

FREE

13¢

SPAGHETTI

DINNER



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Welcome to the Positive Universe where everything is perfect ... to achieve this mental balance all you have to do is accept the negative universe ... Now everything is acceptable and it is but a short time before the mind is conceiving of the perfection of everything ... this is the Positive Universe where everything is perfect.

Now with this conception we can see the impossibility of any existing wrong notes... wrong notes can only exist in the negative universe. In the positive universe all the wrong notes have already been played.

This then is our predestined agreement and believing in it makes possible pure perfect music. Anyone can play; whether you are a musician or not you are now if you believe. Listen and you will find the unbelievable to be true, it is perfect and so are you.

Gather together with your friends, your brothers and sisters, all loved ones, and play together at home with

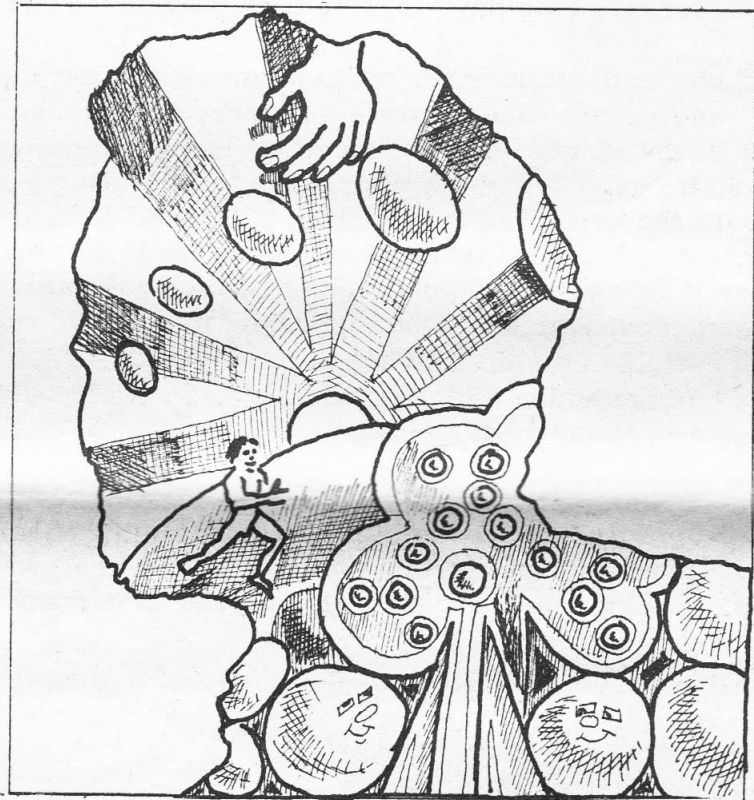
us and each other for a psychic festival of entry into the positive universe, music, love and paradise.

What ever your song is it is perfect and no one knows it better than you. Don't try, just let it happen and we will play our songs together blending into one great song ... THE SONG! ... but don't play it if it doesn't feel right. .... the hole is just as important as the note in the great song. Then if you become self conscious, stop playing and just start listening; soon you will be drawn back into the song naturally and once more, experience the beauty of perfection and the void. This experience is autotranscendental. This song will become a transcendence of our selves and we will all experience it together ... even without hearing it ... thus will you be included in the 500 year time bubble which is the 25th Century Ensembles and their time machine ...

Let us now bless our sound by listening to the silence. In it we shall hear the Great Song that is always playing ... Let him who hears the first note be the first to play it..... The Psychic Alchemist



MAX  
YANG



MAX  
YANG

# THE 25th CENTURY ENSEMBLE

The first night I went to the 25th Century Ensemble I found out that I already knew how to play perfect music. Had known how to all my life as a matter of fact, but somewhere in the conditioning of parents/school/musical lessons etc. had forgotten that I always knew it.

At the 25th Century Ensemble you simply pick up an instrument--any instrument--let's say a guitar, drum, african thumb harp, electric toothbrush, piece of old wire lying on the floor, side of the wall, anything man, just anything, and play it. Just like that. Musical zen. The easiest/most difficult thing you've ever done/not done in your life. And even more incredibly you can do it together with about 25 other people and find that you are making music in harmony; when a tape of the sessions is played back it always sounds like perfect music.

It was the most freeing musical experience of my life. Relieved of the pressure of striking the right note at the right time I could simply let loose and flow with the stream. No lessons. No footprints on the floor to follow. Nothing required except the faith that you can do it.

The exact spatial location of the 25th Century Ensemble is unimportant. If perfect music means anything it is that you are always playing it and that therefore it is everywhere. If however, you were that obsessed by mundane reality, you could say that it was somewhere in the San Lorenzo Valley, that it is held in the home of a psychic alchemist named Max, and that it happens at least once a week. (The 25th Century Ensemble says of itself that it is floating in a space time bubble, sent from the 25th Century to bring us all back to the garden of Eden. Sorry I can't tell you the exact altitude).

