustling crowd of first-nighters. Most of the audience was made up of good solid citizens with an occasional corduroy clad young moustache. The lights beamed off of Rolf's shiny bald pate. We squashed into the deep soft leather seats. The lights were held until a grey-haired lady critic was seated. Then darkness. The lights came up again on Beckett's play "Krapp's Last Tape": an old man drinks coughs listens to his watch eats bananas and plays tapes of his voice made years ago; a simple sad play by the master of the spool; The Off Rep production contained all the dramatic elements and technical measures that make flawless plays but it was dull; blue lights for those special moods, lights fading to dramatic darkness. The director even used that old Psycho trick of hitting the overhead lamp so it swung back and forth casting garish shadows but as happens sometimes when the makeup artist forgets that the audience is not fifty feet away, the makeup looked goopy and gory, like the actor was about to bleed all the time.

The actor played an old man, with all the characteristics actors use to portray old men; Beckett is hard to do and hard to badly. I wish, though, that the director hadn't been so skillful in avoiding the obvious; masturbation by banana peel while the old man listens to himself describe past moments of florid voluptuousness. But the play did draw nervous laughter from a few ladies located upper center (those who came early to the first night perhaps from Boardmoor and there were a few laughs for the men only).

The Lyric theater (i.e. the Off Center which is considerably more OnCenter than its parent group the Off Broadway Theater...looking at what is off center tells something about what's



at the center... "museum pieces." I'm thinking they ought to save the Rep stage for corny old 1937 musicals with dancing girls in flamingo feathers..I only have eyes for you ...I can't see a cloud in the sky...maybe thousands of people pass by but...I only have Eyes for you...and do all the Repertory plays at the Lyric) is a bank of seats flooring directly onto the stage..maybe a slight elevation of two inches to trip over while going in or exiting...

The next production, after a short break to puff in the lobby and look around some more--Rolf left the lobby to stride meaningfully up and down on the sidewalk doubtless digesting it all for our later edification--the next production was a bit of effulgent nostalgia by Wilder. "Infancy" of a child's dream starring golfing daddy who drives the family bus jovially through the dangers of the Pass, mourning Mama who has been killed by the kids in a fictitious accident and turns up on the dreambus mourning the loss of her kids: Mrs. Arizona Miss Wilson and Billy. I kept thinking this is what TV Situational Family Comedy could have been if only the writers...but there were no commercials during this performance...the acting was fun especially the father, Wilder's ridicule of parents though the vehicle of a child's parody drew lots of laughter, the kids were real kids, a tribute to the director for not messing them, and mama was American Gothic 1953. A period play. That kind of Family doesn't exist anymore. But I'm sure some of the parents in the audience laughed at a mockery of what they think is still real. They laughed at themselves but it is too late. The kids got off Mama and Daddy's Dream Bus and went off to cross the river of lions and tiger by themselves. As children always do. Another break to puff and stand. A thoughtful theater manager in a cancerous society, but the TV screen got fuzzy so we skipped the last play and went to the FUGS.

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# LETTERS



Dear John:

(Letter from vegetarian motorcycle racer friend who was recently drafted)... I do have a few class notes that are rather interesting:

Everyone in the Military receives a little propaganda from time to time, but I'm not going to classes on that subject alone. It's called "Leadership Training," and it involves accomplishing the mission of our country by using and directing subordinate personnel. The leader must influence and direct his men in such a manner as to instill in them confidence, respect and loyal obedience of his orders.

A leader has two basis responsibilities; one is the welfare of his men, but the accomplishment of the mission has priority over all.

--Too much:

Man has two basic needs: natural: (food, water and shelter) and learned traits.



(Security - Motivation)



Illustration

Control of personnel can finally be attained by establishing a just means of punishment and reward. (That one really exhausted me.)

Last class ended with informal discussion with panel of sergeants who have returned from Vietnam. One of the questions referred to experiences of the North Vietnamese withdrawing into Cambodia.

Answer: No Comment!

While we're not supposed to be in Cambodia, the only definite information we receive is--no comment!

An uncommon number of court martials and disciplinary actions happening. One is the result of a student putting his shoelace back in his boot when it was hanging loose. A lieutenant ordered him to "kill the snake," and he replied by saying, "It's dead, sir."

Such actions are handled on a command level within the company until they reach a higher court. Evidence against a conviction in the above case should be strong enough to over rule a decision in favor of the lieutenant but we'll see how justice works.

PEACE. Jon to John to Helix

Dear Editor:

Last week Helix carried a report of a little action in an alley between me and a Black man. (I'm tempted to write Black Bastard--produced by Uncle Sam screwing Africa and denying paternity). The article calls the action heroic--I call it tragic.

Nothing can be more tragic than Black men, fucked by the system, shooting Hippies, fucked by the system denied them.

If we are going to be packing guns let's point them at our oppressors...not at each other.

Jerry Klein

## A LITTLE LOVE LETTER

Dear Helix:

Thought you might be interested in the following:

Lam cho khong yeu  
It's Vietnamese for -  
"Make Love Not War"

As a letter, kindly sign it 1/1t U.S. Army Vietnam. It avoid complications, as the army is a bit up-tight.) 1/1t. U.S. Army Vietnam

15

## The Law Of Love



is that Law which places the welfare and the concern and the feelings for others above self.

The Law of Love is that close affinity with all forces that you associate with as good.

