

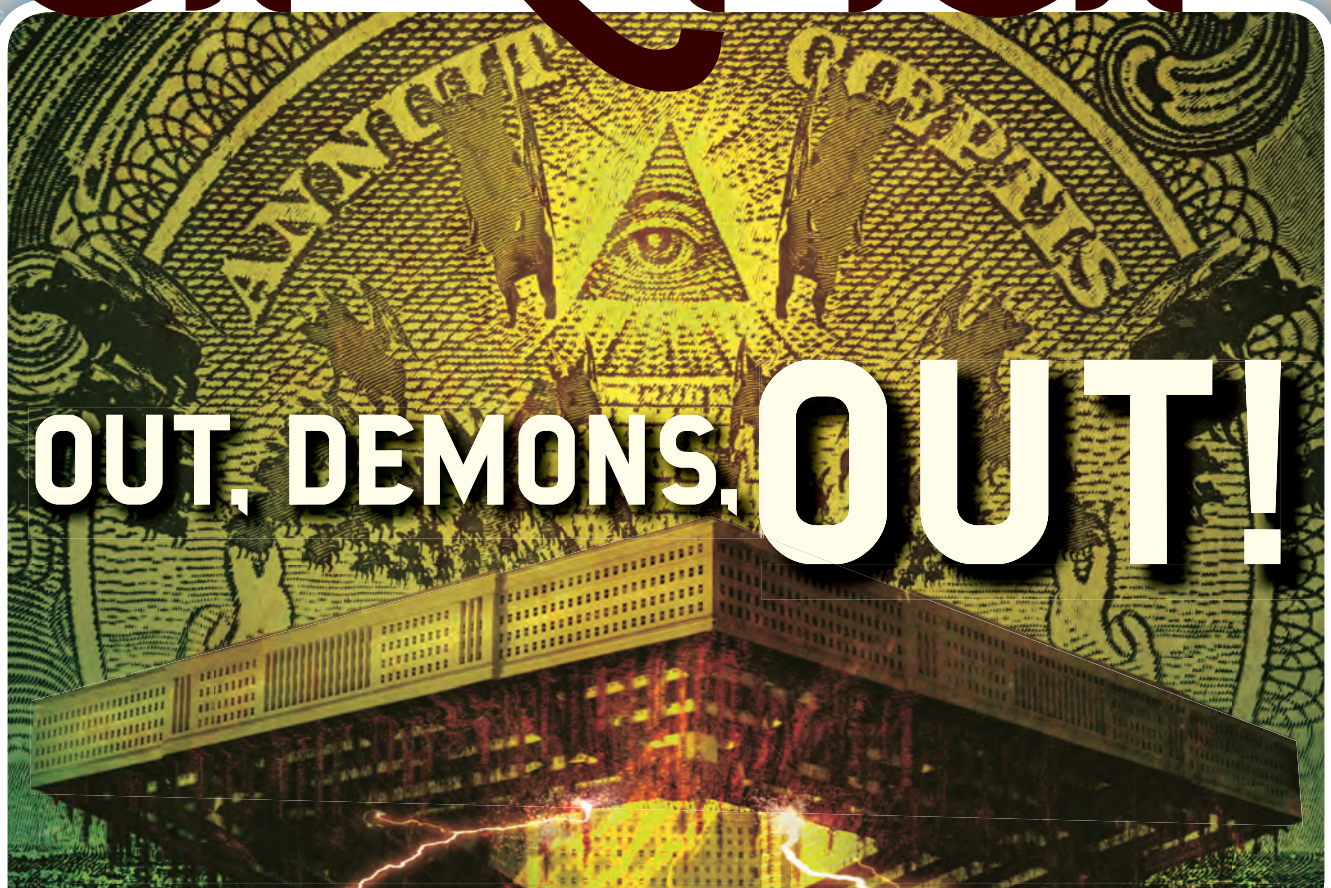
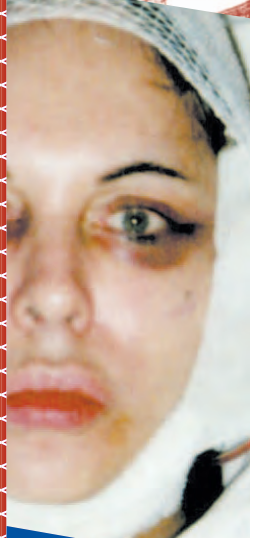
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ISSUE THIRTEEN | NOVEMBER 2004 | RESPONSIBLE ADVOCACY

- 4 I'M JUST SAYIN' Words of advice from T-Model Ford, correspondence from our readers, a recipe from the **Black Keys' Dan Auerbach**, a comic strip by **Howard Cruse**, a letter from the editor and some notes on this issue's contributors.
- 9 HERE AND NOW Why **Daniel Pinchbeck** went to Burning Man again. Illustrated by **Arik Roper**.
- 12 WELCOME TO ENERGY At home on the Malibu beach with folkish free-spirits **LITTLE WINGS**. Text and photography by **Erik R. Bluhm**.
- 14 IF LITTLE BUSH WINS...**DAVID CROSS** and **EUGENE MIRMAN** smash their funny bones on the bully pulpit.
- 28 "OUT, DEMONS, OUT!" A mind-blowing oral history of the 1967 exorcism of the Pentagon and the formation of Yippie!, as assembled by **Larry "Ratso" Sloman**, **Michael Simmons** and **Jay Babcock**. With historic artifacts, vintage pages from the *San Francisco Oracle* and stunning photography by **Robert Altman** and **Roz (Cristiano) Payne**.
- 40 LIFE ON THEIR ISLAND **Oliver Hall** talks utopian pop and practical politics with feminist electro-dance bullhorn radicals **LE TIGRE**.
- 62 LAST WORD **GENESIS P-ORRIDGE's** ten favorite psychedelic folk songs.

COMICS

- 6 "Hotel & Farm" by Ben Katchor
- 10 "Flipping Out" by Vanessa Davis
- 17 "Epic Tale" by Tom Gauld
- 54 "Why" by David Lasky

IN THE MARGINS

Drawings by Evah Fan and Eddie Ruscha

REVIEWS

- 44 "Camera Obscura" columnist **Paul Cullum** on Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool*.
- 45 "Bull Tongue" columnists **Byron Coley** & **Thurston Moore** on new work from many of the known undergrounds.
- 51 C & D (and sometimes E) bicker and enthuse about new records.

ON THE COVER: ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN COULTHART

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LARIS KRESLINS
Publisher

JAY BABCOCK
Editor

W. T. NELSON
Art Director

MICHAEL SIGMAN
Wise Man

TOM DEVLIN
Comics Editor

NEEMA ENRIQUEZ
Distribution Director
neema@arthurmag.com

CHRIS MCKENNA
Webmaster

PETER RELIC
DAN CHAMBERLIN
SORINA DIACONESCU
PETER ALBERTS
Editorial Production

DELASIE MICHAELIS
Internal Affairs

KRISTINE MCKENNA
PAUL CULLUM
JOE CARBUCCI
EDDIE DEAN
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Council of Advisors

JOHN COULTHART
Our Man in Manchester

ADVERTISE IN ARTHUR
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representatives:

LARIS KRESLINS
Advertising Director
917.446.3087
ads@arthurmag.com

JESSE LOCKS
Account Manager
jesse@arthurmag.com

DANIEL CHAMBERLIN
Account Manager
daniel@arthurmag.com

PARKER GIBBS
Account Manager
Parker@gibbsmo.com

LIZZIE KLEIN
Account Manager
Lizzie@arthurmag.com

DISTRIBUTE ARTHUR
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A Dispatch from the Arthur Headquarters

IT HASN'T BEEN EASY AROUND HERE LATELY. As much as we try to rise beyond the crass political plane and not let the world's troubles affect us more than they should, in an election year, with a war going on and the nation's two political parties trying to out-promise each other on the degree to which they'll bomb and occupy sovereign nations, that's proven almost impossible.

Which raises a thorny philosophical-ethical issue: how much should an individual, especially one in the most powerful nation in the history of the world, concern his/herself with the political? You gotta find your own equilibrium, somehow. Being willfully ignorant is nothing to be proud of, but then neither is being Aware to the degree that you bottom out in despair. Despair gets you nowhere—and with Dick Cheney/George Bush vicious warfaces blabbering in the background as we put this issue to bed, we've had our share of quiet desperation around here. The demons are back, blacking out the sky, dullifying the landscape, draining life of its vigor and beauty.

So, many a work break has been spent drawing animals and plants; staring at a twirling electric portrait of the radiant Ganesh, overcomer of obstacles; listening to holy/self-titled/1971 albums by Ash Ra Tempel and the Edgar Broughton Band, and Devendra Banhart's handsome *Nino Rojo*, and the Hidden Hand's devastating *Mother Teacher Destroyer*, and Growing's almost



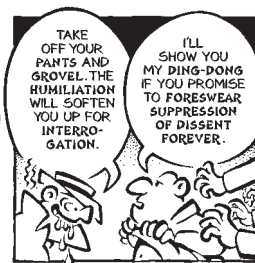
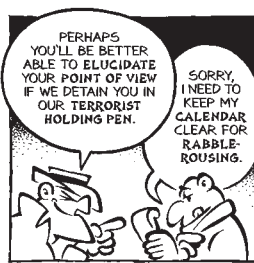
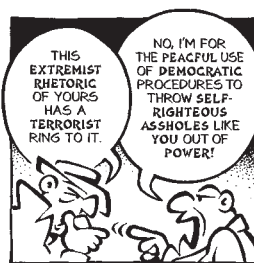
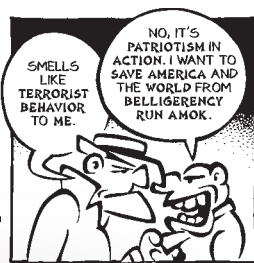
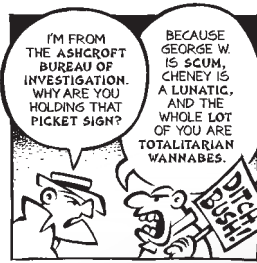
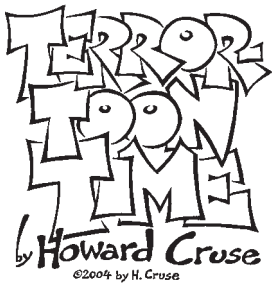
incredibly transcendent *The Soul of the Rainbow and the Harmony of Light*, and African desert nomad peaceniks Tinariwen's new one and Plastic Crimewave's magnificent hot acid-psych *Million Tongues Festival* compilation (released on Arthur's own Bastet label, details on page 26). Watching Maya Deren and Jean Cocteau and Stan Brakhage dreamfilms late at night. Re-reading Ginsberg's "Kaddish" before rising in the morning. And all the time thinking: Art saves lives. As poet/Fug/American hero/Arthur cover co-star Ed Sanders once said, "Art is a consolation for people whose heart has been broken by the world. [It] is a great way for getting through the hideousness of life.... Art is a pacifying function, and if everyone was an artist the world would be less brutal."

This is what this issue of *Arthur* is: a humble attempt to help ourselves, to help our friends, to help those tens of thousands out there we've never met, by sharing meaningful art—in whatever form it takes—in the context of our increasingly brutal times.

We hope it helps.

—Jay Babcock
Los Angeles, October 2004

Correction: The uncredited photograph of Josephine Foster in *Arthur* No. 12 was taken by Steve "Plastic Crimewave" Krakow.



T-Model Knows Better

T-Model Ford is the 84-year-old self-styled "Boss of the Blues," also known as The Taildragger. Every two months, Arthur calls up T-Model at his home in Greenville, Mississippi and asks some questions about matters concerning us and our readers. T-Model gives his sage answers, then we transcribe the conversation with some interpreting help from the fellas at Fat Possum, the Mississippi record label that releases T-Model's all-bets-are-off blues albums (more info at fatpossum.com). If you've got questions for T-Model, and we suspect that you do, email 'em to editor@arthurmag.com

What's your favorite season of the year?

I take 'em as they come, they're all alike to me. I don't worry about it. That's the Man's work. I'm doin' alright. He's letting me live, go around, doin' my little thing. I'm feeling GOOD.

What if you're a person who doesn't enjoy going to church, listening to the sermon and so on, but you still want God in your life? What's the best way to get His attention?

Well, if you want to go to church, you just got to go on in to the church. But I don't go to church. I got the church right here in my heart. I don't go to church, because the half of them going to church, they ain't the Christian I is. I can ask them about some things, they can't answer. I can. I can't read and write, but I can answer. I was raised up in the church. When I was getting in my 30s then, I married a woman. I was a young man and... I thought the peoples all around liked me, and they enjoyed me, I thought we was

gonna be in the church. But they changed— they went to talking about me, saying I wasn't going to the church for no good, I was going to church to look at the young women. And I ain't thinking about it!

When it comes to romance, do you believe in making love on a first date, or should you hold out, stoke the fire for a while, so when it finally happens it's so much sweeter?

Well, if you want it, go ahead. But if you don't, let it go. And further up the road, it'll do better. So, don't worry about it. Let them worry about it. Don't you worry about it. That's the way they're doing on me. They're worrying about this old man! They say I'm 84 years old. But I ain't

worrying for nothing. I ain't lost nothin', and I gets what I want. I'm trying to get another CD fixed up, where I can go out there and do it again.

How many songs do you reckon you know how to play by heart?

Well, it's a hard question to answer. I know a heap of 'em. But I can't read and I can't write and I can't spell. When they crawl up in my mind, I can do it to it, I can sing it and I can play it. I had a white fella come to my house the other morning from England I believe it was, he wanted to hear me play the guitar. I told him, I can play. He didn't think I want to play. He asked me to get it, and let him hear a little. I let him hear a heap. He crazy, he wrote it down in a book, what I can play and what I can do. I really can play. I don't have to ask nobody. I can play with anybody, I can play without 'em.

How many years does it take somebody to play the blues before they finally get it right?

Oh, it don't take no time. If you interested in it, and wanna

play and take heave at it... I learned in a week! And I'm BAD. I was shamed to go out with the guys I was playin' with, but they finally got me out one time, and I'd been bad ever since. I ain't scared of nobody with a guitar, I don't care where he come from. I didn't start til I was 58. Everybody want to know why I waited, but I wasn't interested in nothin' like that. I had workin' on my mind, and women. But they never did worry me. I ain't never worried but one time about a woman, and I got POISONED by her. And I ain't worried about nay none of them...they go and they come. That's right. I let them worry about ME. I ain't the man I used to be, but I'm a ladies' man. ☺

"I DON'T GO TO CHURCH, BECAUSE THE HALF OF THEM GOING TO CHURCH, THEY AIN'T THE CHRISTIAN I IS. I GOT THE CHURCH RIGHT HERE IN MY HEART."

Notes About Our Contributors

Erik R. Bluhm (Little Wings, page 13) is the editor of Californiano magazine *Great God Pan*, which has recently been relaunched at greatgodpan.com

John Coulthart (cover) lives in Manchester, England where he designs and illustrates books and cds, paints, draws comics and designs websites. He has worked at various times with Hawkwind, Savoy Books, Alan Moore, Cradle of Filth and, more recently, Jon Hassell. www.atelier.abelgratis.co.uk

Howard Cruse ("Terror Toon Time," this page) is the creator of the comic strip series *Wendel*, collected in its entirety in the 2001 book *Wendel All Together* (Olmstead Press), and author of the 1995 graphic novel *Stuck Rubber Baby* (Paradox Press). Prometheus Books recently published his illustrated adaptation of Jeanne E. Shaffer's satirical fable *The Swimmer With a Rope In His Teeth*. His comics-packed web site is at www.howardcruse.com

"Camera Obscura" columnist **Paul Cullum** is a writer, journalist and boulevardier of the broken dream that is Los Angeles.

Oliver Hall (Le Tigre, page 40) is a Los Angeles musician, writer and Arthur distributor. Look for his band She-Rat in the coming months, as well as his shabbily attired unwashed human person at Club Screwball most Tuesday nights.

"Here and Now" columnist **Daniel Pinchbeck** is a founding editor of *Open City Magazine* and author of *Breaking Open the Head: A Psychedelic Journey Into the Heart of Contemporary Shamanism* (Broadway Books). www.breakingopenthehead.com

Arik Moonhawk Roper (illustration, page 9) lives in New York City with his cat and two roommates. He's currently producing a book of graven images and psychonautical roadmaps designed to create true hallucinations through visual stimulation. www.arikroper.com

Michael Simmons ("Out, Demons, Out!," page 22) was a Feature Writer for the *LA Weekly* and an editor of *National Lampoon*, remains editorial consultant for *High Times* and has scribed for the *Los Angeles Times*, *Rolling Stone*, *Penthouse*, *The Progressive*, *Crawdaddy*, *Clamor* and others. He won the 1996 Los Angeles Press Club Award for Excellence in Journalism for his expose of the Hollywood Vice Division of the LAPD. He is currently authoring *Yippie! And The Politics of Hip*.

Larry "Ratso" Sloman ("Out, Demons, Out!," page 22) is currently collaborating with Anthony Kiedis on the Red Hot Chili Peppers frontman's autobiography. He wrote the definitive Abbie Hoffman biography, *Steal This Dream*, and is most notorious for collaborating with Howard Stern on *Private Parts* and *Miss America*. His book about touring with Bob Dylan on the Rolling Thunder Revue, *On the Road with Bob Dylan*, was recently republished. He lives in New York City.

Gabe Soria ("Come On In My Kitchen, page 6) is 31 years old, living in Brooklyn and thinking about New Orleans. He's writing a novel that incorporates both science fiction and soul music—critics be damned.

Photographer **Emily Wilson** (Eugene Mirman portrait, page 14) lives and works in Brooklyn. She says, "This shoot with Eugene was a good afternoon, we weren't pressed for time so we wandered around and found some fun in his neighborhood. It's not pictured here, but for one of my ideas, Eugene got into a Mr. Softee truck and served some kids ice cream. One of the ideas he didn't go for at all was him being in a game of dodgeball in the schoolyard." emily@emilywilsonphotography.com



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Come On In My Kitchen

Dan Auerbach of the Black Keys' Bomb-Ass Matzoh Ball Soup, as told to Gabe Soria

I MAKE THIS A LOT BECAUSE IT'S AWESOME. I had it growing up. My dad would make it about once every two weeks, and he'd always make a gigantic pot using my grandma [complicated Polish name]'s recipe. [Arthur: How do you spell her name?] Beats me. [laughs] You try spelling that shit. I don't even think that she can spell it. That's why she changed her name to Annette. Annette Auerbach, my dad's mother. She taught herself how to cook, making the most out of not-the-most.

First you gotta make the broth, which is key, and then you make the matzoh balls. For the broth, you gotta get nice chicken bones, enough to fill three quarters of the stock pot. For the bones, I go to Klein's Market here in Akron and ask for soup bones. You put those in, and you put in chopped-up parsnips and carrots and white onions and celery. You fill the water right up to the top of the bones. Not above, not below. Bring it to a boil and then reduce it to a simmer. Let it simmer for at least an hour, keeping it covered except for a little sliver. Check it every once in a while, and after the broth has reduced a bunch, put in a big handful of dill. The key ingredient is dill. It's what sets my grandma's chicken broth apart.

Now get a smaller pot, one that will hold all the broth, and strain out the bones. Normally me and my dad will pick through the meat on the bones and eat that. Take

INGREDIENTS

For the broth:
 enough chicken bones to fill the stock pot
 2 or 3 white onions, halved
 bag of carrots, peeled and halved
 parsnips (slightly less than the amount of carrots), halved
 bunch of celery, halved
 bunch of dill, coarsely chopped
 salt and pepper

For the matzoh balls:
 4 large eggs
 1/2 cup club soda
 2 to 3 tablespoons schmaltz (chicken fat) skimmed from the stock
 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
 1 cup of Manischewitz matzoh meal

Essential cookware:
 one stock pot
 one slightly smaller pot

some of the carrots, some of the celery and some of the parsnips and cut them up into bite-sized pieces and save them to put into the strained broth later. Then you add some salt and pepper to taste and you got a good broth. You can even put in a little bit more fresh dill.

While that's simmering, you want to make the matzoh balls, because they have to be refrigerated. You take four eggs, a half cup of club soda, a few tablespoons—three or four, you kinda do it by feel—of chicken fat that you've skimmed from the broth, plus a couple

of tablespoons of chopped-up parsley (chop it up nice and fine), salt and fresh black pepper, and about a cup of matzoh meal. My grandma only uses Manischewitz. I've never had others. I know some people use Goodman's.

Mix it all up with your hands. Put a little bit of the chicken fat on your hands, rub it in so that the dough doesn't stick to your fingers, get it nice and mixed up, and form balls with it. Make 'em bigger than a golf ball but smaller than a tennis ball. Some people make gigantic matzoh balls and I just think that's fucking stupid. That's kinda like foot-long hot dogs. "They taste like shit, but they're a foot long. Can you believe it?!"

Put the matzoh balls in the refrigerator. They've gotta sit there for at least twenty minutes, a half hour. And then just put 'em right in the broth to cook 'em. Bring the broth back up to a boil and throw the matzoh balls in. They cook in 20-25 minutes, covered. Don't peek. You just gotta trust the matzoh. Have faith in the Manischewitz. You should have perfect matzoh balls; they should be floating at the top. And then you put in your vegetables that you've chopped and then you've got the bomb-ass soup. Some people add noodles, but my grandma never does. But that chicken meat that you pick off of the bones? Sometimes she'll use that. It's a bonus.



Letters of Comment

RE-REGARDING CROP CIRCLES

In his thought-provoking column "Regarding Crop Circles" (Arthur, September 2004), Daniel Pinchbeck rightly celebrates the multiple layers of meaning to be discovered within the crop circle phenomenon.

This is a human phenomenon, one that comprises not just the formations themselves, but also those people who study them and generate meaning from them. Today, however, as Daniel notes, there's a grudging acceptance, even within the inner sanctum of the "croppy" community, that many of the circles are made by fellow human beings. But the fact of the matter—as all the high-flyers in the scene know but are, for complex socio-economic reasons, unable to admit—is that they have all been made by humans. Always.

Twenty-three years after the original circlemakers Doug Chorley and Dave Bower came clean, it's time we started viewing the circles for what they really are: spectacular, awe-inspiring and immensely powerful works of art. The circlemakers are artists whose canvas is the landscape and whose gallery is the psyche. Go back and examine the evolution of the designs, from the first simple blobs to the pictograms and mathematical designs that followed. As with any artform, the hand of the artist, and their inspiration, is always visible, you just have to know what to look for—the Signs.

Even as a regular "grunt" or "sub-underling" in a leading circlemaking team, I'm regularly bowled over by the ingenuity of those directing proceedings—just as I would be by a talented musician or a prodigious mathematician. When we hear a complex and inspiring piece of music, we don't ascribe it to some mysterious non-human agency, even if we don't know the band or composer responsible. So why do people suddenly abandon their critical faculties and common sense when confronted by crop circles? This is one of the many mysteries at the core of the phenomenon.

These artworks have changed lives: the formations have healed, harmed, empowered and perplexed, they have made fortunes for some and lost them for others. Few 20th century visual artists have made such a dent in the global imagination as the crop circle makers.

It's an unwise thing to continue to deny the formations their humanity and, given the weight of evidence, increasingly disingenuous. We should accept their remarkable ability to trigger something deep within us and embrace it, recognising that this magic—like all magic—is ultimately very human.

(There's no space to discuss the relatively straightforward hows and complex whys of crop circlemaking. A visit to www.circlemakers.org provides a rich earthing in the subject, while the team's book, *A Beginner's Guide to Crop Circle Making*, to be reissued next year, sets you up nicely to start making your own.)

Mark Pilkington
 London, England

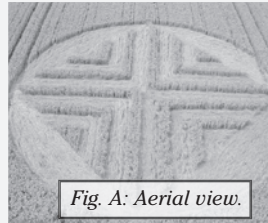


Fig. A: Aerial view.

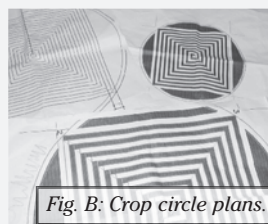


Fig. B: Crop circle plans.

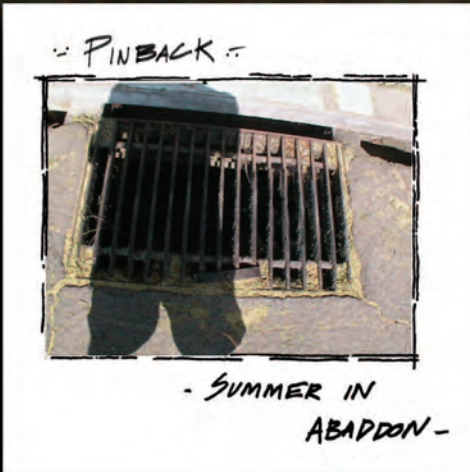
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Hotel & Farm by Ben Katchor



Ben Katchor recently collaborated with musician Mark Mulcahy on "The Rosenbach Company" a new music-theater production on the life and adventures of the famous rare-book dealer Abe Rosenbach. Visit www.katchor.com for details.

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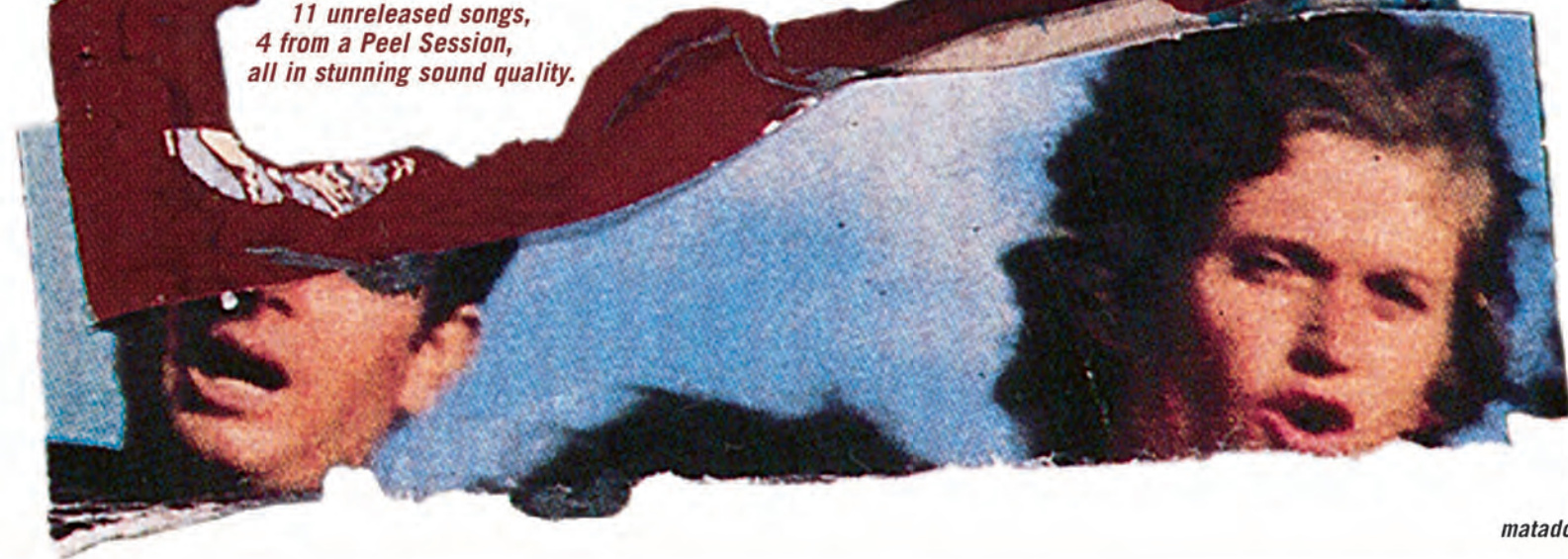
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Here and Now

by DANIEL PINCHBECK

Towards the New Edge

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I attended the annual Burning Man festival, in the Black Rock desert of Nevada, for the fifth year in a row. Burning Man has been called the world's biggest party, but I don't even know if I have "fun" at Burning Man in any ordinary sense—being there is incredibly intense, a kind of psychophysical endurance test. Despite the difficulties, I will continue to return as long as it is possible to do so. The gathering acts as an enormous shamanic transformer, constellating new insights and clearing away old junk.

I chose to go to Burning Man instead of staying in New York for the protests surrounding the Republican Convention. My increasing suspicion is that traditional forms of protest, at this point, are only playing into the hands of the security apparatus. The police and military get the opportunity to test out their latest tactics and shiniest gadgets, while the corporate media finds the most incendiary images to broadcast across the US, amping up the anxiety. The catharsis that protestors get from yelling slogans across barbed wire barriers and out of "free speech pens" might be energy that could be more creatively invested in other ways.

As the corporate and governmental superstructure continue a lockstep march towards their own self-destruction, their attempts to pulverize the collective psyche into submission becomes more transparent and overt. Electrical currents of spite and anxiety ripple across our public discourse and private lives. The individual's refusal to fall into these traps or accept this negative conditioning can be a great liberation. At Burning Man, I kept thinking that the most meaningful political act, right now, is to continue cultivating fearlessness in pursuit of joy. To be fearless, calm, and joyful is to jam a wrench into the "Brave New 1984" technodystopic machinery that is seeking to impose itself on our world.

I consider the current sociopolitical abyss to be a kind of evolutionary tool. The control apparatus of modern society may be functioning as a training ground for a new level of consciousness. Many different thinkers of the 20th century, as well as the prophecies of archaic and indigenous spiritual traditions, have proposed that a major change in human consciousness is imminent. This has been articulated in various ways. Before his death in 1961, the psychoanalyst Carl Jung saw that the "reality of the psyche," repressed by the modern mentality, would soon become unavoidable. Mankind was being forced to climb "to a higher moral level, to a higher plane of consciousness," to handle "the superhuman powers which the fallen angels" had dropped into our hands.

The Austrian visionary Rudolf Steiner (founder of Anthroposophy and Waldorf

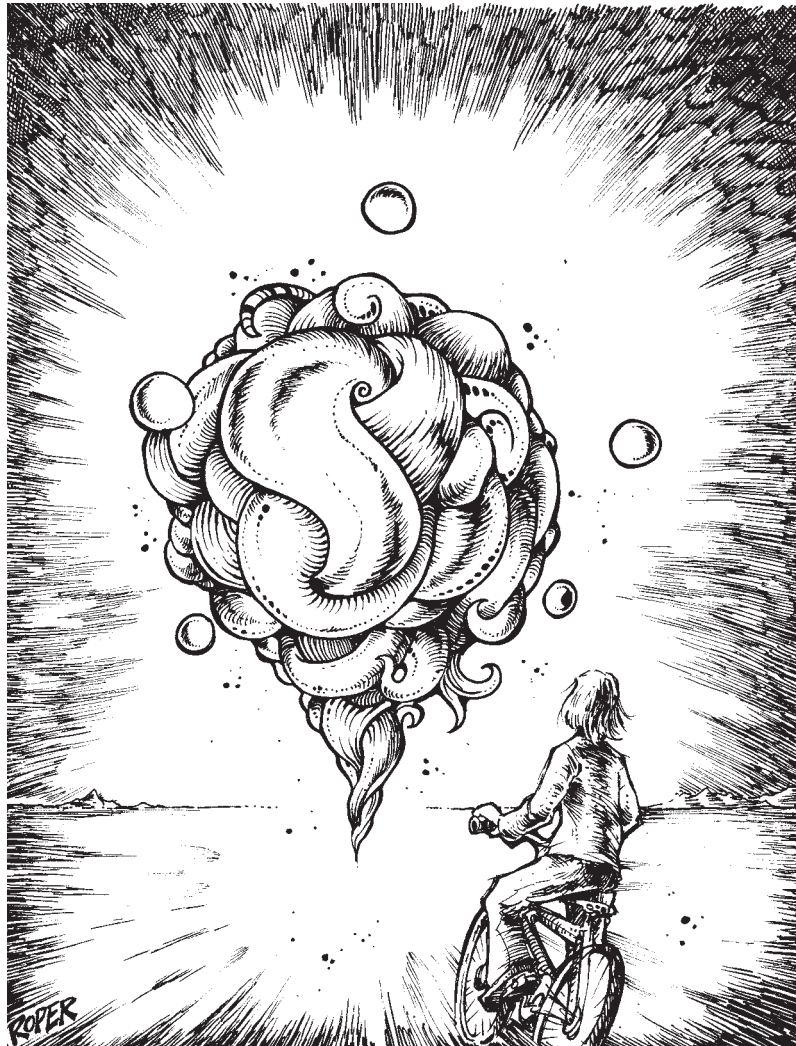


Illustration by ARIK MOONHAWK ROPER

education) claimed that the mission of his life on Earth was to return the knowledge of reincarnation to the West. According to Steiner, individual human beings reincarnate again and again, and the Earth itself passes through successive incarnations. He considered this phase to be the fourth incarnation of the Earth. Steiner thought we are approaching a fifth incarnation, the

accelerate exponentially from that point. Once we had reached this supramental state, this truth-consciousness, we would be able to transform our physical reality and our bodies. "Man," Aurobindo wrote, "is a transitional being." The powers unleashed by technology might be reintegrated into the psyche, at a higher level of development.

As counterintuitive as it may seem

**TO BE FEARLESS, CALM AND JOYFUL
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"Jupiter state," where humanity would evolve new capacities and reach a new level of wisdom. Actually, it's not just humanity: according to Steiner, the plant and mineral kingdom would reach a higher level of consciousness during this next incarnation, while humanity would split into several different "human kingdoms," undergoing different forms of evolution.

The Indian philosopher Sri Aurobindo also felt that we were moving towards a new level or intensity of consciousness. In one of his last essays, "The Mind of Light," he defined this as the "supramental" state. Just as life had self-organized out of matter, and mind had self-organized out of life, consciousness would evolve beyond the obscurations and ignorance of our current condition to attain a level of truth-consciousness, and spiritual awareness, that could not be manipulated or fooled. Aurobindo speculated that our evolution would

at first, I propose that our current environment, saturated with noise and chaos and fear-mongering, is the necessary background for attaining this supramental condition, for accepting and mastering the reality of the psyche. The new mindset stems from a fearless curiosity and hunger for truth, and a rejection of the cynicism and negative programming foisted upon it by the corporate-controlled media and current power structure. The new intensity of consciousness accepts the reality of psychic and occult levels of reality, denied by modern materialism, but integrates this understanding with a scientific, pragmatic, and empirical approach to existence. As a speaker at Burning Man pointed out, it is not "New Age," but "New Edge."

