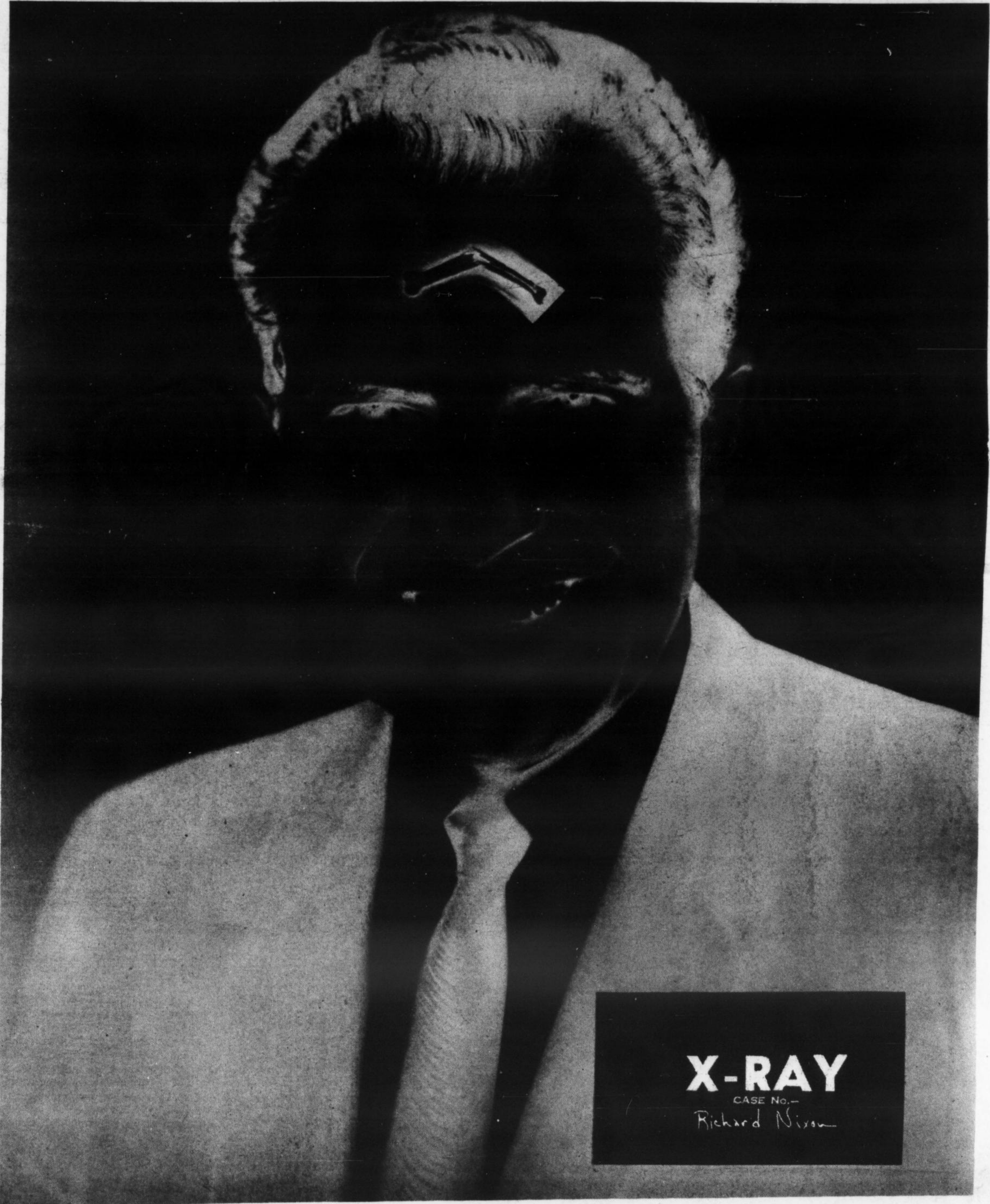


THE east village **OTHER**

VOL. 4, NO.6

METROPOLITAN 15¢

JANUARY 10, 1969



X-RAY
CASE No. —
Richard Nixon

PETER LEGGIERI
 ALLAN KATZMAN
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 NORTH: THE KID
 EAST: LORRAINE GLENNBY
 SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE

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'BEACH BOYS GODFED'

Dear EVO,
 A. J. Webberman on the Beatles (Vol. 4 No. 4) did it again. Calling "Back in the USSR" a political song is ridiculous; it's nothing more than a goof on the Beach Boys. He seems to say that they believe "Revolution", but that's a sarcastic view of establishment apathy. "Bungalow Bill" sounds okay. But that quote from Broadside is the topper. When the Beatles wrote "Fool on the Hill," they were under the Maharishi's influence and therefore they were sensitive about people who joked about "fools" who sat on hills meditating all the time. Webberman should stop writing his own messages and stick to the ones there.

'CELIBACY DECRIED!'

Dear EVO,
 What the hell is this? Trashman hasn't fucked anyone in weeks! Hey!
 Signed,
 A Concerned Citizen
 PS: Little Nemo was great.

HALF-ASSES KNOW

Dear EVO,
 What's with that pigshit, WEBERMAN? I managed to laugh at his "Message to Dylan" bullshit, but his useless imbecility in trying to analyze the new 2-record set gave me a very bad head and acute diarrhea.
 Any half-ass who has read any teeny magazines or more authoritative material knows that Julia was Lennon's mother. However, this is beside the point.
 I have never found any use for rock critics (or art, theatre, etc.), but fucking rock analysts, particularly asinine rock analysts, are the dung of the earth.
 Tell Webberman to listen to the records, dig them or hate them, and to keep his embarrassingly unsophisticated remarks to himself.

Bennet Zucker
 Fun City

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

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MOONSHIT

PROFUNDITY REVEALED

Dear EVO,
 This letter is in reponse to Alan Martin's accusation that "Soon (I) will be finding meaning in such obvious nonsense poetry such as MOTHER GOOSE" (EVO VOL. 4, No. 4) Dig it lamo: During Henry the 8ths rule several writers made the mistake of attacking the old despot in literal street songs. The result was they found themselves drawn and quartered (that is chopped into four equal parts like a broiling chicken). The pieces were spiked onto the four corners of the London Bridge as a warning to other singing critics. From then on writing was done so disguisedly that the songs have come down to us as Childrens Rhymes such as MOTHER GOOSE. Dig HUMPTY-DUMPTY—"HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON THE WALL" (The monarchy ruled England) "HUMTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL" (The Magna Carta put the real power in the hands of the Parliament) "ALL THE KINGS HORSES AND ALL THE KINGS MEN" (All of the aristocracy) 'COULD'T PUT HUMPTY TOGETHER AGAIN" (couldn't revive the monarchy). Can you dig that Mr. Martin?

Good-bye is too good a word so
 I'll just say "Fare-thee-well"
 A. J. WEBERMAN

VILLAGE STUDS KNOCKED

Dear EVO,
 I have great admiration for your publication and I greatly enjoy reading your advertisements especially those ads purchased by the Village braggards who profess to have fourteen nches, or kosher salamis or those who claim to be well-hung. I am wondering who they are trying to impress with their bragging.
 I and another fellow spent a week in the Village middle of December and during our stay we tried to contact these studbraggards by phone but were unsuccessful in having a rendezvous for an evening of fun and pleasure. We are now back home in the Chicago-Milwaukee area a little bit disappointed in not being able to get acquainted with some of the Afro-American or the Greek and Italian studs.
 J. D. & L.C.
 Chicago-Milwaukee Area

EXPECTED SHORTLY

Dear EVO,
 This is a warning from the Elite Guard to the Jew-Communist-Anarchists of your stripe that hope to destroy our Nation and Race with such filth and treason. The morality of the Aryan is high and pure and our love of Christianity does not permit money changers in the temple. The filth you monger is the sort that destroyed Rome and threatens our great land. When we achieve power By Law we will visit upon you the vengeance deserved by scum that masquerades as pleasure. You depraved fiends that seek to riddle the mind with impossible and ugly sexual fantasies, to torment the flesh with the diseases of the impure, to destroy sanity itself with dangerous narcotics; can expect your just dues at the Armageddon.
 I and my girl friend will PERSONALLY see that the proper punishments are dealt at the Armageddon to the staff of EVO: editors, writers, broom pushers, what not, anyone, who, in fact, would even descend into a den of depravity such as your office. We have, in fact, spent a lot of time thinking of what we're going to do.
 Then She is to become Queen of N.Y.C. She will be the very symbol of purity and perfection itself. She is to be revered by those remaining after the Armageddon. Her Will is to prevail in all moral matters. Thus the city air will be clean for a millenium!
 I will not weaken the power of the prophecy by revealing Names or Dates. I will not spell out the time to come, but hear me: The first letter in her Name is "J".
 Until then Elite Guard labors on. Pushing hard in the fight against the Jew-Communist-Anarchist plot!
 For Race and Nation,
 Schmidt
 Col. E. G.

KONG SEEN IN N.Y.C.

Dear EVO,
 I just have to make a confession. I was telling everybody that the most religious flick ever made was "2001; A Space Odyssey". Last night I watched "King Kong" on the late show on one of the channels in N. Y. C. I!
 Love, TV
 PS: Happy New Year!!!

N. Y. TIMES SUPRISING

Dear EVO,
 The Decomposition story by DA Latimer on California in the Dec. 27 issue was extremely cool. I got a lot of laughs, particularly from the Californication section.
 I once visited your office and was vastly astonished to note that it didn't look like the N. Y. Times. Most surprising!
 Trashman is nicely drawn and I'd vote for Abolafia after seeing his political program.
 Sincerely, Hip-Symp

BETTER LIFE EXPECTED SHORTLY

Dear EVO,
 What a bunch of hogwash—the Interview with a Buddhist Monk is. Why you got involved in what this evil lying "monk" is trying to foster is beyond me. An article worthy of a yellow sheet, festering with malice and hate shouldn't be in your pages.
 The native Tibetan, the peasant, always held in disdain by the elite monks, are for the first time beginning to feel the dignity of being. The Chinese are changing the old order and certainly this is not appealing to many a Buddish monk. It's unfortunate that they don't have hearts, open to see the new developments that will ensure a better life for the masses of people in Tibet.
 Robert Gorden
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHRIMP RAPS WEBERMAN

Dear EVO,
 Please do something with A. J. Webberman. He is tasteless and desensitized. He has no idea of the pleasure of listening to music. His words are more worthless than is conceivable to a functioning human mind (a beautiful mind).
 People he should pay attention to; Stephen Stills
 Vaughn Bode
 Shakespeare
 Tell him to listen. Tell him to look. But keep his mouth shut.
 I know he is no bigger than me, and I am so small you can hardly see me.
 You know what would be nice? If he typed up the lyrics to the songs he chooses to analyze, and presented that as his copy. That would make a lot of us happy.
 Love,
 Nineteen-Sixty-Nine

'ENIGMATIC SHIT STAINS'

Dear A. J. Webberman,
 Why don't you shut the fuck up? But if you're really still going to carry on your asshole farce, I have some shit stains in my underpants you might like to interpret.
 Arthur Raveson
 E. 7th St.

books

(Continued from Page 8)
 scientology having in the meantime done likewise up to a point; they provide a far more sensible version of the law of karma than the sort which doubtless frightens many Eastern youngsters in their beds at night; and without calling it anything of the kind, they have been doing a form of what occultists will recognize as highly powerful magical work, without benefit of ritual or prolonged training, affecting the living and the dead for the better. I can only urge that everyone having even the slightest interest in metaphysical, occult, "spiritualist," or related matters read this book with an open mind. You won't regret it.

art

(Continued from Page 8)
 ings are identical — it also means there is a personal sense of devotion that makes itself felt on both sides of their curtain. A great water wheel hovers and revolves in space, its speed and intensity changing with the shifting colors around it. Contrasting positive and negative images merge and vanish and re-emerge in a seemingly multiscreen pattern in one sequence, while large evanescent forms engage in a wrestling match in another. Perhaps the most impressive of their effects is a film of a group of Indian musicians, complete with sound track, which they project through a hexagonal container, each of whose sides is a mirror. The result is a kaleidoscopic projection with the image of the film appearing in seven different planes and angles. For an encore a light-and-water fountain appears in the midst of the audience, with a slow-rhythmed strobe-light freezing the drops of water in mid-air. Perhaps the best tribute to the presentation was the evident discontent of the audience when they realized the show was over and they would have to leave this warm, light womb — many lingered on for a long time, unwilling to leave the site of so much tranquility.

SUPERPUSHER

BY JAAKOV KOHN Conversation with a super dope pusher.

Paranoia — that eternal stigma of the Dope Pusher, has not rubbed off on Mr. X in spite of the long years he has been doing his thing. As a matter of fact, judging by the scope and mode of his operations, it seems to be the farthest thing from his mind.

Even though he is on the move most of the time, Mr. X's surroundings exude a sense of seemingly relaxed luxury coated with everything one's heart or head may desire. A sense of impending urgency permeates every inch of his presence and quite often rubs off on all those that come in contact with him.

It all tends to make a conversation such as ours a most interesting proposition.

EVO — What is your impression of the changes that are inevitably taking place on your various scenes?

Mr. X — My prime observation is that this is an ever expanding market and therefore everybody has been trying to find substitutes for a limited crop.

EVO — Have you detected any changes in the dope taking trends of the nation?

Mr. X — Everybody's cousin Mabel and her brother are now smoking and as I understand investigators and researchers have difficulties finding High School seniors who haven't smoked marijuana. Anyway the coming year is going to be a big SEX FREAK YEAR.

EVO — Why do you say that?

Mr. X — Because it is going to be just that. Naturally I don't have government statistics to back me up but my private observation is just that.

EVO — If this is indeed going to be what you call a "Sex Freak Year," what then would

you as an observer and participant attribute this to?

Mr. X — That's a difficult question. But then with society and its ways politics have gotten us down to a point where you either rebel or freak out. So we may as well play with' and amongst ourselves. I notice that a lot of orgies are taking place all across this country. People are losing their sexual identity and therefore fuck en masse.

EVO — What are your observations about California?

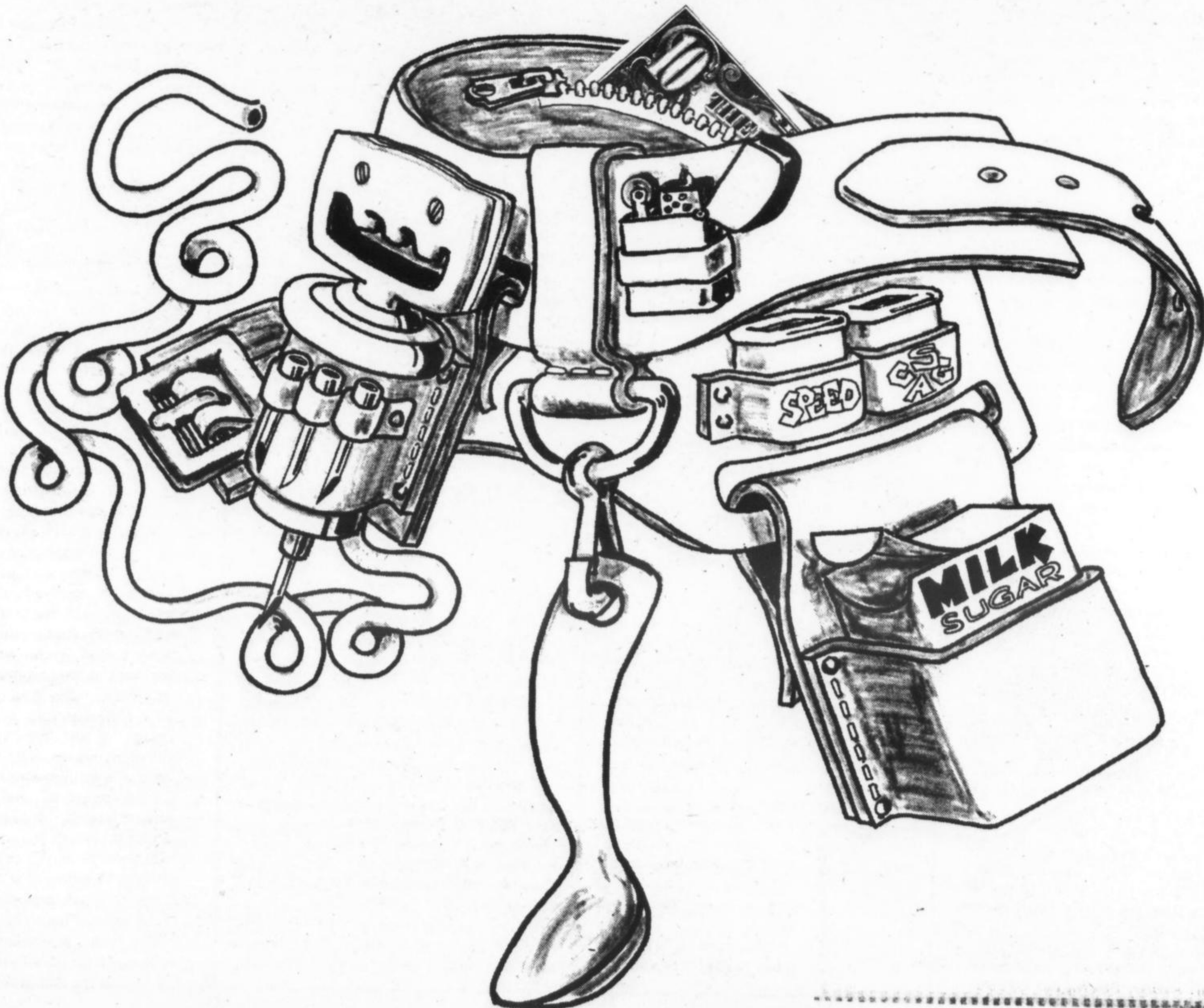
Mr. X — A lot of people have illusions about California. Their illusions are based on what the subsidized hippie press and the ladies magazines have written and on what the Haight Street merchants and all the other commercializers of whatever is going on had to say. Don't forget that all the pictures that appear in Life Magazine are carefully edited. It all far too often leads to irreversible bum trips for too many innocents.

EVO — What's the dope scene among the many political activists in California?

Mr. X — I certainly don't believe that the Black Panthers are interested in drugs or the drug traffic. They are trying to build an industrialized society in a non-industrialized community and therefore do the same thing many other deprived nations had to do. They had to cut back on their pleasures. Only we can afford something as hedonistic as drugs.

The black people have to work. They don't think that they have time for drugs. They have a revolution on their hands which they have to produce themselves. By the way, I don't think that they are right in this. Even though every Hassan el Sahib that deals in hash is equally capable of national pride as he is of dope dealing, many blacks believe dialectical-

(Continued on Page 14)



LMNNOGH

MIDEAST WAR SHOWS UN EFFECTIVENESS

By Eli B. Enzer
UN Correspondent

United Nations Headquarters — The United Nations has once again proven its effectiveness in containing wars by its actions in the Mideast crisis.

The United Nations has not and can not prevent wars. Since it was created 23 years ago, World War III has not happened; we have not had all out war. We have had fighting in Korea — but the Russians, while making arms did not bear them. The Chinese are not battling with bullets in Vietnam. The United States learned in the Manchuria experience that China will fight when threatened just as the United States taught the Russians that Washington will risk nuclear war when threatened in Cuba.

For the United Nations is merely an extension of mass media.

Its only power is the same power of any massmedia, and no more effective or ineffective. And contrary to the foolish hypothesis now being heard, media does not create events. Media, the UN included, may embellish, distort or reflect, but it does not carry the creative seed of any event. The parents of events are other, human-rooted sources. Hate happened long before TV showed it on a screen, love grew before Time magazine reported the cult of it.

In political terms then, the United Nations knowing that it can not stop or prevent them ideast wars, surrounds them with a trench of words to keep the fire from spreading.

