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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
 LANSING, MICHIGAN

January 18, 1968

Home Grown Happiness
 Box 555
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, N. Y. 10003

Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed a check for \$1.00. Please forward to me a copy of "Home Grown Happiness" which I noticed was advertised in the publication, East Village Other.

Thank you very much for your help in this matter.

Sincerely,

Dale Warner

DALE WARNER, Chairman
 House Committee on Narcotics

Encl.

IN THE NAME OF GOD WHAT CAN BE DONE TO HALT THE SENSELESS SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIVES IN VIETNAM?

Arthur C. DeWitt
 1023 First Ave.
 Seattle, Wash.

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003

NEW WEEKLY RATES:

Please enter my subscription.

Please renew my subscription.

I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.

I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

Name: _____
 Street & Number: _____
 City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dear EVO:

When my address was Fifth Street, I needed you to keep me on the wave length. But now that I'm irrevocably trapped in WASPville, in middle-class white Protestant all-the-way with-LBJ suburbia, reading only frustrates me. Why should I be made to read about other people being free when I'm enslaved?

Cancel my subscription. You can keep what remains of my subscription fee. It isn't for money I'm doing this. It's for peace of mind. If conscience (whatever that is) demands you must return my money, go out and buy me a copy of LeRoi Jones DUTCHMAN (you can't get it anywhere here) that I can hide under my pillow at night, thereby maintaining some inconsistent touch with "reality."

Anyway, Dick Preston never was my bag. Hell, I even liked Persona and Point Blank!

But cancel, man. I can't take it anymore!

Best,
 Dan Bates
 Dallas, Texas

Gentlemen:

Request your suscription to my twelve year old son be cancelled and a refund be returned immediately.

We have used the single issue recieved to wrap the garbage.
 Edward J. Will
 Stonington, Conn.

Dear EVO,

Your paper, I know, reaches a great many guys and gals who are presently hung up on Heroin.

I personally was caught up in the 'tragic magic' grip of Junk for 13 years. I am now out of the 'game,' and I feel that others may be searching for a way out, therefore what I know can be of help.

Two years ago, after an eternity of vainly trying to Kick (I have been in and out of Jail and hospitals, have tried religion - a monastery, had a good wife and child, left town, substituted speed, pot, acid, hypnosis, etc. with no success). Finally, I came upon and tried what is known

here in NYC as the Methadone Maintenance Treatment Program. The headquarters of this state and city approved program is located at Morris Bernstein Institute (formerly known as Manhattan General Hospital), 307 Second Avenue at 17th St. in Manhattan. Anyone reading this who is tired of the hassles and changes inherent in the dope game, and wants to PERMANENTLY get out, they need only walk in, rap to the ex-addicts etc. and see for themselves.

Of course, if one can quit without artificial help - Solid! But unfortunately, many like myself and over 500 others on Methadone now, have tried and tried and cannot.

Need I add in closing how BOSS the EVO is? Glad to see you on a weekly schedule.

Love,
 B.

P.S. Thanks for the space, I'm just so damn happy to be FREE I must try to help my brothers and sisters.

Again Love and Peace.

Dear EVO:

Have you ever tried to read or for that matter even look at your paper during, before or after a trip??? Very stange. You people are wierd, love ya. Anyway you can help us get into the poster field??? We are currently to our knowledge the only creators of graphic graffiti in T.O. Any interested remarks, queries, put downs, bring ups or any other kind of mail from other frustrated heads would be greatly welcome home from you to us... peace lovers...strangers to the light. Any one except fuzz.

luv us,
 Rick & Linda Black
 7 Granby St.
 Toronto 2, Ont.

Dear EVO,

I have recently become aware of the deplorable situation which exists involving weights and measures. A couple of months ago I purchased what was allegedly an ounce for \$20. When I weighed it I found it to be only 21.3 gm. (An ounce is 28.3 gm.). My dealer had not been intentionally

dishonest. He had used a spring postal scale (he had too much faith in the Post Office). From what I hear, most dealers do not even weigh ounces.

I have a suggestion for retail customers who want a means to weigh their purchases in order to be sure of getting the stated weight. It is very simple to construct a balance. A one inch plastic ruler with a string in the center hole for a fulcrum, and a baggie hanging from each of the end holes. One baggie would hold the weights and the other would hold the shit. For weights, U.S. coins are ideal. They are convenient and (hopefully) always available. I have determined the following weights:

penny 3.1 gm.
 nickel 4.9 gm.
 dime 2.5 gm.
 quarter 5.6 gm.
 5 quarters 28 gm.
 10 dimes & 1 penny . 28.1 gm.
 (1 ounce is 28.3 gm.)

Remember that coins vary with wear and that these are only averages. However, these numbers can be very useful in determining gross underweight. Also they can be used by dealers who can't afford a good set of weights with a balance.

Another problem is that of "nickels." A "nickel bag" costs \$5 and contains anything the dealer wants to put into it. If customers start demanding minimum weight for nickels (1/5 ounce or 1 quarter-weight), dealers would be persuaded to be more uniform so that the term nickel would be more meaningful.

Keep happy and sweet dreams whether you are awake or asleep
 Love,
 Pot Head

Dear Sirs:

Picking flaws in Gerald Steinberg's article on Icarus is about as easy, and as pleasant, as picking junebugs off rosebushes. His bald statement that this minuscule asteroid "already (has caused) earthquakes in India and China, freak snow storms in Arizona and tidal waves in the Aleutians" has no backing whatsoever. At its nearest approach, half a million miles, Icarus will

be twice as far away as the moon. To imagine that this pebble is already influencing happenings on earth is ridiculous.

Moreover, the fault lines in the New York City vicinity are not as Steinberg describes them. There is one fault under the Hudson River and another under the East River. Thus Manhattan, located between two faultis, is particularly stable geologically. A similar structure exists at Mount Palomar, which is one of the reasons that mountain was selected for the site of the world's largest telescopes. Though one of the faults which flanks Mount Palomar is the notorious San Andreas, the mountain itself is quite solid.

His description of Icarus as having the "same weight and mass as Mount Everest" is either wrong or redundant. At any rate, the mass is the important thing in astronomical calculations. It's been my experience that everyone who purveys nonsense on astronomical matters begins by failing to understand the difference between weight and mass.

The orbital eccentricity (not "eccentricity quotient") of Icarus is high, and may even be Steinberg's .83. But this, in itself, does not make it "unpredictable." There are thoroughly predictable comets with higher orbital eccentricities. But Icarus's small mass makes predictions tough. It is easily perturbed by other bodies, including the earth.

Steinberg's assumption that Icarus will pass at the precisely measured height of 420 miles, thus raising the tides of the Atlantic to 327 feet, is utter guesswork. The remainder of the article is, as a result, pure gibberish.

It is quite likely that the U.S. government did go to M.I.T. for a plan of action against Icarus. The government contains numerous people fully as susceptible and idiotic as Steinberg.

Sincerely yours,
 John Boardman, Ph.D.
 Asst. Professor of Physics
 Brooklyn College
 City University of New York



LIFE

Death & Medicine's Newest Discoveries about LSD

by IRVING SHUSHNICK

On Wednesday January 3rd, 1968, the Medical Society of the County of New York, marshalled the forces of the news media and dramatically announced to the public that hallucinogenic drugs, particularly LSD-25 and including marijuana, posed a "grave and imminent threat." The Society called for severe penalties of long-term imprisonment for users and pushers. In direct response to this plea, the President of the United States on Wednesday January 17th, in his annual State of the Union message announced the addition of thirty per cent more narcotics agents, and one hundred FBI agents.

It has been revealed to us that the report issued by the N.Y. County Medical Society is in fact erroneous, and that the impetus for this report was conceived by and initiated at, the Office of the President of the United States. A prominent and influential member of the Medical Society was approached by a White House staff member and informed that the President would "appreciate a report highlighting the dangers of hallucinogenic drugs." The physician was assured that maximum national news coverage would be available to expose these findings to the public. The White House is expected to announce shortly the appointment of the said physician to a major federal post.

That the 'report' is a deception has been confirmed with the assistance of Dr. Milton Jaffe, Director, Division of Drug Studies and Statistics, Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, FDA. Our investigations into this matter have further substantiated this fact. It is an obvious conclusion that the White House requested the 'Phantasy Report' in order to make plausible its request for the inordinate number of additional agents. The President's request for more agents cannot be for the purpose of meeting the hazard of dangerous drugs, for, as we will show, there is no conclusive technical evidence to prove such a threat exists. Since the stringent measures called for by the President are directed at the users of these drugs, his purpose for taking these measures lies outside the realm of the drug itself.

After all the hoopla over the "report" with its earth shattering findings, where the President of the Society appeared on TV in a book lined, paneled study wearing a white medical frock exclaiming that the genetic effects of LSD could be equated to nuclear fallout -- after all this excitement, the "report" faded from the minds of government agencies but their call for blood increased. After twenty three personal visits and telephone conversations to various departments of city, state, and federal drug agencies, the forgotten "report" was found.

Part II of the "report" resides in the January '68 issue of NEW YORK MEDICINE, the Society's publication. On the cover of this issue is listed its contents, with checkmarks before what the Society considers two very important items of concern. One, LSD AND DANGEROUS DRUGS-II, and immediately following it, that pertinent matter close to the hearts of all medicine men, KEY TAX DATES CITED FOR MD'S. We find in the Introduction that this report "constitutes a revision of the Society's paper, THE DANGEROUS

DRUG PROBLEM, delivered on March 28, 1966. According to Dr. Jaffe, the '66 report was inconclusive, and was not seriously considered by the medical profession. The so-called revisions of the new November '67 report were at best, modest. This then, was the report that the Society heralded as a new and major finding.

The "report" itself states (Section A. Marijuana, Item 2): "There is no statistical evidence that marijuana use is associated with crimes of violence in the United States." Item 3, states that, "Marijuana is not a narcotic nor is it addicting." And Item 4. "The continued linking of marijuana with opiates and cocaine potentially results in excessively harsh penalties at both federal and state levels. The maximum possible sentence in 44 states ranges from 5 years to life."

Under Item 3, Section C. Hallucinogens: the Society offers the following:

"LSD has been reported to be of benefit in the treatment of psychoneuroses, but until additional, careful, long-term studies are performed, the precise role of LSD in the treatment of psychoneuroses will not be clear. It has also been claimed by several investigators that administration of LSD to alcoholics on 1 to 3 occasions has resulted in 6 to 12 months abstinence rates of 20 to 60%. LSD has also been said to be useful in the treatment of frigidity and sexual perversions, and in the study of psychoses, but the data are conflicting and inadequate. It appears to offer some promise in the treatment of arthritic children. LSD has also been recommended for the treatment of severe pain in patients with terminal illnesses such as cancer."

As for what the Society finds wrong or dangerous with LSD:

"In an 18-month period between 1965 and 1967, over 130 patients were admitted to the psychiatric division of Bellevue Hospital with acute psychoses induced by LSD. Prior to that time, LSD intoxication was rarely observed in that hospital. One hundred and fourteen of the hospital charts were available to the committee and were scrutinized. All 114 took LSD in a non-scientifically controlled setting. The average age was 23 years with a range of 15-43. Most of those with acute LSD psychoses recovered rapidly, becoming oriented and 'normal' (for them) in less than 48 hours. In others the psychoses resolved in less than a week. The data from the literature and the Bellevue experience indicate that apparently normal, well-adjusted persons can undergo an acute psychotic break under the influence of LSD, and those with unstable personalities may experience prolonged LSD-induced psychoses."

The following paragraph is the committee's complete statement on the genetic effects of LSD:

"In addition to the aforementioned dangers, the recent studies on chromosome change appear convincing. Eighty to 85% of those using LSD manifest both an unusually high incidence of chromosomal breaks and chromosomal rearrangement. Similar

chromosomal abnormalities have been found in some offspring of women who took LSD during pregnancy. Thus, the spectre of genetically induced damage in the users or their progeny is raised. The actual significance of these chromosomal findings await additional genetic and epidemiologic studies. (Of the studies on humans available at this writing, two show chromosomal aberrations, whereas in four studies, chromosomal defects were found.)"

Some of the other dangers mentioned by the committee were numerically listed without explanation: "(2) acting out of sociopathic character disorders, (3) acting out of homosexual impulses, (5) uncontrolled aggression, (6) convulsions, and (7) reappearance."

The committee's recommendations resulting from these findings were categorically detailed. While having stated that LSD might benefit in the treatment of psychoneuroses, that LSD induced abstinence among alcoholics, that it may be useful in the treatment of frigidity and sexual perversions, and in the study of psychoses—while admitting that "most of those with acute LSD psychoses recovered rapidly, becoming oriented and 'normal' (for them in less than 48 hours", while admitting all this which says nothing about any dangers the drug possesses, the Society demands in Item 7 of its Recommendations: "The dangers of LSD and other potent hallucinogens such as mescaline, psilocybin, STP and dimethyltryptamine are so great that penalties for their illegal manufacture, distribution or sale should be increased both at federal and state levels; these crimes should be made felonies with severe penalties."

