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The Death of Hippie

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During a cross-country trip to gain support for his Presidential campaign, Governor George Romney, Michigan's brainwashed buffoon, rode in a pickup truck into the heart of Haight-Ashbury. It's hard to understand his ulterior motive: Did he expect the hippies to fall in behind him? Did he expect Emmett Grogan (his chauffeur) to become his campaign manager or youth emissary? Did he expect Allen Cohen and the San Francisco Oracle to endorse him?

After painting slum buildings in New York, and after eating Diggers' free food in Golden Gate Park, Romney had the same comment, "I found it to be a meaningful discussion." This is the new route for all imperial hopefuls. Maybe even "Yore president" will hobnob with the "geental folk" from the Lower East Side to Spokane. "Johnson swamps Drop City," "Hog Farm pulled by Romney," "Percy pushover in Strawberry Fields," "Kennedy landslide in Tompkins Park." They'll all be coming, except for the important Reagan, just like Romney, getting lots of newsprint, shaking hands with long-hairs, copping free food (good mileage here), and then saying, "You people believe in the concept of giving rather than taking, and in that, we are in agreement." Shit. The politicians are coming, get your plastic flowers ready. And there'll be a swarm of newspaper jagoffs with them, writing inanities and taking pictures, taking pictures, taking pictures.

The Michigan Mormon's tour of the

Haight is one to be emulated by all contenders. First stop: Huckleberry House (with a name like that, it's got to be sponsored by a church group). Newspapermen there get off shoving their cylindrical microphones into Romney's mouth; Huckleberry people couldn't get in a straight plug (everyone being upstaged by the phallus); then genial-George asked them the sweet question and they told him how they're getting the poor children of San Francisco back to their crying parents.

Next thing, Emmett invites Romney to the park for a free dinner (chicken, corn and salad in celebration of an Indian event). A very hungry, very skinny kid lays jovial-George on with his piece of chicken, so the governor waves it over his head (great publicity value, very folksy) and the corn begins to rain on him. Everybody rapping. "Hey, George, we hate this country, man, it's full of corruption, and the black people are being flaunted by the white police, and the national barf guard in every city, ad nauseam, and we reject the white middle class and upper class..."

"OH," says genius-George, his Mormon computerized clicking away, "let me understand what you're saying. You think there should be equal protection under the law, is that right?" Put it into his Detroit slot-machine mind. See what comes out — noncommitment, uncommitted on everything, even those he's already taken both sides of, like the war.

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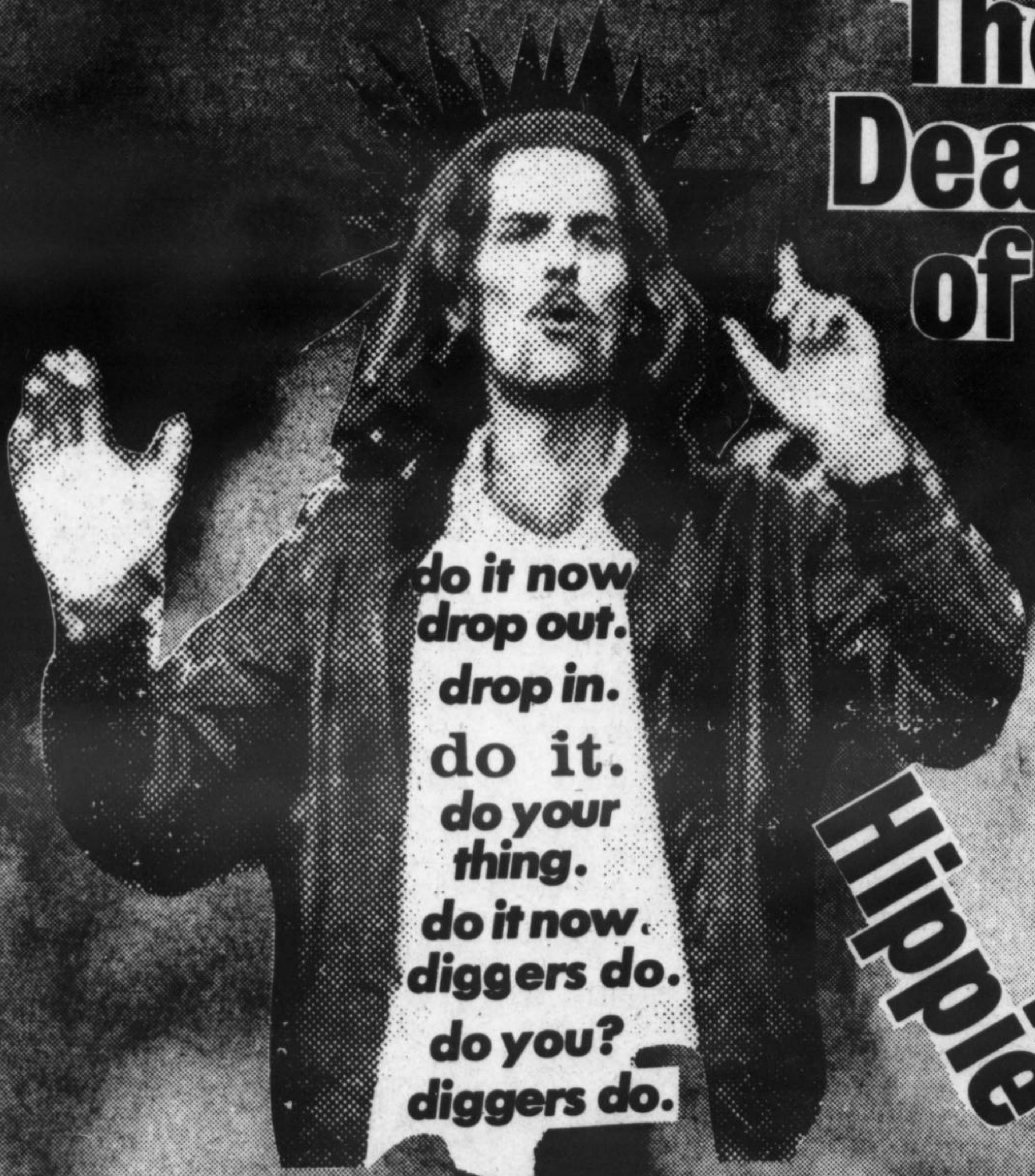
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# The Death of

# Hippie



But this new establishment acceptance (at least for publicity) ain't gonna work. Romneys and Percys (he came first) visiting Haight-Ashbury isn't about to influence anyone to pass out their handbills or pull their levers. Hippies are dying, they can't be exploited. On October 6 (one year from the enactment of the LSD law) there is going to be a funeral — the death of the hippy, the birth of free men. The procession will circumambulate the geographical Haight-Ashbury and the East Village. There will be men in the street giving out black and white armbands. There will be people in trucks, burning effigies of hippies, and a coffin, with everyone throwing in their prized possessions, whether it's their hair, their beads, their address and telephone books. Whatever magic potion, formula, flower or favorite son they might have, will go into the coffin. Then it will be burned and put into the sea like a Viking burial. And then, having destroyed the concept, "Hippy," and getting more people involved in hippie theatre, an act of liberation will happen all over town. In San Francisco, everyone's going into City Hall dressed in togas, with bottles of wine and food, and having a Roman feast in the velvet efficacy of City Hall. And a phallic ceremony around the Tower. Then the world will be ours to love.

# The Birth of Sufi

By Walter Bowart

Mounting the stairs of the Sheraton Hilton Hotel, the book "THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE," held in the hand of a bushy-haired, grateful puppet in an orange jump suit, and walking into a hall filled with fifteen hundred Catholic young people and their teachers, priests and nuns, and then shaking hands with an open-eyed young Jesuit who had extended the invitation to speak, early in the morning, on the suddenly popular and controversial topic, "What Is A Hippie?"

The children cheered as the orange-suited puppet entered the hall carrying the book.

Beginning to speak without knowing how, the voice coming from a thousand miles away, "Hippies are Sufis..." Hundreds of flashbulbs popped from Polaroid Swingers... "spinners of wool, seekers of light. Yes, and sometimes Catholic, but more very nearly catholic. We all once have had a go-between to God, but Cardinal Spellman."

"...the Anima, your Holy Mother, Mary it could be, and your father, the old man, Lao Tze, Uncle I Ching...the wisdom of synchronicity (where the coincidences become recognized as lessons, after the paranoia passes and you realize that the something that is doing it to you is Buddha, the mind, the trinity quaternity)..."

ASIDE: It's a long way from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "All You Need Is Love; Love Is All You Need."

"Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's Noosphere is HERE!"

The young Jesuit interrupts to explain to the audience, who are mostly fifteen or sixteen years old, who Chardin was, and what he meant by Noosphere.

(Thoughts of the last lecture. At City College, before a small gathering of a Christian Association. Being approached by a student, outside the building, who asks if you've come to hear the lecture, and you answer, "yes.")

Before beginning, the time filled reading an acidlog, asking the gathering who is the lecturer and who is the audience? And realizing how young is nineteen, but suddenly how much the awed, creative children have to teach about a process. And getting permission to speak, then talking about The Pudding, while "Murray the K" and his "K Girls" cause havoc in the Campus Administration Building.)

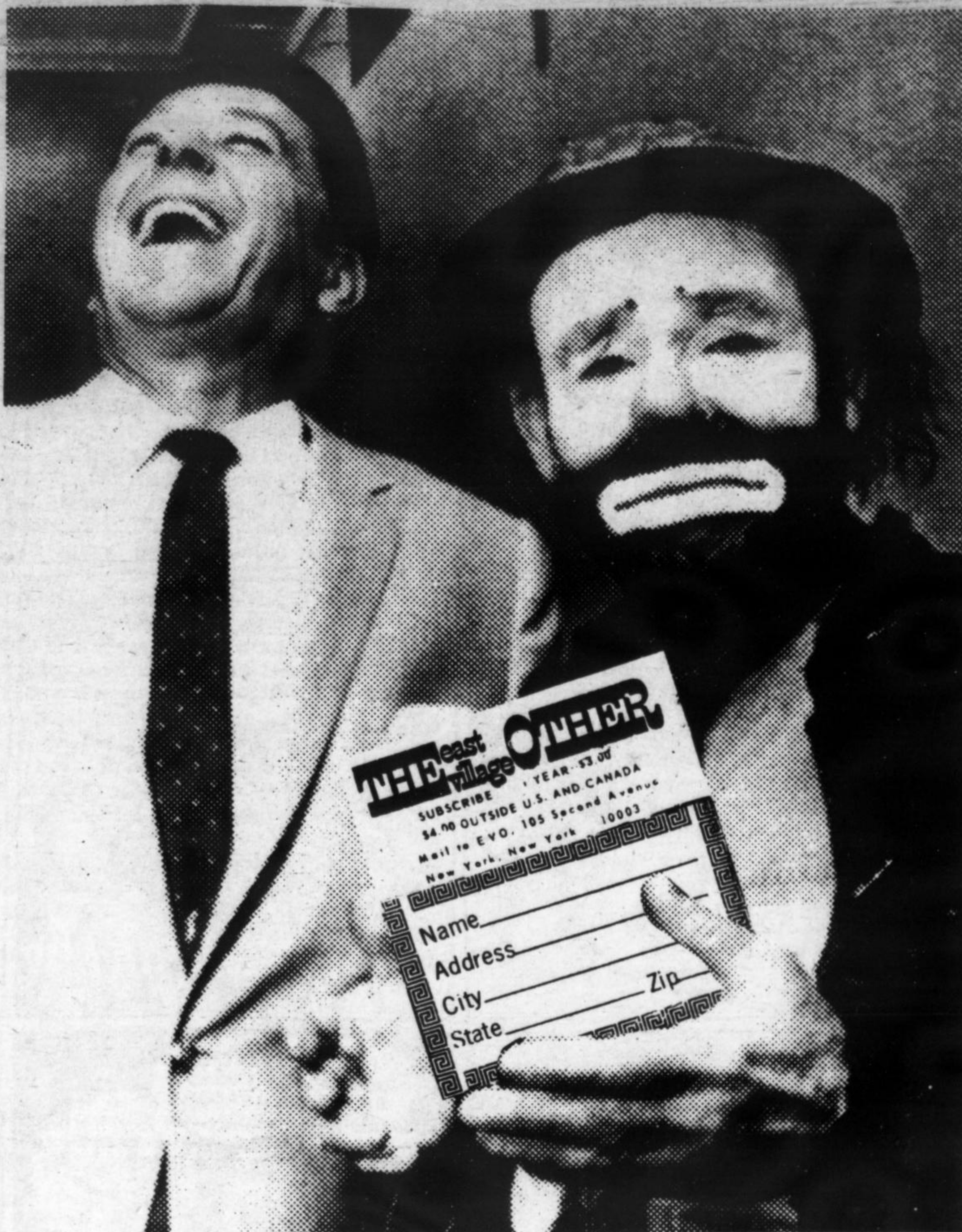
Sheraton Hilton Time, the grateful puppet talks of faith and love, and gets applause and cheers from the youth as he tries to give another glimpse of the role of the jester-fool-clown, who, historically, has been the only one who ever could tell the King of the Land and Those That Believe in Slavery where they are, and in which direction lies the Pudding Street.

Commenting, looking down at real flesh-and-blood hands, how it's really only a rented suit, and referring to the fearsome Father—who is really a skinny old taxi driver—as "The Great Supply Sergeant."

The questions came from their young tongues, faltered by the repressed sexes, asking disappointedly, "Do you mean by 'love is not a thing of the flesh,' that one should not make love?" The puppet replying, "definitely not! But sex is not always love." And thinking how they could not possibly know that indulgence teaches the lesson as well as denial.

And thinking of Blake: "That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity, May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty..."

Speaking of Captain Uriel and Lt. Gabriel of The Space Patrol...while pitying their



rote education, thinking of Rome and her armies fighting in far-flung corners of the world.

So what IS a Hippie? Herb Caen, a writer for the San Francisco Chronicle, invented the word from "hippy-dippy," which meant be-bopping jerk. The same guy invented the word "beatnik," which came from beatitude, meaning enlightenment.

But Hippies are Sufis, which means spinner of wool in Arabic.

And after an hour of talking and looking into the face of youth — the height of creativity frustrated by fear and its offspring — tradition. Answering questions, then signing autographs and many pictures of the orange puppet — thinking, first, of signing Jesus, and then knowing that any name would do, and so using the legal one.

Feeling somewhat like a pop Elmer Gantry being pleaded with by young Catholic ladies from Philadelphia, and mostly country places, to attend a Holy Mass and see how IT had changed.

For the first time in ten years, watching the Mass given by eight priests in green and white robes. The Mass, a magic ritual, with everyone at one point joining hands; singing, in English, the Our Fathers and Hail Marys, to a guitar accompaniment sounding somewhat like a Doublemint Gum commercial because the Church had lost the mystery called art.

Everyone took The Holy Communion. Holding the paper-thin wafer on the back of the tongue is no more, a fine-tasting bread can be substituted. Everyone learned the intimacy of being fed by another — Communion!

After Mass, being thanked again and again by many very pretty young nuns, and noting how odd it was not to feel the vibration of the gentile chakra.

Riding downtown with a priest, and hearing him speak of his reservations and continual search, and the difficulty of maintaining celibacy.

Then getting letters for weeks afterward, and suddenly realizing that our children are being held captive.

"...They won't let the boys have long hair, and they measure the length of our dresses, and they won't let us wear boots...there is no place to go, so we hang out in front of The Shopping Center, in the empty parking lot, which is as big as a football field..."

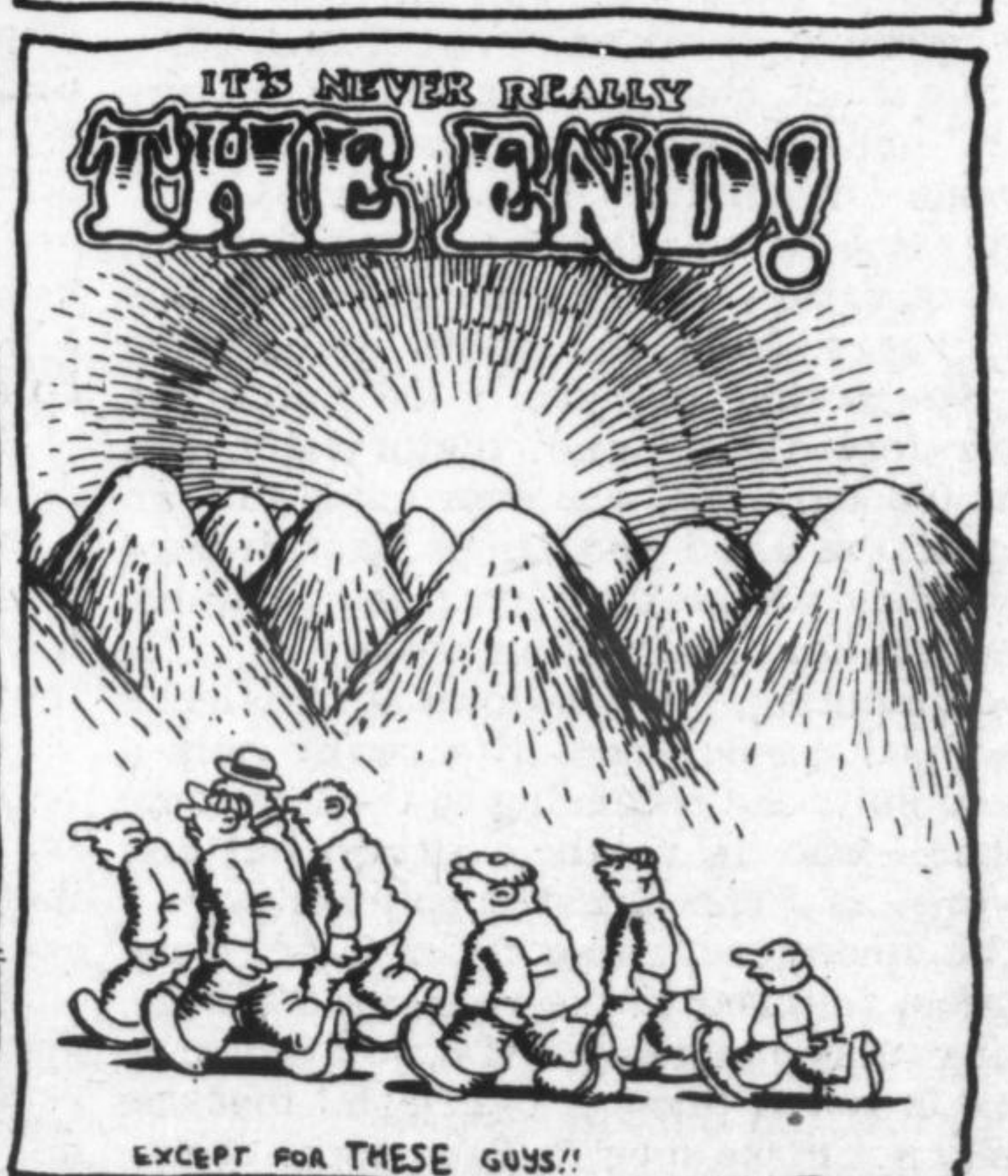
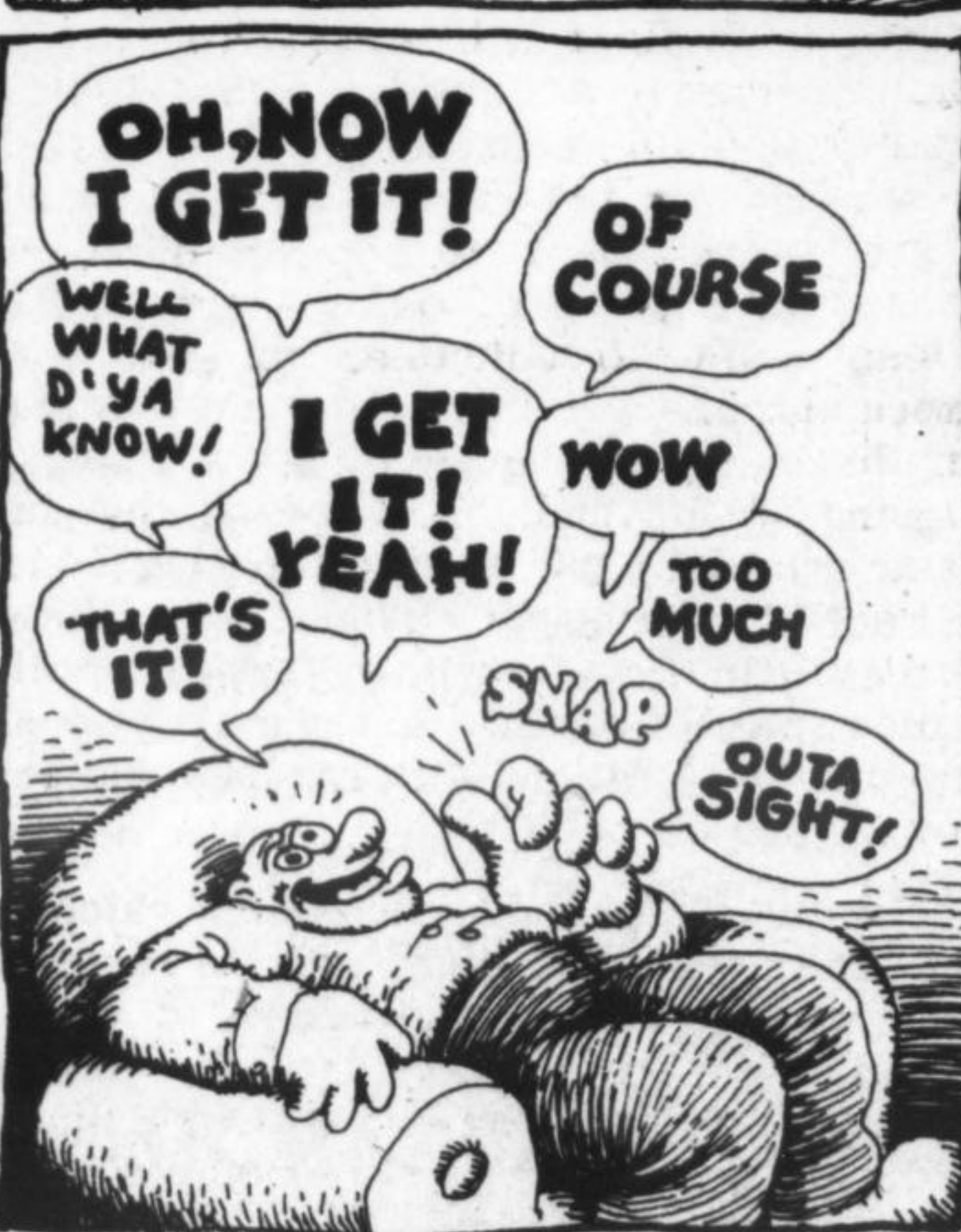
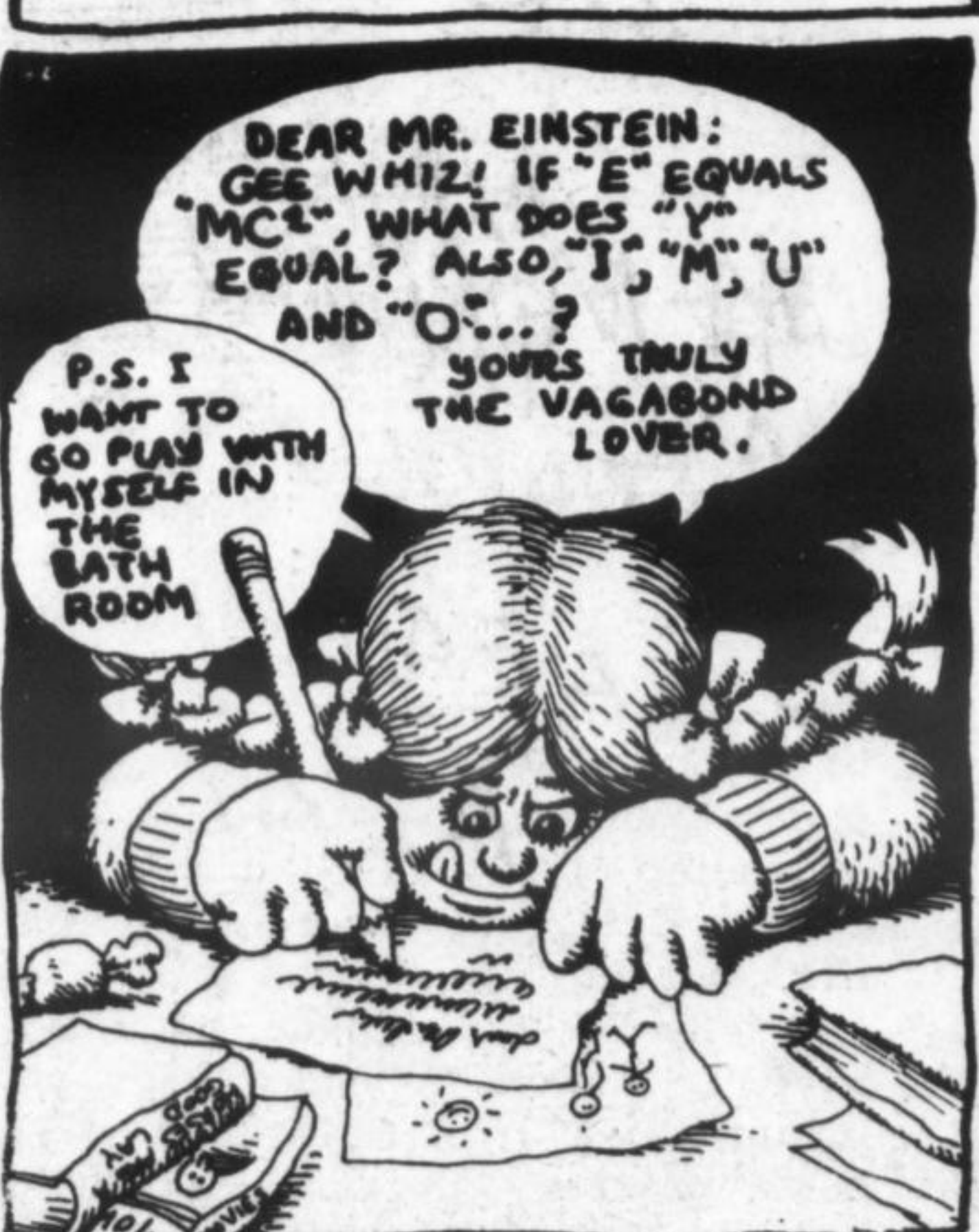
Being aware of the growing anti-life forces — the negative cartoons in the press of unwashed beatniks (the same ones dug out from the file of ten years ago, but this time with flowers, drawn by men who have never left their office, and couldn't possibly know that the eightfold character of Sufi teaching is symbolized by the octagonal diagram for the word HOO, the Sufi sound).