I went out last week to Max's house to interview him for the Free Spaghetti Dinner. Max greeted my partner and I cordially, took us back to the musical studio where the sessions are held, and we sat down to begin talking. While we were trying to get the tape recorder started however, Max began beating on a congo drum. I tried to keep my mind on our journalistic business but whenever I attempted to pick up my pencil my fingers began twitching spasmodically in search of some musical instrument. Finally I picked up a tamborine. My partner found a harmonica and put down his camera. A young woman's face appeared in the window of Max's studio. Then her body appeared and she began dancing. All thoughts of the interview were now hopelessly lost.

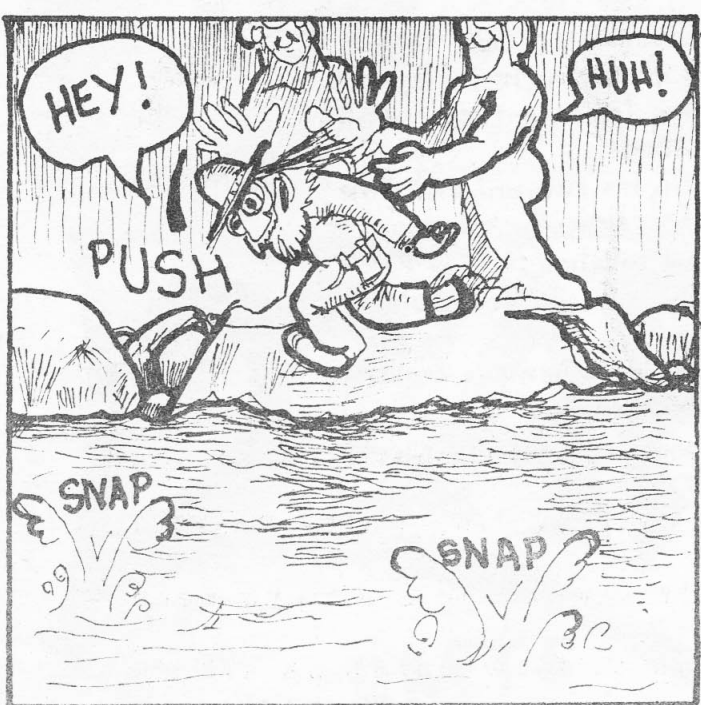
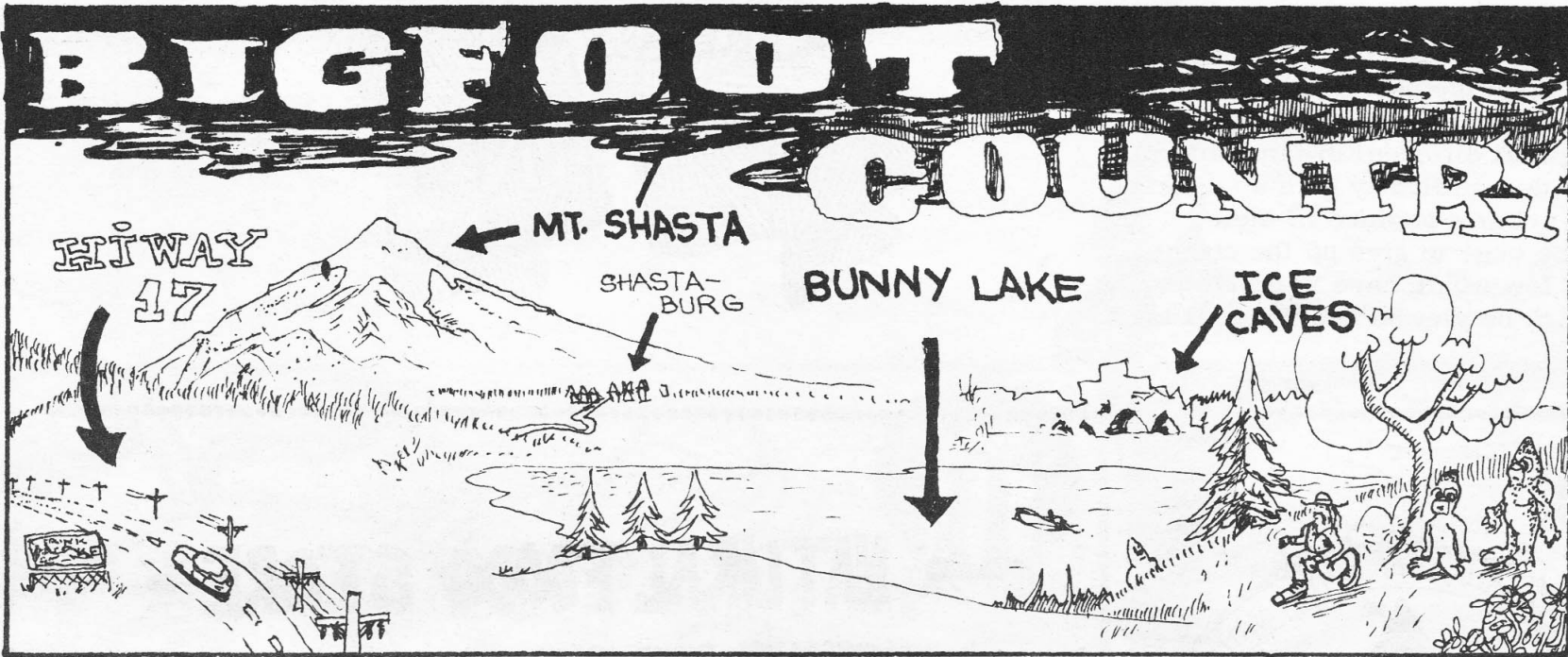
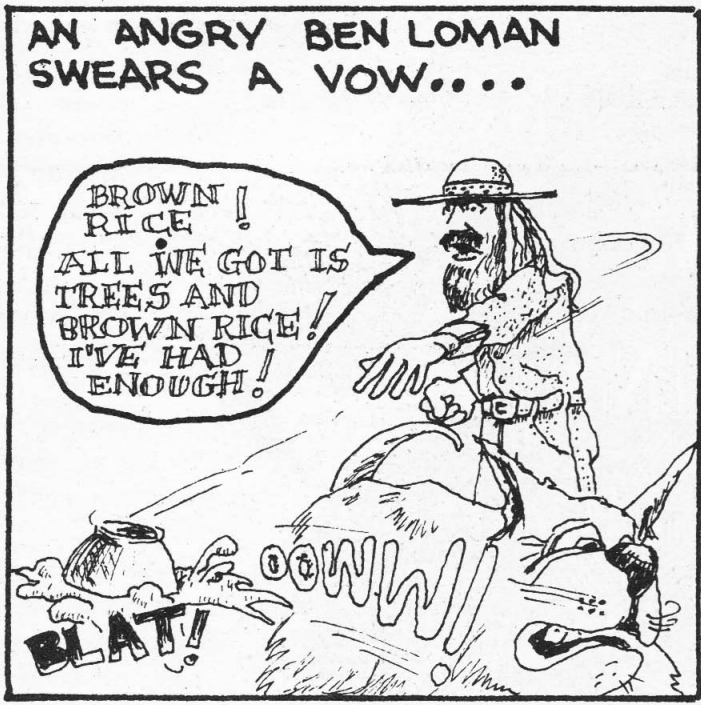
About two hours later Max disappeared to chop wood. A number of other 25th Centuriers arrived at about the same time and they consented to an interview. Max would appear at intervals, interject something very Zen, and go back to chopping. It was a good afternoon.

