

# Black Death



Credit: Peter Bruegel

## GERM WARFARE IN VIETNAM?

By Carol Brightman

--Underground Press Syndicate

Does the United States have a hand in the epidemic of Bubonic Plague raging in Vietnam? The full story of the Plague's assault on the country is not yet known, and Saigon, over 4,500 cases of Plague were recorded last year, and through the first half of 1966 alone, nearly 3,000 Vietnamese have been stricken.

American press reports of the epidemic have not noted that figures from both the U. S. Medical Research Team and the Institut Pasteur account for only government-controlled areas. The Vietcong have not favored the enemy with any figures.

Time Magazine recently reported: "Plague has no significant effect on U. S. troops, since every man receives two shots before arriving in Vietnam and boosters every four

months. For Vietnamese living under government control, vaccine and treatment are almost always near by. But for the enemy Vietcong, North Vietnamese troops, and those living in VC-held areas, the plague may well become a more deadly killer than either side expected." The hint is too bald to ignore. As much as our good sense argues that we should ignore it, experience teaches

continued on page 16

# THE east village OTHER

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## Letterssee

Dear EVO:

I have enjoyed reading your column, High On The Range, by Panama Rose, and have tried several of your recipes with astounding results. May I be so bold as to suggest a special favorite snack I prepare when pressed for time yet feel a savory would be appropriate?

### CHEWIES

(The measurements are for individual chewies)

Several pinches of grass  
 2 sticks of chewing gum

So, place sticks on breadboard or flat surface overlapping slightly. Carefully form a groove down the center of the gum and sprinkle the grass into the groove. When this is done, roll gum around grass so that it forms a tube. Pinch off both ends. Now roll the gum from one end so as to form a ball. Simple, surefire, and tasty, if you like gum.

Yours, very truly,  
 Wanda Tavitts

An Open Letter Concerning David McReynolds'  
 Open Letter on the Feasibility of Impeaching LBJ

As a non-pacifist and non-Marxist who is opposed to the war in Vietnam, I was quite amazed that David McReynolds was on the verge of saying what I have said all along. He is on the right track in saying that we have to try to get rid of Johnson, one way or another. However, it seems useless to picket for peace and expect real results, supposing one's demand was answered. What groups like the Student Peace Union (of which I am a member and of which I believe Mr. McReynolds is on the executive board) must ultimately do is call for an end to the whole antiquated system of ours.

Considering other matters as well as Vietnam, an astute observer can see that things are not too well under Lyndon and his cronies. Hack men still don't have their freedom, although 40% of the rich ones can move into better neighborhoods. The Negro can't be satisfied with equal rights, the white eyes have far too few. There has been no breakthrough in the Poverty War, which, to a large extent, is a phoney liberal panacea. You have to watch the way you talk--HUAC is on the warpath again. They can draw their information on you from the computer center.

The reason that so many people were fooled by

## A NEW GYPSY CLASS

Ex-President Dwight Eisenhower on his 75th birthday last October talked of a phenomena in the American way of life, which he said made him feel that "The America I have known has gone completely out from under my feet."

"All this long hair, this lack of decorum, and look at the way they dress. Even a worse sign of this moral decay, which to me has many symptoms of the dying days of the Roman Empire, is the feeling toward their country. Just a few nights ago, I saw a television show on the attitude toward the draft, and there were scenes of classes where some subversive fellow was giving instructions on ways of getting out of the service -- one of them was to plead homosexuality. I call this distressing and alarming."

President Eisenhower is an old man reflecting a mode of life and way of thought which is producing a "backlash" to the sociological trends which, as they emerge, are beginning to define a class of individuals new to the American myth.

Allan Watts, in the eleventh issue of EVO, pointed out: "We can spot a number of what you might call sub-themes to what's going on. There's the revolution against war, especially the war in Viet Nam. There is what you might call the sexual revolution. There is the revolution against the commercial way of life. There's the psychedelic revolution. There is a spiritual, or religious, or even metaphysical hunger among young people which standard brand religions just don't satisfy ..."

And Dr. Timothy Leary has defined a new vision, a new frame of reference. He has said: "Tune In! -- Your state of consciousness determines which levels of external energy you are aware of. If you are trapped at the symbolic level you tune in to the symbols around you. A dead robot world.

"Turn on! -- Education in the future will be based on the judicious use of chemicals. What books you read is an irrelevant question. What molecules do you use to turn on?"

"Drop out! Do not routinely and blindly expose yourself to stupor-producing symbol-addicting environments," which reflects a major disillusionment with our rote educational processes and our indoctrinated job roles or career directed lives common to many in this 20th century American Society.

An alternative is being demanded by the majority of our country, the people under

27-years-of-age, an alternative to the Daddy Warbucks hero figure, and the Texas-inspired political thinking that is in control of our national destiny.

In reaction to the sterile, regimented existence, our youth are walking on an unshaven, long-haired, possessiveless, road of a new social consciousness which is strikingly similar to the road roamed by that nomadic tribe of ancient people, the gypsy.

Whether through faddism, a sexual liberation after centuries of victorian thinking, a moral awakening, collective consciousness expansion, media inundation, and/or the condensation of space/time, our times they are a changin'. The leaders of the change are artists or people of at least artistic perception, who like the gypsy, are proud yet humble, work with their hands while refusing to dance to the music of a transistor radio, have a high moral quasi-religious development, and are passionate, non-possessive, and aesthetically inclined toward hair.

They are OUR youth. Called "young Americans," "New Left," "Beatniks," "Vietniks," subspecies "teenager" or "teeny bopper" these young people are not anti-national as HUAC would like to suppose, but they are proudly and dedicatedly non-national as is the gypsy. The possibility of the children of our mediocre, money-over-soul oriented middle class being transformed into this new gypsy class brings to bear new hopes for some of the major problems of our society on very practical levels.

Rather than buying off via bread and circus pacification our poor, let us encourage the new gypsy class to go to the ghettos, as it has been doing for quite some time now, to an ever larger extent. The resulting assimilation will bring to bear the kind of brotherly love that can alleviate the valid paranoid dreams of our ghetto dwellers.