The Law of Love is that force which denies the existence of evil in the world, that resists not evil.

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# BAIL FUND: AN APPEAL

Some of us here in the district are sitting up a Hippy Legal Aide Fund. Aide of what sort you ask? LEGAL! It seems to be needed most. Right? What sort of legal thing are we doing? Well, it breaks down this way:

- I. To put out simple to follow, accurate sheets telling hippys just what their rights are in specific for which hippys can be busted.
- II. To get better legal aid by breaking cases down into three groups:
  - a. Constitutional cases where there's been a violation of due process or civil liberties that the ACLU could handle.
  - b. Non-felony cases that Legal Aide could help with, i.e. jaywalking.
  - c. Other cases, criminal according to the establishment.
- III. A Help Bail Your Friend Fund: You come in to us with part of the bail money and we would match it or better. If you are not able to collect any money at all, we would come as close as we could to bailing your friend out. Money made available out of the fund would be expected to be returned as soon as possible for someone else's use.

So far we have the following persons involved. George and Louise Crowley, Rich Beyer, Ed Steinberg, and from the Ave: Angel, Little Jesus, Gypsy Day, Ed and Bill Parker, and lots and lots of encouragement from everyone we've talked to. We realize this is a far out thing that many may be skeptical of, but we're going to give it one hell of a try. But right now we need help. Specifically a typewriter and someone who can type. And just plain people to hand out things and do other drudgery. And BREAD! If you can help out, call ME 2-2299 or leave your name at the Free U, care of Bill Parker.

One other thing we're going to have a bookkeeping system so that you will know exactly where your money went. This will be no Fir Street crash house fiasco. If it folds, you'll know where your money went. If we do get off the ground, we'll need an office and a phone. And a damn good lawyer. We already have some leads. But our one weapon will be vocal power....

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In the name of God  
What can we do  
To halt the senseless slaughter  
Vietnam?

Arthur C. DeWitt



# HORSE

The question of the etiology of addiction and approach to treatment is a knotty one. The New England Journal article concluded that the results of that study "suggest that addiction is not due to underlying psychosis or some other crippling mental illness, does not occur principally among the stupid or those with grossly tainted heredity." Further the study "supported the belief that addiction is not the result of a purely pharmacologic hold that drugs have on the innocently addicted and that withdrawal per se is no cure."

They state that in general "the addict resembles the alcoholic delinquent far more than he resembles any 'psychiatric' patient." The roots go back long before adolescence and before delinquency can be attributed to falling in with bad associates. The Gluecks feel that the roots of delinquency are "more closely related with lack of familial cohesion, with too little maternal supervision and affection and with paternal absence."

This study dramatically demonstrated that voluntarily wishing to give up drugs (hospitalization) or making them illegal (short imprisonment) had little, if anything, to do with producing sustained abstinence. On the other hand, compulsory supervision was extremely effective.

That this type of approach may be effective is demonstrated by the work of Dole and Nyswander in New York, where 540 heroin addicts are being treated with the addictive drug methadone. These patients receive daily doses of methadone. They soon build up a tolerance to it and a cross tolerance to heroin. This means that neither heroin or methadone will give the patient a "high". If the goal of treatment is to produce a functioning human being then this program is a success. At the beginning of treatment only 1/6 of the patients held full time jobs; after six months of the program 60% did.

This seems to bear out Dr. Vaillat in his New England Journal article of Dec. 8, 1966 where he says "close and prolonged supervision by parole or probation officer or by medical society offer advantages that appear to outweigh the "shame" of being branded a "criminal".

Dr. Bearman



"The terrifying element which hallucinations can have also appeared from a few drawings in black chalk made by a girl in an acute hebephrenic outburst. She saw herself threatened on all sides by hideously grinning heads of monsters, large birds and the like who wanted to tear her to bits." Psychedelic chemicals often induce similar revelations of the horrific-destructive aspect of the cosmic process. It seems difficult to justify the belief that what is "imagined" is in any objective way more illusory than "reality"; and so it becomes necessary to ask from what world of matter's continuum such faces come, and how they travel. The forces and vehicles necessary for travelling in outer space are being investigated. Yet, when related to the immensity of that space and time that is to be their media, it becomes possible to doubt that physical violence channelled through rockets is going to get men far outside their own solar system. If some way of image travel could be found using the deeper implications of relativity... In some parts of the universe the appearance of a human face may be being taken as a sign of gravely disturbed psyche.—Esam.



Theater of Cruelty proposes to resort to a mass spectacle; to seek in the agatation of tremendous masses, convulsed and hurled against each other, a little of that poetry of festivals and crowds when, all too rarely these days, the people pour out into the streets...

The theater must give us everything in crime love, war, or madness, if it wants to recover its necessity...

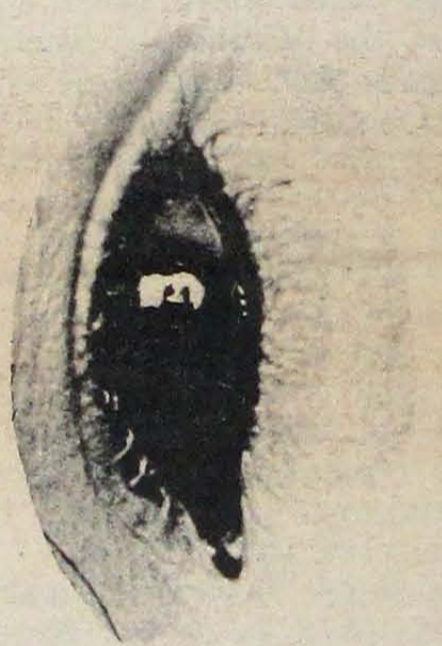
We want to create a believable reality which gives the heart and the senses that kind of concrete bite which all true sensation requires...