The Mideast has two power factors: the Russians and the Americans. If either of these increases or decreases with armaments, it smothers or fans the conflagration. (Arms from France or Britain or Sweden are factors, too, but on a reduced scale).

In the actuality of UN events, the UN finds that the Jews and Arabs are killing each other. It regrets it, but accepts it.

The great powers are served by the UN's ability to provide front row seats to the action which can be observed and probably controlled.

The corridor talk now in the UN is of a great-power settlement being imposed on the combatants. That is the only viable and possible settlement to them ideast wars. Unless you consider that there is a real possibility that the Arabs and Jews can find their way to a face-to-face session at a conference table.

When and if a settlement comes about, it will be one "guaranteed" by the great powers (excluding China).

Some have argued, as Israel itself has, that the UN organization's failure to create a settlement within the Security Council or General Assembly, shows the UN to be a failure.

These same arguers assert that if the big powers are imposing their idea of a status quo on that beleaguered region, then power politics wins the day and what's the point of the UN?

First, power politics exersises reality, and the UN as media reflects (or distorts or embellishes) that reality. But this system does leave room for the secondary and lesser powers to maneuver.



Israel, for instance, should welcome, at this stage, the harshest of condemnations from the Security Council. For the more one-sided, as the just passed resolution was, the stronger the case for the Jews to take actions to protect their own interests because no one was going to come to their aid any way.

The power realities are that Israel has no reasonable way to get at the terrorists except to attack Arab governments. And the Arab governments have no reasonable way to get at Israel except by terrorists.

It is then that other factors come into play which effect directly the interests of the major powers and several lesser powers.

The situation always gets hotter the closer the balance of power balances. The most recent example of this was the June War. The Arabs finally were convinced that they had the vastly superior power (machines) to win the day and they were mistaken.

No Arab army is today going to march on Israel. But they are preparing for the march and the USSR and the US are preparing their sides and fronts.

But now this game is drawing to a close. The Russians watched their team go to battle with extensive equipment and numerically superior armies. The Russians are not going to risk those losses again.

The Americans, who need to have some sort of control over the Arabs to protect oil interests, allow Israel to keep their fellow semites in line. But the Israelis create problems for the Americans because the Arabs, who own the oil, don't like America's friend.

So the USSR and the USA sent fleets to watch the battle, and kept the hot line open lest a big power make a major mistake. But after 20 years of this, all sides are weary of it, and wary of its increasing dangers. So both sides are looking for an arrangement.

I suspect that one reason it has taken as long as it has to come to an arrangement is the pace at which the Russians moved in securing a foothold in the Mideast.

On the face of it, the Russians might have been interested in getting Israel on its side. Israel is socialistic, it is working out the problems of comunization, it's pioneer country. No Arab nation has a legal communist

party, while Israel does — Russian oriented one to boot. But the Russians have not been too good at ideology Ask the Chinese.

But the Russians, after John Foster Dulles gave away the Aswan dam, found a way to go through the Dardanelles, and now they have a viable presence in the Mideast. Which means now the United States has a partner it with which it can make an arrangement about the Mideast.

The key to the settlement has to be disarmament, and here again the United Nations will have an essential media role.

Both the US and the USSR are now responding to the pressures of the five or six nations which have the capacity to build and detonate nuclear devices.

They know the game of nuclearity can't be played by more than two without extreme danger, and it is not surprising that a draft resolution on disarming is in the works between the Russians and Americans, under UN auspices.

The next problem will be getting the Chinese to go along with it.

TRAN VAN HOUNG: PORTRAIT OF A PUPPET

HANOI (LSN) — Tran van Huong, recently named the head of the cabinet of the Saigon government, has a long history as a perpetrator of repression in South Vietnam. He served as Prime Minister from October 1964 to January 1965, during which time he applied a state of emergency to stamp out demonstrations, force young people into the puppet army and keep religious figures from participating in politics.

Here are some facts about Tran van Huong, as provided by the Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam:

Nov. 22, 1964: Huong gave orders to ten thousand paratroopers and policemen to quell meetings and demonstrations in Saigon killing four people, wounding over one hundred others and jailing hundreds of demonstrators.

Nov. 15, 1964: He ordered paratroopers to encircle the seat of the (South Vietnam) Buddhist Association and many schools in Saigon.

—Nov. 25, 1964: On his orders, the paratroopers attacked students and Buddhists, killing 3 youths, wounding hundreds of others and arresting 238 people.

Nov. 27, 1964: He signed many decrees dealing with death sentences without mitigation; military courts proceeding without pre-examination, accused not being allowed to make appeal and ask for amnesty; police placed under the authority of the military, police search of dwelling houses at any time, prohibition to strike, to gather and many schools in Saigon.

—Nov. 29, 1964: He had 1,500 policemen fence up with barbed wire the funeral of little Ngoc, a 15 year old schoolboy killed by policemen on Nov. 25 in front of the Buddhist Association headquarters; on his orders paratroops fired and hurled hand grenades at the crowds to disperse the funeral followers, seized the corpse of little Ngoc and arrested 90 people including Ngoc's relatives and friends.

—Dec. 11, 1964: Huong declared he would proceed against anyone who plotted to overthrow the government, even a Buddhist monk; he threatened to jail all demonstrators, to withdraw licenses from traders and drivers taking part in strikes and to confiscate papers from other strikers. At the same time he gave orders to close down Buddhist influenced schols, prevented teachers from talking politics in classrooms, held pupils' parents responsible for the words and deeds of their children and closed down another number of papers.

But his acts aroused the protest of the South Viet Nameese people. In the face of this situation the American aggressors had to dismiss Huong and overthrow his government on January 27, 1965.

In May 1968, the U.S. imperialists once again made him Prime Minister in replacement of Nguyen van Loc, sacked because of his incapacity to serve the Americans.

WITNESSES NEEDED

CHICAGO (LSN) — As indictments come down against participants in the Chicago activities of August 1968, defense lawyers are seeking witnesses. Did you see any of the following incidents?

—Sunday night, Aug. 25, in Lincoln Park, when Tom Hayden and Wolfe Lowenthal were approached by two plainclothesmen near an unmarked car;

—Monday afternoon, Aug. 26, when Hayden and Lowenthal were arrested near the ball field;

—Monday evening, Aug. 26, when Hayden was arrested for the second time on the corner of Michigan and Balboa.

If so, please contact the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 127 North Dearborn, Room 637, Chicago Ill. 60602.

LNMOUGH

SCIENTISTS FIND WAY TO END SEX

CHICAGO Ernest Thompson

With the impending arrival of Julian Beck and Judith Malina's Living Theater, at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall, Chicago slowly pulls itself another year. In the neighborhood in which Paradise Now will be shown, Hyde Park, very good vibes are being felt. From the Midway on the south to east 53rd Street in Harper Court the word is "I've got my tickets but not my bail bread." This, because Chicago is still very much provincial regarding its politics, parks, and center folds.

A fairly good example of the latter was recently noted by the bust of a head shop in Old Town for displaying the record album cover of nude John Lennon and Ono. The fact that this became an issue at all shows that the midwestern psyche would much rather see ten slum buildings than two hairy frames.

Nevertheless, pads for the Living Theater Company are being sought in private homes, generally near campus; and at this writing most of the group now has a warm pillow for each end.

Yet another new underground sheet has come to life: *Second City*. At the top of its masthead, I see three groovy people: Menos Baumstein, Patrick Butler & Chris Green. All have received best wishes from *The Seed*.

Although nothing could possibly be as old hat, in New York, as another exhibition of underground films, Camille Cook, freelance writer and film critic, arranged to hold three showings in, yes, *The Chicago Tribune Tower*. I attended and was impressed with her selection, price, and with her. She lets it all hang out.

Incidentally, filmmaker Tom Palazzolo splits here for Europe soon — to make flicks for *THE GOVERNMENT!!* And if that wasn't shocking enough, the Chicago establishment now has its own underground sheet: *The Chicago Journalism Review*. Made up of staff writers of the four major dailies who suddenly want to do their own thing notwithstanding the color of toilet paper they get from their editors. Number two is just out and blasts the Chicago News Bureau.

Due to the heavy police infiltration into spade militant groups, blue-meannies surprised a well arranged meeting on a Woodlawn corner between three Black Panthers and several boss cat types of the Blackstone Rangers. Shots were fired in several directions, but nobody seems sure as to just which of the three organizations made with the hardware.

However Wells Street continues to pander to the weekend plastic hippie and his fat parents. Our gang is still staying in Old Town, of course, but some maintain a two or three block separation from Wells. Aside from that stated, the reason is obvious. The blue-meannies have painstakingly compiled a list of all the Wells addresses where love feasts, parties, soul brothers, etc. might be found. It's gotten so bad, in fact, that the fastest way to find a happening this Winter in Old Town is to simply fall into the Chicago Avenue Police Station and tell them Abbie Hoffman sent you. They can even provide an escort. To and from.

Well, any year with 69 in it can't be all bad.

PEKING REPORTS FAMINE HITS U.S.

PEKING —The Chinese government weekly, *Peking Review*, has reported that "more than 10 million people go hungry" every year in the United States.

The reviews comments were made in response to an article which appeared in the "West German bourgeois paper *Frankfurter Rundschau*". The German paper, in an article headlined "Children Sometimes Cry," reported that one in twenty in the United States goes hungry. However, there was no reports of the number, if any, of starvation deaths.

Comparing the USA to India where "it is natural for people to suffer," *Peking Review* said hunger in America "is an inevitable result of the criminal rule of the U. S. monopoly capitalist class . . ."

" . . . The path followed by the development of capitalism is one which enforces starvation on the working people . . . (The capitalists) would rather let food rot in warehouses than allow the working people to have enough to eat. The capitalists invariably keep the masses unemployed and short of food so as to ensure a source of cheap labour power."

The *Review* said that under the rule of a handful of multi-millionaires, "millions upon millions of the toiling masses are struggling on the hungerline and lead a most miserable life in the United States, which calls itself the most 'affluent.' This phenomenon is determined by the law of capitalism."

The article concludes with the warning. "The American monopoly capitalist class has prepared its own grave-diggers whose ranks are swelling daily. Its doom is approaching."

Scary, isn't it?

RASTAFARIAN BRETHREN BLACK POWER IN JAMAICA

by Douglas Hutchings

There's a fierce-looking bunch of proud blackmen banded together up in the hills around Kingston smoking a lot of good grass to put them in touch with Heile Salassi, their god in Africa. Talk of Black Power—these guys have never been under the thumb of whites or Toms, because they are black and they're proud they have been that way for centuries.

The Rastafarian Brethren—or 'Rastas' for short—took their name from Ras Tafari, ho was later crowned Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia. They say he personifies God on Earth, descended from the black Queen of Sheba. The Ethiopians, not the Jews, are the two children of Israel. Jamaica is Babylon, and they were led into their Babylonian Captivity by the white man and kept there by his brown-skinned lackeys.

The Rastas want to liberate their people.

Many of the Rastafarian beliefs go back to the early days of slavery. For example, like the "Guinea birds" or African-born slaves in 18th century

Jamaica, they say Africa is heaven and when they die they will return there. But many of today's Rastas want to 'return' to Africa during their lifetime so they are pressuring the Jamaican government to pay for their voyage. In the meantime, they refuse to hold jobs "until the government compensates them for the unpaid labour of their slave ancestors".

Black Power pioneer Marcus Garvey, who also founded the early back-to-Africa movements in New York, had a heavy influence on Rastavian belief. While middle-class Jamaicans ape the styles and Customs of England, the Rastas make themselves as African as possible.

Rastafarian women do not straighten their hair, and the men do not cut their hair nor beards. Instead, they give themselves a ferocious appearance by rubbing reddish bauxite dust into their long locks. And each Rasta carries at his side a 3-foot machete called a "cutlass".

Became of their appearance and staring marihuana eyes, straight Jamaicans say the Rastas are the children of the devil and grow up-tight when they see one. But the Rastas never hurt anybody, and they only want to be left alone in peace to worship and get high. "Love" it how Rastafarians say "hello", "Peace" is their



"goodbye"; their doctrine is revolutionary but they say no to violence. Yet the Jamaican government bulldozes their villages and sends soldiers to sniff —out and burn their fields of ganja.

Jamaican ganja is a species of marihuana which is super-potent and consciousness-expanding. The Rastas call it the holy herb, the Burning Bush of the old testament, and they use it as a sacrament to fill them with the Spirit of the Lord.

They smoke out of a bull's horn water-pipe called a chillum, which holds about a shot-glass full of the greyish-brown herb. Like an American Indian peace pipe, the chillum is passed from one man to the next until all feel the spirit. Then they take out home-made drums and guitars and chant their ancient hymns to their African God.

Jamaica's race problem is not the same as that of America, and a different type of race shit comes down on them. The businesses and land are still mostly in white hands, but most of the Caucasian Jamaicans have shipped off to England or America, leaving a class of brown-skinned people in charge. But regardless of who is on top, the blacks are still on the bottom—the average working man earns less than

\$20 a week and a quarter of the population is out of work.

Most Jamaicans are passive about this state of affairs, sighing and saying it must be the will of God, and social change can only come about through prayer. But the Rastafarians say this is bunk, and for the blacks to get anywhere they have to get themselves together, get proud of their blackness, and wake up to the fact that exploitation is not the God-given state of affairs. Although they do not call themselves Marxists, the Rastas are hip to class warfare.

This makes them the enemy of the gang of jive-ass toms that rule the island while selling out the people to American capitalism.

Freedom of speech and freedom of religion are still formally held to in the British islands, so the government does not try to crush the Rastas for what they believe; Instead they have dug up 200-year-old narcotics laws, and bust the Rasta camps for possession and sale of ganja. (Many rastas earn a scanty living through growing and selling grass.) Penalties for first offence run about seven years hard labour and lashes—which seems doubly oppressive considering that the majority of Jamaicans (grandmothers, kids, everybody!) are constantly puffing the weed.

When the "red stripe" cops move in on a Rasta camp they come in numbers and often bring along the militia, then bulldoze all the shacks after busting everybody.

Good Jamaican land has been bought up by Americans, but the Rastas have no money so they have to end up as squatters on government-owned property. This puts them at the governments' mercy; the bulldozers can come at any time, with or without warning. And, because the Rastas are radical pacifists, they do not fight back. Their deadly looking cutlasses are used only for clearing bush and chopping up ganja.

The government would like to be rid of the Rastas or have them all in jail, but the movement refuses to die out and their influence far exceeds their numbers. Gradually Jamaican intellectuals and students are starting to realize that Rastafarianism, born in the slums and shantytowns, is the only religion or party on the island that has not sold out.

Should the government succeed in squashing the 30-year-old Rastafarian movement, the Revolution would lose some of its gentlest and most turned-on brothers.

THE COMPLEAT, UNABRIDGED, UNTOLD, TRUE-LIFE FACTS ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS SHOW BIZ PERSONALITY'S SON...

THE MICKEY MOUSE JR. STORY!

BY JOEL BECK

MICKEY PAYS THE PRESS BILLIONS TO KEEP THE LID ON ABOUT HIS SON'S LIFE! BUT AS YOU KNOW TODAY'S TIMES DEMAND THE REAL NITTY GRITTY, HEAVY SHIT! SO HERE IT IS FOLKS!

WEST 73RD ST. N.Y. IN A SMALL APARTMENT MICKEY JR. AND "DINGEY DUCK" DONALD AND DAISY DUCKS RUN AWAY DAUGHTER, ARE SHACKED UP!

MICKEY JR. IS HAVING HIS DAILIE TEMPER TAMPTRINE — A SAD BITTER BRILLIANT YOUNG MOUSE!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE FANTASIE LAND ON A CROWDED SUNDAY, AND CRAM IT UP MY RAT-FINK FATHERS MOUSE HOLE! THAT RACIST... THAT CAPITALIST PIG!



SO WHAT IF I HAVE BLACK FUR AND A WET NOSE? AND YOU A BEAK AND WHITE FEATHERS? YOU'RE PINK INSIDE! YOU'RE NORMAL LIKE ME! YOU'RE...

OH, GOD, MICKEY JR. YOU'RE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CAT! UH... I MEAN... MOUSE!



OH — I GOT A FEW HANG-UPS — BUGAH, I TELL IT LIKE IT IS! COMPLEAT AND UNABRIDGED. THATS ALL — I JUST KEEP THE SHIT OUT FRONT, HEAVY LOAD OR NOT — DIG THIS POEM — HE! HE! HE! "NOT WITH A BANG OR A WIMPER, BUT WITH A — HO! BIG FAT FART!" — DIG IT? — HUH?

THEY SHOT HIM! OH NO!



SQUEEK!

WAK! WAK!



HOLEY SMOKE! SENATOR DONALD DUCK ASSINATED!

SOB!

OH, WHY DID DADDY ENTER INTO POLITICS? I DID IT! I DID IT!



HEY! DON'T GET FREAKY!

...WE'LL SHOOT-UP SOME OF THAT REAL PURE CRYSTAL WE STASHED FOR JUST SUCH PAD-HEAVY OCCASSIONS!

Wow!



I'LL LOCK THE DOOR SO THE PIGS WON'T BUST IN!

...BEAUTIFUL! HE! HE! HE!

I HAVEN'T SHOT UP ALL DAY!



HEY, MAN! THIS GUY SEZ HE'S "PORKEY PIGS" SON AND HE KNEW YOU BACK HOME! IS HE COOL?

OL' PETER PIG?

YEH, MAN HE'S COOL! LET HIM IN!

WILD!



H-H-H-HI, M-M-M-M-MAN! W-W-WHATS H-H-HAPP'NING?



SAME SHIT, MAN. HEY, YER OLD MAN BACK HOME IN HOLLYWOOD STILL WANT YOU TO SHAVE YOUR HEAD BALD LIKE HIS?

YEH! THAT PIG!!



HEY, DIG! YOU SHOOT "CRANK"?

TH-TH-THATS W-WHYY I-I-I STAMMER, ST-ST-STUPID! I-I-I O-O-O, O-DIED TWICE!

NEARLY KILLED ME BOTH TIMES! HE! HE! HE!



TO BE CONTINUED

PEACE PIPES FROM PARADISE

An American Tradition

When America overflowed to the West, she began by laying down the iron runners of the railroad. To keep the "coolies" (the cheapest labor available) in a state of greatest production and peace of mind, the government (?) railroad tycoons (?) paid them in opium. Naturally, every railroad gang had a fair supply of opium pipes.

Now, as every true, well educated American knows, the Indian had a fixation on raiding any group of white men — especially if they were laying any type of permanent mark down upon the land. Since the iron tracks and smoke-belching machines looked pretty permanent (and unsightly, no doubt), the railroad gangs were frequently visited. Being fantastic hustlers, the Indians copped about anything that they thought could possibly be used or enjoyed . . .

The Southwestern Indian's life wasn't exactly easy — one of his hangups was obtaining his "tobacco," and then carrying his herb and a pipe in a light weight, compact trip. They discovered that part of the opium pipe yielded a perfect vehicle for their needs.

If the tobacco was finely ground, almost powdered and carried in a pouch or small bottle, the pipe could be filled by pushing it into the herb-stash and rotating it slightly to pack the "bowl," little smoke (if any) was lost, no tobacco was wasted, and the pipe was a groove for 1-3 tokes. One drawback: occasionally, especially before the pipes are broken in, the hot ashes are pulled through the "stem" and they can hit the back of the smoker's throat at 22 mph (a scientific calculation). To remedy: (1) with a small fine file slightly scratch the inside of the bowl; (2) keep your tongue or teeth in the path of the smoke; and (3) don't drag too hard.

The men and women of the various tribes frequently formed Smoking Societies where they gathered and discussed current or past events, policies or opinions. These societies generated the "traditions" surrounding the pipe. The more a man used or handled his pipe, the more the metal assumed his personality, became a part of him. Each possessor spent time polishing and cleaning his pipe. If the pipe was rubbed with sand (emery paper or steel wool works well) it became smooth and soft to the touch. If it becomes clogged, it can be easily cleaned with a wire or stick, or cleaned thoroughly by boiling in water.