Later, playing the tape back, I found that a bongo drum had been playing while we were talking, drowning out a good many words. And that something was not quite right with the recorder so that the few remaining intelligible words were drawn out, slurred--in fact the tape sounded as if it were being played backwards.

I still intend to try to piece it together. But somehow as I lie here listening to it again, the words slurring and blurring, the drums pounding, Max bounding in and out with instant Zen--it all blends in, harmonizes somehow.

Really, musical brothers and sisters, as I beat my head against the wall in time to the whirring of the tape, it seems like music. Perfect, perfect music. Rod Karr

# THE SONG OF THE NOBLE BIGFOOT.



## THE LOCAL

212 CAPITOLA AVE., CAPITOLA

Rock musicians do not live outside or above the community. Artistic license or privilege is an unhealthy division which began in the courts and palaces of Europe in order to prevent the "common people" from enjoying and therefore debasing the pleasures of the rich. The artist was a privileged servant of the nobility.

We all have tantalized by the invention of global media. We experience vicariously television's secondhand version of art but we want the real living thing. Money is the only thing that prevents all of us from enjoying everything for free. Ask Bill Graham.

The dance halls began because people had a need to get together, and because there was a music which they liked. But they had to pay. The energy of the music increased the audiences and Bill Graham raised his prices and some of the groups raised their prices. The record companies didn't give a fuck about the music but they could dig the profit so they recorded anyone that might make them some bread. Everyone thought that their music was so honest and strong that it could not be corrupted by the record companies. Lots of groups got fucked because they were naive enough to think that anyone who pretended to like their music would be honest.