We wish to address the entire organism through an intensive mobilization of objects, gestures, and signs used in a new spirit...

The Theater of Cruelty has been created in order to restore a passionate and convulsive conception of life, and it is in this sense of violent rigor and extreme condensation that the cruelty on which it is based must be understood.

This cruelty which will be bloody when necessary but not systematically so can thus be identified with a kind of severe purity which is not afraid to pay the price it must pay.

Antoin Artaud  
The Theater and Its Double



Blessed is the gizzard for entrails shall be golden  
Blessed is the fetus for mucus makes the man  
Blessed is the radiator for steam seemly wet  
Blessed is the Aleph for see many count one  
Blessed is the sphincter for silent feces down  
Blessed is the zero for holyness unfilled  
Blessed is the labia for touchstone of the dying  
Blessed is the umbrage for apocrypha silent  
Blessed is the toolroom for woodwarp splinter  
Blessed is the apple for rupturing volcanic  
Blessed is the hairroot for dusts alley dry  
Blessed is the matrix for moiree spideregg

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## taj

Taj, you dig, is a 25 year old college graduate who sings blues and plays harp with a group of young white bluesmen. He really does very well at it, playing old Robert Johnson stuff, and my God he sounds almost black...as a matter of fact, he is black.

The cover is a photo of Taj, sitting in a chair in front of a white house, playing guitar surrounded with bright colored zip-a-dee-doo-dah paste on birds, and one dodo. (That's a symbol, maybe.) The record inside is also very nice, in fact, it's one of the cleanest, grooviest rock records to come out in a long long time.

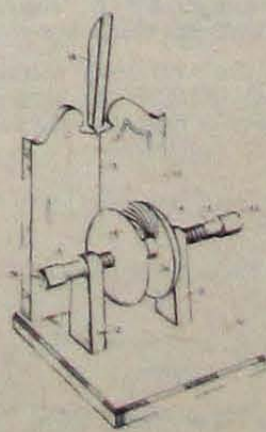
I've been listening to Sonny Boy Williamson's version of "Checking Up On My Baby" for two years, and, although Sonny Boy is sort of an idol of mine, I still can listen to Taj Mahal do the same song without feeling that there's something lacking or superfluous. Maybe Sonny Boy's was a little better, but Taj's is good.

I think it's absurd to rehash old arguments about whether or not black people have a right to sing blues; anybody who can sing blues has a right to do so - Bloomfield and Goldberg do, and they're almost black.

jc

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...I swear it's not too late"  
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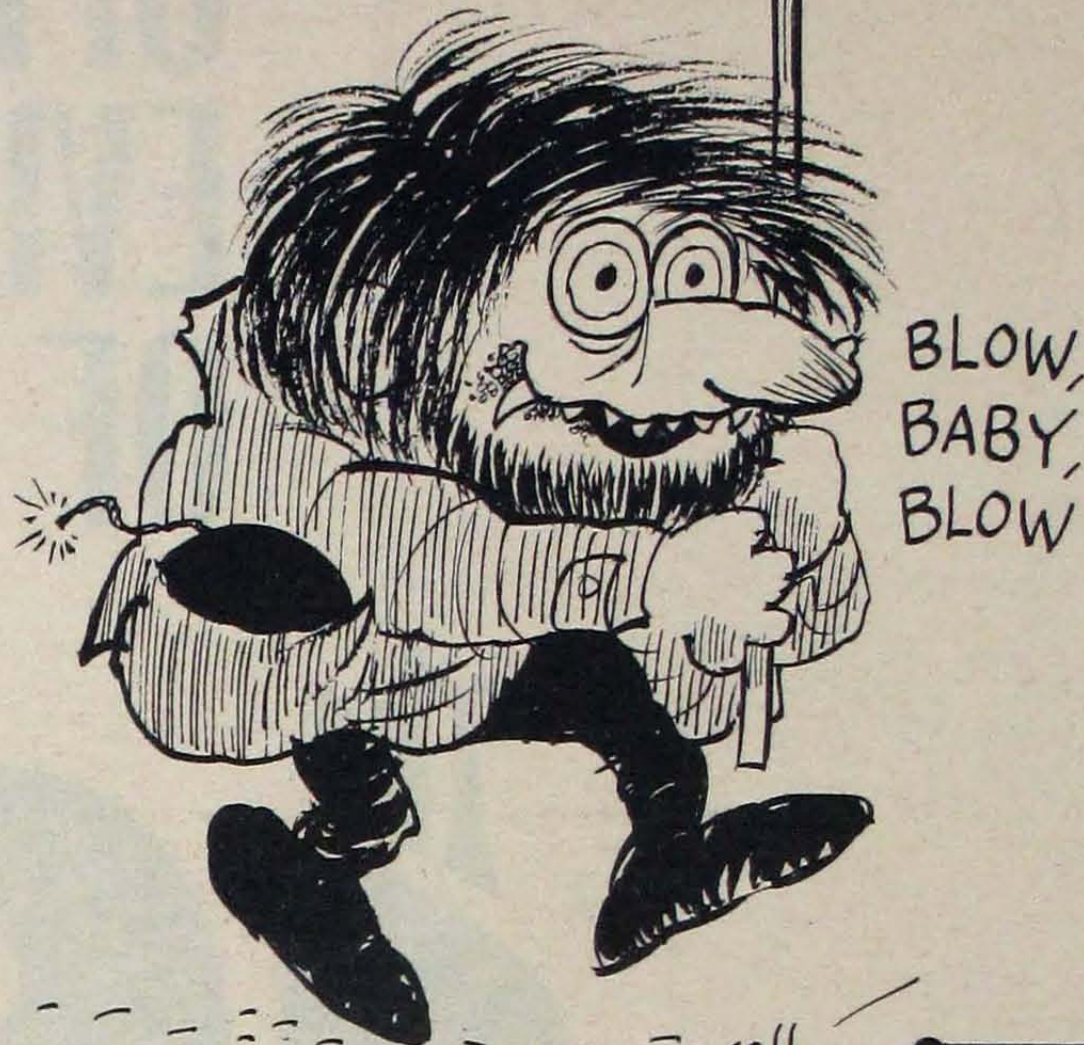
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"I want to be just like BOB DYLAN am..."  
**FESTIVAL!**  
A FILM BY MURRAY LERNER