My hypothesis is that at least a portion of humanity attains this level of "supramental" mind – including, as Aurobindo proposes, an accelerated

evolution—as we approach the year 2012, prophesied by the Mayans as the end of the 5,125-year "Great Cycle" of human history. Despite current appearances, we are on the verge of a transition into a new intensity of human consciousness that will institute an harmonic and utopian situation on the Earth. This thesis is not mine alone—it is carefully elaborated by Carl Johann Calleman, among others, in his new book, *The Mayan Calendar and the Transformation of Consciousness* (Bear & Co.). This book supports the basic ideas of the writers Jose Arguelles and John Major Jenkins—a new outsider paradigm is crystallizing.

Calleman, a biologist who has worked with the World Health Organization, considers the development of human consciousness to be an organic process akin to fetal development. Chemical signals are transmitted to the fetus in an incredibly complex and perfectly orchestrated sequence. The proposal made by Arguelles, Calleman, and others, is that the evolution of human consciousness on Earth follows a similar process on a planetary scale, and we are currently approaching the birth of the higher mind, or noosphere, of the Earth. After many years of research, Calleman as well as Arguelles understand the Mayan Calendar to be a synchronically-attuned device that indicates the year-by-year changes, in this final period, leading to the inevitable phase-transition of human consciousness.

The run-up to the 2012 transition appears, necessarily, as universal capitulation and collapse—just as birth is a messy process that would appear horrific to the uninformed observer. According to Calleman's study of the Mayan Calendar, the global economy—and with it, the materialist paradigm currently holding the collective psyche at a certain level of development—will collapse around 2007-8. Right now, we are being forced to witness the shadow of the psyche projected into material form through systemic misuse of technology, biospheric destruction, as well as our current political farce. During the transition, things seem to be getting simultaneously—paradoxically—much better and much worse. Time itself seems to be changing form, accelerating, as events follow each other at breakneck pace.

Obviously, it is a difficult leap for most people to accept the possibility that the Maya had a deeper understanding of time—as a synchronic order, rather than a simple linear extension—than we currently possess. However, it seems to me that any impartial study of the current world situation makes it obvious that the current social and political paradigm is unsustainable, even in the short term. We are depleting and burning out our global resources at

(continued on page 61)

Flipping Out

by Vanessa Davis

When I was 11, on vacation in the Keys, we decided to go swimming with dolphins

These are 7-foot baby dolphins! They love to play, and they prefer to swim with women and children than men, since they sense aggression in men

Sneak!

He's so slick and slippery!

First, we got in the water and met dolphins

Then we tried some tricks

WHOOSH

It was supposed to be fun, but truthfully it was weird. Flailing underwater while huge wild animals thrusted around you...

Vanessa you still have 45 minutes left! Get back in here!

GLUB
GURGLE
Water got in my snorkel-- I couldn't breathe

FLAP!

GASP!

SOB!

sputter!

I had to get out!

2004

Vanessa Davis regularly publishes her comic *Spaniel Rage* and appears in the upcoming comics anthology *Scheherazade* (Soft Skull Press).



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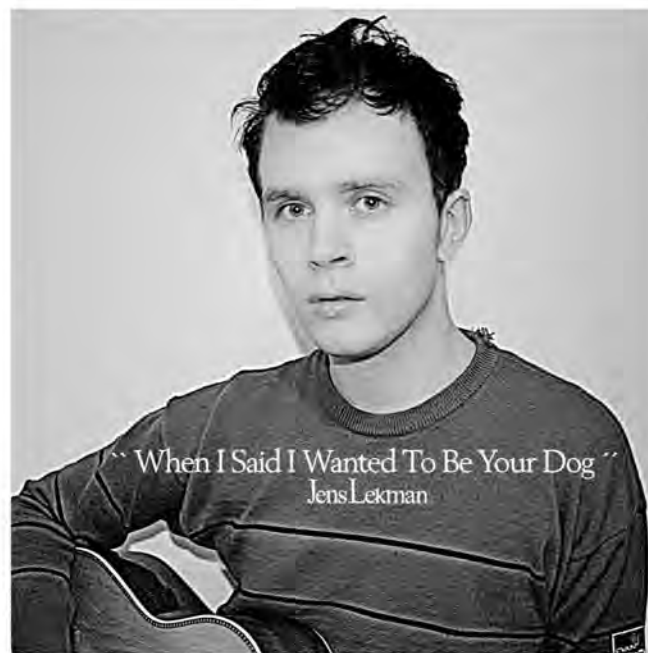
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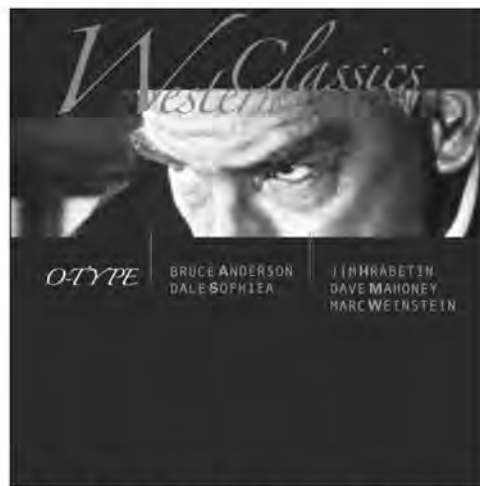
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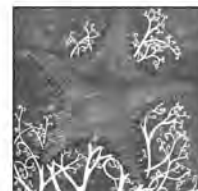
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Left: Kaisle, Arrak and Nice Chichen, ready for the new dawn in this season's paperwear. Below, and facing page: New Energy denizens frolic in the sea. Center of spread: Drawings by Kaisle Feeled.

WELCOME TO ENERGY

Free-spirited **Little Wings** tunesmith Kaisle Feeled's coastal introspection experience. Text and photos by Erik R. Bluhm.

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA JUNE 2004
I stumbled into their camp by following a small trail up from the beach. Rows of rocks were laid out in some places like arrows pointing the way. On top of a small bluff it sat, a geometrically-shaped brown paper structure about the size of a delivery van. As I walked up, the paper door was pushed aside and a deeply-tanned young man emerged. I immediately recognized him as Kaisle from the Little Wings record jackets. He wore sandals, a fringed vest made of the same paper as the tent and no shirt.

"Grow," he greeted. "Welcome to Energy."

The two of us sat on a Navajo blanket that was set out on the grass to observe the ocean below. We were joined by two others who Kaisle introduced as Arrak, tall and bearded, and Nice Chichen, an attractive young woman in braids and a mini-poncho.

"I met these two at a folk club north of Morro Bay," explained Kaisle, slowly tracing an arc in the air between Arrak sitting Indian-style at his side and Nice Chichen who was offering a platter of cold lentils and kelp salad. "They began an intricate interpretive dance as I was performing. Very expressive. We decided to move south together."

Little Wings is more than a rock group. "It's a diverse musical palette," says singer Kaisle Feeled, who, along with an ever-changing congregate of musicians and artists, has produced six albums and, by his own admittance, "changed countless lives." On stage Little Wings may be a full band, with pickup members singing along and playing diverse instruments such as tamboura and autoharp. At other times it's just Kaisle on a borrowed 12-string, like last week in Santa Barbara. While a half dozen young people, dressed all in brown with green branches attached to their arms and legs, waved their limbs to the music, Kaisle introduced the audience to his romantic visions of coastal introspection, of pine needles and inner communication. Despite the spectacle of the tree dancers, it was Kaisle's voice that demanded attention. Never afraid to veer outside of his vocal range, the free-spirited tunesmith warbled his way into ever intertwining arcs of melody.

The songs seemed old, almost traditional, hopeful and organic. Folkies like Dino Valente and Bob Lind came to mind. Or a more optimistic Robinson Jeffers.

After spending several years in Oregon, Kaisle and his followers recently migrated southward to the California coastline which, he admits, is his true home.

"The Northwest is largely about moss and darkness in many ways. It can be emotionally difficult to withstand the influence upon a soft light music such as ours," Kaisle told me, drawing a triangle in the dirt with his big toe.

Little Wings' newest record, *Magic Wand*, was recorded in Olympia, Washington by K Records maven Calvin Johnson. The cold weather revisitation proved difficult for Kaisle who had grown more comfortable with "funneling his wood grain/crystal shards through the latest wave of Big Sur revivalism" than with donning coat and braving elements.

"We are so accustomed to the environment here in California that we had to make a conscious effort to try to make a California record in Washington state, so it seems conceptual in that way: a California summer record made in Washington's winter."

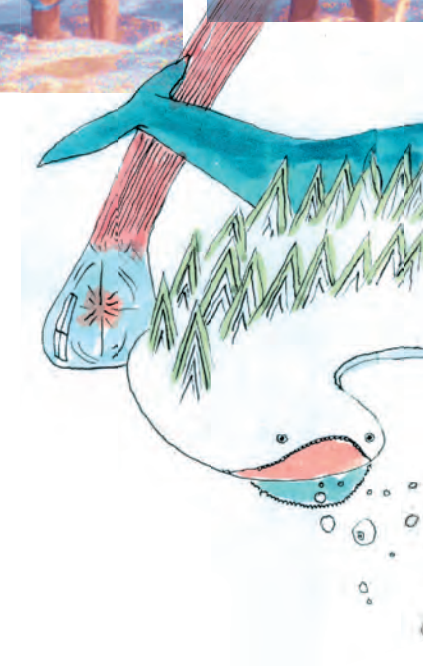
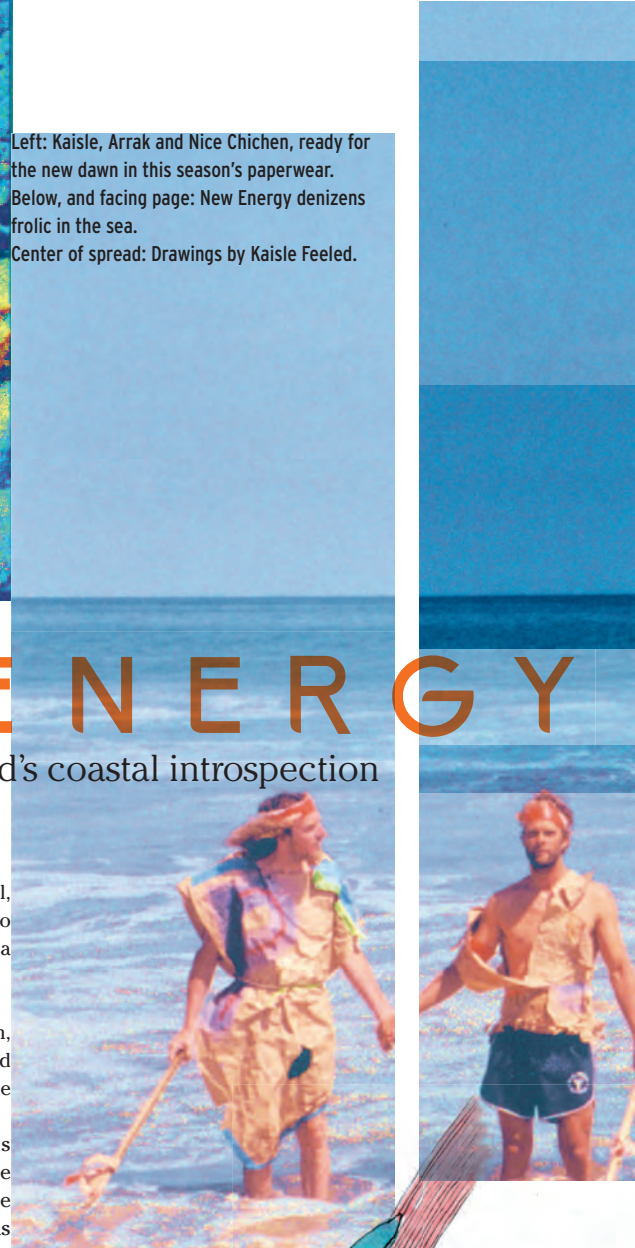
Kaisle took along his friend Lee Baggett whose split CD with Little Wings called *Harvest Joy/October Sketches* came out this year on Invisible City. "Lee is an endless well of light," said Kaisle. "The sessions came out beautifully."

Now safely ensconced in his new home in Malibu, Kaisle is clearly enjoying his current situation. Lying in the sunshine he recalled the winter isolation of the recording studio and his decision to live amongst the warmth of others.

"In order to have a group existence you need to have a group," he realized. "You can't have a commune by yourself."

"The tree has a cousin in paper." —Kaisle Feeled

"We built a kind of a wigwam," explained Kaisle, gesturing to the tent. "It was supposed to be like Gary Snyder's house but we couldn't remember exactly what it looked like. We don't think anyone else was reminded of his house." The poet



Gary Snyder, who after living in a cabin in Marin County and experimenting with peyote in the 1950s, moved to Japan, studied Zen and returned to California to build his dream house in the Sierra foothills. He called it Kitkitdizze, the Indian name for a shrub that grows in the area. "Gary's house was built out of wood and based on Japanese style," described Arrak. "Ours is made out of paper, which is related to wood but thinner and more flexible. The shapes we used are rhomboids, hexagons, and other many-sided shapes that we're not sure what they're called." The Little Wings house doesn't have a name.

It turns out the brown paper was left over from a project which was a collaboration between Little Wings and noted New York minimalist Ferg Dewitt.

"Ferg is known for his geometric shape objects and wall drawings," he said. "He wanted to adapt that to a maritime Pacific setting, a perfect challenge for the New Energy. We have been here now in Malibu for nearly a month, transforming a privately-owned polymorphic rock outcropping into an exercise in spatial symmetry. All in just primary colors."

The paper, used for masking off the individual colors, has been refashioned into clothing and shelter.

"Lee Baggett sings 'I was a tree/I gave you oxygen free.' We're giving the tree a chance to keep on living in spirit, in our beautiful costumes."

Surfing is an important part of the day for New Energy.

"We zoned in on a secret spot known only to a few locals," beamed Kaisle. "Our friend Memory Man guided us to a place where a symmetrical peak peeled off of a rock reef and onto a clean sandy beach. Purple jellyfish swam around. They welcomed us in."

Before their noontime session the trio clambered down the rocks to the shore where they crept into a small cave and emerged with their surfboards; faded colors and single fins. As we paddled out towards the kelp bed the black human-like head of a seal appeared nearby spying on us.

"Sea grig," he pointed out, explaining

"IN ORDER TO HAVE A GROUP EXISTENCE YOU NEED TO HAVE A GROUP. YOU CAN'T HAVE A COMMUNE BY YOURSELF."

that sailors considered seals to be manifestations of fellow sailors that had drowned. "The grigs would come right up to us. We saw them in the water. They wanted to communicate with us. But we are on different levels. So they just watched us a lot."

Within seconds Kaisle caught a wave and disappeared toward the shore, only his sunbleached hair visible above the hump of green water.

Up and down the coast there are similar groups living similar existences, creative communities joined through music, art, and free living. There are singers like Sensations, Lee Baggett, the Whale Folk, Tim's Involvement, and the West Coast Encounter Group to entertain and inspire them.

"Groups don't have to be large to make a difference," explained Arrak. "Mimi and Richard Farina and Bob Dylan and Joan Baez lived in a cabin in Carmel and wrote important verse and songs. Joan started a progressive school with dance and coloring classes."

Utopian colonies in California have been numerous since the state's inception. The region's sunny climate and open-minded attitudes were the beacon that guided in seekers from all over. Albert Shaw, historian of Icaria, an Eden that blossomed in Sonoma County in the late 1800s wrote, "If the writer were seeking the realization of a Utopia...of all places on earth he would choose as most consonant with the theories and purposes of communism—California."

And what other place emits the essence of the California vibe more

than the Malibu peninsula where the chaparral mountains jut out into the sea? It is here that Little Wings have chosen to throw off and do what they can to instill pastoral elements back into the modern world.

"We can't set up a yurt in the Malibu Colony," admitted Kaisle. "But we can sleep in our paper fort nearby and be kind of colonial ourselves."

"My association with Kaisle has been on the vibrational level," Arrak told me after dinner as the two of us walk down the beach. "And I think that's the level that the world will meet him on too."

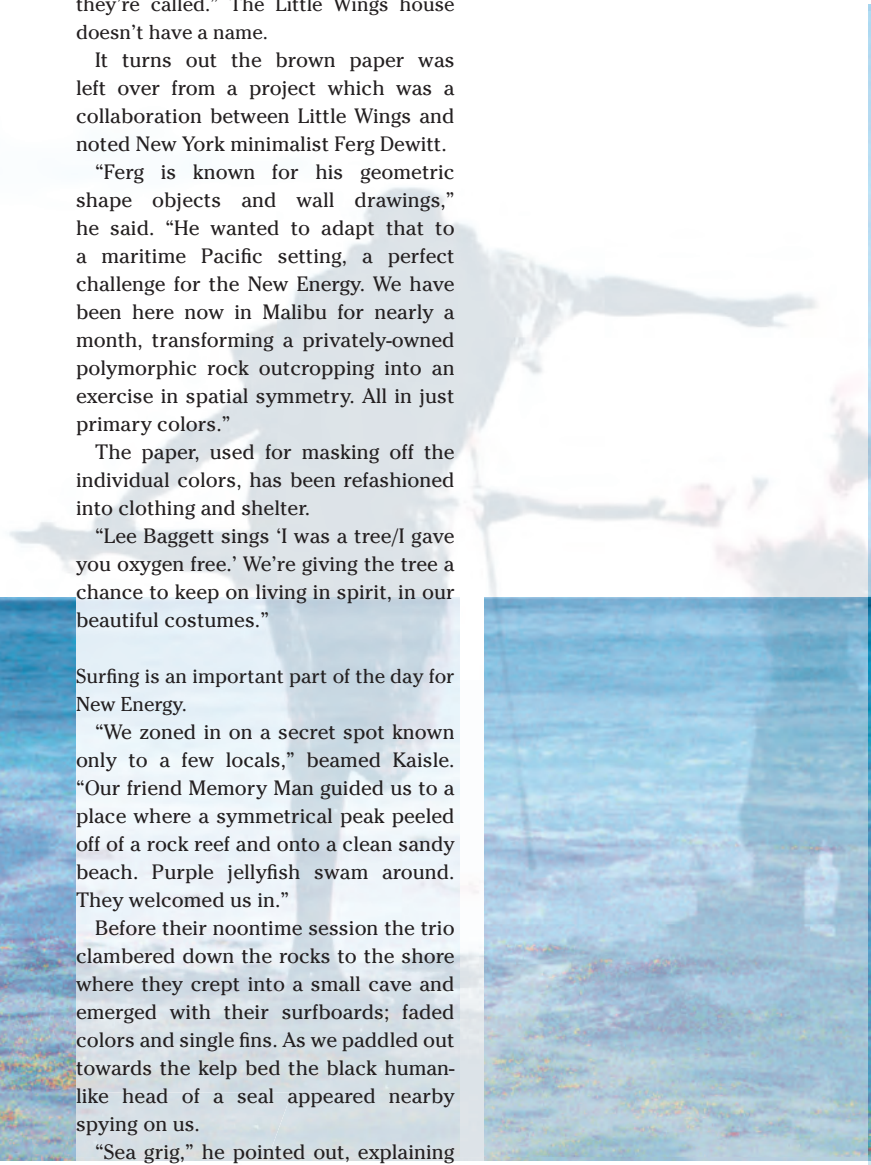
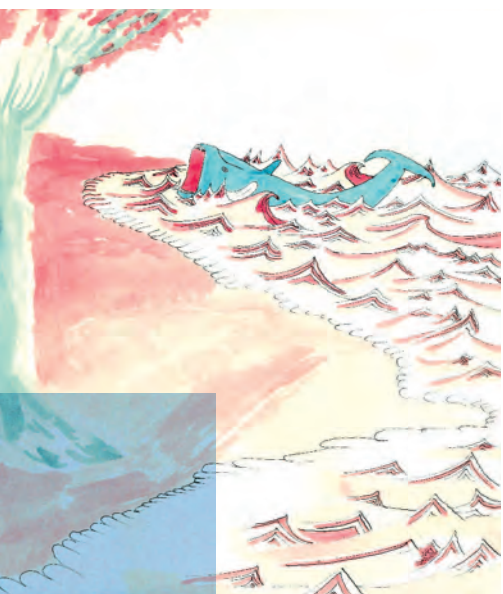
We talked of the way Kaisle's lyrics seem to go in overlapping circles, and how the music's repetition can be seen as mediational. I asked him the about the significance of *Magic Wand*. He stopped and looked me straight in the eyes. The wand, he told me, is both the pen and the sword.

Later Kaisle attempted to explain *Magic Wand*. "It is a rather positive record in my mind. That seems to be the theme in some way. Acknowledging the struggle while attaining victory, battle to battle, through bending and acceptance, and focused understanding."

"It's the same sort of thing going on here," added Arrak. "There are always problems in life, but we just look past that."

"Like Arrak tore his vest when he was putting it on," said Nice Chichen. "But we just taped it back together."

That evening we climb up to Wizard's Rest, a high point of sandstone rocks with an immense view of the coastline.



To the north the flat top of Point Dume is silhouetted against the setting sun. To the south the lights of Santa Monica flicker in the twilight. Directly below us the Pacific is patterns of blue and grey.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," admits Kaisle. "To me New Energy is about harmony and being close with things that inspire you. It's about making things with your hands and eating mostly nuts and fruit."

Overhead a cadre of owls swoops down from the canyon above, barely skimming just above our heads. I start to duck but Kaisle stands tall.

"Owls have a lot of energy," he says. "But mostly at night."

©





JASON CURTIS



Emily Wilson

IF LITTLE BUSH WINS...

Political pundits **Eugene Mirman** and **David Cross** weigh the consequences of 48 more months of being Neo-conned.

HEY EUGENE, IT'S DAVID. *Arthur* magazine (although really more of a newspaper-ish thing) wanted me to ask you a few questions about George Bush (the W one from now, not the H. W. one from before). I know that you don't pay very much attention to current or past events that don't have the word "whiskey" in them, but he's the President of the United States. Firstly, how do you feel about a pro-war, billionaire president who has surrounded himself with a pro-war administration (although admittedly several of them are just multi-millionaires and not billionaires) who stand to profit directly from the very war they have sold to the simple and willfully ignorant citizens and Congress they lead? Once you answer this question I will answer one of yours.

Singularly,
David

Eugene responds:

I would be even more mad if I didn't know that George W. Bush first asked God for permission to go to war. If he did it without asking God, I would be like, "Are you sure? It doesn't seem to totally make sense. It may create an unprecedented level of international anti-Americanism." But knowing he asked makes it easier for me to sleep in my warm, code-orange/high alert bed.

Here's the best part: God wasn't even thinking about the fact that much of the administration and their friends would make money; God probably sees it as a bonus. (Like many neo-cons, God loves making cash and rebuilding other nations.) One of the things that I specifically hate about the money aspect of the war was that when we won for about a week, Bush made a statement that only the countries that helped fight would reap financial benefits from rebuilding Iraq. I thought that was a dick move. What a great way to bring the world in on something we fucked up. Why not say, "Hey, want to risk your troops for cash?" I'm sure some countries would have done it. Now we're going to have to say to them, "Hey want to risk your troops? Why? Well, first of all, if you don't, we'll rename all our foods to exclude any mention of your country. And you don't want to know what else we'll do."

And a question for you: I saw a 21-year-old girl walking down the street say she didn't like Bush, and a 30-year-old woman overheard her and hit her in the face with a purse. Why is there such a fanatical cult surrounding Bush? Why do you think the media has become so lazy about investigating the government? Wouldn't a scandal still sell newspapers? Why won't someone whip up a good

old-fashioned Watergate/Iran-Contra/Monica Lewinsky scandal? Also, how pissed do you think people will be if aliens come to earth and are polite?

David responds:

I think I know who you're referring to when you mention the 30 year old purse hitting lady. Her name is Rhonda, and she is a local town character known as "Rhonda, the purse-hitting lady." She used to be a junkie but then gave it up for lent and now walks around hitting people in the face with her purse (which is named "Nikki"). I don't think that it had anything to do with Bush *per se*, but that the 21-year-old girl was just in the wrong place at the wrong time (or at the right place at the right time, depending upon how you look at it). While it's true that Bush is the most divisive President since Lincoln, I think that it is less of a cult surrounding Bush *the man* as it is a cult surrounding him as the embodiment of an ideal. And that ideal is rooted in a certain faction of every society in history—the faction of nationalistic jingoists, who zealously worship a specific, vengeful God and have such an ossified idea of right and wrong that fact, nuance, and context mean nothing. These are historically the easiest people to inflame and have do your bidding, even if it hurts them economically in the short and long run.

As for the media, I'm not sure what the answer is. I don't believe there is a designed, thought-out and agreed-to conspiracy to deceive and ignore, but

reporters are human beings who are competitive, vain, and susceptible to charm just like the rest of us. They clearly "liked" George Bush more than Al Gore. It didn't matter whether they agreed with him or not, simply put, he was more fun to hangout with. Also, they are careerists. They want to get ahead in their field and the easiest (if not most shameful) way of doing that is by getting in the President's good graces, and the way to do that is not upset him. It's the opposite tact that Helen Thomas took, to her—and only her—credit.

If aliens came to Earth and were polite, or even just "genteel" in an old-timey gay southern colonel way, I think people would be confused at first, and then become increasingly alarmed and suspicious. "What are those polite Aliens up to?" people would wonder. "Why are they taking such an interest in my garden?" "Why are they curing my disease?" Then they would kill the aliens and perform televised autopsies on them.

Now, in 25 words or more or less, tell me what you plan on doing if Bush gets resort-of-but-not-really-elected, and being Russian, what was your favorite cereal growing up?"

—David

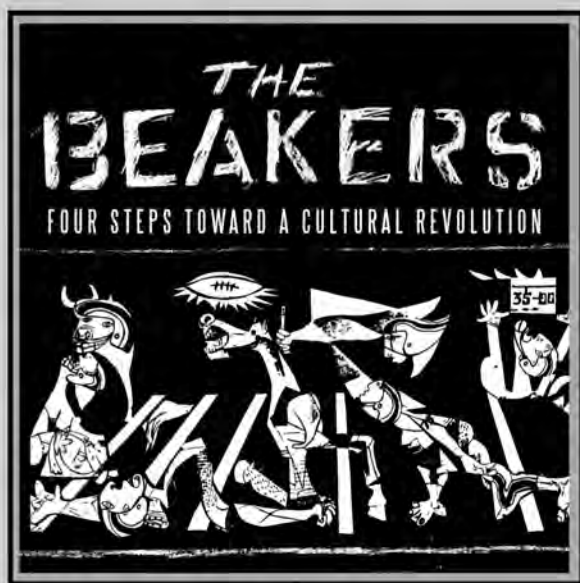
Eugene responds:

First thing I'll do is read the Bible. (And not just the good parts.) If we're going to be incorporating more of its rules into the Constitution, I want to be up on it. I'd feel pretty stupid if I was at a bar and someone said, "Hey, my goat fell into a hole on my neighbor's yard, and I'm not sure what my rights are?" If I read the Bible, I'll know his rights before they're laws. Maybe Bush will finally pass some long-needed beard

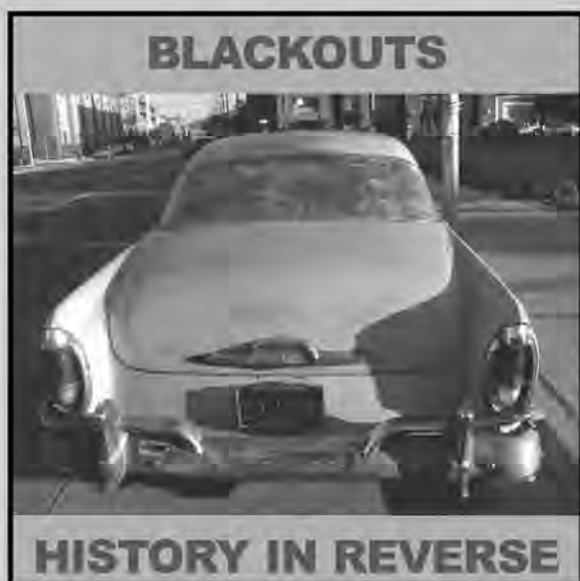
(continued on page 18)

Eugene Mirman's new album is *The Absurd Nightclub Comedy of Eugene Mirman* (Suicide Squeeze).

David Cross's latest legal release is *It's Not Funny* (Sub Pop).



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 Minneapolis, MN - Sound Unseen Festival, October 2-10
 Dublin, Ireland - Dublin Electronic Arts Festival, October 20
 Barcelona, Spain - In-Edit Documentary Festival, October 23
 Asheville, NC - Asheville Film Festival, November 4-7
 Sheffield, England - Sheffield Int. Documentary Festival, November 8-14
 Santa Cruz, CA - Rio Theater, November 11, 12, 14
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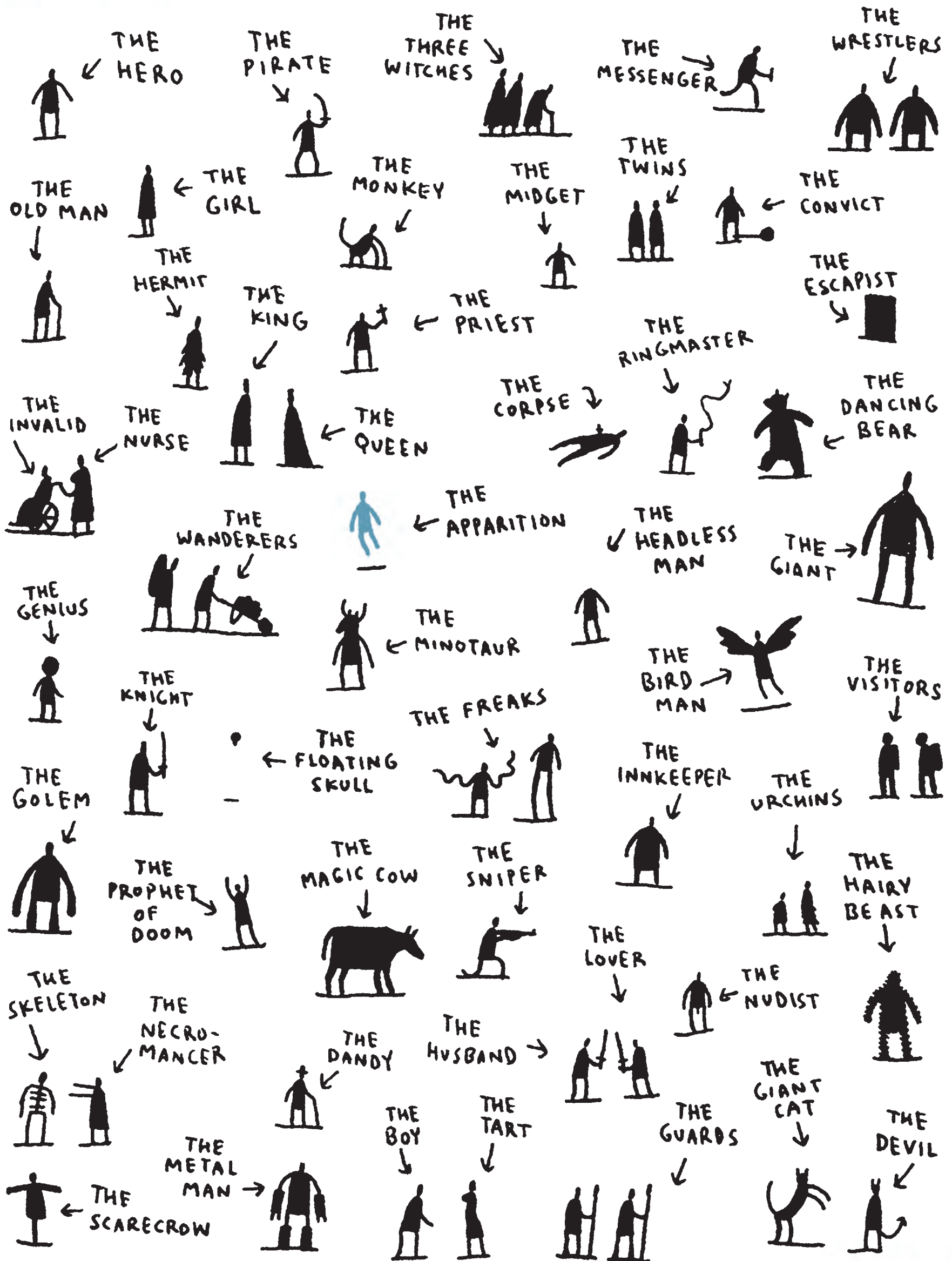


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TOM GAULD

Tom Gauld is British and as a result his comics are littered with castles, which is just how the average American imagines the English countryside.

"MAYBE BUSH WILL PASS SOME LONG-NEEDED BEARD LAWS..."



(continued from page 14)

laws and not-coveting-thy-neighbor's-manservant laws. (If the latter law is not passed within the year, the terrorists will have won.) But more seriously, here's a survival list of stuff you'll need for the next four years if Bush wins:

- 1) 10 Boxes of wine, 5 red/ 5 ???
- 2) the book of the movie *Die Hard*
- 3) a picture of a blowjob (before we are made to forget)
- 4) a machine that turns urine into water
- 5) 2,800 cans of government-issued WhoopAss!

That way if there is ever a war between Fags, Muslims and Gays and it comes to regular American's door, we'll open that shit up and blow those unwestern-thinking, French-Thai fusion-loving, Jew-washing (maybe) douches another two assholes. (Imagine how much we could terrify our enemies if they knew we could give them more assholes that we would then rape. *That's* fucking fear. We'll rape you in assholes you don't have yet.)

My favorite cereal was Frosted Flakes, it gave me the energy I needed to enjoy being called a Commie at Harrington Elementary School.