Some of the heavier groups got used to spending a lot of money and they didn't notice when the audiences at the concerts and dances changed. The people who used to walk the streets of the Haight without fear had been ripped off too by greedy dealers and by the media who needed something to keep people reading their advertisements. The Fillmore used to be a very beautiful place which you also had to pay for. Now the cost is prohibitive and the people do their music thing in private or at occasional free concerts or at festivals. The Monterey festival coincided with good times in San Francisco. All the money (except for the proceeds from the film) went to charities. The musicians played for free and the tickets were reasonably priced. People had a good time because they knew that the festival was for them. But the businessmen who sit around and wait for the musicians to do something so that they can package it and get rich seized upon the festival with all their hypocritical adjectives and began to put them on as often as they could. The musicians didn't complain too much. They played for big crowds and got paid lots of money. Too bad if some people didn't have the bread and tore down the fences and got into fights with the hired goons of the festival promoters. It was the music that was important. If everyone just kept cool we could have lots more. And we had lots more and the ticket prices went up and the musicians raised their fees and the promoters raised ticket prices and more people stood outside and tried to get in without paying.

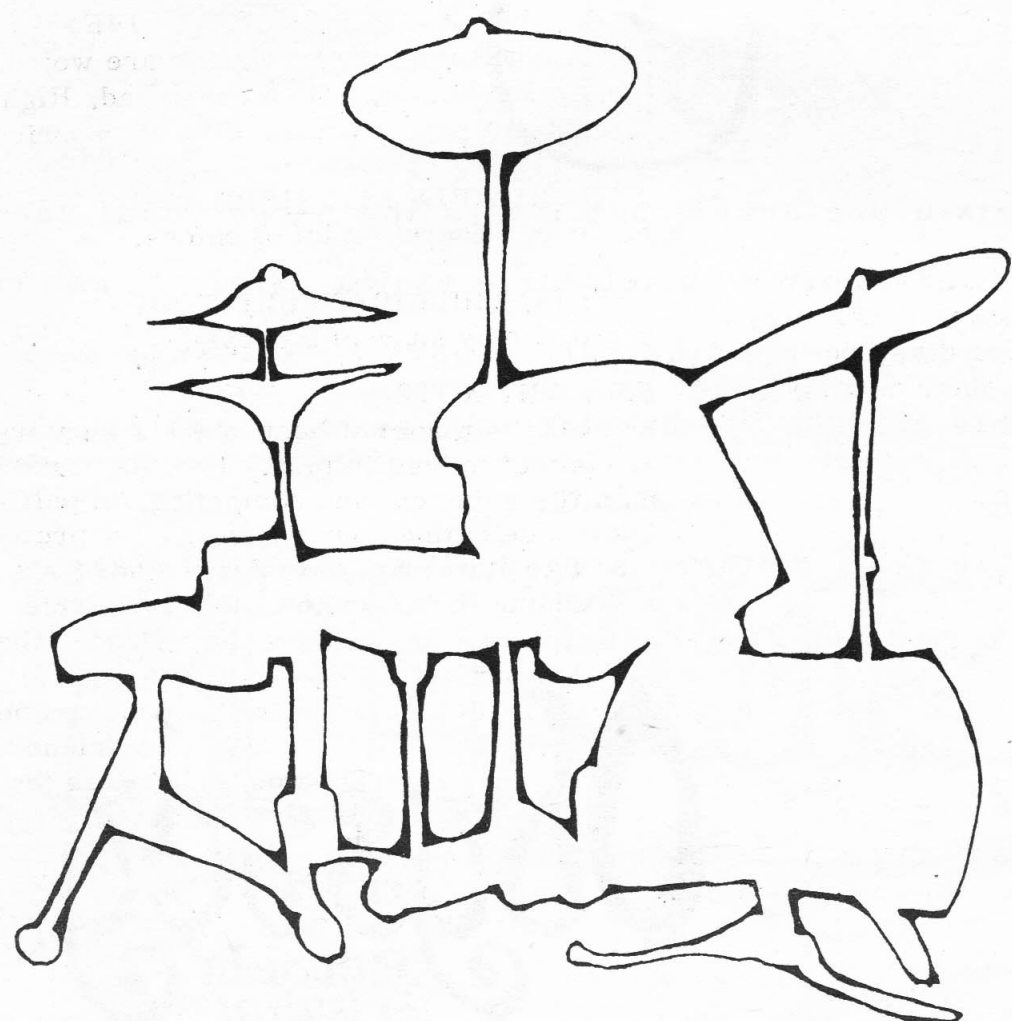
Santa Cruz is not San Francisco but it has some of the same problems and it is part of Amerika. There is no permanent scene or place to play or hear music in Santa Cruz. Some of the reasons are: the lack of an easily available site, the power of the coconut grove (the seaside corporation) the cultural monopoly of the university, and the lack of energy in the community.

The musicians in the City are beginning to realize that they are the only ones who can improve the situation. There are plans for an independent recording company- Guerilla Records- which would record and distribute records cheaply without profiting the record companies. They are not destroying businessmen but rather making them irrelevant or unnecessary. The Family Dog is trying to produce shows which come from the community but they are having difficulty meeting their big expenses.

