

**BLUE CENTER UNICORN**  
By Frank Moore

Two thousand bucks for two rows of grass, and I'm in jail watching this spider with Bishop Pike's face spinning his web. Silk art of Sgt. Jose and the lieutenant, fucking each other in the legal web of Bishop Pike Spider... in the motel room where the lieutenant keeps his whore, quiet and socially acceptable, while he's putting Pam and Jim, just goddamn gringo hippies, in jail for growing weeds in the hills.

I'm in jail. Not in the same jail they put Pam and Jim in. But they built this one, too. They? Meaning? Rednecks... brown and whites... the enemy is colorless with no whites in their eyes. And me? Chained to the telephone, calling Western Union every hour on the hour.

Someone, I forgot who, was sending money by wire—every atom of every cent strung together on a wire necklace—but I've forgotten why. Maybe to get Jim out, for Pam is already out with a nightmarish trance in her sunset head. Or to send me to Washington, D.C. or Seattle... or somewhere... I've forgotten, and I'm afraid the one at the other end has forgotten, too.

Dylan says, "Life is but a joke." No shit!

No, spider, your web won't case the lieutenant and Sgt. Jose in fucking each other. They aren't—with that—satisfied. They want us and the acid in their piss will cut through your lace silk. And while the Father dreams of a thousand

Christs jumping into a Blue Heaven pool of blood, I sit here, outside the Plaza Cafe listening to a mother tell her son to run away.

"There must be some way out of here!" To where, to where, to bloody fucking where? Tell me, Dylan! And now, as it is raining shit, as an Indian just killed a friend by accident, on top of all realities, I've caught the Father's fever. With dreams of mass jail breaks, and with the Mayor as my doctor, I can't write anymore and can't help anyone, including myself. And my only wish is that my midnight death will not be interrupted by a Chicano kid who thinks he has to prove that he's a man.

—Frank Moore.

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**FILM FESTIVAL NOTES**

SANTA FE, N.M. (HIPS)—Underground and avant-garde film makers are encouraged to submit their works for entry into the Santa Fe International Film Festival, to be held in mid-February.

Judging will be done by a panel of individuals in the film industry, media representatives, art critics, and producers as well as directors. Films will be judged in several categories and winners will receive various prizes including cash awards.

For further information, prospective entrants are advised to write to Film Festival Director, c/o The Hips Voice, P.O. Box 5132, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

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