And now a question for you: This administration is such a weird merger of religion, social fears and a warped fiscal conservatism, that even people like Pat Buchanan are speaking out against many of its policies. What the fuck is going to happen? Will it all implode? And if you could control the minds of fat people what would you do? —Eugene

David Responds:

Well, I think there are many possibilities but I will imagine only the two polar opposites. One possibility is a continuation of the slow march toward a fascist, militarized New Testament Christian state we are blissfully on. The interesting part of it will remain the absolute predictability of all of it. I say predictable because we've seen it before several times throughout history as I mentioned earlier. We will stand by and facilitate the continued privatization of every social program or resource we have, an erosion of what we had understood to be our basic civil

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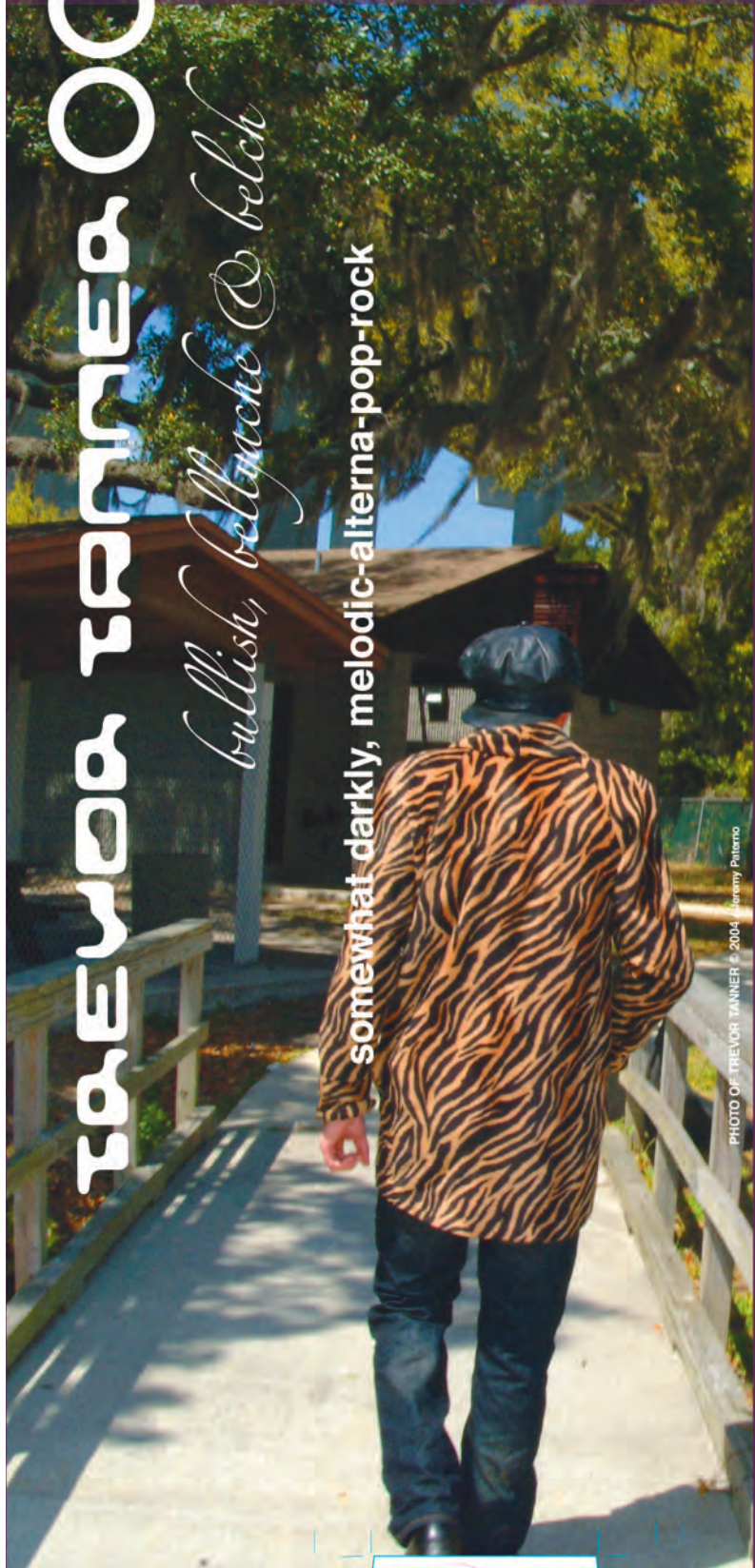


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**"WE ARE ON A SLOW BLISSFUL MARCH
TOWARD A FASCIST, MILITARIZED NEW
TESTAMENT CHRISTIAN STATE."**



rights, and a culture that more closely resembles that strange über-Mormon type society that lived underground and was run by Jason Robards in the movie *A Boy and his Dog*. Through re-districting, gerrymandering, loopholes, and dirty tricks, the Republicans will become even more entrenched in all three branches of government allowing for a massive and unprecedented increase in extremely right-wing federal judges who will sit "for life" and decide in favor of corporations and whites and men and guns and Christians in a way that will make the crazy psycho theories of your random conspiracy loon look like kids stuff. Dissent will be further marginalized, demeaned and stifled, and the American empire will expand until there is nothing left to own or co-opt. But because we are "safer" and have access to oil and technological advances (except in medicines) we will happily abide by all that is said and done too us as well as atrocities done in our name abroad.

The other polar opposite is that people will say "enough is enough" and there will be some type of massive

uprising a la Tiananmen Square that gains wild, enthusiastic support very quickly. Millions will stop working and descend on Washington where the White House, knowing that despite their best efforts this will all be televised and seen internationally, will have to encourage "true patriots" and "defenders of their country" to come and try to stop the movement themselves. There will be an even starker division between the right and left and a new kind of civil war will start. It will resemble the past crisis in Venezuela and many people will die. I will definitely learn how to shoot a gun.

And if I could control the minds of fat people I would get them to think that they are all very thin and attractive and then film them trying to get laid. It would be tragically hilarious. I would then turn this into the highest-rated reality show ever. I would then become rich in that great American Tradition—exploiting people for profit!

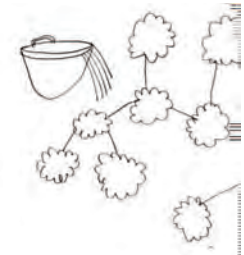
—David



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Protestors on their way to the warmakers' citadel.

Robert Altman



OUT, DEMONS, OUT!

BY AUTUMN OF 1967, the “police action” in Vietnam had escalated. The United States of America waged War—that hideous manifestation of the human race’s worst instincts—against the small, distant, sovereign land. 485,600 American troops were then stationed in Nam; 9,353 would die in '67 alone. We were there under false pretenses (the “attack” at the Gulf of Tonkin that never happened), operating under a paranoid doctrine (the Domino Theory, fretting that Vietnamese Communists fighting a civil war in their own country with popular support would envelop all of Southeast Asia and end up invading Dubuque, Iowa). Seven million tons of bombs would eventually be dropped, as opposed to two million during World War II. Indiscriminate use of gruesome weaponry was deployed, most infamously napalm, a jelly that sticks to—and burns through—human skin. Saturation bombings, free-fire zones, massive defoliation with the carcinogen Agent Orange. “Destroying the village to save it,” as one American military man put it.

For a generation that remembered the Nuremberg Trials of Nazi war criminals after WW II, something had to be done. Genocidal fugitive Adolf Eichmann’s “I was just following orders” excuse would not fly. The draft was sending 18 year olds off to die. A domestic anti-war movement emerged, as did a counterculture of hairy young people who rejected the militarism, greed, sexual repression, and stunted consciousness of their parents and leaders to pursue Joy and Sharing as well as Dope, Rock and Roll, and Fucking in the Streets. Pundits spoke of The Generation Gap. A quaking chasm had split the nation.

1967 began with a Vision. San Francisco painter Michael Bowen had a dream of people coming together to celebrate his city’s burgeoning hippie subculture, and so he and his wife Martine initiated the Great Human Be-In on Sunday, January 14. Sub-billed as A Gathering of the Tribes, 25,000 hippies, radicals and free spirits convened in Golden Gate Park. Beat poets emceed (Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure, Lenore Kandel), rock bands rocked (Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Country Joe & the Fish, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Charlatans), Hell’s Angels returned lost kids to their mummies—and the cops busted no one, despite rampant open marijuana use. For many, the realization that there were other Martians was transcendental. Berkeley anti-war activist Jerry Rubin gave a speech, but his narrow political rap was dubbed “too histrionic” by Ginsberg and

On October 21, 1967, the Pentagon came under a most unconventional assault. An oral history by Larry “Ratso” Sloman, Michael Simmons and Jay Babcock. Photography by Robert Altman and Roz (Cristiano) Payne.

many in the crowd. It fortuitously forked Rubin’s direction. “It was the first time I did see a new society,” he said later. “I saw there was no need for a political statement. I didn’t understand that until then, either.”

Events ending with the suffix “In” became the rage. Bob Fass hosted the hippest radio show in the country, “Radio Unnameable” on New York’s WBAI. The all-night gab-and-music fest was Freak Central, functioning as a pre-internet audio website. Regular guests included *Realist* editor Paul Krassner (dubbed “Father of the Underground Press”), underground film director Robert Downey Sr. (father and namesake of...), actor/writer Marshall Efron (arguably the funniest man on the planet), and a manic activist-gone-psychedelic named Abbie Hoffman—all rapping madly, verbally riffing and improvising like musicians. One night after participating in a UsCo avant-garde multi-media show of projections, movies, music, etc., at an airplane hangar, Fass stopped by nearby JFK International Airport and noticed a group of three dozen young people—clearly ripped to the tits—communally entranced by a giant mobile centerpiecing a terminal. The vast open spaces of an airport, with jet planes and stars in the sky, were the stage for dreams to come to life. Fass flashed on the infinite possibilities.

He conceived a Fly-In at JFK and announced it on Radio Unnameable. Though Saturday night, February 11, was freezing cold, 3,000 of the underground’s finest came to sing Beatles songs, torch reefers, dance the body electric and groove with their sisters and brothers. “One of the things that happened,” Fass observed, “was that there was such a colossal amount of human connection that there was something akin to feedback that happened, and

people really began to experience not ‘happiness,’ but Ecstasy and Joy. We’re planning another one at your house.”

New York responded to San Francisco’s Be-In with its own. Key to its success was Jim Fouratt, a young actor who’d become one of the most effective hippie organizers on the Lower East Side. Promotion for the event cost \$250, which paid for posters and leaflets. On Easter Sunday, March 27, 10,000 full and part-time hippies came together—some in the carnal definition—at Central Park’s Sheep Meadow. It was a glistening, no-bad-vibes, lysergic day. Fouratt was central to virtually every NYC hip community event, including the infamous Soot-In at Consolidated Edison, where he, Abbie Hoffman, and others dumped bags of nasty black soot at the coal-burning energy company’s offices in a protest that prefigured and influenced the birth of the environmental movement.

Emmett Grogan was a brilliant and enigmatic prankster/con man at the heart of San Francisco’s do-goodnik anarcho-rogues The Diggers. He suggested to his friend Bob Fass that a Sweep-In would strengthen the momentum the Fly-In had sparked. The idea was to clean up the dilapidated Lower East Side area of NYC where the hippies dwelled. Fass conspired with Krassner and Abbie and listeners on his radio show, and they chose 7th Street, where Krassner lived. The buzz grew louder and one day an inquiring bureaucrat from the Sanitation Department called Radio Unnameable. The potentates of garbage at City Hall were nervous about these beatniks with brooms taking their gig. While appearing cooperative on the phone and in a later meeting, the city pranked the pranksters on the day of the Sweep-In, April 8. When thousands of mop-wielding longhairs appeared at 11 a.m., they beheld a garbage-free, sparkling fresh, squeaky

clean street of slums—courtesy of the Sanitation Department. Fass and Krassner were amused that they’d actually forced the city to do its job. Unfazed, they moved the Sweep-In to 3rd Street. When a city garbage truck turned the corner, the street peeps leaped on it and cleaned it as well.

No single human—other than Tribal Elder Allen Ginsberg—was as influential on this emerging culture than Ed Sanders. He led the satirical-protest-smut-folk-rock band The Fugs with East Village legend Tuli Kupferberg, ran the Peace Eye Bookstore (and community center), published *Fuck You/ a Magazine of the Arts*, made films like *Mongolian Clusterfuck*, wrote poetry, rabble roused for myriad peacenik causes and cannabis legalization. Sanders—one of the first public figures to live seamlessly within realms of Politics, Art, and Fun—was a first cousin to Che Guevara’s paradigmatic New Man—albeit thoroughly American and anti-authoritarian.

But the Life Actor who embodies the Revolutionary Prankster in 20th-century history books is Abbie Hoffman. And he is where our story begins...

—Michael Simmons

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I was once on a train with, among others, Mark E Smith. Tired of playing Pictionary, I announced that I could sense simply by looking, whether oranges contained pips. *'I can tell people's religion just by looking at their faces,' countered Smith. A VIP had just entered the carriage and eager to muck in, said to Smith, 'What am I then?' The whole carriage hushed. Smith looked him up and down. 'You're a cunt, pal,' he said.*

-Mark E. Smith-

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crazy!

Evah Fan is somewhat fascinated by smelly, insane people who jerk thier neck at the library... Find her work at Junc Gallery 4017 Sunset blvd Los Angeles CA, 90029 until 11/12/04 and always at www.potatohaveto.es.com

JOHN ESKOW

I met Abbie Hoffman through Marty Carey in 1967. I was only like 17. One of the first conversations I ever had with him, he said the hippies were fucked. And proof to him of the corrupt nature of what he kept calling hippie capitalism was that the Jefferson Airplane at that time had a radio commercial for Levi's. And Abbie said "Don't they know that the Levi's workers are on strike in North Carolina?" And he had completely, at that point, written off the whole hippie world as being a diversion of energy from more traditional leftist directions. Literally the next time I saw him, which was about a month later, he was stoned on acid, his hair was up to the ceiling, he was listening to the Grateful Dead and completely had gone the other way. He had, in fact, seen something in this culture that both attracted him and seduced him and which he saw as political. He saw it as a culture that he could move in and use in some way as a power base.

ANITA HOFFMAN

When we still are Liberty House, Abbie used to see these kids parading through the Village in these costumes or with face paint and all weirdness. And he said, "I think there's something there." I can remember him actually saying he wanted to combine the hippie with the political.

RUDI STERN

The Lower East Side felt like an eternal spring. Felt like the flowers would never stop opening and becoming more magnificent all the time, in every field. Everything was fresh, everything was exciting, everything felt like the first time. People trusted each other, there was great kindness among people, great sharing, violence felt unknown, it was not a factor. Paranoia, if it existed, was an ego-related thing but was not a street or violence-related thing. Everything was

Maybe I was saying "dig what the bass is doing" but Abbie was ignoring me because he was talking about Mao and Che and whether violence should or shouldn't be used in the revolution. He could be at the absolute end of the known world, seeing mandalas and hands coming out of the walls, but it never distracted him from talking about what he wanted to talk about. His focus was so intense that he could maintain it in the face of any chemical, political, police action, it didn't matter what was happening around him when he was pursuing an angle of insight.

ABBIE HOFFMAN

Everyone should try acid once, I guess. Did it change my life? Yeah. It's the whole chicken and the egg thing. The whole thing is overcoming all that fear. In other words, the acid taking is more important than the experience itself. The whole secret is to overcome the fear of death. All the rest is easy.

DANNY SCHECTER

Blacks were saying to white organizers, go organize for social change in your own communities. That white America was the problem, not black America. You're the ones who can reach white America—go do it. And Abbie took the injunction seriously. But what he began to see was that the community was not bounded by a few blocks, even though in the East Village at that time, you could feel like that was a liberated zone—but that the community was all young Americans; that the conflict in America was not just a class conflict but a generational conflict, and that the contradictions in America caused by the war was that young people didn't want to go fight in Vietnam. The baby boom was bursting and there was a tremendous number of young kids who, because of the relative affluence of America, had some money

JOHN ESKOW: "IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE MODEL OF TOUGH, AGGRESSIVE STREETFIGHTING THAT ABBIE PRESENTED, I COULD NEVER HAVE RELATED TO HIPPIE CULTURE. ABBIE GAVE THE HIPPIE A SORT OF STREET DIGNITY."

possible, no boundaries, just how early you got up in the morning and how late you worked and what ideas you had and if you had an idea Monday you could make it happen by Wednesday. It was a time of collaboration of people, and fusion of idea and cultures and wonderful experiences with LSD that just seemed to open up more and more channels.

ALLEN GINSBERG

In an odd way, Timothy Leary and acid actually played a very important role in the alteration of the American psyche, in catalyzing a lot of the anti-war movement in the sense of altering the basic social conditioning and the semiotics and the terminology and the take. Gary Snyder and I both think that acid was one of the main catalysts of the anti-war movement, to the activation of it on a grand scale, not only of Abbie but the whole college generation. It was the deconditioning agent that got people into another world, into the flower power, the psychedelic thing that was connected with the anti-war movement.

JOHN ESKOW

We would be sitting there in Marty Carey's apartment tripping on acid. Somewhere in the back Moby Grape would be playing.

in their pockets and could afford to leave home, or were dropping out of colleges, dissatisfied by the educational system. We had read books like *Growing Up Absurd* by Paul Goodman, and were identifying with each other. And rock and roll became the soundtrack for that identification, that sense of generational solidarity, that sense of "America is in trouble, war is wrong." Abbie saw that there was potential constituency for change among the white youth culture. And so he made it his mission. Don't forget Abbie was in Berkeley in 1960, he had experienced the first sort of spasm of student power and student demonstrations way before it had begun. Now it's 1967, Abbie's years older than most of these kids, and knew a lot more and had more experiences and was still operating in the kind of the mode of the full-time political activist.

ABBIE HOFFMAN

We consciously played fads and fashion. It has to do with action and analysis. Let's say I come to New York, I'm down in the Lower East Side. I'm letting my hair grow long. I'd already taken acid before. I feel like a hippie now. Part of a new nation. As you are engaged in the action, you almost have no theory. But on the one hand, there is a part of you that is aware



Roz Payne

that if you can run an end-around... The country politically is very locked. Having tried loads and loads of ways and having developed an understanding of the political process in America, it's very hard to create a revolution, in the classical political sense. But certain things can be used to communicate ideas and then you get into the whole cultural level. So you notice this thing, like people growing their hair long. What if I attach political significance to that? Then at the same time you're doing that, it happens. Your reality is made up of myths and that's what it is when you do propaganda.

I'd say letting my hair grow long was a very radical act. That started when I moved to New York. There was no way of going back to my hometown, getting the same job that I had. It was like you had jumped a class barrier. So defining myself as a hippie, defined me as a radical. Ideas were always something you could pull out or pull back. For me, moving to New York, letting my hair grow long, that meant [I was] full-time.

MARTY CAREY

Being in the Be-In at Central Park must have done something to impress Abbie because it sure as hell impressed me. Being a political activist I'm sure he sensed there was a formless thing out there. And being an actor it provided a good cast and a good scene. So he got more and more into it. Everything Abbie did was because he was really concerned with people and he had to use himself as the scapegoat or the target or the martyr.

PAUL KRASSNER

More and more people on the New Left started to do drugs, and more and more the hippies started to go to demonstrations. It wasn't a total coalition, "everybody must get stoned." But to have the smoke-in was a political act—to just go with a bunch of other people and smoke pot in the park as a demonstration of their right to do it. Abbie saw that was definitely political. He saw that people who could be organized to go to a smoke-in, could be organized to go to an anti-war rally.

ALLEN GINSBERG

Abbie was an action poet in a way that many people would like to claim to be but he actually was in the sense that some of his political gestures were very similar to happenings. Happenings were a form that started in the late '50s, though it comes all the way from Dada. It descends from the protests against World War I in Zurich at the Cabaret Voltaire when an international group of artists got together and put on happenings that were of a humorous and absurdist and aesthetically penetrant and from a hyper-rational point of view, irrational, but were signals in the middle of the chaos created by the "rational" governments of another plane of understanding and awareness that was beyond the mass murder of the war and the carnage and the breakdown of western civilization. So by the late '50s, people like Red Grooms and Allen Kaprow were doing happenings on Delancey Street.

ED SANDERS

Happenings were these Apollonian stitched-together vignettes conducted in a climate of cool. So they were very much up for grabs, the components of a happening. The happening movement was kicked off by Alfred Jarry, the guy that wrote "Ubu Roi," by lettering the word "shit" in 1896 and shocking the French...caused a riot, basically. And you've got progressions of futurists and then Dadaists in Zurich and then the Surrealists, and you have John Cage and Merce Cunningham and others doing Black Mountain College, keeping the happening movement alive through the '50s, and then you have Oldenberg's store in '61, you have Kaprow in the early-mid '60s doing that series of happenings and many others. Charlotte Moorman. And so the tradition was kept alive from 1896 through 1965 or '66, when it met

New York Times



On facing page: Demonstrators assemble outside the Pentagon, as armed soldiers observe from the building's roof.
This page, from top to bottom: 1) *Fuck You* publisher, Peace Eye Bookstore owner, poet and Fug Ed Sanders confers with activist/provocateurs Abbie Hoffman and Paul Krassner. Originally published in the New York Times.
2) Peacemakers and warmakers in a close encounter outside the Pentagon.
3) Allen Ginsberg, wearing a stars and stripes hat, marches in the first line of an anti-Vietnam War march on Fifth Avenue on March 26, 1966. At Ginsberg's right, carrying the immortal "Fugs for Peace" banner is Lois Hagan and Fugs Ken Weaver and Ed Sanders. At Ginsberg right is poet Peter Orlovsky, Julius Orlovsky, Joe Crist and Diane Crist. More than 15,000 demonstrators participated in the march; they encountered pro-war demonstrators along the route—note the "Bomb Hanoi" sign in the background. Photo © Bettmann/CORBIS.
4) Many roads lead to the Pentagon, but this one is closed.



Roz Payne



CONTRIBUTORS

Some parts of this article were previously published in *Steal This Dream* by Larry "Ratso" Sloman (Doubleday), and appear courtesy of the author. The book can be ordered directly from Ratso for \$20 for a personally inscribed book plus \$3.95 S&H, a special for *Arthur* readers! It's available from Larry Sloman, P.O. Box 28, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012. For more information, email: abbiehoffmanbook@yahoo.com

Photographs by Robert Altman appear courtesy of the photographer. Robert started his professional career in 1967 as a photojournalist, and later became *Rolling Stone's* chief photographer. For several decades he headed his own commercial studio in San Francisco. His clients include *Newsweek*, *National Geographic*, VH1-MTV, General Motors, Sony Music, DreamWorks SKG, Fox Network, A & E, Columbia Records, AT&T, *People Magazine*, *The New York Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle* and Simon & Shuster. Photos are available for purchase at www.altmanphoto.com - robert@altmanphoto.com

Photos by Roz (Cristiano) Payne appear courtesy of the Roz Payne Archives. Roz Payne attended Los Angeles High School and graduated from UCLA. In 1967, she was one of the original founders of the Newsreel film collective in New York City. Roz teaches history, film, and wild mushrooming at Burlington College in Vermont. The Newsreel collective's Pentagon March film *No Game*, and other Newsreel films, are available for purchase from the Roz Payne Archives at www.newsreel.us For more information, email roznews@aol.com

"A Magic Rite..." appears courtesy of Ed Sanders. Ed's newest book, the critically acclaimed *America: A History in Verse, Vol. 3, 1962-1970*, features his account of the Pentagon March. It is available for \$19.95 from www.thefugs.com/edbooks.html

"The Pentagon Is Rising" button is courtesy of Jo Freeman. www.JoFreeman.com

Excerpts from the *San Francisco Oracle* appear courtesy of the Oracle Collective. Regent Press will be releasing an interactive CD of its out-of-print *San Francisco Oracle Facsimile Edition* shortly. "This will enable one to view the entire series of Newspapers on one's computer, and also to print out, in color or black and white, the pages," say Regent Press's Marc Weiman. "In addition, there'll be a DVD with an interview with Allen Cohen, the original editor of the Oracle and the spiritual force behind its preservation, and also a video titled *Oracle Rising*, containing much archival footage as well as contemporary reflections on the '60s. The price of this CD will be \$19.95, whereas the original price of the *Oracle Facsimile Edition* was \$175.00. Of course, the original papers sold for 15 to 25 cents a copy, but that was a long time ago."

Special thanks to Rani Singh, Peter Relic, Susan Montford & Don Murphy, Gavin Brownrigg, John Leland, Dana Beal, Lane Sarasohn, Jennifer Ballantyne and Peter Hale at the Ginsberg Trust.



Corbis



Robert Altman

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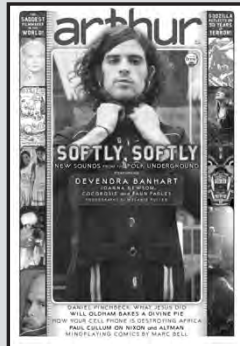
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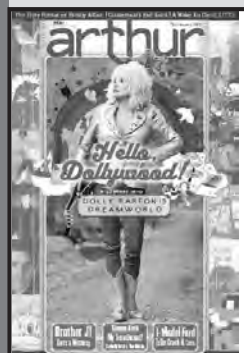
Arthur 11 (July 2004)
Kim Gordon interview; a visit to the Crowley convention; life as a closet Deadhead; The Reigning Sound; John Lurie artwork; Kristine McKenna on assemblage artist Noah Purifoy.



Arthur 10 (May 2004)
Interviews with Devendra Banhart, Joanna Newsom, CocoRosie, Faun Fables, Godzilla and Guy Maddin. Will Oldham on pie; Daniel Pinchbeck on Jesus; insane comic by Marc Bell; Lemmy's autobio.



Arthur 9 (Mar 2004)
Doom metal elder Wino interview, MC5 spectacular with interviews, photos and a consumer guide, Liars, pirate radio, the Great Arcata-to-Ferndale Kinetic Sculpture Race.



Arthur 8 (Jan 2004)
Karin Bolender on Dollywood; Fiery Furnaces; Brother JT; the cult of Maximon, the Guatemalan patron saints of thieves and whores; Holly Golightly, chef. **(Almost gone!)**



Arthur 7 (Nov 2003)
Coulthart cover; interview with My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields; Sun Ra; Peaches; Sunburned Hand of the Man, Comets On Fire and Six Organs of Admittance; Ask Peaches; the Dream Machine and the Beats.



Arthur 6 (Sept 2003)
Interview with Iggy & the Stooges; John Sinclair; the L.A. Cacophony Society, the Weather Underground documentary, Mrs. Ted Nugent's memoirs, **(Almost gone!)**



Arthur 5 (July 2003)
"Arthur Against Empire" special featuring David Cross, Chris Hedges, Alan Moore, David Byrne, Michael Moorcock, Art Spiegelman, Pinchbeck, Coulthart, Patti Smith, Peter Kuper, Megan Kelso with Ron Rege and Bill Griffith.



Arthur 4 (May 2003)
Alan Moore on art, magic and consciousness; On the road with The Black Keys and Sleater-Kinney; remembering Othar Turner; Alissa Quart on how corporate marketers target kids..



Arthur 3 (Mar 2003)
A wake for Joe Strummer, including two-page poster; The Polyphonic Spree; an excerpt from *A Love Supreme: The Story of John Coltrane's Signature Album*; John Lurie deals advice. **(Almost gone!)**



Arthur 2 (Jan 2003)
Unseen photos from the '60s by Charles Brittin; Sue Carpenter joins the circus; Devendra Banhart profiled; Douglas Rushkoff talks with Genesis P-Orridge; excerpt from Caetano Veloso's autobio; tribute to Jam Master Jay.



Arthur 1 (Oct 2002)
Mat Hoffman; Peaches interviewed by Ian Svenonius; Arthur C. Clarke; Blue Ridge Mountains ice cream truck memoirs; plus Dame Darcy, Joe Carducci, Camille Rose Garcia, David Berman, Lift to Experience, Neil Hamburger.

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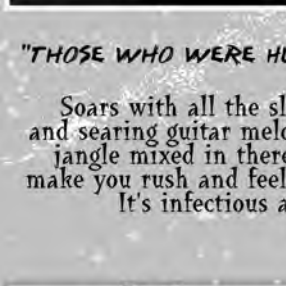


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MEMPHIS
"I DREAMED WE FELL APART"

Torquil Campbell from STARS side-project, light and airy with acoustic guitars shimmering over an electro template like Belle and Sebastian slow-dancing with Nick Drake. This is a swoony set of chilled-out bliss -- like the last hazy days of summer as they melt into fall.



UNCUT
"THOSE WHO WERE HUNG HANG HERE"

Soars with all the slippery drumming and searing guitar melodies and a bit of jangle mixed in there with the fuzz to make you rush and feel almost euphoric. It's infectious and raw and loud. Hmmm, yum.



CONTROLLER/CONTROLLER
"HISTORY"

Toes a line between Blondie and early Public Image, Ltd., this debut EP is packed with a solid half-hour of sharply honed post-disco that draws most of its inspiration from records released between 1977 and 1983.



JAKE FAIRLEY
"TOUCH NOT THE CAT"

Touch Not The Cat is a roiling, faintly evil brute of an electronic record swathed in low-end distortion and glam-rock swagger. Its marauding basslines, acid-scarred textures and pinched vocals make it one of the most distinct salvos yet associated with Germany's burgeoning rock-fancying "schaffel" movement..



FEMBOT'S
"SMALL TOWN MURDER SCENE"

A spacious affair in the tradition of Nick Cave-ish murder ballads, or moody roots that has a dust-bowl country feel. See them on selected dates of the upcoming Weakerthans tour this winter.



THE
NEIN



The Nein
The Nein

"A noisy and angular North Carolina trio that cops the snotty nose of 'Killing An Arab' Cure and mix that aggressive melancholy with a sense of imminent decay. Their 'War is on the Stereo' is 100 percent out of step with what's being rammed down kids' throats these days. It sounds like some great lost Stranglers track."

- Connect Savannah, Savannah GA

Features former members of The White Octave.

OUT 10.19.04



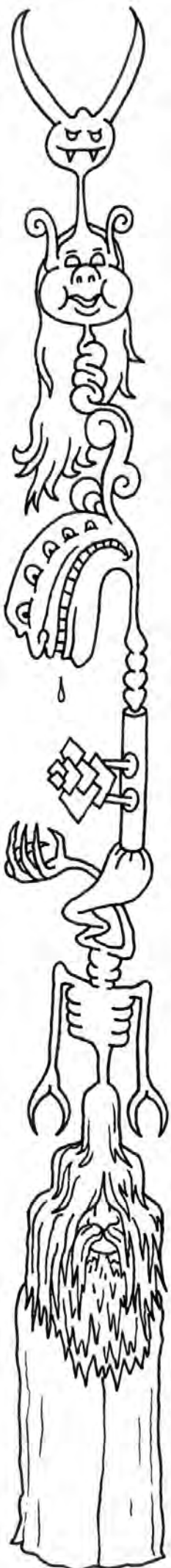
A. Graham & the Moment Band
This Tyrant Is Free

"Usually we listen to local albums this religiously only when we have crushes on members of the band. In this instance, such crushes are lacking, but *This Tyrant Is Free* sounds so much like our favorite late-'90s indie rock -- Pavement, Palace Brothers, the Halo Benders -- that we'd listen to these guys even if they came from, like, Portland or Austin or any of those Places Good Bands Come From."

- The Pitch, Kansas City, MO

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with the concept of guerilla theatre and Chinese direct action political street theatre, and more importantly, the Bread and Puppet Theatre and the Living Theatre. All that percolated around, all those images were up for grabs, and Abbie was very smart, a quick reader, read voraciously and had a very retentive memory, and he sucked it all in.

ALLEN GINSBERG

I wrote a thing called "Demonstration as March as Spectacle as Theatre" which is more or less in the same line as Abbie.

From

HOW TO MAKE A MARCH/SPECTACLE
We have to use our imagination. A spectacle can be made, an unmistakable statement OUTSIDE the war psychology which is leading nowhere. Such statement would be heard around the world with relief.

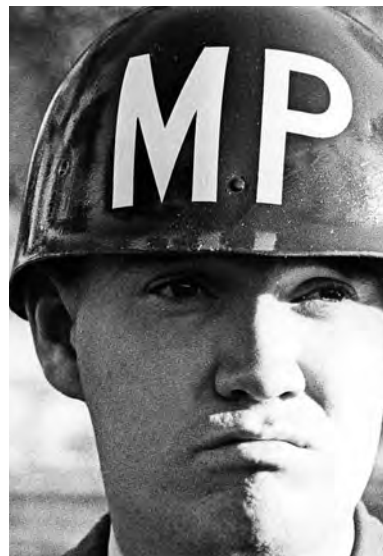
The following are specific suggestions

Submarine" was released on *Revolver*, out Aug 5, 1966. *Sgt Pepper* was released on June 1, 1967.] A group called WIN-Workshop In Nonviolence—marched across New York carrying a six-foot yellow submarine and launched it in the Hudson River with balloons. A lot of young people were with that. I think that was really the initiation of a kind of joyful aspect to demonstrations instead of just the old somber "look at how terrible things are" approach.

MICHAEL SIMMONS

Fouratt and Abbie upped the ante on August 24, 1967 when a group of hippies entered the visitor's gallery at the New York Stock Exchange and showered the stockbrokers below with hundreds of dollar bills. The Greedheads went Grabby Ga-Ga for the Green and trading screeched to a stop. The media lapped

**"WHEN THE MAN ADVANCES, WE RETREAT;
WHEN THE MAN DIGS IN, WE BLOW HIS MIND;
WHEN THE MAN RETREATS, WE FOLLOW AFTER."**



Robert Altman

for organizing marches and turning marchers on to their roles in the Demonstration.

Masses of flowers—a visual spectacle—especially concentrated in the front lines. Can be used to set up barricades, to present to Hell's Angles, police, politicians and press and spectators whenever needed.

Marchers should bring CROSSES, to be held in front in case of violence; like in the movies dealing with Dracula.

Marchers who use American Flags should bring those.

Marchers should bring harmonicas, flutes, recorders, guitars, banjos and violins. Bongoes and tambourines.

Marchers should bring certain children's toys which can be used for distracting attackers, such as sparklers, toy rubber swords, especially the little whirling carbon wheels which make red-white-blue sparkles.