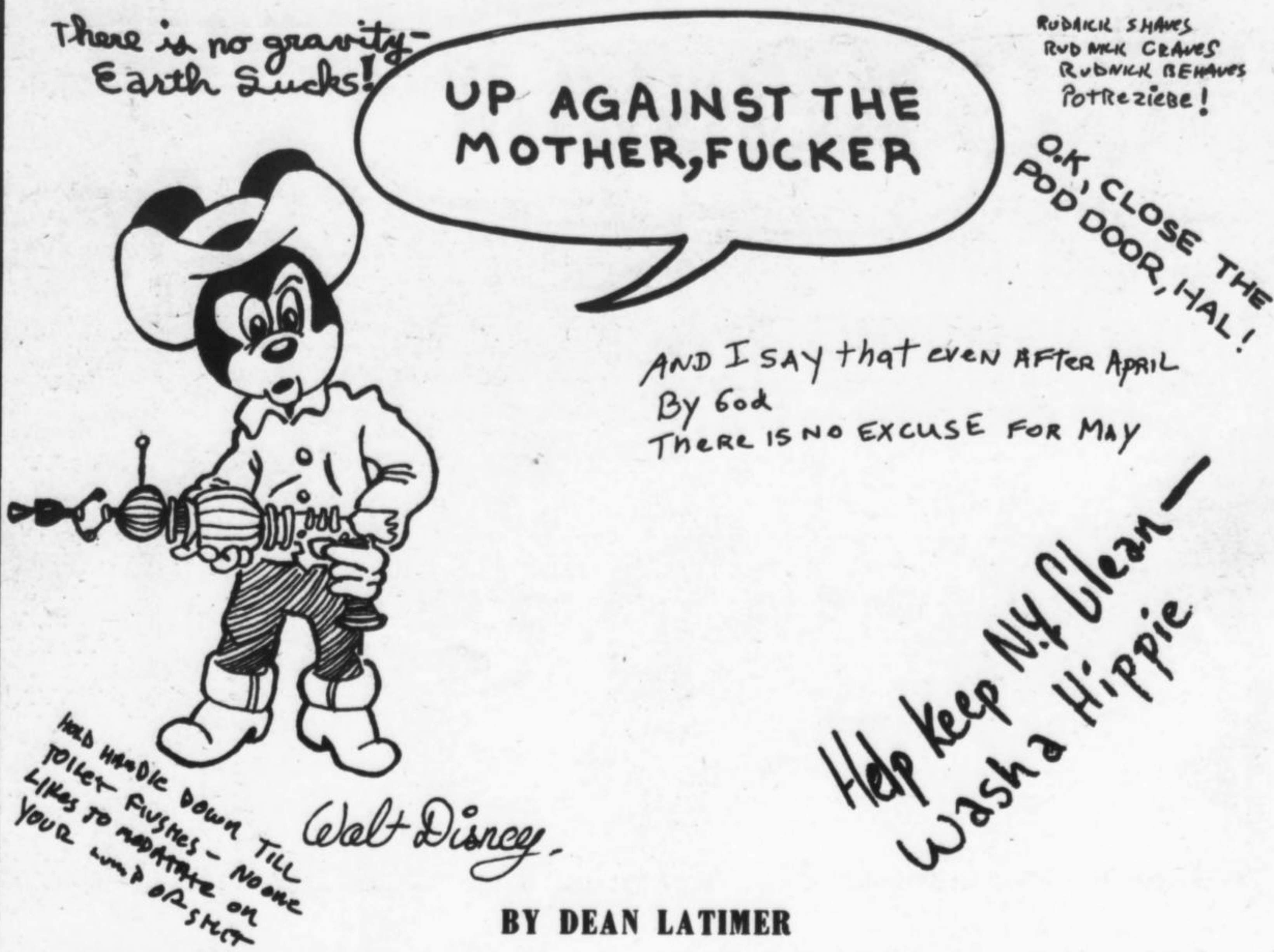
Another tradition was the ritualistic manner in which the members of the Societies smoked their tobacco. Each man smoked the tobacco in "sets" of 4 pipeloads. Sitting back on his knees and heels, the participant loaded his pipe. Next, he rose to an upright kneeling position (to expand the room in his lungs) and exhaled deeply before he lit the pipe. Then, the smoke and some air was deeply inhaled and he sat back down on his heels, bending over until his head nearly touched the ground, resting his chest on his thighs and his hands on the ground beside his head. The hands rested palms up to let the forces flow through his finger tips. When the breath could not be held any longer, the smoker rose to the upright kneeling position and directed his eyes and mind upward and outward toward the Great Spirit as he exhaled through his nose.

These pipes were treasured by the Indians — they were relatively rare — because they were the best they could find in terms of easy carrying (in a fancy pouch, carefully worked to look like a medallion, enemies didn't check inside and steal their pipes), in terms of conservation of scarce tobacco, and most important, used all of the smoke, leaving little to scent the air or simply waste.

They are an American tradition, initiated by raiding Indians, generated by Smoking Societies, and perpetuated by pipe smokers and tribal units of today.

CAUTION

These pipes are not to be used for Marijuana, which is illegal in this country!!



BY DEAN LATIMER

'EVO has sided with Bill Graham against the community and Motherfuckers,' reads this inflammatory mimeo leaflet somebody handed me on the street tonight. This sort of startled me—side with Bil Graham? EVO? Half-baked and 'rightward-leaning' as this miserable outfit may be, I couldn't see us siding with Bill Graham against the landlord, for Christ sake. (Ah, but Graham is the landlord here at Hippy Heaven, it turns out; for a quarter page every week in EVO, he allows us to infest his trap. It's either that or accept a CIA grant.) This bizarre accusation was part of a tract bemoaning the failure of the Wednesday Free Night Program at the Fillmore, which has been on and off like a faulty strobe for some weeks now. Apparently Allen Katzman's editorial last week, wherein he decried the wrecking of the MC-5's amplifiers as an unfortunate choice of Revolutionary Tactics, sparked UAW/MF to suggest this unnatural EVO/Graham copulation.

So I asked Allen what all went down the night the Motherfuckers fucked over the MC-5. 'Well, they laid a chain around Graham's head,' said Allen, "and they worked over a Fillmore usher with a radio antenna. . ."

WHAT?????

"Well, they laid a chain around Graham's head," were his exact words, "and they worked over a Fillmore usher with a radio antenna. . . Then when the MC-5 said they were there to play music, not politics, they climbed up on the stage and kicked in the equipment."

Son of a bitch. People keep coming up to me on the street, in the wind, asking me where they can crash for the night and the god damned Motherfuckers are pulling shit like this. "Community," bullshit. Those cretins, they wouldn't know a community if it tarred and feathered them. Creeps, brain-farts, shit-mouthed fascist assholes. . .

The Motherfuckers are like this: last spring I asked to do a piece on their crash pads, since the seasonal influx of teenage wierds was already bidding fair to clog all the midnight doorsteps in the neighborhood. But no, man, cause the Motherfuckers had to tell me exactly what to write, or write it themselves with absolutely no revisions: anything less, understand, would be Unsound Revolutionary Tactics. (See Mao, Op Cit, p. 69ff.) So I said fuck it, and Allen said fuck it, and that's why you never see anything about the Motherfuckers in EVO.

Community, for the luv of Goff. . . There are maybe a couple thousands heads that really live down here. Then there are about twenty times as many Ukrainians, fifty times as many Puerto Ricans, a hell of a lot of black people, and who knows what else. Of this there are

enough Motherfuckers to work over a Fillmore usher, and damned few more. Fuck you, pissants, the community you come closest to being part of is the SDS chapter at Columbia: not long ago, when a sympathetic physics prof didn't seem Radical enough for their tastes, they burned his independent research papers. Years of work in one gratuitous puff. (And physics, dig it—not liberal arts or sociology, mind you, but something that works). One lovely Revolutionary Tactic there, Motherfuckers. Cocksucking SDS knows as much about the college community as you flame queens do about the Lower East Side.

Side with Bill Graham, is it? To anyone with the manifest neural decrepitude as the Motherfuckers, it must indeed appear as if EVO is in the same crock of shit with Graham. Humanity makes strange crock-mates, dig it, and since UAW/MF shows about as much humanity as a basket of grumbling lobsters, then yeah, babes, we're right in there with all the Graham crackers. We denounce the Motherfuckers in the interest of the Common Good—it's human, man, a barracuda wouldn't put them down.

These psychedelic morpions call for the Second American Revolution, but they have absolutely no conception of what America is, they have no conception of what real devastation is like, and all they're out for, baby, is to get up on the goddam Fillmore stage and perform their speedfreak impressions of Che Guevara. I for one have no interest in Community Night at the Fillmore, unless naked girls become a regular thing there. Community Night my arse. There are a couple hundred kids from the suburbs go to those things and the heads and the Ukes and the P-Rs and the spades stay home. And I really don't wanna listen to the Motherfuckers spout Revolution.

Because—and now hearken unto me, I wax wierd—those cocksuckers are just stoned primitive shits. It really galls me, it embarrasses me to make historical comparisons, but here it's inadvertent. Dig it, when the Holy Roman Empire pulled out of Gaul in the last stages of its necrosis, the whole place went right to shit. I mean, for a thousand years nobody had shit, not potatoe one, except for a few gangs of crooks here and there, who just stomped shit out of everybody else. Between plagues. There was no Law, you dig? Which may sound pretty to a lot of people—Rousseau's Noble Savage bit is still big, translated into terms of Nietzsche's Superman bullshit—but like people got to have the Law, and they always will. Without Law, you get your Gilles De Rais types, who used to eat little boys for wierd kicks, and worked his peasants to death under part of the army of Joan of Arc.

(Continued on Page 16)

BOOKS

BY WALTER BREEN

MANY LIFETIMES, by Dennis Kelsey and Joan Grant. Doubleday & Co., 1967; paperback reprint, Pocket Books, 1968ff 247pp., 95¢

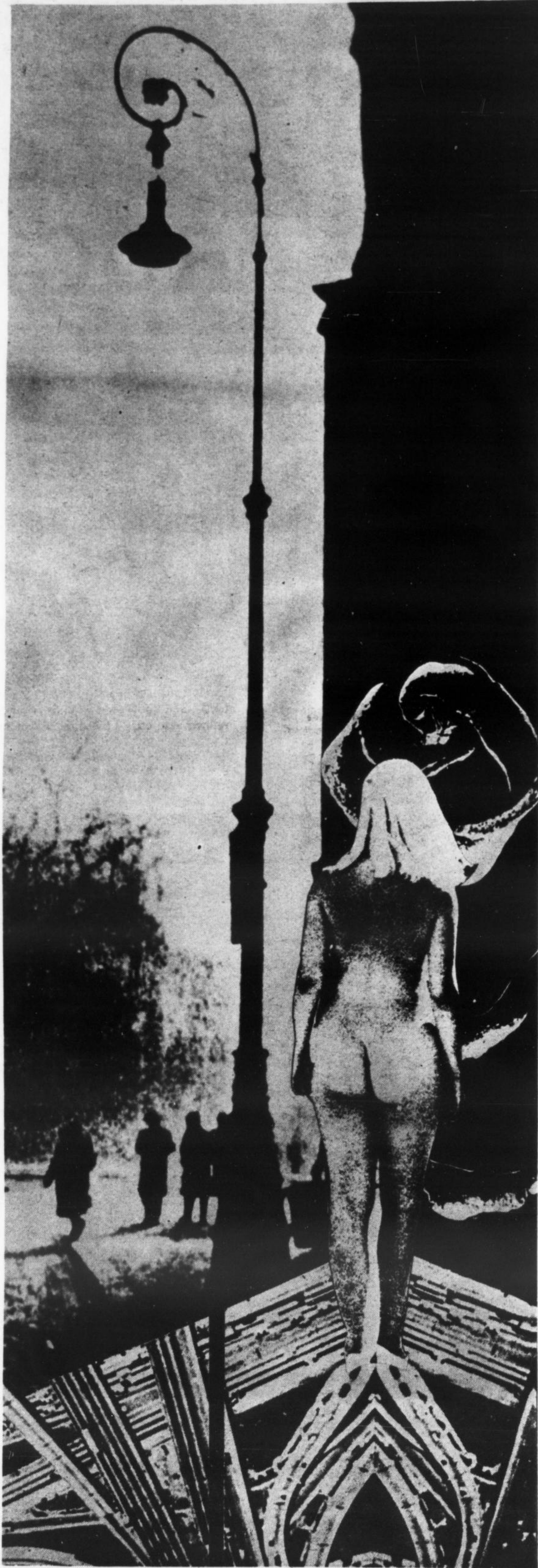
The universally loved Theodore Sturgeon long ago formulated a kind of natural law, since known to all science-fiction fans as "Sturgeon's Law:" "Ninety percent of everything is crud." This applies with interest to books on reincarnation. Most of them are mishmashes of fantasy, wishful thinking of the "Back when I was Cleopatra" kind, and wholecloth nonsense.

Except that this one isn't. After reading the first two chapters (they are alternately by the two authors) I found myself recognizing common sense in a field generally devoid of it. Dr. Kelsey is a British psychiatrist of unimpeachable professional standing, his contributions being largely concerned with realistic therapeutic applications of hypnotic regressions. He had begun, as usual, as a skeptic, only accepting patients' accounts of early life, birth trauma, and even intrauterine experience after obtaining verification from witnesses to many such episodes. (These incidents startlingly parallel many adduced in the more elementary texts on dianetics and scientology—though entirely independently, as Dr. Kelsey's approach is different. The more surprise, then, to find him independently making similar recommendations to obstetricians, nursery sisters and new mothers for avoiding or minimizing early traumas, by recognizing that the fetus is aware and able to remember—and, alas, to misinterpret—from the earliest weeks of pregnancy, sometimes before.) Finding a number of patients that even exposing the supposed primal incident in this life produced no relief of symptoms, he eventually decided to resume hypnotic regression on them, only to discover that again and again this technique yielded still more significant incidents from previous lives, reliving which episodes produced cures. There are methods for avoiding the "Bridey Murphy" type of hypnotist-suggested interpolations and distortions, and these are indicated—not by name—in Dr. Kelsey's description of his procedures. He nowhere sounds like the usual fanatic: quite the reverse.

Joan Grant, his wife, is probably best known as the author of several novels based on her own past-life recollections—perhaps unfortunately, as though a good enough writer of factual material and a thoroughly sane and lovable personality, she is no novelist. Her contributions have dovetailed with Dr. Kelsey's, illustrating points he has made (and vice versa), indicating other applications of clairvoyance besides healing, experiences in ghost-hunting, etc. So far from assuming an air of importance resulting from her preternatural gifts, she is as offhand about them as Edgar Cayce. The comparison is apt working has been devoted to healings enough, as much of the Grant-Kelsey of obscure illness and to what the Cayce group have called "life readings." In some ways, in fact, the appearance of this book following Edgar Cayce's death and spreading fame may be considered providential, as a reliable method for do-it-yourself life readings now exists (the hypnotic regression technique). The book itself has been known to produce spontaneous verifiable recalls of past-life material in some readers, though no guarantee can be made that anyone reading this is ready for such breakthroughs.

Several things that struck me forcibly in reading the anecdotes therein: Without sounding any trumpets these people have managed to provide a scientifically acceptable basis and methodology for reincarnational material; they began from common sense, even as did L. Ron Hubbard, only to end with the Perennial Philosophy—

(Continued on Page 2)



ART

THEATRE OF LIGHT

BY ALEX GROSS

The city of the future is a city of light. A realm of constantly shifting, ebbing and flowing colors and forms. A world that will constantly hold the eye and mind in calm and meaningful movement on a level between rest and alertness. The full visual equivalent of music has yet to be discovered, but its existence can not be doubted — when it is discovered, it will prove to be a use of light and color so simple and yet so compelling that it will immediately be taken over into our everyday lives, on the same level as music but independent of it.

When this is no longer a prediction but an everyday reality, people will look back and wonder why it took so long to happen. They will begin to look at the history of light and light-show techniques as a slowly developing art form in its own right, they will see how today's first tenuous steps fit together and lead towards the perfected whole. They will be able to trace the way one step led to another and will marvel at how haltingly and unpredictably each one was taken, often by obscure figures completely lost to history — a few instinctive lurches surrounded by centuries of darkness.

The ancient mysteries at Eleusis and elsewhere, whose contrast between darkness and light is still preserved in the Easter rites of the Greek and Russian Orthodox Church. The medieval Japanese monk Kobe Daishi, who believed that light, sound, incense, decoration, costumes, and bits of paintings, sculpture and jewelry should all be combined in ceremonies whose goal was to awaken a heightened religious awareness. The nineteenth century dancer Loie Fuller who almost a century ago was performing her dances in great evanescent cloaks before light bulbs with changing colors. The entire school of German stage experimenters during the 'Twenties, among them the director Piscator — there are those who claim that his stage work with light and projection has still not been surpassed. A more ominous use of light, though one of the most successful before a mass audience, was the synchronized training of colored searchlights on the sky above Hitler's Berlin Olympics in 1936. And now suddenly in the last few years an entire new generation has brought its energies into this field — the light pioneers of today are hard at work all around us.

Certainly one of the most rewarding light events now going on is the Theatre of Light presented on weekend evenings by Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern in their studio at 727 Sixth Avenue. The overall environment they have prepared for their presentation could not possibly be more relaxed or congenial. The floor of their studio is covered with foam rubber material encased in black, and all the walls are lined with black curtains. Light is provided at first only by a large aquarium complete with glistening tropical fish. One of the reasons why people tend to visit aquariums may have little to do with liking fish — the sheer color and movement of marine creatures in the concentrated lighting is a delight to the eye, and so our aquariums may be little more than lightshows in disguise for many visitors. In addition to the aquarium, Cassen and Stern provide another example of a primeval lightshow in the form of a Christmas tree with an interesting flash pattern in the bulbs; all of this before anything overtly theatrical.

The atmosphere in itself is worth experiencing. There is nothing but a sense of happy relaxation bordering on meditation. The actual light events are more easily seen than described. In the great welter of conflicting light theories and techniques Cassen and Stern are probably fundamentalists and romantics. They believe in performing themselves and in the positive value of performance. This means that no two even-

(Continued on Page 2)

KOKAINE KARMA



GARY GRIMSHAW

EVO

Review of the Arts

ROCK

BY BOB RUDNIK & DENNIS FRAWLEY

This Week in New York

Apollo: Joe Simon,
Peggy Scott & Jo Jo Benson,
The Del-Phonics, Gene Wells, O'Jays
Cafe Au Go Go: Ian & Sylvia,
Vince Martin
Slugs: Roy Haynes Quintet,
Tues. — Art Blakey
Action House: MC-5
Fillmore: B. B. King, Winter,
Terry Reid
Scene: Charlie Musslewhite,
Mother Barth
Town Hall: Don Ayler,
Noah Howard 5:30 P.M. Saturday

While the Variety establishment-rigid critic squawks about "artistic regulation" and bourgeois trends "toward refined aesthetics," the direction of music today is toward explosive emotional outcries, honest spiritual expressions of pain, love, dilemma, and social outrage. The new musicians dive into their sound as life statements are echoed by naked men of raw energy and intensity. They speak a universal language that transcends the academic laws of three dimensional music. Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp, MC-5, Ornette Coleman, Albert Ayler, Sun Ra, and a vanguard of young musicians who achieve a truth with sound patterns that filters deep into the listener and not merely on a conscious level.

Among the avant-garde jazzmen are Noah Howard and Donald Ayler. They ignore established limits of music to create new sounds to express their feelings. Their emotional outcries are beautiful improvised compositions constructed "out of a battery of idioms taken from music in the totality of time."