The Society has the audacity to make this recommendation after it made clear at the beginning of its report that not only is there no statistical evidence that these drugs can be associated with crimes of violence in the United States, but that the existing laws result in "excessively harsh penalties at both federal and state level." There seems to be various conflicts of interests here. What these doctors, the police, President Johnson concerned about? Do they fear that at last a "useful treatment of frigidity and sexual perversions" might bring about a halt to those diseases? Do they fear that the youth of America which according to the statistics comprises the majority of users—are they afraid that the youth might remain "normal" (for them)?" When this 'report' cites the possible advantages of LSD, pleads for "additional, careful, long-term studies," it calls for a "prolonged follow-up," or it merely states that these findings are "conflicting and inadequate," without stating why. Yet, there is not one instance, not a single finding—indeed, if we can ascertain any findings, which the committee has bothered to explain, let alone support with technical evidence.

Not only is the Medical Society of the County of New York's report inconclusive, but Dr. Jaffe sates: "I don't know of any report that is definitive." As for the Society likening LSD to nuclear fallout because chromosomal break are like radiation fallout, Dr. Jaffe says: "The essential reports have not been done on humans. We have not been able to follow enough women who

LSD



Erobern Kommunen Deutschlands Betten?

by ALEX GROSS

There is little doubt that the most significant development in recent German history has been the emergence of the Berlin Commune, dubbed by the press the Horror-Commune but familiar known to students as Commune I, for already several exist and others are on the way. The final result of a series of demonstrations by the Commune, some of them strikingly successful and others only accidentally so, has been to force the resignation of a reactionary police chief, a cynical city senator, and a hypocritical mayor.

It is true that Commune members do occasionally wear Maoist badges, but this is mainly a put-on to frighten the German SPIESSER (read 'squares') — the group is probably more interested in Jung or the Beatles than Mao and the Red Guards. The members are very much pop-oriented, scorn traditional dialectics and politics, break spontaneously into song and dance, and read American underground papers with great interest. They are interested in real changes in the structure and texture of society — changes that can be made now.

Fritz Teufel, the leader of the Berlin Commune, has been arrested and harassed by the German establishment. To many the name Teufel was already a proof of guilt — it happens to mean "Devil" in German, which is simply too much for the literal-minded majority to cope with.

The following interview with Teufel was conducted by Alex Gross, EVO's Berlin correspondent:

EVO: All this movement, young people, students, demonstrations — it's happening in so many countries and in Germany too. Is there any connection, and if so, what?

TEUFEL: I wouldn't be surprised if there is a connection. But it would be dangerous to generalize too much about it.

EVO: Does it have any significance as an international movement?

TEUFEL: Yes, it already has that and probably will mean even more. It isn't just people who are moving about, it's the way ideas are moving around. And they really are everywhere.

EVO: Do you think this means a real international character may emerge — something that is neither American nor English nor German?

TEUFEL: That's one possibility. I hope that's what's happening. Otherwise it might mean the whole thing might simply break down everywhere. Society might break down.

EVO: In other words you feel it's either everything or nothing.

TEUFEL: Exactly. We have to make it through to a new society. It's more than just politics. You know, it's not our demonstrations that all of Germany is frightened of, it's because we're not afraid to go to bed with each other.

EVO: Yes, that does seem to bother people, doesn't it? (laughter) But supposing there is a new international personality with

only minor variations in different countries. Does this mean people will be less individual?

TEUFEL: Of course not. Our experience in the Commune is that having to live together and share possessions has brought out everyone's individuality instead of reducing it. It could work that way on a larger scale too. Also, nobody ever invented nations just so we could enjoy a variety of personalities. Nations just happened.

EVO: You mean that if individuality is really important, we'll find some other way of expressing it than in nations. For instance, if a lot more people were to intermarry, it wouldn't mean national differences would disappear so much as create all kinds of interesting hybrids.

TEUFEL: That's also true. National characters have nothing to do with individuality anyway, they're just the opposite. They're only so many cabaret skis.

EVO: Okay, forgive the next question. Do you consider yourself a German?

TEUFEL: We're not as German as our parents. Not in the same way. The Germans certainly don't consider us German. Maybe we are in some ways, but you nationality isn't something you're responsible for, it's something you're stuck with, like your family.

EVO: Then we're stuck with being what we are?

TEUFEL: Not necessarily. You can always do something that will change you. You can at least explore how you might want to change even when changing looks impossible. That's how we look on our demonstrations — as a form of exploration. People say that's vague, but we find out by doing. I think we're all changing, I hope everyone is. I mean Germans aren't supposed to have a sense of humor. (laughter)

EVO: I guess the real problem is a lot of people wouldn't be happy without their prototypes of people. The "brutal Germans" ... You know they sell a poster in America, it says "Visit Romantic Germany," and there's a big picture of a gas oven.

TEUFEL: They should sell posters of Viet Nam.

EVO: Oh yes, those sell too. It's just one great world. But would you say what is happening here with young people is the same as elsewhere, or is it a German version?

TEUFEL: Yes and no. It has to be a German version for the time being, but there is also a connection. You have to distinguish between what is happening in three different parts of the world, maybe four. In the "Third World" — Viet Nam, Africa, South America, the struggle of young people is very real, or at least it ought to be. Then there's China, which is a very special case because of the personality of Mao

Tze Tung. Then there's Eastern Europe — we know very little about them, it's sometimes hard to find out, but I don't think it's an entirely good situation. Finally there's ourselves in the so-called developed countries. We really demonstrate out of an inner need, out of a desperation.

EVO: Then you don't feel any strong pull towards communism.

TEUFEL: Na ja. (untranslatable) There's only one country left where there can be any hope for communism, and that's Cuba — even there I'm not sure.

EVO: You mean Libermann... TEUFEL: Libermann and Jugoslavia and the whole story. If there's any real rebellion left, it's somewhere else, it's in the way we do things unquestioningly, it's in the mind, in the way we think things out.

EVO: Yes, it does look as though the great revolutionary communism has turned into a sort of a transition stage, a way station between a poor economy and consumer capitalism.

TEUFEL: There's got to be another way. That's why we demonstrate. We've all resigned from the university now because we've found being students and supposedly having careers before us is incompatible with really being effective politically, with working out new ideas and social values. They threw us out of the S.D.S. (Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund, the Commune's

Continued on Page 10



tales from the land of was

by RICHARD PRESTON

It was a tradition in Was that once a year the King spoke to the people and told them wehe it was at. Or rather, to put it more exactly, the King told them what he thought they should believe about where it was at. And thus, it was also a tradition that there was some variance between the words from the king's mouth and the actual state of the Kingdom. This variance was known as the credibility gap. To King Lyndon the Gruesome it seemed that since the Kingdom was in an even more acute state of disrepair this year than it was last year, that an equal broadening of the credibility gap would have to follow. Indeed, it would have to stop being a gap and become a gulf.

It was now less than a week before he would present his message and the only dent he had made in his writers block was to scribble the following notes, "... purilous position of war ... inflayshun ... unemployment ... houseing ... nigger control ... more cops ... more narcos."

He stared sullenly at the list and cursed the optimistic day he had created the Great Society.

A cockroach crawled onto the top of the desk and took a quick look at his memo.

"Boy, are you in trouble," said the roach.

"Git yore arse orf ma desk," said the King as he took a swipe at the impudent insect.

The roach, an expert in guerrilla warfare, quickly moved to one side and the king's hand landed on the inkstand.

"That's not the kind of greeting that one king generally gives to another," said the roach a little huffily.

"King-sheet!" said the King, trying to extricate his finger from the royal inkwell.

"Just relax and try to pull it out gently," advised the roach.

The king gave one more harsh tug and then tried it the roach's way. It came out, easily.

"As I was saying," the roach continued, overlooking the interruption, "you seem to be in real trouble with your speech."

"Ain't none of yore damn business," replied the king nursing a blue finger.

"Well, I've always felt that royalty should stick together. By the way, my name is Mac E. Velli, King of the Roaches of the Kingdom of Was. Now let's take another look at those notes."

The roach seeking further inspiration ran up and down the items on the memo.

"You're not a very good speller, are 'you?" said the roach.

The King, a little stunned by the obvious culture of the roach, chose to ignore this impoliteness.

"Let's take these items one by one," the roach continued. "First the war. Tell me, how is it really going?"

"Wal, not so bad—considering," said the king, looking very up tight about the matter.

"Considering that the situation is getting worse by the hour," interpreted the roach.

"Goddamn it, wha don't they all drop dead. Fact is, we're gonna have to try and negotiate a peace, but ah don't want to say this until election time."

"Then tell them that we're winning and that you're prepared to negotiate, but make sure than your terms are wholly unacceptable. Start in earnest when you get close to the election, but before you do, be sure that this is what the people really want. What next?"

"Wal, there's the gold problem. It doesn't have much to do with gold, but it does have a lot to do with our going bankrupt ... the war is too damn expensive."

"In that case make a few stupid restrictions on taking money out of the country ... something that will hit a lot of people in small ways ... that way they will really believe that you're really trying to do something about it." King Lyndon sat up straight in his chair. Really, he thought, this roach has more intelligence than most of my ministers.

"The unemployment problem?" questioned the roach.

"Ah can't do a damned thing about it," replied the King with honesty.

"Then tell them you can. Quote a few statistics as tell them the problem is as good as solved. Remember, words are most valuable when the situation is hopeless."

"Housing. How are we going to deal with that?" said the King using the third person for the first time.

"I pride myself on being something of an authority of this subject," answered Mac E. Velli. "And speaking as a lobbyist for the roach population, I would be very sorry indeed to see a massive program of slum clearance. However, there is a saying amongst my people which says 'We Shall Survive and Thrive,' so these problems do not worry me unduly. However, since I am also a member of the aristocracy, I feel obliged to give you the benefit of my objective experience. Your population, like mine, is expanding rapidly. But unlike mine yours is restless. If they were tamer I would counsel you to leave things as they are and just give them mere promises. However, the situation being what it is, I suggest you actually give them houses—appropriate to their social position of course—everyone cannot live in a palace. If everyone did, there would be no incentive to improve themselves and so they would sink into a mire of idleness and atrophy. So build them houses and make them pay for them—on the never-never plan. When a man invest his money in a home he is at his most vulnerable to pressures which will make him conform. The penalty for dropping out is most severe. He stands to lose his home which is the biggest material investment he will ever make in his life. So give them

houses and they will do little to puset the status quo. They may complain a little but they will forever be in your debt. If I may venture a criticism, it seems to me that you should have put the porer slaves in this position many years ago instead of indenturing them to the corner store. Had you done this, you would not have had the problems of civil unrest that you have at the moment."

King Lyndon was now all ears. Surely, he thought, here was the most intelligent being in his kingdom.

"Now to the immediate problems of control for your dissident minority. First, it is of paramount importance to remember that they are a minority. Second, recognize and cultivate the irrational fear that the majority has for them. This is your strongest weapon. It provides you with what you sorely need—an enemy at home. When you slayed the last of the domestic communist dragons you also killed the major unifying factor in your society. It is always a great mistake to kill the last dragon. It should always be kept alive, fed if necessary, to stand as a living symbol of your power, of the forces of evil and of the eternal need of your protection. Fortunately, in your hour of need, fate has given you another dragon, that of the dissident negro slaves.

If you are wise, you will use them to unify the population. Play your cards right, turn this into a popular crusade—use it as an excuse to augment your police ... to carry out those repressive measures that are so dear to your heart. In short, use the minority to control the majority. Rest assured that your aristocracy and their political puppets will give you their full support in this matter. When you play the right tune on the harp of paranoia, everyone will dance.

Your last problem is with the Is. I am sure that we both agree that their influence is becoming much too strong and is at this very moment heavily infiltrating the middle slave group. They must be persecuted and their symbolic wonder drug—L.S.D., discredited. Now, here I have a plan.

There is a certain man who is the head of an institute for the blind. Through an indiscretion he has put himself in a position where he can be blackmailed by your secret police. If a little pressure is brought to bear upon him he will testify—a few days before you make your speech to the Kingdom—that six young student have been blinded by the drug. It doesn't matter how, though you could say that they stared at the sun until it burnt out their retinas. You should give this item a great deal of publicity. That it will prove to be false later on is no concern of yours, for when you give your speech it will seem quite plausible to most people. You will of course not mention this incident but, since it will be in everyone's mind, your request for a 30% increase in narcotics agents will seem just and natural. Thus you

Continued on Page 20

Poor Paranoid's Almanac



Last weekend I spent my time shopping around for bargains. Between "A Tribute to Woody Guthrie" held at Carnegie Hall, Saturday at 8:30 and the Maharishi speaking at Madison Square Garden on Sunday afternoon, I had the distinct feeling my "consumer conscience" was being tapped for a future market.