And if the new christian gypsy class continues to grow, our people may learn once again to work creatively with their hands and thus alleviate problems of what to do with the leisure time ahead.

Certainly before any aesthetic transformation of our plastic and chrome world can be accomplished, a spiritual transformation is needed. It appears that the pressures of our times have produced gypsies as the leaders of this spiritual change.

By Walter Bowart

Johnson was because the opposition was so pathetic. It's obvious that there are no big politicians you can trust who will bring peace. Bobby Kennedy is a nickel-plated reformer. What's so good about Wayne Morse, who was probably put up to his stand? J. William Fulbright is still a segregationist. But one cannot vote for candidates whose only point is peace. That's absurd voting. One despairs of voting at all, which leads me to my main point.

Let's look at so-called representative government. Elected officials really represent only those people who voted for them. Those who voted against them and those who didn't vote are clearly the majority. Kennedy and Javits, supposing I had voted for them, don't represent my views at all. With councilmen, congressmen, assemblymen, senators, state senators, governors, mayors, aldermen, controllers, and so forth, make up the bureaucratic juggernaut which ties up America in red tape. Peace groups must pull for a new system. A new face, replacing Johnson's is no guarantee that we will have peace in our time. The governmental system, or lack of it, that these groups choose, is totally irrelevant.

I would like to make a few minor criticisms of the McReynolds' letter. In one paragraph he implies

that Johnson ranks with Hitler and Stalin. But then, in the next paragraph he implies that there are powers behind the throne which implement the policy. It is common knowledge that Hitler's people were less paranoid than Hitler. Rommel was in a plot to assassinate him. Stalin's people couldn't have been much worse than old Joe. I believe McReynolds is unfair to both McNamara and Humphrey. McNamara despite his foolish predictions was allegedly opposed to bombing the north, a step in the right direction. Humphrey must either shut up or be a cheerleader for the Administration. Being politically expedient, he chose the second course. Regrettable, but that does not mean he cannot have a change of heart. Rusk is to be blamed for lack of guts. The Secretary of State should not be an errand boy. I think the assassination of a sovereign leader is a beautiful event, in that it gives a common man great power, the power to pull down a sovereign. As I have pointed out, merely assassinating or impeaching Johnson is, at best, a temporary victory.

J. Crowley  
 Brooklyn

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# POLITICAL PICKPOCKET

## ROCKEFELLER'S FOLLIES

By William Rodgers

In most of the literature written about Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, Governor of New York State and dominant member of a family of third-generation billionaires, there is a hollow echo of unbelievability.

The sequence of events is duly reported, the dates on which he began and terminated various ventures and jobs are listed, his ringing and declarative assertions are quoted, his objectives are cited and reviewed, his motives clarified in rational and uncompromisingly favorable terms. Like a good man in a Victorian novel, he emerges from a shelf of biographical material as a two-dimensional character intended to set an example for people wavering in their determination to do right at all times.

Although Mr. Rockefeller and his staff of imagemakers are more or less responsible for the well laundered biographical versions of his life, the various publications are nonetheless unfair to him. He is a more complete personality than the literature about him reflects since, like the rest of us, he is composed of human ingredients that are deleted from the posed portraits drawn by professional chroniclers.

Published assessments of Nelson Rockefeller have generally suffered from an overemphasis on public relations which, in company with enormous wealth, helped fashion the latter-day public image of Nelson's grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and sustains the family's public posture to this day.

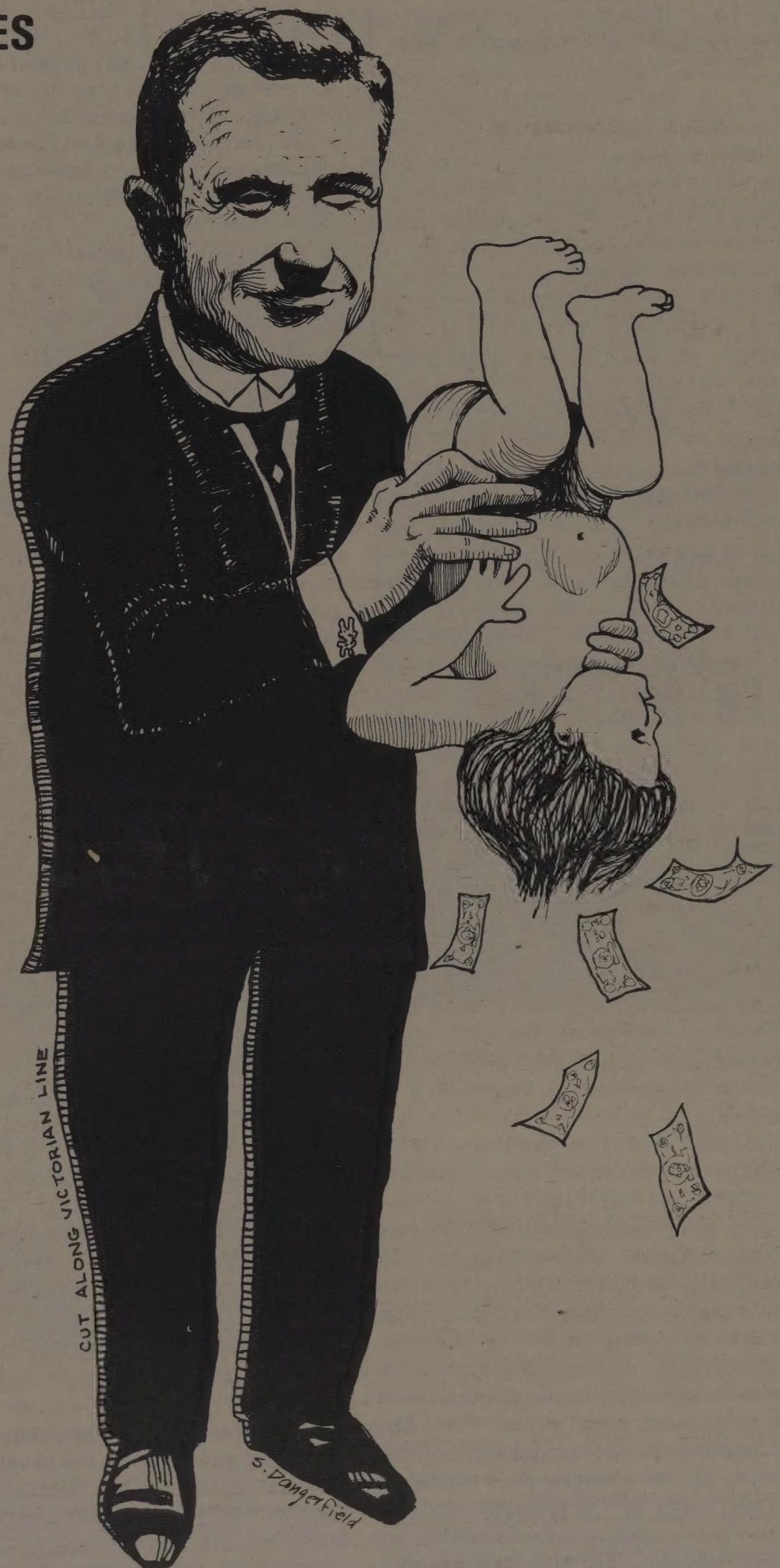
A corporation runs his household, buys and sells and operates his land; the corporate style is reflected in his New York offices. All about him is an atmosphere of hush, efficiency, impersonal detachment, and security that are the characteristics not so much of an individual as of a company; a contrived, tasteful, and coolly planned operation behind which the man himself is shielded from confrontation with the irritations common to ordinary life, and from the sights, sounds, and smells that aggravate all but the extraordinarily well endowed, or the neurotically secluded, in a frenzied, fast-paced, and anxiety-ridden urban world.