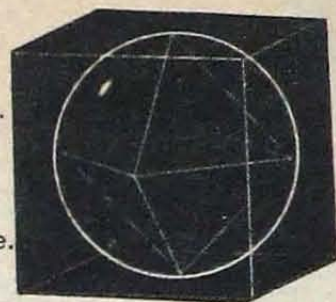
WHILE WAITING FOR THE END or THE DENTISTS CHAIR or SANTA CLAUS or THE RE-INCARNATION or THE FINAL FLASHOUT: form family cadres, they already exist, your peer group, primary group, friends, lovers, or commune; realize that YOU ARE THE REVOLUTION AND THE EVOLUTION: call it your PTA family to confuse the enemy.



A crisis of information is upon us! We live in a time when the facts have become a deluge no one man could possibly contain. Nor is it a matter of a simple increase of number; the facts themselves have become as subtle and interlocking as the nature of the reality they were supposed to illumine.

the false spring, just long enough to forget the rain, have a be-in, leave the house walk instead of drive, think about the summer: Last summer we wondered what would happen... this summer everyone knows ... IT's time Baby... there is no escape ... last summer Seattle came close during Seafair, all those people gathered together to celebrate the Chamber of Commerce and worship splendidly wasted wealth; games for the masses. Seattle almost burned while the roostertails sprayed Bramans brow. But this Summer Everyone Knows. Any town that advertises one of its Negro musicians as "boy" deserves whatever its got coming...

"As I stood talking to him, he just fell straight back and hit his head on the radiator, breaking the knob, and knocked himself out. We put him to bed and when he came round he said, "When it comes I always go into it." Michael Bowen says, "When its done properly that's what it's like. He won't live long. Who will?"



Chicago should be fun this summer too. With Gregory blackmailing, in the best sense of the word, the city with riots for the President unless some measures are taken. With Sanders, Ginsberg, Krassner and the New York crowd trying to make the city windier: they are organizing the biggest rock festival since Monterey coincidental with the Convention. Under the name of Youth International Party they intend to parade a dummy of Johnson through the streets in an open convertible: the real thing isn't going to stick his nose out of his armored helicopter except to accept the nomination. Who knows the number of lead slugs they will have collected in the dummy's head by the end of the parade.

In homœopathic remedies, in so far cosmic periphery and the earthly as rhythmic potentization plays an centre. True, it has come to rest in essential part in their preparation, the earthly place where it abides—you are already dealing with a realm in root or leaf of plant, in metal or to which this kind of thought crystal mineral, or even in the bottle applies. The substance you are on the apothecary's shelves. But potentizing was originally formed this is only its last resting-place. In from the cosmic periphery inward, the precise earthly locality where it by an individually rhythmic, not to was first precipitated, it came into say musical relation between the being through a specific and in-

It isn't felt much here in the backwash of Elliot Bay but all those anonymous, faceless thousands who descended on Washington DC last Oct to ball, spray joyous DayGlo paint on US Marshalls and MPs, levitate the Pentagon with chanting and cornmeal, drop acid and protest, are worn out tired and frustrated by a long winter of continuous incidents of head-bashing and escalation. The Next Spring Mobilization will tell another story. Maybe LACE will save the day. Sprayed in the

MPs faces it will make them take off their uniforms and ball willing hip chicks trained in the Tantric Arts.



Character, Neurotic. The character which, due to chronic bioenergetic stasis operates according to the principle of compulsive moral regulation. Emotional Plague. The neurotic character in destructive action on the social scene.



Nobody wins a revolution without controlling the Army. Nobody. So Krassner has given birth to a new word, THE YIPPIES, to tickle the media out of a dying gasp of sympathetic coverage and (media the mirror) give disenchanting dead hippies a new rallying totem, a new light in which to see themselves: the joyous anarchist. 500,000 couples fucking in the streets of Chicago, underground waitresses, go-go girls and whores spiking conventioners drinks with acid, a yuppie invasion of the convention hall nominating a REAL candidate. A 100,000 kids with blankets, feathers, beads, guitars, the set who didn't make it to San Francisco last summer because it was too far or they were too young or still unstoned.