Howard and Ayler are co-billed this Saturday at 5:30 at Town Hall. Trumpeter Ayler, who played for years with his brother tenorman Albert Ayler, leads his own group which features Don Pullen on piano, Richard Davis on bass, Dewey Redman on tenor, Muhammed Ali and Rashid Ali on drums.

Noah Howard has expanded his sound with a new group featuring Sheila Jordan (vocals), Earl Cross (trumpet), Arthur Doyle (tenor), Norris Jones (bass), Muhammed Ali and Beaver Harris (percussion). ESP has just released the saxophonist's second album — Noah Howard At Judson Hall. This, the major recorded work of an excellent young expressionist, is warm and evocative music infusing the blood with his spirit. Howard's compositions — "This Place Called Earth" and "Homage to Coltrane" are auditory paintings, rich in color, deep in tone.

A carton of Yoko Ono - John Lennon albums broke open at the Newark airport. Indignant at the sight of the naked foreigners, terminal officials complained to Newark Police who immediately seized all copies of the "Two Virgins" record. No albums are now

available for sale in the Garden State and Tetragrammaton (the U. S. label for this Apple production) intends to file suit.

The Family Dog, forced out of business in San Francisco because its permit was revoked, is seeking a new site for the Avalon. Gary Scanlon, who did the booking for Chet Helms, is reopening the old spot.

Steve Katz, lead guitarist and auxiliary singer for Blood, Sweat and Tears, is planning on retiring as a performer in about a year and a half. The former member of The Blues Project and the Even Dozen Jug Band will probably return to a family shoe business.

The MC-5 returns to New York this weekend for two nights at the Action House on Long Island. Their last visit here was peppered with the regular bullshit hassles that have made New York notorious. There was an outrageous lie by Bill Graham about the destruction of hundreds of tickets for the MC-5's free Dec. 26 concert, which were supposed to be set aside for the community. Then the Ann Arbor energy force was confronted backstage by members of the Motherfuckers and associates, who would rather argue, scream, accuse and destroy the '5's equipment than dig music. The destructive highlight, though, of their stay in Manhattan, was the theft of a film of the group produced by Trans-Love Energies, their tribal community in Ann Arbor, Michigan. It seems that the film was in the trunk of a car that was seized by the pigs for parking violations. When the car was finally liberated, the motion picture was missing and no one knows its whereabouts.

The Fillmore bounces back this week with a bill featuring the great B. B. King, Winter, and Terry Reid. Johnny Winter has been receiving much publicity of late. It seems everyone is writing and talking about the MC-5 or Steve Paul's albino blues guitarist from Texas. Although he has jammed in New York with Bloomfield, Hendrix and others, this is the first real gig for Johnny Winter. Unfortunately his sidemen are rather lackluster.

The Charltons were one of the first great San Francisco bands. From its base and breakthrough a host of Bay Area rock groups have emerged. Epic Records has just signed Charlton alumni Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks. Having debuee as a San Francisco group in April 1968, the Hot Licks consist of Dan Hicks on lead vocals and rhythm guitar, Sherry Snow and Tina Natural doing vocals, Jimmie Bassoon on string bass, Jon Weber on lead guitar and Gary Pozzi on violin.

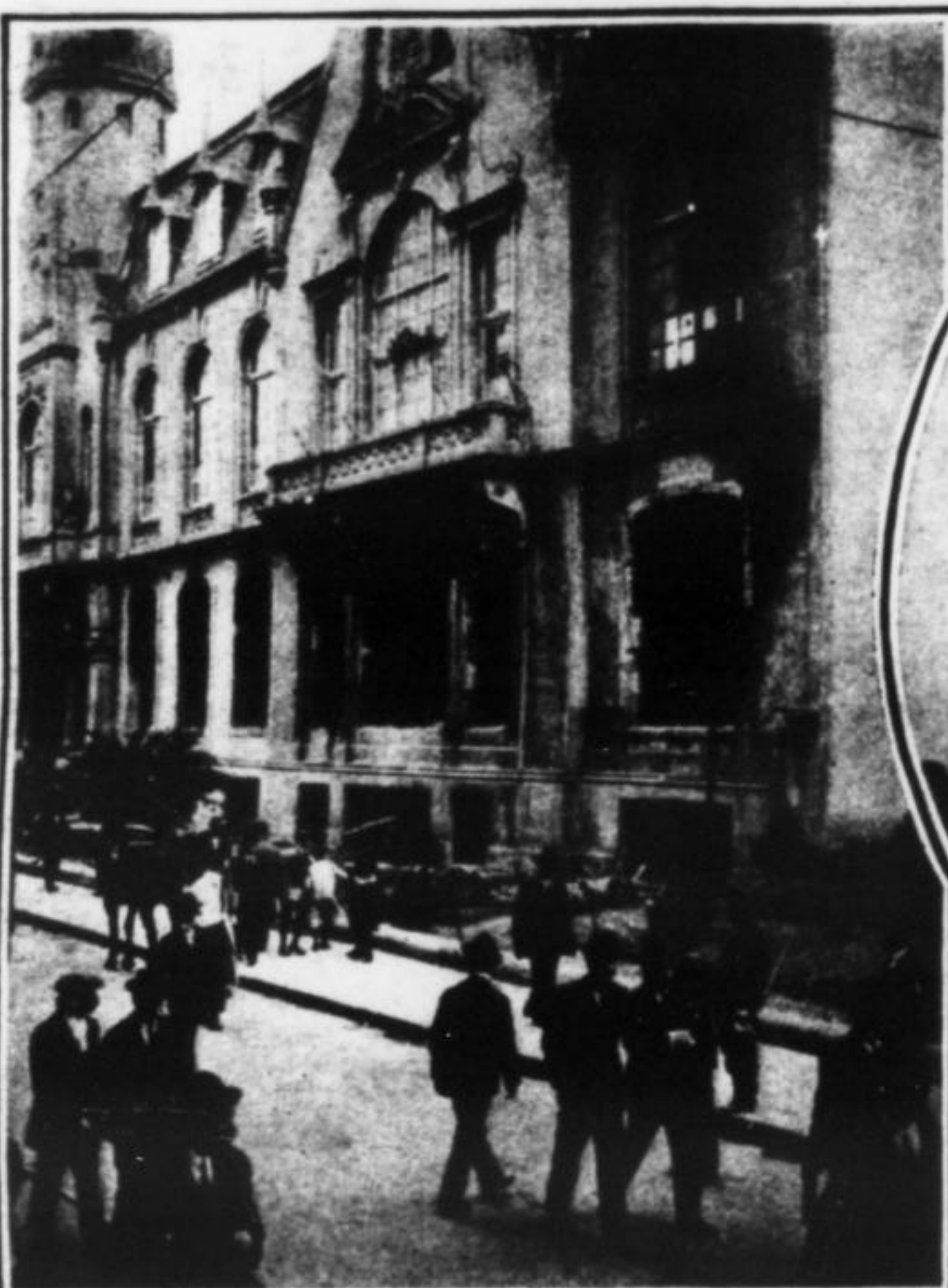
Vince Martin, granddaddy of Coconut Grove's folk music scene and former partner of Fred Neil, is co-billed with Ian & Sylvia at the Cafe Au Go Go.

EMANATIONS

BY ELFRIEDA RIVERS



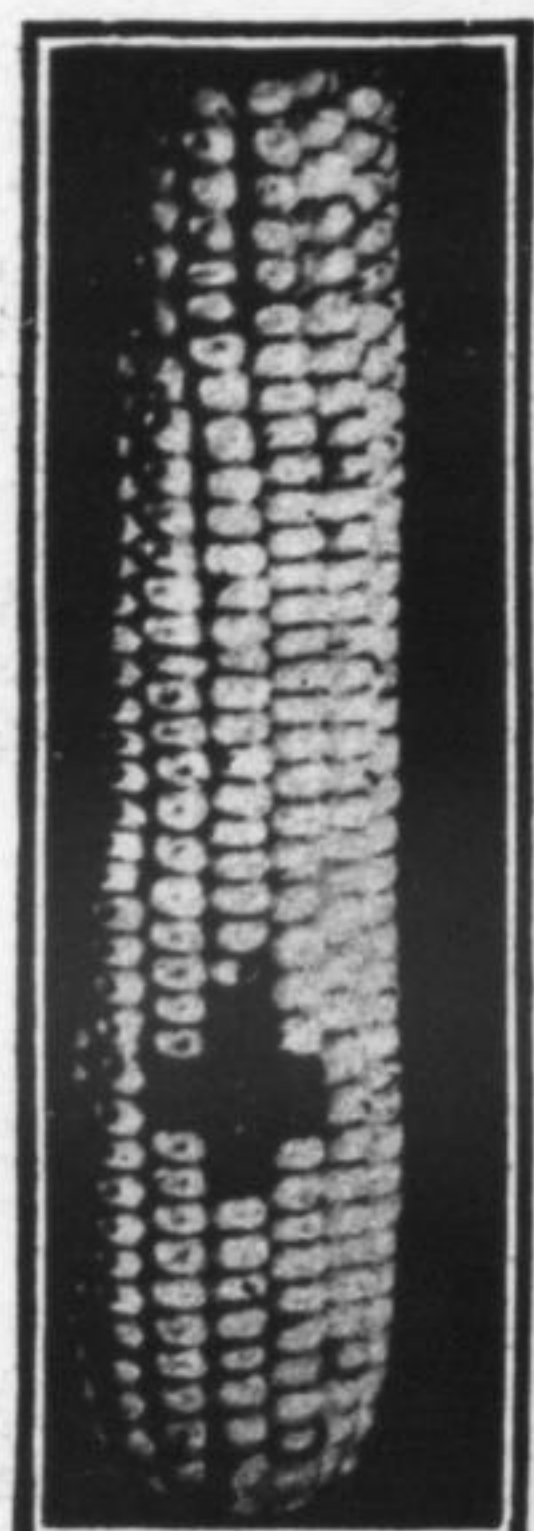
At the left above is shown a native chief of the Samoan Islands in full war dress, and at the right a native in the service of the United States. Until the outbreak of the world war the control of the Samoan Islands was divided between Germany and the United States. In 1914 German Samoa was captured by an expeditionary force from New Zealand. Natives such as those above are used in constabulary work under the command of U. S. marines.



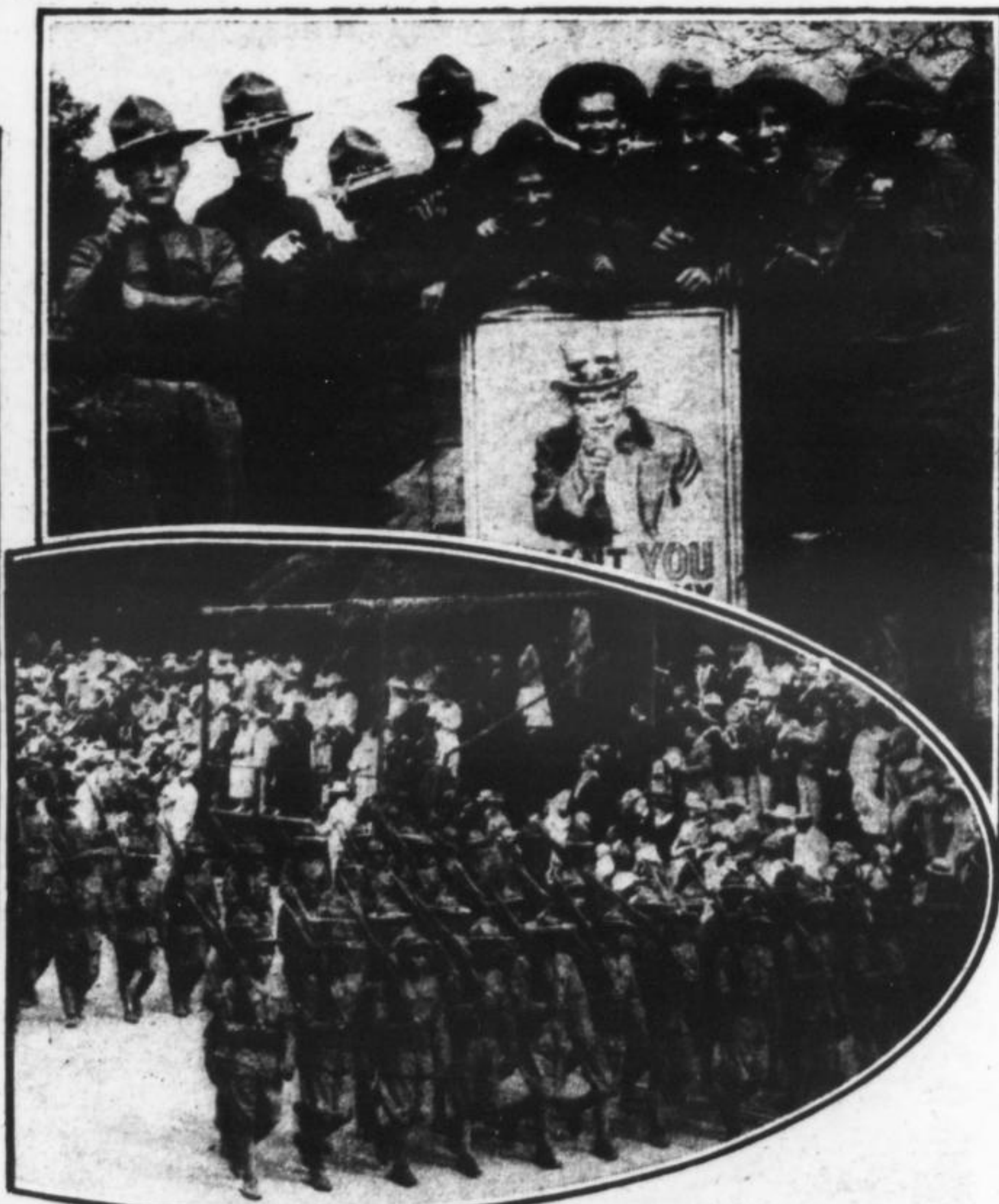
The exterior of the German Club, where Count von Luxburg resided, after the popular demonstration against the Germans had subsided—and severance of relations was assured.



Private Winter of the 103d Signal Battalion at Camp Hancock is making a long motorcycle jump. He accomplished this by ascending a bank 45 degrees steep and 25 feet long at a speed that carried him 35 feet beyond the take off. The machine was 8 feet in the air when the picture was taken.



This ear of corn was husked by C. C. Curtis of Albion, Ill. The ear is white with a red cross of bright red grains. Mr. Curtis refused \$500 for it.



England found her colonials rallying around the royal standard and likewise the United States found a kindred spirit among insular citizens. Hawaii, though over 2000 miles from the mainland, has a training camp all its own where 100 business men are trying for officers' straps. In the National Guard of Hawaii are 1000 Filipinos, ready to fight as hard for Uncle Sam as they once were to fight him.

In this column, questions will be answered about astrology, occultism, magic, mediumship, and related matters. If a personal answer is desired (in the event that a question cannot be answered in the column itself) please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, in care of the East Village Other.

Q. Can you tell me anything about the Great White Brotherhood? F.P.

Dear F.P. — I assume you do not mean the group of occultists on the West Coast, using that name (which is a little like a local church choir calling itself The Heavenly Choir) who sell a study course and various books about occultism. As far as I know, that particular group is on the level, no more commercialized than any other occult study group, and I have nothing against them except the arrogance with which they have adopted this name.

The Great White Brotherhood, properly so-called, and what most serious occultists mean when they speak of the G.W.B., is supposedly a lodge of Adepts or Ascended Masters (opinion differs depending on who you're talking to) who are working with the Lords of Karma to supervise the destiny of mankind and the human race in this age. (An "Adept," as I use the term, is a human being, in incarnation, who has reached the height of occult achievement possible in this world; an "Ascended Master" is one who no longer needs to re-incarnate for his own soul's development on Earth, but has, of his own free will, "tarried a little by the way" and stayed near Earth to guide and help others toward enlightenment).

Some authorities say that the Great White Brotherhood functions in an actual Lodge somewhere in Tibet or elsewhere in the Orient, possibly in India. Others insist that the Brotherhood has no actual place on Earth, and meets out-of-the-body, on the astral plane.

And, of course, great White Brotherhood does not refer to the color of the skins of the Adepts in question, but to that of their purpose in life, which is diametrically opposed to the evil purposes of Black Magicians. The best-known of the adepts of the Great White Brotherhood have been Hindu, as in the case of the Master Koot Houni, Mafame Blavatsky's initiator and guide, who led her to form the Theosophical Society.

Neither you nor I is likely to meet one of them in this lifetime — and it's fairly safe to assume that if anyone claims to be a member of the Great White Brotherhood, he is either a rogue or a lunatic; Adepts of that level seldom reveal themselves to ordinary except for some particular purpose. (Note well that when one of the Disciples asked Jesus of Nazareth the best-known Adept of historical times, the direct question "Who are you?" he turned it immediately back on the questioner, inquiring "Who do men say that I am?") If you meet a real member of the Great White Brotherhood, you'll know it — if you're able to recognize him.

Q. I am expecting a baby, and I have been studying Astrology for some time. I would like my baby to be born on the most favorable day possible; should I ask my obstetrician to induce labor to take advantage of favorable conditions in the stars? M.A.R.

Dear M.A.R. — I know that some astrologers have advised that this can be done. Personally I wouldn't advise it, for two reasons:

First; a child comes into the world with a long history of past incarnations and a fairly lengthy karma. (This is my belief. If you believe that we come straight from God, live one life,

and then are sent to Heaven or Hell for all eternity, that's your problem — and what are you doing reading this column anyway? Anyway, if you believed that, you wouldn't be interfering with God's time).

To get back to what I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself; the child has his own life to live, and the Lords of Karma who supervise his fate, will send him into incarnation at the precise moment which they consider to be appropriate, which will place him under the influences which will suit his own personal character and karma. Secondly: Poking sticks into the machinery of the Universe is usually futile — you don't get anywhere with it. For instance; I have three living children. In two of these cases, labor was induced for purely medical reasons, and I had every right to expect a speedy birth right after that — in fact, I started my husband working on my second son's horoscope around the time of the induction. The boy showed up two-and-a-half days later, after my obstetrician had just about exhausted his bag of tricks to shove the child into the world at the moment he thought proper. Something like that happened with my daughter, who dawdled along eleven hours after my doctor got impatient.

And the moral of this story is — whatever you want to call it, Nature or the Lords of Karma, a child will be born when the proper time comes, and not otherwise. The only way to pinpoint the moment of a child's birth is by Caesarean, and most ethical doctors will do this only for some serious medical emergency — which emergency is in itself part of the child's destiny, and thus "in the stars" and in accord with the natural laws.

Q. How can I learn to remember my past incarnations? J. W.

Dear J. W.: If I knew that, I'd be the most sought-after occultist on this planet! Everybody who knows anything about reincarnation wants to remember his or her past lives — but the only cases I know where people remember their past lives, it has happened spontaneously. Sometimes it comes about through meeting someone whom you have loved (or hated) in a past life; everyone has experienced the feeling of meeting a complete stranger and feeling either instant dislike or instant affection for him, "irregardless," as they say, of anything you know about the person's worthiness or lack of it. (I am well aware that Freudian psychologists say this is because the person resembles our Dear Old Nanny who slapped us with a lollypop at age of six weeks. So much the worse for the Freudians).

I've also known it to happen that a person's memory of a past life will be triggered off by revisiting some place connected, in a past life, with deep emotional experiences. My mother, my youngest brother, and myself, watching a documentary film about the battle of Culloden in Scotland, almost literally went into shock and walked around like zombies for hours, bursting into tears at frequent intervals. None of the three of us has ever been in Scotland and we are Scottish only at several generations remove.