In his first term of office, a bomb shelter mania struck Nelson Rockefeller. He seemed to want every house and building in the state to erect some kind of concrete or block container and stock it with food and water so that people would have something to crawl into in the event of a nuclear attack. One of many fact-finding and advisory groups he had appointed --

there were about fifty all told -- sold him on the idea with reasoning that must have been more frightening than objective. In any case, he went before the Legislature to request enormous sums of money and authority to put as much as possible of the state underground, or under cover, as a protection against the final doom.

Nelson Rockefeller was in deadly earnest about his program, however, and did not desist in attempts to implement it until the Legislature declined to go along.

Even without the money, some aspects of the shelter mania went forward. At a given signal, children in schools were compelled to crawl under their desks and remain there until the simulated danger period had passed. This was known in Civil Defense circles as the "duck-and-cover" period, which has now given way to drills in which the children march off to some designated corner. Most adult citizens, many of whom protested the duck-and-cover period at the time, have probably forgotten this governmentally inspired nonsense, but apparently the



# PICKPOCKET ROBBER BARON

children's memories of curling up on the floor with their hands over their eyes have lingered. On television interviews and news shows related to the "teach-ins" and marches protesting U. S. policy in Viet Nam, some of the younger New York peaceniks, as they were pejoratively called, remembered crystallizing their antiwar views in the hush and self-imposed blackout of their duck-and-cover days.

Rockefeller wanted a state-wide 5 per cent sales tax, probably the most cruel of all tax levies since the percentage of income spent on taxable items by low-income families is far higher than that expended by more affluent voters. However, as Michael Harrington, author of *THE OTHER AMERICA*, has pointed out, the poor have no lobby, and of course the more affluent are getting to be pretty numerous. It is, therefore, not as risky politically, from the numbers point of view, to soak the poor, just as it was once, in Franklin D. Roosevelt's time, proper political practice to soak the rich for essential tax revenues. The analogy is oversimplified here, but the point has validity.

The trouble with the state sales tax was that New York City already had its own sales levy. The sticky little problem was compounded by the fact that New York City probably has more poor and low-income families than the rest of the state combined. However, alternative tax measures were intolerable to Rockefeller, and so he sponsored a plan whereby New York City's sales tax would go up to 5 per cent.

Even with the mutual back-scratching between him and Wagner, the Governor very nearly didn't get his sales tax -- it was too much for some of the Wagner Democrats to take. Seven hold-out Assemblymen from New York's Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant districts felt they could not satisfactorily explain to their low-income and impoverished people an affirmative vote for a 5 per cent sales tax. They declined to go along and the bill remained on the legislative calendar through much of the session. Malcolm Wilson and Nelson Rockefeller are patient fellows, but failure to produce the sales tax bill was a frightening prospect. Travia and Zaretski were in charge of getting the job done and they were not moving with sufficient dispatch. They were willing enough, but the recalcitrant legislators were demanding some kind of legislation to compensate for the harsh sales tax. They explained this day after day as they joined the Governor in the Executive Chamber each morning to plan the schedule for the day. Mr. Rockefeller allowed the City Democratic leaders to take turns sitting in the Governor's sumptuous chair, which is enough to set a lowly legislator's head

spinning with dreams and fancies. It is said that the Governor smiled, as well he might, as Mr. Travia in particular seemed to respond to the thrill of sitting in the great chair while having coffee with Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Zaretski, rather a coarse fellow by comparison, was not as cheerful as Mr. Travia, but he enjoyed these cozy little morning get-togethers, too, in his own uncultivated way. The opulent Executive Chamber is a nice quiet place in which to schedule the day's work.

Hills Realty is the owner of record of about a hundred parcels of Rockefeller land, together with buildings or improvements they contain. Individually, the four Rockefeller brothers held Pocantico estate property in their own names assessed at \$3,333,595 in the year 1965 while the Hills Realty Company paid taxes on property assessed valuation of the estate was the sum of the two figures, or \$5,115,795.

Under an equalization formula, a system by which only a portion of the full value of property is taxes in Westchester municipalities, the Rockefeller holdings are assessed at thirty-three per cent. This means that the valuation of \$5,115,795 isn't the full value at all, but only the assessment for taxation purposes. The actual value would be three times that amount, or \$15,347,385.