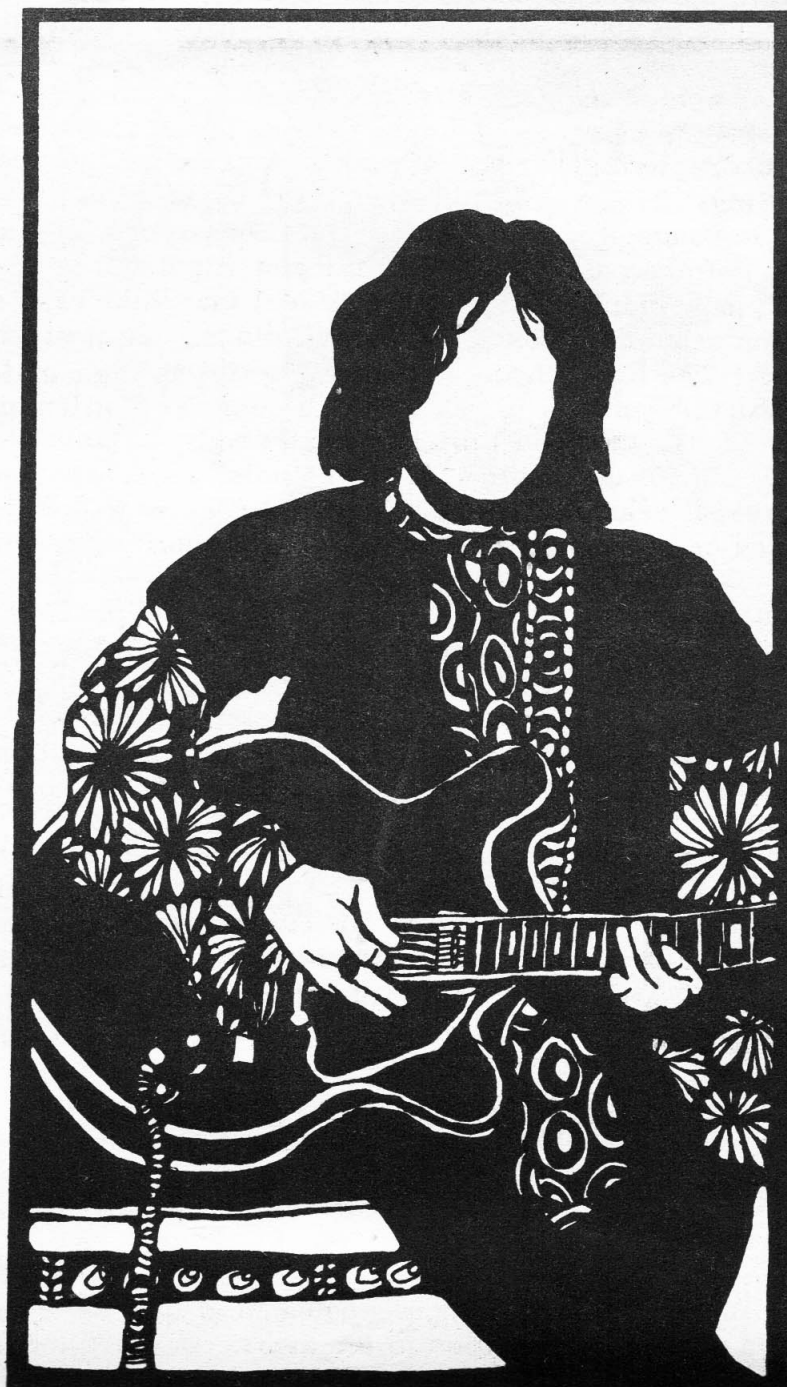
The divisions extend beyond music. Artists are not separate or above the community that they live in. It owes them no more than anyone else. They should live in it naturally as contributing members, not spokesmen, but sisters and brothers. The distinction between art and life is artificial anyway- forced by the total utility of the profit mentality. We do not create in isolation from our people but in order to improve the quality of our collective daily lives.

Some suggestions for improving the Santa Cruz community- An Artists Alliance which would try and provide financial support to new people and sustain the artists already working. This may seem like an imposition on the popularity or earning power of established artists but it is really a constructive way of eliminating the commodity or property fetish which makes ideas and beauty into private property. A complimentary possibility is the creation of a space which could be filled by various poets, musicians, painters, filmmakers, sculptors, dancers and light show people.