In case of threat of attack, marchers could intone en masse the following mantras:

- The Lord's Prayer
- Three Blind Mice (sung)
- OM (AUM) long breath in unison
- Star-Spangled Banner
- Mary Had a Little Lamb (spoken in unison)

Other More Grandiose Possibilities:
Small floats or replicas in front:

- Christ with sacred Heart and cross
- Buddha in meditation
- Thoreau behind bars
- Dixieland Band float dressed as Hitler
- Stalin Mussolini Napoleon & Caesar

In San Francisco, we had a Yellow Submarine march. And that was picked up in New York in '66 and '67 by Keith Lampe and the Vietnam Veterans of America who organized a Yellow Submarine march to change the tone of the march from important protest and anger to humor, theatre, communication. To communicate with the media but realizing that the whole point was what were the images broadcast of our behavior.

PAUL KRASSNER

The Beatles were in the air. ["Yellow

up the story and America got its first taste of The Politics of Ecstasy. Among the psychedelic cash clowns were Abbie, Jerry Rubin, Jim Fouratt, Stew Albert and Keith Lampe. Albert was "joyous." He'd found "a new way to demonstrate, a theatrical turn of politics that invaded sacrosanct places and turned them into a stage set full of props for our use." These long-haired, cannabinoïded shit-stirrers saw no contradick twixt Consciousness and Conscience. Same lobe, bay-bee.

JEFF NIGHTBYRD

In that period before he was famous, Abbie manifested lots and lots of hope. It was like Brigham Young creating a new world. With Abbie it was, "Fuck, this isn't a crashpad, this is a new world being born."

JOHN ESKOW

I saw Abbie moving among the various political sub-groups in New York, and it seemed like he won a lot of confrontations simply by being the one who was willing to do whatever it took. He was the Vince Lombardi of leftism in that way. Winning was important to him. He was very physical and that was such a welcome relief. If it hadn't been for the model of tough, aggressive streetfighting that Abbie presented, I for one could never have related to hippie culture. It was too weak-kneed without somebody like Abbie there to go in the face of the cops, in the face of anybody who was the oppressor at the moment. Abbie gave the hippie a sort of street dignity. And so did the San Francisco Diggers.

PETER COYOTE

The events that we [the Diggers] threw were pretty impeccable. They were wild and hairy but everything worked. People don't know that all the big free parties with the Grateful Dead and the rock bands playing in the Haight-Ashbury were all thrown by the Diggers. The trucks, the sound systems, the park permits, all the people there—and it's no accident that there was never any violence at these events. They were planned that way, to happen without violence, they were planned by being included in a frame of reference, like the solstice or the equinox, that made everyone equal. There were fabulous events that took place and they were all promulgated by somebody having a vision. And enlisting his friends to go along with it. Like truckfuls of naked

belly dancers going down Montgomery Street at 5:00 in the afternoon with black conga players playing, with bottles of wine and dope, and inviting people to climb on. The invitation was there, if you had the courage to snatch it.

BILL ZIMMERMAN

Abbie and others began to figure out how to execute something that came to be called guerilla media. How to create visual images and dramatic confrontations that became wildly interesting from a news standpoint. And that began to tell the kids in America that there wasn't just a movement against the war, there was a different way of looking at the world, there was an ability to call things absurd that they could understand and relate to and that disengaged them from the reward structure that controlled them and kept them from opposing the war and it was very critical to the development of the movement that the reward structure be debunked, [to say] that you could sacrifice your career, you could sacrifice material wealth, you could sacrifice stability and have *more* fun!

JOHN ESKOW

As far as I could tell, Abbie's political program was just a hastily thrown together amalgamation of some things he had read, certain life lessons that he had picked up in pool halls and on the street, all mixed together with an incredible instinctive understanding of American media. We would watch the nightly news together a lot and he would say, "See you gotta look at the news. See, like at 7:26, after they've done all the heavy stuff, they gotta have like a sign-off piece, they gotta have something cute and weird and wacky and whimsical. So I know we can't get on at 7:03. That's Johnson's time. But we can get on at 7:26." He knew enough about surrealism to know that surrealism would play well at 7:26 on the nightly news. And that it could be dismissed with a chuckle by the commentator, just sort of zany and far out. But the kids would see it and never remember what the commentator's sardonic put-down encapsulization of it was—they would always remember the vivid image of the bills cascading down the stock exchange. Nobody was that hip to the media at that time. He was the only one. He was millions of miles ahead of everybody else.

From the Open Press street handout regarding the September 7, 1967 New York Provocation at Con Edison:

"When the Man advances, we retreat; when the Man digs in, we blow his mind; when the Man retreats, we follow after."

PAUL KRASSNER

Antiwar activist Dave Dellinger asked activist Jerry Rubin to be project director of the October 1967 demonstration in Washington, DC. Jerry moved from Berkeley to New York. Keith Lampe introduced Jerry to Abbie Hoffman.

STEW ALBERT

Jerry and I became increasingly alienated from all these people in the Mobe [short for Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam]. Jerry was hanging out with Abbie and smoking dope and so forth, and the hard nuts and bolts work of being the project director of the demonstration became very unappealing.

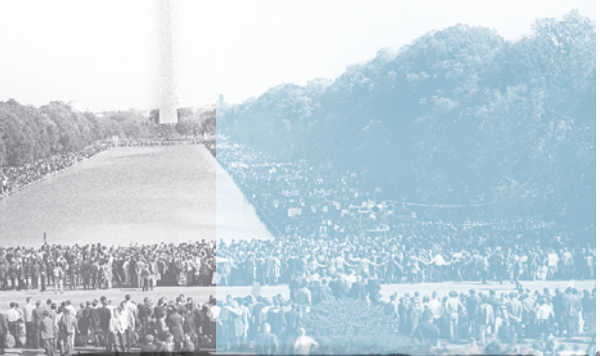
JERRY RUBIN

The Mobe was planning to march on Congress, not on the Pentagon. I told Dave Dellinger that's a big mistake because the Pentagon would be seen as the enemy, whereas the Congress is kind of neutral. It would be the wrong message to march on Congress. That was my contribution. So that weekend we all flew to Washington to scout out the Pentagon and we all became convinced. But then what happened is I was becoming closer and closer to Abbie. It was my idea to confront the Pentagon. It was Abbie's to do the whole exorcism. I didn't even know what an exorcism was.

Roz Payne



Facing page: A military policeman puts his best face forward. This page, above: Cops and demonstrators outside the Lincoln Memorial. Left: Gathering around the pool on Saturday morning to hear the speakers—and Peter, Paul and Mary. Right: Buttons like this one were a common promotional tool in the '60s. The designer's identity is unknown. Below: A full page from the underground newspaper *The San Francisco Oracle's* tenth issue, published in October, 1967. Text by Richard Honigman, art by Mark DeVries. The issue's back cover, designed by Peter Legeria, also promoted the march on the Pentagon.



Roz Payne



Richard J. Honigman

And so we shall press forward. Two things we must do. Two things we shall do. First, we must not mislead our enemy. Let him not think that debate and dissent will produce wavering and withdrawal. For they won't. Let him not think that protests will produce surrender. Because they won't. Let him not think that he will wait us out. For he won't. Second, we will provide all that our brave men require to do the job that must be done.

"These gallant men have our prayers — our heart-felt praise — and our deepest gratitude. Let the world know that the keepers of peace will endure through every trial — that with the full backing of their countrymen, they will prevail." Lyndon B. Johnson, San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 29, 1967

At the Pentagon on October 21, we will witness the death of the old Liberal war protest and the beginning of a new scene. The old protestors are coming to the ultimate war protest to end protests. They are probably going to do their old thing and make speeches, carry pickets and so on but they are also going to meet new comers to the scene who will be involved in street or guerilla theater and a religious exorcism ritual. The multitude assembled will represent the largest coalition of dissident elements since the depression. The participants will read like a Magic Menu of Shamens, Indian Medicine Men, Wizards, Priests, Rabbis, Black Power, White Power, Mothers Strike for Peace, Sane, Artists, Diggers and thousands of Mr. Nobody's sick of senseless killing. All will perform in a spontaneous happening and religious rite to exorcise the traditional and actual symbol of evil - The Pentagon.

It is a citadel of propaganda, corruption and mistrust. A totalitarian, drab crypt ironically configured in a symbol which appears

in many religions and cultures as the symbol of evil. To ring a Pentagon is to render it impotent. We will ring it many times over with thousands of people celebrating, defying, dancing and praying. But that is only a start for what is perhaps more important than the ritual and protest dem-

It begins at the Jefferson Memorial at 11:00 AM October 21, 1967 in Washington DC.

in-creasingly magnified in relation to the war. The new generation which emerged in the 1960's figured out a lot of what many others had to learn the hard way. To protest only leads to the illusion of a free society which Johnson needs to carry on with the war, the right wing coups, the Insane Bomb programs and "educatin' the nigger" to his rightful place of servitude in the plastic society. Recently in San Antonio, Johnson laid on the final sermon for all liberal dissent, and to carry it one step further on Democracy itself. What he said in effect was that no matter what you do or think it won't do shit to mitigate what the military-industrial complex and their stooges in the government have in mind. The lies and oversimplifications in that speech defy parallel except as what could be found in a primer by Herr Goebels.

A new power is rising, as yet unde-

onstrations is the fact that so many people, possibly half a million, will converge in the best possible place to search for new militant ways of fighting the gigantic shit heaving crud machinery in this country.

The war is laying bare many threads in this country that most people would rather not consider. It also spreads old wounds, some relatively unnoticed a few years ago, to produce a widening of the interest and intent of large numbers of alienated and disaffected people. Are not the Negro riots, the middle class youths' disaffection from the mainstream, everyone's increasing disgust with the aims of the Great Society and the emergence of the new left directly related to the war crisis? The longer the war goes on the wider the gap between the people and the government, between a war economy and a peaceful society, between freedom and suppression. Yesterday's impotent dissent is starting to bare some claws as the reasons for the social ills and sickness which beset us become

PAUL KRASSNER

When LSD became illegal in October 1966, the psychedelic *Oracle* became politicized, and the radical *Berkeley Barb* began to treat the drug subculture as fellow outlaws. The idea for an exorcism originated with Allen Cohen, editor of the *Oracle*, and painter Michael Bowen, after they read in *The City in History* by Lewis Mumford, about the Pentagon being a baroque symbol of evil and oppression.

ALLEN COHEN

Jerry Rubin had taken the magical idea to exorcise the Pentagon that Michael Bowen and I had suggested during our meetings before the Human Be-In and incorporated it into the official program for the March on the Pentagon.

ALLEN GINSBERG

It was Gary Snyder who had conceived the notion of the levitation of the Pentagon.

[Gary Snyder's controversial poem "A Curse on the Men in Washington, Pentagon" was published in the June, 1967 issue of the *Oracle*.—Ed.]

JERRY RUBIN

It could very well have been Gary Snyder's idea. I don't know. All I know is Abbie was the PR man for it. As far as I'm concerned, who created McDonald's? A guy named McDonald? Roy Kroc created McDonald's. Dave Dellinger's and the Mobe were trying to have an orderly, peaceful, middle class protest and I brought Abbie. It was a perfect partnership because Abbie added the theatre, the humor, the sparkle and I added the purpose. I directed Abbie. Abbie was just doing these wild things in the streets of New York, which was a lot of fun, but I took the Abbie windup doll, I wound him up and pointed him toward the Pentagon.

PAUL KRASSNER

Rubin teamed up with Abbie Hoffman and then Ed Sanders, which brought in the Fugs, and then there was the West Coast contingent that originally had the idea of using the symbolism of the Pentagon. The idea got a lot of pre-publicity. There was to be an event in the nation's capitol that would publically cross-fertilize political protesters with hippie mystics.

ALLEN COHEN

The *Oracle*, along with all other underground papers, supported and announced the March and the Exorcism. The back page of *Oracle* #10 was the poster by Peter Legeria announcing the March. The text with it is the same text [from Mumford's *The City in History*] I read to Jerry Rubin at that fateful meeting in Berkeley.

JIM FOURATT

The Pentagon action showed the real brilliance of Abbie, to be able to take the hippie element and weld it together with the hard line political reality. It acknowledged where the war was being fought, where it had to be stopped, the physical space. The Pentagon was a mythic thing. Most people didn't know what the Pentagon looked like. And then you bring in Allen Ginsberg, and you bring in American Indians, and you bring in shamans, and you burn yarrow around the whole fucking place. You think Abbie believed in a lot of that stuff? I don't think so. But he's smart. He knew that anything that would disrupt the mindset of middle Americans, anything that attacked their value system, Abbie thought was good.

MARTY CAREY

We got the idea we're gonna exorcise the Pentagon, which meant that we're going to hold hands and circle the Pentagon, and chant. That's the way you exorcise it and levitate it. Traditional ritual. So Abbie and I decided we have to figure out how many people does it take to circle the Pentagon. One thing I liked about Abbie was that everything was very concrete. So we went down by train, and we had these little leaflets. We get to the parking lot of the Pentagon and we put all of these leaflets on the windshield wipers of the

cars there. Then we go to one side and we just hold hands one, two, and then we switch and alternate. We were just starting to count, and some security people come out and arrest us and bring us inside the Pentagon, which was pretty eerie. There's big huge hallways and messengers are roller skating down them. It was like *Dr. Strangelove*. They take us down to this little room and this black security guy says we were arrested. So Abbie says, "What's the charge?" "Littering." Great. The guard starts to ask us what we're doing here and I tell him that we were a theatre group from New York and we were gonna exorcise the Pentagon. Then Abbie starts talking to this black guard. "How can you be black and work for these guys?" Now I'm scared shitless. Finally they say they're gonna let us go but Abbie doesn't want to be let go, because if we're not let go then somebody can say, "they're arrested for littering" and it becomes a drama and a story and publicity.

SAL GIANETTA

The two meetings I know of, one was in New York and one was in Washington, were probably the best example I know of Ab's brilliance. There were some Washington representatives and there were two military representatives. It started out initially that no way in the world was there gonna be any kind of activity anywhere around the Pentagon, which was the fucking Basilica of Peter of the United States, there was no fucking way. Somebody made that statement and right away Ab says, "Well fuck you, we'll levitate the fucking thing high enough you won't be able to get in the fucking stairs. Then what're you gonna do with your fucking Pentagon?" And that was a serious statement the way it was presented. Somebody responded to it in some way, but they actually responded. Ab said to me later that that was the first inkling he had that he might be able to suck them into this, even though it wasn't conscious.

After that, the levitation became

media that the government would allow us to raise the Pentagon no more than *three feet off the ground*, and the media accurately reported that quote.

DANIEL ELLSBERG

I was working on the Pentagon Papers that fall in a room which happened to be right next to MacNamara's office. I'd come back from Vietnam very anxious to see the war end and to do whatever I could to help that. So I was very sympathetic to the anti-war movement, what I knew of it. The idea of levitating the Pentagon struck me as a great idea because the idea of removing deference from any of these institutions is very, very important, and this is of course the kind of thing that Abbie understood very instinctively. It was not just a matter of clowning and a way to get the attention of the media, or to make people smile. And the idea that you would jointly piss on the Pentagon as part of a pagan ceremony raises so many associations. One might think of the Pentagon as pagan in itself, but that's a slander of pagan religion. The truth is that this kind of preparation for mass murder is not particularly quote "barbarian" or pagan or primitive. It's civilized, western Judeo-Christian. And so the idea of confronting it with a witchcraft pagan ceremony, was very appropriate almost to point that out. So they have a press conference, and they're talking about their plans for this and that, in a very straight and measured and reserved way. And when it gets to be Abbie's turn to speak, he says, "We're gonna raise the building six feet in the air." I think that really changed the terms of discussion. In the Pentagon it became, "Can he really do that? And six feet!?"

ED SANDERS

All through the history of the Fugs in the '60s, the war in Vietnam throbbed like an ever-seething soul sore. However much we partied, shouted our poetry and strutted around like images of Bacchus, we could never quite get it out of our

SAL GIANETTA: "AB SAYS TO THE MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE, 'WELL FUCK YOU, WE'LL LEVITATE THE FUCKING THING HIGH ENOUGH YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET IN THE FUCKING STAIRS. THEN WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH YOUR FUCKING PENTAGON?'"

THE cause celebre. The other meeting I was at, it was Ab who threw it on the table, right for openers. "Okay, about the levitation." Ab was adamant that the building was gonna go up 22 feet – because somebody had told him except for fire ladders, you can't run and get a ladder that's 22 feet. So 22 feet was it and he was willing to negotiate. There was serious consideration of that because if the building went up 22 feet the foundations were gonna crack and there was discussion about foundations and cracks and how much you could levitate. It was unbelievable. That meeting was like 2 1/2 hours or so and probably 20% of that meeting was devoted to this serious talk about levitating the Pentagon. And this is our military, right? I swear to you, the military finally came around, Ab came down from 22 feet to three feet, they agreed to three feet and sealed it with a handshake. That's how bad Ab was, he could capture you in that fucking bizarreness. Oh, it was joyful!

PAUL KRASSNER

We applied for a permit, then told the

mind. It was like that Dada poetry reading that Tristan Tzara gave in 1922 in Paris, with an alarm clock constantly ringing during the reading. The war was THE alarm clock of the late '60s.

I didn't really get into Abbie until they came up with the idea of the exorcism of the Pentagon, which I jumped into with both feet. I agreed to write and create the actual Exorcism. [Occultist/ animator/archivist] Harry Smith had produced the first Fugs album and was an old friend of mine who used to hang out at my bookstore Peace Eye all through the '60s. So I went to Harry and asked him what happened in an exorcism and he gave me some advice. So he filled me in on what his view was. He told me about consecrating the four directions, surrounding it, circling it, using elements of earth, air, fire and water, alchemical symbols to purify the place, to invoke certain deities, and so on. So I sing-songed a whole retinue of deities past and present, imaginary and real, to summon the strength to exorcise this place. It was part real, part symbolic, part wolf ticket, part spiritual, part secular, part wishful thinking and

part anger. And it had humor. You gotta have the universal humor. And, since I knew Indo-European languages, I learned this Hittite exorcism ritual. I actually put together a decent exorcism.

KEITH LAMPE

Michael Bowen had journeyed to northwestern Mexico to consult with shamans about levitation. Then he dropped in during one of our preparation meetings in New York. What a charming moment: all of us "radicals" there suddenly became "moderates" because Michael really expected to levitate it whereas the rest of us were into it merely as a witty media-project.

ED SANDERS

There was a tremendous amount of energy and work put in by lots of people on this. We had a press conference at the Village Theatre where we built a miniature replica of the Pentagon on strings which then levitated in the midst of chanting. And we had an American Indian shaman throwing cornmeal down.

BOB FASS

I was at the Fillmore auditorium a couple of days before the event. We made a series of tapes of improvised incantations along with songs. Ed said, "We may not be able to actually get up on the flatbed truck because they may not let us through. And we'll be swarmed if we stand on the ground and try to play. So if we can't get the truck up, we'll play the tape."

PAUL KRASSNER

In order to build up further public interest in the event, we staged preliminary pranks that were bound to get media coverage. Abbie invented an imaginary new drug, a sexual equivalent to the police tear gas, Mace. It was christened Lace—supposedly a combination of LSD and DMSO—which when applied to the skin would be absorbed into the bloodstream and act as an instantaneous aphrodisiac. Lace was actually Shapiro's Disappear-o from Taiwan. When sprayed, it left a purple stain, then disappeared.

A press conference was called at Abbie's apartment where Lace could be observed in action. I was supposed to be there as a reporter who would get accidentally sprayed with Lace from a squirt gun. To my surprise, I would put down my notebook, take off my clothes and start making love with a beautiful redhead who had also been accidentally sprayed, along with another *deliberately* sprayed couple, right there on two small mattresses in the living room, while the journalists diligently took notes.

I was really looking forward to this combination media event and blind date. Even though the sexual revolution was at its height, there was something exciting about knowing in advance that I was guaranteed to get laid—although I felt slightly guilty about attempting to trick fellow reporters.

But there was a scheduling conflict. I was already committed to speak at a literary conference at the University of Iowa on that same day. So, instead of being being accidentally sprayed with Lace, I was reassigned by Abbie to purchase cornmeal in Iowa, which would be used to encircle the Pentagon as a prelevitation rite. I was supposed to be a rationalist, but it was hard to say no to Abbie.

In Iowa, novelist Robert Stone [*author of Dog Soldiers, the great Vietnam novel—Ed.*] drove me to a farm.

"I'd like to buy some cornmeal to go, please."

"Coarse or fine?" the farmer asked. I glanced at Stone for guidance.

"Since it's a magic ritual," he said, "I would definitely recommend coarse."

And so I flew back to New York with a 13-pound sack of coarse cornmeal properly stored in the overhead bin.

Meanwhile, there were articles about Lace in the *New York Post* and *Time* magazine, including the promise that three gallons of Lace would be brought to Washington, along with a large supply of plastic water pistols, so that



Bob Payne





Roz Payne

Facing page: Protesters talk to soldiers about the war. This page, above: Two MPs and a smilin' U.S. Marshall. This is before the beatings of demonstrators started. Left: Paul Krassner and Abbie Hoffman, talking something over on the stairway to Abbie's aptment. Below, left: Marchers on their way to the Pentagon. Below, right: The poem by Allen Ginsberg that Ed Sanders read for the exorcism. From Allen Ginsberg: *Collected Poems 1947-1980*, reprinted courtesy of the publisher, Harper Collins. Bottom: Batons ready for the skullbash.



Roz Payne



Roz Payne

Pentagon Exorcism

"No taxation without representation"

Who represents my body in Pentagon? Who spends my spirit's billions for war manufacture? Who levies the majority to exult unwilling in Bomb Roar? "Brainwash!" Mind-fear! Governor's language! "Military-Industrial-Complex!" President's language! Corporate voices jabber on electric networks building body-pain; chemical ataxia, physical slavery to diaphanoid Chinese Cosmic-eye Military Tyranny movie hysteria—Pay my taxes? No Westmoreland wants to be Devil, others die for his General Power sustaining hurt millions in house security tuning to images on TV's separate universe where peasant manhoods burn in black & white forest villages—represented less than myself by Magic Intelligence influence matter-scientists' Rockefeller bank telephone war investment Usury Agency executives jetting from McDonnell Douglas to General Dynamics over smog-shrouded metal-noised treeless cities patrolled by radio fear with tear gas, businessman! Go spend your bright billions for this suffering! Pentagon wake from planet-sleep! Apokatastasis! Spirit Spirit Dance Dance Spirit Spirit Dance! Transform Pentagon skeleton to maiden-temple O Phantom Guevara! Om Raksa Raksa Hūm Hūm Hūm Phat Svaha! Anger Control your Self feared Chaos, suffocation body-death in Capitols caved with stone radar sentinels! Back! Back! Back! Central Mind-machine Pentagon reverse consciousness! Hallucination manifest! A million Americas gaze out of man-spirit's naked Pentacle! Magnanimous reaction to signal Peking, isolate Space-beings!

Milan, September 29, 1967

Robert Altman



Lace could be sprayed at police and the National Guard at the Pentagon demonstration.

The guy who substituted for me in that "accidental" sexual encounter at the Lace press conference ended up living with her. Somehow I felt cheated.

ANITA HOFFMAN

We used water guns to spray the Lace. Shapiro's Disappearo was a red liquid that disappeared when you sprayed it on. So we sprayed the Lace and everybody was fucking. I was very embarrassed because half of me couldn't believe this was actually happening in my own living room. I just shyly snuck away and I waited it out.

TEDDY MASTROIANNI

I was at the precinct talking to some cops and Abbie comes in. He has his bottle of Lace and he says, "Look at this stuff. If I spray it on any one of you guys, you're going to fuck each other." The lieutenant is behind his desk, and the sergeant was doing his paperwork. The sergeant had short sleeves, one of those big, hairy muscular guys. And the sergeant says, "Get out of here!" And Abbie says, "You're going to fuck the lieutenant" and the sergeant says, "Noooo, nooooo!" They chased Abbie out of the precinct.



ED SANDERS

October of '67. October 8 and 9, they killed Che Guevara. Right after that, the Freedom Summer killers, some of them were found guilty on the 20th. Then there was a huge draft card turn-in on the 20th, which led to the famous indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and others. October 21 was OUT, DEMONS, OUT. It was right around then that the CIA was beginning its Phoenix program where they assassinated all those people in Vietnam. So, it's an interesting flow of history.

ANITA HOFFMAN

The Pentagon was my favorite demonstration, because it had everything. It was the perfect sort of flower-power, hippie event. I was wearing the Sgt. Pepper jacket. And we had Mr. And Mrs. America paper Uncle Sam hats. It had all moods. The Spocks and the MacDonalds were there, the New York intellectuals, and Norman Mailer was there doing his thing.

DANIEL ELLSBERG

I was personally frustrated and irritated that this thing was being held on a Saturday, because as somebody who worked around the Pentagon for a decade, I knew that in those days it was really quite easy to get into the Pentagon during the week. Any slight reconaissance in the building would have revealed to them that they could just walk in. And that should have suggested right away that you could infiltrate. Put literally thousands of people in it, and then on an appropriate moment, sit down in the corridors, put stickers all over the place, and to a considerable degree really shut it down on a work day, which I thought would be very impressive. So I was kind of frustrated to realize that they would be demonstrating in front of what I knew was an essentially empty building.

BOB FASS

We got there earlier enough in the day. The buses of demonstrators hadn't arrived. We went up on a hill where we could see the Pentagon across the river and I took four or five photographs from different points of view close to each other so that later, I could create an illusion of the Pentagon actually lifting off its foundation with a slide projector. We had enough time to fool around. I was wearing a painted tie-dye one-piece painter's suit—tie dye was very fashionable at the time, after Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters' bus. Krassner had on a flag tie. Mountain Girl was there, she'd been on the cover of *Trout Fishing in America*, or one of Brautigan's other books, and had gone

with Paul to buy the corn that was to be used to levitate the Pentagon. It had to be organic. The guy said, "What's it for?" And Paul said, "We're gonna levitate the Pentagon." "Oh, okay, that'll be two dollars please."

We broke off from the crowd; we had something that we had to do, but we didn't know what it was. It was an inspiration of the moment. What do we do with the corn? Why don't we try it out on the Washington Monument? There's nobody up there now. There were these two or three guards standing around, looking at the other crowd. So we went up and circled the Washington Monument, this long phallic thing sticking up in the air. We knew that Washington had grown hemp, so it had to have some good vibes there. We got about a quarter of the way around it and some guy in a Smokey Bear costume came out, stood there scratching his head and said, "Pardon me sir, what the fuck are you doing?" "We're doing a practice exorcism that will be carried out later at the Pentagon." He said, "Oh." Then he pulled out a walkie-talkie and said, "I have some people here, they tell me it's a religious ceremony." "Well take 'em inside and investigate."

DANIEL ELLSBERG: "THE PENTAGON'S KIND OF PREPARATION FOR MASS MURDER IS NOT PARTICULARLY QUOTE BARBARIAN OR PAGAN OR PRIMITIVE. IT'S CIVILIZED, WESTERN JUDEO-CHRISTIAN. AND SO THE IDEA OF CONFRONTING IT WITH A PAGAN CEREMONY WAS VERY APPROPRIATE ALMOST TO POINT THAT OUT."

I said, "Are we under arrest?" "You just better come with me. Do you want me to call somebody with cuffs?" I said, "Alright we'll go with you." He took us down a winding staircase into a basement and he asked us some questions there. Finally they let us go, but they took the corn.

ANITA HOFFMAN

So I see the Careys, they're out there like hippies. They got a blanket spread, they're smoking grass, they're having a picnic. They're singing songs, playing guitar, they're having like a great time. I'm with Abbie, we gotta fucking confront the troops. Abbie is like, "Me and my girl." He's got me by the hand and he's not going where the crowds are going. He's going where they put up these temporary fences and they have these soldiers way out in these fields where if you got beat up nobody would ever know, there's no media or anything. He has me running across fields, jumping barricades. I was shitting inside. I'm not saying a word to him. I probably looked white as a sheet, and I'm putting up this good front. I thought of the Careys with such jealous hatred. Why can't we be hippies, why can't we just be like them?

STEW ALBERT

Before the march to the Pentagon, we were up on the stage where the speeches were made by Dr. Spock and the others and we could look out at the crowd and they were our base, all the people we operated with. And there was no representation of that on the stage. The stage was all a representatives of this union, a representative of that. But no one representing the people themselves.

PAUL KRASSNER

There were a lot of young people and old protesting vets. Vietnam was much more in people's minds by then. It was also at the end of the Summer of Love. So, the march was part of an intensification and expansion of what was already going on. It was one of the first, biggest, non-linear, non-traditional, non-Old Left demonstrations. I think in that sense it was seminal.

ROZ PAYNE

After all the speeches that went on in front of the Lincoln Memorial and the music, then the people went to march on the Pentagon. The kids were at the demonstration anyway and anything that looks more interesting than listening to speakers is gonna attract people, and so a large group of people followed the march. On one of the overpasses there was this young Black guy who has a sign that said No Vietnam Ever Called Me a Nigger. There was a river there, and there were people on boats there who had signs. It was almost like a new type of thing we had never encountered. Usually you went to a demonstration, you heard speeches and you left; this time, you followed the group. People went through this break through bushes, climbed up some rocks, cleared a pathway and you ended up at the Pentagon, which is really exciting. And here are all these...there were just thousands and thousands of people there, soldiers surrounding the Pentagon, people sitting on the ground OMMing. The exorcism of the Pentagon was a sideshow. It was brought up that they were going to be doing this but that



Robert Altman

wasn't the main thing.

KENNETH ANGER

There were a bunch of idiots there. I didn't consider myself an idiot, but maybe other people would! There were these hothead lefties, who, their idea was they would take over and kill the capitalists. Well, that's not very practical. Then there were Hare Krishnas, peacenik idiots, saying peace peace. I didn't go for anything like that. It was so annoying.

PAUL KRASSNER

I had been pissing on the Department of Justice building just at the time we were getting teargassed, so after that I was just sorta wandering around trying to get rid of the pain and discomfort from the tear gas. A fella named Jerome Washington, he was the first black Yippie, was with me. We were both pissing. I remember him helping me up the hill to the Pentagon—it was a great bonding experience. [laughs]

In the parking lot there was a flatbed truck. Ed Sanders was really the Spike Jonze of that, he was leading. I think Ed and Tuli were in costumes, but it's nothing I could swear to in court. I still believe I snorted cocaine with the Pope—you tell the story enough times and it becomes real to you.

ED SANDERS

I had on a red-and-yellow coat. It was very bright and psychedelic, it was a satire on camouflage; it was a yellow coat with blobs of orange and red. It's quite vivid. I was touring a lot with it during those days. It was psychedelic garb. It was just after the end of the Summer of Love, so love was...happening.

The Fugs were playing this Ambassador theatre in DC, a psychedelic club. We had that \$2,000 gig, so we had a lot of cash. Tuli and I used our share of the Fugs money to rent a flatbed truck with a sound system with Marshall Bloom of Liberation News Service. We had this big day-glo painting made at the School of Visual Arts of the back of the dollar bill stretched out, the Novus Ordo Cyclorum paranoid pyramid, which we wanted to beam at the Pentagon.

In talking it over with Harry Smith,

it seemed wise to have a cow on hand, as the symbol of the ancient Egyptian goddess Hathor. The cow was going to be brought in from a farm in Virginia, painted with occult emblems, but the cow got stopped by the police. At the same time, Tuli and I bought oodles of daisies with the *East Village Other* people, which were to be taken to a small plane in Virginia that would fly above the Pentagon and throw the daisies down. But that also got stopped, so we had all these daisies with us.

So, in the late morning, we got on our truck. There was the San Francisco Diggers, Michael Bowen and Peter Coyote and a couple others, and all the Fugs, Ken Pine, Ken Weaver, Tuli Kupferberg, myself.

There was a huge march—a couple hundred thousand people that had gathered near the Lincoln Memorial, then walked across the Memorial bridge. We started out and Abbie jumped aboard. Abbie viewed this flatbed truck with the poster with the back of the dollar bill on it and the sound system and "Out demons, out" to be the vanguard of the main Mobe march. He wanted us to slow down and cut off the crowd and become the head of this march. I didn't see it like that at all. I just wanted to get across the bridge without getting arrested and get to the Pentagon early, before they shut things down. He wanted us to sort of lead people to a place where we would conduct the levitation or the exorcism. So my first discussion with Abbie was about tactics, but basically I just told the driver to get the hell over there.

We got to a Pentagon parking lot to set up. Then we noticed this right-wing minister holding a bible in a cherry-picker coming toward us. I figured he was superstitious so I raved out a chant of mumbo-jumbo at him to try to make him feel that he shouldn't actually come too close. Finally we started out our chanting...

ALLEN COHEN

We had envisioned thousands of dancing and chanting Hippies joining hands in a gigantic circle around the Pentagon invoking gods and spirits to exorcise the demons within the Pentagon, and make it rise 300 feet, vibrate and turn orange. When the General Services Administration finally granted the permit for the March, the one thing they refused to allow was the Hippies' encirclement of the Pentagon.