Edgar Cayce the mystic/clairvoyant said that remembering past incarnations tended to keep a person from exerting the proper efforts to live this life to the full; however, I consider it harmless if you don't become so involved in the past that you forget the present. Dion Fortune's book PRACTICAL OCCULTISM IN DAILY LIFE gives a few hints on how to start recovering past-life memories, if you would like to try it — and good luck. However, don't expect to discover that you were Cleopatra — or King Louis the 14th; you're much more

(Continued on Page 19)

THILM PHLEGM

BY LITA ELISCU

GREETINGS is a very funny movie, and it is at the 34th Street Theater off 2nd Ave., and hopefully will be there a while even though the trailer for the next feature was awfully groovy ('awfully' groovy? this is beginning to sound like a Radcliffe sophomore is trying to be cool and I am not a radcliffe Sophomore. I am not in awfully good condition to be writing a column is what it is. . . all the keys on my typewriter look the same. . .) Greetings. . . oh, yeah. Everyone you remember from the lower east side is there, not to mention the East Village; the Majestic Clothes store, Melvin selling *The Rat*, your favorite dirty film peddler (and equally funny good director offstage) Alan Schneider, and all the prevert-voyeur-fantasty-ridden babies from all the corners and under the bed with their tape recorders. . . It's a David Peel yes/no spectrum; either you like it or you dont, and as the Fugs might say, don't come to me for source of your knockup. There he is, the average hero (beter looking than all the average boys' and girls) and he makes the scene with his super-looking chickie who, not unexpectedly, is clumsy and maybe a little too big for him, which explains the unexplained kitchen-table scene where she can be seen leaving in the background. The worst moment came when I realized the hero had a fat back (realized it nothing; there it was, thass all). But then there are the computer dating dates, including a great blonde chickie from the Bronx who wants to know when are they going to El Morocco's ("And where else didja expect ta eat?") and ends by being too much for Paul (=hero) who runs to a pay phone, calls a friend, and leaves the girl to better hands — the hands of a Kennedy assassination-nut.

The war theme is everpresent; the story is maybe about three boys who are waiting to find out if they will be inducted, then maybe are, and there we all are. Maybe la guerre est finie and it's all a dream. All surrounded by the somnambulist frenzy (eat that, Freddy and keep it down, huh.) of the LBJ "you never had it so good" speech, a circum-referential framework for the follies in between the covers.

All the bits are present. The film opens with a shot of a birthday cake whirling around and voices singing Happy Birthday to Paul. . . and the metaphor holds, because this picture is the whole cake indeed. At times, a little much and sticky going, but certainly always a lot better than the failure which accompanies being hungry and never getting enough.

The long short (Brian de Palma's movie is a short flick, as they go these days) is called *Man Going to Work From Brooklyn* and it's beautiful.

No doubt the director, Messina, has used the camera in what ersatz movie buffs (who make movies by reading the NY Times) will no doubt refer to as a Faces method, soft-grain film focusing on the outsize of things; faces seen close enough to feel the 5 o'clock shadow sandpaper, body-as-sky- scrapers being pant and zippered; the human interest shots as the camera coyly throws its eyes from one cute little commuter-ess to the man going to work, etc., and then back, following the glances of each. The man looking

at legs, the woman seeing his neatly fitted suit, sensual mouth. . . no human sound for the first while; just an unremembered alarm clock buzzing for the time it takes the man to dress and shave. The godawful sound soon dulls in our ears too, and fades to an empty hiss, which changes itself to the subway sounds of people rushing, coins clanging, throats snarling. All the little disturbances of man (thank you Grace Paley) are here or hinted at, and the small frustrations of the little people — not your or I — are herein enmeshed in a black and white web of rare octagonal-sided delicacy, an 8-ball of beautiful proportions.

Brian de Palma's film provides an interesting counterpoint to this short; not only the brassy colors and brashness of the whole gig, but the coolness and heaviness alternate like cake layers rather than the caviar egg-consistency of the short/food metaphors seem to be it these days. The early nostalgia of the first film, somewhere between bittersweet and lugubrious, gives way to a fast, funny licorice-thing — I've run out of foods. Greetings may be thought of as too slick, one supposes, grudgingly, but it possesses great style and wit — which too often is mistaken for clever slickness. Giving the flick its due, it is very worth seeing.

Another word about *Dionysus in 69*: it is still going strong, and more important, still going through visible structured changes, which makes it a rare and courageous play even before it starts each performance. The troupe now change off the various roles, resulting in Lumia Suite-like contrasts of delicate tone shadings because no two people inter-acting hit off the same vibrations as any other combination. Basic changes have been made in the play itself; the birth ritual and death ritual have new atmospheric barometer reading of touching to pathetic, and the whole play has been considerably shortened I got to the performance too late to say anything about the overall now-production . . . another time, there will be.

Next Tuesday, *The Cubiculo* will present animated films by Ken Kimmel and Don and Irene Duga. I have only seen Don Duga's work so far, but it is some of the most beautiful short stuff I've seen in my short career of looking at animated films (being truthful when it pays saves complaints later. . .) Duga's work has a rare imagination and sense of humor — oh rare indeedy — and his sound tracks alone are worth listening to. The program will be Jan. 14, at 9 p.m., 414 West 51st St., tel 265-2138 for more info.

The Cubiculo has several programs, including poetry, dance, theatre and inter-media works, which sum energy I cant possibly cover, so write to the above address if you would like a calendar.

Bleecker St. is still doing its Garbo thing, and if you don't love her, you poor freaks out there, then don't come to boo; just stay away and leave room. Call OR4-3210 for info but there's Grand Hotel thru Tuesday.



photo: Raeanne Rubinstein

POEMS ON THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

FOR BARBARA AND CHUCK

BY TIMOTHY AND ROSEMARY LEARY

NOTES FOR SIX TAO POEMS

The **Tao Te Ching** is, perhaps, the most ancient wisdom text. It may be over 5000 years old. It was orally transmitted from Chinese sage to Disciple for 3500 years before it was frozen into any written form.

That's quite a feat to protect and pass on a seed idea for 140 generations. What other human structure has endured that long? The bamboo flute. The drum. Chanted droned mantras. And this idea of the Tao presented in terse poetic verse.

What is this seed idea of the **Tao Te Ching**?

Relativity. Ceaseless change. The flow of energy. The slow turning of the wheel of life. The essential rightness of the ebb and tide of events. Settle your worried mind. Sit in the sun facing south, watching and smiling. It's all right.

The **Tao Te Ching** is not just the oldest text to survive. It is also the most likely book to be around five thousand years from now, when other anthro-pocentric Bibles of sin and retaliation are archeological curios. The **Tao** deals with the flow of basic energy and the evolutionary manifestations of the 10,000 transient forms.

The **Tao Te Ching** is the perfect guide-book for the psychedelic-electronic age.

Scholars would have us believe that there are 81 verses in the **Tao**. Chapters 1 to 37 are supposed to be concerned with the principles of Taoism and Chapters 38 to 81 with the application of Taoist principles to practical life.

Actually, there is no numbering and categorizing of the Verses. The **Tao Te Ching** must be thought of as an endless ticker tape of everchanging symbols which remind us of the endless flow and the relativity of all structure. Darwin added a verse or two. So did Emerson. Einstein's formulas wrote a new page in the oldest book. Watson and Crick (DNA discoverers) added their version.

The Book of Tao is a living thing. It pops up in slightly improved form each generation. You can always tell the blood-line by the relaxed, quizzical smile.

Like any sacred text, the **Tao Te Ching** is funny. It is a comic book. Double and triple meanings. Puns. Put ons. Ironic flashes.

At one time in China, the **Tao Te Ching** as written on bamboo strips strung together to form a scroll. Two or three lines to a strip. But (as predicted by the 'Tao') the strings broke and then the scholars had to pick up the scattered lines and piece them together. A new scrambled order emerged. Perfect; That just the point. The original William Burroughs cut-up. The beauty of the Tao is that you can string any two lines together and they do not confuse. They merely heighten the paradox which is the message of the text. There are very few books that can be cut up this way and still make sense. According to Burroughs the poems of Baudelaire pass the same test.

The verses of the Tao cannot be listed and fixed. Everyone makes his own version, says the Tao.

Any time you write down a Tao verse you have lost the Tao unless you beg your reader to re-right it with pruning scissors and coloring crayons, and red pencil.

In 1965 I wrote a new version of the first 37 verses of the **Tao Te Ching** published under the title **Psychedelic Prayers**. These first 37 chapters were re-arranged to fit the levels of consciousness as they emerge in an LSD experience.

The six verses published here are revisions of Chapters 41-45 and will be part of a new Taoist guidebook which could be called **HOW TO LIVE THE TURNED-ON LIFE IN AN UPTIGHT SOCIETY**.

WHAT NOW GREAT TAO ?? !!! ?!

OUT OF TAO
THE ONE
IS BORN

"I mean the one Sun, she shined
You mustn't mind
I think you'll find
It's beyond our kind"

OUT OF THE ONE
THE TWO
DIVIDE

"I'll arrive
Alive
Via the U. S. Male bag
Three cried."

SO . . .
OUT OF THE TWO
MATED
WE CREATED
THE THREE

"It's fun to blend
But where will it end
And what will become
of our Coming?"
We sighed
And died.

CONSIDER THE MATHEMATICS
CLICKED THE DNA COMPUTER
SOFTLY

"One = done
Two = nothing new
But the number
THREE = variety
"When multiplied
10,000 forms are supplied
with fins, feathers
and all sorts of leather
coverings"
"What is the name
of this inexhaustibly inventive game?"
We inquired
As we lay moist in each others arms
"Will we grow tired?
"Will it grow tame
as we excell
in playing this game
Always cooped up in a permeable cell?"
Is it time to re-enter
The center

WHAT NOW GREAT TAO ??????
Should we even ask?
(Based on Verse 42 of the **Tao Te Ching**.)

CONCERNING DOSAGE AND CAPACITY

When
I am
"The man
Of highest capacity"

IT FLOWS THROUGH ME

When
I am
"The man
of middling capacity"

I WRITE POEMS ABOUT
THE FLOWING

When
I am
"The man
of low capacity"

THE FLOW IRRITATES ME
Based on Verse 41 of the **Tao Te Ching**)

**COMPUTER TAPE MESSAGE DROPPED FROM UNIDENTIFIED FLYING
OBJECT HOVERING OVER DUTCHESS CANYON OF NIGHT OF
DECEMBER 13, 1968**

TIME	TO
DO	IT
TAKES	IT
TAKES	A
LONG	TIME
TIME	TAKES
TO	A
DO	LONG
TAKES	TIMES
IT	TAKES
TAKES	TO
IT	TAKES
TAKES	TO
TAKES	A
LONG	TIME
DO	IT
IT	TIME
DO	TIME
TO	IT
TAKES	A
LONG	TIME
TO	DO
EMIT	OT
A	SAKET
NO	LEMIT
KAT	ODE
TIM	EMIT
TIS	EKAT
LONG	TIME
TIME	TO
DO	IT

(BASED ON VERSE 41 OF THE TAO TE CHING)

THIS DESIGN HAS NO PLAN, MAN
There is no pure white
THE TAO FOREVER BLENDING
There's no perfect man, man
THE TAO FOREVER BENDING
Great space has no corners
THE TAO NEVER ENDING
Great music is faintly heard
THE TAO FOREVER SENDING
Great music
FAINTLY HEARD

This old desig.. *תהיך תהיך תהיך*
IT'S FOREVER MENDING
Mending patching up giraffes making do mutants
false starts bulging eyed frogs goofs some catas-
trophic misfits smog THE TIMING'S OFFemergency
stop gap measures adapt SURVIVE FOR GOD'S
SAKE DON'T ASK ME WHY Malthusian fuckup
Darwinian losers, over-problemation not another
ice age humus top soil shit there goes my paleo-
lithic garden!
Listen brother, there's no shortage of anything
THE TAO FOREVER MENDING
THE TAO PROFUSELY LENDING
BLENDING
BENDING
SENDING
MENDING
FOREVER ENDING
NEVER ENDING

(Based on verse 41 of the **Tao Te Ching**)

**TERRA STORY, TERRA TORY: THE POORER WE SEEM, THE
RICHER WE ARE**

From ancient times
It has been know
That
A man-woman
Are as rich
As the land is broad
Through which
They wander freely

SITTING HERE
IN FRONT OF OUR FLIMSY
MOUNTAIN COTTAGE
WE SEE
NO WALL
NO BUILDINGS
NO NEIGHBORS

(Based on Verse 41 of the **Tao Te Ching**)



THE PERFECT PARADOX

THE PERFECT
CONTAINS

THE GREAT DESIGN
CONTAINS

ERROR
IS THE ARCHITECT

THE COMPLETED LIFE
AN INFINITE SERIES OF

EACH BLUNDERING MOMENT
A PERFECT PART
OF THE PERFECTED

(ATTENTION CHILDREN: If you can detect the three mistakes
in this poem which is based on Verse 45 of the **Tao Te
Ching** you will win a black and white pony.)

THE IMPERFECT

DELIBERATE FLAW

OF EVOLUTION

TIMELY ACCIDENTS

HOLE

When
I am

"The man
Of highest capacity"

When
I am

"The man
of middling capacity"

When
I am

"The man
of low capacity"

RICHARD MILQUETOAST NIXON
RICHARD MILTOWN NIXON
RICHARD MILHAUS NIXON

Kennedy was Harvard University
Johnson was the University of Texas
Nixon is Columbia
Kennedy was a French cooking
Johnson was a Barbecue
Nixon is Roast Beef and Mashed Potatoes
Kennedy was the N.Y. Times Magazine
Johnson was Field and Stream
Nixon is Readers Digest

NIXON is the ONE NIXON is the ONE NIXON is the ONE NIXON is the ONE Smiling Dick, plastic teeth and all, picks his way among the invited guests at the Inaugural Ball, Laurence Welk has just finished a peppy little uptempo waltz and the floor glistens in crinoline splendor. Everyone's here. Art Linkletter, Annette Funicello, Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, Ann Landers, Billy Graham, Norman Rockwell, Sam Levison (a token since this is the most WASP ball the country has seen in twelve years) Joyce Brothers, Bud Wilkinson, Bert Parks, Bennett Cerf, Sen. George Murphy, Ted Mack, Pat Boone, Dr. Frank Baxter. There are celebrities from the fifties, Army men, bank executives and loads of advertising men. There are lots of greying sideburns. Oh look/ There goes the cabinet. One hardly recognized them for, in the words of Vice-President Igloo, "when you've seen one cabinet you've seen them all." The men all look like an ad for Smirnoff's Vodka. The women all look like Angela Lansbury in the Manchurian Candidate. It is a Snow White ball and young prince David Eisenhower escorts Julie Nixon around the floor knowing fullwell he holds the future of American youth in his white gloves. It is a heavy burden but as the commentators all note, he is "holding up remarkably well." There are five official inaugural balls in all. My God, five balls and no cock, what strange beast has been summoned forth?

And so, what are we, the outside freaks, the no goodniks, the aliens in Alien Registration Month, what are we to do in the face of oatmeal? Should we travel on this cold weekend down to Washington. Washington, the seat of the central government. Washington, that pimple on the Potomac. Washington, where the law says you cannot build anything higher than the allmighty cock of the Washington Monument. Should we go to Washington? Should we go and build our Tower of Babel to the Heavens?

Hell yes! Hell yes/ Hell yes!

Qualification: This is not going to be another Chicago.
This is not going to be another Chicago.

This is not going to be a confrontation scene a'la Daleyland. This is definitely not going to happen.

Reason number one: The weather. Fighting pigs in the street is not a winter activity. Our numbers will be low, probably a few thousand.

Reason number two: The Inauguration is a symbolic show of power not an actual one such as a political convention.

Reason number Three: The organizers who have agreed to call people to Washington have all agreed that the nature of the language and action should be non confrontational.

Reason number four: Washington Capital Cops are a different breed than Chicago neanderthals. They are more like androids and as such

INHOGRATION DAZE

BY FOX, A YIPPIE



obey orders in a more machine-like manner.

Reason number five: No one gets their rocks off over Nixon.

What is in the planning stage is an assault on those Washington institutions we have come to know so well over the past few years. Guerilla theatre guides from the Living Theatre, the Yippie Gym School, The American Playground of Washington, and the Daughters of the American Revolution will be on hand to work out various mind zappers. Here are some examples of the types of street theatre that might take place:

F.B.I. Building:

Hanging J. Edgard Freafo in effigy, hanging J. Edgar not in effigy. People with binoculars and magnifying glasses tramping thru the building. Investigators with tape recorders and cameras collecting evidence of an FBI conspiracy. A hunt for Eldridge Cleaver reported-

ly hiding out in the basement of the FBI building. Girls offering their bodies to the Chief (he supposedly has gone all these seventy-three years without once...)

U.S. Mint:

Passing out of phony money, burning money, burning MINT, A call for immediate devaluation of the dollar.

White House:

Four men dressed in painter's uniforms approach the White House carrying buckets of black paint. The Pig is shown the White House.

Washington Monument:

Magic circling of the Washington Monument by a troupe of vestal virgins to exercise the country's need for a perpetual hard-on. A "Fuck the World" ceremony.

Pentagon: Simulated Yippie War Games, chemical warfare demonstration of the dreaded fuck-drug LACE.

Federal Drug Administration:

Smoke-In; passing out free birth-control pills, dramatization of a narcotics raid.

Constitution Hall:

Fug chorale singing "River of Shit" in thirty part harmony on the front steps.

Smithsonian Institute:

Presentation of LBJ fully dressed and stuffed for placement in their wild game room.

These skits do not involve large numbers of participants and few run the risk of skull-cracking and jailing, yet they show people how much respect we have for these cherished institutions. Small groups can begin to prepare these skits or others before they come to Washington. Overlapping is fine. The more the merrier. These skits should take place Saturday and Sunday (January 18-19).

Meanwhile the "BLT conspiracy" is secretly plotting the assassination of President Pig on Sunday night, at the very same time that the Inhoguration Committee is planning an elaborate ceremonial for his swearing in to the nation's highest office.

It is reported that Sirhan Wrap Sirhan and other inmates of the United States of America are part of this terrible plot. After our beloved leader has gone to that great swirl bucket in the sky, we will celebrate with an Inhoguration Ball. Judy Collins, Paul Krassner, the Fugs, the Children of God, the Fallen Angels, the Pablo Light Show, the Psychedelic Power & Light Co. and more are going to turn this into a giant celebration. At one point a huge Pignata will appear and the joyous inmates will devour his innards fulfilling the pledge made in Chicago, "We plan to elect a pig that we can devour, rather than the traditional election system that works in the opposite manner."

Other groups with other states of mind will also be in Washington; in particular, the National Mobilization Committee to End the War. They are planning a series of workshops and a demonstration on Sunday, probably a march to the Capitol. On Monday, the day King Richard-the-Pig-Hearted is to be sworn into office, the Mobilization also plans to demonstrate along the parade route. People at home can join the action by paying close attention to the inauguration ceremonies. When Nixon is sworn in and says the phrase "...so help me God," rush into the bathroom and flush the toilet on the word "God." If enough people in a given area flush precisely at that moment, strange things will happen to local water systems. Can God be indicted for conspiracy???

The purpose of it all... well let's let Big Brother know that Little Brother is watching him. That we do not accept the results of the past erection and we consider the birth of his administration strictly a miscarriage.

(Persons who wish to keep posted on the development of plans for Washington or who have worked out their own pranks should get in touch with Fox at Real World Hallucinations, 333 East 5th Street. N.Y., N.Y. (212) 228-8432. Some bread is needed. We have buttons 10/1.00; Yippie calendars at \$2.25. \$10.00 will get you enough garbage to, clog all the toilet at your local draft board.)

superpush

(Continued from Page 3)

ly that they have to become puritans and straighten themselves morally before attaining their goals. They are dead wrong there. They should put down artificial moral prohibitions invented by the white men. They think anybody who uses drugs does so in order to cop out. Not everybody does. Even though drugs bomb the mind and poison the system — they can be controlled by a discipline attained by many. Groovy for them. If not — tough shit.