Thus, the 3,668 acres of land and all structures, plus improvements over a period of eighty-five years since William Rockefeller began to acquire the property, are now declared by the Town of Mount Pleasant to have a value of a little more than \$15.3 million. It is a fantastically modest computation.

In the depth of the American depression in the 1930's, when a hundred families lived on the estate, the value of the land alone was reported at fifty million dollars. The land acreage was substantially less than it is now -- probably about 1,500 acres less. By no exercise of arithmetic or assessment could land valued at fifty million dollars thirty-five years ago be worth less today. Land values, depending on location and protection afforded by zoning laws, have doubled and redoubled several times in the past generation.

A measure of the generosity which taxation computers appear to be extending to the Rockefellers may be detected in a study of the levies against a small bit of residential property in the same unincorporated area of Mount Pleasant that contains the Rockefeller holdings. It is a piece of property that is surrounded on three sides by Rockefeller land and protrudes in a one-acre notch, into a section of estate fields and woodlands. Except for the fact that the small property has not received the loving and costly

care lavished upon estate lands, it is little different from Rockefeller acreage. Until recently, six people lived on the property, which had on it a hundred-year-old dwelling that had no value until it could be restored and made suitable for habitation, and a workshop converted into a three-room dwelling for two of the six persons. Total taxes paid on the small property described here are \$400 per acre.

If the 3,668 acres of Rockefeller land, including its full complement of residences and other real property, were taxed at the same rate as the one acre it envelops, the total tax bill would have been \$1,466,800 in the last year, instead of the \$368,000 actually paid. Or putting the comparison another way, if the small property paid taxes at the same rate as the Rockefellers, the total tax levy would have been not \$400 but \$100.

Admittedly, dollar-for-dollar and acre-for-acre comparisons on such a scale do not tell the complete story of land and property values, but whatever system of computation is in use, favoritism in extraordinarily loaded in the interests of the Rockefellers.

Another tax advantage that accrues to Rockefeller land operations has a somewhat ironic coloration to it. The Greenrock Corporation, which in itself provides certain tax considerations not available under individually reported tax returns, has become the legalism by which the Governor, who personally pushed the state sales tax into law, apparently doesn't have to pay it.

Under the sales tax law, the levy is collected from the ultimate consumer. Corporations which purchase goods for resale do not, of course, pay the tax, not do certain exempt enterprises, such as a farm, pay sales taxes on equipment or supplies needed to operate the place. When Greenrock makes purchases required in the management and operation of the Rockefeller estate, sales tax exemption can be claimed under control No. 13-1929826, which is the control number assigned by the State Department of Taxation and Finance to the company owned by Nelson and his brothers.

William Rodgers, an ex Herald-Tribune reporter, is the author of "Rockefeller's Follies" (Stein & Day, \$5.95) from which the preceding story is extracted. Since publication of the book last month, Rodgers has accepted the Liberal nomination to run as an independent Republican for the New York state assembly in the 92nd district which includes the Rockefeller estate. His opponent, Richard Cerofsky, is the Rockefeller-picked incumbent who, as former assessor for the town of Mount Pleasant, assessed the Rockefeller property at what Rodgers claims is "one-third of the assessment of other taxpayers."

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# The Writing on the Wall

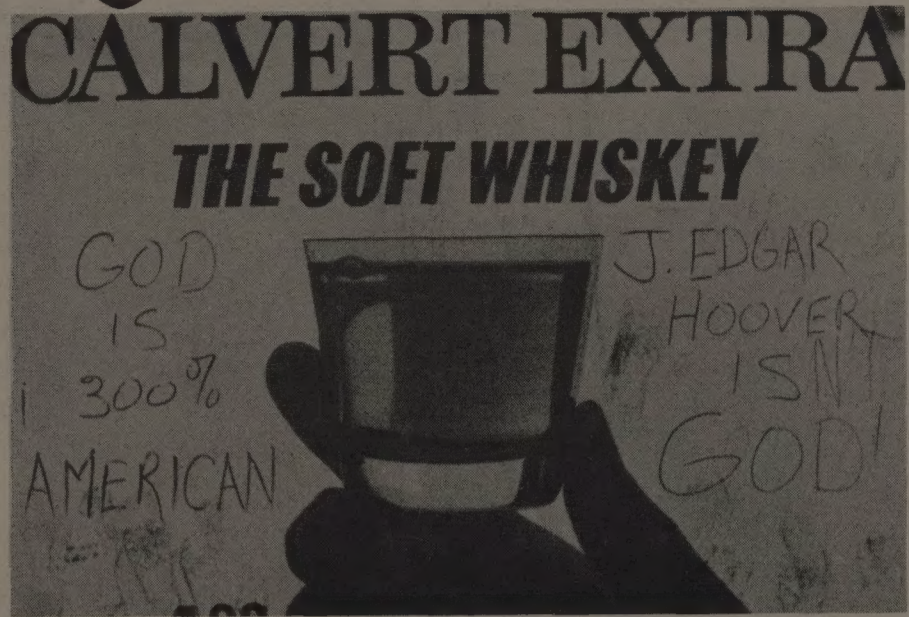
by Bob Reisner

In the study of a society the humblest evidence can have significant importance, and what can be humbler than the writings on toilet walls? Washing my hands in countless johns in the course of my research, I am saddened by the thought that a vast fund of original humor is being washed away by zealous attendants and cleaning people every day. We should establish a society of serious scholars and give them the funds so that field trips can be made into the toilets of the world. Who knows what precious quips may be found in the pissoirs of Paris or the water-closets of the Watusi?