I didn't write this article in order to see my words in print. My ideas are new to me and very tentative but they will be useless if this is read as an intellectual position which is debated. I want to talk about the possibilities suggested here with anyone who is interested in building a community in Santa Cruz. Issac phone- 423-6019

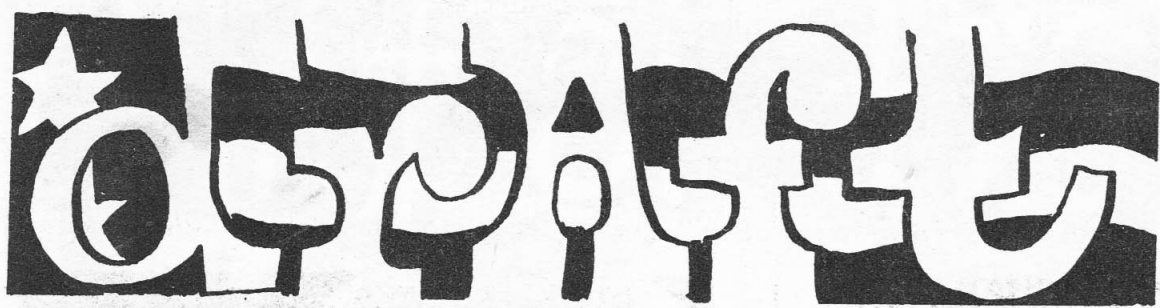


art is \$hit



**CATALYST**

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A few years ago draft counseling was available only to staunch pacifists who intended to apply for conscientious objector status, thereby assigning themselves two years service emptying bedpans in a state mental hospital, or some other socially useful task. Today draft counseling encompasses problems as disparate as getting into Canada, ways of receiving an honorable discharge from the Army, as well as the traditional CO counseling. There are still strains of "If you're not sincere, I don't believe in counseling you" among draft counselors. (Translation: "How can you calmly sit there and tell me you might kill another human being?") Yet, now many draft counselors feel that their efforts at counseling a person cannot be looked upon as a failure even if he decides to join the Army. The importance of counseling lies in the conviction that the young man has been able to reason out a course of action and commit himself to it, though the result might be extremely distasteful to the counselor. The draft counseling "professionals" have apparently learned from their several years experience in direct contact with draft age males that they can't impose their opinions onto their confused clients.

Draft counselors would probably balk at the term "professional". Yet, the draft laws and procedures have become so complex that there are now recognized authorities at each draft center if not nationwide who deal solely with such specialities as the problem of a man who has received his induction order and wants to change his status. Consequently, the complications that often arise require that the person consult the counselor most acquainted with the intricacies of his situation. However, the counselor technically able to handle a man may not be matched to that person's need of a friendly confidant. The Santa Cruz Draft Information Center recognizes the communication difficulties faced by maintaining a varied staff of 18 counselors. For example, one is a young man who expressed a brotherly outrage at an institution he also had to face; another a professional therapist who has counseled for several years and is extremely knowledgeable in conscientious objector classification; while a third is a young mother whose warmth and sincerity provide a friendly atmosphere for open discussion. All counselors have received at least a basic 8 weeks course from a recognized draft counselor, and thereafter individually studied a subject matter that one counselor said would take 2 or 3 years to learn.

The most important area of overall concern is in acquainting high school students about their relation to the draft. David Skibbins, one of the counselors, said that he would give "anything" to have the opportunity to talk to an auditorium full of high school pupils. By making young people aware of the importance of the first forms an 18 year old male fills out in registering for the draft, he thinks more young men will have a chance to arrive at their own decision, rather than through coercion of an induction notice. The statistics seem to bear out his concern. In the case of CO's, 80-90% of those who indicated at age 18 that they wished conscientious objector status received such a classification, while only 30-40% of those who applied later were so classified. This problem is one acutely felt by David, for he is presently bucking the smaller percentage group.

In recognition of the futility of curing what one counselor referred to as "a national disease" (i. e. the draft) by counseling on an individual basis, the Santa Cruz Draft Information Center also supports a draft repeal group. There is a tendency among draftable men to look upon such activity with amusing encouragement, as one looks on Sisyphus in the ancient fable (whose fate was to roll a large stone up a hill only to have it roll down again once he reached the top) in that they both embody a great effort that accomplishes nothing. Yet, in a letter to the Free Spaghetti Dinner a group member writes: "The Draft Information Center is a project which will last only two years, or less. This is because the draft could be repealed at any time. . . If (it doesn't) happen before July 1, 1971, the present draft law automatically expires on that date." They apparently exclude from consideration the past practice of renewing the law, which is a refreshing outlook to have in relation to an institution that has withstood enormous assaults over the past few years.

The S. C. D. I. C., located at 202 Lincoln St., and open every afternoon except Sunday and Monday, maintains no particular position on the many alternatives open to those subject to the draft, serving as an outlet for Resistance literature as well as pamphlets from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors. In focusing on the one issue of the draft, the center is able to provide thorough counseling and research in a problem that has been thrust into a dominant position in a man's life.