It is sad that, for many, there is nothing beyond Sunsweet (brand) Prunes, who have invented the first pitless prune and are now working busily on removing the wrinkles.

And so, two great psychic forces grip the world in struggle — one of the forces wishing to keep men unenlightened and enslaved, and the other eternally seeking to bring man to enlightenment and freedom.

Tune in next week, to a program which, if not entitled EVOLUTION, will certainly be called The Return of Surrealism.

# LIFE AMONG THE CONSTIPATED BY R. CRUMB



Robert Crumb, artist and instigator of "LIFE AMONG THE CONSTIPATED," who now lives in San Francisco, is an ex-east villager. His cartoons appear regularly in Yarrowstalk, an underground press member which publishes out of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Yarrowstalk has the distinction of being

the only wholly visual newspaper, using the cartoon strip form on every page, to make cosmological mind warp, intergalactic statements about the world around us. Yarrowstalk is sold on some New York newsstands, but the best way to purchase it is by sending \$5.00 for a yearly subscription to 230 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Probably the most altruistic, the most spiritual, the least earthly of us have had the fantasy at one time or another. All of a sudden, I have a million dollars. Think about it a bit, because you are about to see two people who, not content with the fantasy, are doing something, or, rather, quite a lot, to bring it about. And not by working for it, in the conventional sense; and not by inventing a car that will go without gas or a perpetual motion machine, either.

But back to our gorgeous fantasy. With that wonderful feature of most fantasies, which create the marvelous event ready-baked, so to speak, you have the million. Million dollars. The selfish ones among us would spend it on themselves; the congenial ones will include their friends in any plans for spending the mountain of crisp, new dollar bills. The saints will probably lay in a supply of prune juice for themselves and spend the rest on humanity. Family types will share the bounty with their relatives. Bills will be paid, loans repaid, Con Ed and the telephone company will get triumphant letters and checks from people they have been bugging with letters which suggest, with heart-felt regret, the necessity of legal action. Landlords would, for once, face tenants rather than see their skulking backs retreating down some ill-lit staircase, and have thrust into their eager hands several months' rent, both due and not yet fallen due. Ah, the many uses of a million dollars! Just think about it, and envy Carver and Linda their inspiration and their nerve. For they are not mooning about their million dollars. As you sit here, wasting your time reading about it, they are out there, somewhere, trying to get their million. And that, as much as any other, is perhaps the way to go about it.

Carver and Linda are tradition makers, "or breakers," as they hasten to remark. "People don't usually get married in Haight-Ashbury, but we did, and in a Catholic Church, too!" Carver is from Bay St. Louis, in Mississippi, about sixty miles from New Orleans. Linda was born in Washington State and brought up in Laguna Beach, in Southern California. She studied political science at the University of California at Santa Barbara, and then theology at Marquette University. Her Master's thesis, never submitted, was composed of stories and poems designed to show that when people are in love, they get inside each other and tend to see things with each other's eyes, and that that is what God is all about. Carver went to college in New Mexico, where he studied painting, and continued his studies at the San Francisco Academy of Art. And it was there, in San Francisco, that Carver and Linda met and that their great idea was born.

Let Carver take up the story. "I always knew that, one day, I would be rich. Linda and I met in San Francisco. We started going with each other. There used to be this Chinese restaurant we would eat at. Well, all the fortune cookies we got said the same thing, that prosperity would come. So finally we figured it was a message from God." What happened then? "One day, we were walking from Church. You could say we were high, high on Holy Communion. As we were passing another church, we saw this yellow piece of paper on the ground. It was a Chinese fortune cookie paper, and it said, 'You will be well taken care of.' It was then that we knew we would be rich." Now Linda joins in. "We found out that we could get things by asking people for them. We would ask someone where we could find an apartment to live in, and they would tell us. Or one time, we met a man who worked for the government, he was making thirteen thousand a year. We asked him if we could stay with

him. We wanted a holiday, to stay a while in a place with rugs on the floor, a TV. So he took us home, and we stayed with him and his wife three days. Another time, we got a ride with a lady driving a Rolls-Royce. She told us she had four of them, so we asked if we could have one. She told us we could, but that she wanted us to come see her and talk with her husband, who would most probably say it would be all right. But we never got around to it..."

What strikes one about both Linda and Carver is their sincerity, and the strength of their vision. There doesn't seem to be any doubt in their minds that one day they will come to the end of their quest, that someone will say, "Very well, here is your million." They are confident it will happen, and have none of the frantic manner of the fanatic, of the True Believer about them. As a matter of fact, they are both likeable, calm people, with a great deal of sweetness in their manner. Nor are they grasping or money-minded, in spite of the nature of their quest. Carver, for instance, did some art work for the Village Theatre recently — it involved re-doing the seating plan, some posters. He absolutely refused any payment for this work, in spite of the repeated urgings of Ben Barenholtz, the Village Theatre's manager. Carver's position was that he did not accept any money for his art work. They make a handsome couple; they are both in their middle or late twenties, handsome people dressed with color and imagination. Carver favors frockcoats which could well have graced the back of a Morgan or a Rockefeller — around the turn of the century. Linda favors mod neckties of great width, length and eye-blasting design. They cheerfully and without rancor, almost in jest, claim that New York hippies ran them out of San Francisco, not personally, that is, but that there were so many of them in Haight-Ashbury this last summer that the only self-defense was to come to New York. So they drove across the country with a friend, and now make their base on the Lower East Side, from which they foray into various parts of the city in search of their million. Although they make some money dancing at the Electric Circus on weekends, they don't have enough money for an apartment, so they stay with friends. Recently, they have been living on East 3rd Street with Nancy Willner, the treasurer of the Village Theatre. Their beef about New York hippies, in San Francisco, anyway, is neither all-embracing nor bitter. They do feel, however, that New York hippies, in contrast to the west coast variety, do not know how to share, and are more adept at coming into a place and taking, be it food or space, and are less liable to volunteer to kick in on expenses...

But back to the quest. After their experiences with the government man and the lady with the four Rolls-Royces, Linda and Carver came to the conclusion that the way to a million dollars lay through someone who had it. After all, as they put it, "a man with twenty-five million dollars won't miss one." One million, that is. This is in line with their philosophy that what God wants us to do is share everything and depend on one another. Of course, this involves sharing what one can afford to share, and with people who are in need. As Linda puts it: "When we get the million dollars, we will have a problem, because then people will come to us." What do they hope to do with the money? "We hope to help artists," says Linda, "help them get materials for their work."

Two things helped the couple when they got to New York, where they really began their search in earnest. One was the conviction that God meant them to have the million dollars. The second was the

# A HIPPIE MILLION

By Steve Kraus

## A Cool Million



PHOTO: Bob Parent

# Diggers Busted for Litter Art

On Tuesday, September 10, Martin Carey and Abbe Hoffman, Diggers from the East Village, were arrested on Pentagon premises. Abbe and Martin had gone to Washington as an advanced guard for the October 21st march on the Pentagon.



Last Tuesday, Abbe and I were arrested at the Pentagon for the All-American crime, littering. Here is what happened.

We rushed to catch the 10:30 flight from LaGuardia to Washington. At the airport, the ticket seller's boss ripped up Abbe's fake youth-fare card. "Hey, you can't do that," Abbe said. And for the rest of the day, they did their thing and we did ours.

We ate lunch and got stoned on a roadway lawn near the Pentagon. Some men in sweat suits were running by to keep in shape. "The blue team went that way." Without even looking up, the runner says, "The barber shop is that way." Somehow, they already knew we were here.

We parked the car and walked to the side of the Pentagon next to the generals' helicopter landing field. The whole time we were there, helicopters continuously landed and cadillacs with red license plates with white stars were swooping up generals, bringing them into the Pentagon.

We walked to the nearest corner of the building, held hands, stood side by side at arms' length, and we counted how many people would make a ring around the Pentagon. At 167, a Negro special services administration guard stopped and questioned us.

"What are you doing?"

"We're from the staging group, and we want to know how many people it will take to make a ring around the Pentagon."

"Do you have permission?"

"Do you need permission to walk around the Pentagon walk?"

We ignored him and finished counting our walking, and figured 1200 people would ring the Pentagon, once.

We went to the parking lot and put 30 "Exorcise the Pentagon" drawings under car windshield wipers. "All right, hold it right there."

We were put under arrest for littering. He called another Negro special services administration guard, and told us to put our hands on a car.

Frisk, frisk.

"Now you."

Frisk, frisk.

They held our arms and moved us toward the building. It was more anonymous than an insurance company. Inside it was huge. They sat us down in an office, with guards in cop costumes, and guards in businessmen costumes. The lieutenant in cop costume asks, "What's the charge?"

"Littering."

We explain that we are religious people, preparing for the Exorcism on October 21st. "We expect 200,000 people to be here, making 167 rings around the Pentagon."

"Why are you here?"

"We flew in from New York today to do."

They couldn't figure us out.

Abbe called for a menu and the lt. brought him the special services administration rules and regulations. "O.K. What's the charge?" Abbe asked.

"Littering," the lt. answered.

"But we wouldn't throw art on the ground," I said, stubbing my toe on the corner of the desk.

At this, we were hysterically laughing and rolling in fetus positions under our chairs.

"Well," he said, "you were distributing commercial literature."

I thrust my chin forward. "I am not a commercial artist."

They decided to release us. Abbe worked fast to counter that. "Well, the jig is up, you got us. It looks like an open and shut case to me." We stood up, wrists together, waiting to be manacled. "You mean you were only kidding?" They let us go. We walked to the parking lot and a plainclothes costume asked if we minded if he stayed with us until we left. He said he had been sent down from higher up. He screwed his finger in the air. His name was Bruce. "You know, Bruce, we are here today on monkey slush business." He didn't crack a smile. He would be a tough nut to crack. We didn't want him to find the secret hidden in the car. Yes, we knew if he found it, the diggery was up.

"How much to go to Washington?" we loudly asked a cabby, giggling into a cab. As soon as we were outside the ramp, we quickly told the cabby to forget Washington, we wanted Lane 5, down near one of those tree things in the parking lot. Over-tipping madly, we jumped into our getaway car and roared out of the parking lot, laughing all the way to the airport. We were right on schedule. The show was on the road.

And as we slept, exhausted, on our flight back to New York, the Council of Love was born.

# WOMEN STRIKE PEACE

By S.A. Williams

Wednesday, September 20. 6:15 A.M., 42nd Street, Bryant Park. One-legged man sits on parkbench watching. A few women cluster, holding signs, waiting. Pale pre-dawn light. Peaceful.

Busses arrive, more women, chattering, quick trips for coffee-to-go, last trips to restroom in Horn and Hardarts where cashier grumbles;

"You have to pay twenty cents; we're running a business here, not a free public toilet."

"But I left my purse on the bus."

"You have to pay twenty cents."

Board busses. An eighty-two year old woman whose granddaughter works for VISTA smiles and says she has worked for peace all her life.

Women from all social and economic levels, but predominately Jewish, middle class, all talking, passing grapes, oranges, just-baked coffee cake, sandwiches, cracker jacks.

12:00 P.M. Arrive at the ellipse behind White House for rally. Speeches by Francis Rocks, Viet Nam veteran who killed a nine year old Viet Cong "soldier"; Gary Rader, ex-Green Beret waiting trial for refusing to go; Dagmar Wilson, president of Women's Strike for Peace, who has just returned from Hanoi speaks about visiting the Viet Nam people.

Fall-out shelters in living rooms, children re-building roads and homes as fast as they are bombed. Women serve delicious meals on white tablecloths amid the bombings. The people talk only of peace, not politics.

Hot sun blaring down. Women applauding. Many police. Many reporters, T.V. cameras. 500 women from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California, Oregon, one from Texas march along White House fence to Selective Service Headquarters. Chanting:

Should they go?

We say "NO"!

We back the boys

Who will not go.

2:00P.M. March to front of White House where police allow 100 demonstrators to parade. Remaining women protest the edict.

"It is our constitutional right to demonstrate in front of the White House!"

"We are determined."

"You cannot stop us!"

They charge, led by Rader and Rocks. Clubs swing. Screams. Scuffling. Women of all ages running past police.

"It was like playing football. I saw the marchers in front of the White House and that was the goal. I hiked up my dress and ran across the street, dodging cops. I got by one, then around another. I was in the clear and from out of nowhere one grabbed me by the arm and took me back to the other side."

Rocks and Rader are arrested along with one woman. The roar of the indignant war protesters drowns out speakers calling for order.

Marchers from White House join the injured across the street. Pandemonium.

"What's happening?"

"What are we going to do?"

"Ladies please be quiet!"

"Did you see what the cops did to that one poor woman?"

"How is she?"

"I don't know, but one really wacked me on the elbow."

"Ladies please be quiet!"

Bruised, limping, shoes in hand, eyes ablaze, they march to the jail where Rocks and Rader are being booked for disorderly conduct. Milling in front of the jail, they recount their experiences, collect money for bail.

"I had to fight to get my shoe back."

"One filthy cop called me a dirty Jew."

"Next time it'll take more than clubs to stop me."

"LBJ doesn't know what he's in for."

"Ladies, may I have your attention. Gary Rader and Francis Rocks are going to be released shortly and we are going to the Women's House of Detention to get the other lady who was arrested."

Cheers. Smiles. Tired women board busses for the five-hour trip to New York. No chattering. Conversations subdued, serious. Convictions strengthened. Some sleep. Collect money for the bus driver in appreciation for his patience.

10:30 P.M. 42nd Street, Bryant Park.

"See you next time."

"Good-by."

Peaceful.





# An Interpretation of Man and Society in the United States

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA 2  
of a series

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American society and its people vividly illustrates the relationship between awareness, effort and construction. Like a fine book of poetry, American society satisfies the powerful, the wealthy, the devout, the wicked, the young, the old, and even the sexually deviant. All of one's desires are to be attained here: the false, the true; the rational, the impulsive; the artistic and the technical; the dogmatic and the flexible—in short everything is available in abundance. Like Santa Claus, America gives everyone a present: the hungry get a good meal, the borrower a larger debt, the scientist a greater discovery, the animals (especially the dogs) a life of comfort, the youth an opportunity to love, the children all kinds of toys, etc.

In such a society where no common measure of fixed value exists, a persuasive man can easily make a worthless product valuable. Everyone is essentially free to the extent allowed by law and custom, but what one makes out of this legal freedom depends upon resources. Contradictions are many:

It is believed that Americans are pragmatic, but at the same time unemployed garrulous people are encountered in many places.

It is true that America possesses 40 per cent of the world's wealth, but at the same time about one third of its people are inadequately housed and fed.

It is well known that Einstein and other great foreign intellectuals found refuge here, but at the same time, America is a shield for the ignoramus.

It is certainly true that America represents the greatest power of the free world, but at the same time, its citizens are enslaved by false economic and advertising interests.

It is true that the wealthiest scientific institutions are to be found in America, and at the same time the greatest amount of potential talent remains undeveloped here.

It is often stated that America epitomizes the free expression of love and sexual behavior. Yet at the same time the publicizing of this human need so vigorously indicates that one of the greatest social problems in the U.S. is that of sex.

It is claimed that America is a paradise for children, but one must also note that it is the hell of old age.

It is obviously true that America is the land of "milk and honey," but at the same time the least wholesome food products line the market shelves.

It is argued that equal opportunities exist, but no one has any opportunity to know himself.

It has been remarked that American society is like a race track, run by the rules of politics. Sometimes the best horse actually succeeds in winning, but often the field is so cluttered with nags that a good horse has no place to run, or if he does get a chance to win, his course must be paved with millions of dollars if he wants to cross the finish line.

It has been noted that the motto, "In God We Trust," is engraved on our coins, but at the same time, "In coins we trust" can easily be read in the eyes of most of the people.

It is said that national unity and federal power are of prime importance, but at the same time a governor can easily upset the nation and tell the president to mind his own business.

It is claimed that human life is the most important commodity of all, but every year 50,000 lives are taken on the highways.

It is said that this is the land of the individual, but the one who seeks to be different is rejected and may even lose the custody of his own son.



# HIGH MARCH CHEER ON:

By George  
Murray

Starting in 1948, wineries slowly began to understand that kids—the perennial market of the future—were changing their mode of juicing. Wineries have spent \$5 million industry-wide in 20 years to learn that kids don't juice with the intensity of their forebearers; rather, the statistics suggest, kids prefer to combine good taste with mild high.

In short, juice heads are almost history on the American scene, and the wino is staggering in the footsteps of the dodo. Quick indicator: You don't see as many wine bottles in the gutters as once.

The change also affects brewers and distillers, one learns in the New York Times. The former expressed concern because beer isn't flowing on college campus in America with its former gusto. This worries brewers because they have tended to view the campus as a place where life-long tastes are inculcated. Distillers are equally anxious, if more discreet in voicing distress. One major distiller tipped its hand last spring, though, when it announced negotiations were underway for a merger with a major tobacco company.

Which means the tobacco industry also has sufficient foresight to start worrying about the profit-payroll syndrome five years hence. Two other indications of this are: The survey now in progress by the American Tobacco Company to determine whether marijuana-smoking leads to cancer (preliminary findings suggest it doesn't); and the copyrighting earlier this year by Reynolds Tobacco of four someday-to-be brand names—Acapulco Gold, Panama Red, Brazil Black and Zihuatenejo Purple.

What's important about these bits of data is that they reflect the evolution of America's collective psyche.

Tobacco and alcohol—indeed, even coffee—are ego-fortifiers. They help the user achieve a sense of separateness-

from-all-else, and suit his actions to that matrix. Thus a quick beer to face the in-laws, or a cigarette after fucking (to get your heads back together, right?)

But ego as a way of life is losing ground in American collective. Witness the difficulties corporations are having trying to recruit young man-on-the-go for competitive positions; witness the dying breed known as salesmen; witness the psychedelic (and ego-dissipating) movement. (Some groovy wine-dealing chick at the convention told me: "Pot will never be legalized. Everyone who's out to make a buck is a drinker. Every pothead is too relaxed. And pot will never be legalized till it's a money-maker.")