It is strange that very little scientific data exists concerning this prevalent folk expression. As far back as 79 A.D. following inscriptions were left when the catastrophe hit Pompeii, encasing it in molten lava:

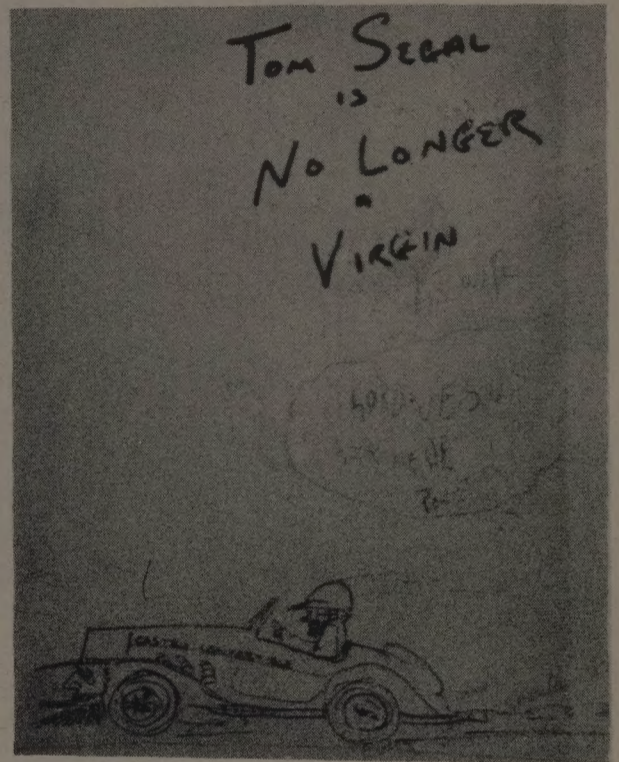
FORTUNATUS FUTUET ANTHUSAM  
SI QUI FUTUERE VOLET  
ATTICEN QUARRET A XVI  
FUTUITUR CUNNUS PILOSSUS  
MULTO MELIUS QUAM GLABER.

Translated, they turn out to be the same type of crude sentiments we all have seen at one time or other.



self at the thought of the titillation he is giving to those who read his messages.

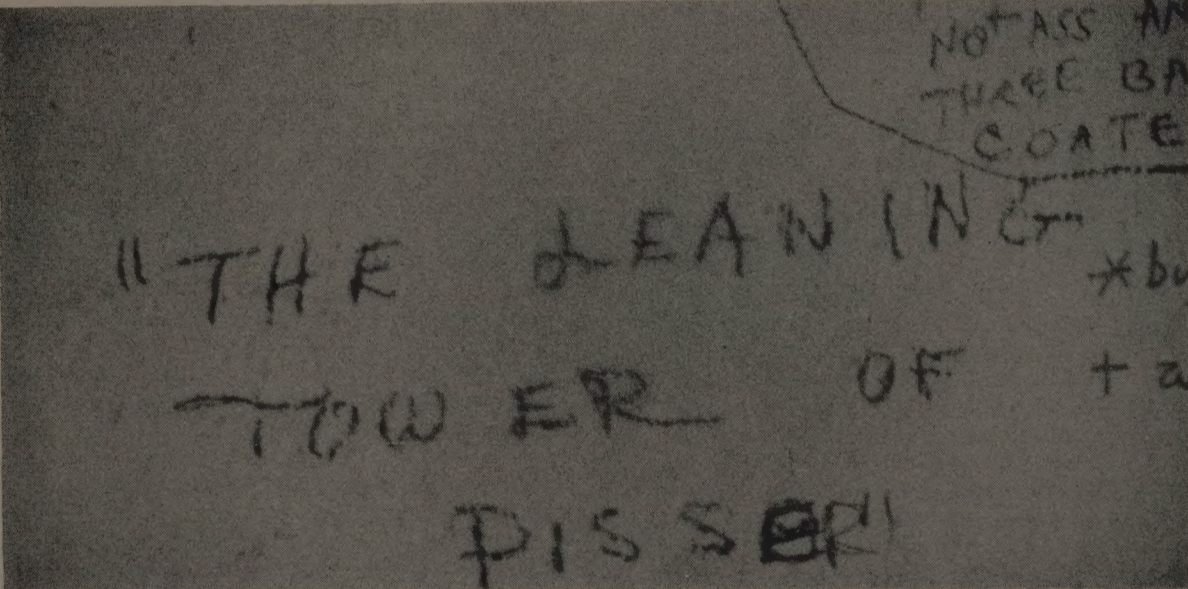
Wall writers may either be highly repressed individuals or person greatly unrepressed. One analyst put it this way: "wall inscriptions are usually written by highly inhibited men who are seriously disturbed. Men who don't have the courage to have sex. A lot of the writings in women's toilets are done by men who sneak into them. Some were found to be the work of janitors and custodians".



of the taboo, but an observance of it in a manner contrary to the normal. It may be called "inverted taboo".

If we faced up to these taboo words, if we were not ashamed of the natural body functions of elimination and intercourse, what then? The obscene words would probably lose all force. It has been pointed out that during the war the most common four-letter word was appended to everything and soon its omission became more meaningful than its use! When, instead of "Get your fucking rifles!" the soldiers heard the sergeant saying "Get your rifles!", why, they knew it was something urgent.

Bob Reisner, author of numerous works on art, jazz and scatology has just finished a manuscript on toilet wall graffiti from which this feature is extracted. Among source material for Reisner's book (shortly to appear from Parallax Publishing Co., N.Y.) is an 18 Century anthology of similar material "The Bog-House Miscellany" the only copy of which is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Other sources are Professor Allen Walker Read's study entitled "Lexical Evidence From Folk Epigraphy In Western North America, A Glossarial Study Of The Low Element In The English Language," and "Anthropophyteia" a German book published at the turn of the century. Reisner welcomes further findings which can be sent to him c/o EVO.