Like most people I had to buy the truth and both affairs set me back plenty of money. The "Tribute" was sold out the first couple of days and press tickets weren't available. As far as the Maharishi's spiel was concerned, the press tickets were used by someone else at EVO. So my only entry to all this homespun, down to earth, real live honest-to-goodness synthetic reality was the password "George Washington sent me" as I crossed palms with genuine green paper to gain entrance to the Wonderful Worlds of the New Consciousness.

The "younger generation" was, of course, in full attendance and regalia at both affairs. The "Woody Guthrie Folk-set" sat reserved and silent, suppliant to every word, note and gesture. A second generation of folk heroes played to their "down-on-the-farm - simple - honest - philosophy - cutting - across - the - sophisticated - bullshit - of - the - big - city" awareness. Arlo Guthrie, the son of the famous myth; Pete Seeger, Judy Collins, Richie Havens, Bob Dylan were some of the progeny who performed their ablutions. It was not so much a memorial to Woody Guthrie as it was a farewell to folk consciousness.

Bob Dylan, who was the big attraction of the night, a coming out of retirement party for him since he was considered to be the true offspring of this nitty gritty mythology, set the tone for the evening. After about an hour of folk music, he came on and broke into rock and roll, an irreverent gesture, changing the rhythm for the rest of the people on stage. He spoke and sang little and, though he wasn't better performance-wise than anyone else, he one-upped everyone by being the only one on stage who wore a suit and tie. He looked healthy and sang healthy but appeared very withdrawn in himself. His shy and neat approach, along with his "healthy, wealthy and wise outlook" and stubbornness to play what he was into now, set the style for a new product in the business known as young people's music.

The concert ended with everyone singing together, a kind of congregational hymn to telling it like it was.

The next day, while most people were at church, the New Church of the Young Mind took over Madison Square Garden for an afternoon. The Maharishi, guru of the west, had come to New York to spread The Word. And the choice of the Garden of Ganes and Circuses, couldn't have been a better choice for his temple.

Young people were in evidence everywhere. They hung on his every word as he revealed his philosophy of Transcendental Meditation to them. Their eyes lapped up his simple, honest, homespun appearance. His honesty to avoid the complicated and say the obvious were enhanced by flowers, incense and beads. His Sermon on the Mount was more of a supermarket speciality than anything else. And I couldn't help having the feeling of spotting his brand of guarantee before on the shelves of many an A & P market. The Maharishi seemed surrounded more by money than by gods. The American age of the quick sell had somehow seeped into his very being as was evidenced by all the other religions that had ever come into contact with the state of being called "America."

There was also a rumor going around before the service began that "his holiness" was brought over by the CIA to subvert youth from drugs. (A rumor obviously started by A-Heads since the Maharishi's approach was soft and slow). But as the sermon began, he made it obvious he was down on chemical journeys. His approach of transcendental meditation, getting outside yourself by getting inside yourself, was a form of canned essence-do-it-yourself-poof-there-goes-perspiration-mystery.

All in all it was a pleasant way to spend an afternoon that is if you like being smiled all over by a ninety-nine year old midget swaddled in white cloth.

Religion and Music! They seem to be consumed rather than exhaled in America and why not, it makes money, doesn't it? These were my thoughts on the weekend. How can I or other's complain about it. It isn't patriotic if you really know what America stands for. But I do complain. As I said before, "Like most people I have to buy the Truth." And God help us if some day we can't afford it.

I watched Bob Hope's hour long program last Thursday on his tour of Southeast Asia army command posts where he entertained the troops with staid jokes and patter. The men were evidently grateful to Hope for at least, if not more, an hour's recess from the worst joke of all - the Vietnam War.

One could not help feeling as you watched the proceedings that much hasn't changed since W. W. II. The music was vintage 1943 and the women, like Raquel Welch, Miss Universe of 1966 and others, still had their tits and hips in the right places. Miss Welch wore a mini-dress just short enough to make the troops come in their M-16's. A nasty job of cleaning up afterwards, I imagine. Miss Barbara McNair, a fine singer, who is a negro, was thrown in for good measure to remind our freedom loving army that OUR girls come in all colors besides shapes and sizes. Hope even had Earl Wilson there, the columnist from the N.Y. Post, to show how liberal Americans could be. I'm sure that if the Emperor Nero was a liberal he still would have fiddled while Rome burned except he would have smiled all the while and thanked everyone for letting him play.

The hour long show, though dull, was interesting. Even Vice President Ky got in on the act. He gave us his version of the good guys versus the bad guys. Hope also took us on a tour of the hospitals just to show us local yokels just how much our boys were enduring in our great fight against communism.

In the end Hope triumphs as we see him flying back home in the special transport plane the army had provided for him. He gives his faithful GI's his gratitude by acknowledging them with

...a line from his theme song, "Thanks For the Memory." At that moment, for me at least, my TV tube flashed a nuclear blast across the screen with Bob Hope mouthing, I'm sure, some prophetic words. I turned up the volume and pushed my ear close to the speaker to hear what he was saying. It was, "thanks for the memory" and I replied, "Thank You, Mr. Hope," and turned off the set.

Young Christians Persecuted for Grass...

MONTREAL, Jan. 15 (LIBERATION News Service - Canadian University Press) - Montreal police packed 100 people off to jail after a raid on a meeting in a church Jan. 7th. The cops said when they entered the building the place "reeked of marijuana and unwashed hippies."

The raid occurred at the Flower Pit, a center for young people run by Father John Burke in St. John the Evangelist Church in downtown Montreal. He said their claims that marijuana was found in the church was "an out-and-out lie."

An interesting quote from Comdr. Henry Urban Jr., leader of the first raid on North Viet Nam, in the New York Times of January 20th, has significant sexual-sociological importance: "There are a lot of nice buildings in Haiphong. What their contributions are to the war effort I don't know, but the desire to bomb a virgin building is terrific. But we don't do it."

All independent film-makers are invited to visit Group 212 in Woodstock, N.Y. for a few days without charge if they don't mind showing their films to winter residents. 212 will arrange a public showing of any film-maker's work and give them 100% of the gate.

On February 9 & 10 there will also be a private open-house limited to film-makers. They may bring one guest, without charge. Bring films, projectors, cameras, sleeping bags or bedding. Ice skates are not a bad idea, the lake is frozen solid.

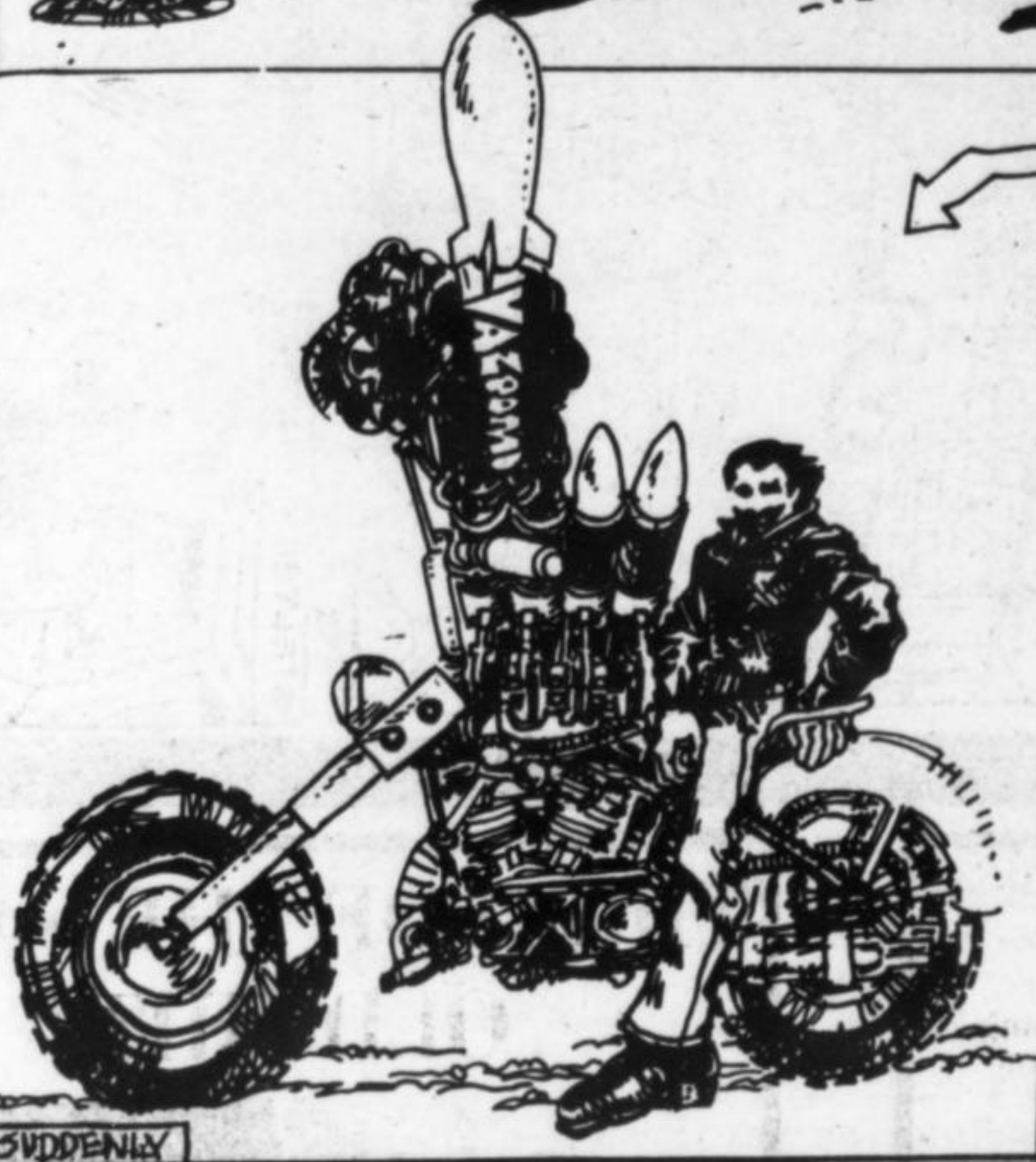
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Continued on Page 18

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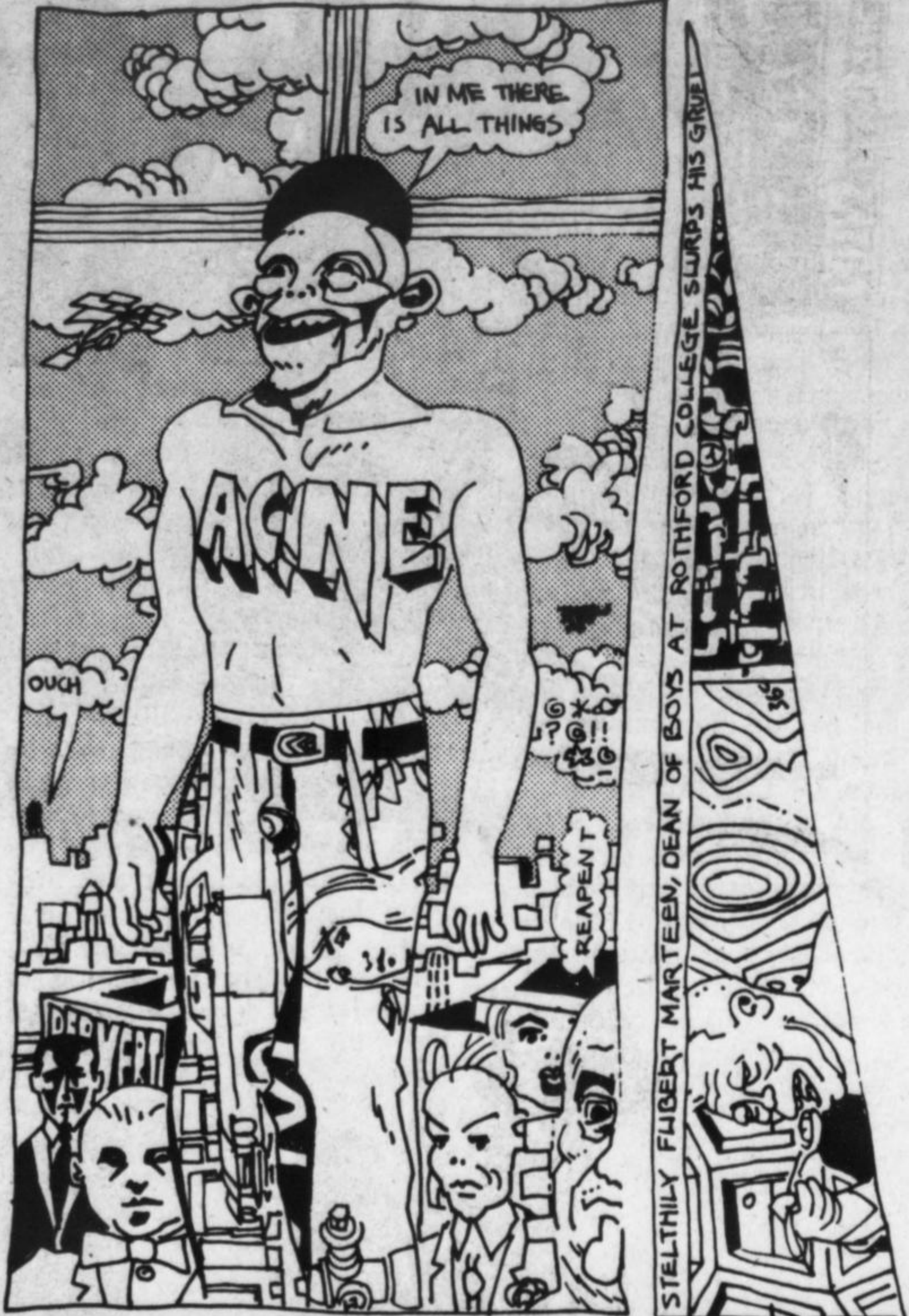