SCIENTIFIC ADVICE ON THE POLITICS OF LIFE  
by Dr. Abraham Clearquill

Last year in this column I answered your questions on the politics of life, with the aid of the I Ching and the Ephemeris. Interesting and important as they were, these questions now seem too mundane for further consideration. For this year, the problems of our emerging community deal with survival and evolution.

Mechanical solutions to our problems will lead us to the re-creation of the Piscean community which is already here. To evolve an Aquarian community we will need an infusion of evolutionary politics and transcendental wisdom. As this is the critical year of decision for sub-Santa Cruz, with the potential of becoming the first metropolis of an emerging country, The United States of Patal, I have decided to dedicate this column to certain lines of transplantation, and instructions for planting them. The next issue will introduce the Gurdjieff tradition. Future issues will deal with the Sufis, Tibetan lamaism, Hindustani musical wisdom (the indiginous ontology of hartstein), the School of Actualism, and other accessible teachings.

The purpose of this rap is to let you know what's happening in the record dept. To hip you to the latest hype and keep you from being burned in your friendly local side shop. There will be trips on how to shop for records, how to take care of your records and your stereo equipment.

Whenever possible, listen to a record before you buy it. This one thing will save you lots of \$, anguish, & tears. Just listen to it. If you dig it, you dig it: if you don't, you don't. It's as simple as that.

## Hot Rats

Now, on with the trip. As you may have heard, THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION are finished (Zappa said they split up because people were clapping in the wrong places). But Frank Zappa has just begun. "Hot Rats" is Frank & friends (9 of them) with 42 minutes & 2 seconds of good music, no freak out shit, and only one short vocal.



Captain Beefheart contributes the raspy vocal, and Jean-Luc Ponty a hot electric violin, while Frank finally shows us the fine guitar work he's always been capable of. Ex-Mother Ian Underwood blows all the horns.

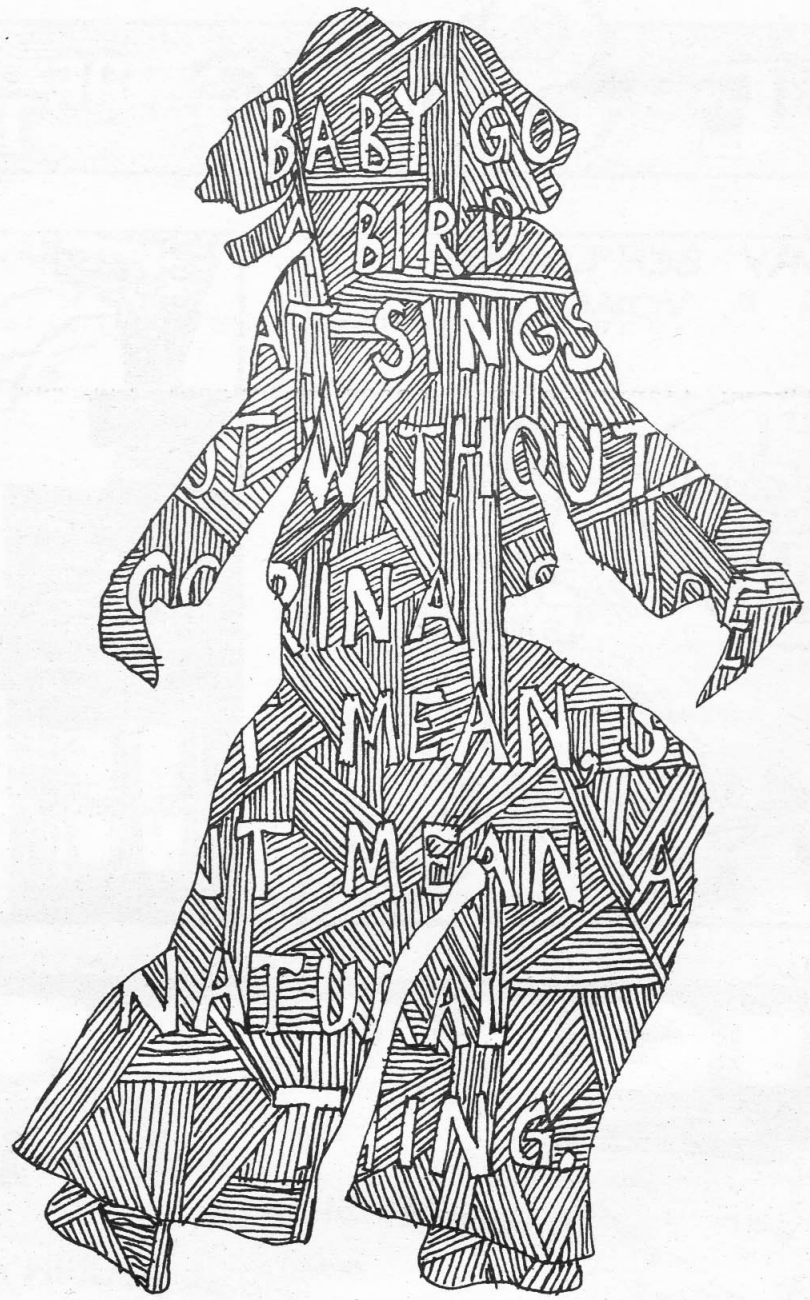
Music from mother, a good album with a freaky cover. Listen to it.