(4) 4:705.88 AS. (5) 4:70587 Pt.(6)4:705. 90 Fe.



**IT IS ETERNITY!**

So what does the disengage declass dislocated middle class white kid do when some black Aunt Jemima whose baby died of rat bite last winter comes running up with a butcher knife. He runs, baby, and fast. Although, increasingly the blacks are learning just how much they have in common with the dropout-authority enforced by violence. If somehow between now and the heat of summer both forces solidify that ground it may just be all over for whitey... diggersareniggers (Chester Anderson) WHAT TO DO WHILE THE NIGGERS ARE BURNING THEIR GHETTOS: burn your own. But stay out of theirs. No sympathy squads. No Brother Love Aide Funds. Go downtown naked run through the Bon Marche with a joint in your hand, stand in the middle of University Ave. spraying cars with a hypodermic needle if you will, because there won't be any cops around.

analysis

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PTA: they'll never guess.. it stands for PROTESTERS, TROUBLEMAKERS AND ANARCHISTS: some families print newspapers, some block traffic, some burn draft cards, some group grope, some give legal aid, some give unreasonable opinions on everything, turn over garbage cans, set false alarms, if forty people called in forty different complaints to the police at forty different addresses all at the same time the cops would probably withdraw behind their Sandbags and barbed wire and call out the Reserves...

In this stage of awareness the observer would stand between inner and outer space allowing the interplay between image and self to flow, overhearing their dialogue, and the observer/observed dichotomy would have become a trichotomy.

John Esam all for nothing, send your congressman a dead rat...send Mayor Braman part of a billboard, send Magnuson a picture of an hydrogen bomb, burn mannequins in kerosene in the middle of U Village on shopping day, go into a deep trance on the sidewalk in front of Fredericks, paint your face and drive around town in a jeep (it can be done, theres nothing you can do that can't be done), tell shoppers in the Safeway that the men cashiers cheat, wave to the man behind the antishoplifter mirror, rent a canoe, sink it and hitchhike to New York, Girls, run amidst the ROTC during drill practice and pat their stiff soldiers crotches, shoot polio vaccine not smack, go into the Red Robin and yell

15 Ramley tear flock is ziss

downtown and ask people coming out of the movies what they think about what they saw, eat paint, buy tootsie rolls, and stuff them into telephone coin slots, cigarette machines, parking meters, go to Europe and spend less than \$7 per day, if you're paranoid you got nobody to blame but the world and you, as Krassner says a "No more marches. No more rallies. No more speeches, the dialogue is over, baby. Tolerance of rational dissent has become an insidious form of repression. The goal now is to disrupt an insane society." Don't let them stop you with signs and nasty voices and uniforms. Blow their minds. Everybody's got one and they can all be subverted.

harvey

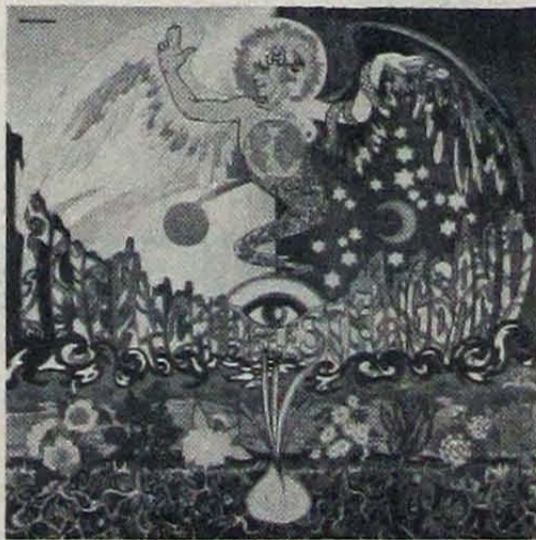


18

# OFFERING EVIDENCE OF MAGIC

# The ISB

The second album by The Incredible String Band is now available in the United States. A decidedly esoteric work, *The 5000 Spirits or Layers of the Onion* will not inundate our top-40 AM airwaves. But it is, we think, an essential recording for anyone having a more than superficial interest in today's musical and poetic innovations.



Acclaimed in England as: "The most sophisticated piece of experimenting that the British pop world has seen for some time," (*The Guardian*); "The most beautiful songs and the most inventive sounds on any scene bar none," (*The Observer*); and, "Lyrically and musically the closest to a work of genius yet produced by the folk avant-garde," (*Record Retailer*).

***The 5000 Spirits or Layers of the Onion* by The Incredible String Band**

EKS-74010 (stereo) EKL-4010 (mono)





Paul (Linden) you left Mpls. Jan. 31 before I could reach you at Danny's or Bob's. Sorry my enemies were so mean. You looked great ZING-ZANGING AROUND the J.A. Fair Jan. 27. (The food was UGH! wasn't it) Remember me at the fountain in the center and at the J.A. thing always. I'll never 4get you. Paul, I love you. Please write. Jean Eckman 1033 42nd Ave. NE Minneapolis, Minn. or call 612-788-7618. All my love, Jean. P.S. Has Seattle changed since we were there? Call collect. I love you.

Want ride to Rio, Mexico. Need pad until we leave. SU2-8075 6:00 PM.