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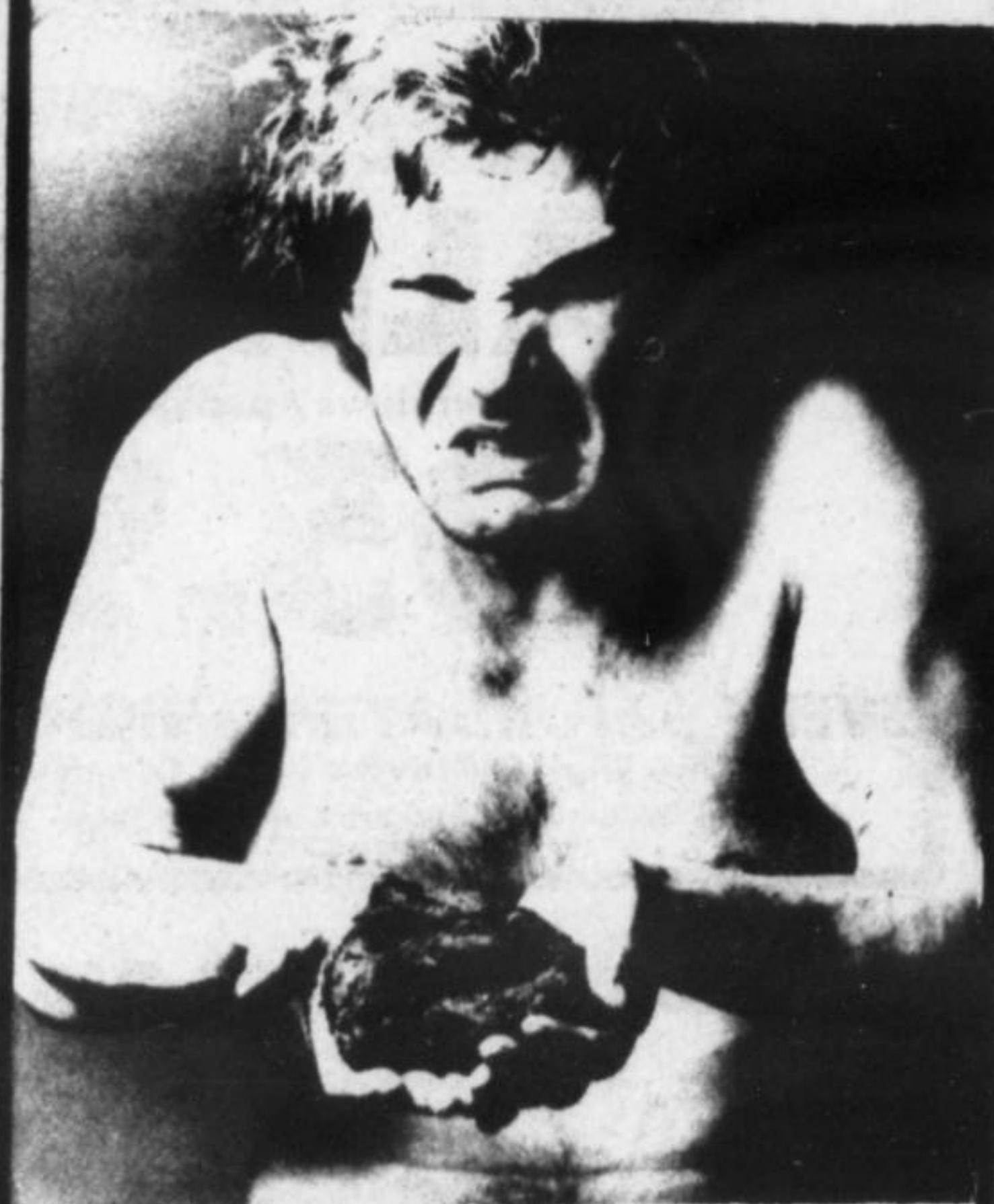


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by MILES

Little has happened since winter came upon us and forced London's underground underground (along with the railways of the same name); rather it has been a time of consolidation, and to some people even a time of planning for the coming summer(?). The organisation called RELEASE has fulfilled all possible expectations and has become one of the most valuable community services in London today. By calling 603-8654 at any hour of the day or night anyone who is being raided by the police or is some trouble with the law can get immediate legal advice and assistance. The RELEASE people bail out anyone who has no friends who would be regarded by the courts as suitable securities (in Britain bail money does not have to be produced — it is only liable for payment if the offender does not show up in court when required). Caroline Coon, who more or less runs RELEASE singlehanded, was unfortunately arrested recently in a demonstration in the Kings Road, Chelsea, protesting against Brian Jones's original sentence, which unfortunately means Caroline is no longer allowed to stand bail. Remember this telephone number or write it down if you are visiting Britain as you may well need it.

Convent Garden is very slowly developing into a community area similar to the lower east side. Jim Haynes' Arts Laboratory at 182 Drury Lane is now almost fully functioning with an experimental theater seating 100 people

and showing some of the most advanced plays available in London. The movie house, which has no seats, only a thick foam rubber floor arranged in steps for people to lay on, has been showing classics such as Lolita, King Kong shown in cinemascope with a pink tint, The Wild Ones and also the best of the available underground films such as William Burrough's Towers Open Fire, Flaming Creatures etc. Incidentally, Anthony Balch's film Cutups, starring William Burroughs, and with sound track by Ian Sommerville, is now showing in London and is receiving strange audience reactions: people who go to the cinema to see the main feature walking out after seeing Cutups, complaining bitterly to the management about obscenity and depravation, though the film does not contain one pornographic image. The Arts Laboratory also has a bookshop selling UPS magazines and newspapers and the usual line of little magazines and 'underground' literature. The restaurant is open until six in the morning most nights and the ground floor houses what could be one of London's most interesting experimental art galleries. In addition to all this Jim Haynes lives in the back, where he is available to almost anyone at any time.

Round the corner at 22 Betterton Street are the new offices of International Times and also ECAL, the paper's distributing company part-owned by the paper. This is the first time in many months that the paper has had

its distribution and editorial offices in the same place, and now that John Hopkins is out of jail (after a nine month sentence for possession) it is analysing all the information it has on its readers and its function as a community paper and should become an even more valuable addition to the scene than it already is.

Carnaby Street at last has its first hippy shop (i.e. owned by hippies rather than cashing in on the Hippy thing) in the persons of Tomny and Charlie at Kleptomania. They have just moved here and feel that this year everyone will be buying tents and moving out into the country to the various 'holy' places in Britain, such as Stone-henge, Glastonbury, Tintagel.

Also, in Glastonbury, a large contingency of people from Chelsea are investigating the Arthurian legend, Glastonbury Tor as a point on the dragon line (see John Michel's 'The Flying Saucer Vision'). The Pendragon Society and many other organizations are conducting digs and other experiments in the area. A permanent community is being set up there. Other communities seem to be starting up in Wales as pioneered by Sir Mark Palmer, who has been touring the area in a pony and trap along George Borrow's Welsh Walks (viz. Wild Wales).

In Dumfrieshire the Venerable Trungpa Rimpoche has established a small Tibetan monastery and equipped himself with a complete set of the scriptures

and a printing press. In Tibet he was head of a monastery of seven thousand monks, but here has only a few. There is also the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi who has been attempting to gain support, but most of the community have seen through his commercial and authoritarian nature and refused to lend their support. It is of interest that he has wantonly used a very holy title that he is not entitled to: Risi — Saint. Maha — Universal (Greatest — All embracing) and the last Maharishi occurred in India in 300 BC. A Maharishi is almost guaranteed of entering Nirvana at the end of this life. However Mahesh Yogi is unlikely to enter Nirvana and will surely reincarnate presumably taking it all with him in order to bring it back again.

There is nothing significant politically happening in Britain except that the Home Secretary, Roy Jenkins, has been replaced by James Callaghan who spent nine years with the Police Federation and has stated that he is determined to stop the spread of drugs by "undercover police activity," as opposed to Jenkin's view which supported the distinction between hard and soft drugs, and was much more liberal in this respect. Everything would indicate that this summer will be much more violent and there will be more clashes with the authorities than in the past. Unfortunately those who will suffer will be the second generation or very young hippies who are not fully aware of the existence of the various organizations they can turn to for help. In all probability this year it will be much more difficult for visiting Americans to gain entrance to Britain as the Immigration Dept. is clamping down over here on all visitors without a great deal of money as part of the general economy measures in a bankrupt Britain.

berlin

parent organization) and now we've thrown ourselves out of the university. Careers, jobs, it's all nonsense. No one would need jobs any more if they only thought it out. There would be other ways to get things done. EVO: Then you're no worried about the future.

TEUFEL: Na ja. It's impossible to starve in today's society. Oh yes, the future may be terrible maybe, but for everyone, not just for us.

EVO: What about pot and LSD and so on?

TEUFEL: Some of us have tried them, we think they're a good thing, we'd like to find out much more about them.

CHRISTINE HOEHE

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They're like the birth-control pill, they open up new possibilities. We can't disregard any new opening if we really want to discover something. All kinds of people have an angle on things. You know, the only German newspaper which really treated us without condescension, you know the sort of pseudo-critical moral judgments you get from most writers who really think they're writing about something, the only one who did a fair job was an astrology paper.

EVO: Yes, there's the same tie-in with astrology and other things like that in London and American underground papers. Maybe the astrologers, whatever their own failings, are the only ones who don't have the dice loaded in favor of a special theory, they just look on and try to explain. Tell me about violence. (laughter)

TEUFEL: Oh god no, not that, not violence.

EVO: Alright. Here's a crunch question. A lot of other people on the left say that by your demonstrations you are threatening the entire left; you are opening the way to a general public reaction which could be murderous for everyone and completely finish what progress Germany has

made since the war.

TEUFEL: I don't think we're doing that. We are trying very hard to find exactly the right sort of demonstration for each thing that needs doing, but it isn't easy. What's really frightening is all the people who take you so seriously, they're so literal-minded, you say one thing that goes against what they believe in, and they're ready to kill you. That's the real danger. EVO: Yes, that's the real danger. Supposing they turn violent then. Aren't we the first who will get it?

TEUFEL: Not necessarily. You may get killed sooner by not taking a position.

EVO: I want to be sure I understand you with absolute clarity. You don't worry if your demonstrations lead in this direction?

TEUFEL: Na ja...a lot of the other student groups are jealous of us, because they can't start the demonstrations we can. They try to compete with us, but they can't because we're free in a way they can't be. We've made a choice. You know, violence isn't the worst thing. If a few people here had been willing to spill a little blood for their principles in 1933, it could have changed European history.

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The girls at Callagy Hall (on 12th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenues), a home for abandoned girls five to eighteen years old, had never heard of Richie Havens. In fact, they regard hippies as "dirty, freaky" and "why do you dress that way?"

These girls live at Callagy because their parents do not want them, or cannot control them, or the court has decreed their parents unfit because of alcoholism, dope addiction, or maltreatment of the child.

Most of the abandoned are Negro and Puerto Rican with enough Whites to make the home integrated. Many of the girls will spend time in the Youth House—this constant fear hangs heavy over all. One counselor threatens the girls, "there's nothing we can do when the boys in blue come to get you."

Indeed, when one sees detectives come to take away a hulking, defiant fourteen year old dyke who suddenly breaks down and with tears silently rolling off satin black cheeks, clutches her teddy bear and cries to her comrades for help, the hopelessness of their lives echos through a thousand roach infested halls.