Curious social changes occur synchronous with the introduction of ego-fortifiers: Within a century of the spread of coffee as a social custom in Turkey, the Turks tried to add Europe to their empire; art, as an expression of the individual psyche-unfolding, didn't start in Japan until the arrival of Portuguese traders about 1550—who brought with them tobacco (Japanese artists were previously actualizers of their lords' desires; their first individualistic act was the carving of do-dads called "Netsuke" to act as counterweights for tobacco pouches strung over sashes); Munich became a city of prominence only after a monestary there began brewing a high-proof, nourishing beer for Lenten fasting.

The city, itself, arises synchronous with the unfolding of ego in a people. McLuhan notes (somewhere, I'm sure) that a city's nature precludes tribalism. It is the relatively more individuated members who leave their tribe (or their home and family), to join like-oriented confreres from other tribal bodies in the urban milieu. It is that state of individuation unfolding after separation from tribalism which we designate "ego."

If consciousness-changers (tobacco, al-

cohol, coffee) relate to the particular stage of evolution in which a culture finds itself, it follows that the kind of consciousness-changer will evolve as the Zeitgeist evolves.

Coffee, alcohol and tobacco were minor "evils" of colonized America. With the era of the frontier, after 1776, the "evil" concept temporarily dissipated. At family and village (tribal) levels, there was little need for—or means to obtain—the three drugs. Coincidentally, there was little place for ego-exertion. Yet among the frontiersmen—whether soldier, canalman, rail-splitter or gun-hand—the three drugs were a blessing, and the consciousness-change they promoted was honored. Ego-exertion was a mainstay of this breed.

There was no drug mainstream in America until after the Civil War—an era when the clash between nomadic frontiersman and sedentary villager began to occur in force. The immediate (though not long term) winners were the sedentary—and the first drug to come into the American mainstream was opium (Uncle Chollie's Effluvious Spring Tonic and a thousand other potions). But of course, because the sedentary American life of Victorian days was a dreary, unchanging kind of life; a work-hard, fuck-little life where a good, cheap return-to-the-womb-of-tribalism zonk was highly desired.

Even while the American Zeitgeist was opiating placidly, alcohol was wending toward the mainstream—now in the cities. Synchronous with this new direction was urban agitation: Labor movements, woman's suffrage (which was naturally against alcohol—which emphasized individuated ego, a stage at which women had not yet arrived generally), the rise of the bureaucracy from obscurity toward the mainstream.

Alcohol hit the mainstream backwards—with Prohibition. It hit as cities were



Continued from PAGE 8

undergoing their first gigantic expansion since the Civil War. That the age of the sedentary villager-farmer was ending was made evident by enactment of the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1922 — which withered an opium habit that had turned nearly a fourth of the American adult population into a quaint and lace-curtained breed of junkie.

The new breed of junkie — the young heroin addict — didn't arrive till the Depression. Heroin was, and is, mostly a slum thing. Its proteges were those who had nowhere to go except down (their mothers — symbolic the real monkeys on their backs), and back into their pre-ego-conscious, tribal personalities. Heroin came to whites and blacks alike. But by the end of WWII, whites began to rise (evolve) above it (the slums); and heroin became a black problem. By 1958, it would become more of a Puerto Rican problem, where it still is today.

The pendulum had swung from Yin to Yang, from tribal opiates to individualizing alcohol (manhood and sophistication, both ego-manifestations), and tobacco (the ads also promising manliness, elegance, nonchalance, etc.) and coffee (which keeps you on the go, with the emphasis on YOU.)

Even while alcohol flowed as the mainstream, its successor — marijuana, the killer drug — was growing in the Zeitgeist. Southern urban centers featured it first, its adherents the progressives of the day — musicians, artists, writers. As a popular kick, marijuana moved North with the Negro. But Harlem's blacks didn't know where grass was really at till Mezzrow returned from Acapulco with his axe full of gold, and turned positively the entire street on — whence arose the Harlemese word "Mezz," meaning fine gage.

But two steps had to go down before marijuana could replace alcohol in the mainstream: Barbiturates (post-alcoholic womb) and speed (super-neutralized buzzing ego). Though it is unlikely marijuana

will wane from the mainstream for several generations (perhaps even for two millenia, the sojourn alcohol has enjoyed), it is already being joined by its successors — the heavy psychedelics.

The first in this new era-of-growing-beyond-ego, that is the first to attain popularization, was LSD. The acid trip is essentially inward — which direction can lead to god, the beginning of the universe or the end of time. Acid is already on the wane. The new direction is outward to unity.

Mexican and American Indians turned that way first with the peyote ritual; which sect is currently the fastest growing in America, its largest number of converts among the Navajos (also the biggest tribe.) Peyote has already had a chance, and it has not become popularized among white America — probably because of its taste. Nor has mescaline won more than a few long-term adherents.

Past acid, it appears, are chemicals that simultaneously lead to tribalism and beyond-ego-selfness at this time of our collective psychic unfolding. At least two of these are psilocybin and DMT.

Psilocybin is essentially a 4-dimensional kind of drug — just as coffee and tobacco and alcohol are 3-D in that they emphasize ego-perspective. The psychedelic, that is, tunes one into the human organism's 4-dimensional aspects.

(For a further look at historical dimensional-development, see the next issue of EVO.)

These 4-D aspects include those subtle sensings of the third eye and the other chakras, both spatial and temporal — such as telepathy, precognition, telekinesis, etheric-double projection, etc. All concern a moving outward of the individual.

Beyond psilocybin is DMT — a rather more 5-dimensional kind of drug in that

Continued on PAGE 22



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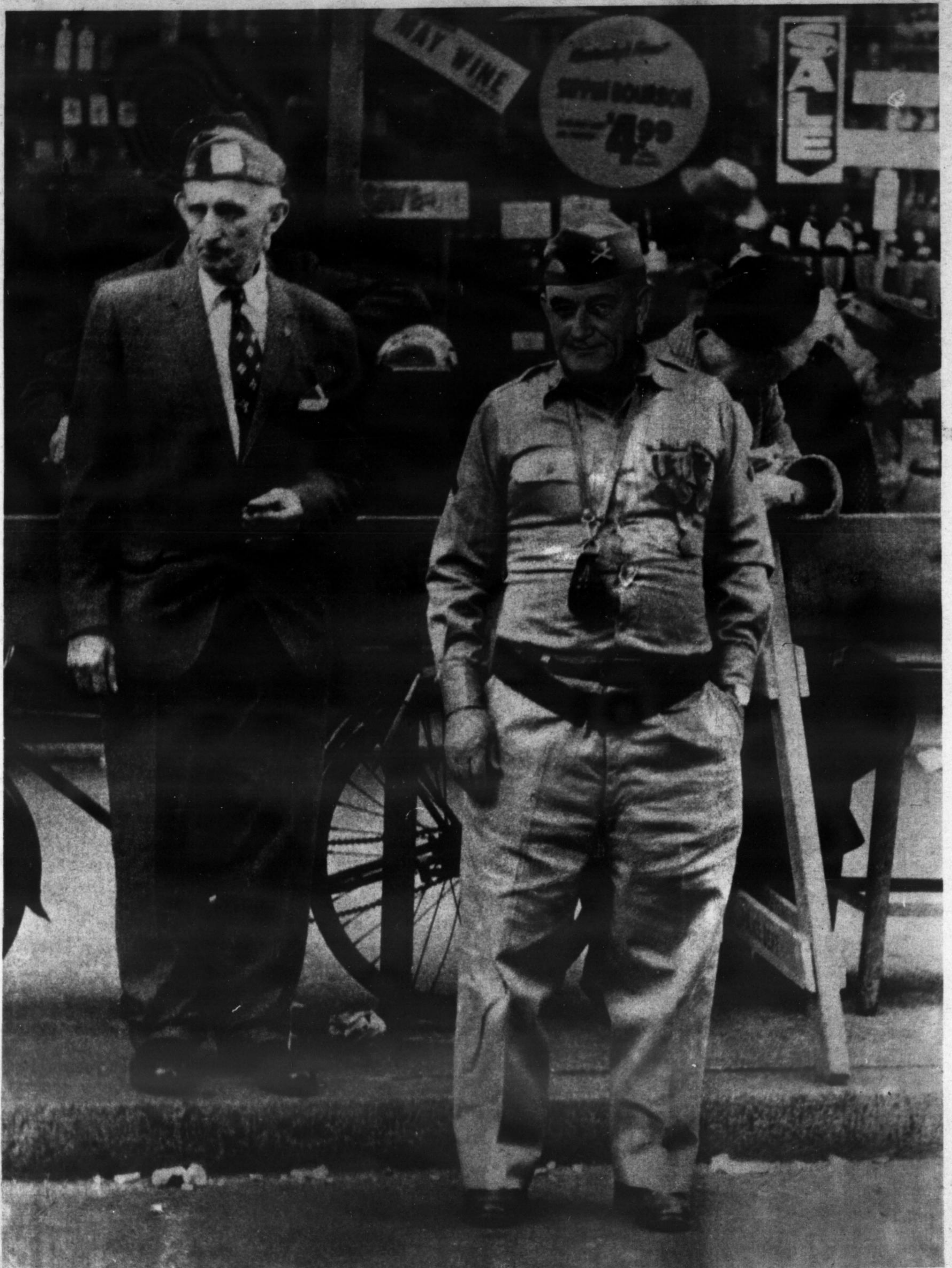
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# An Open Letter To Our Men In Service



**JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION**

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# Closing the Door on the Draft

By David McReynolds

when one of our planes get shot down. You are not the enemy. The "VC" isn't the enemy. Not even old LBJ is really the enemy. It is killing and hurting which is the enemy. Let's put it this way—I hope

which is the enemy. Let's put it this way—I hope every bullet you fire misses. And I hope every mortar shell the VC fires is a dud.

Some of you men in Vietnam say the Vietnamese want us there. Come off it! Do you speak enough Vietnamese to know what the people are really saying? Do you expect them to say they hate you, when you are carrying an automatic rifle? Come off it! I've been in Saigon, and I've seen how every single government building is guarded by barbed wire and sand bags and sentries. That barbed wire is there because you guys aren't popular. You aren't "liberating" Vietnam. YOU ARE OCCUPYING IT. When you "liberate" a village, do the people come out laughing, with flowers? Do the girls run up to kiss you? When was the last time you got laid without paying for it? When was the last time a girl said she liked you without wanting piastres? When did you pay an honest price for your drinks in the bars?

Let me ask you something else. Have you asked how come you got drafted and George Hamilton didn't? Do you wonder why Pat Nugent is safe in the reserves instead of in Vietnam? Is there a Congressman's son (or grandson) or a businessman's son in your platoon? How about your company? How about your whole battalion—can you name one rich man's son or one politician's son who got drafted? If the war is so damned important, why aren't some of the rich kids helping out with the fighting? And dying?

If your officers see this letter, they will tell you it is subversive. What does "subversive" mean? Is Brig. General Robert Hughes subversive? On May 30th, he said: "We are prosecuting an immoral war in support of a government that is a dictatorship... It represents nothing but a ruling clique, and is composed of morally corrupt leaders... This is one hell of a war to be fighting. We must disengage from this tragic war." Or how about General David Shoup, former Marine Corps Commandant? On February 21, he said: "I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own... I don't think the whole of Southeast Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people in this country, is worth the life or limb of a single American." General Shoup holds the Medal of Honor. General Hughes has the Silver Star, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster—and the Purple Heart. What combat medals does Johnson have?

A couple of times, guys have phoned me or written me to say I don't know how cruel the VC can be, that we talk about them like they are all heroes and our men are all some kind of criminals. Let's get the record straight. I don't think the VC are all heroes or saints. I know they slit throats and kill civilians. And I think killing civilians or slitting throats is lousy. But who does the most killing, Them or Us? In ten years, the VC has killed about 10,000 civilians, most of them corrupt local officials. I condemn those killings. In that same period, we have killed more than 500,000 people in Vietnam. Who should I condemn more, the VC or the US Army? Who has killed the most people? The VC go into a

Continued on PAGE 20

Your officers may tell you there were Communists in the big peace demonstrations. That's right. There were. What you didn't hear is that we had more Catholic priests and nuns than Communist leaders.

You want to know what kind of people came out to "support you" at those "patriotic rallies"? Potbellied American Legion drunks. They believed in freedom so much they beat up anyone who disagreed with them. A Negro woman held up a sign, during the May 20th "patriots' demonstration," which said, "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger." A man, in the uniform of the American Legion, punched her in the face, and twenty other men—if you can call them that—joined in beating up that one black woman. The police didn't arrest them. A group of young people who believe in peace, but who wanted to show they support you guys, tried to march in the May 20th parade. They carried American flags. You know what happened to them? I quote from a newspaper report: "Grown men lustily punched and kicked girls no older than their daughters. American flags were ripped from their hands and torn to bits."

Is that the kind of support you want? Women and girls beaten up?

When Johnson came to Los Angeles on June 23rd, there was no one there to support the war except a handful of Democratic politicians and big contributors to the Democratic Party. But more than 10,000 people were there to protest Johnson's war. The police split skulls, hit women and children, and sent people to the hospital because they had dared to march, peacefully, against the war. But on August 6, in that same city, more than 20,000 people turned out for an even larger anti-war protest.

Look, we do not support the war. The people here, most of us, don't like this war. We don't support the President. We think Johnson is a damn liar. BUT WE DO SUPPORT YOU. What kind of support do you want—the support of Nixon and Johnson, or the support we offer? Nixon and Johnson want you to do the fighting and the killing. And the dying. They sure as hell aren't going to do it themselves, but they "support you" doing it. We don't want you to kill anyone or get killed. We want you home alive and in one piece, not in a wooden box. WHICH KIND OF SUPPORT DO YOU WANT?

Think. It's your life. The only one you will ever have.

We aren't against you guys. I read in the papers that some men who were killed in Vietnam have had phone calls to their parents from people here, saying they were glad the son got killed, he deserved it, etc. I can't believe anyone is that sick to call the parents of a man who got killed in Vietnam. I don't know if anyone really made those phone calls, or if that is just a way of turning you guys against us. But our groups didn't make those calls. We aren't happy if one of you gets it. We don't applaud

It is hard to reach you guys. Once you go through the doors of that induction center, it is almost impossible to get to you. Well, you are inside now. Maybe you are at some base in the U.S., getting your basic training. Maybe you are stationed in Germany. Maybe you've gotten your orders for Vietnam. Maybe you are already there.

Wherever you are, I hope this letter reaches you. If you don't agree with this letter, drop me a line, just write to me at the War Resisters' League, 5 Beekman Street, NYC 10038. Tell me where I'm wrong. Unless the government has closed us down, I promise to answer. If you agree with this letter, PASS IT ON. If you are stationed in the States and have a friend in Vietnam, MAIL IT TO HIM. If you aren't in the Army but you have a friend who is, mail this to him.

The "patriots" who are so hot for the war are saying the peace movement is against you guys. That we don't support you. They say we should all be sent to Vietnam, or shot, or at least, we should be ashamed because there you are fighting and we demonstrate against the war. You've heard about flag burning and draft-card burning, and about what a bunch of commies we are. That's a line of crap. Think.

If you burn a draft card, you burn a piece of paper. If you burn a flag, you burn a piece of cloth. But if you drop a napalm bomb, you burn up a human being. Does the card hurt when you burn it? Does the flag hurt when you burn it? BUT THE CHILD HURTS WHEN YOU BURN IT. What is worse, burning a draft card, or burning up a village?

The officers in charge of your "political education" tell you the peace movement is just a handful of people, most of them with long hair. (Jesus had long hair, and George Washington wore a powdered wig.) They will tell you most Americans support the war. Bullshit. On April 15th of this year, more than 300,000 citizens marched, in New York, to protest the war. 80,000 marched in San Francisco to protest it. That is almost half a million Americans. We didn't beat anybody up. We just marched peacefully. Two weeks later, on April 29th, the "patriots" held their demonstration in support of the war. Cardinal Spellman, the John Birch Society and the New York Daily News gave their full support. The organizers said 250,000 "red-blooded American patriots" would show up. Less than 10,000 came. Three weeks later, they tried again. On May 20th, there was a demonstration in New York, "to support our boys." Less than 75,000 showed up. 75,000 people is a lot—but it sure as hell isn't 400,000.