Sharon-Where are you? I Desperately want to see you. Make immediate arrangements! Sherm

1 copy Damron gay bar guide, 1 Tangents Mag., 1 Guide to the homophile movement, plus more info. Send \$6 to Don Slater, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga, Hollywood, California 90028

# ADVERTISING

(UNCLASSIFIED PRIVATE PARTS)

My ad is lines to be run	_____ weeks; I enclose \$_____ My Phone: _____
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FIRST LINE, 27 characters, 50¢. EACH LINE THEREAFTER 25¢. SEND TO HELIX, 3128 HARVARD E., 98102

New Trenns Magazine explores in fact, fiction and illustration the world of transvestism and off-beat fashion concepts. Has unusual personal column, also has advice column for transvestites. Sample copy 35¢. New Trenns Magazine. 1213 1st-Suite 406, Seattle, Wash. 98101. Adults only.

Married couple mid 30's would like to meet compatible couple for fun and games. Box 966, 507 3rd Ave.

Moving to S.F., Portland, Spokane, Vancouver or points intermediate? Fly Midnight Movers, gets you there on time (or busts) At Infinite Sole, 4743 Brooklyn Ave.

Keep warm at the Infinite Sole, 4743 Brooklyn, gas heat while it lasts. Also boots, vests, jackets and leather gloves.

Bill P. contact Penny in San Francisco. Collect. Emergency.

MALE NUDISM is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine and monthly newsletter. State age, send \$5 to Solstice Society, Dept. H. Box 3775. Van Nuys, Cal. 91407.

Are you having hassles with the draft? Call Draft Resistance ME 2-2463, 4126 Roosevelt Way.

WANTED, Girl to wear stretch pants in pits during coming motorcycle road-racing season. Must be able to turn stop watches off and on, and must also be able to turn rider mostly on. Call AT 4-5064. During the day and ask for Mike Nites. AT 2-7532.

JUDI-CALL MOTHER. Marge, Pat and Nick.

Chuck-Call Mark. EA 5-3760.

Kraft-Call me or I'll tell one and all your real name. Forgiveness and Peace, Minds can be Mended. Harvey EA 9-1812.

The Helix needs FAST competent, typists every two weeks at layout time. Call the office.

The Helix office would be a more comfortable place for staff and visitors if somebody would donate a record player.

Married couple, early thirties, desire to meet similar married couple for "La Dolce Vita" type parties. Write Box 145, Medina Wash. 98039.

Seattle couple, She 26 He 37 seek other broad-minded couples and AC/DC gals for swinging parties. Photo and phone please. Write to Box 5109, Seattle, Wn.

You!!! Go into the hippest bookstore you know. Say, I DEMAND ALL THE SOMETHING ELSE PRESS BOOKS!!! See what happens. You will be amazed what they turn out to be. That such wonders can exist. And at such a price. Try it. See what happens. Or, if the storekeeper seems a mite flabbergasted and doesn't have the goods, you can SQUEL on him! Write us. In person. Something Else Press, Inc., 160 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10010

Live it up, send 10¢ to the Mad Peck, Box 2307, Providence, Rhode Island 02906

Terri Williams Please Please oh please call home.

Support offered to budding DANCER See Los Angeles Free Press for details.

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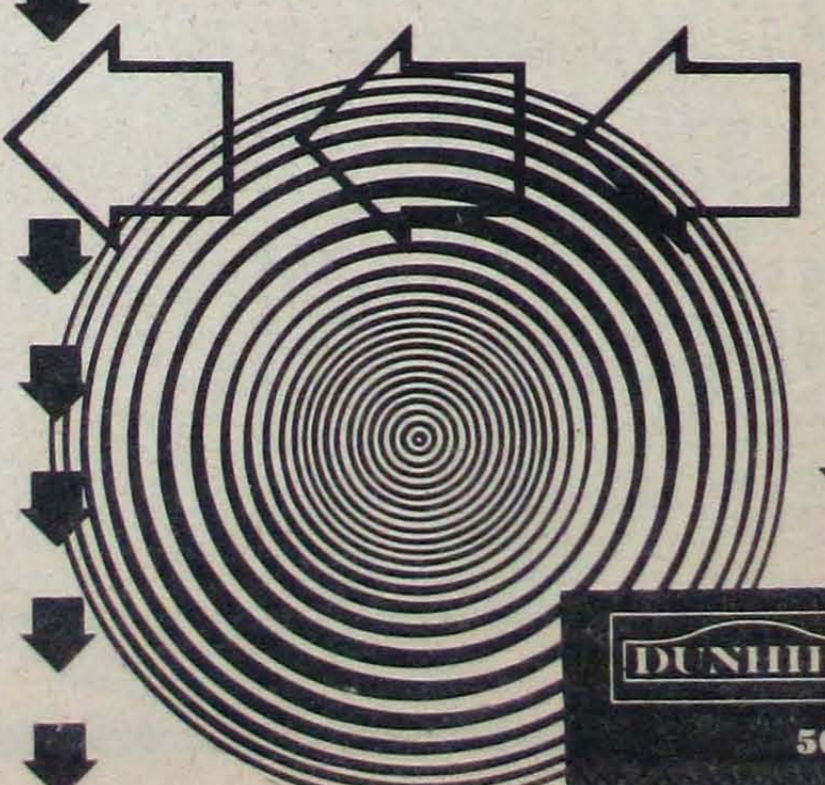
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# FILMS

\* UNDERGROUND FILMS--Rivoli Theatre, 111 Madison. Every day noon-1 a.m. New series begins each Wednesday. \$2.