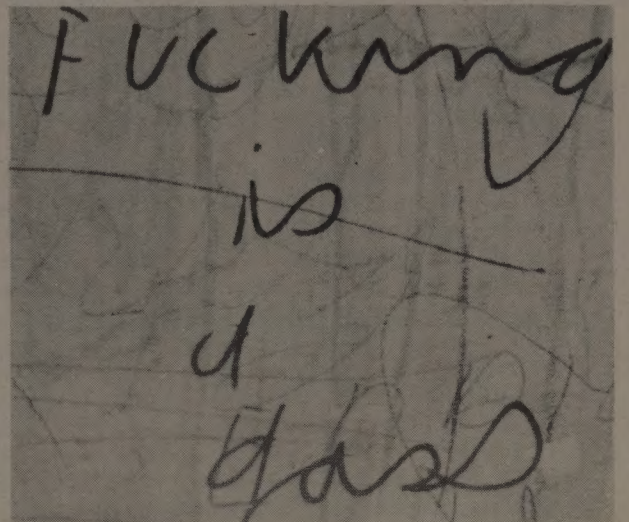
There seems to have been no editorial search for wit, or perhaps not much was found, but occasionally an amusing message is revealed in the far Western outhouse:

Tom, Tom, the lavatory man  
He's overseer of the company can  
Oh, he picks up the papers.  
And he rolls up the towels  
And he listens to the music  
Of the discontented bowels.  
(Yosemite National Park, Calif., July 11, 1928).

A similar theory was expressed to me by a bar girl in a low dive. "There's a rough bunch in this joint, but we never had anything on our walls until the swells discovered we had authentic atmosphere and started to come. Suddenly, the filthiest stuff was on the walls."

Professor Read wrote of what he terms "the inverted taboo": a group of words are to be adjudged by the "virtuous" as "obscene" and are to be avoided. The young are to be cautioned against using them. Mr. Read continues: "If a word is never spoken, would it not soon be forgotten? At least would not a new generation be unaware of it? But here we come to a quirk in human psychology. Instead of responding to the taboo in the normal fashion, and avoiding such words, some people respond to it by redoubling use of the words. They wish to feel the thrill of doing the forbidden. This is not the breaking

A great deal of wall writing may stem from a feeling of anonymity that permeates a highly mechanized, bureaucratic society. One wants to leave something of oneself somewhere. We can't all leave our handprints in cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. It is akin to carving your initials in a tree or on a table of some rathskeller. The secret scrawler experiences a strange glow in him-





By Peter Stafford

No responsible person any longer argues that LSD is a harmless drug, for clearly the incidence of "LSD-provoked psychosis" is substantial and on the rise. But how dangerous LSD and related drugs are is only one of the questions that should concern parents, educators, public spokesmen, and legislators. The pressing question at the moment is whether the enactment of harsh sentences for possession and sale of LSD will deter users and limit the size of the blackmarket--or whether an all-fronts attack on LSD use will intensify the many problems associated with the psychedelics which are just beginning to emerge.

The public response to recent LSD incidents has been to treat the psychedelics as though they present a threat essentially similar to that of the narcotics. Thus, public officials for the most part have chosen to look upon the growing interest in LSD as primarily a law enforcement problem. If the legislation rushed through the New York, California, and Nevada legislatures is any indication of things to come, the main thrust of control efforts will simply be to broaden the definition of "narcotics" so that it comes to include LSD, or to equate the penalties for LSD use with those for narcotics addiction. These tendencies are also readily apparent in the vocabulary presently being applied to LSD by officials and by the general public. DA's across the country are now speaking of "LSD overdoses" and of "the scourge of LSD" or are referring to "LSD addicts."

But even if one were to grant the assumption that LSD and the narcotics are identical in their action and appeal, the present headlong rush into narcotics-type legislation is based upon very little that is reassuring. Today, half a century after enactment of the Harrison Act, there are many voices who contend that our turning the problem of narcotics over to law enforcement agencies may have intensified the narcotics problem. Some judgments are considerably more harsh. "It should now be quite clear to everybody," Bill Slocum has written in the JOURNAL-AMERICAN, "that the men and women of our community who are charged with fighting dope are the most colossal failures of our time. And that goes double for the narcotics laws." While such a judgment, though widely held, may be disputed, one thing is certain: The narcotics laws have not wiped out addiction. As recently as April 3, the Narcotics Bureau itself admitted this by announcing that there are 28,203 registered addicts in New York City alone. The facts relating to the many problems narcotics addiction presents are sufficiently depressing that most of those concerned with the situation despair.

The failure of current approaches has clearly been expressed in New York State's recent decision to follow California's lead toward laws calling for involuntary addict commitment. Beginning next April first, New York State hopes to implement Governor Rockefeller's \$81 million addict commitment program. The reluctance with which such a desperate decision was taken is indicated by the comments of a few legislators:

State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein: This is the same as 19th century treatment of mental patients. You just can't allow policemen to decide someone's an addict and throw him in jail when he hasn't done anything.

Harlem Assemblyman Percy Sutton: The Governor calls this human renewal. I call it human removal. Reform Democrat Albert Blumenthal: We're deluding the public if we say we're going to cure addicts by locking them up for three years. Perhaps we should tell the public that we're faced with a threat as great as bubonic plague, and until we find a cure, we're going to set up a concentration camp in every community.

As the above remarks indicate, the law enforcement approach is hardly an answer to the narcotics problem. Now, however, we are trying to use the same methods against much more difficult problems posed by a group of increasingly popular drugs -- the amphetamines, barbiturates, tranquilizers, and psychedelics. We are trying to delude ourselves into thinking that such an effort will work. Congress has thus recently charged the Food and Drug Administration with policing the more than four and a half billion (billion, not million) amphetamine and barbiturate pills which annually pass into illicit channels, and some FDA officials have announced that they hope to cut this traffic by as much as 80%. Officials in all major cities are beefing up their narcotics squad in the expectation that the same methods which have failed against classical narcotics, such as heroin, can be used effectively against the spreading popularity of marijuana among the affluent.