Middle-class (mentally as well as economically) matriarchal Negro women run Callagy. They love and are touched by the girls, but they mother and control them the only way they know how—yelling, bullying, badgering—"You think you're gonna make it on welfare when you get outa here? Well, honey, you gotta nother think comin, cause you aren't gonna be nothin...you hear? Nothin, but a hustler, a prostitute, or a thief. That's all you know how to do unless you start goin to school."

The rules have rules. After being there three weeks, I have learned to live in fear of a senior counselor's footsteps or voice. "Miss Williams, you are never ever to bring up your own group's snack. Do you understand? I'm supposed to bring it up for the entire floor....Miss Williams, the girls are never allowed to rough-house like this and they know it. Don't ever let them play this game again....Miss Williams, it's five after nine and your girls are not asleep yet. They MUST be in bed and asleep at nine o'clock."

When I asked if Ritchie could play, the Recreation Director interrogated, "He doesn't play all protest songs does he? The city wouldn't like that you know."

So Ritchie and his guitarist Dino walk in and voices buzz. We light incense and a candle and the lights go down and Ritchie tells the girls that he's sorry he's a little late, but the car got stuck in the snow in Jersey and he used to be a Boy Scout and learned how to put branches under the wheels and after all these years that knowledge got put to good use....giggles and reserved laughter....they don't know what to make of him. Ritchie sings High Flyin Bird. The sound isn't like The Temptations, The Supremes or Gladys Night and the Pitts.

Richie understands and says softly, "The next song is by a one-armed bandit friend of mine who plays the guitar and the drums and the finger cymbals and the kazoo and he lives in San Francisco now which is what this song is about."

San Francisco Bay Blues. The gang leaders on the front row give each other The Look and fingers start snapping, heads bobbing, shoulders rolling—music is sacred at Callagy. All 120 girls have a music bond between them so strong that it is probably the only thing that keeps the place from blowing up.

Ritchie breaks through hatred layers, defense layers. With this song he reaches them as no counselor, parent or peer has. He is inside and it is a miracle. They never let anyone inside, and Ritchie just sings his song and the girls and Ritchie and Dino have a beautiful thing going while the counselors sit and nod, not knowing what is going on, but they feel something. The girls smile. Dino laughs. When the song is over the leaders give the supreme compliment—their acceptance of him into their world—they shout, "Unsaturated, never duplicated, can't be imitated—SOUL! It's bound to mess up your mind each and every time!"

Dino breaks up. Richie purrs, "You like blues?"

They shout, "Ummmm, huuuu, Baby!" So he gives them Maggie's Farm, Follow, and From The Prison. They listen to the words. Somehow they are changed; not outwardly will they be completely different people, but inside something has changed. And the nodding counselors never know that something will be different from now on!



Pop, Rock and Jelly #1

by S.J. WILLIAMS



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Film

by RICHARD PRESTON

Once, every four years, at Knokke-Le Zoute in Belgium, the jury of the International Experimental Film Competition selects what it considers to be the best avant garde film of the period. The current winner of the Grand Prix (\$4000) was Michael Snow — his film, "Wavelength."

So there it is — the loft — windows full screen — people: entrance and exit — camera moves in — slowly — slowly — imperceptibly — with fast light changes — we move in — slowly — slowly — relax — there's time — get a good look at the room — going in — slowly — slowly — something tells us it's going to be a long journey — time for meditation — if you pass a god on the way ask him a question — but gently — and watch the windows inside and out the world is up and down and left and right but we go in slowly — slowly — a man enters and dies — but we go in always — slowly — slowly — and on — it's the great acid copulation — coitus prolongatus — in extremis -- and on and in and on and in and hold it and wait for if the inevitable is inevitable one can afford to wait and savour the conclusion — we continue in — slowly — slowly...

This is Reviewing Form 37/bjh/50792/1968 of the Reviewers and Publicity Writers Guild to be used only in moments when the deadline is too close to give the Reviewer time to write an original review &/or when the Reviewer considers the object to have sufficient intelligence to almost write his own review.
NAME...Michael Snow

DATE OF BIRTH...12/10/29

COUNTRY OF ORIGIN...Canada

HEIGHT...5'8" or something like that.

EYES...Two and one in pocket.

WEIGHT...Not too much.

HAIR...Distingue

SHOES...?

SEX...Not tonight...maybe tomorrow.

FAVOURITE FOOD...Steak.

FAVOURITE COLOR...Orange

RELIGION...Artist

BOWELS...Fine

SMOKES...Yes. (once stopped for four years),(20 years on grass)



POLITICS...Drifter

FUN ACTIVITY...Making Music (Jazz)

FEELING ABOUT WINNING...It's nice.

WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH THE MONEY?
.....Invest it.

WHAT IS ART?...I've got my own ideas on that. If one thinks it is, it's art. Probably definable though. Reveals original relationships. Shows the eternal.

WHAT IS MONEY?...A means of exchange. It's nice to have.

WHAT IS MICHAEL SNOW?...He's a person.

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS...Nothing previous, only concurrent. Filmmaker, sculptor, painter, musician.

REFERENCES(3)...Mother, wife and ?

WHAT IS WAVELENGTH?...One wavelength.

WHAT IS WAVELENGTH ABOUT?...It's beyond words.. it's on art and religion...it's a time monument.

QUALIFICATIONS...Being Human.



Pop, Rock and Jelly #2

by A.J. WEBBERMAN

Oh wow did you dig Dylan's new L.P., **JOHN WESLEY HARDING**? If you have one in your possession dig the cover . . . like how many times does Bob appear? . . . Look between the collar button and the two top front buttons on Bob's jacket (which looks like the same one he wore on **BLONDE ON BLONDE**) and there he is again, hunched over his 'gun' or guitar. Now look to the right of this photo; superimposed on Bob's pocket is another semi-profile. Enough? Look directly to the right of the second dark button and there he is again in full profile, then look directly underneath this, opposite the third dark button and guess who? Wow, this certainly beats out "find the shmuck in the bush!" Now look to the right and to the left of the robed Indians hat . . . more faces. But then next one is the weirdest of all. Hold the album on a 45° angle and follow the tassel which is dangling from the beaded Indians right shoulder and there's Bob, dressed in a well-tailored suit, dangling a piece of rope. But when you bring the album back to 90° Bob turns into a surrealistic workman hauling up the same piece of rope. Now turn the album up-sidedown and look in the light part of the bark on top of the tree. At the right is Dylan smoking a suspicious looking cigarette and to the far left are three more faces, one of which looks like Donovan, while the remaining 2 resemble Dylan in his early folksinging days.

Dylan seems to symbolize America, since he is wearing a top-hat and there is as sombrero underneath him. The Indians are Baul Singers from West Bengal, India; although I mistook them for railroad American Indians, and the lame is just some local workman from Woodstock. At this point I must admit that I am not sure exactly what Dylan is saying in this photograph, although from its gravestone shape and grey background I think he is making a statement about death & oblivion and their relationship to himself and to America. If I were to discuss the short story which appears on the back of the album in detail it would substantiate this theory, but it would also violate Bob's privacy, so let it suffice to say that one of the 'keys' to this album is death, more specifically, suicide. (see Paragraph 6 of album notes).

The 'sound' of this album is somewhere between folk-music and jazz, and seems to represent a step downward for Dylan as far as its composition is concerned. The poetry, for the most part, is on the same highly personal level as **BLONDE ON BLONDE** and a thorough knowledge of 'Dylanology' is prerequisite to its understanding. Rather than briefly interpreting each poem, I would like to examine three of my favorites in detail . . . Like lets get this straight up front, I'm not saying 'This is where Dylan is at! . . . all that I'm saying is 'this is where I think he's at after having studied his life & poetry for some time . . . it's like a highly educated guess, dig?

John Wesley Harding is really Dylan, that is the Dylan of **THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'** days. Dig it . . . "John Wesley Harding was a friend to the poor"—(a proletarian songwriter . . . e.g. . . . "Hollis Brown he lived on the outside of town/(repeat)/With his wife and five children in a cabin broken-down") . . . from **THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'**—**THE BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN**) "He traveled with a gun in every hand" (his acoustical guitar) "All along this country-side he opened many a door" (in the music industry) "But he was never known to hurt an honest man" (the song-writers whom he helped replace were dishonest i.e. they sang about 'temptation' and 'true love') "It was down in Chainy County" (where Chainy, Schwener and Goodman died: Mississippi) "A time they talk about" (Go see **Don't Look Back**) "With his lady by his side" (Joan Baez—see **Oxford Town** on **THE FREEWHEELIN' BOB DYLAN**—"Me and my gal, my gal, son,/We got met with a tear gas bomb,") "He took a stand" (A microphone stand) "And soon the situation there was all but straightened out" (Bob went to Miss to protest the killing of Medgar Evers and a couple of months later Chainy, Schwerner and Goodman were tortured and murdered) "He was always known to lend a helping hand" (the hand that fate had delt him, and in many respects, a very bad one). "All across the telegraph" (The Telegraph, a prototypical American newspaper) "his name it did resound" (he received a lot of publicity) "But no charge held against him could they prove" (He was often slandered e.g. Newsweek Magazine (Nov. 4, 1963) ran a 'rumor story' on Bob which alleged that he didn't write **Blown' In The Wind** but instead, purchased it from a N. J. high-school student named Lorre Wyatt) "And there was no man around who could track or chain him down / He was never known to make a foolish move" (Once again I cannot blow Bob's cool).

All Along The Watchtower is about Ginsberg. "There must be someway out of here" (out of life) "Said the joker" (Dylan) "to the thief" (Ginsberg) "There's to much confusion/I can't get no relief" (from Dylan's last pop composition—**Too Much Nothing** to his first-Mixed-up **Confusion** and still no relief) "Businessmen they drink my wine" (they exploit him—see **Memphis Blues Again** on **BLONDE ON BLONDE** verse 3— "She said that all the railroadmen/Just drink up your blood like wine"—the rail road man is the archtypiello popular culture symbol for the capitalist) "Plowmen dig my earth" (no-one understands Bob's poetry on it's 'deeper' levels) "None of them along the line" (the rail-

road line) "Know what any of it is worth" (really dig where Dylan is at). "No reason to get excited"/"The thief he kindly spoke" (Allen advised Bob) "There are many here among us" (the majority of human beings) "Who feel that life is but a joke" (and therefore take it freely) "But you and I we've been thru that" (bith Dylan and Ginsberg have had experiences which brought them close to death) "And this is not our fate" (yet they both have chosen to live) "So let us not talk falsely now" (let us not deal in irrelevancies) "The hour is getting late" (a nuclear holocaust is slowly becoming an inevitability) "All along the watchover" (those who have been able to look into the future in the past) "Princes kept the view" (were members of the aristocracy and used their knowledge to benefit themselves) "While all the women came and went/Their footservants too" (and so an unequal distribution of wealth existed) "Outside in the distance" (somewhere in the future) "A wildcat did growl" (the hip prophets were complaining about the times they lived in) "Two writers were approaching" (Dylan and Ginsberg) "The wind began to howl" (Dylan's most prominent symbol—the wind—see **Blown' In The Wind** on **THE FREEWHEELIN' ALBUM**—began to take on the aspects of Ginsberg's **Howl** for Carl Solomon.)

Dylan is too much! If I hadn't dropped-out (C.C.N.Y.), turned-on and tuned-in I might think that John Wesley Harding was John Wesley Hardin, a Texas gunman and gambler of the 19th Century—"a kind of Nietzschean super dream man" (Time Magazine 1/12/68) and that this poem is "appealing but

BOB DYLAN JOHN WESLEY HARDING

INCLUDING:
THE BALLAD OF FRANKIE
LEE AND JUDAS PRIEST
THE DRIFTER'S ESCAPE

I DREAMED I SAW
ST. AUGUSTINE
ALL ALONG THE
WATCH TOWER



flawed . . . Although Dylan pretends to know more about freight trains than quatrains, the lyrics are annoyingly synoptic and should be developed" (Robert Shelton, Folk Music critic of The New York Times 1/14/68) I might also have dismissed **All Along The Watchtower** as "A surrealistic riddle stated in musically intense terms . . . only word play" as Robert Shelton did (N.Y. TIMES 1/14/68). Believe it or not, Mr. Shelton once felt that he was qualified enough to write a book on Dylan . . .