NORMAN MAILER

From Mailer's Pulitzer Prize-winning 1969 novel, *Armies of the Night*: Of course, exorcism without encirclement was like culinary art without a fire—no one could properly expect a meal. Nonetheless the exorcism would proceed, and the Fugs were to serve as a theatrical medium and would play their music on the rear bed of the truck they had driven in here at the end of the parking lot nearest to the Pentagon some hundreds of yards from the speaker's stand where the rally was to take place. Now, while an Indian triangle was repeatedly struck, and a cymbal was clanged, a mimeographed paper was passed around to the Marchers watching. It had a legend which went something like this:

October 21, 1967, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., Planet Earth

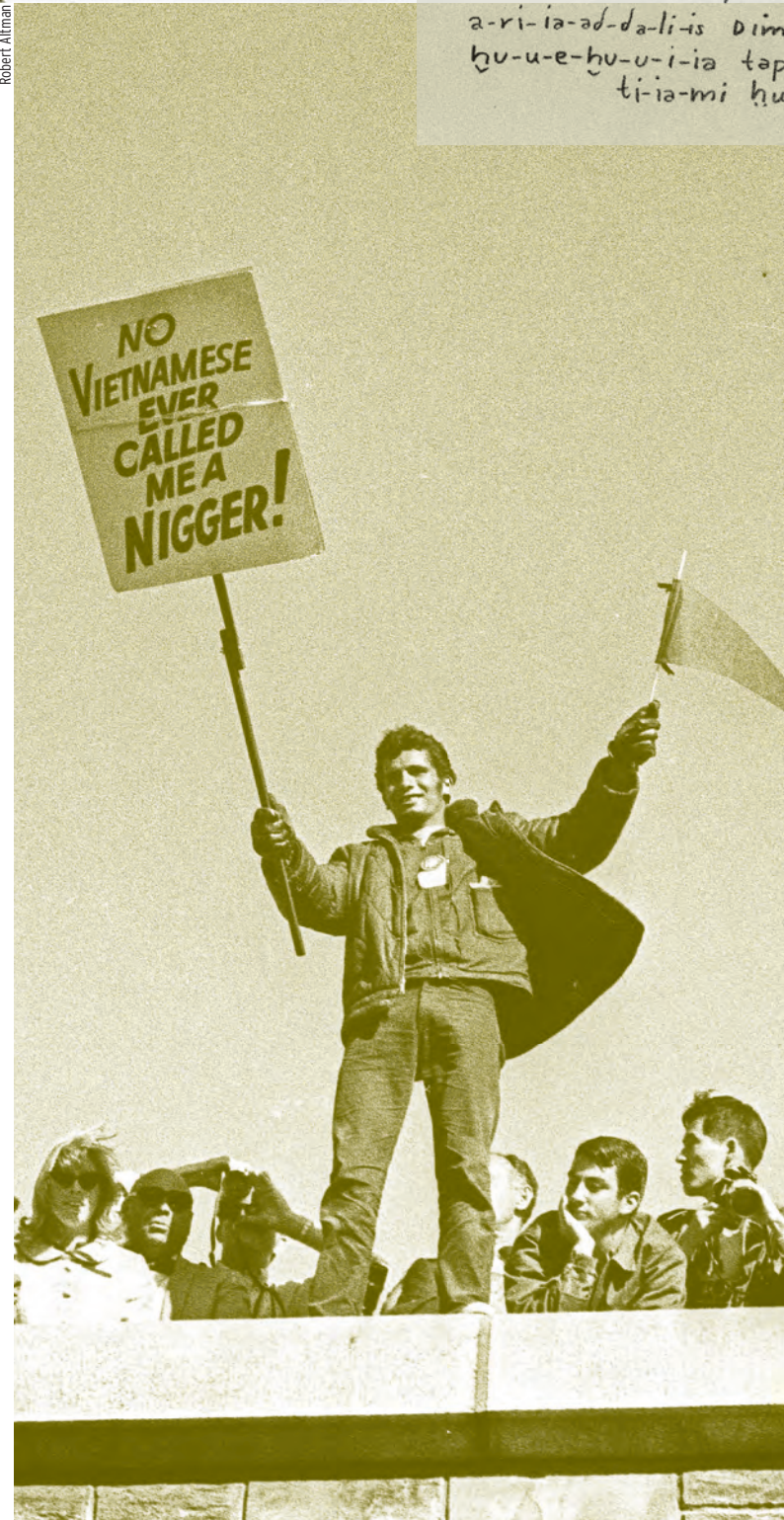
We Freemen, of all colors of the spectrum, in the name of God, Ra, Jehovah, Anubis, Osiris, Tlaloc, Quetzalcoatl, Thoth, Ptah, Allah, Krishna, Chango, Chimeke, Chukwu, Olisa-Bulu-Uwa, Imales, Orisasa, Odudua, Kali, Shiva-Shakra, Great Spirit, Dionysus, Yahweh, Thor, Bacchus, Isis, Jesus Christ, Maitreya, Buddha, Rama do exorcise and cast out the EVIL which has walled and captured the pentacle of power and perverted its use to the need of the total machine and its child the hydrogen bomb and has suffered the people of the planet earth, the American people and creatures of the mountains, woods, streams and oceans grievous mental and



Roz Payne



Robert Altman



Robert Altman

Χαβραχ φρεσχηρ φυχρο φνυρω
φωχω βωχ

FG IA

a magic rite to
exorcize the Spirits of murder,
violence & creephood
from the Pentagon.

- 1 purification rites for participants, cleansing of eye-heart-minds with Hittite spell
- 2 prayer for the soldiers & their violent karma in vietnam
- 3 consecration of the four directions
- 4 creation of magic circle for the protection of the rites. Pouring of corn-meal trail about the pentagon
- 5 invocation of Powers & Spirits of exorcism
- 6 prayer of love-articles & clothing onto the pentagon: beads, feathers, rock & roll records, books & the sacred Grape Relic.
- 7 ceremony of exorcism:
☁ EARTH --- physical contact with the pentagon
♁ AIR --- conjuring of Malevolent Creep Powers
🌊 WATER --- cleansing by liquid
🔥 FIRE --- destruction by fire
- 8 The rising of the pentagon
- 9 The EXORGASM! Banishment of the evil spirit. singing & shrieking!
- 10 peace mantra.

This is the purification spell:
a-ri-ia-ad-dali-is Dim-an-za sar-ri ka-si-i
hu-u-e-hu-u-i-ia tap-pa-as-sa-it sar-ri
ti-ia-mi hu-i-hu-i-ia

Facing page: A photographer takes aim as soldiers confront demonstrators. This page, upper left: Dr. Spock (standing), confers with organizers, including Jerry Rubin (fuzzy hair). Middle left: Young protesters at the steps to the Lincoln Memorial. Above: Ed Sanders' program for the exorcism. Left: A protester on the Arlington Memorial Bridge. Bottom right: A wounded protester.

physical torture and the constant torment of the imminent threat of utter destruction.

We are demanding that the pentacle of power once again be used to serve the interests of GOD manifest in the world as man. We are embarking on a motion which is millennial in scope. Let this day, October 21, 1967, mark the beginning of suprapolitics.

By the act of reading this paper you are engaged in the Holy Ritual of Exorcism. To further participate focus your thought on the casting out of evil through the grace of GOD which is all (ours). A billion stars in a billion galaxies of space and time is the form of your power, and limitless is your name.

THE INVOCATION, AS DELIVERED BY ED SANDERS

"In the name of the amulets of touching, seeing, groping, hearing and loving, we call upon the powers of the cosmos to protect our ceremonies in the name of Zeus, in the name of Anubis, god of the dead, in the name of all those killed because they do not comprehend, in the name of the lives of the soldiers in Vietnam who were killed because of a bad karma, in the name of sea-born Aphrodite, in the name of Magna Mater, in the name of Dionysus, Zagreus, Jesus, Yahweh, the unnamable, the quintessence finality of the Zoroastrian fire, in the name of Hermes, in the name of the Beak of Sok, in the name of scarab, in the name, in the name, in the name of the Tyrone Power Pound Cake Society in the Sky, in the name of Ra, Osiris, Horus, Nepta, Isis, in the name of the flowing living universe, in the name of the mouth of the river, we call upon the spirit...to raise the Pentagon from its destiny and preserve it.

"In the name, and all the names, it is you.

"Out, demons out—back to darkness, ye servants of Satan—out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!

"For the first time in the history of the Pentagon there will be a grope-in within a hundred feet of this place, within two hundred feet. Seminal culmination in the spirit of peace and brotherhood, a real grope for peace. All of you who want to protect this rite of love may form a circle of protection around the lovers. These are the magic eyes of victory. Victory, victory for peace. Money made the Pentagon—melt it for love. Money made the Pentagon, melt it for love...

ALLEN GINSBERG

Ed Sanders carried the levitation out. But not in a Buddhist way but in a Western magical way which was maybe not such a good idea. While Ed was trying to un-hex the Pentagon, [notorious underground filmmaker/magus] Kenneth Anger was underneath his wagon trying to hex him.

ED SANDERS

Kenneth Anger was burning something down there and making snake sounds at whomever should try to come near. He told me that he had been inside the Pentagon...

KENNETH ANGER

I just walked right in. I had studied how the Pentagon staff were dressed, and I was just like them. I wore a dark blue conservative suit. I even had a small American flag on my lapel.

I was attacking Mars, the god of War. He's still our ruling god—if you think Mars is an extinct thing from the antique past that we can just laugh at now, forget it. Mars is still here. That is not my opinion, but my knowledge. Mars is a terrifying but sobering vision. I have had this vision of Mars—you have to do all the things at certain times of the year, and then he does come through. And he's about 500 feet tall, he's NOT very handsome, he's very strong, he's armored, he's bearded in a scraggly way, he's got the fiercest eyes of any of



Rob Payne

the gods. He makes Jupiter—Jove—look benign and effete in comparison. But Mars is kind of childish—that’s why it’s so hard to get to him. He just *loves* bloodbaths. This is his thing. He does it very well. And he’s always thinking up new ways to do hideous things to the human race. This is his FUN. He’s the god of War. And he’s been alive since there were humans in tribes. War is the most consistent activity of the human animal. For whatever reason, some good, and a lot bad, we’ve been doing it as a race since the cave days. Of course, some wars are justified, like World War II, fighting the Nazis, I can’t think of a better cause. But Mars has *nothing* to do

as the exoteric thing and he was doing the esoteric, serious, zero-bullshit exorcism. So I went along with that.

KENNETH ANGER

I don’t burn Tarot cards, I respect them too much. [What I was doing] was saying Ed Sanders and the Fugs are a bunch of crap, this isn’t the way to fight a war. After all, I was there to protest the war. I knew what I was doing. It was a Crowley-type ritual.

They’d brought in a truck, decorated in flowers, making it like a float in the Rose Parade. They were just showoffs, they were putting their own agenda on this other thing. I found that offensive

ED SANDERS: "IT WAS THE YEAR OF THE SUMMER OF LOVE. THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH OF A CLIMATE OF LOVE TO GET AWAY WITH PUTTING DAISIES IN RIFLE BARRELS. BUT THAT PERIOD ENDED VERY SOON."

with being fair. Mars loves bloodshed, and he is a force that’s still operating in the world—it’s a force that according to modern thinking is irrational, but nevertheless there. Freud would have called it the unconscious or something but I believe that these are actual living entities. Not ‘living’ in the way like humans living and breathing, [but] living in a way that are much beyond our capacity, because they’ll never die.

In a personal sense, men more than women have a big problem with Mars. Most soldiers from the beginning of time have been men, and still are. And the Pentagon is controlled by men. The Pentagon itself is sort of an occult shape—like a five-sided collapsed star. [*In the Western occult tradition, Mars’ number is five and its color is red.—Ed.*] I’m a pagan. Mars doesn’t terrify me because I’ve come to understand him as a living entity. But just because Mars is so powerful doesn’t mean you always have to give in to him. You have to [put him in his place]: ‘Alright buster, calm down. You’re not the only star in the firmament. Enough already.’ That sort of thing. And [so I attacked Mars] in an abstract way.

I had a map of the Pentagon. I went into every single men’s room and left—in a place where it was bound to be discovered, usually on the seat where anyone using that stall would have to see it, not on the floor, of course!—a talisman which was written on parchment paper, drawn in india ink. Each one was drawn individually using one of Crowley’s talismans as my guide. I’m sure no one in the Pentagon could figure out what this thing meant. There was nothing like “War is bad” on it. There weren’t even English words. They probably could figure out it was something occult...they know about those things, and they have a reference library.

I went from one men’s room to the next, I didn’t stop until I had scattered all 93 of my talismans—because 93 is a sacred number for Crowley. Then I walked out, it was all very inconspicuous. The security guard looked at me and gave me a nice look, like we’re all looking after each other. If I’d been stopped and put in handcuffs that would’ve been unpleasant. That isn’t the way I want to spend my time in Washington—I had a ticket to the opera for later that week.

ED SANDERS

I remember after we’d done “Out, Demons, Out,” I went down under the truck and there was this guy from *Newsweek* trying to hold a microphone close to Anger. It looked like he was burning a pentagon with a Tarot card or a picture of the devil or something in the middle of it. In other words the thing we were doing above him, he viewed that

too because it wasn’t the point. Naturally flowers are nice and peace is nice and all that, but that’s not quite the point of what’s happening. And they were doing their omni hare krishna chant, peace peace, whatever, the kind of crap that Lennon and Yoko used to chant. People could say they were harmless and meant well, well I’m sorry, they may have meant well, [but] it didn’t do any good. In my view, there’s ways to [demonstrate] that are correct and there are ways to do it that are not correct. All the singing and flowers and chanting and all that crap was *not* the right way.

The focus should on the objective of the march, not on “Hey! Me! I’m here!” And since the March was close to Halloween, some people came dressed in costume, and I found that totally inappropriate, because it’s saying, “Look at me, don’t think about what we’re here for.” The kind of energy that can be generated by a march can be dissipated by just turning it into a sideshow. And I see this happen over and over with American marches. Like people who try to protest in the nude: this is NOT appropriate for anything. Because public nudity happens to be against the law—and it probably should be, because most people are ugly! [laughs] The few Adonises and Venuses around, I’d *love* if they would parade in the nude. But most people could use a little concealment.

JOHN ESKOW

Part of the action around the Pentagon, under the heading of the whole exorcism thing, was supposed to be all these couples making love. Abbie took it upon himself to be a kind of matchmaker, because people were not pairing off quite as quickly as he would’ve liked. So when they came to the moment, Abbie was grabbing people and saying, “No you’re with her, and him and her... No you go with her, and him, he should be with her and get that other guy out of there, and lie down now. Lie down, come on, do it!” I remember it really well because he made a match with me and some girl that turned out absolutely delightfully. So I was part of that sort of communal love thing that was happening, as Ed Sanders was chanting “Out, demons, out!” There weren’t really very many people making love—it was too scary for that. I remember arriving on the lawn with this young woman and Abbie, on the microphone in the distance, saying that all these couples were gonna make love and then I was tapped on the shoulder by an extremely polite Washington policeman, and I looked up over my shoulder and he said, “Excuse me, but I have to ask you, are you planning to consummate this?” I said, “Yeah, why?” And he said, “Because if you do consummate, I’m going to have to arrest you.” I said, “How will you know?”

He said, “We’re watching you.” But he was so polite, he had a lot of couples to watch and he was doing a really good job. Then Ed Sanders was chanting the ritual invocations and I was up and the passion was over and I wasn’t arrested for consummating, and suddenly we were all moving towards the Pentagon itself.

ALLEN COHEN

The flowers came to the Pentagon as a result of the FBI thwarting the attempt of Michael Bowen and Bill Fortner, a large, loud, Texan adventurer and marijuana smuggler, to circumnavigate the Pentagon by plane, and bomb it with bushels of flowers dropping into the hole in the Pentagon’s center. When the hired pilot didn’t come to the airport, (probably because he was an FBI agent or was stopped by the FBI), they had no alternative but to truck the flowers to the steps of the Pentagon, causing rifles and helmets to blossom.

SUPERJOEL

As we approached the Pentagon the older people are kind of going whooooo, wait a second, the place is ringed by Airborne assholes, right? Me, I just thought hey great, these guys want to face off, we’re here. So as we’re walking up there there were these trash cans that are on the grounds of the Pentagon. And on top of this pile of trash there’s this bunch of flowers, daisies, right. I grabbed them. I saw these soldiers, and they’re all standing there and they were my age. So I just took the flowers and one by one, boom boom boom, put ‘em in the gun barrels. Cause we had done this flower power crap in Berkeley you know, already. One by one, in the barrel of their guns. Then that guy Rosenthal, who took the Iwo Jima picture, took that famous picture of me.

ED SANDERS

I was carrying a lot of daisies, I was handing them out to people. It was a gift to the counterculture from the Fugs. So some people put daisies into the rifle butts. I did one. There was a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets. They looked very nervous. They were young. When you put the white daisy inside the barrel, it was, “take it easy, it’s okay, it’s just a flower, let me put it in there.” A few people did this. Not many. Cuz it takes guts to put a flower inside a rifle barrel, kay? Because if they’d have tried that in Chicago in August of 1968, the person with the flower would probably have been shot. So, this was a different era. It was the year of the Summer of Love. There was still enough of a climate of love to get away with putting daisies in rifle barrels. But that period ended very soon.

JOHN ESKOW

There was always those moments in these demonstrations where suddenly, as if from some underlying rhythm, what was a kind of gentle movement of people became a surge, and was met with a counter surge and suddenly like a crazy weather front, there were just all these masses of energy in conflict. I remember being scared that this was gonna get really out of control, because people were trying to get to the Pentagon and the joke was over, the love-making was over, the chanting was all over. Suddenly, it would just turn like that, from a kind of cultural carnival to a really terrifying nightmare time. And then I remember getting the first thing of teargas and groping for the hand of the girl that I was with and both of us just being too blinded and overwhelmed by both the teargas and the cops and the people running away from the Pentagon now to even hold on to each other. And just getting swept up in a real stampede.

TULI KUPFERBERG

Their policy was not to let you get anywhere near the fucking place. So we managed to sit down in the driveway for 30 seconds. I saw some of the action in front of the Pentagon, kids climbing up ropes. Really trying to get in. What amazed me was when I was being arraigned, there were people there with three-button suits getting arrested, professional people.



A wounded protester catches his breath.



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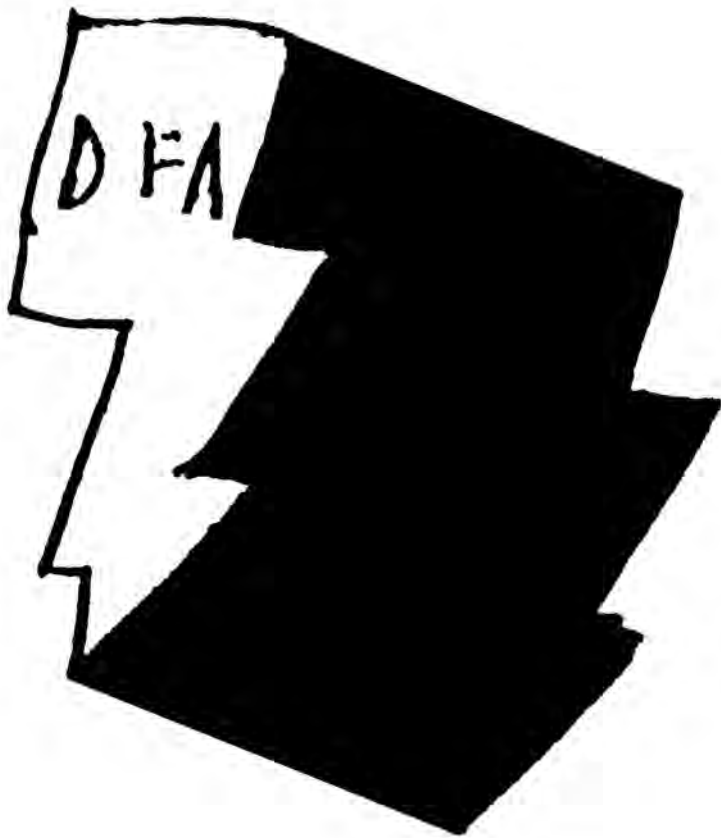


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This had gone up one scale. You could see Middle America was now against the war and that was amazing to me and I think McNamara and those “Pentagon intellectuals” must’ve noticed that too. This was not just a bunch of crazy kids, this was the country saying, yeah, this is it. Scared the shit out of ‘em.

BILL ZIMMERMAN

A few people tried to breach the line, get into the building and they were arrested, but everybody else sort of sat down and those were the scenes when people were putting flower stems into rifle barrels. Abbie and his people got all the press, but they didn’t represent everybody that was out there. There were religious groups that were out there and labor leaders and all kinds of people. And the exorcism was put out as the purpose of the demonstration but the demonstration had much greater significance in terms of the history of the anti-war movement because it was the first time that that many people showed up someplace to do something that they weren’t supposed to do. There had been demonstrations and 5th Avenue Parade Committee actions that involved people in as large a number as came to the Pentagon but the Pentagon was civil disobedience and it was the first

Possibility of something.

ROBERT ALTMAN

In a spontaneous flash, an aggressive contingent sundered the protective wire fence and we all marched forward together. The only thing we could now do, other than scale the Pentagon’s walls and lay siege, was to sit down peacefully and surround this five-sided concrete labyrinth. It was dusk and we were cold and we were scared. Quietly at first, then strongly with grace and conviction we sang the most poignant version of “America the Beautiful” I will ever, ever hear.

MICHAEL O’DONOGHUE

When I looked up and saw machine guns pointed at you from the Pentagon, there was a lovely little thought process I went through which is let’s see, there’s machine guns, they’re pointed at the enemy, and they’re pointed at me! Wheeeew! I guess I am the enemy, and it was like a little A plus B, B equals C, A equals C, sort of thing that went on there. I got teargassed pretty badly that fucking time. The government had set up medical huts, which was so wonderful. If you went to the medical huts they treated you so nicely in there. So they gassed me, and because I had fever plus teargas, I was near dying. Then

JERRY RUBIN: “WE WERE TRYING TO CREATE THE MYTH OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BEING AGAINST THE WAR. AND BY THE MYTH CREATE THE REALITY OF IT. IT HAPPENED PERFECTLY.”

time that such a massive number of people had experience in civil disobedience. It was a mind-blowing event to confront massive numbers of police, backed up by massive numbers of uniformed armed military. And we overran them. They tried to stop us from crossing the 14th Street Bridge, and they couldn’t. Then they formed a skirmish line on the outside of the parking lot around the Pentagon and we just pushed through them, and they fell back then to the inside border of the parking lot, between the parking lot and the building, and it looked like a very firm skirmish line that they had established there. They were shoulder-to-shoulder, billy clubs, bayonets, they weren’t gonna let anybody through, but people started getting through. They started climbing trees and climbing over walls and getting behind them and when a bunch of people got behind them, they’d move their line back to cover them. And we got the feeling as we kept pushing against the line that we had power. And we didn’t know up until that point that we had physical power. We thought we had moral power, we thought we had righteousness on our side, but we began to see that with sufficient numbers we had a kind of physical power. It was enormously energizing and it took the movement to a different stage of development. To me, that was the significance of the Pentagon march. It wasn’t the exorcism and the humor and the absurdity around that, which also played a positive role, but it was the demonstration that we could have more power than any number of police they could deploy.

ROZ PAYNE

People really got up into the Pentagon, really close. Part of the wall of the Pentagon had an alcove, and there was a guy sitting there meditating inside. And there was somebody else on top of the walls. You saw people that were so close into the Pentagon that you almost thought—of course in those days we thought of a lot of things—that Something Was Going to Happen. That was the real importance of it, that there was that

I went to the medical hut and the nice old nurses fixed me up. I said this is a pretty hot little government.

BOB FASS

You’re walking around a geography that you’re not familiar with, people are pushing and shoving, people were crying, people were going through the crowd saying that we didn’t know this would happen, they led us into a trap, other people were saying, This is how they are, it shouldn’t have been this way. Nothing would happen. Every time they would move toward the crowd and shake their clubs, the crowd would retreat. You know that film where Chaplin goes into a neighborhood and subdues a big bully? Every time the big bully raises an eyebrow, the crowd runs back! And if he shakes his shoulders the whole street is cleaned off, everybody goes into their houses. They kept shaking their clubs at us, to move us back. Gradually people were not intimidated, or crept around them, crept through them. Then they backed off. And then there’d be some little incident on the edge where someone was separated from their friends, or someone attacked the biggest kid in the crowd, to scare all the others then. Some big unassuming bulky person would be brutalized, right? And people would be unable to retreat from seeing it.

ANITA HOFFMAN

Each hour that you stayed, as it became darker it got scarier and scarier. There was real bonding. That’s the first time in my life that I ever felt the idea of being like a small part of something that’s much larger and all-inclusive, and it’s very beautiful. It’s like being one cell in an organism. There was that kind of real unity, because we were all scared I guess, and we were sitting there because we had to, and we shared those moments and we knew we were right.

TOM NEUMANN

Ben Morea and the Motherfuckers [a group of New York radicals prone to

physical confrontation] were the only ones who said, Well, if people are talking about storming the Pentagon, we’re gonna storm the Pentagon and actually managed to get into the Pentagon. They were in the corridors of the Pentagon having pitched battle with the security guards there while everybody else was out levitating the Pentagon.

DANIEL ELLSBERG

Apparently they’d imported marshals from the South, the kind that they’d seen do such good work in Birmingham. Real redneck tough guys. They were beating some of the demonstrators on the ground and when you see that, it inevitably makes your blood boil, it’s amazing how quickly that evokes violence to see people doing that. There wasn’t counter-violence but I was very conscious of the point that that’s unbearable. Up til that moment I would have said the mood was too picnic-like, it was too much of a day off, a nice Saturday, very beautiful weather. Again, I didn’t think it was as powerful an effect as it could be having. But then things got serious.

So after watching that for a while, I decided to go inside and see what was happening inside. The building seemed virtually deserted although I read later that troops were down in the basement and on the roof—they had troops dispersed to various places, fearing a revolution. I went up to our office and then decided that I could get a better look at what was happening at the river entrance, from McNamara’s office, which was next door, so I just went through the door, and after a minute, I realized that McNamara was actually in there. There was a secretary in for a minute, she went out, and then McNamara had his back to me and he was looking out the window. Well, the natural thing to do would be to get out since I did not have an informal relationship with him. But on the other hand, I did know him and had written speeches for him. So I decided just to go over to the window and have a look. So he was at one window and I was at another, we were looking down at this thing. Neither of us said anything. He just stood there. It’s odd looking back on it. I wanted to see the expression on his face when they succeeded in levitating the building. But that didn’t happen. My own actual feeling was, looking down on them, it was too much of a kind of football rally kind of crowd, too gala. I was afraid that it wasn’t having the impact on McNamara that I wanted it to have. It remains an interesting question, actually, how McNamara was reacting to it. I knew, at the time, that he wanted the war to end and so I assumed that he had a basic sympathy, at least with the goals.

ROZ PAYNE

The US marshals were the scariest people I’ve ever seen in my life, they were worse than anybody else. They had these long sticks and they were really beating the shit out of people. They were really cracking up on the heads. But people didn’t leave! We spent all the night there and all day there. People stayed there and they used their posters as little campfires. And people had draft card burnings in certain areas.

ALLEN COHEN

In the evening Mayan Indians in native dress, gathering around dusk campfires on the Pentagon lawn, watched and said “lagente es uno” (the people are one).

WOLFE LOWENTHAL

Getting busted was kind of a relief because I can remember nothing in my life with almost as much concentrated terror as I experienced that night, prior to that point. It was my baptism of fire.

JEFF JONES

When it got dark, later that night, that’s when they started arresting people and taking them away and the arrests were quite brutal and sudden and things would quiet down again. As the situation stabilized, somebody set up a microphone to serve as a command post on the protest side. My recollection is



Robert Altman





Robert Altman



Robert Altman



Facing page: Protesters overrun fences on the way to the Pentagon.
This page, Top: The hippies get political. Above: Peaceful hands.
Right: Peace foot. Bottom: A protester meditates in an alcove inside the Pentagon's wall.



Roz Payne



Robert Altman

that Abbie took over that role toward the morning of the second day and tried to keep the energy going. The revolutionary emcee.

ANITA HOFFMAN

When we were finally arrested it was peaceful. The men and women were separated. Abbie and I gave our names as Mr. and Mrs. Digger.

WOLFE LOWENTHAL

I fell in love with Abbie in that compound. Such an up spirit. There were impromptu workshops and debates. It was a real education for me. All I knew was smoking dope and feeling good. I remember at one point Abbie put this sheet over his head as if he's a Ku Klux Klan guy and he goes up to the front of the bars and says, "Hey, let me out of here. I'm in here with all these Jews and Commies."

STEW ALBERT

I remember when bail was made for him, the cop came in and just shouted "Digger!" And Abbie went out.

JERRY RUBIN

It was the perfect theatrical event because my goal was to have thousands of people sieging the Pentagon. The Pentagon had to bring troops back from Vietnam and Detroit to attack the crowd, not to have blood spilled but just to theatrically attack the crowd. We were trying to create the myth of millions of people being against the war. And by the myth create the reality of it. It happened perfectly. Abbie brought the humor and the good times, the SDS came with the militancy that you needed because you need a little militancy otherwise the police would all laugh at you and say, "Fine." It's all working out perfectly. And there's the headlines in the *Washington Post* the next day. Thousands arrested. Pentagon splattered with paint, 82nd airborne moved in, da da da da... Then we got that perfect picture of the hippie, who was Superjoel, putting the flower in the gun barrel. So if you say that all life's reduced to photographs, my goal was to have thousands of people besieging the Pentagon and for the whole world to hear that the youth of America are opposed to the American war machine and they must stop. Total success. That's what happened. As a matter of fact, probably because of that event Johnson saw his power slipping and decided not to run again.

ROBIN PALMER

We drove back from the Pentagon demonstration with Abbie and Anita. He was thrilled. He had insisted that they had levitated the Pentagon. Hadn't I seen it? I said, "I don't think so, Abbie." But I began to appreciate Abbie's style and politics. Before this I couldn't get a handle on this cultural revolution that he was talking about. Revolution for the hell of it? I appreciated it, I instinctively understood what he meant. On the other hand I was straighter, more orthodox. I considered drugs to be counter-revolutionary. I hadn't opened all my pores the same way Abbie did. I was, in Tom Neumann's words, a well-intentioned politico to Abbie's eyes and Abbie was a crazed nut in my eyes and we resolved a lot of that during that trip back from Washington.

SAM LEFF

All I have is a grainy picture of the Pentagon risen maybe 36 inches off the ground...I know Abbie had one that was higher, I just don't know what happened to it.

KEITH LAMPE

It was Bob Ockene who made the really important recognitions about what had happened at the Pentagon march. He said the main injustice among the demonstrators had been the way the "straight shorthaired New Left leadership" (he was referring to Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and several others) with its bullhorns had totally controlled the rhetoric 'till the vicious federal marshals arrived—at which time they fled, leaving the psychedelic community (referred to in the media as hippies or freaks) to take

the tear gas, skull-bash and jail time. Thus, he said the psychedelic community should have a vehicle allowing its rhetoric to reach the media despite the New Left. He said the organization should be egalitarian, decentralized, informal and above all have a sense of humor as a relief from the paranoia taking hold as a result of police brutality. (At the Pentagon the federal marshals in general acted as though they were taking orders from the Fourth Reich.)

So Bob and I made a list of 16 names and each of made eight phone calls to get a meeting on this. Kate Coleman (who at that time was working at *Newsweek*), Allen Ginsberg, Abbie Hoffman, Nancy Kurshan, Paul Krassner, Tuli Kupferberg, Judy and Keith Lampe, Ann and Bob Ockene, Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders.

That was in December of '67.

PAUL KRASSNER

The birth took place at Abbie and Anita's apartment on the afternoon of December 31st, 1967. And there were a lot of people gathered there. Everybody was stoned on Colombian marijuana. We were just kind of making plans about what we were gonna do. Although I invented the name, it was just a label for a phenomenon that already existed. You could already see this organic coalition in process of the hippies and new lefties. But I knew that reporters needed a hook to get a first paragraph. I don't think there was much thinking of a name for the group, but I knew that the mythologizing process needs a name. Zeus! Something! So I

slogan. Ed said "Rise up and crush the creeping meatball." The following week Ray Mungo and Marshall Bloom of the Liberation News Service sent out our news release all around the country. It said that the Yippies were coming.

ABE PECK

This is how the thinking goes. There's all these longhairs out there, they're a community. We had been through the civil rights movement, we'd been through a left that is increasingly estranged from how ordinary people live, we walk down the street, the evidence of our eyes is that in every large city and frankly in every small town, there are these new kinds of people, these freaks. And because we care about changing this country and also because we can see that they're the ones with the energy, and also because we don't want to be irrelevant, how can we reach these people? And they're not in one place, they're everywhere. We are everywhere. How do you reach them? Well you reach them through the artists, the rock and roll people, you reach em by having events that are McLuhan-esque, you reach 'em by certain iconic images: smoke a joint, the love drug, dancing by the Pentagon, levitating the Pentagon. That's how you reach 'em. But how do you let them know? The Republican Party can buy billboards. Hubert Humphrey can buy billboards. We can't afford time, we're not a political party except we called ourselves that on New Year's Day. We're not organized, we don't have the reputation, we're a fringe group. We're like the vegetarians or the Santa

STEW ALBERT: "IF YOU COMBINED POLITICS WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF ACID AND GRASS AND DOING WILD STUNTS AND GETTING INVOLVED IN THE SURREALISTIC EDGE, IT WAS A MARVELOUS WAY TO LIVE!"

went into the other room, sometimes you feel there's some kind of brainstorm coming on. I just knew, a name, a name, a name. I went through the alphabet, to see what name would be appropriate to demonstrate the radicalization of hippies. I'm going through ippy, bippy, dippy, hippy, I'm ready to give up, wippy, yippie. Yippie! It was so perfect I stopped there and didn't even get to zippie!

So I sat there, I was up in their bed! That's perfect! Then I'm working backwards. Okay. Yippies would derive organically, just as working backwards like running a film, from the initials Y I P. It was acronym time. I thought what could the words be? And Youth, it was a youth movement, no question about that. I, international, it was an international movement, too, it was not just happening in America. And P, P, P. Party! It was so perfect, it was like a religious epiphany for me. I was like, "Listen to this! I got a name! We can call ourselves the Yippies!" I'm telling everybody and they're looking at me. Abbie liked it right away. Jerry didn't like it right away. ... So after a little discussion they realized how appropriate it would be, because yippie is a shout of joy, it had all the elements. By the time the meeting was over we were the Yippies. We were the Youth International Party.

KEITH LAMPE

Judy [Lampe] made a strong Yippie! button for us. In January, Timothy Leary made a \$500 donation and we were on our waaaaaay.

JERRY RUBIN

We were sitting in Abbie's St. Marks apartment and we said we gotta have a

Claus party. How do we get publicity? And so because both Abbie and Jerry, and Paul are clever they began to really engage in this kind of media battleground of essentially forcing their way to media attention.

So, if you're a reporter in the late '60s, a straight reporter, what are they? They're good copy, they're those wacky hippies. You can sell the story to your editor. Actually half the time, the editor wants you to go cover the story. They're gonna do something weird, that Jerry guy, he's pretty outrageous, he's kind of clever. And that Abbie guy, he's funny and he's kind of clever and then whoever else they're bringing along. And they're gonna run a pig for president and they're gonna do this. ...Someone once criticized it by saying there were ten Yippies, as if to say there's a problem. If you're a movement aesthetist that's certainly a problem. On the other hand, isn't that an accomplishment, cause there's just a handful of you?