Odyssey Records  
1551  
1549  
Pacific Ave.

Gig. James Houston.  
Dial Press, New York. 1969

Part of being young is the inability to conceive of being old, and part of being old is the inability to harbor illusions about one's life. The people in Gig are not old or young, but middle-aged. People seeking in nostalgia a soothing refuge from an inevitably changing world. People who feel the pangs of loss of understanding more sharply than any other group, for the old acknowledge their lack of understanding by not trying, while the young are reinforced in their understanding by a wave of exposure. The scene is a piano bar where the music calls them back to a time when things were certainly not better, but when at least they were young. Through the perceptions of the piano player, a composer tired of trying but not old enough to give up, we experience the cathartic effects of their Saturday night out. A circus atmosphere, with our host serving during the night as ringmaster to get things going, concession vendor to keep them that way, janitor to clean out the cages, assistant in the major acts and finally just a piano player so the patrons can leave with a pleasant melody. It is a clear picture of a performer's gig that denies him his sensitivities, the price he pays for the security this gig gives him.

A Berkeley radical once related that he could not communicate with anyone who could not dream. Dreaming not as an activity one does when sleeping, but a conscious effort to evolve the clear form of a hazy desire, be it freedom, loving a woman, or writing a perfect poem. If the dream is actively pursued, the illusion that it is within reach will some day push itself into consciousness. When it does, the illusion brings extra energy for that final drive to the river, and an end to the struggle. Yet, many never reach the river. They are turned back upon themselves, folding up their sensitivities and burying them deep inside. Some are stopped, but then move around to another spot with a somewhat different dream, and continue pushing on towards the water--doing this until they give up dreaming or give up living. All who formulate this artistic posture in their youth can't maintain it. For those who feel the urge to give up the chase, Gig provides a perspective of a life style that few would care to emulate. If only by this backhanded contrast can the work be viewed and read, it is well worth the effort.



## ☀ NATURAL FOODS STORE ☀

1. ORGANIC DRIED FRUITS
2. FRESH ORGANIC FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
3. OVER SIXTY-SIX ITEMS IN BULK (INCLUDING HONEY)
4. SANTA CRUZ COUNTY'S MOST COMPLETE HERB SELECTION.
5. FLOURS MILLED FRESH DAILY ON OUR STONE MILL.
6. WHOLE GRAIN, NATURALLY SWEETENED BREADS AND PASTRIES FROM "STAFF OF LIFE" BAKERY.
7. FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLE JUICES FROM OUR JUICE BAR.
8. CHEESE, MILK, YOGURT, EGGS, AND BUTTER IN OUR DAIRY CASE.  
(honey sweetened ice cream)

—• 8 THINGS WE ARE DOING TO BETTER THE LOT OF MANKIND •—

414 Soquel Ave. 426-5751

9am. to 9p.m. 7 days

## Food to Avoid

- COFFEE, BLACK TEA
- NO PLASTIC MEDICINES (ASPIRIN, DEPRESSANTS, STIMS., TRANKS)
- FRIED FOODS
- MEAT & MEAT PRODUCTS
- PASTEURIZED & HOMOGENIZED DAIRY PRODUCTS
- NON-FERTILIZED EGGS
- HYDROGENATED OILS
- REFINED WHITE SUGAR & WHITE SUGAR PRODUCTS
- ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS
- IODIZED, TABLE SALT & CHEMICAL SALT SUBSTITUTES
- REFINED WHITE FLOUR & WHITE FLOUR PRODUCTS
- SPRAYED, WAXED, AND CHEMICALLY FERTILIZED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
- DRIED FRUITS PRESERVED WITH SULFUR DIOXIDE
- READ INGREDIENTS ON LABEL •

## NOTE

People interested in attaining optimal health should begin eating more foods in their natural state and rely less on having to tease their palates with perverse food preparations.

Man must cease polluting his environment if he is to continue existing on the earth for any period of time. The first step in halting pollution is to stop consuming the devitalized, plastic, pseudo foods which turn men into walking cesspools.

Stop supporting the parasites who make a living producing the modern trash called food.

Mould your new vital body with only the purest foods obtainable.

Get clean!



# NU-SUN

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LEATHER GOODS & CLOTHING



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