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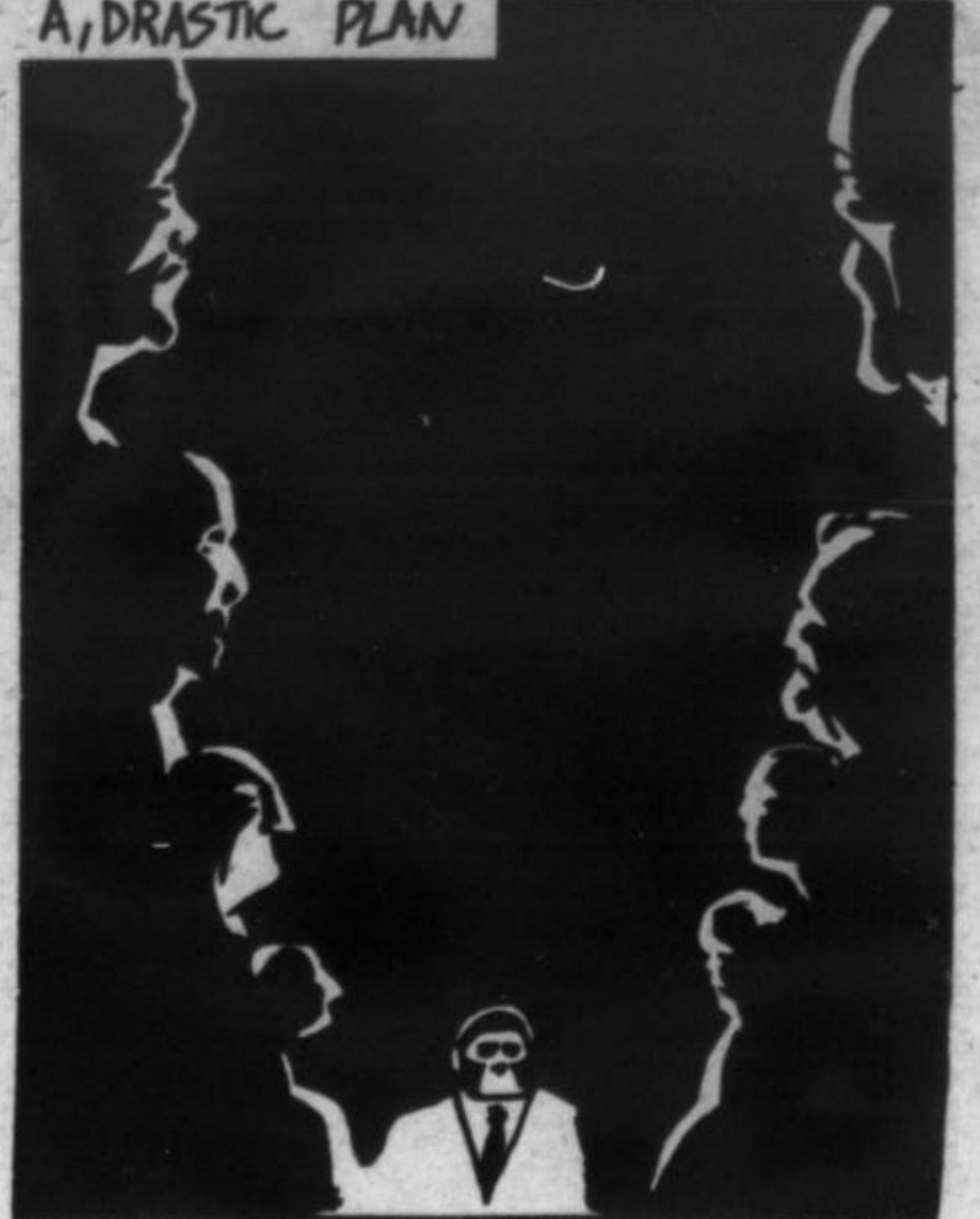
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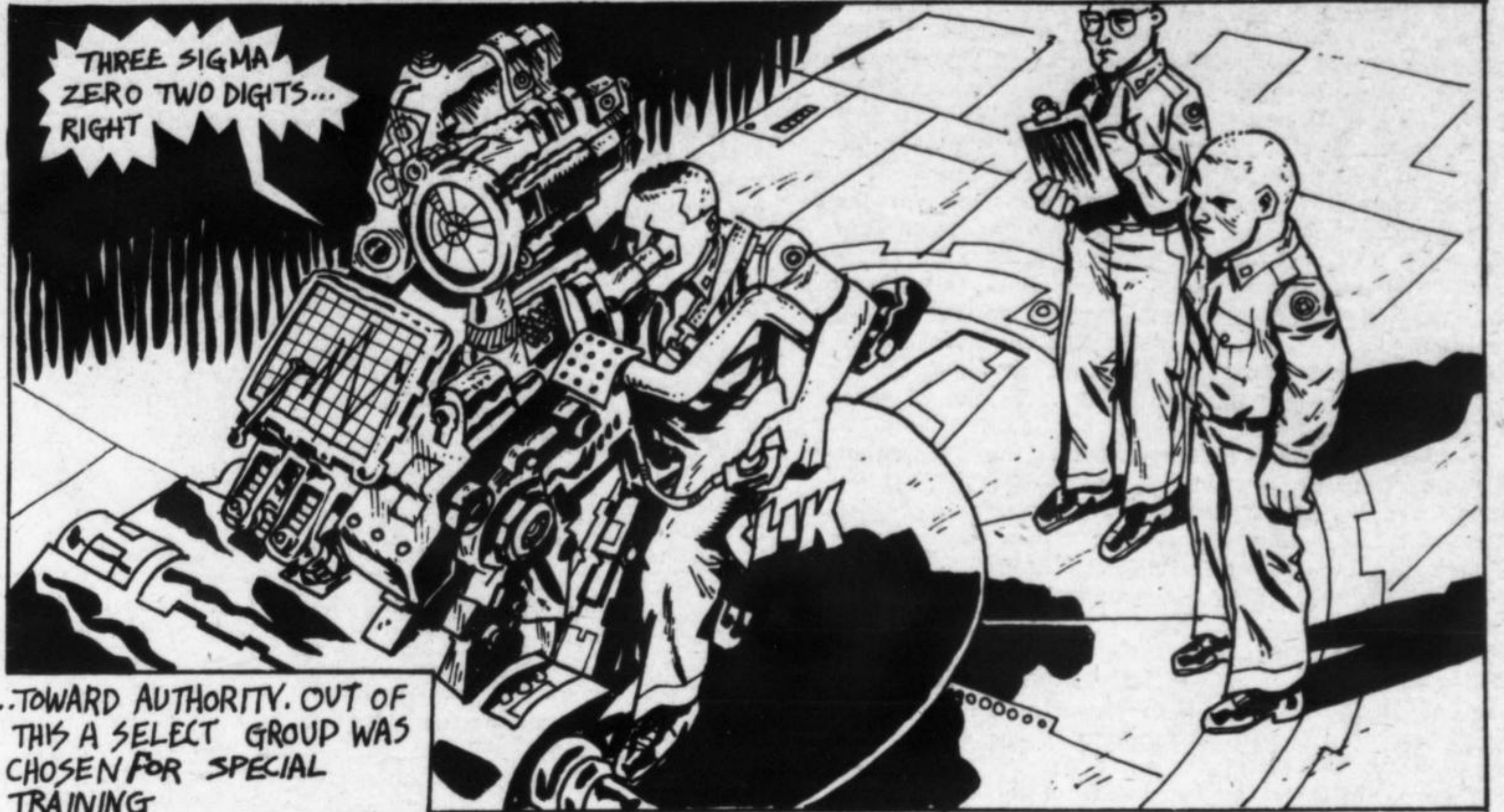
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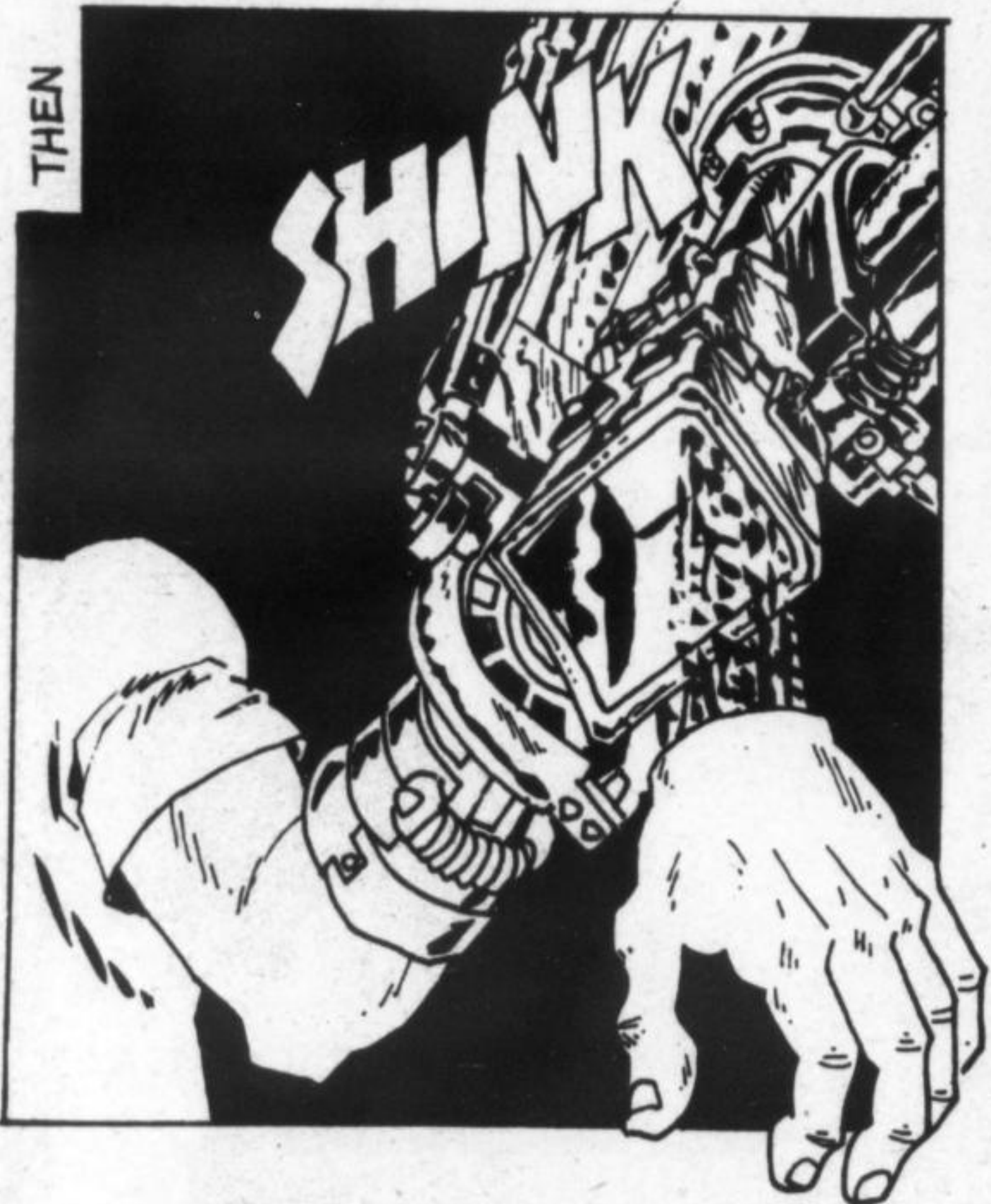
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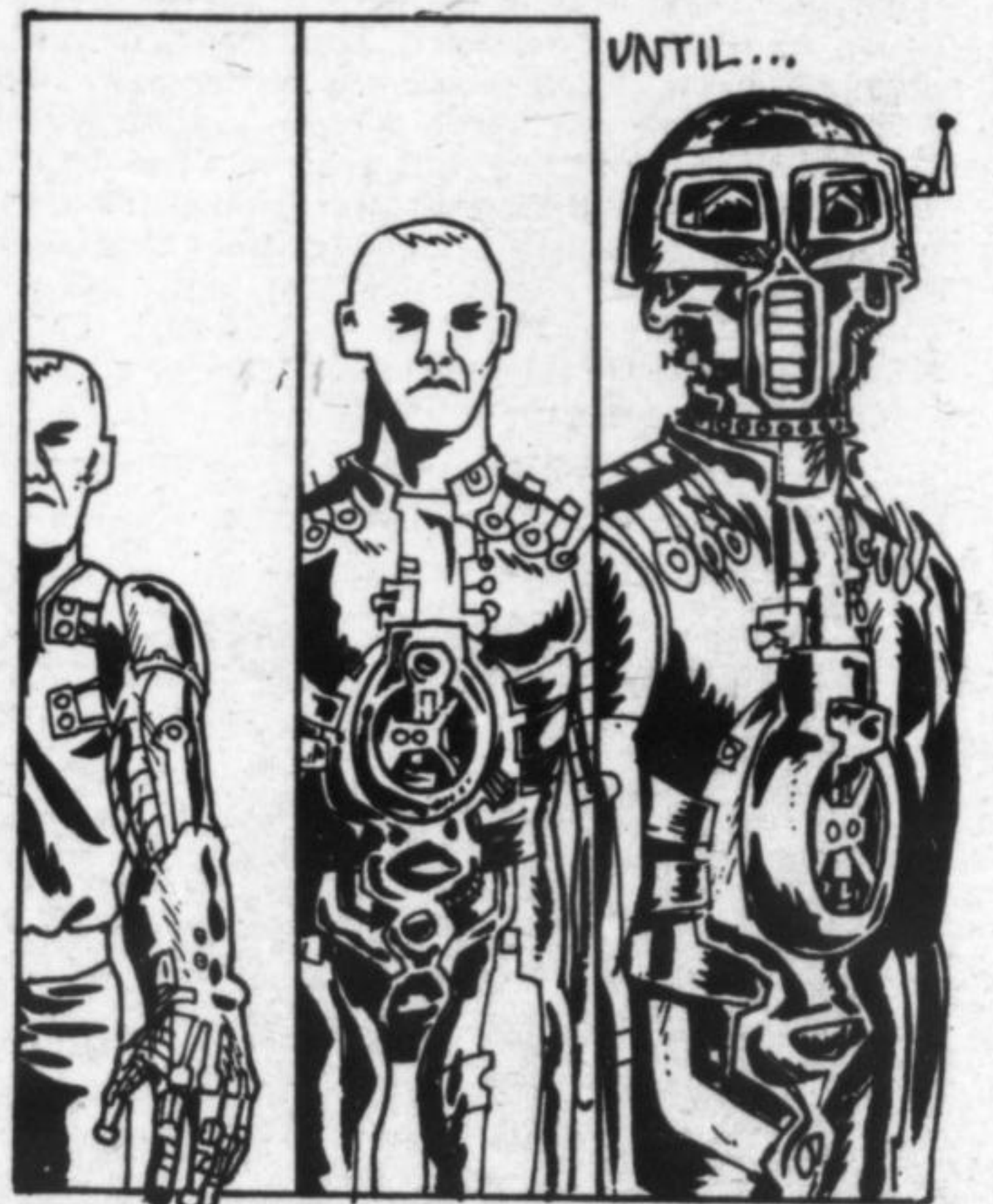
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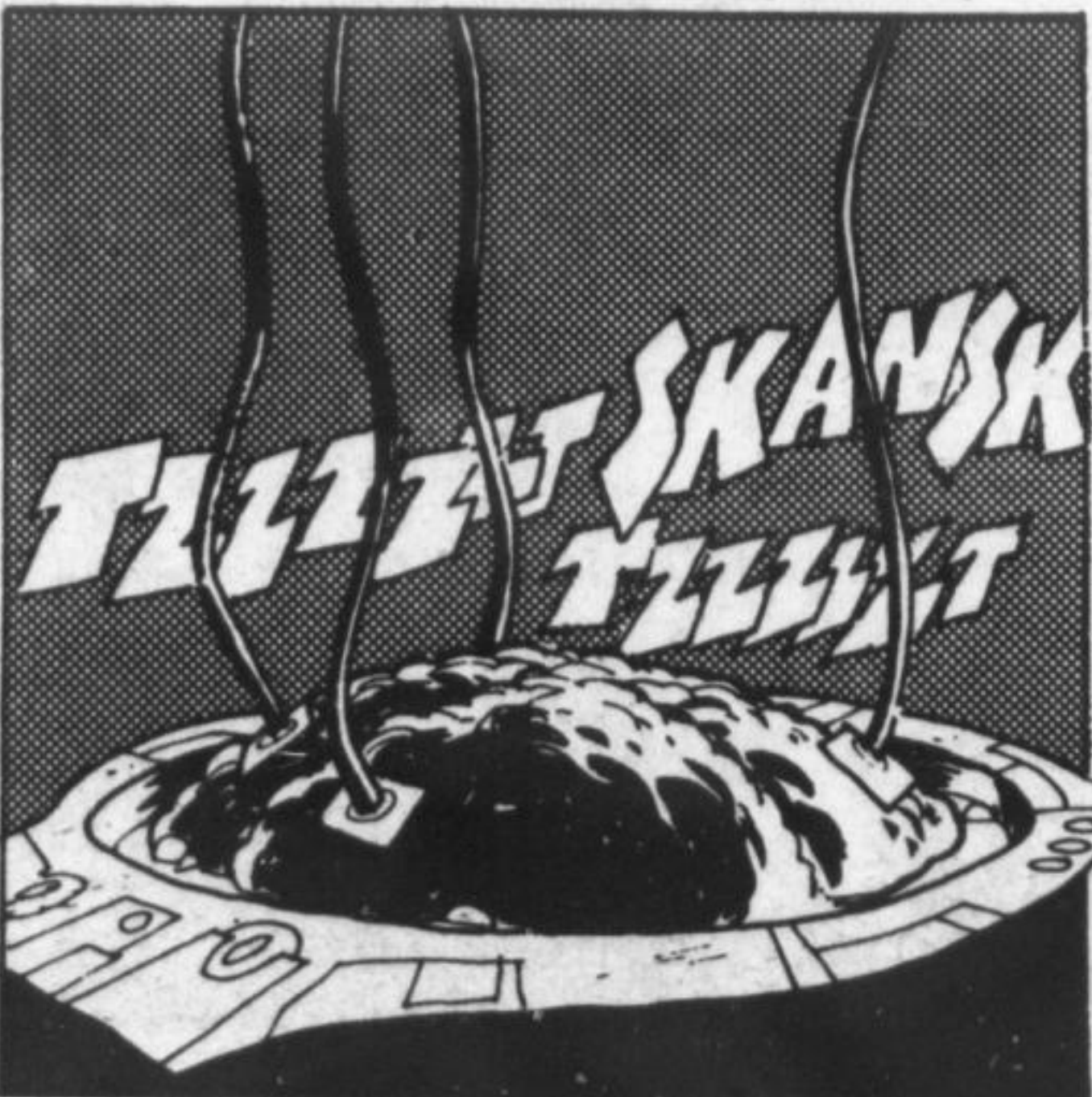
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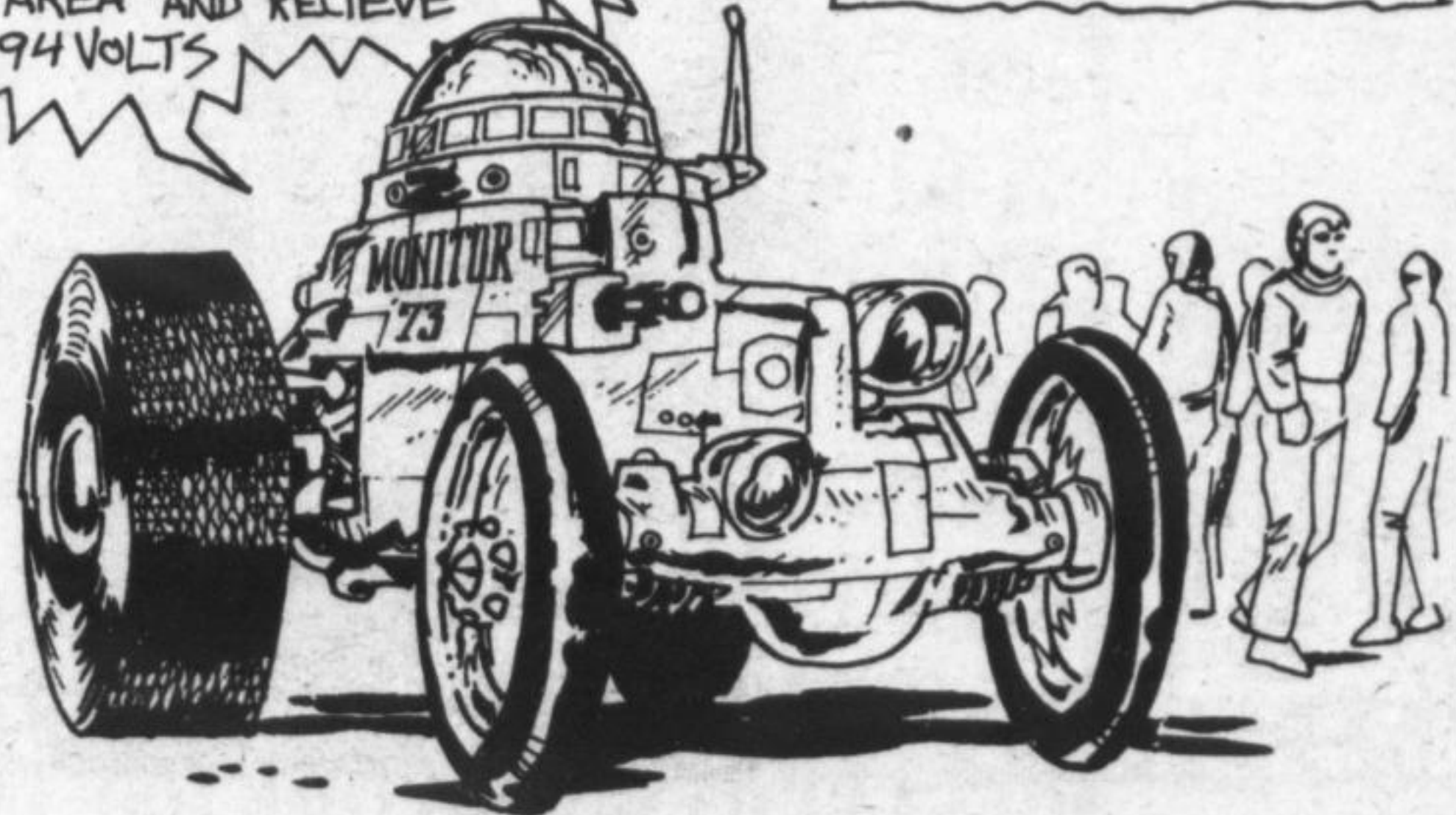


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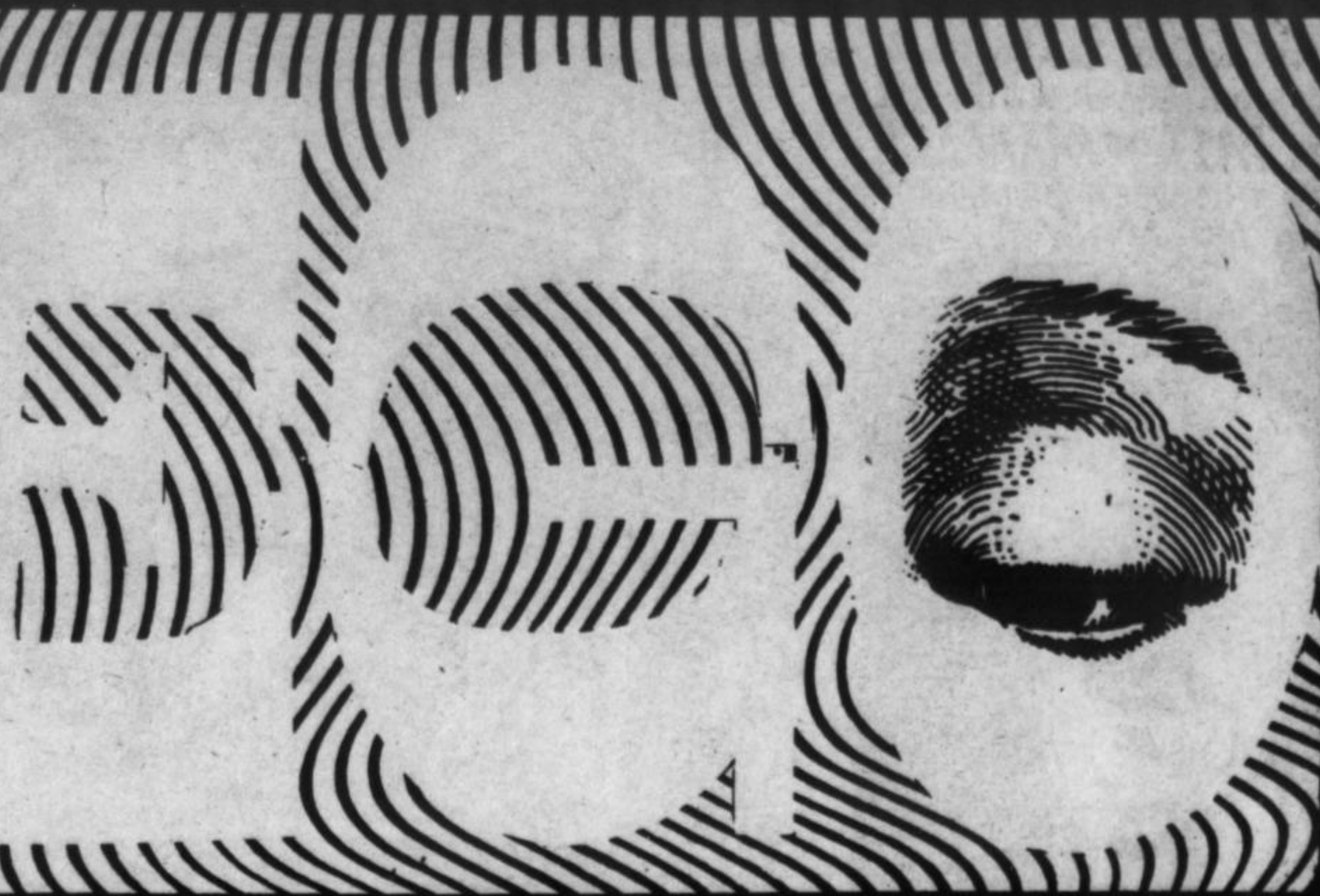
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# Review of the Arts



## Pop, Rock & Jelly

By Emmett Lake

Out in Santa Monica last week, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi rapped for three hours in front of several thousand interested parties who had paid two bucks for the privilege. One buck for students. The Maharishi is an old cat with a beautiful beard and an irrepressible nature. He laughs a lot. Donovan was sitting in the first row, digging him. During a question and answer period, several of the beads, beards, and bells set were asking Maharishi about his attitudes towards LSD. Unnecessary was the reply. Turn on with transcendental meditation. Somebody asked about bhakti-yoga—A.C. Bhaktivedanta's trip. The answer was that it's OK, but a lot more fun after transcendental meditation. More questions about LSD. Maharishi said that anyone who took LSD was (loosely translated) a schmuck. I asked him if the Beatles were schmucks. He said they used to be, but now that they've given up acid for transcendentalism, they're not. The Maharishi (Maha means great, rishi means seer, or speaker of truth) got very excited talking about the Beatles, kept interrupting further questions to elaborate on his relationship with them. Said they were going to build an Academy for him in London, to propagate his teachings. A spokesman clarified the location of the Beatles' study in India—not in Kashmir (cf Time magazine), but on the Ganges. The Academy in Kashmir hasn't been completed yet. Somebody asked what and where does transcendental meditation get you: "Bliss-consciousness." Sometimes referred to in Sanskrit as samadhi: enlightenment. The Maharishi offers a five-year plan. Fifteen minutes in the morning, fifteen in the evening, and five weekends a year spent with a teacher. Some people make it in four, others may take six. Good for businessmen, students, musicians; anybody. You can write Students International Meditation Society, 1015 Gayley Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 10024 for further info. Phone number is 213-473-8491.

New York music scene has been delightful recently. Jimi Hendrix sat in with the John Hammond group a month ago at the Gaslight. Funny to see blonde John coming on like a 50-year-old Delta spade, and black Jimi coming on hip British. The music was great. Incredible, in fact; and Jimi Hendrix can move his snake tongue just as fast as his fingers.

Another sit-in situation designed to blow minds happened at the Cafe AuGoGo a week ago. B.B. King, Eric Clapton, Elvin Bishop. Just happened. When it was over, I didn't think I was going to live to see anything more exciting, but the Canned Heat came on and tore up the stage for forty minutes non-stop. Texture, Texture. So beautiful; people were rocking in their seats. Too bad you can't dance at the GoGo. Al Wilson sings, plays, and harps with phenomenal taste and feeling. Nothing fancy; just all feel.