Let's have a lok at **I'll Be Your Baby Tonight**: The fact that this song is the last one on the album is highly significant. In the past the Poet has often reserved this track to 'lay a taste' of what's coming on his listeners. For example, in **Restless Farewell** (the last cut on **THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'**) Bob sang:

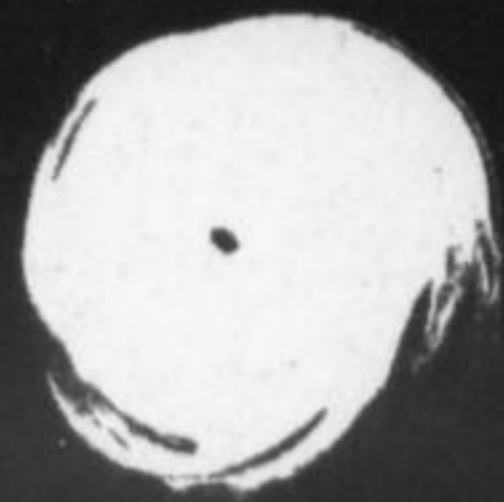
. . . But the dark does die
As the curtain is drawn and somebody's eyes
Must meet the dawn
And if I see the day
I'd only have to stay
So I'll bid farewell in the night and be gone.

In the first four lines of this verse Dylan admits that he has no regrets about causes he has fought in the past but he goes on to admit that as each cause is realized—"But as the dark does die" a new and better world appears "The curtain is drawn," and since he is at the forefront of many movements he may be one of the first to see 'the new order'—"and somebody's eyes must meet the dawn" but if he saw this 'new day'—"But if I see the day" he would have to renounce his allegiance

Continued on Page 17



Born Syracuse, N.Y., 1930 / Lived in Italy attending school there / returned to U. S. in 1946 / B.F.A. Syracuse University / M.F.A. University of Notre Dame, in Sculpture / Founder of Group Center 1963. Did "Black Events" (Forerunner of Intermedia) / His preoccupation is BLACK. / Titles of Work: BLACK, BLACK 2, BLACK ZERO, BLACK IS, BLACK PLUS X / Founder of BLACK GATE, first Electromedia Theatre in New York. / Exhibited in New York, Canada, London and Youth Pavillion in Expo 67. / Latest Work: BLACK TV Exhibition in the Howard Wise Gallery 50 West 57th Street — December 1967 to January 1968.



black sperm
 black sperm
 black sperm

black

Art

by LIL PICARD

the child is black

EVO: Why black?

A.T.: Black to me is like a beginning. A beginning of what it wants to be, rather than what it does not want to be. I am not discussing black as a tradition or nontradition in painting or as having anything to do with pigment or as an opposition to colours. As I am working and exploring black in different kinds of dimensions, I'm definitely more and more convinced that black is actually the beginning of everything, which the art concept is not.

Black gets rid of the historical definition. Black is a state of being blind and more aware. Black is the oneness of birth. Black is, within totality, the oneness of all. Black is the expansion of consciousness in all direction.

I believe very strongly that the completely artificial "art" concept and the concept of "non-art" will have to collapse for the very reason they are both on the wrong track. Black is one of the important reasons why the racial conflicts are happening today, because it is part of an old way to look at human beings or race in terms of colour. We oppose black. Black will get rid of the separation of colour at the end. Blackness is the beginning of the resensitizing of human beings. I'm a strong believer that the word "black power" is a powerful message, for it destroys the old notion of western man, and by destroying that notion it also destroys the tradition of the art concept.

Let me put it this way: if we think of man's creations and of the era that man lives in, all of a sudden we have a simultaneous idea of all man's endeavors coming to us at once. We have been preserving and magnifying the most decadent objects, whether under Louis XV or the contemporary pompous art court, while all around us there is a whole creation going on of forms and concepts, of the atomic era, the space era, the computer era.

EVO: In "Black-talk" of Arts Canada Magazine, Oct. '67, you say that you want to get rid of art as art. How do you think, Aldo, you can do that?

A. T.: Well, first we have to realize that the word art is actually a man-made commodity. The word art itself did not exist in history until people began to select certain objects and certain commodities. These objects were really some kind of exchange commodity. Now this kind of object began to be sort of a trade and exchange until it reached the climax that an object that we call "art" began to be exchanged as a lump sum of money very much as a stock is exchanged in the stock market. Art became an idea which man created artificially. But in the very beginning, we find that man has been creating images: carving them, painting them, creating all kinds of things during history from the cave time on. When man first lived in the cave, in his darkness, he lived completely unrelated to the society which we think of today. I always choose to think of man in the most primitive state, in the most simple stage we can think of. Man began to relate himself to some kind of life, to some kind of environment which was around him. He began to make images on the wall of the cave. It had nothing to do with markets. It had to do with the expansion of himself in all directions.

EVO: It had also to do with fear.

A.T.: Yes . . . In today's world, I, as an artist have to work with elements which help me to unify ideas and to become one with the universe. I see television as one such element.

EVO: Why is it television?

A. T.: Because television is no longer a painting or a form which could work on a canvas which can only be owned, which can only be seen, which can only involve a small, limited amount of people. I'm looking for the many. I'm looking for the multitude. I'm looking for the simultaneous. I'm looking for humanity as humanity. That humanity is more particular than that enormous monster, headless, meaningless, heartless, feelingless mass. Humanity to me is particular. So when I say particular, it is not one man individually owning a particular work and keeping it to himself. To me humanity is the sharing, the exchange, the giving of my particular experience for man to have it. For man to have it, there should be no dictatorship of owning a particular work as if owning someone's particular life. Like somebody might say, "I own a Van Gogh." And I want to say that somebody does not own anything but he has the same experience, the same life, the same fucking heart the same human concept as anybody else can have.

have taken LSD to know its genetic effects. I am unwilling to say that the case has been proven to the extent there is damage to humans in terms of hereditary defects. It cannot be taken on a few isolated cases. It requires research which has not been done. We have only worked on rats, mice, rabbits."

And Dr. Kurt Hirschorn who supplied much of the material for Dr. M. M. Cohen's report which has been cited as an argument against LSD, stated to us: "What is missing are the highly necessary epidemiological studies which would test the significance of the chromosomal studies; i.e.: what does it mean? I know of 5 children with deformities who were born to mothers known to have taken LSD during pregnancy. However, this is insufficient as it doesn't constitute a wide cross-section, nor can it be proven that LSD caused the deformities. There are malformations in general—in normal instances. What is needed again, is an epidemiologic study on man. There is no question that LSD can cause chromosomal defects in mice. But I am not certain that the potential defects spoken of, will occur in man, and if they do, what if any will be the danger. I agree with Dr. Jaffe, I'm not convinced there is long term genetic damage." The Donner Laboratory of Medical Physics and Biophysics at Berkeley concludes that "Information on the distribution and fate of LSD in the human body is not available."

It is an established fact that most takers of LSD and marijuana, during, after, and in many instances before consumption of the drug, are unable and no longer desirous of identifying with existing social conditions: such as poverty, disillusionment, and the war in Vietnam. These people cannot tune in to the social mores prescribed by the State. The threat then, is to the state, and not to the drug takers as propaganda would have it. The order of society as manifest in its President is in danger, and the increased use of LSD and marijuana constitutes in the eyes of President Johnson, a "grave and imminent threat" to his ability to maintain the status quo—specifically his personal interest. The issue is not and never has been, drugs. It is rather, part of a systematic process to subvert the youth of this country who would seek a new and better order. On January 3rd, 1968, the public was treated with its usual daily dosage of deception by its President, this time through the services of the medical profession. Once again the entire community lost out to the personal gain of a single man.

p, r and j #2

Continued from Page 15

to change—"I'd only have to stay" so Bob is going to bid farewell to causes while they remain unrealized—"So I'll bid farewell in the night and be gone". (This is the first instance where Dylan uses the light—darkness; knowledge—ignorance metaphor) In his next L.P., ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN, the poet not only bid farewell to organized causes, but he actively attacked them.

In I'll Be Your Baby Tonight Dylan is intimating that his next L.P. is going to be aimed at . . . the lames! Dig it . . . "Close your eyes" (close your mind—see Ballad of Thin Man—"You see this one eyed midget"—the spade whose mind is fixed on freedom) "close the door" (the doors of perception) "You don't have to worry any more" (Dylan is going to write simple poetry) "I'll be your baby tonight" (Bob is now going to write for the older generation—the Poet's use of tonight is quite standardized . . . it means 'the rotten way things are' e.g. after describing our society as totally corrupt he sarcastically adds in the first verse of Desolation Row (HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED)—"As Lady and I look out tonight from Desolation Row"). In verse No. 2 Dylan continues in the same vein—"Shut the light, shut the shade / You don't have to be afraid / I'll be your baby tonight"—(another variant of the light metaphor). He then goes on to assure his prospective listeners that "Well that mockingbird is gonna sail away we gonna forget it" (He isn't going to mock them anymore) "That big fat moon is gonna shine a spoon but we're gonna let it, you won't regret it" (Bob's poetry will ostensibly be on the level of the moon-spoon-June crap cranked-out by Tin Pan Alley) "Kick your shoes off, do not fear" (Dylan's new sound is going to be relaxing) "Bring that bottle over here" (and it will contain simple symbols) "I'll be your baby tonight". I think that the tone of this song is sarcastic, and Bob isn't going to stop commenting on what he sees going down around him, but is merely pretending to do so in order to get the "lames" attention.

So that's the scene . . . Oh yeah, heh, heh . . . I teach a course on Dylan at The Free School and rap my ass off every Tuesday at 6 p.m. and I am working on a book entitled BOB DYLAN REVISITED, so if anyone has any rare Dylan records or theories on Dylan's poetry contact me at the Free School.

- And Remember:
- Abstain-from war
 - Obtain-dynamite reefer & love
 - Retain-Dylan's poetry
- But above all else . . . MAINTAIN THY COOL!

art

Continued from Page 16

EVO: Artists have a very difficult life and a very difficult time explaining what they feel and how they react to outside experiences. I think that one of the most terrible things today is that we don't talk anymore as one human being to another human being. We really only talk in kind of initials, like Wall Street charts. We don't love, we L.O.V.E., S.E.X., S.T.P., L.S.D., L.S.M.F.T., V.I.P. . . .

A. T.: We are not artists, we are humans. We are humans

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exploring every Goddam dimension of ourselves as humans. We have been living as one dimensional people in this life and we must start expanding ourselves as multi-dimensional human beings. We have to become human by asserting the element in us which is human and what have we done with the part which is human. We have cut it up into pieces.

This is the question which we are asking. We are saying I am an artist, therefore I am better than you. I am a scientist, therefore, I am better than you. I am a biologist, therefore I am better than you. I am a fucking anthropologist, therefore I am better than you. And I say shit on all that. I say I am man. I am really the first primitive in a new technological world . . .

EVO: That's true. We are the first primitives of the new cybernetic age. We are just at the beginning and that's where the artist comes in. It looks as if only he can save the world from destruction.

A. T.: There is one thing I think we should spell out very clearly about destruction — that is that destruction is our inhibitions. I am against destruction because this country, America, destroys. And the artist destroys with his intellectualization. The artist destroys because he sponsors a system which uses the creative man as an economic commodity. The artists poses himself intellectually. I am something, he says, which yesterday tells you this and tomorrow tells you that and basically the so-called artist is nothing but a court jester, a tool of a completely capitalistic and monarchy-like society. Hasn't the creative man realized by now that he has to start moving between the stupid place called earth and that which moves and revolves out there. That the man floating out there is trying to tell us something and we don't want to listen.

maharashi

Continued from Page 6

your favourite word?

FOR ME TO KNOW.
Q: What is George Harrison's favourite word?
DON'T REMEMBER.
Q: How much money did the Beatles contribute to your Academy?
I LEFT THEM BACK IN ENGLAND.
Q: Your grace, this overwhelming publicity you are getting, it must have an advantageous effect on your income.

INCOME?
Q: Your earning power . . . money.
I'M A MONK. I HAVE NO POCKETS. HA. HA.
Q: Man, this guy turns me off.
Q: Please, Maharane, you must have an income?
Q: What about the lecture on Sunday?
TM IS THE WAY TO PEACE WITH ONESELF. TM HARMONIZE THE . . .

Q: There are a lot of people who cannot afford to buy tickets to your lecture. People who would like to go but cannot afford the price. What about them?
OH, I THINK NEW YORK IS A GREAT CITY. IT IS A FAIR CITY, WITH MANY THINGS TO DO. I THINK IT MAKES IT SO THAT EVERYONE CAN AFFORD TO GO-WHERE THEY WANT. IT'S TICKETS NOT TOO HIGH. HA. HA. HA.
Q: Ha. Ha. That's not New York. If money is no concern, then why don't you let those who can't afford to buy a ticket — why don't you let them in free.

THEY CAN
Q: Do I understand you correctly, Maharash, that anyone . . . ANYONE who can't afford the price of a ticket can get in for free?
of a ticket can get in for free?

YES.
Q: In other words, Maha, anyone can walk in for nothing if they don't have the money.
TM SHOW THE WAY TO PEACE WITH ONESELF. TM HARMONIZE THE . . .
Q: This guy gets goin. How do you turn him off?
Q: Guru, your philosophy preaches selfishness.
YES. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY. THROUGH IT EVERYONE PRACTICE IT. EVERYONE WILL BE HELPED.
Q: Your holiness, you said in Bremen a while back, that the United States was the most forward looking country in the world, and that this is why you wanted to come here. Can you elaborate on this?