JERRY RUBIN

We were probably more into print media. Print in a way is just as powerful because that story about burning money at the stock exchange was the feature story in every paper in the country. That's where the power was. With TV it just hits and it's gone! But the newspaper just hangs around and then it comes out a week later in *Newsweek*. You get a second hit.

STEW ALBERT

You can't overestimate the effect of acid on the scene. People really were in a surrealistic, absurd sort of way. And you did need a politics that catered to those moods and the outlook that acid was creating. Yippie was definitely a physical manifestation of it. Political people started taking acid and didn't think that acid was a substitute for politics, but thought that

acid had something to say to politics. If you combined politics with the right combination of acid and grass and doing wild stunts and getting involved in the surrealistic edge, it was a marvelous way to live! The civil rights movement, the peace movement, they appealed to idealism and guilt. We appealed to idealism. But we also appealed to fucking off, decadence, taking dope and getting laid and doing weird drawings on your body, and the stuff that's usually identified with the decline of civilization. And yet we somehow got it all packaged into some kind of romantic, idealist, revolutionary mode. Wow, this is very appealing stuff. And we got it out there, and it had its impact.

NORMAN MAILER

I think the Yippies were correct on an abstract level. But my feeling always has been that you don't overcome real right-wing conservatism by just mocking it; you deepen it, and that you're playing a very dangerous game which can end in fascism if you go too far without knowing what you're doing. That finally what you want to do is reach conservatives with arguments rather than just try to blow 'em out. And so that was always my fundamental argument with Abbie from the word go.

ALLEN GINSBERG

The levitation of the Pentagon was a happening that demystified the authority of the military. The Pentagon was symbolically levitated in people's minds in the sense that it lost its authority which had been unquestioned and unchallenged until then. But once that notion was circulated in the air and once the kid put his flower in the barrel of the kid looking just like himself but tense and nervous, the authority of the Pentagon psychologically was dissolved.

ROZ PAYNE

No Game, a 17-minute film about the march on the Pentagon, was the first Newsreel film. Five filmmakers decided to make a film together, everybody shot whatever they shot during the entire day and then they came back and put a film together. They had 16mm cameras. This is pre-video. They got ends of stock, overdated stock. It's a short film but it really took a long time to edit together, a lot of work was done on it.

The mainstream media had covered it enough that people knew about it. It was a really big event, it went into the next day, people were getting beaten up... And the levitation of the Pentagon wasn't something that happened every day. It wasn't just another peace demonstration where you went to Washington and returned to your thing.

But the only propaganda that people saw was what was on TV. That was it. And so with Newsreel, we created our own propaganda to try to be in contrast, to support a whole other opinion. We had a real market for films in those days. We had the anti-draft groups and the Black Panthers and SDS and church groups and Another Mother for Peace and Women Against the War—every group you could imagine wanted to have a film to show to their people. Every college. We couldn't even get enough of the things made. We must have done 50 films in that period of time. The Newsreel films made you feel like you weren't alone, that there were other people that share your opinion. This was important, especially if you didn't live in a big city where these things happened.

ED SANDERS

The military was somewhat stunned by the size and the vehemence of the crowd. The concept of going right to the gates of power and holding such a demonstration was troubling to Army intelligence. It was a symbolic event. It's sort of like the first simultaneous poem at the Cabaret Voltaire in 1916 that the Dadaists put on in Zurich: it was a symbolic event that had more meaning than the actual event itself. It had a kind of life. And then when we put it on the Fugs record ("Exorcising
(continued on page 61)



Robert Altman

Above: Protesters in costume. Far left: A button featuring the brilliant Yippie! Logo, designed by Judith Lampe.



LIFE ON THEIR ISLAND

Oliver Hall talks utopian pop and practical politics with electro-dance bullhorn radicals LE TIGRE.

THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF HARPER'S reprints something I haven't been able to get out of my mind for days now: a passage of instructions, from a handbook for members of a Japanese student club, for gang-rape. The men of Super Free, "a now defunct club for students at elite Japanese universities," gang-raped hundreds of women between 1995 and 2003. "Take away the woman's shoes, purse, and cell phone so that she cannot get away before we have finished," it says. "Take photos or a video of the rape and threaten to expose the woman publicly if she opens her mouth about what happened."

Shame and humiliation are the secret weapons the powerful use in the everyday battles lost by women—and queers, nonwhites, the poor, weirdos. "Are you gay?" asked a girl I had just met at Club Screwball a few weeks ago; I was too drunk to articulate Gore Vidal's thesis that "gay" and "straight" properly refer to sexual acts, not people, so I just said, "Well, not really." "Then why are you funny? You must have been beaten up at school." "Yes," I replied.

Unlike Kathleen Hanna's previous band, the great and legendary Bikini Kill, the band that inspired the thrilling Riot Grrrrrrl movement of the early '90s even as it distanced itself from that movement, Le Tigre is not a punk band suspicious of its audience. All the members of Le Tigre, as I interviewed them independently from their locations in New York—JD Samson in Brooklyn, Johanna Fateman uptown, Kathleen Hanna downtown—spoke of their audience with a kind of awe. I sensed that providing a special, free place for all those who have had to develop a sense of humor to live in the world, who have to cherish joy because it is a privilege rather than a right for them, gives all the members of Le Tigre a lot of pleasure.

This Island, Le Tigre's new album and its first ever for a major label, is the kind of pop music you haven't heard coming from your radio or TV in years—not retro, just painted in primary colors—but that's where it belongs, making the carwash fun again. "X-out all self-supervision, get your keys out now start the ignition / We're on the verge of . . ." What?

Rumors are circulating that there will be a Le Tigre float at next year's New York Gay Pride parade. I begged JD to give me the details, but she said I'd just have to come see it. See you there.

ARTHUR: Your single "New Kicks" uses sounds JD recorded at the February 15, 2003 Iraq war protest in New York City. I was there, but I couldn't get to the speakers' stage where much of "New Kicks" was recorded. The police held us immobile between barricades, diverted the march away from the stage and beat up a lot of people. Was the protest as fun as the song makes it sound?

JD: I think of the song as cinematic, dramatic—kind of an anthem in the sense that it's for all the people that were there and have been protesting in the past few years, but I don't really see it as a celebration-type song. My experience was more positive than some of my friends who were arrested and had mace in their face. I just jumped over fences and tried to make my way to where I could hear the speakers. That was kind of my number one [mission] that day.

The part in the song where [Amy Goodman from "Democracy Now"] is naming the list of places where demonstrations were taking place around the world, that's pretty exciting. That was actually from the radio broadcast of the event. When I came across that I was like, "Oh my god! What a good build."

JOHANNA: What was amazing and made me really happy was realizing how huge it was. That's what was sort of exhilarating about it, is that we felt really unstoppable and it was really out of the control of the police or anyone, and it felt like it couldn't be denied because a whole huge section of the city was shut down. I don't know if I feel like the song is a celebration of that, but we didn't want it to be, like, a bummer song [laughs]. The song was actually played on Democracy Now. That felt good, it sort of came full circle.

Le Tigre's appearance on Carson Daly's late night show is one of the most exciting things I've ever seen on TV. What was that like for you?

KATHLEEN: We were really bummed when we got there, we were totally exhausted. You have to bring your equipment to that shit at like ten in the morning. And we don't really have a crew, so we were doing it ourselves, and we got stuck in traffic for like two hours, and we hadn't slept cuz we played a show the night before—we were just totally exhausted, and we were like, "Why are we doing this? It's so ridiculous." And then we look on the TV

monitor, and Carson Daly goes, "...and Le Tigre!" and we hear everybody scream! And they pan the audience, there were all these friends of ours that we hadn't seen in forever that showed up, there's all these girls in mustaches, and we're like "Okay, we can do this."

JOHANNA: To me that was cooler than our performance—the crowd shots. I think we got a couple e-mails that were like, "Why the hell were you on Carson Daly? He sucks!" Yeah, he does suck, we weren't trying to dispute that [laughs] or somehow give him some kind of credibility. It was more like an infiltration or an absurd thing to do at night.

I guess to me that's one of the promotional kinds of things we're gonna do that will seem like some kind of compromise to some people, but I really see it as funny, first of all. For every person who thought that was kind of lame, because Carson Daly is such a moron, there's probably 15 people who, that kind of blew their mind. Because they never see women like us on TV. I think it could be doing something positive in the world of mass media—I don't see it as a compromise, I see it as pretty funny and kind of great.

KATHLEEN: I remember stuff actually happening on TV, in the '70s and early '80s, like weird shit. Bands doing weird things, like the Talking Heads or Patti Smith on Saturday Night Live, and being, as a kid, really blown away. And feeling, when live television would still happen occasionally, that anything can happen. And having that "anything can happen" feeling, that feeling of "I just saw the punkest thing, or the weirdest thing, I've ever seen." I have such a nostalgia for that, because it made me feel like there was something outside of the suburban townhome I was in. And I still have this fantasy of being that for someone else.

That's one thing that has really disappointed me about a lot of the new, hip rock bands. When they appear on TV, they seem happy to obey the unspoken rules of showbiz.

KATHLEEN: Some [new] stuff seems kind of strictly retro—like just cuz you have the best record collection doesn't mean you get to be in the best band. Everybody's just referring to stuff that kids of this new generation missed. I'm sure they'll remake Fame, cuz none of the kids now will have seen it. And they'll redo it with, like, Hillary Duff. Because they're like, "Oh, this generation doesn't know about Blondie, let's get Hillary Duff to redo a Blondie song. We know it's a hit. We don't have to spend





any money on writers." They just kinda keep recycling things.

We get freaked out sometimes cuz people are like, "You guys sound so '80s." In the beginning we were using a lot of equipment from the '80s, cuz that's just what we had access to, so it sounded '80s—it wasn't like we were consciously trying to be like Depeche Mode or something. I have a nostalgia for a lot of the mainstream bands from the '80s, just because it seemed like the mainstream bands in the '90s were all like Limp Bizkit, or even now, those monster-men sounding bands, [they're] really not interesting. The thing that was cool in '80s was there was actually stuff that seemed kinda gay-friendly and girl-friendly. It wasn't like, "I hate you, I wanna kill you, I want a skeleton face on a pole." It seemed open, even like U2 being big in the '80s and kind of political—now, the only stuff like that is, again, like Hillary Duff. Which is fine, but it's for four-year-olds, you know? So I have a nostalgia just for a mainstream that isn't completely reprehensible. But I don't wanna be in an '80s retro band.

Some of *This Island* sounds, like, referencing classic rock [laughs]. There's

one song that's a total Billy Squier rip-off. "On the Verge" has a riff that's similar to "Everybody Wants You" by Billy Squier. The song doesn't sound anything like it, but I feel like the guitar was kind of referencing him. Hopefully we're "on the verge" of a new president, on the verge of things being at least semi-alright again. Man, Clinton looks so good right now. I love how you can commit to a side on people who didn't do anything [laughs], and no one cares. You can go against the Geneva Conventions and torture people, you can steal an election and no one cares, but you get your dick sucked and that's the biggest crime on the planet? It's so insane! [For further discussion of the "blowjob as crime" issue, see page 18-Ed.]

Me and Jo have merged so completely I have no idea if this happened to me or Jo—I think it was Jo when she was in school, and she would always put radical politics in her art. Someone said something in one of her classes, that was like "You can't really talk about homelessness in your art, that's so '80s!" [laughter] We were like, that's such a good statement, cuz people are like, "Well, you know, Barbara Kruger was already the political artist,"



Le Tigre: Superheroes from some weird feminist alternative reality.

or Jenny Holzer—like that was just a fad. Yeah, but homelessness has just increased, it didn't go away. It's not like it's on vacation or something.

How would you formulate your objections to Bush?

JD: When I watch him speak I do not think that he understands what he's talking about at all, and that makes me really scared and upset. When I saw *Fahrenheit 9/11*, that was exactly what I wanted—I feel like Michael Moore was doing that exact thing, just showing how juvenile [Bush] is. The whole playing golf moment...that's it, in a nutshell. That's all you have to see.

JOHANNA: I was so emotional during the Republican National Convention here because part of me feels like everybody should just be able to rationally understand that he's taken this country—not just this country, led the world on this path to total ruin. But there's no way to present my case to everyone. And I find that agonizing—it's just such a frustrating, powerless feeling. And to go between protesting during the day, and then coming home and watching the convention on TV, it was such a total mindfuck. You know, being in these huge crowds of people who agree with my point of view, more or less, at least in the sense of being against Bush, and feeling like that's the whole world, and then watching TV and being like, "No, that's the whole world." It drove me nuts. Still drives me nuts.

KATHLEEN: What really bothered me a lot was the way he's treated New Yorkers, cuz that's where I am, and I've been here for a little while, I like to consider myself a New Yorker now. And it was really awful, after September 11, when everybody was already really scared, he came here, and went down to the rubble and used it—now it's like the most prominent footage in his campaign, the thing of him with the construction workers—I mean, he'd never been on a construction site before then obviously. But him with the little bullhorn—just that whole scene was so disgusting to me.

The first thing the title of your new album *This Island* made me think of was that the Beatles, at one point in the 60s, wanted to buy their own island, with four separate houses connected by underground tunnels.

JOHANNA: Yeah, that's sort of a fantasy we have too, in a way—it's kind of like our reality! It's not physically true, but it's kind of the way we live.

JD: Wow. That is so rad. Being in this band is totally like living on an island, it's like this utopian place where we can do whatever we want and be around people that we care about a lot. But that it's also kind of intense and scary sometimes, because we're doing this crazy project and we only really see each other, and what is the rest of the world like? But it's really exciting. And the title's supposed to be a reference to Manhattan, that's what the song "This Island" is about. But we just thought it would be really great to give it, like, a double meaning.

KATHLEEN: We already have a Le Tigre island, it's called Manhattan? And there are underground tunnels, called the subway? [laughter] So I guess we kind of beat the Beatles on that one.

But you know how an island, the idea that it conjures in a lot of people's minds, it's two kind of different things? One is like palm trees and vacation and whatever, and then there are also islands that are colonized by foreign powers and taken over, and maybe also the feeling of being isolated from the mainland, and so people maybe aren't as connected to the mainstream of what's happening. There's all different kinds of things, and we thought it really represented what it felt like to be a feminist band in this cultural time period. There's something kind of utopian about it, because the fact that we feel isolated from our contemporaries in

certain respects makes us create our own world. Our whole thing, in our van when we're touring, we kinda become these weird worlds that are inside this bubble, and we create our own fantasy of the way the world is. We're so strong in our identity as friends in a band, and that's kind of like our island, or something.

You're these three spies out there operating. . .

JOHANNA: Or superheroes, or living in this weird feminist alternative reality.

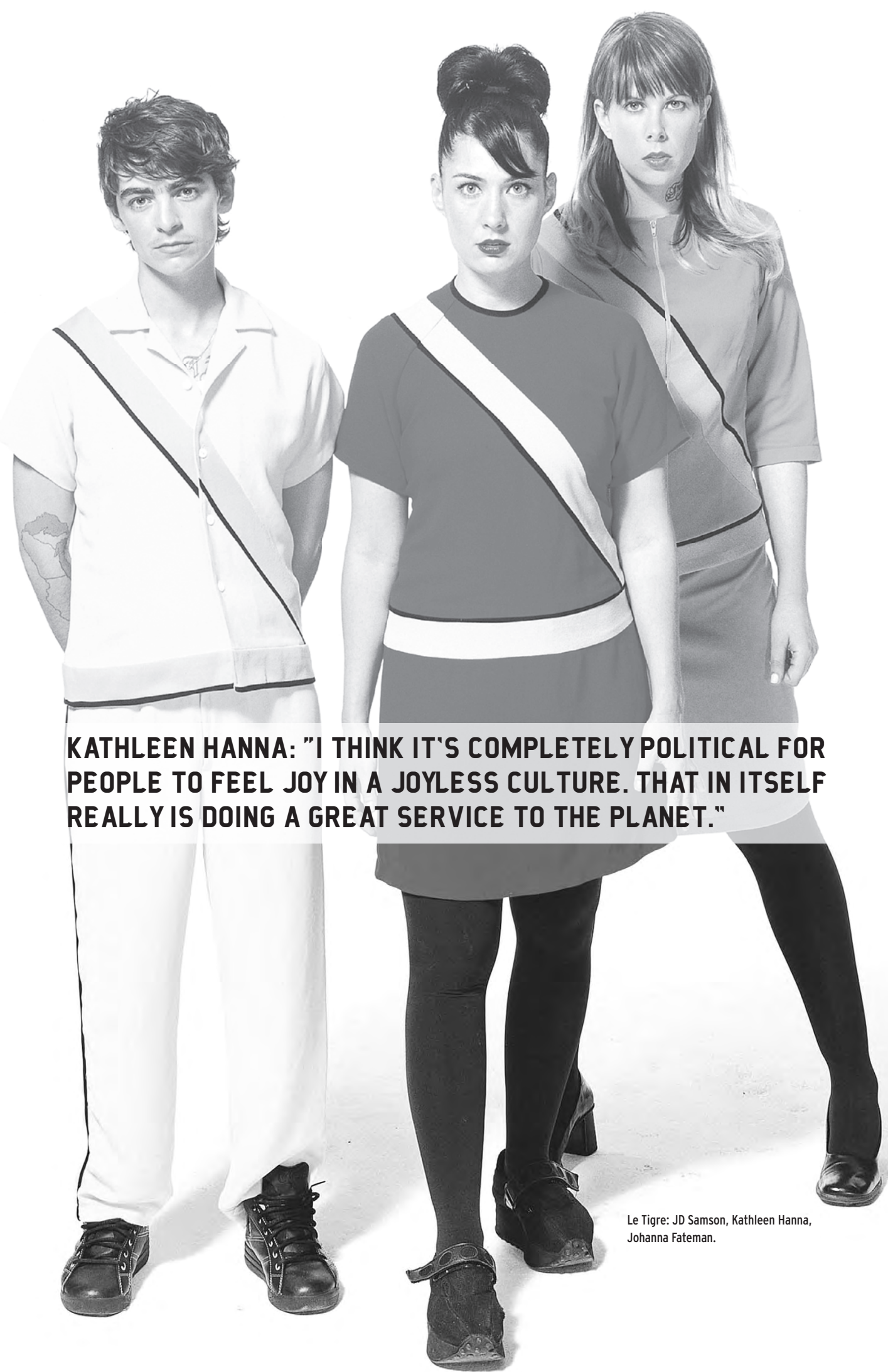
Kathleen has an interesting quote in the press release about the sound of *This Island* "making our message something you can feel in your body." It reminded me of Emma Goldman's famous quote about not wanting a revolution she couldn't dance to, and an interview Greil Marcus did with Gang of Four, where the band members argued about whether enjoying their music was the same thing as understanding their politics.

JOHANNA: We wanted this record to sonically pay off. It's not like I think our past records haven't been appealing sonically, but to me they felt more conceptual in that they were kind of like ideas of songs that appealed to people, and this feels not like a sketch but like an actual painting. And that really was more about technical stuff, like richness of frequencies, choosing sounds more carefully rather than necessarily the sense of immediacy that our first record has.

JD: A lot of times we make our music, and we never think about what we're writing about, or why, or who it's for, or anything like that, but it just seems so natural that when we get to our venues and play our shows that the community of people that's there is so exactly what we want, and what we could only ask for. It feels really good to create that space for people to move and enjoy music and enjoy politics and enjoy that space to be whatever you wanna be. That's what we get really psyched about when we're on tour—letting people appreciate the music and feel it and enjoy it in that bodily way.

KATHLEEN: We get asked a lot, "What's more important, lyrics or the music?" or, "Does it matter that people just come and enjoy the music and don't care about your politics?" I don't give a shit. If people come and enjoy the music, I'm totally happy. I think most people, when I look out at our shows, are people who in a lot of ways are disenfranchised in this society. And I think it's completely political for people—for actually anyone, in a way, to feel joy in a joyless culture. I feel like that in itself really is doing a great service to the planet, by having people dance and feel—especially women and queers of all kinds, feeling like, "We get to be in our bodies now, and we don't have to feel shame and feel like people are looking at us or laughing at us," or women not feeling like straight men are ogling the way they're dancing, that they can just be in themselves and have a good time. That to me is totally just as political as getting behind the message of a political lyric.

Can it be radical just to have fun at a Le Tigre show?



KATHLEEN HANNA: "I THINK IT'S COMPLETELY POLITICAL FOR PEOPLE TO FEEL JOY IN A JOYLESS CULTURE. THAT IN ITSELF REALLY IS DOING A GREAT SERVICE TO THE PLANET."

Le Tigre: JD Samson, Kathleen Hanna, Johanna Fateman.

JD: There's something about being at a protest that's so intense and angry, and that's beautiful, because you're together with so many different people, and you're fighting for what you believe in. We really want our music to be the happy music for the people who have always been political but have tended to stay unhappy. We wanted there to also be this space to really enjoy yourself also, after the protest, or while you're just hanging out with your friends, or walking down the street with your headphones.

JOHANNA: We're not positioning fun against principled living—those things are the same thing, or can be the same thing.

KATHLEEN: At a lot of our shows there's a community feeling, and a feeling of being in a room with like-minded people

who aren't gonna beat you up or fuck with you? Not to say that there's never been a problem at a Le Tigre shows, it's not like we have the power to create this total utopia. But I remember being at bars in Olympia dancing at shows, and guys coming up to me and hitting on me, or when I left, being like, Oh, I really liked the way you dance, and then I'd feel kind of humiliated, like they thought I was dancing for their eyes or something? And being like, "God, I just wanted to move around, and have a good time, and be in my body," but it always gets taken as "Thanks for the show."

For me, I love the feeling of being onstage and knowing that there's women in the crowd that don't have to feel that way at our show, and that we're being part of creating a space like that, cuz I really wanted that. I really still want that. I love going to a Sleater-Kinney show and feeling that way. It's really different—a lot of people haven't had that. I didn't have

that. That's what in a way is great about the little amount of progress that does get made over the years. Cuz things are really different. When I first started out, it definitely was not like it is now.

I don't know how seriously radical it is, I mean it's not gonna change any laws [laughs]. I wish we could hook the dancers up to a machine [laughter], and then that energy would go into actually changing legislation and getting Bush out of office!

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Camera Obscura

by PAUL COLLUM

The Concrete Wilderness

MEDIUM COOL (1969)
Directed by Haskell Wexler
(Paramount Home Video)

LOOK OUT, HASKELL, IT'S REAL (2001)
Directed by Paul Cronin
(www.thestickingplace.com)

TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE (2004)
Directed by Mark Wexler
(currently awaiting distribution)

SOLDIERS PAY (2004)
Directed by David O. Russell, Tricia Regan and Juan Carlos Zaldivar
(DVD extra with *Uncovered: The War on Iraq*, directed by Robert Greenwald, available through www.cinemalibrestudio.com)

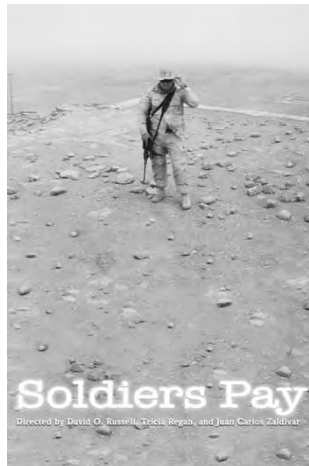
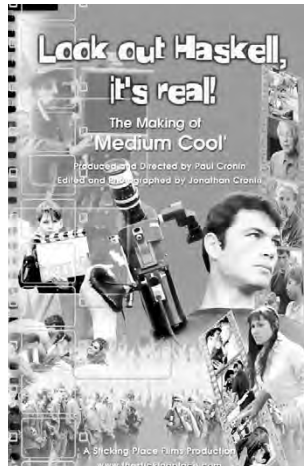
"This is a potential throw of the dice that could bring the media on our heads and cut the Democratic Party in half; my view is that we would have by far the larger half."

—Speechwriter Pat Buchanan in an internal 1972 White House memo advocating confrontation as policy

In these last dark days before November, as we count down to occupation or deliverance, rage or terror, the mind reclaimed or compulsory reeducation from the soles of the feet up, one film lights our way clear. In 1968, John Wayne directed *The Green Berets*, which famously ends on the beach at Da Nang with the sun setting in the east—a special effect of such audacity that it rivals the scripted ways we've choreographed combat ever since. Superman could sooner circle the earth and turn back time.

But that's not the film I'm thinking of. I am thinking of its polar opposite.

In 1968, Haskell Wexler took his reputation as A-list cinematographer, respected documentarian, verité pathfinder, his Oscar for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and his good-faith line of credit at the studios and rolled them all on one admitted act of madness. Hired to direct a film version of the novel *The Concrete Wilderness* by the inmates running the institution at Paramount—Peter Bart, Robert Evans and Charlie Bluhdorn—Wexler wrote a script, drew up a budget, hired a cast and then, without telling anybody, junked it all to make the movie he wanted. So instead of a young boy cultivating pigeons in Central Park, we have Robert Forster playing a news cameraman oblivious



to his role in the news around him, documenting the pigeons drawn to Lincoln Park in Chicago in August, 1968—the ones who would justify the police state being advocated inside the Democratic Convention hall to clamp down the era. In the process, Wexler managed to capture the one battle royale at the crest of the culture war on 35mm film. With the Clinton brain trust (Carville, Begala) now steering Kerry to port, highlighting the war hero-turned-agitator, and with the Reagan brain trust (Peggy Noonan, Michael Deaver, possibly Lyn Nofziger) reportedly guiding Bush to starboard, with its "Swift Boat Veterans" and "Hanoi Jane" alarmism, that war is still being fought today.

What paralyzes film as a medium of topicality is that it is automatically at least three years past its sell-by date by the time you see it—the time it takes a script to gestate and gel, executives to deliberate, actors to commit, the big trucks to roll, months of editorial synthesis and the media to be alerted. You'd have to look to Soderbergh and *Erin Brockovich* or *Traffic*, or before that David O. Russell's still underrated *Three Kings*, nominally about the first Gulf War, to find studio directors willing to engage

of the Ambassador Hotel kitchen where he was shot (off the line, "So it's on to Chicago, and let's win there") and sends its fake news crew to the actual funeral. We get probably the first discussion of the Kennedy assassination (the first one) in a Hollywood film, and certainly the first mention of the dangers of artificial sweeteners.

Much of this context is to be found in a fine companion piece inexplicably left off the DVD—Paul Cronin's *Look Out Haskell, It's Real: The Making of 'Medium Cool'*, a 55-minute documentary currently screening on the Sundance Channel. Cronin has contributed to books on Cassavetes and Herzog and made films on Alexander Mackendrick, the director of *The Sweet Smell of Success*, and Amos Vogel, founder of New York's Cinema 16. Here, a cavalcade of '60s action figures sit for interviews—Studs Terkel (listed in *Medium Cool's* credits as "Our Man in Chicago"), SDS activist-turned-author Todd Gitlin, Chicago 7 lawyer Leonard Weinglass—or are visible in outtakes: Allen Ginsberg wanders through the frame in Lincoln Park; Jesse Jackson stands atop a car in D.C., fist raised.

Buried beneath *Medium Cool's*

personnel carriers and Jeeps mounted with fully-loaded 50-caliber machine guns subjugating the Windy City and hippies in football helmets piling up park benches, medics at the ready. Chants of "Pigs eat shit" and "Pigs are whores" are intercut with a cop clubbing a protester, shouting, "You stinking commie!" (giving a whole new cluster of meanings to Carl Sandburg's "hog butcher of the world"). And through it all snakes Bloom in a bright yellow dress, as incongruous in her surroundings as the little girl in red in the otherwise black-and-white *Schindler's List*. In the aftermath, we see the carnage in real time, while a disembodied woman's voice wails on the soundtrack, "You motherfuckers!" Among the victims are Wexler himself, his eyes being flushed out with water, debilitated by a tear gas canister fired point blank at the camera.

Yet for all its celebrated verité, the film is awash in Godard. A poster of Belmondo from *Breathless* hangs over Forster's fireplace; the bookended car crashes are airlifted straight out of *Weekend*; and the final shot is Wexler himself, who turns the camera on the audience—the tracking shot that closes *Contempt*, superimposed over the old Paramount newsreels—to a

Cuckoo's Nest and *The Conversation*, who famously clashed with Michael Moore on *Canadian Bacon* and who risked industry condemnation by interviewing the Weathermen in *Underground*, which was subpoenaed by the FBI, and following Jane Fonda to North Vietnam to shoot *Introduction to the Enemy* (he also joined her for both *Coming Home* and *Kluge*, for which he won his second Oscar). Can't wait to see it.

And where are the cinematic rabblers of our own day? Well, on the verge of releasing *I Heart Huckabee's*, his first film in five years, *Three Kings* director David O. Russell has taken the occasion of Warner's planned re-release of his 1999 film to make a half-hour documentary on Iraq, *The Sequel*.

Soldiers Pay (declarative, not possessive), co-directed with Tricia Regan and Juan Carlos Zaldivar, catches up with *Three Kings* bit players, real-life Kelly's Heroes, armchair Ottomans and fruit-salad generals who somehow got sucked into Operation Desert Nam. Between the water-rationed Marines describing Haliburton mercenaries who pull down \$300K, or supply sergeants out "requisitioning" computers to play videogames on, we get the occasional 1,000-word picture, like a khaki-clad warrior squatting next to graffiti that reads: "Ha Ha—Our God's Better Than Your God."

When Warner's caved to political pressure and scrapped the whole thing, microdistributor Cinema Libre stepped in and offered to piggyback the featurette onto Part 3 of Robert Greenwald's Anti-Bush Tetralogy, *Uncovered: The War in Iraq* (*Unprecedented* and *Outfoxed* are on DVD; next up is *Unconstitutional*, on the Patriot Act). Meanwhile, as a land bridge linking the two (films and wars), consider this scene from a New York Times profile that ran September 12, 1999, two years before you know what:

"After listening to Mr. Bush's remarks to the Hollywood crowd, Mr. Russell decided to tell him that *Three Kings* would be coming out just before the primaries and did not reflect favorably on his father's leadership in the Gulf War. 'You could see this look of uncomprehending concern and panic wash over his face,' Mr. Russell recalls. Mr. Bush again seemed to be studying Mr. Russell's clothes. 'And then he immediately snapped into Presidential mode, and said, 'Well, am I going to have to go finish the job?'"



DVDs/videos courtesy of Cinefile, the official video store of Arthur. Contact Cinefile at (310) 312-8836 or www.cinefilevideo.com

HASKELL WEXLER TOOK HIS REPUTATION, OSCAR AND GOOD-FAITH LINE OF CREDIT AT THE STUDIOS AND ROLLED THEM ALL ON ONE ACT OF MADNESS. HE CAPTURED THE ONE BATTLE ROYALE AT THE CREST OF THE CULTURE WAR ON 35MM.

the topical issues of the day. If conflict is the crux of character, and the world today stoked with conflict to burn, no wonder so many four-wheel-drive studio vehicles wind up rusted and abandoned, axle-deep in mud.

Medium Cool remains the one narrative feature which proves the exception: Conceived in January during the Tet Offensive, it was constantly deflecting off the times throughout production. As such, it marks a kind of travelogue of the '60s: Lyndon Johnson declined the nomination in March, throwing the August convention into free-for-all. Martin Luther King is shot in April, the ghettos burn and Forster and soundman Peter Bonerz (later of *The Bob Newhart Show*) are sent to "Resurrection City," the tent city on the Washington Mall housing the remnants of King's Poor People's March, or to debrief black activists in their Chicago apartment. Campaign workers are interviewed outside Kennedy headquarters; when Robert Kennedy is assassinated a month later, the film recreates the interior

breakneck speed and ruthless experimentalism are any number of lean-to set pieces that could have been—and sometimes were—movies in themselves (last-minute floor passes to the convention hall were arranged by Warren Beatty, and similar shots found their way into *The Parallax View*; a subplot of a TV station forwarding demonstration footage to the police and FBI is basically the dramatic engine of *Under Fire*, relocated to El Salvador).

But it was the Chicago riots that earn the film its purple heart. In the face of Mayor Daley's mandate to police to "Clear the fuckers out of the city," and armed with hipster recon from producer Jonathan Haze (Seymour in the original *Little Shop of Horrors*), who was partying with the future Chicago 7 every night, Wexler put his first-time actress, Verna Bloom (Dean Wormer's wife in *Animal House*), literally in harm's way—in a manner that makes Herzog seem restrained. At the very moment that Russian tanks were rolling through Prague, we can experience U.S. armored

chant of "The whole world is watching." Forster's character is named John Cassolaris as a concession to John Cassavetes, who was originally slated to play the part under his own name, and Bloom's character can be glimpsed in the opening cocktail party scene, an hour before she is introduced (she precedes the line "beaten to death by a mob"). And a death is foretold on the radio minutes before it occurs.