LSD users are almost religious in their proselytizing efforts. This in itself distinguishes the LSD advocate qualitatively from the heroin addict or even for that matter, from those who use the tranquilizers and barbiturates. No one is proud of being hooked on an addictive drug. Few seek to convert friends. And with the exception of Jean Cocteau (in his *Opium: The Diary of a Cure*) and one or two others, virtually no one has offered an acceptable defense of any of the classical addictive drugs. LSD, however, is now appearing with increasing frequency as a kind of "literary hero" in both fiction and nonfiction, and its use has very wide intellectual backing. Almost

# LSD AND THE LAW

Peter Stafford recently taught a course on "the social implications of hallucinogenic drugs" at the Free University of New York, and is presently completing a book on the subject "Students and Drugs." This article, the first of two, is taken from a collection of essays on "the future of psychedelics." Stafford would appreciate comments and additional information (send c/o EVO).

no one from the upper class, almost no students use the narcotics. But the cream of today's youth is attracted to the psychedelics, and much of today's LSD following is engaged in activities which suggest that interest in the psychedelics has taken on some of the characteristics of a "movement."

This sharp class difference between the user of heroin and LSD is of the first importance in evaluating the success with which the law can end illegal desire for a drug. In the case of heroin, law enforcement officers for the most part are dealing with the most helpless and least adaptable elements of the population. These people must also cope with a very great financial burden which must be satisfied day after day, and most can be caught robbing apartments in their efforts to support their habit. Furthermore, the narco agent's search for evidence is made relatively simple, since addicts can be identified by needle marks or a Nalline test, and are frequently in possession of "works" (syringes and other narcotics apparatus). But with LSD there are very few such obvious clues to tip off the cops. Those most attracted to this drug are middle-class and respectable. They have no need to hustle for a "fix" -- and since LSD is administered orally, they carry no tell-tale "works." Not only is a dose of LSD invisible to the eye, but once it has entered the bloodstream (which occurs shortly after its ingestion) there is no known scientific test which can detect its presence in the body.

The law rarely can change the actual desire for a product; it can only hope that declaring a given product illegal makes its use too risky or that effective legal controls make its use impossible. In the case of heroin, such an approach at least had the chance of working. Heroin must be manufactured entirely outside of the United States and must be shipped in. It is also extremely expensive and therefore is monopolized by a well-organized underground. One might reasonably expect customs agents to be able to check its importation or the Narcotics Bureau to penetrate the underground. Yet this approach has completely failed. By conservative estimates, at least one and a half tons of heroin enter the U.S. illegally each year. Yet in fiscal 1963-64, law enforcement agents intercepted only 35 pounds. On other accounts the enforcement record is no better.

How much more difficult it is to use this same approach with LSD. This is because the drug is easily transported and can be manufactured here in this country in small labs, which can be outfitted for about \$2,000. An effective quantity of LSD is so small that major shipments are now being made across the country in regular air-mail envelopes -- and as first-class mail, they cannot even be opened legally.

A moment's sober reflection shows that the law cannot cope with either the growing desire for LSD or the ease with which this drug can be distributed and concealed. Thus the efforts of law enforcement officials to equate LSD and the narcotics are far from realistic; a more appropriate analogy for LSD today would be with alcohol during Prohibition. In this regard, what is ironic about the present situation is the degree to which the attempt to prohibit the use of LSD is actually ushering in the new psychedelic era.

There is serious doubt that effective prohibition of psychedelics can now be undertaken. But we should understand that to be effective, such an effort would have to go far beyond what anyone today is considering. Since what we are dealing with is something close to a religious fanaticism, and one that is contagious at that, it would be necessary to imprison not just tens of thousands of people, but at the very least several hundred thousand. Experience has shown

continued on page 14

# Greek Letter: KAZANIS' REBELLION

By Victor Walker

Protestors in Britain and Canada have been bugging the Greek Consulate on behalf of a 22-year-old Greek soldier, Christos Kazanis, who has refused to bear arms on religious grounds. He was at first sentenced to death but after the news of foreign protests began to reach Greece, his sentence was commuted to 4 1/2 years in prison.

Private Kazanis is a Jehovah's Witness and has already served two years in jail on the same grounds. He was drafted in October, 1964, and when the two-year sentence recently ended, he once again refused to carry his rifle on the grounds that it violated his religious beliefs.

There is no tradition in Greece of recognizing the principle of conscientious objection -- during the Greek civil war two other Witnesses were shot by firing squads, although there have been no death sentences for this "offence" since -- and the Greek Orthodox Church usually acts as an arm of the state rather than as a humane counterbalance to it.

Archbishop Chrysostomos, 86-year-old head of the Church, has said, in fact, that his church regards Jehovah's Witnesses as "our number one enemy."

Very often, he explained, the Church had called on the state to seek out and arrest those who propagate for the Witnesses, and so far as the death sentence was concerned, "the Church does not wish to intervene in a decision of the State."

Although other religious sects are tolerated in Greece, by an article of the Greek Constitution, they are forbidden to proselytize. The Orthodox Church itself has no missionary wing, but has a centuries-old reputation for militancy, symbolized by the many stories of priests with Bible in one hand and blunderbuss in the other. The secret "underground" schools set up by the Church during the four centuries of Turkish occupation of Greece, up until 1822, are credited with having preserved the religion, language and "nationality" of the Greek race.

But the whole Kazanis incident is deeply revelatory of the climate of Greek public opinion as regards the principle of conscientious objection.

The death sentence was first reported more than a week after it had been handed out in a four-paragraph news item in an Athens morning newspaper. It was then reprinted as a one-paragraph filler by two evening dailies.

"Caught" by a news agency on an otherwise barren day, it was transmitted abroad. Not until the stones went through the windows of the Greek Consulate in Holland did the Greek press show any interest.

It was subsequently discovered that this was the second death sentence passed on a Jehovah's Witness for refusing to bear arms this year.

In May, George Roussopoulos, 23, of Kozani, Macedonia, was sentenced to death by the same Athens Permanent Court Martial. On appeal, the Revisionary Court commuted his sentence to seven years in jail. Both decisions were reported briefly in a few Greek newspapers, were overlooked by the news agencies, and created no stir.

When news of the Kazanis sentence spread abroad, and a violent demonstration in Holland was followed by quieter protests in New York, the Greek press sat up and took notice.