YES, IF ONE ISN'T LEANING BACKWARDS . . . THE Y ARE GOING FORWARDS. HA. HA.
Q: Your grace, how do you feel about Vietnam?
MY INTEREST IS NO MORE IN VIETNAM THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD.

Q: Why don't you go to Vietnam?
I AM GOING ON A TOUR.
Q: To Vietnam? Where, with who?
WITH THE BEACH BOYS TO MAJOR COLLEGES. HA. HA. HA.
Q: Grace, how do you feel TM will ease the pain of suffering in the world today? How will it prevent hunger, famine?
IF PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY, THAT IS BECAUSE THEY ARE LAZY. HA. HA. HA.
MEDITATE. IF THEY MEDITATE, THEY'LL THEN BEGIN TO WANT WORK, AND THEN THEY WON'T BE HUNGRY ANYMORE.

Q: Do you suffer, Maharishi?
NO. HA. HA. HAAAAAHEEEEEAAAA.
Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming today. The conference has ended. Thank you. Stick with it — get the confusion. Hey stills, step outta the way. Outta the way, stills. Get down stills, you're in our lens. Irving, don't . . . don't shoot it. That guy's a bedbug. Down. Down. Going down. What do you mean he's next? That guy gives me a pain.
Down Down Down Down



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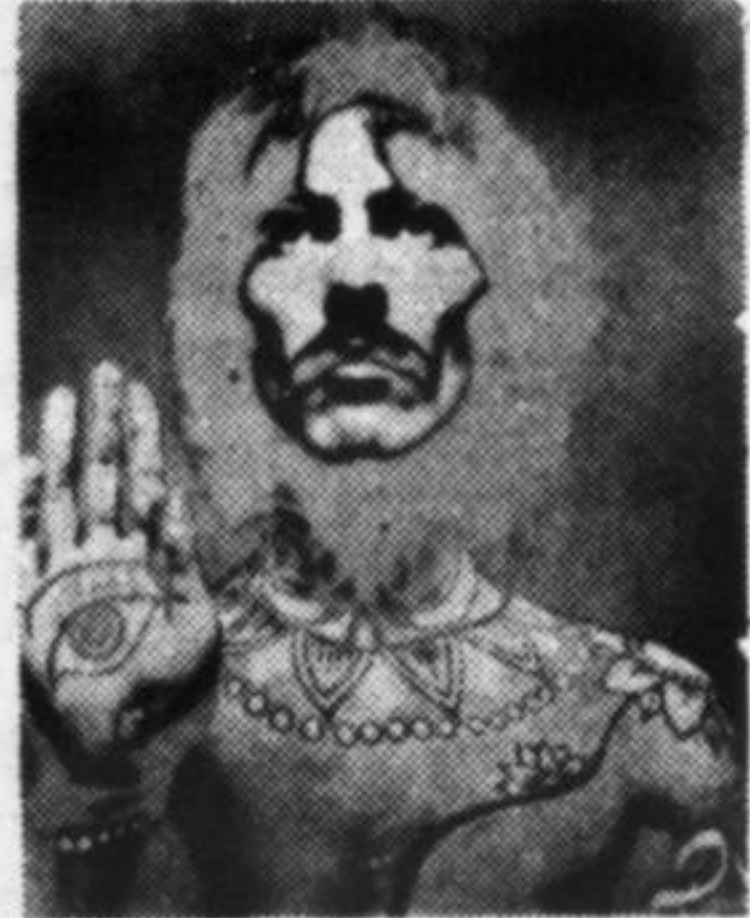
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Continued from Page 7

poor paranoid

A new entry onto the political scene is pictured above. He is Bob John, the Anglo-Saxon Ape and he is running for President of the U.S. on the Naturalist Party ticket.

The poster pictures Bob John with the Beatles on his arm. He is surrounded by the Monkeys, The Animals, a donkey (Democratic Party), an elephant (Republican Party), and an ape (Naturalist Party).

The pictures on the side of the poster are 1) An Ape — in its natural habitat, located in an Abe Lincoln-type shack in the center of a city with a 20 story apartment building in the background. 2) Kahuna Sam - The Naturalist Party's campaign manager and architect of the party's platform. 3) In the right hand corner is George Loa, the Hawaiian Kid and Little Brother on their horse, Oahu. George Loa, the Hawaiian singing cowboy is the Frank Sinatra of the Naturalist Party; a friend and supporter of Naturalists. 4) The Rolling Stones are under Oahu's feet. 5) The peace sign inverted signifies "You are God." Naturalist Party members use this sign when meeting each other.

The Naturalist Party is a neo-political party based on fulfilling needs in a fashion similar to the ancient orgiastic tribal law. They intend to eliminate war and hunger through better diet and better and equal fucking.

The Ape's background speaks for itself: 5'11", 185 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes, fifth grade education (Marilyn Grammar School, Milwaukee, Wisc.). He is a member of the following organizations: Sex Anonymous, The Underground Church and The Apostles of Love.

A VOTE FOR BOB JOHN, THE ANGLO-SAXON APE, FOR PRESIDENT IS THE NATURAL THING TO DO!! Anyone interested in sending their signature so Bob John can get on the Presidential Ballot write to: The Naturalist Party, 1450 Fifth St., Santa Monica, California.

There will be a mini-march against the war and in support of Dr. Spock by children of concerned parents on Saturday, January 27, at 1:00 p.m. in front of St. George Church, Rutherford Place and 16th Street.

At that time children with draft lollipops and balloons will march to the "Localization Center" (Child Care Health Center), 136 East 3rd Street to turn in their pre-injection draft cards.

The children's march is sponsored by Gramercy Stuyvesant Comm. to Bring the Troops Home and the Fifth Ave. Peace Parade Comm.

berlin

Continued from Page 10

EVO: Everyone says there's going to be a lot of blood spilt in America this summer, a real bloodbath in the negro ghettos and maybe not just there. Will this be a good thing?

TEUFEL: Yes, I think it will be. The property owners will never give up what they have without a struggle.

EVO: And supposing it spreads to Europe. Supposing it just becomes fashionable for students or anybody else to use violence in the same way. There must be two million Italian workers here in Germany, they're the ones who really keep the German economy going, they live in barracks as second-class citizens, supposing they do the same thing as the negroes.

TEUFEL: Yes, I think that would be a very good thing.

EVO: Is that the only way to bring about social change? I mean, I don't know the answer. Do you know it?

TEUFEL: I don't know.

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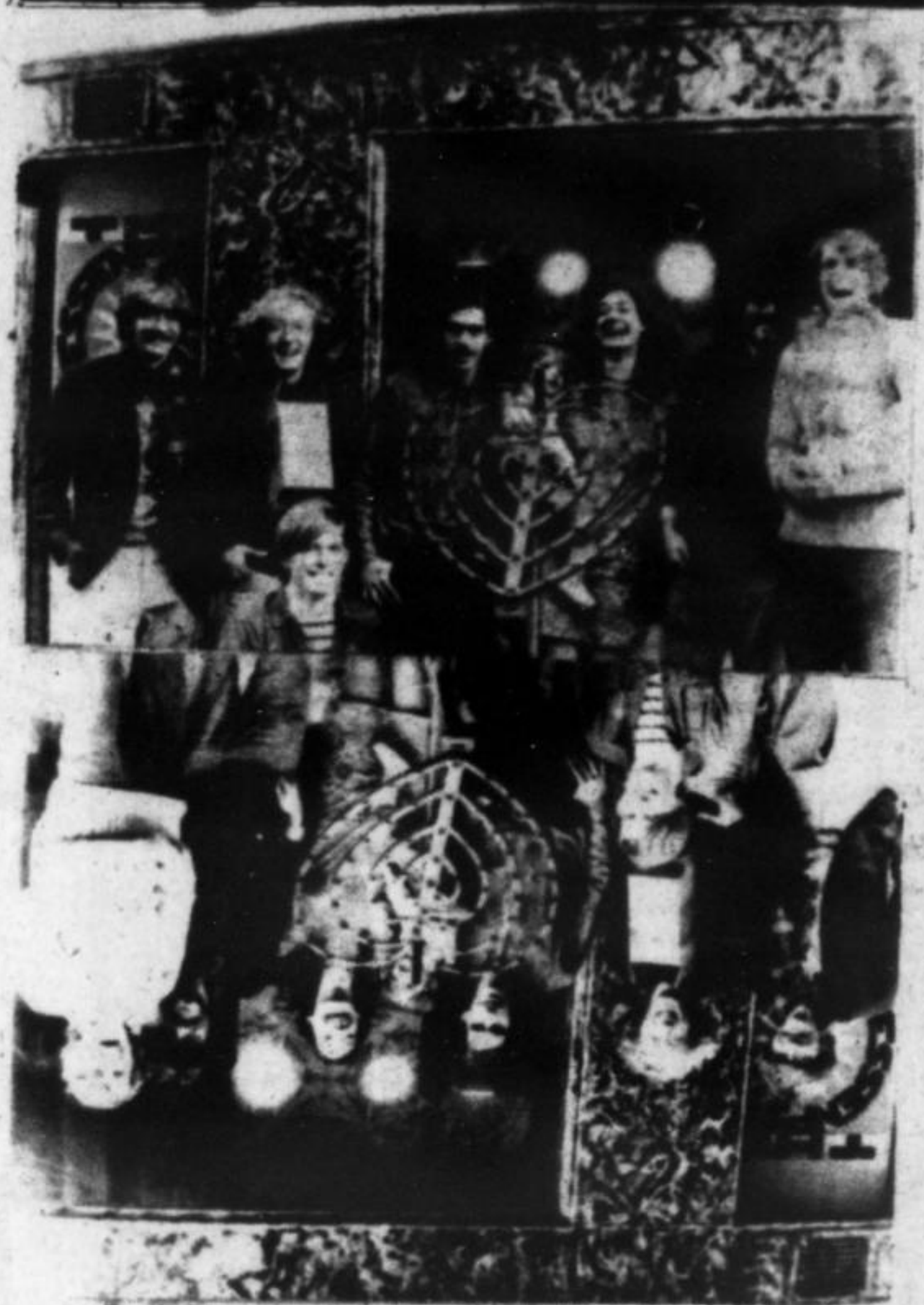