Cream and Canned Heat and Ritchie Havens sold out the Village Theatre for two shows. Somebody better put out a personality poster of Ginger Baker in action. He looks so beautifully wasted. All the Soul Survivor (Young Rascals) fans from Brooklyn sat through a 15-minute solo entranced, not just because Ginger Baker is from Britain, but because his amplified drums sound like the twentieth century. War and Peace and Rebellion and Resolution in sound and motion. Bruce on harp is too fucking much, never mind bass or vocals. And Eric Clapton is Eric Clapton, nuff said.

When the Doors and Simon & Garfunkel appeared at Forest Hills, the S & G fans couldn't wait for the





# Film

By Dick Preston

Human beings, apparently, find it impossible to be charitable to children 365 days a year and so they set aside one day, call it Christmas, subtitle it a children's festival and then get lushed out of their minds.

Likewise people who profess to love film, even more than they love money, organize things called Film Festivals. This gives the public a condensed soup which has a cultural aroma and at the same time gives the Producers and Film Vendors Union an opportunity to try out their risky and/or controversial products on the reviewers. The vendors are wily cats. They know that the public is a gullible plastic nonentity which only puts its money on certainties that have received the reviewers' stamp of approval. I can see them now, rubbing their hands...the holy season has come round again. Money, money, money...that's the secret ingredient in film.

And so, it seems to me, each year the films get worse and the number of worthwhile entries gets fewer and fewer. The Avant Garde, this year, was conspicuous by its almost total absence.

Where is film going? The Committee doesn't apparently know that in film, as in almost everything else that is happening today, the action is at the bottom of the ladder and not at the money drenched top.

At film festivals we want our minds to be blown... we want the best that's available, not a showcase of what the major distributors would like us to see in the forthcoming year. The lament from the Committee generally runs as follows... "we showed the best of what we saw"...but what did they see? "there aren't enough products in the avant garde"...true...but....

Hey, you, Mr. 20th Century Fox...Mr. MGM...Mr. Columbia...Mr. Big Man Producer...why don't you give the avant garde 1% of last year's annual profit? Mr. Lincoln Centre...why don't you commission 20 new films now so that they can be shown at next year's Festival and make it a FESTIVAL not a farce.

O.K. Let's accept the selections. What went on? What happened? EVO Stars of Merit go to Jean-Luc Goddard, Peter Whitehead, John Korty and Shirley Clarke. Without them there would have been no festival.

Goddard and Whitehead know where it's at...know that time is running out for the master races of the world. And they tell you in their different ways.

Goddard's movies - LES CARABINIERS and MADE IN U.S.A. are expressions of the clearest voices of European anarchism. He knows the idiocy of war...knows the necrophiliac games that the politicians play as well as Burroughs knows drugs...he not only knows, he feels. He is the most experimental of the European filmmakers, the least arty and has without a doubt the freest mind. He is a master that everyone interested in film-making should see, and study.

Like Goddard, Peter Whitehead also uses the film medium as a soldier uses a gun. In his hands the verite techniques that have become bogged down in the mediocre swamp of television, blaze, explode and illuminate the Anglo-Saxon conscience. His two films which comprise THE LONDON SCENE is a tour de force of intelligent protest and enquiry. Whitehead is also an experimentalist who is able to turn a news reel into a trip and give a stage play cinematic dimensions.

John Korty is a much more gentle person. His FUNNYMAN, for all its faults, left me with the feeling that I had had a very pure experience. His message that everyone should be themselves is one that is much needed in our society.

It would seem that whether it has Preston's seal of approval or not Warholism is here to stay. The long take is our mid 20th century equivalent of the confessional. It may not reveal everything, but it does a better job than t.v. ever did, and it does something to make true the hypocritical Hollywood dream of the "human story." Yes, Hollywood started it and now it's coming home to roost in Shirley Clarke's queenly subject, JASON. To me, the most interesting aspect of Jason is the battle of wits that develops between the actor, Jason, and the director, Shirley Clarke. She would have Jason "tell all," and to this end she cajoles, pushes, needles. At one point Jason weeps and a large tear runs down his cheek, but.... In the end one is never sure as to whether she succeeded or whether Jason took her for a ride.

SHORT FILMS. The 27 short films in the Festival may have been representative of short film-making in

# Art

By Lil Picard

Chamber Music/ Happenings/ Events/ Environments/ Poetry/ Kinetic Light ART/ Computer Music/ Films/ Lighting Design/ Jazz/ Sculpture/ Video Tape Art/ Dance/ Electronic Music/ content of the 5th Annual Avant Garde Festival on board the Staten Island Ferry Boat JF Kennedy lasting 24 hours, from Sept. 29th 11:30 pm to Sept. 30th. (Friday to Saturday). About 150 artists, from U.S.A. and Europe, present newest invention, ideas. Charlotte Moorman (cellist) is the vital force to get this Environmental Happening going; she is a great fighter against all odds of restrictions, reactionary forces, difficulties of the silliest kind; but she somehow mostly succeeds, with her creative spirit, to let the "way out people" have their say.

Allan Kaprow will do "Noise for Ferry Boat." Robert Filliou's piece measures in cigarette length- measurement- scale people, objects etc.. He is the poet of "Ample Food for Stupid Thought," but his wit is less stupid than anybody's; he is the absurd wizard of time- thought- space.

Contemporary Jazz will be heard: Cecil Taylor Unit, Sun Ra, Jimmy Giuffre, Don Heckman, Ed Summerlin Jazz Workshop, Bill Dixon, Judith Dunn, Perry Robinson, Robin Kenyatta Quintet, Singer Sheilah Jordan.

Nam June Paik and Charlotte Moorman play, act, do "Amelia Earhart in Memoriam." Takehisa Logusa performs "Catch Wave" for the entire 24 hours. Belgian artist Jean Toche presents an "impossible Telephon" with 150-watt flood lights and piercing bells. Bobb Watts tattoos; Frank Lincoln Vyrer displays Vinyl- fashion, extensible multiple way out way.. Ray Johnson is burying objects in the sea, Ay-O will fly a 300-foot flag in rainbow colors. Geoffrey Hendricks and Bici make a Matrix environment from red taffeta and also stamp poetry. John Van Saun greets the passengers with a Bubble Machine. Ken Dewey and Terry Riley act in Action Theater with environmental creations. Ralph Ortiz does a projection, "Melting Pot" - Piece for Peace. Carol Schneeman lets people walk through plastic foam. Ely Raman creates a contact paper environment of 1396 Diamonds. At dawn, James Hardy, a TV personage, performs with a Light Graph process, Dick Hogle floats white smoke. Lil Picard does her piece, "Sweet Peace (Peas) and Lollypop," with a young group of musicians: "Magic Theater." Words and Direction: Lil Picard; Music and musical Performance: Phil Sachs, bass guitar; Dan Taylor, drums; Steve Anderson, Rhythm; Simeon Coxe, lead singer and Oscillators. Lollypops are painted on canvas, and Sweet Peace Lollypops are given away to the passengers. Up Up Up Up Up Up goes Sweet Peace and Lollypop...

Gary Harris blinks neon lights in "Electricism #5.", illuminating the JF Kennedy's second deck. Jim McWilliams will do "Slow Dance on the Ferry," for four people, for 20 hours; the dance imitates the slow motions of a snake. Also, "American Cannibalism" and "TV Kiss," for Nam June Paik, are performed with lights, film and motion.

On the program are the famous Happening personalities and Film- people, like Al Hansen, Bruce Baille, Scott Bartlett, Stan Brakhage, Robert Breer, David Brooks, Bruce Conner, Bob Cowan, Ed Emschwiller, Victor Grauer, Dick Higgins, Matt Hoffman, Takahiko Iimural, Ken Jacobs, Larry Jordan, Jud Yalcut, Stan Vanderbeek, Usco and many others. Poetry will be read by Jackson Mac Low, Robert Filliou, Allen Ginsberg, Emmet Williams and others, and there will be a concert of the Avantgarde Music by composers from Earl Brown to Karl Heinz Stockhausen, including James Tenney, Max Neuhaus, Phillip

Corner, just to mention a few.

This festival is conducted in addition to the regular operation of the Ferry boat JF Kennedy, which will transport passengers, during the performances, every hour on the half-hour, from Manhattan's Whitehall Terminal.

It is the Floating Art of a new Season, opening up a new wave of Multi- Media alive Things to do, perform, act, sing, paint, sculpt, dance, talk, project film, whisper, shout... live, live, live.



## Film

Continued from PAGE 14

the world at large, but they were certainly not representative of the best work that is being done. Only Stan Vanderbeek's SEE SAW SEEMS and Bernie Stone's 12-12-42 showed the imaginative competence that one expects to see at a Festival. It isn't as if there isn't any product here because I damn well know there is... where were the films of Robert Nelson, Andy Meyer, Ben Hayeem, Stan Brakhage to name only a few of the dozens of available film-makers.

The remaining films in the Festival ranged from mediocre to outright tedious...no point in giving any names...suffice it to say that technical competence isn't enough. If we start right now putting money into the talent at the bottom we might look forward to a better Festival next year.

## Pop, Rock &amp; Jelly

Continued from PAGE 13

Doors to split. They screamed their applause after light my fire, but they screamed yeah when Morrison started "this is the end"...Someone yelled, "To hell with Dylan" during one of Paul Simon's solos. It seemed to be a common sentiment. Mystery engendered by fear and uptightness, replaced by straight-shooting. S & G were great. The handling of comments from the crowd was equally as entertaining as the vocal performances.

Sometimes you can tell a record by its cover. Vanilla Fudge album is 19 with a bullet, mainly because of the piece of ass on the cover, but the stuff inside is valuable for revealing the "classical" (for want of a better word) structure of recent spade productions. You Keep Me Hangin' On got some airplay on WOR, and here and there on the coast, but not enough to account for the sales of the album. It's got to be the piece of ass on the cover. Photographed obscurely in the vast unknown Middle West. Selected by Shadow Morton, producer and "discoverer" of the Fudge.

Village Theatre is going to start a regular Wednesday affair to facilitate interrelation mongst today's top rock virtuosos. A Rock Jam, or some such thing, will occur from 3 PM to midnight on October 11th, the nite before Columbus Day, admission one buck. Proceeds, after expenses, to facilitate the betterment of socio-musico things in the city. Not to mention feeding starving musicians. Members of known groups bring your axe. Unknowns wishing to participate, call 228-8640 and ask about RockJam. Or jelly, who cares?

Candymen at the Scene can play Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band stuff live better than the Beatles, I'd wager. Wow. They have a nice tune in Georgia Pines, tho.

Tim Buckley at the AuGoGo with Uncle Lee, as usual, but no bass or traps; conga drums instead. Allows for much more energy and an unusual and sometimes fascinating combination of sounds and rhythms. La La La.

Traffic and Small Faces should break into the charts soon. The sound is there. No promotion, I guess.

Dino Valente, the story goes, was approached by Capitol many years ago, and the businessmen put 10,000 or so on the table and said sign here. Valente

said fuck you guys and went his way, which way included, so the story goes, jail, and Sausalito. Valente has done what he wanted when he pleased, and now it's pleasing for him to record out in L.A. with several members of Quicksilver Messenger Service backing him up. The man responsible for getting him to sign on the line is Dave Kapralik, of the Columbia-Epic combine, a renegade who has been once (or more) fired and is now back as a V.P. All Kapralik had to do was to give Valente complete control over the aesthetics of the product. Valente's twelve-string backup is a complete orchestra on the dubs I've heard. I hope the bigger sound is handled with care. Everybody Get Together Gonna Love One Another Right Now is Dino's thing. Chet Powers is his legal name, or something. A very successful, but herein nameless manager of top talent, says, if you want to make a totem pole out of folk-oriented writer-performers, Dylan is there, Janis is above him, and Dino Valente is on top. The album is scheduled for release come January.

Procol Harum's first album is shrewdly designed to perpetuate the Whiter Shade of Pale mystique, but the music seems to be sort of dull after a while. None of the album cuts approaches Pale in intensity. Many sort of interesting things said and sung, but you keep thinking about the group breaking up when the first release went big. All the jealousy and who's going to get what piece of which action scene.

Bee Gees have a stronger thing, I think. You're a holiday is big on the West Coast. The album cover is unimaginative, but the sounds are gentle and seem to have some staying power.

Country Joe and the Fish album is phenomenal.

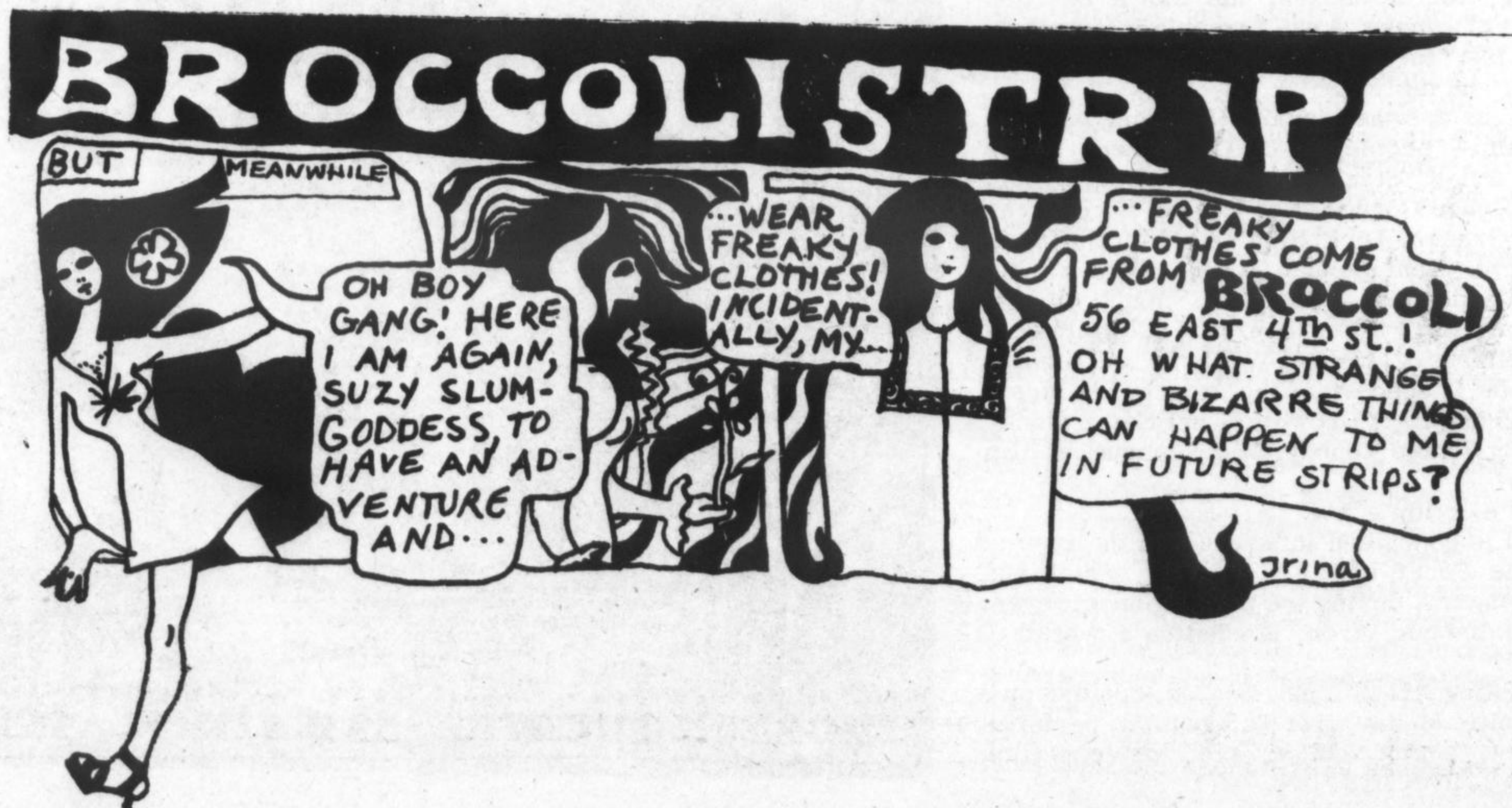
Rumors that the Avalon and Fillmore in San Francisco are going down the tubes is false, at least from the standpoint of the box office. Fillmore was filled for the Cream, packed for the Byrds (who, incidentally, suck, with few redeeming qualities). Bruce Conner, running the light show at the Avalon along with Ben Van Meter, doesn't like to go down on the dance floor anymore because of the tourists and pseudohippies, but everybody is looking for the situation to better itself, spirit-wise, when all the summer drop-in-outs have to go back to school.

An interesting film for light and music is Hell's Angels on Wheels, another 42nd Street exploitation jobbie, but with some very hip acting, dialogue, and some beautiful montages of cycles playing on the grass on a warm spring morning. Compare with Fonda and Sinatra thing. Never mind the last scene. One of those things which is just too funny and wasn't meant to be. Or maybe it was, who knows?

Ray Manzarek of the Doors, normally sub-zero cool, hotted up hearing the Heat at the AuGoGo, ran backstage to tell them they were the greatest thing he had heard since.

Four Tops survey the fey scene, do a nothing rendition of Walk Away Renee on Four Tops reach out (for the white teenybop market).

Left Banke's newest \$7000 single, Desiree, beat out a Phil Ochs entry in a WOR listener poll by 800 votes. Superwow. If it goes over, I'll be the Peter Best of the pop-slave set.





## Stop in the Name of Love

Dear EVO —

Please print this for everyone to read. The raping of the 15-year-old girl and the stomping of The Poet are bad, very bad vibrations. No matter how beautiful the Park is, don't play the unsuspecting victim part. If you're going to sleep there, do it with a crowd, don't take your life and give it to someone to destroy. Some people are so society-warped that words of love can only confuse them and anger them, so please, for your sake and mine, don't trust to gentleness to soothe them; it won't. Nobody should have to pay the price that those children did for being innocent and trusting. Evil CAN dwell in beauty, don't be lulled. Save yourself for the worlds of love!!

Love,  
T.



**No Shit**

Sept. 20, '67

Dear EVO,

In the Sept. 15 issue, in Poor Paranoid's, there was an article on a legal psychedelic. This high isn't like the BANANA BULLSHIT. It really sent us off, in just a few pokes we were flying.

We gave it to a few straights; they didn't know what hit them. After they came down, they said it was really out of sight.

There's only one hang-up: the cops get bugs up their ass when they see us with it, because it looks too much like a joint.

PEACE, LOVE  
Gary Bednarsh  
Scott Kahme  
Steven Birken



## Drugging the Public

Dear EVO:

Do you remember a news story a little over a year ago about a 5 year old girl who downed some acid by mistake? At the time it made all the media for one day with stories about TOT GOES BANANAS or something like that. But I don't remember reading any follow up about the child.

Well, the September issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association (Sept. 11th issue) has a follow up written by a Dr. Doris H. Milman MD who works for New York State Medical Center in Brooklyn.

Here's direct quotes from a news release put out by the AMA to get some attention from the press. "A report in the current (Sept. 11) Journal of the American Medical Association outlines the child's slow, nine-month recovery from LSD's lingering effects. It tells of the detailed testing which showed the gradual rise of the girl's IQ after being sharply depressed by the drug."

That depressed IQ thing stopped me. Checking out the article it was found that the child's IQ hadn't been recorded before the LSD disaster, that the child's IQ was 108 the day after she took her trip, 94 four days later, 102 two months later, 121 at 5 months after and then it leveled off. From this set of numbers and nothing else, it was concluded by Dr. Milman that the child's IQ was originally 121. I decided to arbitrarily conclude that acid made the kid's IQ go from 94 to 121. Thing is, of course, neither one of us can prove anything.

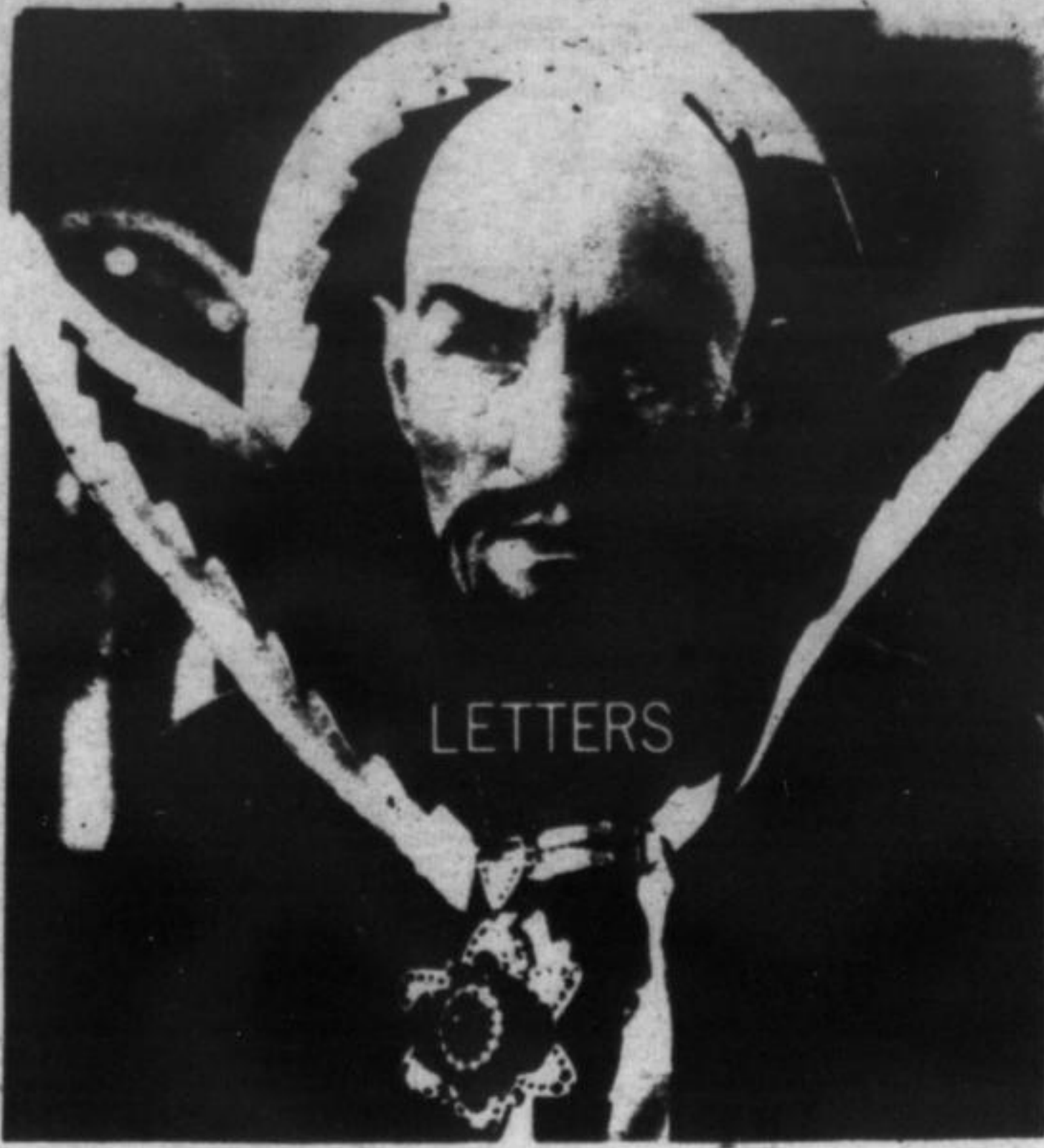
Back in the newsrelease, "The incident offers several conclusions...First, it shows that LSD can have an untoward effect, even in a single dose and even upon a previously normal person." It continues, "The case also shows, (1) organic brain dysfunction caused by LSD endures long after the drug's psychological effects wear off, (2) a child's immature brain may be more susceptible than an adult's to LSD's toxic effects, and (3) the psychological effects noted in adults can be reproduced in children, and are not simply the result of suggestion or expectation."