\* EXPERIMENTAL FILMS--Henry Art Gallery, 15th and Campus Pkwy. Thursdays: 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 7, 8, and 9 p.m. Feb. 29 and Mar. 7.

\* DIRECTOR'S FESTIVAL--Edgemont Theatre, 415 Main, Edmonds, PR 8-4554, Feb. 18-20, *Zazie Dans le Metro*; Feb. 21-22, *The Caretaker*; Feb. 23-24, *L'Aventura*; Feb. 25-27, *Ashes and Diamonds*; Feb. 28-29, *Through a Glass Darkly*; March 1-2, *The Silence*; March 3-5, *Winter Light*.

\* HOW I WON THE WAR--Uptown, 511 Queen Anne Ave. 7:30, 9:50.

\* BONNIE AND CLYDE--Back soon at Lake City Theatre EM 2-7180.

\* WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOLFE--Columbia, 4915 Rainier Ave., PA 2-4335.

\* FESTIVAL--The Neptune, 1505 E. 45th.

\* CHUSHINGURA--The Ridgmont, Greenwood and 78th. Coming soon ULYSSES.

\* FILM SERIES--The Magnolia Theatre, 2424 34th West, AT 3-7122. Starts Feb. 25. Two double bills per week. 10:30 p.m. *Summer and Mademoiselle*, *Persona* and *Black Orpheus*. Other programs include: *Tom Jones*, *The King of Hearts*, *The Knack*, *The Sailor From Gibraltar*, *Electra*, *Phaedra*, *Our Mother's House*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *Woman in the Dunes*, *Marat/Sade* and others.

\* THE ACID EATERS--The Garden Art Theatre, 3rd Ave. and Pike. Open daily at noon.

# classes

\* POTTERY NORTHWEST--Food Circus Balcony. For class information telephone Main 4-9504.

\* FOLKDANCING AND POTTERY--At Collins, the Central Area center at 16th Ave. S. and S. Washington Street, of the Seattle Parks and Recreation Department, two exciting new classes are offered to city residents: International folk-dancing, from 7 to 9 p.m. Wednesdays, and a pottery workshop, 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Thursdays. In addition, an experimental pottery class works 1-3:30 p.m. Thursdays. Public is invited to register at the classes. They're free.

# CELESTIAL

\* Mercury moved rapidly toward inferior conjunction - in line between the earth and sun on Feb. 15 - and cannot be seen for the sun.

\* Venus rises from 2 hours to 1 1/2 hours before the sun.

\* Mars sets about 2 hours after the sun in Pisces.

\* Jupiter reaches opposition Feb. 20, rising as the sun sets and is in the sky all night in Leo.

\* Saturn sets about 4 hours after the sun in Pisces.

\* Moon: First quarter, Feb. 6; full moon, Feb. 14; last quarter, Feb. 20; new moon, Feb. 28. Moon at apogee, Feb. 6; at perigee, Feb. 18. On Feb. 21 the moon again occults the bright star Antares in Scorpius. This occultation may be seen from the west coast just before the sun rises.

\* Sun rises approximately 7:05 on Feb. 15, and will rise one or two minutes earlier each following day.

# DANCING

\* Tyrolean Dance with Hans Rainier and his band, Feb. 21 8:00, sponsored by the Scandia Folkdance Club at the Wilsonian Ballroom, 47th and University Way. (Hans Rainier plays accordian and flugelhorn, and yodels). Come in costume. \$1.50.

\* Kafana Folk Dance Studio--4750 Roosevelt Way N.E. Classes: Beg. and Advanced. Monday-International, Tuesday-English Country, Wednesday-Bulgarian, Macedonian, and Serbian, Thursday-Greek. 8:00 p.m. Except Monday and Thursday, 7:30.

\* Boog a-Loo Down Broadway--Fantastic Johnny C. For young boog a-looers Dance Masonic Temple Feb. 22; for adult boog a-looers B-Y-O Eagle's Aud. Feb. 24.

\* San Francisco Sound.

\* The Happening.

\* The Travel Agency.

# PLENIX

# MEETINGS

\* BLACK NATIONALISM AND SOCIALISM--Speaker Paul Boutelle, Feb. 23, 8:00 p.m. Militant Forum, 5257 University Way N. E.

\* SEMINAR ON ALIENATED YOUTH, DRUG USE AND ABUSE: Feb. 24, *Alienated Youth in Changing Society*; Mar. 2, *The Hippie Phenomenon*. 2:00 p.m. Nathan Eckstein Jr. High School Aud. Sponsored by Fellowship of Christian Urban Service and the Open Door Clinic, Chairman David Bearman, M.D. \$1.50.

\* FILM CO-OP MEETING, Wednesdays 8:00, Last Exit on Brooklyn.

\* VENDANTIA CENTER RAMAKRISHNA--2716 Broadway E. Weekly service Sunday morning 11:00 a.m.

\* BAHAI FAITH--Informal discussion of religions; ancient and contemporary. Weekly Wed. 8:00 p.m. 5657 11th Ave. N.E. (more info-Bob Wilson LA 5-4469).

\* SOUL SEARCH--Racial Discussions; Wed. 3:30 p.m. Husky Hollow.

\* UW VIET NAM COMMITTEE MEETINGS--Wed. 3:30, HUB.