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Continued from Page 5

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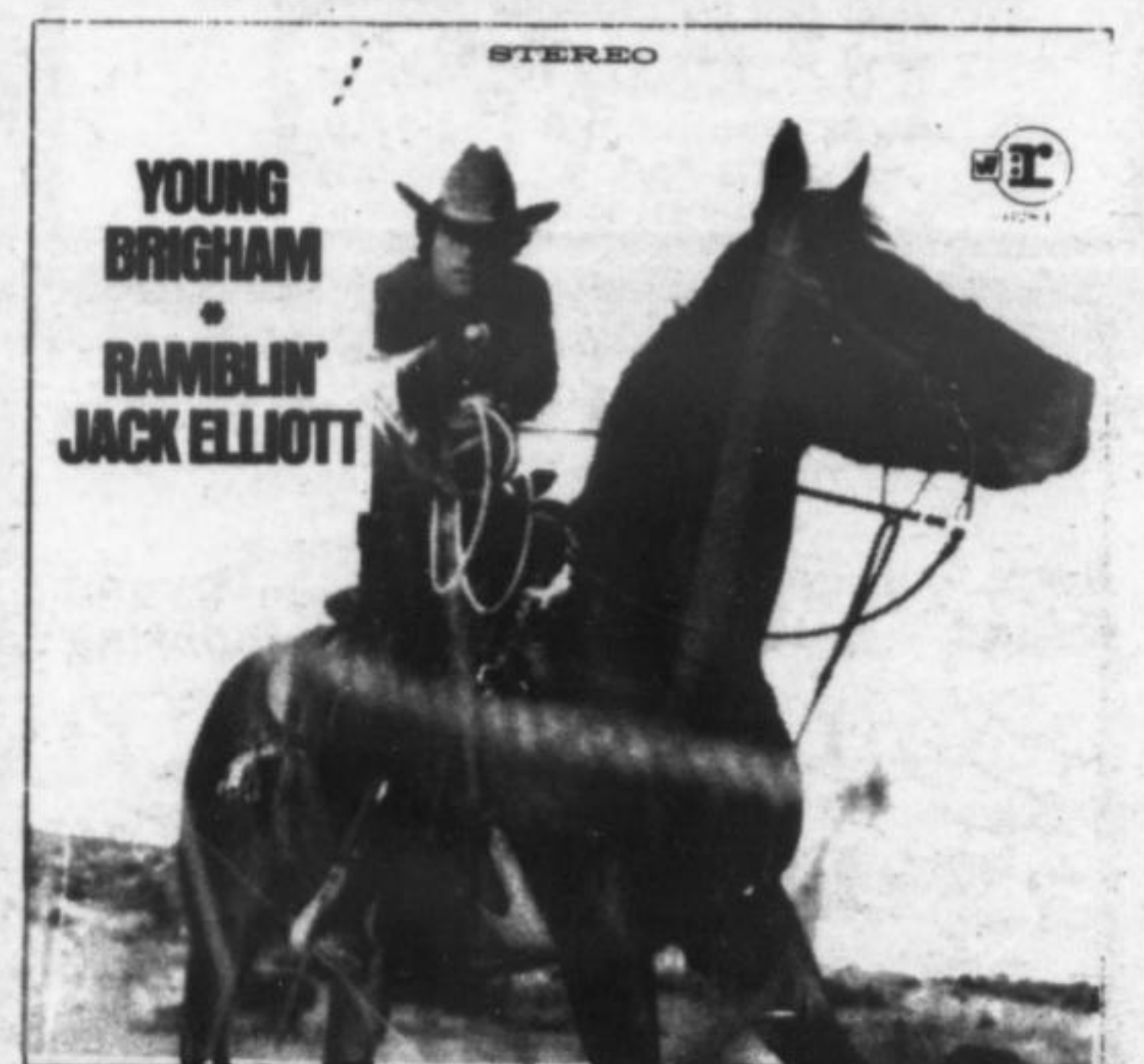
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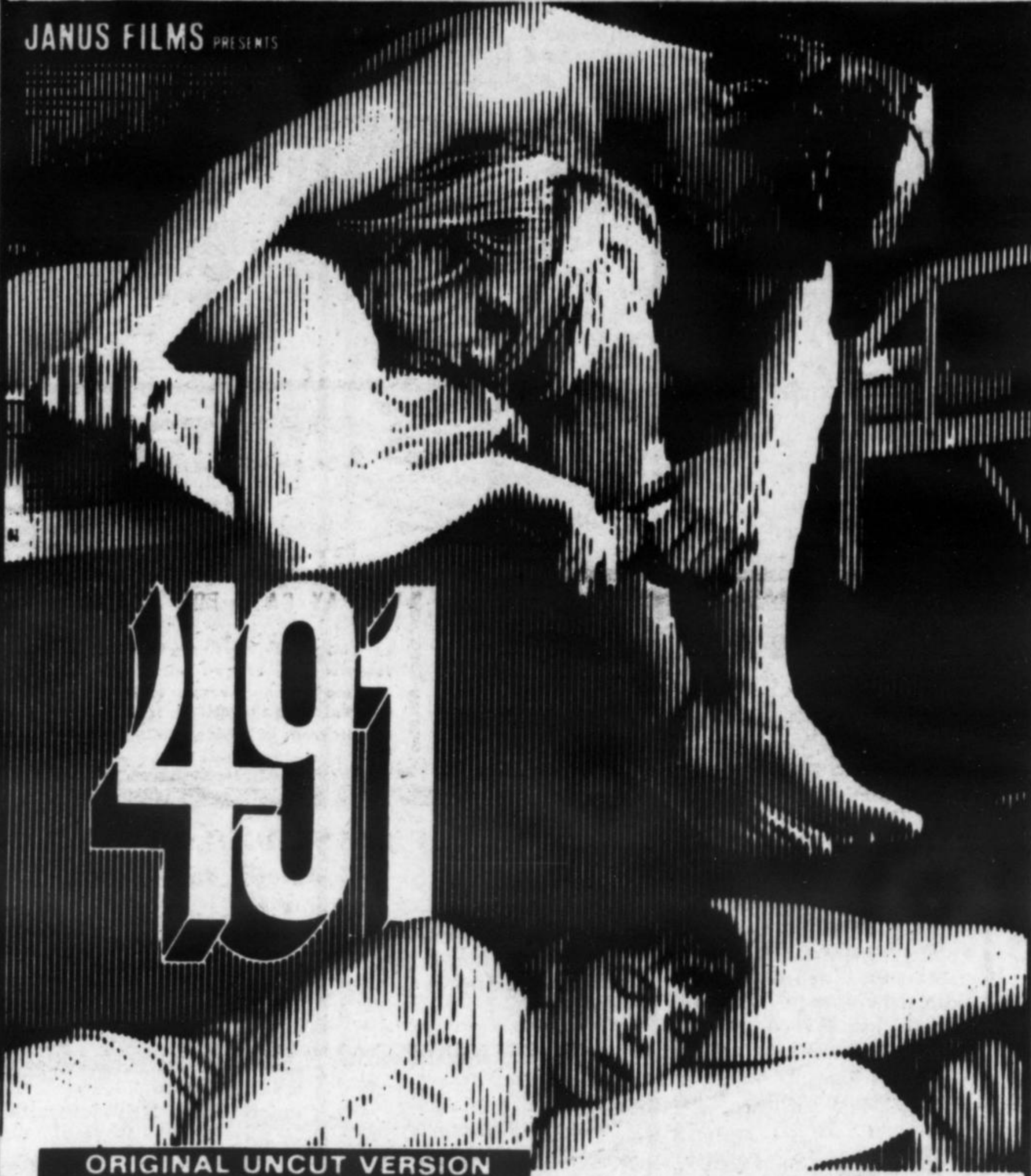
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Two young, handsome men await nympho type girls, preferably women, seeking to have sexual relationship. Please write, accompanied by photo (intriguing) if possible. No homos. 20 Carle Rd., Westbury, L.I.

Good looking business executive White, 33, 6'2", well endowed seeks attractive girls or couples for intimate get-togethers. NY-NJ area. I own color polaroid if interested. Photo, phone a must. Write: W. Davis, P.O. Box 319, Ansonia Sta. NYC10023

Magic math: one times one times sixty-nine equals Zowie. Free tuition for succulent goddess. Send nude Polaroid and phone to Studio One, 211 West 58 St., New York 10019, pronto.

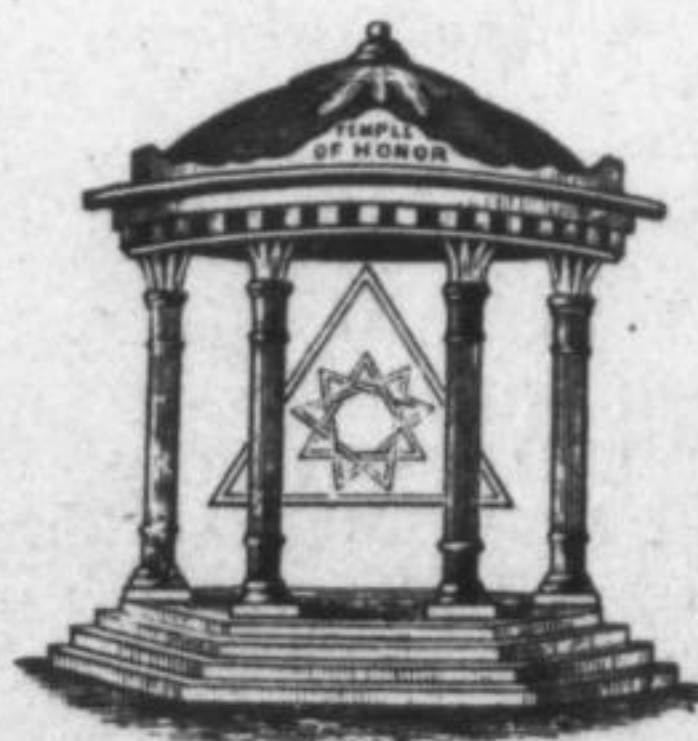
Attractive professional man, 20's seeks friendly, unspoiled, uninhibited female, to lead to meaningful relationship. Write: Box 554, Bronx 10453.

Our group, swinging in the NYC NJ and Philadelphia areas, seeks discreet, attractive girls, guys and couples interested in the Libidinal laws of nature. A description of yourself & photo appreciated. Write: P.O. Box 31 Winslow Post Office, NJ.08095

30 year old very handsome executive desires to learn about cummingus. Write Stuart Reeves c/o Artists Service, 170 W. 74th St. NYC.

TO THE GAL WHO LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE (OR WOULD LIKE TO): Considerate, good-looking businessman (35) with luxury apartment and cultured tastes (music, theater, art, travel, sports cars), solid citizen by day, unmask after dark. Seeks slim, lovely, intelligent gal companion or roommate. Phone Mr. Barr during office hours. MJ 3-3207.

Pro photographer seeks shapely chick, nude modeling. Call weekdays, 9:30 - 4 PM, tel 662-0694. Excellent Opportunity.



Eileen, John & Kim need a ride to coast immediately! Please help!!! They have bread! Call Kim at 749-4151.

Cultured, successful gentleman interested in the arts - theatre, ballet, all music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive gal to enjoy same. Be my guest, winter vacation in the islands and late spring, summer in Europe. May consider financial help for talented, creative girl. Have beautiful midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812 and let's wine and dine.

Tall, handsome professional man seeks uninhibited female. G.P.O. Box 1401, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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.

Young man in 20's desires a sincere relationship and offers a home (the upper east side) to a female who enjoys taking care of a house and a man (not financially). Please write to: Mr. Lewis, P.O. Box 51, Prince St. Sta. NY, NY 10012.



Our democracy faces 1968 with a dissatisfied people who are apathetic and confused. We surely want to talk over vital issues out have no urge to merely chat with strangers. Meeting regularly in the nude will create a unique human relationship that will prevent boredom and make learning about life fun. This is a chance for ladies to help develop what is most noble in man - his mind. If interested call Monroe LU 3-2011.

Researcher seeks uninhibited, exhibitionistic nympho-type girl subjects interested in experimenting with various auto-erotic body expressions to contribute to program of serious investigation of erotic dynamics and their affect on the aging process. Call Area Code 203-TO 9-8438 weekdays after 9 pm or anytime weekends.

DEBBIE V. PLEASE CALL. I THINK WE SHOULD TALK. LOVE, RICHIE H. 695-6895

Tall, attractive, mature Spanish artist 34 with apartment in West Village looking for quiet attractive female to share love, art and bed games. 8 a.m. or after, 10 p.m. 226-6224

Imaginative young male disciplinarian desires relationship with obedient, receptive young female in Boston Area. Write "DM" c/o P.O. Box 96, Newton Center, Mass. 02159

Young man 32, own Manhattan apartment would like to meet girl 20-30 who desires mature companionship. Call Michael, 737-8136 late in evenings.

WANTED: Interesting, sexy, young girl for afternoon or evening dates with man, 30, tall, intelligent, generous, village apartment. PO Box 580, Cooper Station, NY. 10003.

Attractive, female art teacher, young, recently divorced, seeks swinging boy and girl friends for physical and emotional fun. Will call or write. Box #1 Oakland Gardens, Flushing, NY

Generous Grad. student; 27, 6'2, 175, Cauc., Shy, Moustached. Seeks female (only) sexual partners for casual relationships. Age, Race no barrier. 609-924-9262. Collect 10-11:30 p.m.

YOU'RE SENSITIVE, a grown-up girl who loves conversation, delights in the hay? Share tall, travelled writer's warmth, bread...pad? Jay Roberts, (NYC) 989-5024, 586-6300 (messages).

Love, love, love...if you need it - we're sexperts. Two guys with groovy ideas for fun and pleasure Call Billy 646-1293 or Allen 743-2595 evenings.

Married man, with incapacitated wife's OK, desires discreet afternoo meetings with married or single women seeking intimate pleasure. Send phone & photo to P.O. Box 517, NY, NY 10010.

"STAR LIGHT OBEYS PLUTUS" to all the hypnotized and purified admirers of ORPHEAN violins - a merciful plea for fragments of currency - to succor the winged continuation of epigrammatic miracles - for the pristine fires of ORPHEUS JR. & ERATO - thrive not on gracious magic alone - "A PIT-TANCE FOR A DAWN" YU 2-4471 *****ORPHEUS JR.

Do you know where it's at? On a continuing basis? If so, maybe we can collaborate on a new publication for parents of teenagers. Purpose: to inform the parents accurately, continuously on what you do, think, say, what influences you. No punches pulled, no exaggerations. Just the running record. Will you help? Joe Feger, AL 4-6070, 8 - 11 P.M., Mondays through Thursdays.

Young male, (23), good-looking, medium build, 5'10", interested in music, literature, politics, etc., desires to share life in serious, hopefully long-term relationship with same. Must be good-looking, intelligent, unaffected, under 24 yrs. No brutes, no creeps, no psychos. Write, give background ad lib., enclose photos (portrait) - Box 546, Cathedral Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10025. If interested will reciprocate promptly and, if mutually satisfactory, will arrange meeting. Absolute discretion assured.

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



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

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

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