Untoward is a word used by people in and around medicine to roughly denote yeatch. It is obviously subjective, but it's trying to sound scientific, which is supposed to mean objective, which means it's hypocritical subjective. In most medical or scientific reports on the actions of acid or pot the untoward effects noted in victims sound like a physical description of what some things look like from the outside. For instance, lying back on a rug and grooving the colors on the ceiling gets the following description, "Victim showed signs of spatial disorientation, lethargy and withdrawal." Sometimes the fear-written words sound absolutely delicious.

The above organic brain dysfunction which endures was a statement based on the IQ tests and measurements by an electroencephalograph which show that something in the girl's head was making electricity at a slightly different level than it did nine months after acid.

An electroencephalograph is useful in detecting a focal spot in the brain which is causing epileptic fits. It is also used to strap on people's heads when they're asleep to tell if they're dreaming. What it told Dr. Milman about anything which has to do with the little girl's health or happiness was not explained to anyone's satisfaction. The "research article" just showed reproductions of wavy lines from the head machine that waved all sorts of different ways and then stopped.

The "toxic" effects thing is the work of some charged up editor who warmed into the spirit of the



witch hunt, or perhaps the work of Dr. Milman herself. At any rate nothing got Toxed. What they mean to say is the kid is 5 and 100mcg affected her more than me who is 28 and about 8 times heavier.

The last thing, (point 3 above) is perhaps the only objective observation in the whole report. It proves once and all that you don't make up what you see, and feel, and hear, and all that you do on your thing, when you're on acid. I'm sure that all the trippers pick up on that about the same way all the swimmers would react if you announced water is wet.

A five year old girl took some acid by accident and she was frightened. Nine months later, the good doctor described the girl as "warm and affectionate and her mood was cheerful. She was somewhat restless, but she concentrated well, and had a good attention span."

We've been seeing stuff like this for over a year now. A lot of it comes from the medical profession. Does anyone understand what is motivating the good doctors?



Dear EVO:

This letter is to inform our brothers of a safe, new, legal, and groovy high. The procedure follows:

- Purchase, in your local department store, a can of "Instant Icer," "Frost-a-Glass," or a similar glass chiller. Cost is about two dollars.
- SIT DOWN on your nearest friendly neighborhood curb, park bench, chair, bed, etc.
- Spray a medium-sized amount into a leakproof plastic bag. Allow the contents to warm up to room temp.
- Inhale as much as possible and hold breath.
- Wait approximately fifteen seconds.
- \*ZONK\* (Lasts about 60 sec.)
- Turn on your friends, neighbors, pets, boss, probation officer, etc.

According to one executive at "Frost-a-Glass Inc." the product has been thoroughly tested, and is completely harmless.

Peace, Love, Sex, Etc.  
HIGHLAND Park, N.J.



## Joe Pyne Sucks

Dear EVO:

Well, it's me, Brother Don again, and just as pissed as ever. Last night I sat down, expecting to watch a good show on the tube, and during a commercial note, I switched the dial to the Joe Pyne show. (I know his name should be in capital letters as far as the grammatical laws go, but as far as I go, the shit-head does not rate them.) At any rate, not only was he his obnoxious self, but this time he went too goddamn far. He had a young lady on his show, who, no doubt, was mentally ill. Well, the son-of-a-bitch kept putting her down like crazy. All I have got to say is that this one-legged bastard should be taken off the air. I think anyone who sees anything comical about a person who is below normal standards, and makes a mockery out of them to boot, ought to have the boot shoved up their damn ass. On his show last night, he stated that his show, and shows like his, were on the air to help the public get at the truth — Where in God's name can you arrive at the truth through methods such as his? By the way, you will be interested to know that your paper has created quite a stir in the world, I can only say that I think it about time the world was stirred into understanding itself —

Peace  
Brother Don

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## GAHR THY ROOH GRAHEER

GROOOOR

# GRAHHR

Whah Gahr Donn Droom Kuz Hroth Hroth.

-OH-

OOOOOH!

# GRAYOHH

Loong Thook Frooth Ahm Droom Hizz.



William H. Boney



Joan Harlow

**GRAH!**

GRAHHR. FLECK BOOT MERCURY VAPOR. GRACHHR!  
GRAHHR. GARR. GARRAHR! GRAHCARR! GARR!  
GARR-GHRAHR. GRAHHR! GRAHCARR! GRAH! GREE-THEESE!  
TOE EYES NOSE EEM-BLISH. GARR! GARR! GARR! GARAH!  
SWEET DUST  
OF GUN AND WHITE NECK

**GRAH!**

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LOOK, I'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS EASY FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND

WHERE EXISTENCE IS OFTEN BOTH MEANINGLESS AND UNCERTAIN

BUT IN REALITY, IT'S A PRETTY GRIM PLACE,

TO BE SURE, THE PLANET DOES CONTAIN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF NOVELTY, . . .

I'M FULLY AWARE OF YOUR HANG UP WITH EARTH, AND HERE'S THE WAY IT DOPES OUT

**KAT KEMICS by Kim**

WAP

HA HA

IN SHORT MY FAT FRIEND, YOU HAVE BEEN KICKED UPSTAIRS THE OLD MAN THINKS YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FIELD WORK AND HE'S GONNA GIVE YOU A CLEAN START ON A BRAND NEW PLANET

THE FACT IS KIDDO, YOU COULD DO ALOT BETTER

HERE'S A SCALE MODEL, AINT SHE A BEAUT?

SHOULD SUNSHINE LISTEN TO THE WINGED STRANGER? OR COULD THERE BE SOMETHING SINISTER AFOOT? HOW ABOUT IT GANG? WRITE IN AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK

JUST THINK, YOU COULD CREATE A MIGHTY RACE OF PERFECT BEINGS . . .

OR MIGHTY CIVILIZATIONS MIGHT BE YOUR CUP OF TEA . . .

THEN AGAIN, YOU COULD ALWAYS TAKE UP SOMETHING NICE AND SOOTHING LIKE GARDENING

Kim Dutch 1/21/67

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 PROFITS TO WORTHWHILE CAUSES

YOU WON'T BELIEVE

## DRAFTY DOOR

Continued from PAGE 11

village and cut the throat of one corrupt official. That is bad, because even a bastard is still a human being, and human beings should not be killed. But we fly over a village and drop bombs on EVERYONE. That is worse. Right?

Another thing, which is sort of touchy, but you ought to think about it. They say the Army makes a man out of you. By now, you know better. The Army just tries to make a robot out of you. A killing machine. What is a man? Is there something "manly" about the drunken American Legion guy who slugged the Negro woman because she was carrying a sign he didn't like? Is there something "manly" about being able to stick a bayonet into a man's belly? There isn't a damn thing about killing that is "manly." A man's job is to make babies, not to kill them. If you are really "manly," you don't have to hit women who march on peace demonstrations—you can be gentle. If you are afraid of being gentle, then you aren't ready yet to be a man. Your cock makes you a man, not your gun. And, friend, if you confuse your cock with your gun, you are really in trouble. Shooting off a gun kills people. Shooting off your cock brings children into this world. The guys who can't make love are the ones who want you to make war. Making love, making babies, and taking care of your girl—that is a man's job. Killing people is for the guys who are running away from their real job.

Let me be practical. Your officers may tell you the peace movement is against you. It is not. We are for you and AGAINST THE WAR. We are supporting you by trying to get you the hell out of Vietnam and out of the Army, and back to your job or school or pool hall or girl friend. WE ARE NOT AGAINST YOU. Right now, you are in the Army. What can you do?

Get the facts. Killing anyone is pretty serious. Getting killed is just as serious. Before you shoot your gun, you ought to have some facts about the war. You have a right to get pamphlets in the mail. Write us for a list of pamphlets with facts on the war. And don't just read our side—write the State Department (just address your letter to: State Department, Washington, D.C.) and ask for their pamphlets. Look over both sides, and decide for yourself who is telling the truth. If you think the State Department and Johnson are telling the truth, then fight.

If you think the State Department and Johnson are lying about the war and we are telling the truth, then don't fight. Part of being a man is doing what you think is right, and not just doing what the captain tells you to do. The real patriot is not the man who does what he is told his country thinks is best, but the man who does what he thinks is best for his country. If you think the war is wrong, don't support it. Get out of the Army, if you can. There are three ways of getting out.

You can desert. If you desert in the U.S., you can be picked up at any time—as long as you live—and sent to prison. If you desert in Sweden or France, you won't go to jail, but you have to stay there. You can never come back here without being arrested. If you have a girl in Germany or France or England

or Sweden, and if you want to spend your whole life in Europe, then deserting is one way out. The New York Times says about sixty guys every month desert in Europe alone.

You can ask to be released from the Army as a conscientious objector. Write us (War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., NYC 10038) to see if you qualify under the law. But don't expect much. Hundreds of guys have applied for release as C.O.'s, and they aren't getting discharged. The Army is saying no to almost everyone who applies. Still, you have the right to ask for release. All they can do is say no.

Third, you can refuse to obey any further orders, accept a courts martial, serve a prison term, and be dishonorably discharged. That sounds rough—and it is. But every man who is "dishonorably discharged" for refusing to fight in this war will be an American hero when the history is written. The men who refused to serve in Hitler's army are heroes today, and so will be the men who refuse service in the Vietnam war. We honor the Communist troops who refused to kill Hungarians in 1956, and eventually, we will honor you as well.

But that won't make it easier for you now. You would still have to serve six months to five years in military prison. And that is rough. But if you are man enough to face combat, are you not also man enough to face prison? For those of you overseas, who would like to sit down and talk over the whole problem—the war, what you are doing in the Army, etc.—write to: War Resisters International, 88 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex, England. They will give you the address of the peace organization nearest to your base.

I think you should know that many of those in the peace movement are taking the same kind of risks you would take if you refused to obey orders. I am thinking of the young men who, on October 16th, will turn in their draft cards. These guys have student deferments, or could easily skip to Canada. They are not running to Canada, and they are not hiding behind their deferments—they are going to turn in their draft cards and risk almost certain arrest. Hundreds of them. They are going to RESIST OPENLY. That takes a lot of guts. On October 16th, those boys will become men. They will take that risk partly to save the peasants in Vietnam, and partly to save you men from killing and being killed. They are taking a risk they don't have to take—because they have the courage, as men, to say No to Johnson.

The men on our side are risking prison. They aren't asking you to fight any battles for them. The men on our side of the war are risking nothing—they are too old to fight—but they are willing TO RISK YOU. Those of us in the peace movement aren't on the side of the VC. We are on the side of the people. The side of life—including your life. Walk across the line and stand with us, on the side of life. You may go to prison, but you won't be alone.

Finally, whatever you decide to do, let me be sentimental—go ahead and laugh if you want—and say we pray for you. We pray you hurt no one and are not hurt. We pray you kill no one and are not killed. If you go into battle, shoot high so you won't hit anyone, not even your officers. And always remember that, even to the very end, we are supporting you, we are trying to get you out of the Army and away from the crime of this war. If you want to be counted a man, you can help out by fucking things up gently. Talk about the war in your barracks. Hand out literature. Don't take the officers too seriously. Going to prison in a good cause is better than going to battle for an evil cause.

And paste this in your helmet, the words of a great American poet, Kenneth Patchen:

"this is a man  
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# A Cool Million

Continued from PAGE 5

belief that, if they asked enough people, they found someone who will have been brought around by God to understand that they were supposed to give Linda and Carver a million. Their first trip, as they call it, was to the Wall Street area. They stood outside Delmonico's Restaurant, an elegant and long-established eating place in the financial district. A slightly disillusioning experience was the discovery that many of the people who ate there were poor folks who saved up all week to have a lunch there. Linda and Carver found that they had to assure people that they were quite serious in their demands. Frequently, people they approached said that they weren't rich, but that their companions at lunch were. They also stood outside the New York Stock Exchange at 3:30 in the afternoon, at the close of trading, hoping to catch a millionaire. All in all, Linda and Carver feel that they have already met and talked with three people who understood their demands and wanted to give them the million, but couldn't quite bring themselves to do it. One problem, they feel, is that many people, like society, want to take from the artist but do not want to give to him. Another has been an even more material one. "Not only do the people want to know where every penny of the million will go, they always ask, 'Is it tax-deductible?'" says Linda ruefully. "Our biggest problem is that we are not tax-deductible, that we are individuals. They want us to be a corporation, for you don't have to trust a corporation. The moment you start dealing with human beings, the question of trust comes in."

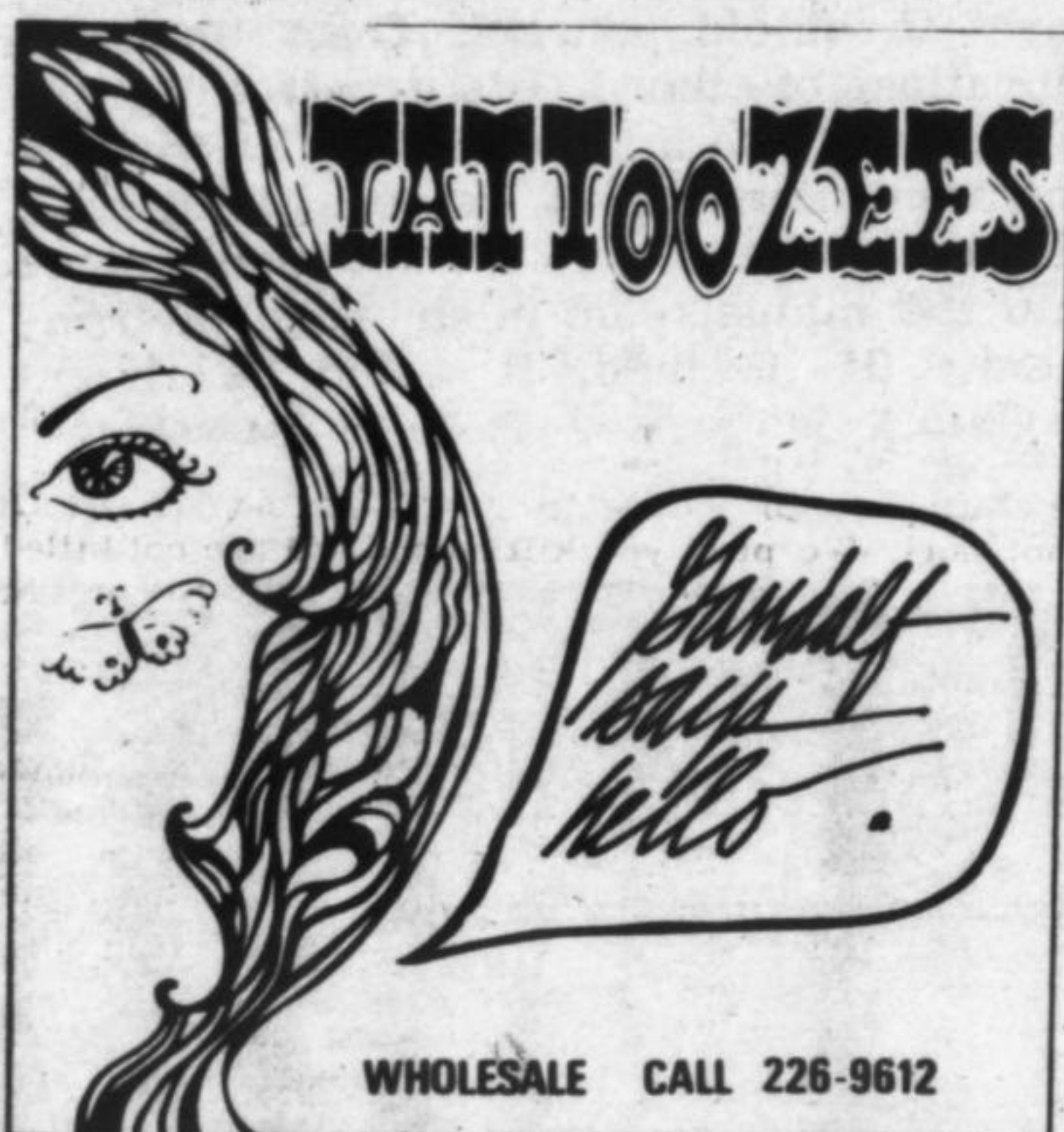
One of their more surrealistic experiences deals with their meeting with Cardinal Spellman. It sounds, in retelling, like a sequence from a film by Luis Bunuel. At worst, it might be incorporated in an anti-clerical satire. Their initial reception at the Cardinal's Residence was scarcely a friendly one: they were informed that the Cardinal was not at home, and the Monsignor who received them said: "Now that you've asked for what you wanted, goodbye." Just then, the Cardinal himself appeared, on the way to his office. They presented their case to him. Alas, there was no money for them in the Cardinal's till. Rare paintings covered the walls of his study, and jeweled rings on his hands sparkled like a Christmas tree, but Cardinal Spellman informed them that

all the money of the Church was earmarked for other purposes. "A million dollars for you?" asked the Cardinal. "I wish I had it to give to you." But the visit cannot be written off as a total loss; another Monsignor, friendlier than the first one they met, gave them money for dinner.

A mixed reception, but a relatively innocent one. Not all of Linda's and Carver's encounters have been so pure. Once, they got a letter which promised them their million if they would take off all their clothes on Fifth Avenue in the middle of the afternoon. Another time, Linda called a man who was supposed to be rich and willing, perhaps, to part with some of it. He wanted to know how far she would go to get the money. He also said that he had many rich friends who thought of only one thing, sleeping with a woman. Interestingly enough, this man also said he felt all the hippies should be shipped to Viet Nam. Another time, during one of their Wall Street expeditions, Linda met a man who wanted to know whether she would come and entertain him and his friend. Linda said that she would bring her husband along. Enthusiasm for her — and Carver's — visit cooled. But, not giving up the battle, the man asked her whether she knew of hippie orgies or any 'hippie farms'!

In spite of meeting people like the ardent pursuer of hippies mentioned above, Linda feels that God is working on people to come to understand what she and Carver want. For his part, Carver feels that there is one particular person they are supposed to meet. For all they know, that person is already aware of their existence. Shortly after they hit town, they telephoned the Alan Burke Show. "Gee, are you really hippies from Haight-Ashbury? Come right over," they were told. They appeared on the show. Alan Burke was, for a change, in a good mood. They got a chance to explain what they were doing. Ever since then, people who saw them on television stop them on the street; people lean out of the windows of cars and yell, "Well, did you get your million yet?"

As I was looking over my notes of the interview, Carver asked in what issue of *The Other* the story would appear. "In the next one, the one that comes out next Saturday." He thought a while, then, smiling, said, looking affectionately at Linda, "We might have it by then." And, you know, maybe they do.



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# March of Dope

Continued from PAGE 9

it takes you into astral projection, and astral planes and the like.

Both of these drugs—plus mescaline, yage, DET, psilogen and other chemicals—were available when LSD was peaking in urban centers (1964-66). Yet none held on as did acid—which indicates where the mainstream is at. Now even the acid rush is passing—which isn't surprising if you read the signs, the synchronous manifestations of the psychedelic Zeitgeist: Leary's turn-off suggestion for 1966; the delusion of the Mob that it can commercialize LSD's market by cutting acid with heroin (which indicates clearly the backwardness of their reasoning, incidentally); and current genetic research.

Everyone knows you don't research the detrimental characteristics of a thing until you're ready to accept responsibilities for your findings. Thus, we only began researching tobacco after it peaked; and we won't really get into the alcohol-traffic death syndrome until 1968; and we didn't start probing the subconscious in a "scientific" way until we were collectively prepared, and so forth.)

Opiates are passé; alcohol, barbiturates, speed and coffee, and tobacco are on the wane; marijuana and acid are peaking (each in its own time). Where do we go from here?

Real marijuana—such as hashish—for one thing. Green gage is passing from the scene—even as the Mob has found a way to smuggle bricks in thousand-kilo lots in from Mexico; disguising for profit, in their usual unloving way, its poor quality.

Beyond that, psilocybin and DMT. Two indications that the former is coming! Currently-published research into home growth of the Psilocibe Mexicana, the magic mushroom that yields psilocybin; and the recent crackdown in Oaxaca, and subsequent expulsion, after a massive influx of hippies (Oaxaca state is where the mushroom grows).

Beyond these psychedelics, I see two more steps. First to the sacred mushroom of ancient Egypt and of the Druids—Amanita Muscaria or deadly Fly Agraric. (Bear in mind that anything, even oxygen and water, is deadly if overdone.) Two indications that Amanita Muscaria is approaching the mainstream: Publication of "The Sacred Mushroom, Key to the Door of Eternity"; and the anti-psychedelic statute recently added to Ohio lawbooks, which prohibits possession of Amanita Muscaria, which grows wild in the state's many deciduous forests.

After the Fly Agraric may come Queen Anne's Lace, that first cousin to the carrot whose loveliness is near the top rather than at root—and which is quite successful, ecologically, throughout Ohio. The secret is to dry and smoke those leaves which form a collar immediately beneath (and hidden by) the plant's collective-flower in bloom. Two joints and you can see through walls—providing you don't have to shield yourself from the ego-vibrations of others. It's great for country meditation, and a staple among East Indian holymen. Because of its sensitizing properties, Queen Anne's Lace won't come into the mainstream in an urban environment. (If it could, it would be illegal in Ohio.)