Our own society is one in which the only reality that one can face is a total escape from reality. When the horror of your daily existence becomes so real that the only way to live is the escape from reality, you start taking drugs.

EVO — Are you in any way or manner politically active?

Mr. X — My own political activism, whatever form it may take, is based on the assumption that NOBODY is going to tell me what to do in my own home and nobody is going to walk into my house to tell me what to put into my body. I am politically active in the sense that if they should ever come and get me — which I really don't believe, I am going to fight them any way I can.

Drugs have really very little to do with politics. Even if it was all legal, the man would still crowd me and I would still beat him at whatever I would be doing. I am sure I would find something illegal to do which would divorce me from society.

I am really pessimistic. I see signs all over pointing toward the future as being the sex freak scene I mentioned before. The pressures are getting greater every day and before the inevitable explosion people will have their sex freak scene. The same as in Rome. Everybody is waiting to die and so they all want to have their fun while they can. God is dead.

EVO — Do you personally believe that we have reached this point?

Mr. X — No, I don't think it has come to that as yet but in the minds of most people that's where it is at. Look at Norman Mailer. He is so upset that nobody is going to tell him that he can't jerk off anymore, that he has become a good 17th Century novelist.

EVO — Let us return to the Drug Market — what's happening on the international scene?

Mr. X — Let me put it on a pragmatic level — prices will have to go up. A year ago one could cop hash in Brussels for about \$220 per pound. It is now at least twice as much. Europe is becoming affluent and the kids have money to buy dope with. They travel a lot and with them they transport their tastes and stashes. Today more Europeans smoke dope than they ever did, and Hash has become a fact of life in Europe.

EVO — At the same time in Sweden, where things have been pretty cool till recently, the official drug paranoia has finally caught on.

Mr. X — Well, that was an inevitability that was bound to happen. (Indeed?—DAL) Often the cats that were in the Army there copped out to do their thing in Sweden but eventually a large percentage had to come back to the U.S. because they found it the easiest place to exist. In most of Europe they fouled their nests. They were open and uncool about it. Everybody knew that Americans were the ones that brought drugs into Sweden. They were all good guys but they certainly succeeded in fucking it up for everybody else.

EVO — Being one of the essential links in the drug demand and supply chain, what is your projection for the dope market in 1969?

Mr. X — Toward the end of the year things will tighten up again. Around April a whole lot of first crop marijuana will arrive from the southern regions of Mexico. By June the first shipments of Lebanese Hash will start arriving en masse unless there is an Arab Israeli war and I doubt if even that will stop this particular supply line completely. Things will be gen-

erally hard to come by toward the end of September and all of October.

In the beginning of November the hash in the Himalayas will have matured enough to appear on the American market. Black hash from the Kabul market and Katmandu will make it a high Christmas since anybody who travelled will have shipped his contribution to the abundance on hand. Needless to say it won't be as easy as this may sound. I think it is definitely going to be a hard year.

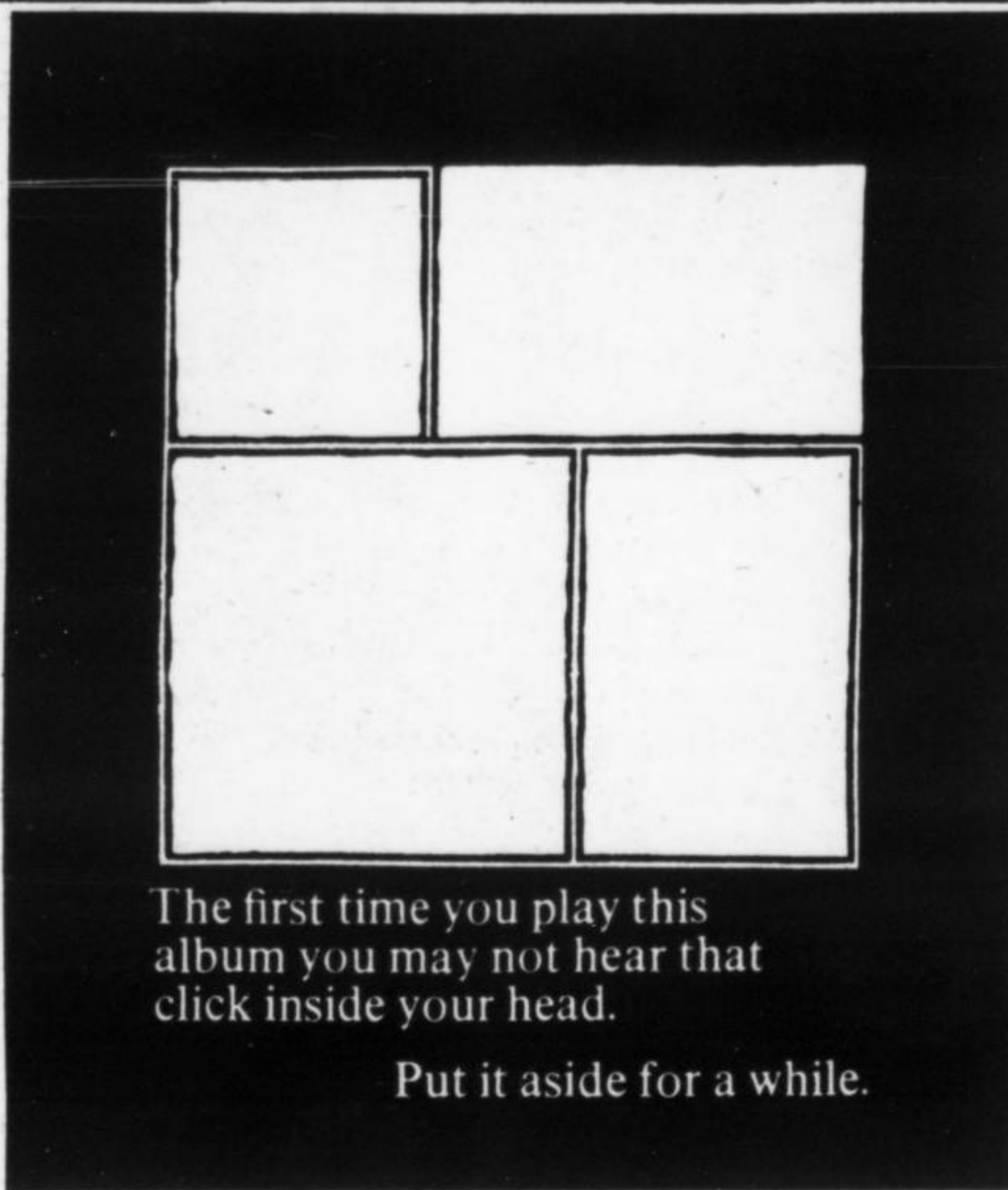
EVO — Any harder than the years that preceded?

Mr. X — To me they actually haven't been too hard but I would be inclined to move more rapidly this year. The Ghettos are going to revolt and that is going to save everybody. It is going to draw the heat off us and the more violence they are going to have in the Ghettos the more drugs are going to be purchased outside the Ghetto. The Black people in the ghettos

are going to have to take the drug commerce in the ghettos away from the whites who run it now and there will be inevitable bloodshed. The only deduction to be made of all this is that prices will zoom up. People may as well get used to the use of \$100 bills. It's less bulk.

What's going on is really immense. Just consider the money that is being thrown into the drug market. You have to realize that relatively small dealers are often handling up to \$80,000 in business. There are West Coast people willing to front \$50,000-\$100,000 in material. The market has become so huge that often it seems unreal. There must be a flood coming into this country from all over. It is all utterly unbelievable. At times it blows even my mind. I remember reading in the New York Times, of New York City being good for 250 k's of marijuana per week. Today a good distributor should be able to move about 800 k's of grass per week.

(Continued on Page 15)



JOIN THE MOBILIZATION!

Voice Your Opposition

on the Inaugural Weekend

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Saturday, Jan. 18, Sunday, Jan. 19, Monday, Jan. 20

YOU CAN COME SUNDAY ONLY, TAKE PART IN THE MARCH AND RALLY, RETURNING SUNDAY EVENING.

On the very day Nixon tries to create a celebration of unity another 30 GIs will die in Vietnam. On Inauguration Day, another 620 bombing missions will rain death and destruction on Vietnam and Laos. For millions of people in the Third World, January 20 will be another day of hunger as American imperialism continues to exploit their raw materials and their labor. At home, who can say how many indignities will be suffered by how many black people, students, welfare mothers, draft resisters and conscripts on that date?

From a Call to Come to Washington, D.C.
National Mobilization Committee
to End the War in Vietnam

Become part of the opposition presence

For Immediate Withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam.
For Justice and Liberation of Black and Hispanic American Communities.
Curb the Police. Stop Police Repression.
For the Right of People to Struggle as They See Fit to Win Control over Their Own Lives.

We are planning an organized, structured presence of anti-war, anti-racist, anti-poverty forces. Permits will be obtained where required.

Housing hospitality will be available.

For further information and reservations:
Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee
17 East 17th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003
Phone: 255-1075 255-0062

PROGRAM

Sat.—Movement workshop conferences on issues and programs relevant to our work and growth. Details on organization and subject matter of conferences will soon be available.

Sun.—March from White House area to Capitol area. (Reversing the inaugural route.) Rally. Performers. A movement message.

Sun. evening—Counter Inaugural Ball. Music, Entertainment.

Mon.—A Mobilization contingent in a discreet area along the inaugural route, with banners, floats, performers, etc.

Buses leaving NYC Saturday AM, and Sunday AM
Buses returning to NYC Sunday PM, and Monday, PM

You can come Sunday only, take part in the march and rally, returning Sunday evening. This will be the day of the largest turnout.
Or stay for any 2 or all 3 days!

Round Trip by bus for Sunday only—\$8.
Bus fare for those staying for 2 or 3 days will be slightly higher.

Car pools are being organized. If you have a car, or want a ride in one, call the Parade Committee.
For bus reservations and further information, fill out coupon below.

In cooperation with the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam

Clip out and send to: 5th Ave. Vietnam Peace Parade Committee New York, N.Y. 10003
17 E. 17 Street, (4th floor)

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superpush

(Continued from Page 14)

EVO — Does this figure represent total sales or one man's volume?

Mr. X — I use myself as an example.

EVO — How many like you are there in New York currently?

Mr. X — About 8-10.

EVO — Would then it be correct to assume that every week approximately 6-8,000 kilograms of marijuana are being sold in New York?

Mr. X — Correct.

EVO — I assume this is the volume transacted, not consumed.

Mr. X — Correct.

EVO — What is the score on the hash market?

Mr. X — I would estimate that about 1,000 lbs. are being currently sold in New York per month. That is if it is available. The more there is available the bigger the consumption. At this point I don't think the demand hugely outnumbers the supply.

EVO — There was a time when one had to wait for hash for months till a ship from the Middle East docked. Things must have changed radically?

Mr. X — They certainly did. Today people import 500 lbs. at a time. How that is done I do not know. I am not in the smuggling end of the business.

At one time the main points of embarkation were New York and Baltimore. Ever since the Vietnamese war it started coming in volume through San Francisco. This led to the inevitable price equalization between the East and West Coast. Unfortunately this applies to grass too. Dynamite grass sells for \$350 a k on the West Coast. 3-4 years ago it used to be \$75. To a smaller degree prices of dope are still a bit lower on the West Coast. All too often the price of a k in San Francisco is the price of a pound in New York. The main difference between East Coast and West Coast dealing is the scope in which it is done. In California it goes by k's and lids. In New York it is still pounds and ounces.

EVO — One hears a lot about Cocaine these days.

Mr. X — The more people learn about good things the more they want it. Like everything else it is getting to be more and more difficult to get hold of good coke.

My advice, if not my practice, is to suggest to novices to stay away from coke.

EVO — What are your observations on the usages of heroin and speed?

Mr. X — I don't have too much to do with that type of thing. I have been so long away from speed that my vibes about it are such that to people who take speed I do not cater. I do know that all too many young kids are taking it.

By the way, have I told you about the 15 year old kid who deals 150-200 pounds of grass per week? Right here in midtown Manhattan.

EVO — How about Heroin?

Mr. X — The past year was in my opinion definitely the year of smack. Not much was said about it but a lot of people are doing up junk. I know that for sure even though I don't deal it. I don't like the people on the higher levels of the Heroin trade and I don't like the ones on the lower levels. I don't dig being sickened. It's masochistic. At the same time I have come to understand how heroin is being used by city people trying to escape.

Sometimes even I am a little masochistic. Lets say after an intense dealing trip in the city I just stop and make smack for three or four days — just to get the hell out of it all.

Personally I prefer to go on a coke trip but I can damn well understand why people want to do smack.

EVO — Is there any reason for the vast difference in prices of heroin and cocaine?

Mr. X — The economics of it all are really amazing. Coke should be cheaper than smack. Primarily due to accessibility and lower transportation costs. But then with coke you can't keep the ghetto down. From where I am at, I can't always see what's cause and what's effect but I do know that during the period of violence on the West Coast there was a lot of coke on the scene. I do think that in 1969 the use of heroin will decline somehow. I expect much more coke to hit the market. It's damn near impossible to control the smuggling out of Cuba.

Dealers nowadays are getting bigger, better and richer. There is a trend toward dealing communes. When 6-8 cats pool their money fifty thousand dollar deals come off.

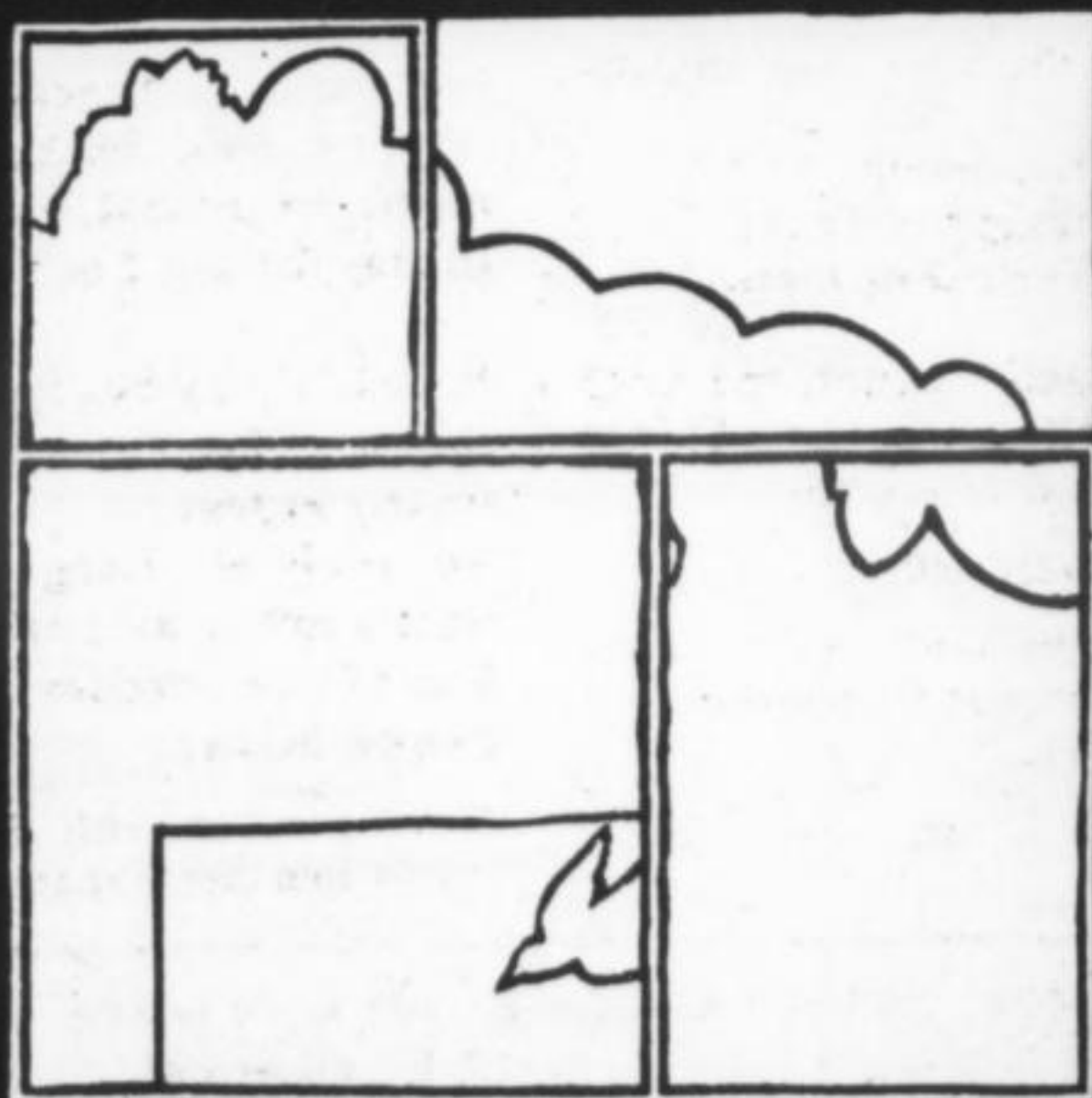
EVO — It seems that an entirely new class of dealers have come lately into being. It's the sub-culture of young dealers who brazenly operate on a much larger scale than their predecessors did. Above all they all seem to be completely attuned and involved with whatever goes on.

Mr. X — Many of them are active politically too. To me at least it is often too paradoxical to comprehend. The amazing thing is that things still go on and the republic still exists.

EVO — Do you think that eventually marijuana will be legalized?

Mr. X — I don't think so. They will probably lighten the penalties. They may extend the misdemeanor laws to cover possession up to 1 lb. I don't think that the LSD laws will hold up under the Supreme Court scrutiny. Under the current law possession of one dose carries the same penalty as possession of 100,000 doses.

To sum it all up — even though the same things transpire all the time, the cycle this year points toward a funny kind of sado/masochistic escape. People are anticipating SOMETHING and therefore we have to assume that it will inevitably happen.



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decomp

(Continued from Page 7)

And now we got the Motherfuckers flogging a Fillmore usher with a radio antenna. Che Guevara spins in his grave; Marconi too, like a pizza in a restaurant window.

We also got truckers refusing to deliver fuel to the City in December, mainly because the unions want to make that niggerloving Lindsay look bad; so old people get sick in the flu epidemic, and little children too, and they die. And because they're afraid the nigger'll take their jobs, the UFT strikes just long enough to screw all the New York public school seniors out of college. And so on, and it's all mainly because Americans hate niggers and nigger-lovers. Behold, baby the Revolution's making itself, it don't need Wednesday free nights at the Fillmore.

And if I can help it, it's never going to get so bad the Motherfuckers get even one block of the Lower East Side for their feif. These bastards are just the essence of real conservatism—back to the Stone Age when men were men and slaves were slaves, it worked for nine hundred thousand years, it ought to work again.

But what really sticks in my craw... Could you imagine if these shits were black and they pulled this noise down here? The Tack Squad would have had all kinds of fun.

Dear Dean Latimer—

Aw, Dean, I've really had it with New Yorkers putting down California! Three summers ago I flew East

to a New York that was one huge slum and smelled like an enormous rotting garbage heap; nearly got raped that night by three friendly junkies, and had to stand there in my glowing California tan listening to fish-belly white New Yorkers say, "Good God, you've been living in Los Angeles for eight years"?! How could you stand it!?"

Awright, let me tell you what it's like:

First of all, what's this shit about California being filled with ol people? Who the hell started the whole new American Rock Movement (which did originate in California.) and who fills the Haight, the Sunset Strip, and the beaches? I never saw no mottled crones in bikinis but there sure are lots of groovy looking tanned chicks with long blond hair and briefer bikinis than you can find in New York, lying around all those beaches. (By the way, having just returned from two weeks in California, I can report that girls in L.A. are wearing their skirts shorter than anyone in N.Y. would dare.)

As for the San Andreas Fault, it's there and everybody talks about it. But most of the warnings come from New York city freaks: "You're going to California? Man, don't go there; it's all gonna sink into the ocean, doncha read Edgar Cayce?"