This extends to the line that gives the documentary its title—"Look out, Haskell—it's real!"—which appears before the CS canister goes off in their face. It was, by Wexler's own admission, added in post-production, since war zone conditions prevented them from shooting synch sound. And the speaker of that line? Haskell's son Mark Wexler, who has just directed a reportedly irascible portrait of his father called *Tell Them Who You Are*, in the fashion of Aiyana Elliott's *The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack*, so new that it has only shown twice at the Toronto Film Festival (where Roger Ebert raved about it). This is the Haskell Wexler who was fired from *One Flew Over the*



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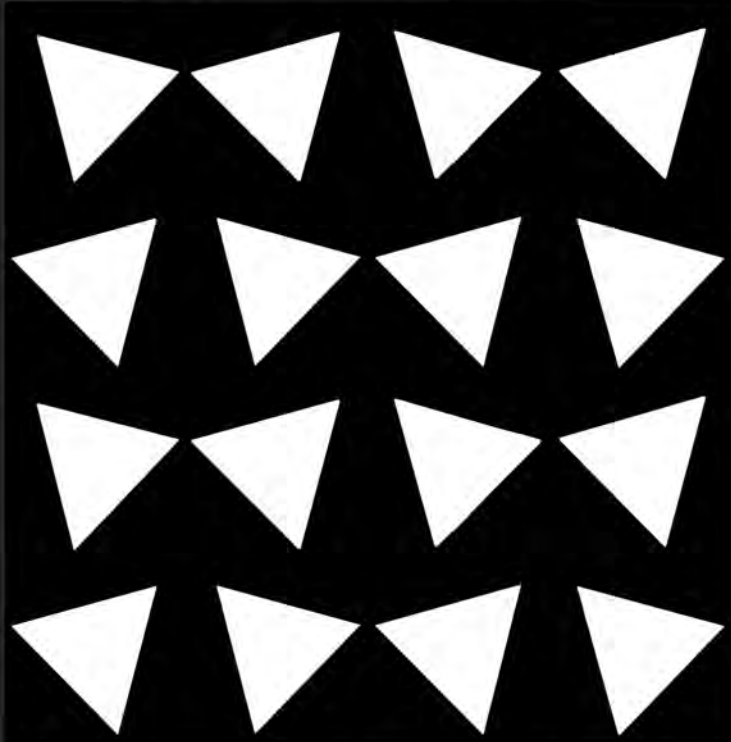
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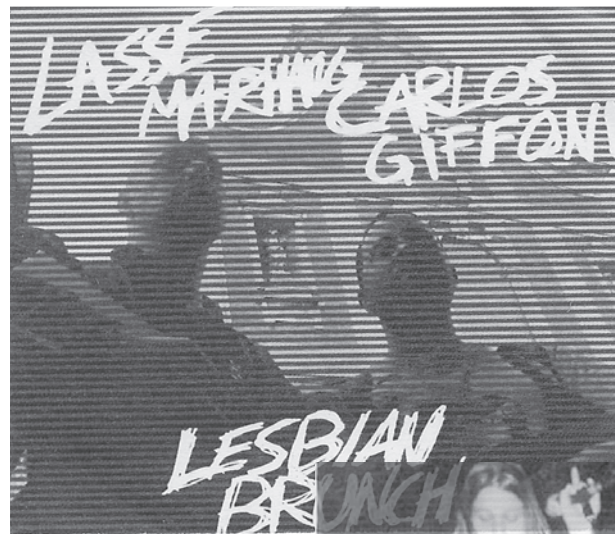
ARTHUR REVIEWS

BULL TONGUE

by Maniacs Dream, Kemiälliset Ystävät, Avarus, Sipriina, The Anaksimandros, Toni Laakso, keijo,

celebrating its ten years on this planet by issuing a seriously hep series of CDs from its home up

BLOOD STEREO project which is pretty much him with Karen Constance, an amazing lass we wrote about at length in last issue's column. *Here Comes Blood Stereo* is in a DVD box and issued by Greek label Absurd. Absurd began in 1996 as a noise fanzine—basically an extension of *Genital Grinder* fanzine, which had been debating ball-crunching noise since 1989. As a label it evolves at whim and has released a varying slew of strange n' odd stuff. Another Nyoukis gotta-have is his *The Mysterious Blue Soups of the South* CD in which he enjoys some long and not-so-long-distance collaborations with like-minded individuals such as Neil Campbell,



Master Osh, Rauhan Orkesteri and a most incredible and insane 7" by **THE DEMARS** called "Veriläiskä" which is a bunch of 8- and 12-year old Finnish kids just going off, screaming, cursing, smashing drum machines. Real groovy. Besides Lal Lal Lal, there's a helluva lot more action happening in Finland right now with underground labels and clubs. Worth looking into is Kevyt Nostalgia Records who have re-released the infamous **Kemiälliset Ystävät** cassette, originally on Lal Lal Lal, on double vinyl. Kemiälliset Ystävät, which is basically some dude named Jan Anderzen, creates a strange hypno-sound utilizing a sole-created psyche-tongue language. He's been releasing some pretty great cassettes since 1996. Kevyt Nostalgia puts on shows at the Nostalgia-klubi in Helsinki and they just recently hosted our USA friends Fursaxa and Christina Carter. Right on. In Tampere, there's Sweetcore Records who have released music by the improvising ensemble **Drakes Medicine** who supposedly kick some kind of ass. So, yeh, Finland's fucking burning baby.

Hats off to Three Lobed Records down there in North Carolina who've been releasing CDs by Philadelphia's stone heavy **BARDO POND** playing in ever more expansive situations. A real killer is the Bardo Pond collaboration with **TOM CARTER**, the superb dreamfield guitarist from Charalambides. Also available is a CD by Bardo Pond's "other" band **PRAIRIE DOG FLESH**, a unit shrouded in some kind of Philly haze of gauzemind dating back to the ancient days of 1993. More releases are due starting now and if, like us, your mind craves Bardo Pond sound you're in for some deep diving.

Ed Hardy at the venerable Eclipse, a distribution house for much of what we write about here as well as being a killer label releasing fine art documents in limited editions, has put out a solo LP by Bardo Pond's guitar visionary Michael Gibbons under the aegis **500mg**. And if that sounds like something you'd drop on your tongue to wither away the reality of earthbound meat dreams than you are so right. The LP's titled *Vertical Approach*, it's co-released by Galactic Zoo Dossier and it's absolutely awesome. Gibbons reaches in and glides through his eye head, laying down a sweeping master stroke. Both serene and intense, the dude has freaking hit it square in the cerebral cortex o-zone.

And if you're still in a Norway frame of freakout, then check out the Eclipse LP release of "Puhalluspelto" by **PAIVANSADE**. Total dreamskull.

Carbon Records has been

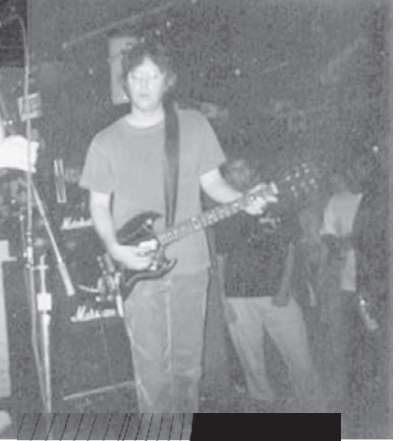


there in chilly Rochester, NY. So far they've tossed out sides by **JOE + N**, which is pretty much the guys who run the damn thing but make some sick weirdo sound spoo to boot, as well as **MIKE SHIFLET**, solo noise recording angel from Columbus, Ohio who runs the Gameboy label/empire (they released that first glimpse into the sonik wonder that be 16 Bitch Pile Up). Shiflet's CD is called *Xenakis Youth* and it's a monster car rally of blat adventure. Also cool discs by Ming, The Dead Machines, Crawlspace, Coffee, and Tom Carter & Shawn McMillen. Soon come are three more, culminating with a due-to-be-damaged one by Dylan Nyoukis, so get on it cuz at the end of it all Carbon will issue a wooden box in which to keep these babes in. Good deal.

Since you're thinking about Shiflet and Gameboy, know that one of the newest Gameboy releases is one of their most wicked. It's a duo 3" CD by **CARLOS GIFFONI AND LASSE MARHAUG** called *Lesbian Brunch*. Living here in the lesbian capitol of North America we know the delights of late morning food with this particular demographic. It brings out the true dyke we all have rocking within and Norway's Marhaug and Brooklyn's Giffoni get way down to business by slipping and sliding tonguestar electronics just right. Yum.

ERIC ERLANDSON, who is a dynamite guitarist and who spent most of his formative shredding years in Hole, has obviously had his own personal tour of hell. He's been lying low these days to some extent, though he's always out there sniffing the new action. One thing he's surprised us with recently are a couple of staple zine lit books *Another Think Coming* (Bathtub Seed Press/Absence of Feel Publishing) and *Fatal Flower Garden* (Trophy Wife/Lollipop Gag Publishing). They're both wild mind autobiographical sojourns, a mix of narrative tale, poetry and visual text collage puns. Very nice.

DYLAN NYOUKIS was able to spurt out a couple of nice pieces of Nyoukis content between porn shoots and window washing way down in the south of Blighty. Ear pricking kindness comes from his



Kyle Lapidus and Ebay absurdist Kenui Ullin. It's released by the twisted Belgium label Audiobot with an exquisite fold-out cover with obi-strip, all designed and screenprinted by Janus Prutpuss who did covers for Trumans Water and others.

Another great silkscreen audio/visual jammer on Audiobot is the *Moving Gelatin in a Translucent World* CD by Rochester NY's **PENGO**. We mentioned Joe + N whilst rapping about Carbon, well, Joe's in this group as well playing electric detonation guitar along with the infamous Jason Finkelbeiner and electric power zapper Nuuj. Pengo has been slaying audiences for a while now and have really come into their own. A recent gig opening for the To Live And Shave In L.A. original line-up tour (with Andrew W.K. on drums—this group was a goddamned motherfucker!) had mouths first watering then wagging for many miles. Dennis Tyfus did the artwork which is heavy card pages of birds and foliage in a psycho-layered realm of lysergic solemnity. It's a good 'un. Audiobot also has two CDs by **JULIAN BRADLEY**, who you may know as one of the cats in Vibracathedral Orchestra. Julian has made consistently interesting cassette and CD releases through the years of his guitar pulsations and chord change chaos. Both

A companion *As Glamorous As Sleeping On Wheels* and *Ditch Us In the Doorway* are two of his finest, especially as they are slipped in silkscreened 7" sleeves and attached to square cut piece of old LPs. Audiobot has other cool CDs in silkscreened madness by such crazed luminaries as **RICHARD RAMIREZ** (Texas noise butcher/gay satanist), **REYNOLS** (Argentinian dadaists/mental patients) and **CRANK STURGEON** (Massachusetts noise beast/maple seed demon).

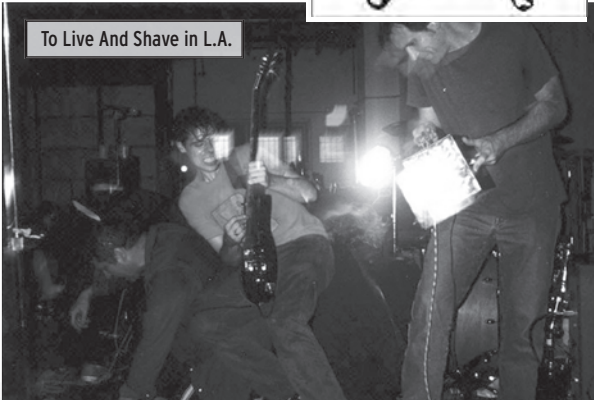
Julian Bradley has a female friend with groovy blonde hair who is, amongst other things I suspect, a pretty happening writer. All I know is her name is Lauren and she's been issuing an ongoing lit/art journal of her work the last few years called *Pretend I Am Someone Else*. It reads fast with ruminations of female identity and emotion and scurries through dream talk where sensations threaten to consume. Good stuff. We've seen the last two of four issues to date.

We mentioned how Tom Smith's *To Live And Shave In L.A.* toured the Midwest and New England in late September and how it absolutely ripped. They were hawking new Smack Shire shite which is Tom's label. The hottest item, besides the BUSH IS FILTH tour t-shirt was the long-awaited-and-salivated-for **SIGHTINGS/TOM SMITH** collaboration disc. Rest assured this mommy smokes tough. Tom's relentless poesie damage howl rides the wave of Sightings black hole grind and gloop. Tom's penchant for sweatfuck techno skuzz comes into play here and there and it makes you wanna run over a cop whilst laughing insanely to the archangels swooping in. Sightings guitarist Mark Moran joined the "original" *To Live and Shave* for the tour along with

rallies, the Kevin Cronin-of REO-produced big-fish-in-a-small-pond rock gods that walked down our streets, and the sheer overload of crapola, there were mutants who had it up to here with all of that silliness. For example: HB was a one man Magic Band who would tell stories for hours while whacking away on drums in a pierogi parlor like a cosmic Sam Ulano, The Delusions were what the Velvets coulda been in a coal mining town, and Psychatrone Rhonedakk made hobbit-like basement synth gurgle for years and years and never stepped on a stage. 100 miles from New York but not quite there, they never quite got recognized, and they sure confused a lot of locals. I sure appreciated 'em for merely existing in an oppressive musical locale where the town's one promoter was too busy hosting dance shows on TV where he got out of a Rolls flanked by ho's and booking wheezy hair-metal reunions. xex must have been in a similar boat down in South River, New Jersey. Sporting black garb, blurring arps, and bizarro names like "Thumalina Guglielmo" and "Waw Pierogi" (holy hell, more pierogis!) these guys represented a totally bonkers aesthetic that seems like it was taking its cues from what was being hyped in the NYC underground scene about that time: Eno, Talking Heads, etc., but

like it has more to do with German nuts like Grauzone and California's zonked synth-gothers Factrix or Nervous Gender than anything else remotely in xex's radius. What gives? Tom Smith did radio shows for a while on WFMU, and was entrenched in the LP library listening to odd finds in backwards order starting at 'Z' when he came across this lost gem. It totally blew our brains. There's zilch about them on the web, as well (apparently not even the hip New York papers gave 'em a mention), and he has been threatening to reissue this baby for some time. Here 'tis at last. Turn up the minimal synth NJ underground!"

Bran(...)Pos is the name used by S.F.'s Jake Rodriguez, (who supposedly was a child star in *All in the Family* spin-off *Gloria*) and he's been releasing cool sounding cassettes and CDs of chattering noise and choogling beat driven junk jive the last couple of years. There was great split release with Mammal last year on the Animal Disguise label and Bran(...)**Pos** has



Andrew W.K. and Don Fleming on guitar and Ben Osker and Rat Bastard on fractured toolboxes. Each night was a madhouse of big-beat jazz psychosis. Smack Shire has also just released an archival disc by the group **XEX**. I think Brian Turner of WFMU can explain it best: "For all the moaning I've done over the years about growing up in a culturally detached small town in Pennsylvania though my formative years of discovering weird-ass punk and new/no wave music, the truth is simply that the most mind-boggling ideas and warped musical aesthetics sprung from these places. Amidst the sea of coked-up Cinderella wannabes who played my high school anti-drug



in fact this music is choking under something more black, toxic, and totally Jersey. While they sang about mall rat zombies who ran around trying to catch up with fashion, they also addressed nuns and nerve gas. Musically, it sounds

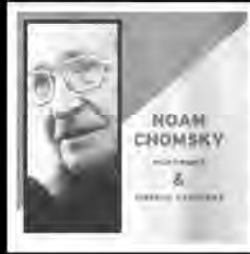
just returned from touring the USA all summer with such dada noise practitioners as Nautical Almanac and Vertonen. Sold on tour was a new CD on Chitah! Chitah! Soundcrack called *Chirphuis* which shows Bran(...)**Pos** in self-proclaimed easy listening mode. In a sense it kinda is easy-noise but it will still get under your skin and shred it from within regardless.

Two amazing documentaries on two of the most fascinating filmmakers of the last century have been released on DVD by Zeitgeist Films. The first being **IN THE MIRROR OF MAYA DEREN**, a film by Martina Kudlacek. Maya Deren was an exquisite artist form the 1940s/50s who could easily be

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considered one of the most poetic and astounding experimental filmmakers at the advent of avant garde cinema. Viewing her black-and-white films is sublime eroticism without any pandered suggestion. They are dream visions through shadow and light. Her most celebrated film was *Meshe in The Afternoon* which took a prize at Cannes in 1947. The DVD has great commentaries by Jonas Mekas and Stan Brakhage (whose short hand-painted film on Deren, *Water for Maya*, is, with other previously unseen rarities, included) with a score by good horn player/bad dresser John Zorn. The other doc is **BRAXHAGE**, a film by Jim Shedden. If you happen to dig the Criterion Collection's *By Brakhage* DVD you will definitely need this. Stan Brakhage made over 400 films outside of the mainstream industry of cinema and his work with color and paint creating flicker film still challenges and inspires artists in all mediums. This is the first real doc on Brakhage where you can hear his side of the story. it also includes two early docs from the '60s and '70s. For anyone interested in avant garde cinema, both of these are essential.

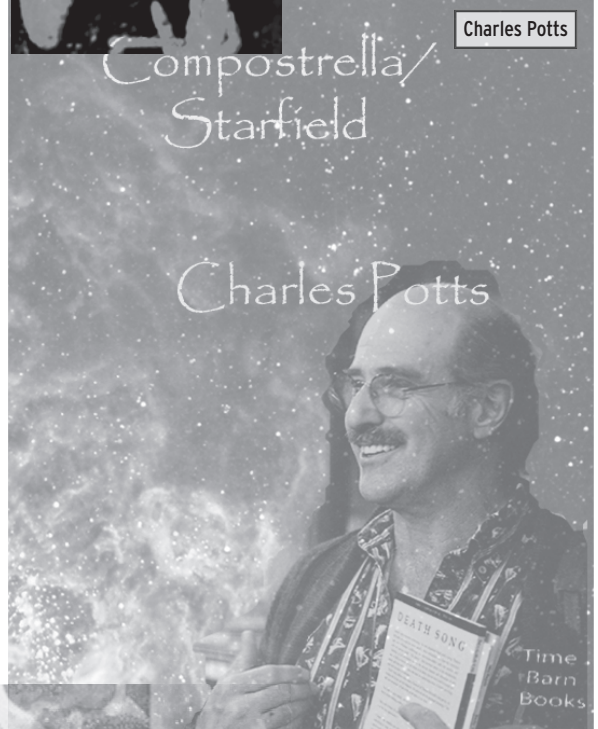
HIGHWATER BOOKS is a publishing concern out of Montreal by way of New Jersey. If you can dig that symbiotik clash then you can dig that they have some very hip graphic/comix art mania on their shelves. First off is a fat and chunky tome by **MAT BRINKMAN**, one of the dudes, along with Lightning Bolt, who helped put the Fort Thunder art collective of Providence R.I. on the map. This

CASTREE in an edition of 800 copies and we suggest you get yours now. It's a 12 x 12 chronicle of dreams and nightmares accompanied by the space sweet vox of Genevieve on a 12" record. The most magnificent production that the always righteous L'oise de Cravan has spun out to date. C'est fuckeeng awesome. They've also published a tinier item by **GIGI**



Shiva collection from the '60s. His writing always offers great insight to love, laughter and candid cosmic enlightenment. It can be heady and hilarious and is, compared to a lot of psychedelic earth wordsmen, fairly smooth to the palate.

Ian Mackaye you may know from such Washington D.C. rock 'n' roll outfits as Fugazi, Grand Union, Embrace, Minor Threat and The Slinkies. He oversees Dischord Records there and since the early '80s has been documenting his town in all its amped up glory. Recently he's joined forces with Amy Farina, who we recall as the awe-inspiring drummer of The Warmers, which was a Dischord band that included Ian's kid bro Alec, in a new duo called **THE**



Charles Potts

THE ZEN BASTARD RIDES AGAIN
PAUL KRASSNER

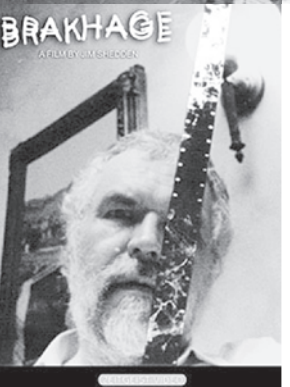
“Thanks to Paul Krassner for continuing to be a lobster claw in the tuna casserole of modern America.”
-Tom Robbins

This just-released album by countercultural investigative satirist **Paul Krassner** is available in music stores, on the Internet and directly from www.paulkrassner.com.

Cover artwork by Kalynn Campbell



Mat Brinkman



book, *Teratoid Heights*, follows the adventures of amoeba like tooth/gum beings into the convex world of LIFE. If you stick your head in this and follow through it will amaze you by its flow of genius. Highwater is also the place for work by Brian Chippendale from Lightning Bolt (though most of it is sold out these days) as well as issues of the Fort Thunder graphic rag *Paper Rodeo*.

L'oise de Cravan has published a beautiful large book called *Pampleoussi* by **GENEVIEVE**

PERRON which is a single strip of une jeune femme experiencing pre-menstrual syndrome titled *SPM* (syndrome pre-menstruel). The comic is rolled up ala tampon with string attached. Sweet.

Writer/artist **JOCKO WEYLAND** who came to light for a lot of peeps when Grove Press published his personal and insightful *Answer Is Never: A Skateboarder's History of the World* has been editing a small zine of collected art and advert images. Each issue has a perverse flow with contributions coming in from all sides of the weirdo planet (some contributors, like Charles Bukowski and Henri Michaux and Jack Goldstein, are dead!). It's called **ELK** and it's up to seven issues so far.

Time Barn Books in Nashville has done us all a favor and reprinted poet **CHARLES POTTS'** seven-part poem written back in 1975, *Compstrella/Starfield*. Potts was revisited a few years back by us when we republished through Glass Eye Books his immortal *Little Lord*

EVENS. The Evens have done a few low-key gigs the last year or so and are flat-out great. Super-inventive guitar/drums/vocals interplay with a strong balance between inside melodics and outside experimentation. Hopefully records will spring forth. Discs that have sprung lately are new ones on Ian's other label Northern Liberties. It's a label set up for Ian to promote music maybe a little off the deep end from what Dischord generally deal with. Which is particularly true of the first three releases. **DANIEL HIGGS** is a superfreak poet/tattoo artist (amongst other things surely) from Lungfish and on Magic Alphabet he really gets his freak on by offering a CD's worth of jews harp improvisations. **ET AT IT** are something we know nothing about, but whoever they are they have an engagingly weird yet mellow swing vibe. The CD is called *I Count* and there is some definite number head rocking going on. The other title is *Sixteen Songs* by **DON ZIENTARA**. Don has been instrumental and important to the Dischord years as he's recorded the motherlode of work that's been issued. Here is his own collection of compositions, pretty strange and personable.

FOXY DIGITALIS has been amazingly productive this last year, releasing baskets full of CDRs of excellent outside folk and psyche and drone experimentalistix. Wonderful music drifts from New Zealander (now U.K.er) **PETER WRIGHT**, Finland's **MUSTI LAITON** and an awesome sonicscape sweep by a group called **HUSH ARBORS**. Their site is rich in info and offers interviews with Tara Burke (Fursaxa) and more.

We reported a column or so back about the two girls from Osaka called **AFRI RAMPO**. They hit the USA again this late summer and

Genevieve Castree



le tigre.

tore it up for those in attendance. We found out their name means either "Naked Rock" or "Naked Shoplifting." One girl's name is Oni, which means "devil", the other is Pika Chu which means..."pikachu". Whatever, we're there regardless. And we're happy to report that a CD is available from Gyunne Cassette. It's all in Japanese characters so we don't know too much about what it's called but it's a decent representation of what they do live. And let it be known: live is where total meltdown occurs. You may wanna check Afri Rampo's own site as they have an independent CD release floating around of live recordings which is pretty raw and murky but gets pretty psycho nonetheless.

Of all the anti-worst-president-ever compilations blowing out these insane days our favorite has to be **No W...NOW! A Musical Petition Against George W. Bush** on Passive Aggressive Records. With a surprisingly charged declaration liner note by **GLEN BRANCA** and a line up which includes NYC space-zonk duo **WHITE OUT**, Philly free sax envelope pusher **JACK WRIGHT**, master blues dream star **LOREN CONNORS** and squeezebox sound wizard **PAULINE OLIVEROS** as well as art from **ERIC DROOKER**, this sucker delivers a sonoric slap. The CD is a benefit for the highly progressive non-profit organization Not In Our Name, an on-going project in creating awareness of Bush/Cheney's insane crusade.

LOREN CONNORS has been involved with creating a limited set of artworks that are superb and beautiful in their zen mind consciousness. As facilitated by design artist Masumi Raymond, Loren has created the the collection *Wild Weeds* in a suite edition, (8 silk screen prints, #'d signed edition of 7), and a folio edition (6 silkscreen prints, #'d signed edition of 20). Also an artist's book entitled *Winter Dawn* (#'d signed edition of 25). There is also a selection of original drawings by Loren available from the site. Loren's work has always resonated with the concept of bliss and prayer, his earthbound vision startling, amusing and elevating those who deign to become entranced by it. The work he has done here is exquisite and rarefied and probably beyond the pocketbook means of most. Fortunately it can be viewed on the site—there's even a short film of Loren working on the pieces.

All in all, they are remarkable and surely a remarkable new chapter in Loren's ongoing creative life.

Norway's Sindre Bjerga has released some heavy 7"s this year on his Gold Soundz imprint and they are all the tits. Three of them come in uniform design sleeves identified solely by a artist/title sticker and numbered. First up is one by **CHRISTINA CARTER**. Christina is an astounding singer with the most incredible claw guitar style we've ever witnessed. She is mesmerizing and all her work from Charalambides through Scorses and onwards has been gorgeous and special. This is one of her more spooked-out recordings. Second up is **VIBRACATHEDRAL ORCHESTRA** from the UK and it's a live frazzle of a piece and it cooks not unlike Cactus' *'Ot 'n 'Eavy LP* did if it were truly psycho-meltd. Third is **VOLCANO THE BEAR** from Leicester UK spinning down a surrealist vibe. Also new on Gold Soundz is a 7" by **AVARUS** which is co-released with Humbug, lmvated, Veglia and Audiobot. We mentioned Avarus earlier when raving about new Norway and let it be known this is some burning drone love rock. Open up and swallow.

A weird new split 10" from Dunedin New Zealand has come to us and we welcome it lustily. One side is **EYE** which is Nathan Thompson & Peter Stapleton and the other is **THREE FORKS** which is Tim Cornelius, James Currin and Donald McPherson. It is fantastic to hear Peter Stapleton these days playing some new and excellent sounds. Both these combos are from the continually vibrant scene in Dunedin which gave us so much pleasure with the Xpressway label and particularly, and still, the remarkable Dead C. The label is called UM as far as we can tell and this lathe is the first of an ongoing series documenting the new Dunedin experimentalists. Not sure where to go for this, but try the lathe-cutting joint Peter King, where it got made—they may have a lead.

After processing all of the above we needed to clean out our sensors and went to our old favorites **DEVILLOCK** for help. Devillock is Justin Lewis from Minneapolis and he's been putting out killer cassettes and CDRs of sonarific rip sluice that work the canal like amped corncob q-tip elektrik tweezer pull. Seriously. Real flinty. His label is Tone Filth and he's been threatening to issue some mean sides very soon such as the Three



Gigi Perron

Legged Race cassette which is Robert from Hair Police's solo joint and an LP by Michigan's crazed son Charlie Draheim.

Good luck, good day, we got shit to do, so do you, and, as always, please send two of each o' your things for us to contemplate and process. Mmmmm...

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CONTACTS

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- CARBON RECORDS: www.carbonrecords.com
- CHITAH! CHITAH! SOUND CRACK: www.soundcrack.net
- LOREN CONNORS ARTWORK: www.masumiraymond.com/7%20loren.htm
- DEVILLOCK: tonefilth.justinchrismeyers.com/devillock/
- ECLIPSE: www.eclipse-records.com
- ELK: www.elkzine.com
- ERIC ERLANDSON: Ericvol@aol.com
- FAT WORM OF ERROR: <http://fatwormoferror.suchfun.net/>
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- PRETEND I AM SOMEONE ELSE: wakeuptomakeup@yahoo.co.uk
- SMACK SHIRE: www.smackshire.com
- SWEETCORE: www.kevytnostalgia.cjb.net
- THREE LOBED: <http://threelobed.com/tlr/>
- TIME BARN BOOKS: www.thetimegarden.com
- TONE FILTH: tonefilth.org
- VERSO BOOKS: www.versobooks.com
- WFMU: www.wfmu.org
- YEAY! CASSETTES: <http://yeay.suchfun.net>
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C AND D

Two guys bicker about new records.

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"Tony is no bullshit. In these days of Nu Metal, Alt Country, Tony Rojas just writes great Pop songs..."
 —Dan Carr, The Court and Spark

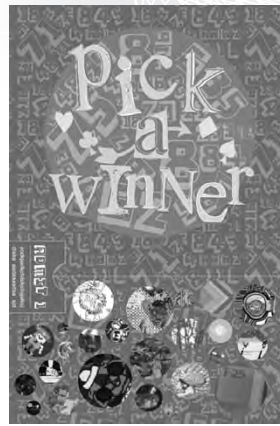
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 —Mark Eitzel, American Music Club

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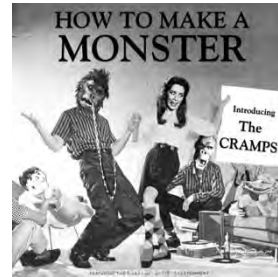
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 C: You're not going to believe this.
 D: Try me.
 C: [delicately loading DVD] Like an hour's worth of charmingly bonkers/whimsical low-tech animation to go with homemade psych-crunge by the usual Fort Thunder-plus suspects... [Reading the sleeve text] "Dual formatted, double dipped and extra-whipped. Technicolor-laced acid flakes are on the table. Dig in! 18 trips of sound & sights are poured into K-Holes of dubious dimension from tonz of Load bands and video tribes with this new DVD/CD powered pellet." Amen to all of that.
 D: [looking at screen] Whoa.
 C: Lightning Bolt, Black Elf Speaks, Wolf Eyes, Neon Hunk, Pink & Brown...
 D: [eyes pinwheeling] I don't believe it. I mean, I do believe it. I am believing it very hard.
 C: Party video of the year. People are gonna be getting mandala'd all winter long to this thing, man. Plus there's a CD in here too.
 D: Do you have any mushrooms?
 C: No.
 D: I'll take a spray paint can and a plastic bag at this point...

he be this level of cool?
 D: [musing] He could be a gas station attendant.
 C:



THE CRAMPS

How to Make a Monster (Vengeance)
 D: This was recorded in the '60s.
 C: Sort of. Except it was recorded in 1977. It's the Cramps, my friend!
 D: Hmm. 1977? Wow. Possibly better than the Sex Pistols. Tribal psychobilly, proto-blues!
 C: Two solid CDs full of early Cramps for the diehard fans. Live stuff, demos, more stuff from the early '80s. It's a clearing out of the Cramps garage, after all these years.
 D: And that garage floor is covered in the goo goo muck! Forget Songs for Bad People, C. This is Songs for Worse People. And I am definitely a worse kind of person.



THE HIDDEN HAND

Mother Teacher Destroyer (Southern Lord)
 D: Whoa.... This is so heavy, I think I may be experiencing some pulmonary problems shortly. Ack...
 C: New album from Arthur No. IX cover star Wino, legendary godfather of doom metal, stoner rock, whatever you wanna call it. He's always been a bit beyond those niche-holes.
 D: [listening to "Black Ribbon"] Black Sabbath is back AGAIN, my friend! This is music to endure a tragedy to...
 C: It is a pretty amazing record. The kind of doomish, expansive rock record that... well, it elicits dripping monosyllabia from the listeners. Or at least from us, I guess.
 D: We are on a doomed flight into the sun on a heroic mission to save humanity, and this is the music we will hear right before we explode!
 C: The closing track is entitled "The Deprogramming of Tom Delay!"
 D: Excellent! A profound title and some heavy helicoptering and sub-buzzsaw guitar for my least favorite congressman! Wino strikes ONCE AGAIN with his iron-falcon guitar of justice!

Optimizer] Hey fellas, what's the commotion?
 D: E! You grace us with your female presence once again.
 E: [ignoring] What is this?
 C: [looking at sleeve] It's the new Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, except they've shortened their name to deal with the shortened attention span of today's audience.
 E: Well for once, it doesn't suck.
 C: [listening to "Crunchy"] Alert the media! Jon Spencer is singing.
 E: I always thought Jon Spencer took a special pleasure in subverting his own genius.
 C: Look, there's even a bridge here!
 E: I don't think irony goes well in blues, this hipster irony value. I think he does it because he's embarrassed about going all the way like Jack White does, all-out all the time.
 D: [out of nowhere] BUH-LOOZE EXPUHLOSION!
 C: Er. I think he does what he has to onstage because he doesn't know how else to be in public.
 E: He is his own worst enemy. [listening to "Hot Gossip," a duet with Chuck D] This is pure cheese.
 C: I think it's pretty good. Mista Chuck gets my vote! I wouldn't demand my money back.
 E: Orange kicked ass, they'll never top it, and that's the problem.



FELA KUTI MIXED BY CHIEF XCEL

The Underground Spiritual Game (Quannum)
 C: This is a whole bunch of old Fela songs mixed together in one long jam by Xcel from Blackalicious.
 D: [Dancing] I didn't know what this was, but I could tell it was cool.
 E: It's hard to talk about stuff that's so good.
 C: You guys are just putdown artists. Just listen to this. It's like a K-Tel Afrobeat record, and I mean that in the best possible way.
 E: K-Tel X-Cel. Words are redundant when faced with something this good. It's like Tolstoy said, all the happy families are happy in the same way, the unhappy families are all unhappy in different, interesting ways.
 D: [Stops dancing for a minute to ponder] If Tolstoy had lived in Africa...
 E: I'm just saying, if you want to stimulate discussion, it's better to give us something sweaty and imperfect.
 C: But we already had the Cramps.



AFRIKA BAMBAATAA

Dark Matter Moving at the Speed of Light (Tommy Boy)
 C: New album by the legendary Mr. Bambaataa, who seems to be

(continued on page 56)

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TOM WAITS

Real Gone (Anti/Epitaph)
 D: He really knows his Cuban rhythm, after all these years. You have to dance like David Byrne to this music.
 C: Ribot sounds so good. This is the best one since *Bone Machine*, and you will notice that there was no Mr. Marc Ribot on guitar on the others in between.
 D: I feel too close to Tom Waits to talk much more about this.
 C: Really?
 D: [positively] Yes, his armpits are kind of moist. He's about as cool as you can get for a humid individual.
 C: The most important music is for making out, cleaning and cooking. This music is for—
 D: Whatever he's doing, he's doing it late at night.
 C: —I want to walk at night to this music. This is quintessential Californian music—in the redwoods and towns like Bakersfield
 D: And Captain Beefheart...
 C: If he wasn't a musician, would



BLUES EXPLOSION

Damage (Sanctuary)
 E: [Entering with a six-pack of

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elliott smith
from a basement on the hill

NEKO CASE

THE TIGERS
HAVE SPOKEN.