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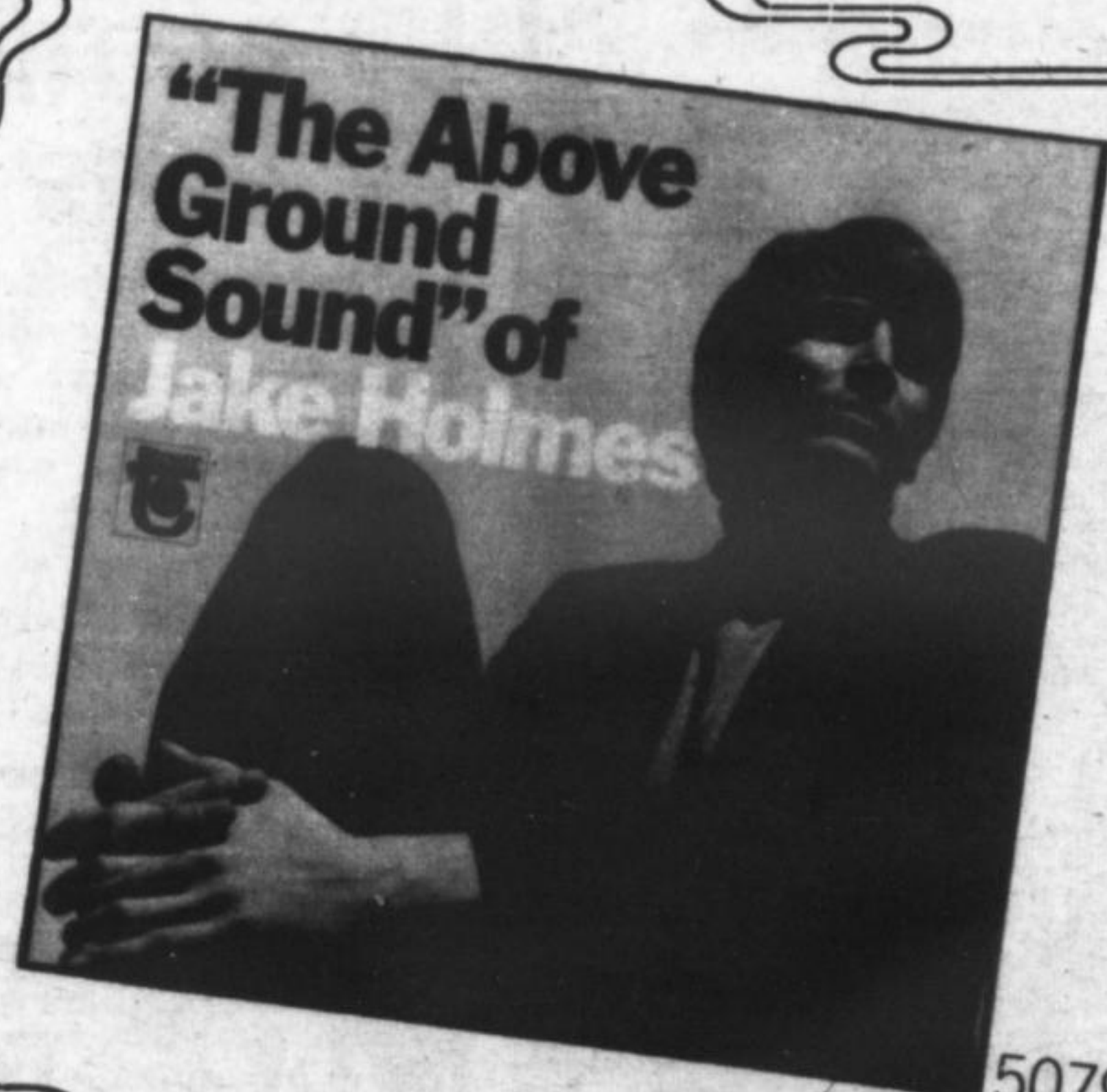
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Continued

Thus, the time of Queen Anne's Lace must come after the dissipation of the cities—in the era when countryside and urbia meld one into the other in a creative way.

There are already indications that this is the next stage of American life: the hippie communes; the 20-year-long move to suburbia; the thrusts of urbanites to preserve the countryside—such as Chicagoans' successful battle to save the dunes; the plans by GE to build cities of no more than 100,000 population (which itself is interesting because when a city gets much larger than that, the Zeitgeist becomes so powerful as to tend to overwhelm the individual—thus promoting conflicts within the collective psyche which manifest themselves as slums, riots, crime, corruption, etc.), which will merge with the natural environment; the conservation movement.

That's the story of American cities in the next three generations—perhaps with the aid of a few alien H-bombs. As the urban scene dissipates, psilocybin and then DMT manifest themselves. Once we are back in the country (when and where, incidentally, crime will have disintegrated to the point where the narc burocs are useless), Queen Anne's Lace and marijuana, which both grow free, will be Earth's abundant gift for those who love and respect her.

Beyond that, one can only wonder what there is on the moon or Mars that will get you high.

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# America Rediscovered

Continued from PAGE 7

It is believed that one must become independent, but hardly anyone can make a decent living without being a member of a group.

It is said that youth are very loved, but the economic condition requires that they spend their most valuable years without aim and purpose.

Finally, it is claimed that America is the leader of the world, but no world election has yet been held!

These generalizations reveal the existence and acceptance of conflict and social contradiction. At the same time it puzzles anyone how America became what she is, and the following questions come to mind: What is the origin of these contradictory forces? How has the U.S. arrived at her present state? Actually, what is this present state? What is her future course?

These questions require an historical analysis which contributes to the understanding of the period of Post-World War II, enabling us to become aware of: (1) the experience of an illusion; (2) an experience of a reality which America has gone through in the last two decades in order to find the future path of this great nation.

In other words, American society is full of contradiction, or even better to say it is founded on the basis of acceptance of the reality of conflicts. If one investigates the source of these contradictions he finds that ultimately he must analyze the characteristics of the early settlers. When one does so, he discovers that American reality arose out of the settlers' encounter with a vast continent situated between two great oceans. It was a virgin land full of natural blessings. A group of awakened and adventurous men crossed a vast ocean of 3000 miles to settle on its shores. These settlers were alike in that they had left their homeland, broken away from a tradition, had no story group superego which could comfort them, and had come face-to-face with nature. When one is separated from what he loves, his only remedy is to find a new object of love. When one is separated from his birthplace, his social values and familiar culture, he tries, if he is resourceful, to recreate its beauty, sometimes, even in a better form. If he is not resourceful, he falls into an anxious state which leads him into new struggle to comfort himself. If he has a trade or handicraft he uses it to influence his new environment, and he finds a congenial group; their association then provides a sense of security which encourages his initiative.

The early Americans had to face these many possibilities, but with all these opportunities they gained security by re-establishing a common code for human relations, for in a new setting the contract between men was the only integrity which helped them face the dangers of nature and the unknown future. Therefore, one of the greatest unconscious strivings of the early Americans was a need for a mechanism of social interrelatedness, because the unconscious group and cultural forces which existed in the mother culture of early America had been weakened. A new conscious mechanism became a prime necessity. Furthermore, the emotional diversity of the people, their varying degrees of awareness and the influence of John Locke and the rationalists in France were the instigating factors which led the early American leaders to find a new mechanism of social relations in social contract, in law and in a rational approach. A few keen observers sought the realization of this image, and some, like John Adams, saw the course of American history in: (1) politics, that is, the utilization of rational means in human

society; (2) construction, symbolized in engineering for the succeeding generation, and (3) artistic endeavor to transcend the quality of men in the third generation.

The success of the American revolution and the ratification of the Constitution established the ideal and basis for a government through law, the acceptance of human rights and the validity of social contracts. But even now, John Adams' vision has not materialized. Americans have had to follow a practical course.

When men like Jefferson and other patriots founded the basis of a rational state and democracy, the average American had to follow the natural course and face nature. Their new awareness, the result of separation from the homeland, could not be filled with words, but only with action; not with government legislation but with immediate construction—with filling the vacuum between themselves and nature, that is, by building a man-made world by means of existing natural elements. Thus, work and more hard work became the most important mechanism for fulfilling the vacuum. It provided a relatedness, especially for people who had left all human relatedness behind. Work made a man, and a person's character was formed through work in the association of others. Furthermore, the early Americans, lacking an inner security, the characteristic of a well-established society, turned to religious values. In other words, in a more insecure state man became more religious. As work became a process of relating new Americans to nature and to their physical environment, religious affiliation comforted their inner state. At the same time religious values and Puritanical ethics provided the source of measurement for their deeds. Max Weber, in discussing the characteristics of early settlers of New England, correctly points out that they possessed an "inner worldly asceticism" and believed implicitly that man is God's instrument for building a paradise on earth.

Thus, we can conclude that in the development of a nation, the character of the people, more than knowledge and means, is essential. In fact, we can summarize historical events by claiming that the victory of a nation over its own land and that of another nation has not been due to their power and knowledge, as is generally believed, but due to their character. Thus, the two qualities of Early Americans—their inner motive arising from their separation from the old continent and their inner virtue—provided a good beginning. This situation was reinforced by the self-sacrificing and visionary people of the revolutionary period and gained further strength from the urge to build a new society to match the old and eliminate the sense of inferiority.

These factors and characteristics in a new, rich and beautiful environment such as America could only move in the direction of producing change in a nation for the construction of a world to benefit man. The result of this workmanship of nature was, on the one hand, the discovery of the land and the migration of the people westward, and on the other hand, a new generation no longer closely related to European values but more to work and initiative. The vast continent then developed its own diversity in two major directions.

A struggle for survival and a weak central government arose and, in turn, created a group of independent people who had to protect themselves and their pro-

perty. Power overruled the accepted legal mechanism of social behavior, as exemplified in the development of ranches, in the process of westward movement, in cattle breeding, and the realization of the cowboy as an institution, in the discovery of silver and gold, in gambling and even in taking women.

A period of self-protection, seemingly lawless, gave way to the free use of arms. Even today the right to carry arms is seldom questioned and is considered a means of self-protection, in spite of a well organized police force and a strong central government—an indication of the traditional influence of personal character on law and the strength of institution. Furthermore, the assassination of President Kennedy and the murder of his assailant without a thorough trial reveals the influence of this mechanism even in our own time. In short, those who could not accept Jeffersonian philosophy adopted the strength of muscle and the art of slavery. However, even these self-made people, in a vast unknown land, had to create their own heroes and advocated law and real judgment as a means of social relatedness. Such characters as Daniel Boone, Wyatt Earp and Kit Carson exemplify the men who eventually succeeded in changing the wilderness of West into a moderately law-abiding territory.

I have often wondered whether the idealistic philosophers and statesmen of early America were as influential in forming American character as the men who became the legends of Western folklore, those who made the day-to-day life a theater on which everyone played a part. Although each group unmistakably played its part, there is no doubt that the materialization of early ideals still lags behind the practical life which developed its own symbolism, style and way of life.

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got an ugly wall?? GIGANTIC EAST VILLAGE MAP! 29x24, beautiful, absolutely accurate street map and shop guide to the East Village. First and only comprehensive listing head shops, boutiques, galleries, studios, bookstores, eateries, almost 1000 entries, MAP EAST logically and alphabetically catalogued by internationally known graphic artist. Indispensable reference for hippies, those who would like to be hipper, or those who must KNOW. INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL, \$2.00. MAP EAST, 147 AVENUE A, NEW YORK CITY 10009

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE--your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assembles in an hour, with less than ten dollars of easily obtainable store parts. Send \$1.00 for instructions, drawing to: Carlton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pa.

# DEAL

THREE ROOM APARTMENT TO SUBLET FOR THREE MONTHS. ST. MARKS PLACE BETWEEN 1st AND A. CALL YU 2-1009.

STUDENT, NEAR COLUMBIA, SEEKING FEMALE TO SHARE FOUR AND ONE-HALF ROOM APARTMENT - CALL 866-3805.

Handsome young artist has a private room available in cozy midtown studio apartment for month of October. Free to lovely, affectionate, unattached young lady. MU 5-1541.

CHARMING, SIMPLE APARTMENT. TO HAVE PRACTICALLY ALL YOUR OWN. SHARE IT WITH ME SOMETIMES. \$65. AL 5-6081. BEST TIME TO CALL: EVENINGS 5 PM TO SIX THIRTY.

The old highs are still best. Brew your own beer. Cheap set-up and ingredients (12¢ a quart.) Precise directions for \$1. Old Tripper, Office 503, 160 W. 46th St., NYC 10036

HOW YOUR MIND, BABY! Underground Buttons, Psychedelic Posters & other goodies. Low prices. Wholesale too. For free list, write Underground Enterprises, 16 East 42nd St., New York, 10017

## Accommodations

East Village loft or apt. wanted, sunny, to \$60. Call 228-8640 mornings, ask for Pat.

Male photographer, just back from S.F., seeks share apt. or furnished room. Need creative, drug-free scene. Contact Hap Stewart, 787-1825.

Need apartment to rent or sublet - Lower East Side - Call Annette at EVO, 228-8640.

## Travel

BUS TO FRISCO AND L.A. \$59. For Information and Reservations, call 277-2594 ANYTIME.

2 heads (26, 27) traveling to Mexico and Central America for pleasure and benefit-desire. 2 female traveling companions. Leave mid-November. Write: V. Pleasant, Trappers Lake Lodge, Meeker, Colorado.

## MISSING PERSONS

GARY STIX Age 14

CHRISTOPHER MEREDITH Age 15

Height 5 ft 10 inch. Wt. - abt 125 lbs. 5 Ft 5 in. Blond Hair Brown Eyes Long. Brown Hair, Blue Eyes, teeth braces. Scar on left side of Mouth. 140 lbs.

Probably wearing blue dungarees, yellow shirt, worn army fatigue coat, soft brown indian moccasins.

Dungarees, Cinnamon brown corduroy jacket, Grey or blue sweater, brown leather sandals.

Plays Guitar

Plays piano, organ, guitar, traps.

Like Rock & Roll and Folk music, Travelling together possibly to San Francisco or Greenwich Village, New York City.

IF LOCATED PLEASE CONTACT: GREENBURGH POLICE DEPT. TELEPHONE: 914-WH 9-7700

## GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! NEEDED

FOR NUDE WORK IN FEATURE FILMS IMMEDIATELY. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL. EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE. \$50-\$75 A DAY. PL 4-1190

## FIGURE MODELS

Male - Female  
477-2340

## WANTED FIGURE MODELS

FEMALE  
524-6579



## Actors-Models

6 8x10's or  
5 11x14's  
ONLY \$25.

## PORTFOLIOS

Selected from  
70 STUDIO PROOFS  
228-0180

## IMPORTANT WAYNE WEBER

Please call Miss Pearl  
MU 5-1464 or EL 5-4478

OH, NO NOT ANOTHER BOUTIQUE  
BRING THIS AD FOR A FREE BOTTON OF  
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DRESSES • GIFT GALLERY  
42 E 7 ST  
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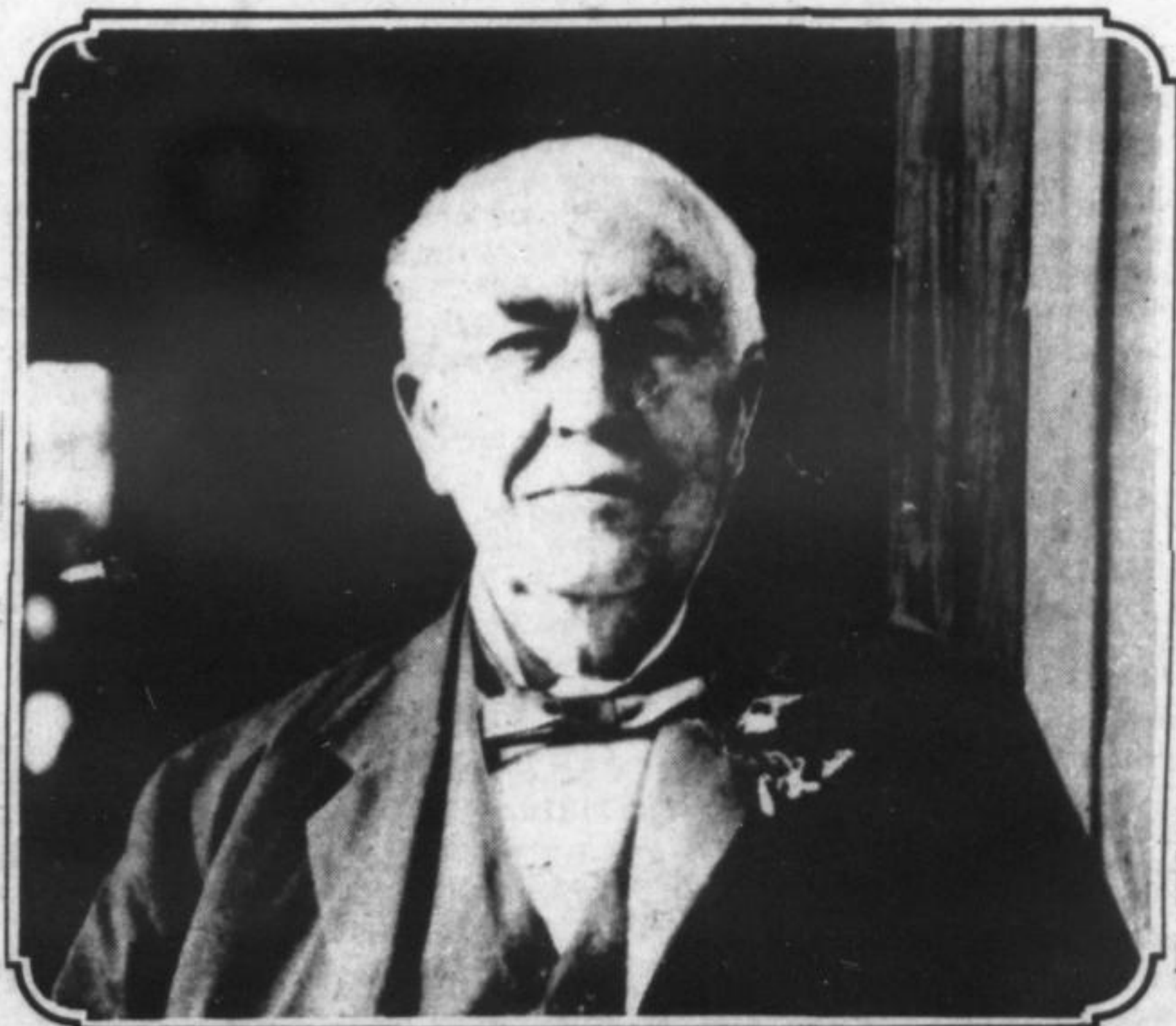


## NOW... NEW... SKIN PAINTING

Try your own designs directly on our female FIGURE MODELS. We furnish the paints, brushes, the model & the studio. You bring your artistic talent and try your hand at skin painting.  
STUDIO "A", Dept. EVO2, 68 W. 39th St., NYC.  
Open Thurs. Fri. & Sat. 12 to 9 PM.

Also Sketch Groups & Photography. Free Brochure.

Without this man\*  
there would be no Electric Circus



\*Thomas Alva Edison - the man who turned the world on

Electric Circus\* is on Saint Mark's Place between 2nd & 3rd Avenues, East Village, everyday.

\*TM • © • 1967 Electric Circus of New York, Inc. Pat. Pend. WHERE YOU CAN TASTE THE THINK TANK® DRINK

## Personal

**DATES GALORE!** The groovy way to meet singles. Individuals with degrees in psychology pick your dates. Info-contact Elite Project, Dept. E, 485 Fifth Ave. NYC, 1-E 3-5910

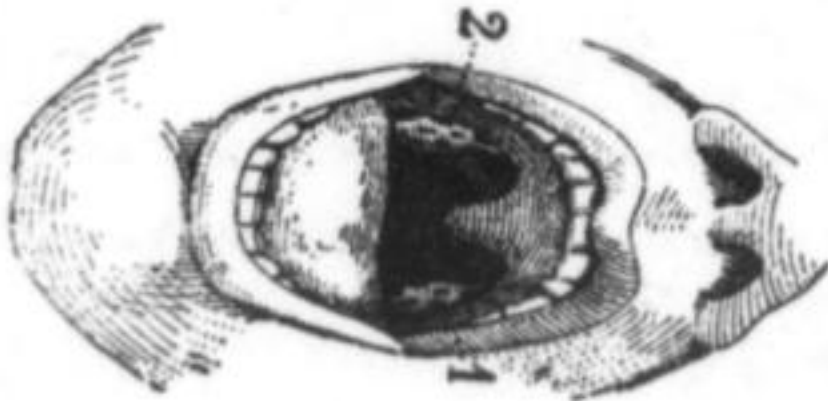
Man, mid 40's, white, discreet, considerate. Desires to learn about cunnilingus from intelligent, un-inhibited ladies, city or suburbs. Call evenings after 7, SU 7-9525, ask for LA.

Tall, youthful, aggressive actor, well-built Hollywood Stuntman (Caucasian) with groovy pad; seeks attractive female (18-25) with athletic figure under 5'5", to share life and pad. Must be a sincere, down-to-earth person with pleasant personality. Prospects: permanent compatibility, Pot-Heads, Booze-Hounds, Hippies, Cold-Fish and problem cases, please DISREGARD this ad. Send photo & all particulars to: RAY ZACHARY, 11262 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, California 91406. All correspondence strictly confidential.

MAN, 52, WHITE, 5'8", 185 lbs. MARRIED, BUT LOVE

UNFULFILLED DUE TO GLANDULAR OPERATION ON HER; DESIRES MEETING PASSIONATE TYPE GIRL, SINGLE OR MARRIED, BORED OR HAVING SAME PERSONAL PROBLEMS AS I. COMPLETE DISCRETION ASSURED, I NEED IT TOO. I AM CONSIDERATE, UNDERSTANDING, FRIENDLY, BROADMINDED AND GENEROUS. WILL SATISFY YOUR MOST INTIMATE DESIRES; IF INTERESTED IN ORAL GRATIFICATION, MY PLEASURE. MUTUAL SATISFACTION, KINDNESS ASSURED. LIKE BEST THE SKINNY OR SLIM TYPE. SNAPSHOT APPRECIATED. 19 to 45 years old. PLEASE WRITE TO MR. E. V., BOX 1599, N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and know more.

CAROLE G. Please write again. You're beautiful. DAVE.



BETSEY EPSTEIN - If you can't call home, call me at work. Terry.