Hitchiking, huh? Gee, Dean, you ever try hitching in New York? If you have a mind to be raped, murdered, and discovered in Central Park naked, headless and in an advanced state of decomposition, accept a ride in New York City.

In fact, I did hitchhike all through Los Angeles and San Francisco, and had an easy time getting rides from friendly people who offered me dope, flowers, etc. And not because I'm a chick, either. Guys hitch around town in California, too, it's a way that a lot of hippies have to get around.

Sex in California? Yeah, it's pretty free. But nobody's uptight about it. Most cats will accept your refusal and still be friends. But, hey, Dean, in New York you can't walk down the street without creepy perverts following you, reciting in great details their sickest sexual fantasies.

And finally, dope. Gee, Dean, where were you in California, anyway? A chick I know came to San Francisco from N.Y., and while sitting around with a bunch of people took a N. Y. rolled joint out of her hand-bag. Everybody pointed to the skinny wretched thing and laughed, "That's got to be a New York joint." California joints are twice as thick as New York joints and California grass is not only cheaper and more plentiful, but 100% better. The typical L.A. joint is about 1/4 hash. Most people I know in California stay stoned most of the time and when I liver there I stayed stoned most of the time.

Now there's one thing you didn't mention. Cleanliness. I never saw a cockroach in L.A. And last winter I went all day, one day, barefoot for the bell of it, hitchiked all over town and by the evening the soles of my feet were a little grayish. Go barefoot here? Not on your life: Ask "stinkyfoot" where it's at with the dog shit. I know a New York chick, a native, who finally made it out to the Coast for five months and told me how she'd never really been aware of the dirt here, how after her return to New York she was horrified by the filth.

Oh, yeah, and nobody has to wistfully read the Village Voice and EVO in California because the Open City Press and the L.A. Free Press and the San Francisco Express Times and the Berkely Barb are boss papers.

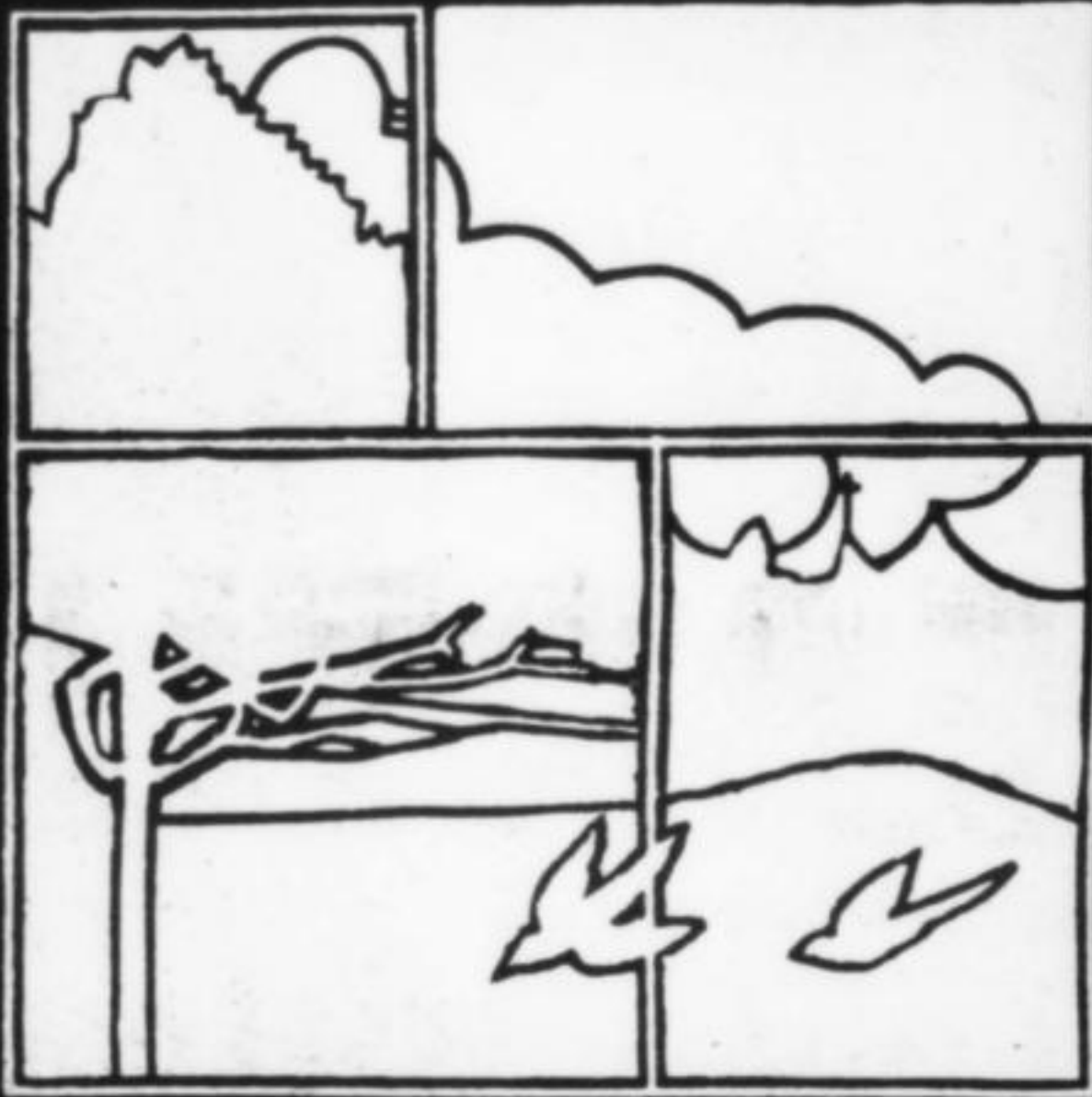
Love, Trina

ANSWER

Dear Trina—

They tell me it's an old New York journalistic tradition to answer criticism, rather than just ignore it—and I find this surprising, since it seems to me that

(Continued on Page 18)



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The result of one of the few marijuana research studies permitted in recent years have been published in the December 13, 1968 issue of SCIENCE. Conducting the study under the auspices of the Department of Psychiatry and Pharmacology of the Boston University School of Medicine, the researchers tested two groups, nine men who had never turned on and eight chronic marijuana users. The double-blind method assured that neither subject nor tester knew whether marijuana or placebo joints were being used. Heavily scented aerosols were sprayed in testing rooms and placebo joints contained leaves of the male hemp plant (which produces no, high).

The study showed that subjects who had never used marijuana did not feel high when inhaling the drug though their performance on simple tests was somewhat impaired. Chronic marijuana users, on the other hand, all got high but their performance on simple tests was either unimpaired or improved.

No dilation of the pupils was observed in any subject but all had bloodshot eyes on relatively high doses of marijuana (two joints of grass judged as 'moderately good' by the chronic heads — supplied by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and spectrophotometrically assayed by the U.S. Customs Laboratory in Baltimore).

Although hunger is a commonly noted effect of marijuana use, the Boston University researchers reported no change in blood sugar levels following use of the drug. But they don't tell us when the blood samples were collected i.e. how long after inhalation of the marijuana.

The most severe drug response noted was caused by smoking two ordinary tobacco cigarettes in quick succession. Subjects got sweaty palms and became pale and dizzy.

The Boston University research team attempted to simulate actual smoking conditions in the United States. They did not use highly concentrated cannabis extract or THC (tetrahydrocannabinol). Their conclusion was that marijuana leaf is "a relatively mild intoxicant with minor, real, short-lived effects."

One of the BU researchers was Andy Weill, currently an intern at San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital. Jolly Andy is well known in psychopharmacology circles for his nutmeg research and less well known for his part as a doctor in the recent Harvard LAMPOON parody of LIFE.

QUESTION: I've been smoking grass for about two months now. I happen to have nephritis and wonder if grass could have any ill effects on this. Would you advise refraining from smoking grass until this condition is cleared up?

ANSWER: Since your letter came from Los Angeles I would advise you to be seen at the Los Angeles Free Clinic (or by a physician to whom you can speak frankly). Meanwhile, stop smoking — no one yet knows the effect of grass or diseases like nephritis.

QUESTION: Is there any evidence concerning the effects of marijuana on developing embryos?

ANSWER: No. But no drug should be taken during pregnancy, especially during the first three months, except when advised by a physician. Drugs include tobacco.

At first I thought the front-page headline was another puton by the underground press but it was really the December 14th Los Angeles HERALD EXAMINER which said "U.S. AGENTS IN DRUG SCANDAL."

Seems that Attorney General Ramsey Clark announced that 32 federal narcotics agents had resigned following an investigation into the fate of drugs seized as contraband. The investigation, which started in August, 1967, revealed "significant corruption" by employees of the New York office of the Bureau of Narcotics. Agents used and sold contraband drugs, including heroin, were engaged in the illegal purchase and sale of other drugs and

(Continued on Page 20)



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decomp (Continued from Page 16)

an airy, stony Olympian silence must surely be the most effective way of answering criticism. But your letter was so very charming, and since we're among friends, well, shit, then I'll reply to it. I'll misconstrue your terms, slander your integrity, and make myself look deft and witty at your poor little pulsating, round sleek miniskirted expense. Some journalists would sell their favorite nephews for the sake of feedback...

To begin with, all this talk of Los Angeles embarrasses me. I spent maybe three days in Los Angeles all my life, before the furies drove me back to the dubious refuge of the Marin Peninsula, and as such I am unqualified to speak upon it. Compared to New York, for all I know Los Angeles is the veriest Delectable Mountain. Myself, when I got there I thought some supremely hip movie director had appropriated the entire area and was filming his version of the Grand Guignol with a cast of quintillions.

I am constrained to admit that the impressions of an Angelino visiting New York—and such a delectable Angelino as thou—must offer an interesting contrast to those of a New Yorker—and such a wasted degenerate as I—visiting Los Angeles. Getting raped, or nearly, by three junkies, that's a bummer, I'll give you that... And this place doesn't reek of roses, no, and people do get pretty pale, but shit—when you come to the City you stay away from junkies, after a few days you don't even notice the stench, and paleness, well, it's all matter of aesthetics, pale or tanned. Me, I dig pale chicks and tanned chicks both alike, a segregationist I am not. (Continued on Page 21)

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emanations

(Continued from Page 10)

likely to have been Joe the Janitor or Mab the Milkmaid. The three past lives I recovered first were (1) the younger son of a Spanish knight, (2) a crippled cowherd who died at the age of twelve while repairing a cowshed roof, in medieval Scandinavia, and (3) an obscure monk of an order whose major purpose was to bury the homeless dead, sometime in the Middle Ages. These three men lived lives almost as boring as the life of Joe and Mary Doakes in Levittown, so for heaven's sake don't assume that as soon as you begin to remember your past lives you will find a lot of romantic adventure. There were a hundred serfs and slaves for every nobleman!

NOTE: A book on occultism will be given as a prize for the best question submitted this month.



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hip

(Continued from Page 17)

kept money which was to have been used for paying off informants.

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'69

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TAKE NOTICE: Henceforth all faggot, S & M, perv and/or professional porn ads will be axed if we don't dig them. We urge you to become more creative, ingenious etc. EVO

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BOB, your birthday is December 30th. Christmas is December 25th. Your home that you didn't return on November 13th is 4 doors from the Connecticut Turnpike about 70 miles from New York City. Your dog, Spot and Fluffy, the cat are here. Won't you please write or dial "0" for operator and reverse the charges and let us know how you are? — Your loving Mother & Dad.

URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. URGENT!!!

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PHOTOGRAPHER needs lab to develop and enlarge nudist photos. Band W. Must be reasonable. Erikson, Box 117, N.Y., 10012.

DEAR THANK YOU

This is partially where it's at. This is an infinite world. A lot has come down town the past few years—use what you can from the pages and head beyond Stella D'Oro.

**ROD CHASE
ASTROLOGER
MA 4-4652**

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AUTHOR needs students to assist with small amount of research in newspaper files. Concerns anthropology. Flat fee \$20. Mr. Erikson. TR 7-1626.

HIPPY author, 28, needs students or graduates to contribute typing services to new book on the origins and history of religious beliefs and mores throughout the world. Have bisexual interest. Refreshments while you work. Out of the ordinary, cool material. Mr. Erikson. TR 7-1626.

12 MOCK Masturbaters needed for erotic fantasy underground movie. No pay, but food, drink, laughs. Call YU 9-1571 even.

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FIGURE MODELS

Girls \$25 an hour \$50 half day no experience necessary. Some models used many times. Strictly business legitimate private studio. Call Herb 8-1 p.m. 641-6007. Weekends 769-4585.

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MODELS. Many female figure models wanted urgently. Very high pay, luxurious working conditions, strictly business. David YU9-7836 evenings.

YOUNG and lovely girls models available. Body-painting studio \$12.00 per half hour \$20.00 per hour. 1 P.M. to 10 P.M. 242-6262 for information Camera rental available

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COLLEGE, office and all working girls, earn good extra cash modeling, no exp. necessary, all replies confidential. E.A. Box 184 Staten Island N.Y. 10306

GIRLS wanted to pose for nude art publication: Excellent pay-cash: Call Al Foxe 586-9205 Studio "J" 261 W. 54th St.

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AMATEUR actress, model oriental, black white-full description, clear photo, a must new underground, Venture, Milano Studios, 403 River Street, Paterson, N.J. 07524.

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BOY'S available in color photos. Five 5x7 prints only \$5. For catalog send \$1 (applied to order). Omega Studios. P. O. Box 3395. Daly City, California 94015.

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lecomp

(Continued from Page 18)

The thing is, Trina, the comeliness of the ladies in given area is no dependable index, it seems to me, to the virtues of that area. Who does fill the Haight, the Sunset Strip, and the beaches? The Haight's just full of speed freaks, and the prettier a speed-break chickie is, the more she bums me out in horrible convulsions of hopelessness; Dostoyevsky might find them pleasing to his consumption fetish, but me, like 'em fat, and healthy. As for the Strip, shit, don't know where you saw all those short skirts, but I saw was a whole mess of California teenyboppers dressed in the very latest asexual baggy-blueans, fatigue-jacket fashion. And on the beaches, well, there were a lot of groupie-groupie honies wearing look-but-don't touch sneers and little else—and a lot of really fine, bright, fresh friendly chicks, each naturally with her old man—and hell, fuck this whole me of thought. (As for really short skirts, weren't you here last summer? Didn't you see my old lady, among many others?)

Except for the most desperate paranoids, I never heard anybody in New York mention the Fault. In California, I believe they seasonally sacrifice virgins appease it. As for Edgar Cayce, well shit, he's California pop saint by now, right up there with

Joel Fort and L. Ron Hubbard and Nostradamus and Gavin Arthur. Outside the East Village, nobody in New York has ever heard of any of these raving ninnies.

Hitchhiking!? You have to be out of your freaking skull to hitchhike in New York. Jesus Christ, Trina, if you ever need a lift anywhere just ask me and I'll give you all the Peruvian Centavos the turn-stiles can hold. My God...

As for bumming in California, it's a pain in the arse. You really have to be a hippie to enjoy it, and me, fuck it, if it's not on the bus route I'll keep to home. (Taxi fares in California oustrip New York fares by a factor of three.) Now, hitching upstate in New York is all right, I did it all my life—it may be unutterably boring most of the time, but it always gets you there stoned.

Dope? California people do stay stoned most of the time, the ones that are into the dope scene at all: Up in the morning, grab the pipe, get out on the street, score for a couple keys, take taste, go home to break it up, smoke some more, go to friends to sell it, smoke more yet, more friends, more smoke, go home, smoke up what's left, somebody brings in hunk of opium, grab pipe, get zonked for good and all, fall out, up in the morning, grab pipe... Jeezus Kreist, Trina! Do that for a couple years and you're

not even fit for bombing post offices, cum de Revolution.

As for sex, shit, awright, so I exaggerated a little. The thing is, baby, supposing I'd admitted to those wonderful liberated people that I preferred chicks in leather boots over chicks barefoot? That when it comes to casual sexual contact, I get rather more of a kick out of groping a chick's arse for a few minutes than balling her between sets at the Winterland? That once I got a regular old lady I really wasn't interested in balling anybody else at all? Why, then they'd have said I was sick.

And rightly so, happily enough. What basically messed my mind about California was the apparent refusal of most of its best minds to embrace the messiness that comes with being just human. Everybody, it seems, wants to be Jesus: there ought to be a drug that could take you off through the multitudes of your imagination, being gentle and blowing kisses and murmuring benedictions and absolutions to everyone... Fuck it, in California you gotta be blonde and tanned and clean and sexy and liberated if it kills you. Me, I'd rather stick to New York, following chicks like you down the street, reciting in great detail my sickest sexual fantasies.

Yours for the Arsking,
Dean Latimer

WOMEN: Discussion group on clitoral vs. vaginal orgasms. For invitation, call Phyllis Gordon. BE 3-3300.

SWEDISH rub down all kinds. Call Ike, 799-0272. (All day and night. Seven days a week.)

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QUALITY gay male books, magazines, huge selection, movies, paperbacks, hard-to-get items, FREE catalogues. Trojan, Box 2121-EVO, Phila., Pa.

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BLACK BOOK The Singles Dating Magazine for straight singles ONLY, deals in service, not sensation. EVERYBODY WANTS TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE, the BLACK BOOK just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST & EASIEST way! The BLACK BOOK puts people together. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. NYC, N. Y. 10036 or send for FREE info. or call (212) 581-4199. Also sold at Newsstands and Book stores.

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TWENTY-FIVE for Tony (Tony being a groovy wife): poems, E. W. Northnagel; drawings, Byron Chew. \$2.00 ppd. Cibola Studio, 2030 Erbbe N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112.

PERSONAL

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me, include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

GAY? MALE? Have a movie projector? Tired of receiving junk and paying high prices for it? Many clients re-order my adult movies on a regular basis. 200' 8mm b&m \$15 color \$25. Full details \$1—deductible. John Peters, G.P.O. Box 793, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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my final **LIFETIME**
You began with shiverings of truth when tomorrow returned to anticipation with the first wings of ruth and the stolen blood of respiration O drunken orifice of dream my hands foretell your extreme
YU 2-4471 — ORPHEUS Jr.

FOR photos, films etc. or whatever you are looking for, don't be shy write, C.A., Box 184, Staten Island, N.Y. 10306.

MALE wants (female) for sexual and personal gratification will try to satisfy emotional and social needs. Need affection, nympho type chick to Ball with LOVE. 982-0076.

"GUY would like to cuddle up with chick for rest of winter. Maybe longer . . . Have car and pad. Call Alan, 299-2980, after 5 p.m.. Keep trying."

YOUNG COUPLE desire other couples and single girl for fun and games. Husband 26, 6', blond hair blue eyes (well hung) Wife sexy. Call after 7 p.m. 201-433-8554.

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BLACK, (minority), **NON-HUSTLING ASS EATEN**. White closet-queen male, 5'8 1/2", 28", 148, **BROAD SHOULDERS, POWERFUL LEGS. WANT BRAINY OR GOOD-NATURED, PASSIONATE, CHATTY, HOMEBODY "HUSBAND."** UN 6-2262.

GOODLOOKING, artistic, intellectual boy (17) seeks same (17-25) for intense friendship. Please send photo, details to Box 364 Alden Manor Branch, Floral Park, N.Y. 11003. All answered, discretion.

SHY professional male, 29, AC/DC, desires sexual and social relationship with attractive sophisticated hetero or AC/DC female 20-30. Photo returned. GPO. Box 1677, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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GUARANTEED DATES. SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE, INC. 147 W. 42nd Street, N.Y.C. Office hours 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. OX 5-0158. Room 1018.

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SINCERE GAY GUY - Mid 30's Attractive with a lot to offer the right person, seeking companion. Phila. area only. Please send recent photo. G — Box 2075, Phila. Pa., 19103.