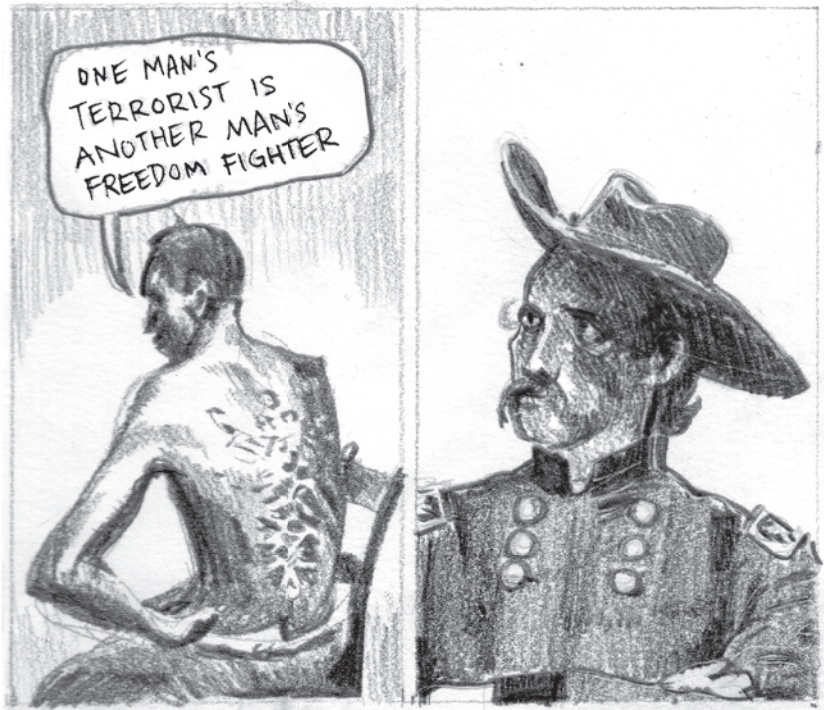


Available November 9th



Eddie Ruscha lives and works in Los Angeles. He is a member of Future Pigeon (new record out now on Dim Mak!) and co-runs the Dub Club.

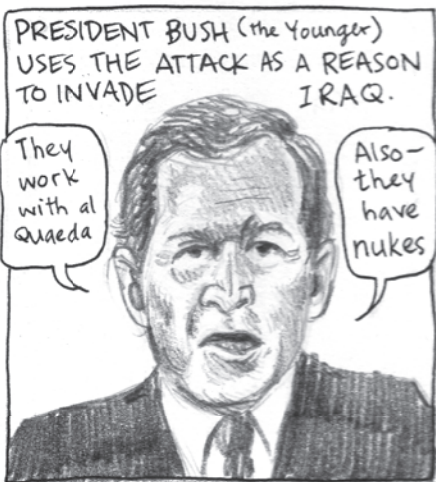
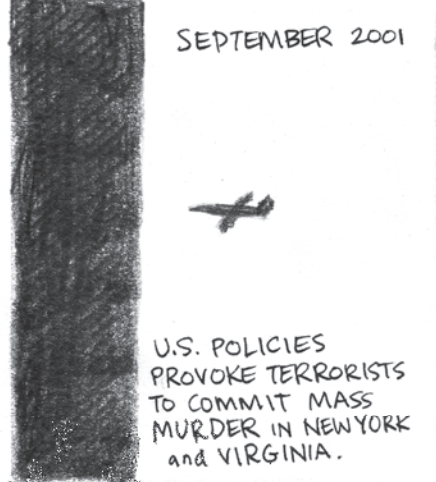
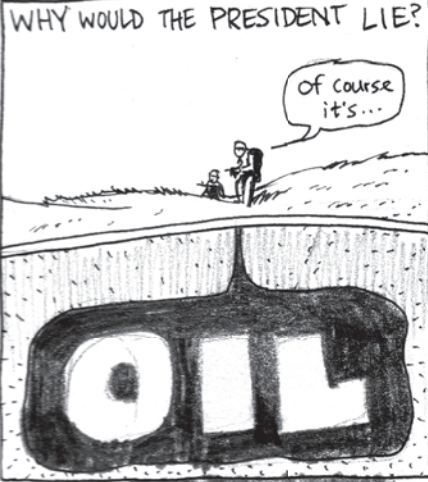
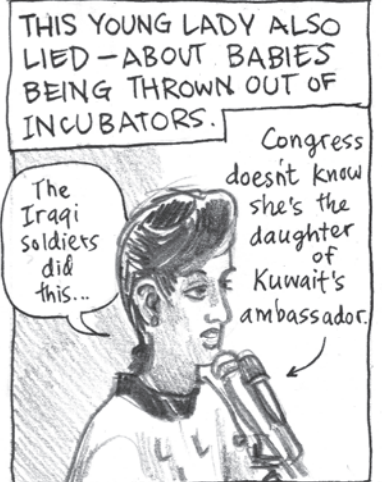
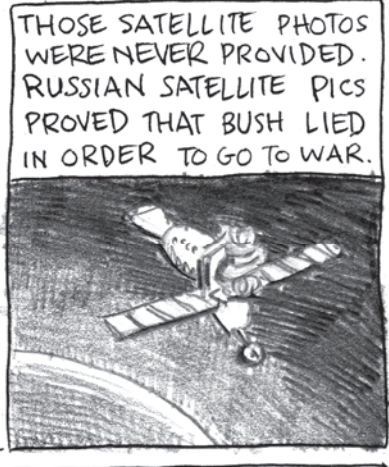
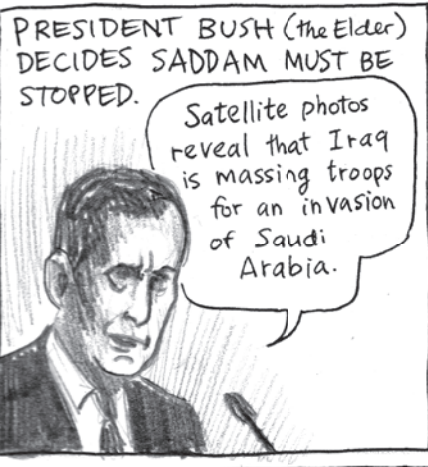
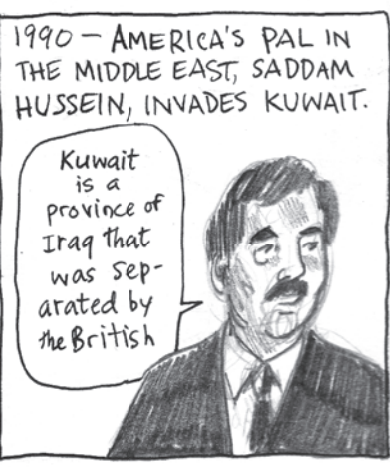
WHY IS IT THAT IF YOU QUESTION A POORLY CONSIDERED INVASION OF A SOVEREIGN NATION, YOU ARE BRANDED AS "UNAMERICAN" AND ARE "ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF TROOPS"?



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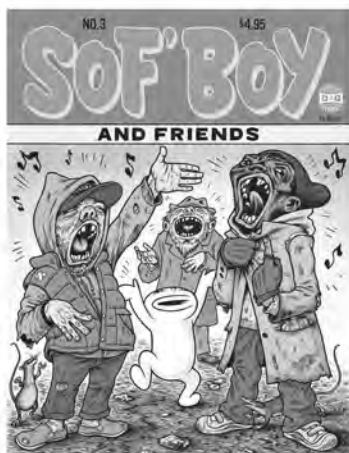
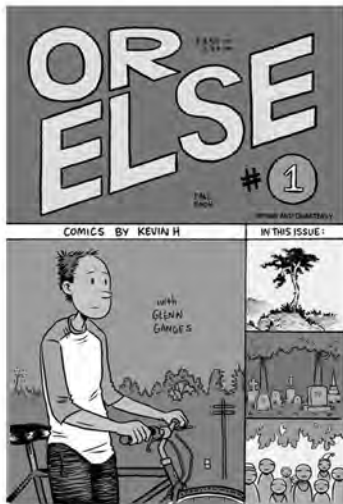
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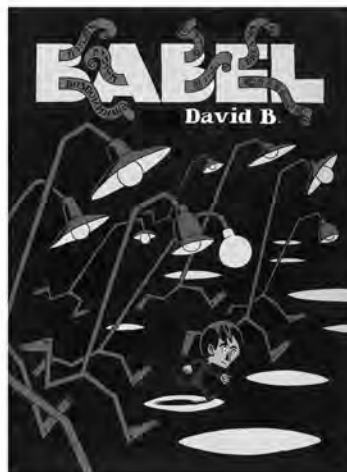
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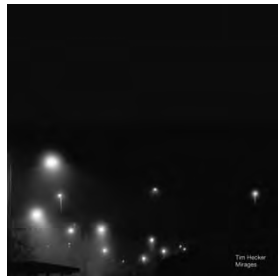
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C AND D

on a Detroit trip. He's obviously working on a computer from some kind of bank of sound samples. E: If a kid was break-dancing to it this at some subway station, I would definitely check it out, but that's the only context I'd listen to this. C: This song "2137" has a distinct 227 feel. Peace to Marla Gibbs. E: [looking at sleeve] There's a song on here actually called "Electric Salsa." [makes negative face] Not very enticing.

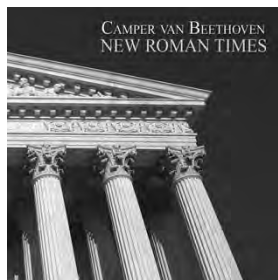


TIM HECKER

Mirages

(Alien8)

C: This reminds me of the in-between songs on My Bloody Valentine's *Loveless*. D: It sounds like what an electric shaver would hear if it had ears. C: Pink noise, where no one frequency is dominant. Instant cancellation. D: It seems like the circuits are burning. E: It's contemplative music. Not music for airports, but music for landing strips in the desert. It's Mogwai without the guitars... C: He's obviously interested in melody, it's got that dislocated-yet-sensual warm/cool feel of certain films: *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, *Demonlover*... It's a few degrees warmer than, say, Godspeed You Black Emperor. This is the opposite of death metal: life metal. He uses tones that the avant garde wouldn't touch. E: [drifting] It's very womblike.... D: Exactly, and everyone should be able to like this, because that's where we all come from! C: It's really inspiring and makes me want to buy multiple copies to give to all the young people I know. Imagine being 13 years old and getting this as a gift...



CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

New Roman Times

(Vanguard)

C: New concept album from Camper Van Beethoven. There's always been a Zappa quality to Camper, I think they've achieved that here. E: Yeah, that and, um, "Riverdance." This is truly ridiculous, this song. D: At my high school they would have called this Camper Gaytoven. C: I dunno, I like it. The thing holds together. Listen to this Cuban waltz klezmas! And the lyrics... E: Did he just say "Half-baked and high on Scientology"? C: And come on, [singing] "Yeah, might makes right/Might Makes right/They say that God is on our side/and made us mighty"... E: [disdainfully] I'm not convinced. Tesla, I think they sound like this, right? Next!

THE FUTUREHEADS



THE FUTUREHEADS

The Futureheads

(Sire)

E: Cool and refreshing, let's dance. If I played this at the office, everyone would like me more... C: Wonderful concise songs, totally XTC, Undertones, Stiff Little Fingers, the Jam... D: Don't forget Haircut 100! C: Harmonies bring a lot to a group. Good new New Wave. Newer Wave. E: [gets up and takes CD] See you guys later, I'll be going door to door and replacing copies of Hot Hot Heat and the Faint records with this, in order to make the world a better place. [exits] D: [wistfully] New ripples from old waves, making the ladies smile on the subways of London and helping people dance at the office parties. [exits] C: They are the Hans to Ferdinand's Franz. D: ...



THE VERVE

This Is Music

(Capitol/EMI)

D: I have to admit I never really got into these guys. C: Having seen—experienced—them, I am forever converted. The Verve were a heartening phenomenon... an unafraid frontman inviting you from the stagelip ... they were travelers from the psychedelic wilderness at the bonfire, singing their own stoned soul hymnals. C: Here's the career retrospective, bang on time for the holiday gift-givers. [in generic announcer voice:] "From the spaced-out rock with dark-ocean riffs through to the comedown ballads, ladies and gentlemen, we give you, direct from Wigan...the Verve." [listening to previously unreleased song "This Could Be My Moment"] Sounds like [Verve singer] Richard Ashcroft fronting the Black Crowes. D: We must initiate the [Black Crowes guitarist] Rich Robinson-Richard Ashcroft connection! C: It'd be good to have a different kind of Anglo-American collaboration—something better than Bush/Blair.



PATTY WATERS

You Thrill Me

(Water/Runt)

C: A collection of rarities from a very feted female who recorded deeply deeply soulful stuff for

ESP back in the '60s. Foreword by Batoth from Ghost, an essay by Arthur's own Bull Tongue Byron Coley, and a short textpiece by Waters herself. What more can you say? It's beautiful overcast music from a deeply soulful white woman working in that folk-soul-jazz-art idiom that's so hard to master. D: It's devotional music to her man. C: As Mr. Coley says here, "Rarely has long-as-pain-as-art been created in such a massive way." D: [examining CD booklet picture of Waters completely naked, seated in a bohemian living room chair, her head tilted, gazing out a sunburst window] I do like the naked ladies. C: I say, good for her for being naked. You can't get any more naked than her music anyway. The Jax Beer commercial at the top must be noted. D: [dreamily] I can almost imagine her, naked down by the water, singing, accompanying the piano playing from the other side of the lake... C: ... D: Hey, where'd the Optimators go?

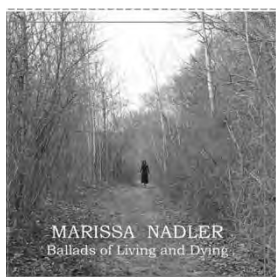


HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL

White People

(Elektra)

C: I'm going to play us only one song off this album, which is "I've Been Thinking," sung by Chan Marshall of Cat Power. D: How is the rest of the record? C: I have no idea. I pretty much just keep coming back to this one song, which I think may possibly be the best thing she's ever done. Easily the sexiest. D: [listening] Reminds me of Sade or Lauryn Hill in a way that I am deeply appreciating in this moment, even without an Optimator. [clears throat] Can I see the sleeve? C: What, are you gonna check for more boobies? D: I am not saying that is not true. C: Well we don't have the sleeve here, so you're gonna have to keep making do with that Richard Avedon shot of her in *The New Yorker*. [listening to Marshall sing "slip, slide/slippy slide"] Total baby-making music. These guys are geniuses to be able to convince her to sing like this, to finally coax the coy flirt out of her that we all knew she had. She should do her next record with them, in my humble armchair A & R opinion. D: [speaking into tape recorder] I hereby prescribe this track once a day to every human on the planet. That, plus two Optimators. No negative side effects, I assure you. Ladies, take two and call me in the evening.



MARISSA NADLER

Ballads of Living and Dying

(Eclipse)

C: Debut album of winsome ghost-

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TIM HECKER: MIRAGES

Having already released a half-dozen recordings under a variety of guises, Hecker's *Mirages* is the follow-up and succession to the critically acclaimed *Radio Amor* (2003). Alien8 Recordings also released his somewhat more sentimental *Haunt Me* (2001). *Mirages* further erodes the rapid predispositions of electronic music, uncovering a terrain where dissonance and melody coincide in a near-bohemian unison. This is a challenging work, which reconciles a highly experimental approach to song craft that is at once beautiful and unnerving.

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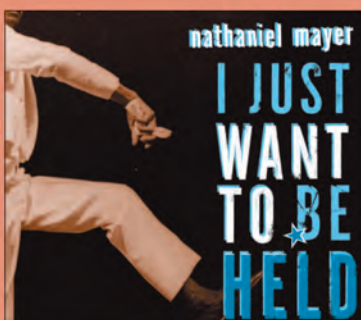
**“I always throw
my mind out the
window and close
my eyes until
whoever is in
charge pulls the
plug.”**

Entrance

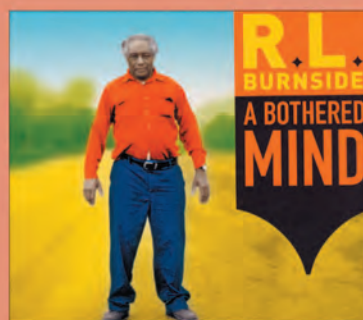
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ARTHUR REVIEWS

C AND D

folk on the increasingly estimable
Eclipse label. Music for tending a
candle to.

D: Reminds me of Cowboy Junkies.

C: I think it's a lot closer to
Mazzy Star, with that kinda noir
psychedelia sound. Not quite as
depressive/sedate, though. Which
makes her Hopeful Sandoval.

[laughs]

D: ...

C: I hear some Joan Baez in there
too. Some of it's incantatory,
like some Spanish-Jewish-Irish
hangover folk remedy. This is
hangover music, for when the
agave and cactus nectar don't
work.

D: I usually just grunt and throw
up.

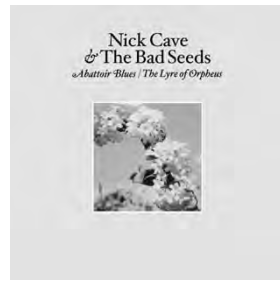
C: I bet someone in this band
makes their own stained glass
windows.

D: This is good music for hanging
linen in the country... [face lights
up] especially if you're a naked
woman!

C: [sighs] It's been a long time,
hasn't it, D?

Well, it's his first record, maybe
he'll get better later.

D: Can we watch that video again?



NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS
Abattoir Blues/The Lyre of Orpheus

(Anti)

C: Meanwhile, this guy keeps
getting better. He's opened like
this before, on *Henry's Dream*,
but this is better because it's got
the gospel women singing. This
is going to be unbelievable live.
"There She Goes, My Beautiful
World" is almost Spiritualized with
a real preacher.

D: "Woke up with a frappuccino in
my hand"? He's not concerned
so much with southern gothic
anymore. But this is good, really
good. It's obvious on first listen.

C: You have to go with his
metaphor like Julian Cope is
always telling us—he's working
in this weird idiom of over-the-
top, almost maniacal surrealism
sometimes, then there's all this
humor. He's heading in Dylan's
direction, I think, by way of...
Flannery O'Connor or something.
This is his most American-
sounding record: blues, gospel,
roadhouse rock n roll, lolling funk.
And what a beautiful closer vocal
on "Carry Me." Damn! He should
be playing the Gospel tent at
JazzFest.



ENTRANCE

Wandering Stranger

(Fat Possum)

D: When I was in college there was
a coffeehouse where you could
hear music like this. I desperately
want this to explode into
something interesting.

C: But this isn't Led Zeppelin,
it's solo lonesome blues, it's
supposed to be contemplative.
Stop pounding the Optimators and
have some whiskey for once, it'll
all make sense then. You gotta get
in the spirit.

D: [listening to "Make Me a Pallet
On Your Floor"] I gotta admit his
voice is getting better. I thought
he could only hit four notes.

C: And you'd be bored by R.L.
Burnside if that's your criteria.
He's doing lots **within** those notes.
And the guitar work is cool, subtle.
The songs don't explode, but there
is some build and tension and
then the guitar arches up and over
and it's just devastating. You just
gotta have some patience bro.
It's not always gonna be a beer
commercial. I can't wait to see
where this guy goes next.



BROTHER JT

Off Blue

(Birdman)

D: [singing along] "Everybody
was/somebody's baby once/Little
lumps of clay/waiting to be shaped
into..."

C: Gentle living room sofa psych-
folk lucid lullabies from Brother
JT, one of underground America's
gentlest and most open-hearted
souls. Wonderful stuff, as always—
and album title of the year.



WILLY MASON

Where the Humans Eat

(Team Love)

C: Same thing as Entrance, in a
way, with some swamp country.
But kinda dull.

D: I can imagine *No Depression*
magazine people and Ryan Adams
fans listening to this.

C: I keep thinking it's gonna turn
into a Richard Hawley thing,
but his voice just isn't that rich.
Obviously the kid's got talent, you
can hear it in the songwriting. But
the whole thing is just...studied.



NAGISA NI TE

The Same as a Flower

(Jagjaguar)

C: Continuing down the quiet-time
path...

D: The cover picture perfectly
describes what you're going to
hear.

C: A Japanese man and a woman
and a flower and the sky, yep. Like
the more stately Japanese folk
melodies that you might hear on a
Ghost record. Some songs stretch

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Protesters scale the Pentagon wall.



BOB FASS: "I KEEP OPTIMISTIC, BECAUSE TO DESPAIR MEANS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE AS CREATIVE, AND AS INVENTIVE, AND AS RESOURCEFUL, AND AS MUCH OF A YIPPIE. YOU GOTTA KEEP SHOWING UP."

(continued from page 38)

the Evil Spirits From the Pentagon Oct. 21, 1967" sixth track off 1968 Fugs album *Tenderness Junction*), a lot of people heard it, it got a lot of radio play. It was a famous thing we did, and people praised us for our audacity, yet the Vietnam War went on for another seven years. So much for "Out, Demons, Out!"

KENNETH ANGER

Well, you have to put the first nail in. We were having 800 to 1,000 die every week during the Vietnam war. The human race just becomes numb to atrocity after a while. So, I think these things, crude or exhibitionistic or whatever they may be considered, maybe even bad magic, they did eventually bear fruit. The war eventually ended.

I encountered McNamara many, many years later. It was just one of those things that he happened to be in the same city and was approachable. He's written a book that's like a softcore apology. I didn't say my name or anything to him. I just said, "Mr. McNamara, I think it's very noble of you to have made that concession."

ROZ PAYNE

We did so many things in those days that we never would be able to do now. You wouldn't even be able to get near the Pentagon today because there's big gates, the landscaping is all totally different and you can only get to some street where they turn you away.

ED SANDERS

To do something so symbolic today, you'd have to send 25,000 people to ring the US compound in Baghdad and chant OUT, DEMONS, OUT.

PAUL KRASSNER

What happened on that day could never happen now, not in an evolving police state in the guise of national security. It's never been as dangerous as it's been now. The propaganda and the brainwashed American public are very symbiotic, and that's very scary. You know, the people STILL believe, even though it's been denied, that Saddam and Osama were lovers. And adopted a Chinese baby. How EASILY they pick up on simple soundbites. You ask people something and they just

mimic what they've heard over and over and over again. "Flip-flop, flip-flop, flip-flop." It's kind of frightening.

I don't understand all these people who are undecided. The only ones I know who are undecided are undecided about whether to vote at all, or if Bush wins whether they would stay in the country. I'm too old to emigrate to Canada. They have rules there. If Bush wins, I would stay just to see the guerrilla theatre that develops.

There was a lot of creative stuff at the NYC RNC. I watched four hours on C-SPAN of that first Sunday march. It was inspiring. One guy had a poster, it was my favorite, it said, "Let's Evolve Already" which seemed to cover everything. The first Sunday got a lot of media play but then, it was almost as if the media felt, "Oh we've covered the demonstrations, now let's concentrate on Zell Miller."

BOB FASS

We little mammals happen to have run into some big dinosaurs. They're desperate because they know they're on their way out. So I keep optimistic, because to despair means you're not going to be as creative, and as inventive, and as resourceful, and as much of a Yippie. You gotta keep showing up, and doing what you do.

How bad does it have to get before you leave? Well Brecht has a poem about that. He says there are some people who are so busy with what they're doing that even though you come in and tell them that the roof is on fire they won't even stop. He says it half in despair, because he got out.

I think we [the Yippies] had a big influence on what happened during the last Republican Convention. I'm sorry that people are feeling despair because I think just the opposite is called for right now. I think George Bush is just as stupid as he was before. And I think if there's one more bad election that the world condemns then we do have a Hitlerian situation.

I grew up in New York in the cast of "The Threepenny Opera." And I read all about that Weimar period, so it's always in my mind. That's who the enemy is. They're fucking fascists! What do you expect? [laughs] It matters not whether

(continued from page 9)

an ever-accelerating rate. A cynical or nihilistic perspective on the imminent fate of our species is, of course, plausible, but unproductive. An alternate perspective sees the destruction of the biosphere—and the development of technology—as byproducts of the psychospiritual evolution of humanity, bringing us to a new form or phase-state of consciousness.

One of the most beautiful aspects of Burning Man is the wide-open expanse of the desert itself, which seems to represent the infinite potential available to the liberated human imagination. While I was bicycling across the playa one night, enjoying the laser lights and carnival displays of the festival from a distance, I thought that the shift to a new planetary culture, and a new form of nonhierarchical social organization matching our new level of mind, does not have to be a cataclysmic or destructive one. The transition could occur in a manner similar to the collapse of the Berlin Wall and the Soviet Empire—a sudden piffle, and a shocking surrender. However, for this to happen, the new paradigm must already be in place, at least as an undercurrent. Lacking a model or an imprint, the collapse of the current system will result in a world resembling that of the Road Warrior films, without the occasional flickers of irony.

If we can make the transition to a truly rational planetary culture based on compassion, generosity, and dharmic principles, this will inspire a change in our basic conception of science. Rather than seeking to resolve dualisms and institute some final "Theory of Everything," the science of post-history will embrace and explore paradox, going deeper into conundrums, relinquishing delusory attempts to achieve closure. Superstring physics describes a universe of nine, ten, or eleven dimensions. If reality is, as Buddhism proposes, actually maya, a projection of subtler levels of the psyche, then we may come to accept that the extradimensional object or hypercube described by physics is the psyche itself, in its full multidimensions.

I suggest that the planes or surfaces of this object can be incorporated into awareness as the various vectors or intervals or vibrational field-effects experienced in non-ordinary states – induced by psychoactive substances, meditations, dreams, shamanic trances and so on. Different psychedelics open "lines of flight" or ingressions across the extradimensional object that is the psyche itself. When we have matured to the point that we can accept the "reality of the psyche," investigating these areas will be recognized as natural and even essential to expanding the parameters of human understanding. The science and art of post-history will be dedicated to exploring the numinous paradoxes of psychic reality. Instead of seeking closure, we will open new possibilities and explore infinite new realms.

Last Words

My Top Ten Favorite Psychedelic Folk Songs, by Genesis Breyer P-Orridge



I WAS INVITED TO CREATE a list of my personal FAVORITE music and so I did. I was happy to illustrate how different my taste is to the endless dark mediocrity of current so-called Industrial Music that people seem to assume I would like when I NEVER have!

A note about the number of Incredible String Band songs in the following list: In 1969, I was a member of The Exploding Galaxy kinetic performance troupe in London. Some members left to form Stone Monkey, who danced with the ISB for a while. I had been listening to the Incredible String Band since school. The surrealism and FREEDOM of the lyrics is what continually engages me: the subject matter of absurdity and spirituality combined. I feel the ISB are probably the lyrical geniuses of the '60s and onwards, far more than the Beatles or Dylan, who become predictable and never really extended the form of the song as an open system in the same way. Once one gets the ISB all the other musics fall into place. These are the true troubadours of the last two centuries. They explore divinity and magick from a lyrical chivalric dimension. Combine this with the interdimensionality and you have works beyond compare. SUBLIME!

Go and explore, there are more stories in the drug mine of British folk than man hath dreamed of and Lewis Carroll hath penned to his own particular blend of paper.

—Genesis Breyer P-Orridge
New York City, April 2004



1. "MEET ME ON THE LEDGE" by Fairport Convention

(from *What We Did On Our Holidays*, 1968)

When I was at Hull University this song was on the student-picked juke box. The in-joke amongst we flower children/soon-to-be-drop-outs was that when we wanted to score hash from the University dealer we'd put this record on as a buying signal and meet outside by the "hedge."

2. "WHEN I GET HOME" by Pentangle

(from *Light Flight* compilation double CD, 1971)

This is amazing! Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Richard Thompson and the crew evoke the most immersive sense of melancholy. I saw all the guitarists individually in the Hall of Residence cafeteria so this always makes me smell gravy and roast potatoes instead of think of alcoholism. A whiskydelic song as Lady Jaye would say.

3. "A VERY CELLULAR SONG" by the Incredible String Band

(from *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, 1968)

Probably my equal favourite song of all time. Full of whimsy, weirdness, surreal lyrics that insist they are profound when you know they are more likely just found. When it gets to a sequence which describes the feelings of an amoeba you know that you are, after all, in the presence of genius!

4. "STRANGELY STRANGE BUT ODDLY NORMAL" by Dr. Strangely Strange

(from *Kip of the Serenes*, 1970)

I can't imagine life without this band. They always bring joy to my heart. Rumour has it the main singer split to become a full-on Zen priest so they only

made two albums. Both are total classics of British pre-Raphaelite fairytales. No other peoples can pull off this nonsense poetry so authentically. The genius Joe Boyd brought them from Eire to record their masterpiece. You do not love words if you cannot love this song which has the silliest chorus ever written.

5. "SIGN ON MY MIND" by Dr. Strangely Strange

(from *Heavy Petting*, 1970)

I used to have this on vinyl and the cover unfolded as intricately and dadaistically

PRESENCE of his voice is an honour to share, as is the raw intimacy with which he describes turmoil, creating confusion in us by delicately flecking every edge of his words with guilty beauty.

7. "MY FATHER WAS A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER" by the Incredible String Band

(from *Earthspan*, 1972)

Here I am duty bound to confess I have at least 20 ISB CDs and albums! Never, ever, on any day, in any mood do I feel less than joyous to hear their voices and

figured out the meaning of this song (which was first played to me by Annie Ryan in Liverpool in a post-acid glow) even though I did record it for the Psychic TV *Pagan Day* album. Answers on a dog-tag please. Rapp is a lawyer now. Sensible man saw too much of the larval nature of mankind for his own peace of heart.

9. "WAR IN PEACE" by Alexander "Skip" Spence

(from *Oar*, 1969)

Skip was a Canadian bass player who switched to drums for the Jefferson Airplane during the acid madness until he was dropped in 1966 for missing a rehearsal! He turned up like a mad penny in Moby Grape next, still erratic and enigmatic. There's the touch of Syd Barrett tragedy in the implosion and incompleteness of many of his songs. His deranged inspiration sneaks him in as folksy acid.

10. "DUCKS ON A POND" by the Incredible String Band

(from *Wee Tam and the Big Huge*, 1968)

Yes, I know, there are so many others and where DO you draw the psychedelic line? By its very nature it meanders and has no beginning, edge or point. I wanted to include the Blossom Toes' "We Are Ever So Clean"; Nirvana's "All of Us"; anything quirky by Syd Barrett (which means everything he did). Why I even toyed with Kaleidoscope from the USA and Dantalian's Chariot (whose guitarist Andy Summers went on to play in The Police—ouch!). But "Ducks" is the 1968 masterpiece. A total artwork. A monster that will not shut up or stop spiralling around and around as dumb as a duck and as crazy as a fox complete with "inky scratches everywhere."

NEVER, EVER, ON ANY DAY, IN ANY MOOD DO I FEEL LESS THAN JOYOUS TO HEAR THEIR VOICES AND HUMOR, THEIR GRAND METAPHYSICS AND ACID-DRENCHED MORALITY PLAYS.

as the music and lyrics. Gnostic hippies peer from insubstantial cut-out trees as we are led a merry frolic into the surprise of a guitar solo by Gary Moore of Thin Lizzy fame! I have seriously considered doing a cover version of this song with The Master Musicians of Jajouka playing the flute parts.

6. "TIME HAS TOLD ME" by Nick Drake

(from *Five Leaves Left*, 1969)

The myth says that Rizzla rolling papers had one paper that said "Five Leaves Left" to warn stoners of impending doom. Of course, I could have chosen ANY song by Nick Drake. The intensity of melancholia drenching the analog tape, the sheer

humor, their grand metaphysics and acid-drenched morality plays. At first I wasn't sure about this era. L. Ron Hubbard supposedly wanted to guide their parables. But there is something in the violin—as an electric violin player since 1966 myself, I am a sucker for them. Now, I bellow along and feel the sea spray soak my mediaeval hose as I witness a murderous foam.

8. "TRANSLUCENT CARRIAGES" by Pearls Before Swine

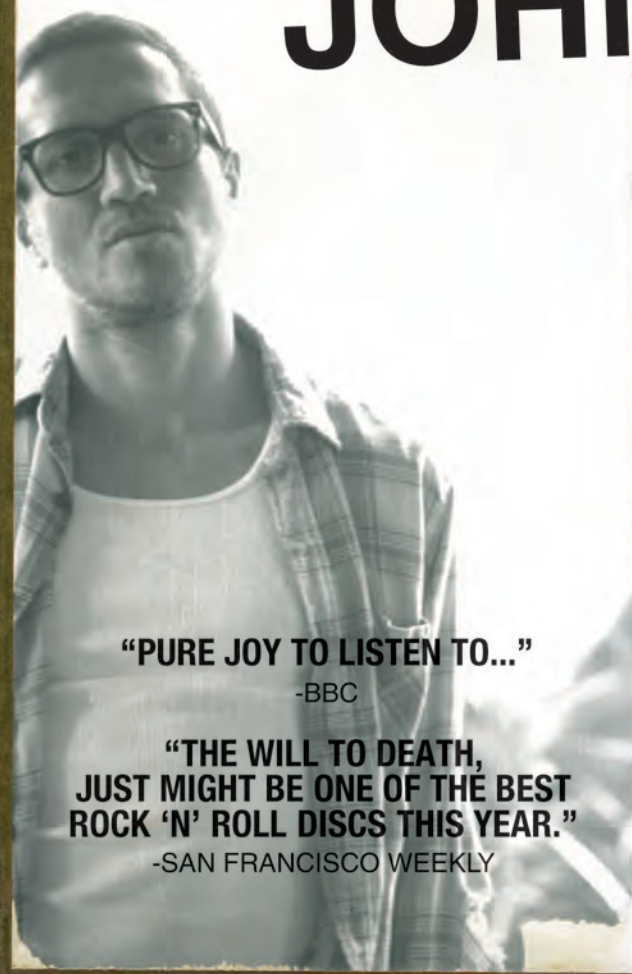
(from *Balaklava*, 1965)

Tom Rapp is one of the great undiscovered poet songwriters from Eastern USA. Originally on ESP Disc alongside the Fugs and other neo-Beat nutters he occasionally lets slip a seductive lisp. I have never

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge will be touring the Midwest and West Coast of America with PTV3 in November. Information: www.genesisp-orridge.com

Clive Palmer of the Incredible String Band will be playing shows with Scout Niblett and Devendra Banhart in November. Information: www.incrediblestringband.com

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