\* VIETNAM TEACH IN--The UW Vietnam Committee sponsors a day long teach-in on Friday, March 1. Guests: Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, David Marr, Grace Mora Newman, Orville Schelle, Mike Leibowitz, and Franz Schurman. Donations needed.

# THEATRE

\* MARAT SADE--Seattle University's Fine Arts Dept. Drama Div. Feb. 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 28, 29 and Mar. 1 and 2. At Teatro Inigo, Broadway and Columbia. 8:30 p.m. \$1.50.

\* COVE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?--Ensemble Theatre, 107 Occidental So. Feb. 16, 17. Black Patent Sunday Feb. 23, 24. Two one acts by Leonard Melfi. Birdbath and Halloween start Mar. 1. 8:30. \$2.

\* THE RIVALS and THE FATHER--Seattle Center Playhouse. Tickets: \$3 and up. Call MA 4-6755 for times.

\* THE ODD COUPLE--Cirque Playhouse 3406 E. Union thru Feb. 10. GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE will follow. Tues. 7:30, Wed-Sat 8:30. Tickets \$2.50 weekdays, \$3 Fri and Sat.

# CONCERTS

\* Recital of Thomas Taverner, tenor, singing Benjamin Britten's *Canticle III*, Opus 35, "Still Falls the Rain" with words by Edith Sitwell; Gerald Finzi's *A Young Man's Exhortation*, words by Thomas Hardy, by Thomas Hardy, by Thomas Hardy; On Wenlock Edge, Feb. 18 3:30. Music Aud. UW. Complimentary.

\* The Contemporary Group with soloist Elizabeth Suderberg performs work of Bartok, Vercoe, Boone and Sydeman. HUB Aud. Feb. 25, 3:30. Complimentary.

\* University Singers and Chorale perform Benjamin Britten's *Hymn to Saint Cecilia*, Feb. 28, HUB Ballroom, 8:00 p.m. Complimentary.

\* Lenox Quartet--Haydn's Quartet in E Flat Major, Opus 64, No. 6; Beethoven's Quartet in F Major, Opus 59, No. 1; and Quartet No. 1 by Schuller. \$3, students \$2.

\* University Festival Opera The Golden Lion by Gerald and Elwyn Kechley. Mar. 5 and 8, Jane Addams Aud. 8:00 p.m. \$2.50, students \$1.50.

\* PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD--Penthouse Theatre, UW Campus. Feb. 16, 17 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$1.25. Students \$.75 Fri.)

\* UNDER MILKWOOD--Dylan Thomas, Playhouse Theatre 4045 University Way N. E. Feb. 22-29.

\* OLD KING COLE--Showboat Theatre, ft. of 15th N.E. Mar. 1 and 2.

\* KRAPP'S LAST TAPE--by Samuel Beckett; *INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD* by Thornton Wilder--Lyric Theatre 2115 5th Ave. Feb. 16, 17 and Mar. 1, 2. CHRISTOPHER Feb. 23, 24. 8:30; \$3.00.

\* AS I LAY DYING--Wm. Faulkner. Reader's Theatre. Feb. 29 and Mar. 1, HUB Aud. 8 p.m.

# ART

\* ART CENTER--Seattle Pacific College Gallery, W. Cremona St. and Queen Anne Ave. N. Competitive Drawing Show. Feb. 24-Mar 17. Mon-Fri. 10a.m.-9 p.m. Sat 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun 2-5 p.m.

\* ART MUSEUM PAVILION--Seattle Center. Northwest Printmaker's Association Show, works from international printmaker's. Feb. 22-Mar. 17. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. til 9 p.m. Sun. noon - 5 p.m.

\* EASTSHORE GALLERY--12700 S.E. 32nd St., Bellevue. Irwin Caplan and Earl Dudgeon painters, and Doris Totten Chase, sculptress. Weekdays 9 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sun 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

\* SEATTLE ART MUSEUM--Volunteer Park, 14th Ave. E. and E. Prospect. Maya Rubbings thru Feb. 25; Acquisitions of 1967 in Gould and Parsons Galleries thru Mar. 3; Early Western and Eastern Art in North Galleries thru Mar. 10. Weekdays 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs. 7-10 p.m.; Sun. noon-5 p.m.

\* UW HENRY ART GALLERY--15th Ave. N.E. and Campus Pkwy. Happenings of Allan Kaprow and Wolf Vostell, with photo murals, slides and explanations, thru Mar. 17. Also a national invitational exhibition of sculpture, in three dimensions. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Thurs. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Films on Thurs.: 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 7, 8 and 9 p.m. Feb. 29 and Mar. 7.

\* ATTICA--426 Broadway E. James McManus and Frances Celentano. Feb. 17-Mar. 6. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Sun. 1-5 p.m.

\* CURRENT EDITIONS--311 1/2 Occidental So. New work by Frank Stella thru mid March. Tues.-Sun, noon-6p.m.

\* GORDON WOODSIDE GALLERY--803 E. Union. Nathan Oliviera and Bruce Selchov (Hard Edge of NYC) thru Feb. 23. Tues.-Sun, noon- 6 p.m.

\* THE GALLERY--311 Occidental S. Exhibition of paintings by Walter Gruhke thru Feb. 23 Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun 1-5 p.m.

# sale

Northwest Craft Center--west side of fountain Seattle Center. 20% off. Daily 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Except Mondays.