ANGELICALLY beautiful, educated (BA, MA), experienced, starving, cultured woman-child (23) needs affluent keeper. Will work if tasks demand creativity and don't incur boredom. Open to all suggestions, strictly your terms. Will relocate immediately. Write: Jennifer, 1112 "M" Street, NW, Apt. 709, Washington, D.C. 20005.

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"Turned-on guy seeks Swinging chick (Soul or white) to share boss pad. Do your own thing here. Call evenings, after 10. 246-8029."

RHODE ISLAND guy will give french massage to Lesbian Girl needing gentleness. Anything you desire, I'll stop if you change your mind. Beginner, Virgin or Married GIRL whose husband doesn't understand your **DESIRE** to use your hot tongue to perform fellatio (on hard cock) don't need intercourse—this is better. Reply only if you'll drive here. Your only cost a phonecall. Call Monday thru FRIDAY. After 11 p.m. (401-R.I.) 245-3356.

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BOB, having met in Bronx on Fri. Dec. 20 and come to my place, please call before leaving for U. of Conn. on Jan. 6. Urgent! Must speak to you. Call anytime! C. (signed.)

GAY GUYS ONLY. Current places to go for quickie sex. No bars, etc. New York & Miami. Send \$2 per city. Larsen, G.P.O. Box 2432, New York, N.Y. 10001.

My stringed Atmosphere? the wine of a lords metamorphosis softened a nightmare of avarice when eleven and four explored the mountains shore **ORPHEUS JR.**

STERILE male 40, white, good-looking, (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs. Black Hair, Brown eyes.) with pad in Sunnyside, Queens. Looking for a very affectionate, trim, (110 - 130) uninhibited, sexually responsive girl, for intimate meeting at my pad. Extreme discretion assured. Evenings. 729-3833.

FRESH FLESH SURVEY. FUNBERG 69. Ratings of The Date Makers. List Brokers, Fun Clubs, MORE: \$2. Requirements Resume phone. R.A.S.C.L. LTD., P. O. Box, N.Y.C. 10009.

ERIC SWEID. There is mail for you at The Village Project - 70 St. Marks Place. Please Pick up.

ARE YOU GAME? Boys and guys, under 35. Ex-sailor, 20's, needs houseboy - companion. Also, interested in exchanging **COMPLETE** sex with me, for introduction one of many chicks, 17-30, I known?? Box 979, GPO, New York, 10001.

3 GENERATIONS willing to satisfy the world. 20, 30, and 40 years. Young, able to take care of daughters, mothers & grandmothers. Try our Family Plan. 24 hour Service. Call Anthony. 914-DE 7-9664.

"Young Man, hung and groovy, wishes to meet male swingers, for uninhibited sex, singles-groups. Also possible relationship. 873-9756.

MALE, mid-thirties - bright and fun, attractive, slightly plump-strong-willed, but very shy (can't make the bar or street cruise scene) responsible, reality oriented - wants to meet masculine; attractive, gentle, male-whose responsible — for friendship—possible long term relationship, this is first/only ad. please no hustlers, game players, photo/phone if possible. D. Moreley, 74 Grove St., N.Y.C. 10014.

ATTENTION GIRLS (18-40) — Single, married or divorced. Young man offers the most in sexual satisfaction. Don't be shy, write, GPO Box 2652, New York City 10001.

RENT FREE APARTMENT. Manhattan food etc. For a girl who would like to be a companion to a lonesome 42 years old widower. Call 724-9892.

YOUNG Man, 21, looks 24, would like to meet a man, who enjoys sexual intercourse into someone's rectum. Send name, address and telephone and photo if possible include pertinent description of length. And salary or financial offer to: P.O. Box #367, Church Street Station (post office), New York 7, New York.

NON-establishment student disorganization wishes to reward **BMOG's** who have helped us by holding a sex orgy in their honor. They are really good people. We need some more girls. Call Fabian 222-3706.

MATURE gentleman whose preferences is for young attractive males who enjoy oral sexual gratification & petting in comfortable surrounding call after seven. PKJ-FLH1.

UNINHIBITED, submissive Transsexual, devotee of bondage, exotic bizarre restraining costumes-apparatus, French culture, photography - movies, would love to meet very dominant superior female(s) for an uninhibited tight binding relationship, also seek source-supply of Female Hormone for experimentation, photo-particulars appreciated, weekends only. Joe Schoppy c/o 4547 No. 19th St. Phila., Penna. 19140.

GAY YOUNG MAN, neither unattractive nor effeminate, seeks serious relationship with same. Write Box 1128, Radio City Station, New York 10019. Photo desirable.

ARE YOU HEDONISTIC? Young and beautiful group of swingers will accept an unattached girl to make the scene in togetherness. "Bi" girl, O.K. Couples write. P.O. Box 359, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

CONCERNED involved executives. Demonstrate your superior marital devotion with a modern proxy maintainer. Arrangement negotiable. Discretion all the way. J. Paul, 982-7141.

BISEXUAL MALE, young, good-looking, would like to meet married or bisexual men for a sincere relationship. **FRANK R., CHELSEA STATION, BOX 258, N.Y.C. 10011.**

TO MY FUTURE girlfriend. Did you get up this morning and feel lonesome? Call Adam, EVE 5656 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. White male executive, 35, very discreet, maybe we can start a new world.

ANXIOUS Jr. exec., Ivy-type, new to NYC, very young 35, gay but masculine, interested in everything, seeking new friendships for lunch, drinks, theater art, sports, whatever. Box 3632, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

ISHMAEL (LEFTY)—Please call John (592-3248). Your pictures are ready.

INCEST is my obsession. Wish to correspond with anyone who shares my interests. Write A. Tanet, 1756 N. Gayoso St., New Orleans, La. 70119.

BIG DEAN grabs ass! Charming intelligent handsome young hip libertine, well-versed in the Portuguese and Yucutanian Arts suffers from terminal buttock fetish, will grab any species of bottom so long as it's young and female. Has become known as the Mad Butt-Grabber of the East Village Other. Bring your butt to EVO to get grabbed. 105 Second Avenue, or call 228-8640 for appt. Strictly hand-ass contact ONLY!! No nymphos need apply. Get your glutea groped at EVO!

ATTRACTIVE female desired for three months on sailboat in the Virgin Islands. Must enjoy sailing swimming roughing it. All expenses paid. Call ES. 11 p-m.

Lovely Young girls available for **PRIVATE** Body-Painting or Photography sessions. (Camera Rental Available) Call 242-6262 (6263), 664 6th Ave. New York City, 10011 (near 20th).

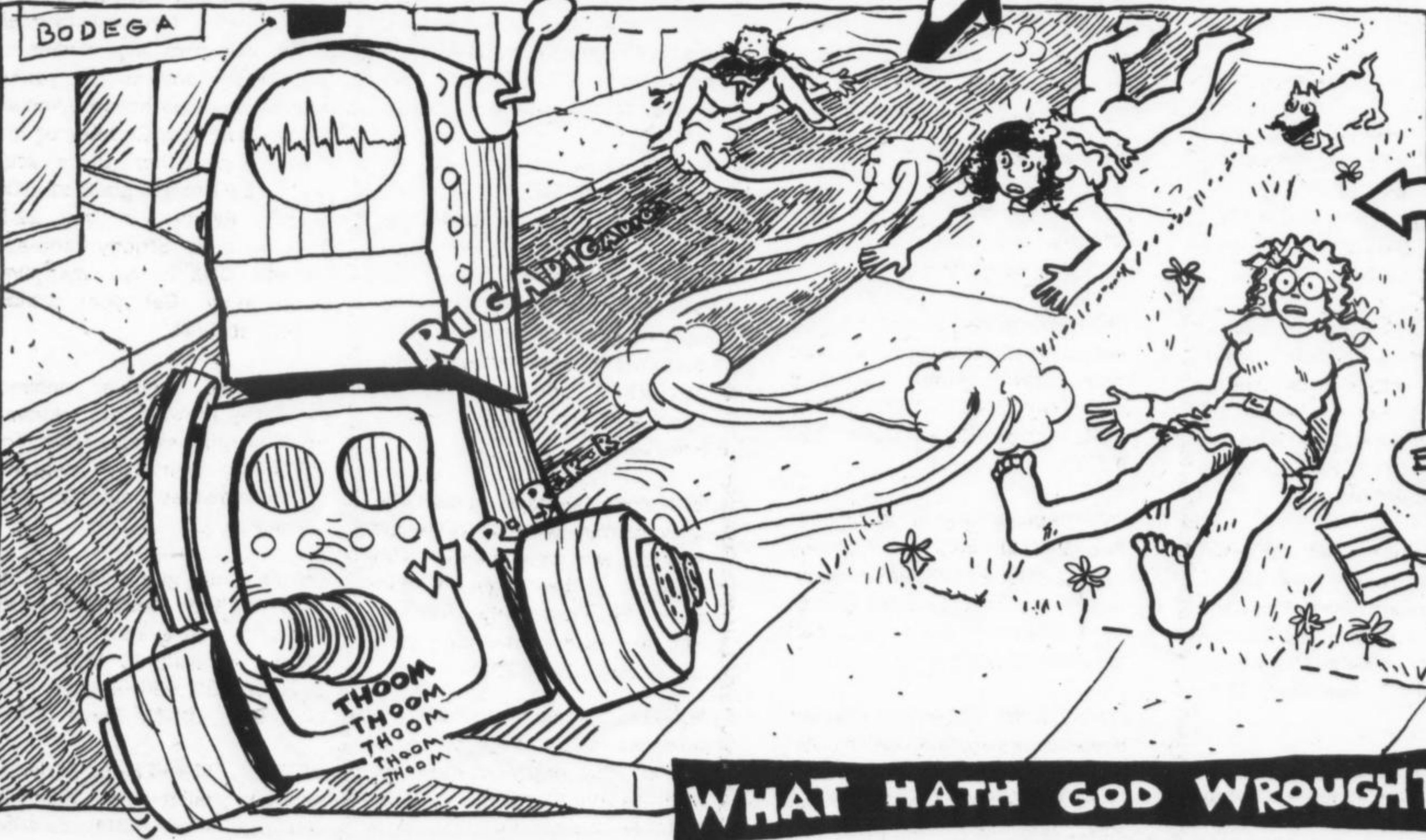
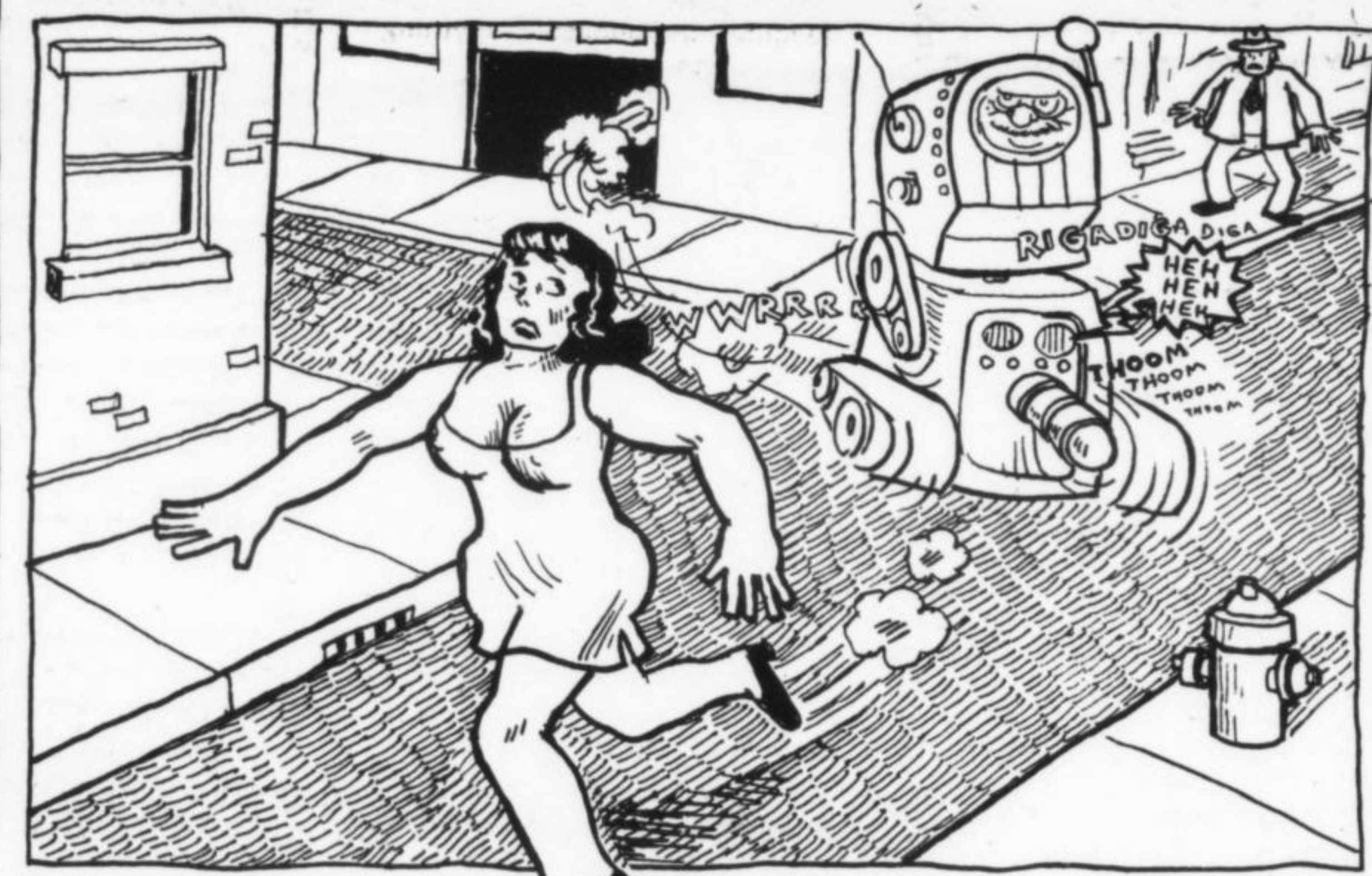
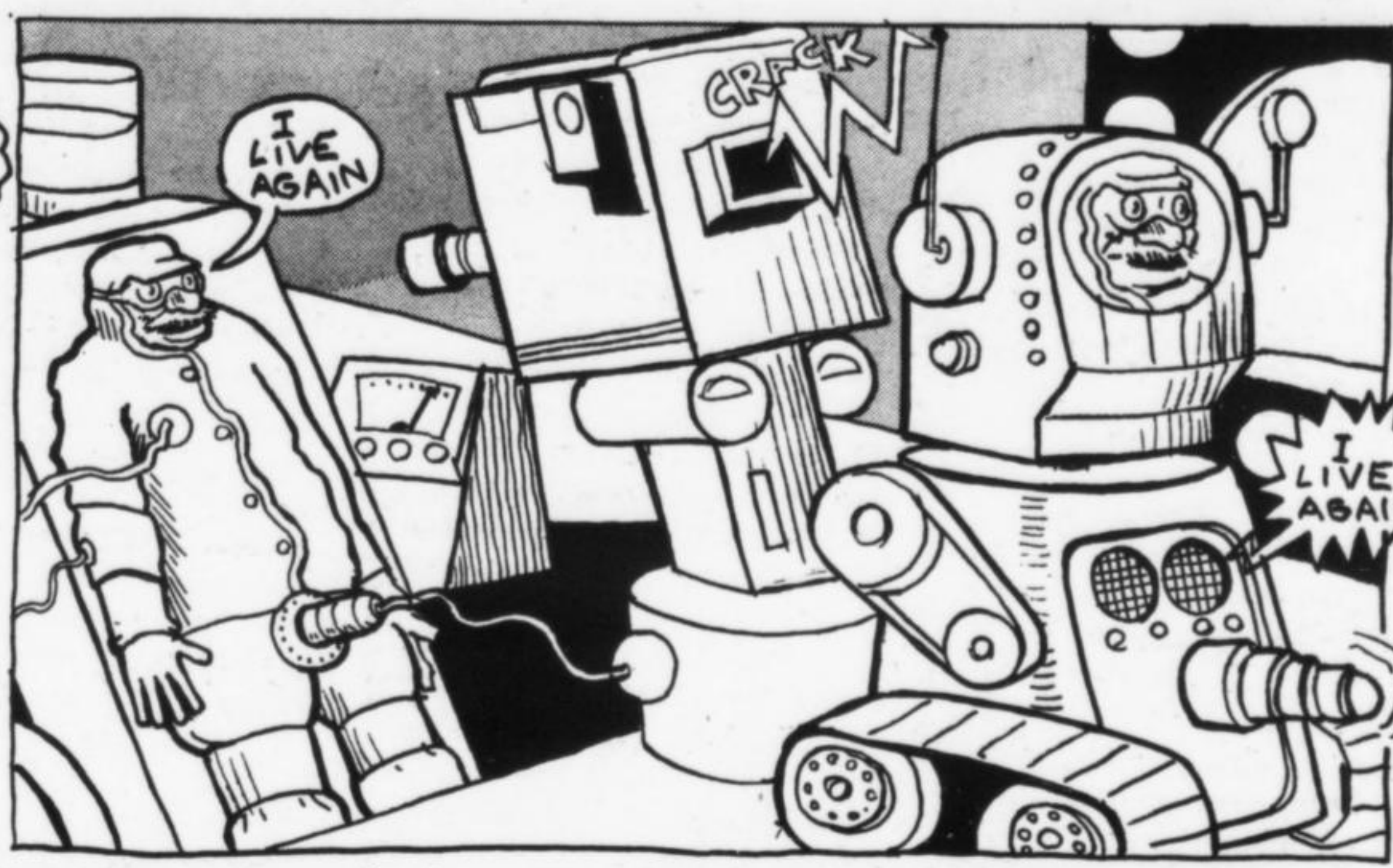
YOUNG ATTRACTIVE Male-25, seeks modeling work. Muscular body. Moderate Rate. Call before 11 p.m. Tony, BIL GW81.

★ ONE MORE MILE!! ★

BIFF BRANIGAN, RETIRED, HUMAN PROJECTILE, WAS DRIVEN BY ONE SINGLE MANIA;

SINCE 1932, AT WHICH TIME HE WAS A ROBUST 86, HE HAS DEVOTED EVERY CONSCIOUS MOMENT - - - -

TO THE MISERABLE PERPETUATION OF HIS OWN EBBING GRIP ON EXISTENCE!



WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

Jim Deitch AIDED AND ABETED ©1969 BY Simon Deitch

DIRECT EXAMINATION

1

2 BY MR. BENDICH:

3 Q Mr. Bruce, Mr. Wollenberg yesterday said specifically
4 that you had said, "Eat it." Did you say that?

5 A No, I never said that.

6 Q What did you say, Mr. Bruce?

7 A What did I say when?

8 Q On the night of October 4th.

9 MR. WOLLENBERG: There's no testimony that Mr.
10 Wollenberg said that Mr. Bruce said, "Eat it," the night of
11 October 4th, if your Honor please.

12 THE COURT: This question is: What did he say?

13 THE WITNESS: I don't mean to be facetious. Mr.
14 Wollenberg said, "Eat it." I said, "Kiss it."15 MR. BENDICH: Q Do you apprehend there is a signi-
16 ficant difference between the two phrases, Mr. Bruce?17 A "Kissing it" and "eating it", yes, sir. Kissing my
18 mother goodbye and eating my mother goodbye, there is a
19 quantity of difference.20 Q Mr. Wollenberg also quoted you as saying, "I'm coming,
21 I'm coming, I'm coming." Did you say that?

22 A I never said that.

23 MR. WOLLENBERG: May the witness be not led through
24 his testimony, and rather ask him questions, and he can give
25 us the answers, your Honor?

26 THE COURT: You can take him on cross-examination later.

ROBERT N. BEECHING, C.S.R.
OFFICIAL COURT REPORTER
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