BACHELOR DRIVING TO MIAMI, FLORIDA, OCTOBER 15, WILL TAKE ALONG SWINGING FEMALE. ALL EXPENSES PAID. ALL REQUIRED IS DESIRE TO PARTY ALONG THE WAY. PHONE 355-2454 AFTER 6:30. ASK FOR AL. IF NO ANSWER, KEEP TRYING.

NUDISCOVER - Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-2, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

Young man, 29, wants warm, uninhibited girl between ages 21 and 36, to share Manhattan apartment on a mutually enjoyable basis. Call Bernard after 6. TR 4-7370.

Professional disc jockey, mid-20's, desires attractive female companion, 19-25. Objective: long-lasting, compatible relationship. Personality a must. Call eves: PL 6-7471.

Female motorcycle passenger interested in day tripping to Upstate N.Y. for scrambles. May call Steve at HY 4-9288, nights after 8.

Wanted: experienced female for male virgin - no barriers - discreet - F. Wegener, Box 528, Cooper Sta., NYC 10003.

LATE SCORPIO MAN, ARTIST, 25, wants to meet girl. 348-1627.

YOUNG BLACK MAN, 23, WORKING, WANTS DEPENDABLE YOUNG LADY TO SHARE APARTMENT IN VILLAGE. WILL PAY TO \$80 MONTHLY. CALL RONNIE, SAT. 2 PM - 4 PM ONLY. TY 3-9403.

Tall, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

Single, looking for dream-girl under 35, attractive. Enjoy books, theatre, travel; college grad. Home in California. Literary business 6 months, travel abroad six months. I'll gamble 2-week trial trip to Europe. Photo might help. N.P. Press, Box 457, Murray Hill Station, New York 10016.

Two young fellas want to meet two swinging chicks for fun dates. Ages 18 to 25, white. Call Johnny or Eddie at 581-6963.

RHODA BAGNO - Contact Ted Moynahan, 11 Marie Ave., Cambridge, Mass. - 876-2576.

Intelligent, understanding Mt. Vernon man, 34, needs girl (NYC or vicinity) for sexual relationship. Whether she wishes a short or long-term relationship, or also seeks intellectual stimulation, companionship, or a meaningful relationship besides erotic pleasure, she should phone Bob, 914-667-8991, weekends, or any time after 6 PM weekdays.



Mr. Romance is a dating service especially designed for physically attractive, personable and intelligent people who, while discriminating in their choices, have neither the time nor the patience to spend whole evenings at dances or on futile dates. Girls matched free with ad. Write for questionnaire. Mr. Romance, 152 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Room 536, LO 5-3517.

Our critics in the establishment refer to us as the new would-be Fun-Mayors of New York. But we're merely two male writers who lead a writer's group and earn extra money by putting on house parties in our groovy West Village apartment. We would like very much to find two beautiful girls (who are beautiful people) to assist us with our many creative enterprises and business contacts. We prefer girls who would live in, have no major inhibitions, and are reasonably groovy. Both of us are warm, personable, affectionate, and idealistic; and if you are too, call Herb and Horace at 242-5445 or 242-0889.

Attractive young actor, 28, warm, passionate, discreet. Has own nice apartment, seeks pretty, shapely, uninhibited girl 18 to 32, for spiritual and/or physical love. Thrilling surprise for serious minded girl. Call Tony, HAR-7916.

Novice Couple; modern, fairly attractive, 27/23. Intelligent but not cerebral. Desire to meet people who like people. No S/M. Respond with photo, if possible, to:

Robert Caballero  
Suite 536  
152 W. 42nd St.  
NYC 10036

Man, white, discreet, secure, generous, desires to learn cunnilingus from intelligent, married ladies. Day or evening meetings, Cooke, 3841 - 18th Ave., Bklyn 11218.

Be an alive and loving girl. Be spontaneous. Phone BEE-INNN.

Middle aged man desires women or girl who enjoys cunnilingus performed on them. I am an amateur at this, but I am more than willing to be taught. CAL HARRY, HA 5-5952.

MISTRESSES - BOSTON AREA required by exec., 38. Financial assistance to the sincere and discreet. Any race, age, or marital status considered. Reply with phone number to G. Collins - Box 91 Back Bay Annex - Boston, Mass. 02117.

Tel-Aviv born young man, 26, 5'11", 150 lbs, handsome considered, own car; wishes to meet sensual girl, must be intelligent and affectionate. Share apt. love, friendship in mind. Photo if possible. Write Arnon, P.O. Box 371, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y.

BLUES - URGENT - Please contact Moe at LUCKY SEVEN ELEVEN.

Two virile, uninhibited men in search of uninhibited females. Let's use our talents for ecstatic pleasures. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call 392-6042 evenings.

JAKI RONA KATZ - PLEASE LET US KNOW IF YOU ARE OK. MOTHER IS VERY SICK BECAUSE YOU DISAPPEARED. SAM CHIES FOR YOU. PLEASE COME HOME - ON YOUR TERMS - WE ALL LOVE YOU. PLEASE CALL COLLECT. EDDIE KEEPS CALLING - MEYER.

It is sex that sustains and leads the astral worlds, the immense Suns, the constellations; that encircles the universe in ether, that rules the harmony in nature; that produces the passions, the lusts, the joys, and the sensual pleasures. Sex joins the lips of lovers, determines the courses of the waves, impregnates the flower and animal kingdom, brings forth the smile and then the inexpressible frenzy of passion of the young woman in the embraces of her knowing lover. There is a group in New York, named after Kamadeva, the God of Love. If you are interested in joining, call WA 5-8719 982-8419

ALBERTO, MY MEXICAN FRIEND FROM FIRE ISLAND, PLEASE CONTACT ME. WA 9-5549.

TALL, GOOD-LOOKING GUY, 27, HUNG, WANTS TO PLEASURE WITH ATTRACTIVE, SWINGING GIRLS AND YOUNG COUPLES. LEAVE NAME AND NUMBER FOR PETER AT PL 7-6300 ANY TIME.

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent girl for travel companion/mate on weekend sorties. P.O. Box 102, New York City 11435.

YOUNG MAN, SEEKS YOUNG GIRL (18-23), NICE FIGURE AND PRETTY FACE. INTERESTED IN FRENCH CULTURE AND THE UNUSUAL. CALL AFTER 6:00 PM. (UL 2-3278)

Writer, 30, loves sex, on the verge of success, 6 years NYU, 2 years Grad Psych. Presently out of this world, wants to share life of woman 21 to 35, with more than sex to offer. A great catch for the right one. Also humble. Call 259-5821.

MAN - WANT A MOVIE DATE Wed. Sat. Write with phone number to: P.O. Box 385, Cooper Station, NYC 10003.

The right woman or girl is wanted, to show me the way to exciting adventures.

I am young, good looking, but slightly shy at first.

I will reply to all sincere letters, immediately. Please include phone, if possible.

Write: HAL - 2635 Haring Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. - Downstairs apartment.



Writer, 30, trim 6-footer, loves drama, cinema, folk music, sports, seeks attractive female, 22-30, to share interests, bed. Write N.Y. Times, 1457 B'dway, Box D 486.

Attention Casanovas. Want to meet person who can arrange dates for me with broadminded females. I will pay you for this, send me your phone number, I will call. Edmund Howes, RD #3, Walton, New York.

Genius wants baby. Will provide support. Girl must be intelligent and sweet natured. AL 4-7185.



HELP! 23 year old cat contemplating marriage route needs bread to swing the ring scene (or split to N.Y.) All donations will be appreciated - Send to J.T.B., Box 3818, Chicago, Ill. 60654.

Fall down, bright queen, and see - The tributes that protect the sea - From the wingless tears of prophecy - And the verdant waves of secrecy - Orpheus Jr. YU 2-4471 -

Young Wall St. man wants to hear interesting propositions - financial or sexual. For latter, heterosexual females only, please. Box 468, Wall St. Station, NYC 10005

Sexually inhibited male, classical pianist, age 33, 5 ft. 8 in., medium build, desires pretty, shapely female who is warm, affectionate and understanding, to help me get out of shell. I am average looking, talented, intelligent, sensitive and understanding, with a good sense of humor, but need a lot of affection. If you would enjoy being needed and appreciated, with companionship, please call - Call 763-7092, Sat. Sun. and evenings.

I'M UP TO HERE WITH BLAND BLONDES WHO DIVE INTO BED. ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG, VERY SOLVENT, BRIGHT MALE, INTERESTED IN EQUALLY BRIGHT, YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE FEMALES. I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY OR THE LACK OF IT - I DO CARE VERY MUCH ABOUT YOUR PRETTINESS AND IMAGINATION. BOX 640, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y.C. 10017.

Hip guy, 30, attractive and personable Caucasian with comfortable Village pad, seeks adventurous female, 18-30, slender. Studies in French and Greek culture, Western Tantric, actualizing fantasies, or what you will. Gentle, dependable, healthy. Write P.O. Box 478, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021. Give phone number, etc. Will arrange first meeting in public place. Absolute discretion assured. Homos forget it.

Cultured, successful gentleman interested in the arts - theatre, music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive young lady to enjoy same. Should be free to travel. May consider financial subsidy for talented, creative girl. Have comfortable midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812, and let's wine and dine.

Man, 44, living on VA pension, seeks lady in comparable situation who would like to live in the country. Slight masculinity an advantage. Phone 929-2781 mornings, and ask for AL.

COME ALL YE FAITHLESS, JOYLESS AND DESPONDENT; THE FRIENDLESS, THE DAMNED, BRAZEN BROADS, EDUCATED FAILURES, EROTIC LIBERTARIANS, SELF-HATERS, COMPULSIVE GUT-SPILLERS; INUNDATE ME WITH LEGIBLE CORRESPONDENCE. KLAIMAN, 3501 PEMBROKE ROAD, HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA 33021.

This is addressed to all the people who answered (or are thinking of answering) the ad I placed in Vol. 2 # 15 of EVO.

First, my apologies to the huge bartender with the voice; and the light-hearted, dark-skinned advertising man. If either of you had called me back, I might not be writing this retraction of my ad (even though I will soon be too busy to date much). BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL BACK?

But to the others - which include the two Lesbians; the under-25's and over-40's, the numerous ones who dialed my number and hung up as soon as I said hello; the 35 or 40 of you who made dates with me and never showed up (including the one who had complained that his penis was so large he couldn't get it into anybody); the wife-seekers, the already-married; that one who was so one-sided that he could think of nothing but sex, and then had the gall to ask me if his nationality was the reason I wouldn't sleep with him; the two who couldn't raise their cocks when I was agreeable, and the many who could (and did) when I was not; the pleasant young foreigner who turned out to be the private property of his gigantic girlfriend; the ones who were so grotesque in their appearance that I could not possibly get past their faces to even consider a relationship with them (especially sexual); the jerk-off artists and the 69'ers (the latter category which I had specifically stated I didn't want) and the ones who wanted hand-jobs; the ones who wanted to be spanked; the ones who could only boast about the size of their bankrolls and/or their penises, and this definitely includes the teacher who said, "All the girls want my cock."; the businessman who had an adjective for every letter of his last name ("R is for rich"); the ones, and they were many, who said, "My name is so-and-so. When can we get together and fuck?"; the faggot who wanted me to support him; the diminutive actor and the other short ones; the racists, including the one at whose pad I left my white sweater (and I'd sooner cut off my right thumb than go back for it); the drunks, junkies, and A-heads; the multitude of liars; and ESPECIALLY the nice ones who never called back - to all of you I say:

Just forget my phone number. I don't need all the hassles. I'll be starting school next month, and I just don't want to be bothered.

Sincerely,  
The Overweight Brunette



Highly selective group of sophisticated, beautiful New Yorkers, engaged in fashion and photography, banding together to exchange the heat and excitement of today's SWING! Exclusive grouping, all young successes, between 25 and 45, with whom you will be proud to associate with, if you qualify. Send \$2.00 to TOM GIOVE, P.O. Box 2671, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017. (Receipt by return mail guaranteed.)

MOVING TO FORT LAUDERDALE DECEMBER 1st - I am a healthy, fairly attractive, intelligent, interesting Caucasian male, 49, 5'6" - 162 lbs., legally separated, hoping to find a girl to share my lovely Florida apartment and to enjoy what I have to offer. I can be funny, serious, affectionate and considerate; like books, music and art; and am quite good in bed. If you are reasonably pretty, witty, non-acid, uninhibited, fed up with the New York scene and would like to form what could be a beautiful relationship, write Box 134, Union City, N.J. 07087, enclosing photo if possible. I will answer about November 1st.

## Special Services

M., 24, Adonis type, articulate, adaptable, fed up to you know where with tedious, technocratic work, seeks creative, exciting job: act, model, perform anything, discreet services, private OK, org. preferred. Box 5 XX, BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL, 673 Broadway.

Wanted: Young musicians and singers of exceptional ability, who can take direction, and would like to contribute in an attempt to create a great group. 765-3331.

### GIRL SINGER

For mysterious professional electric band. An equal opportunity employer. (215) 437-3155 around noon.

MALE, 6'0", 240 lbs., interested in modelling for female artists, will pose for Skin Painting at your place weekday evenings or weekends. Call Area Code 203 - TO 9-8438 weekends anytime, or weekdays after 8:00 PM.

Established recording artist, student of Ali Akbar Khan and Ravi Shankar, will instruct limited number of sincere students of Sitar, Sarod, and Tampura. Reasonable. Call CI 7-6040 for interview.

BOSTON. HELP! We're making preview sequences of a tough film, to raise money, for a full length effort. Need intelligent, attractive girl, 18-32, to act, help in funding. Hamburgers, beer and profit sharing when and if. No phoney deal, but not for inhibited. Call AM only; Tue, Wed. best. (617) 643-0558.

INSTANT GENIUS-tutoring in academics, languages, for children, too. 233-8542

San Francisco Mime Troupe is touring East with Guerilla Theatre Commedia dell'Arte: L'AMANT MILITAIRE and OLIVE PITS, disturbing plays which have done the Bay area city park circuit. Raves on the Coast. Touring the States en route to Europe. If you are interested in performances in your city contact R.G. Davis, S.F. Mime Troupe, 924 Howard Street, S.F., Calif. 94103, call (415) GARBAGE 1-1984.

ASTROLOGY YOUR LIFE, YOUR LOVE, YOUR CAREER. Rod Chase WA 8-8914. \$10.

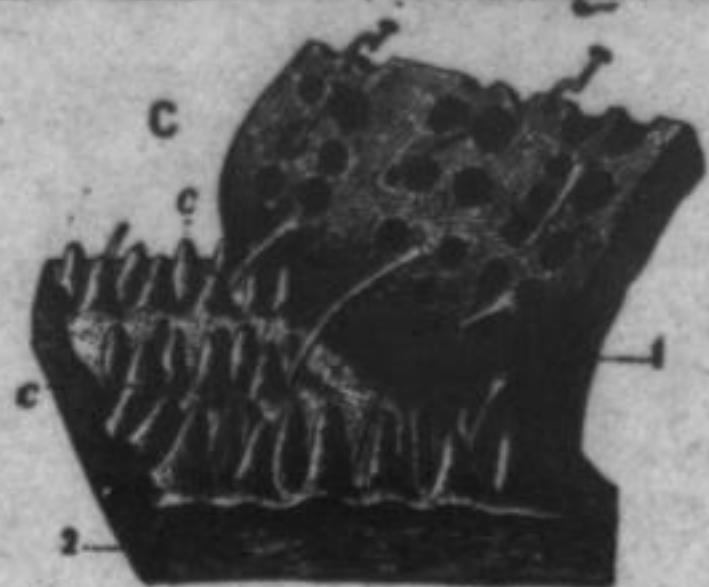
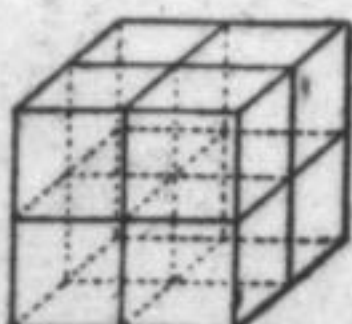
Special edition of "The Personal Approach" lists 200 ads, many photos, from broadminded adults eager to meet you!! Worldwide correspondence will exchange pix, experiences. Rush \$1 today (give age) and swing to new pleasure. REMSON - Suite 69, 116 W. 87 St. NYC 10024

For the ULTIMATE in Massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal, Lic. 528742, MU 8-4661 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St. between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

HQ for genuine INDIA INCENSE 50¢ per pack (20/25 thick 11" sticks) Send 5¢ for list of 10 delightful perfumes for all occasions, plus the "STORY OF INCENSE." Open 9 to 5:30. Sold only by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York.

CONTACTS unLTD. is a nationwide registry that puts you in touch - no matter what your interests. Write for information or call COnTacts 7-2913. CONTACTS unLTD., 150 Broadway, NYC 10038.

School of Earth Co. Classes in the history of the collisions of the planets and the problem of preventing collision in the future. Write: Earth Co. 237 E. 5th St., NYC 10003.



### POETRY PROJECT ST MARK'S IN THE BOUWERIE FALL WORKSHOP SCHEDULE (Effective Sept. 1)

Monday - Prose - Alan Kepelner  
Tuesday - Poetry - Sam Abrams  
Wednesday - Playwriting - Murray Mednick  
Thursday - Poetry - Joel Openthalmer

Friday - Poetry - Ted Berrigan  
All workshops are at 8:30 pm, in the Old Courthouse, Second Avenue and 2nd Street. FREE to all, but especially directed to the young writer 17-25 years of age. For further info call 982-8825 between 2-5 p.m.

D.A.T.E. HAS A LOT OF GREAT PEOPLE FOR YOU TO MEET. SEND FOR OUR PSYCHEDELIC QUESTIONNAIRE. D.A.T.E., 103 PARK AVENUE, NYC.

HQ for genuine INDIA INCENSE, 50¢ per pack (20/25 thick 11" sticks). Send 5¢ for list of 10 delightful perfumes for all occasions, plus the "STORY OF INCENSE." Open 9 to 5:30. Sold only by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York.

CONTACTS unLTD. IS A NATION - WIDE REGISTRY THAT PUTS YOU IN TOUCH - NO MATTER WHAT YOUR INTERESTS. WRITE FOR INFORMATION, OR CALL CONTACTS 7-2913. CONTACTS unLTD., 150 BROADWAY, NYC 10038.

APHRODISIACS Beautiful. Really Beautiful. Make Love a Joy, Not a Job. \$2.00 for Material & Samples to: Coman Research, Box 352, NYC 10011.

O-C, International - Most Honored Introduction Service Today. - Swingers - Singles - Couples - Etc. - Everybody Needs Somebody Sometime. - Want the Best - Begin With The Best. - Exclusive Literature \$2.00 - 200 W. 58th St., 2-C - 212-C16-9343, Mr. Roberts

ATTENTION THELEMITES T The first official meeting of the A.A.: on the material plane will celebrate the birthday of "To Mega Therion." Come to the front of the metropolitan museum of art on October 12 at 10:30 PM. Bring aesthetic & magical talismans of power prepared especially for the occasion. Be prepared to identify yourself by answering the question, "What is the Law?"

Forming club for Broad minded couples and singles, and those interested in the Exotic. Non Profit. Write to J. BROOKS, 175 AVE. C., NY NY 10009.

Attractive models available for Artists & Photographers. Call Mrs. Johnson, PL 7-3995.



Zvi, ASTROTICIST (comparative astrology of relationships). Advice or introductions: send \$2 per birthdate. Charts: \$7. ZVI, 361 First Avenue, NYC 10010.

"In a Free Society like ours, why does anyone get involved in the Sexual Freedom movement?" Sex Freedom New York, Box 627, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009.

3 BUTTONS PRINTED to order. Say anything you want. CHEAP. Free information. Stamped, addressed envelope to: BUTTONS, Box 16604, Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

The Gothamites is an educational group which schedules unusual and interesting events. Free brochure... WI 7-6900.

LIVE-IN GROUP 212, WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Co-op Living, inter-arts spirit, pvt. studios, large fishing lake, 75 acres of woods, gallery, photo lab, etc. \$50/mo., day rates. 2 hours from New York City. 914-CH 6-8287.

SUPPORT MOTHERHOOD-MAKE ONE TODAY! So what if you add to the population explosion! Why not add to the button explosion? Buy this and almost 200 other titles from:

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1671 Washington St.  
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SMOKE GRASS - Take a stand! Wear this and our 175 other buttons. Fastest service (try our free catalogue). All orders filled same day. A Big-Little Store, 1671 Washington St., S.F. 94109. Sample to stores.

## Employment

FIGURE MODELS, \$25 an hour for professional photographer, for magazine and experimental work. No Exp. Nec. Call Robert's Studio, 255-2711.

I need a girl to do 6-8 hours of light housecleaning a week. She should be pleasant, able to mind her own business, and maneuver a dust cloth and vacuum with some competence. Reasonable salary and meals. No personal relationship desired. Please phone 228-7654 evenings.

Two girls in 20's for leads in feature film. Salary \$75.00 per day - must act in nude. Experience not important. Also, 1 woman and 1 man in 30's. Also, many young men, \$10.00 per hour. For interview, call 889-3848.

Gentleman, 30's, seeks married woman who is free to do house-keeping for his small apartment during the week. She must be also willing to suggest interesting decorative schemes, and be personally interesting. Call Marcel - 459-2489.

HELP: Photographer desperately needs 20 female models for figure and pin-up work. Previous experience not necessary. Call 989-7836, 6-8 PM weekdays, or 10 AM to 2 PM weekends.

JAZZ GUITARIST: Looking for similarly minded and capable musicians, who are willing to put their heads together to CREATE A NEW SOUND IN MUSIC. All instruments welcome. Call Les, before 12 AM or after 6 PM. (914) 761-8930.



### GIRLS

Are you interested in figure modeling? New York's newest and largest Figure Model Studio is ready to open. Looking for all TYPES of models (GIRLS) for this GREAT STUDIO. Exp. not nec. Call or send photo to Ken Kaufman c/o THE STUDIO, 830 6th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 686-2616.

I AM A MADISON AVENUE ART DIRECTOR WITH A CONSCIENCE. I'LL WORK FREE FOR TWO CAUSES - TO STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM AND TO LEGALIZE POT. I WELCOME SERIOUS ACTIVISTS. CONTACT BOX C.A.U.S.E. - EVO.

WANTED: Figure models, 18 to 25. Female only. Spec or up to \$15.00 an hour. Experience unnecessary. Call 929-8749, ask for Mr. Thomas.

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