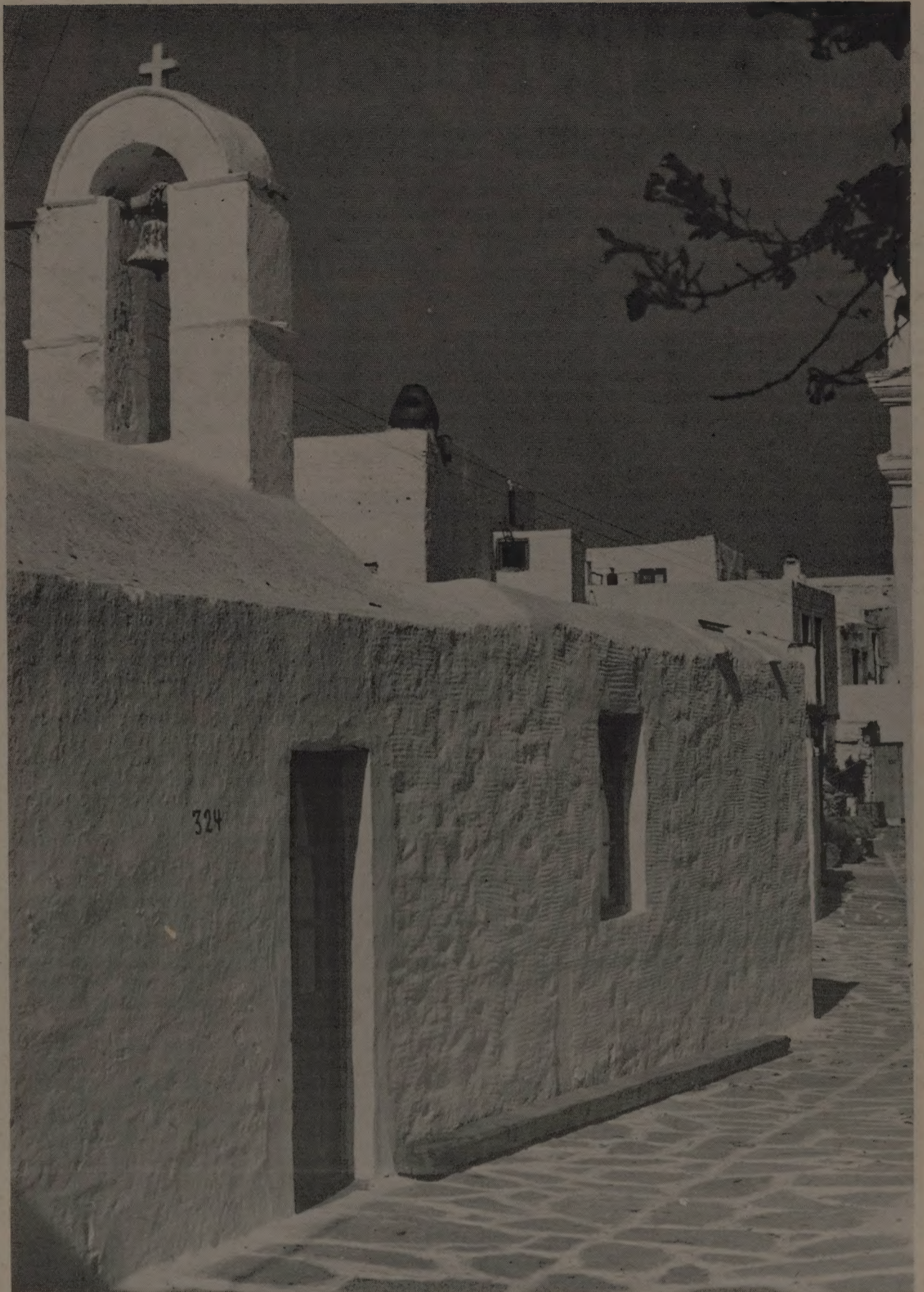
Typical of the press reaction was a leader in the right-wing "quality" Athens morning newspaper "Kathimerini." The newspaper first dealt with the Jehovah's Witnesses themselves, declaring: "The heresy of the Jehovah's Witnesses -- one of the most miserable deformations which Christianity has suffered in the United States due to abusive exploitation of the traditional freedom of religion there -- is in no way sympathetic to Greek public opinion."

But, said Kathimerini, the sentence passed on Kazanis "seems exaggerated and may impair our country's prestige abroad." To prevent this, some "confrontation of the problem" was necessary. The newspaper suggested double-length service in some "auxiliary units" for conscripts able to prove conscientious objection.

The right-wing Athens daily "Acropolis," commenting on the protests abroad, maintained that "Communists and fellow-travelers all over the world, in order to serve their interests, do not hesitate to side even with the Devil -- or even with the Jehovah's Witnesses."

Because of the "absolutely justified death sentence" passed on Kazanis, left-wing organizations in the United States and Britain had "roused themselves and protested." That was understandable in Britain, where the law "protects even homosexuality." But British laws were for the British, and Greek laws for the Greeks. And Greek law said all citizens must serve in the Army.

An opposite view was expressed by the Liberal Athens daily "Athinaiki," which suggested that "no exceptional cleverness" was needed to foresee the world reaction, "very detrimental to our country," against the death sentence.



Credit: Greek National Tourist Office

"We have no liking at all," Athinaiki added, "for the various novel heresies which come here from far away. However, what should not be disregarded is the strength or religious fanaticism, and especially the fact that those who refuse to take up arms due to conscientious objection are very strong abroad, particularly in America and Britain where they have been officially recognized.

"All these people, assisted by powerful religious organizations, will launch a great defamation campaign against Greece all over the world, because of a thoughtless verdict."

An effort to discover why the Jehovah's Witnesses in Greece had not taken up either case, even to the extent of assuring that they received publicity, revealed the full passivity of the local Witnesses.

Said Plato Ydreas, Presiding Minister in Greece for the Witnesses, "It's a very complicated situation."

"We as Jehovah's Witnesses," Ydreas said, "do not tell anybody not to fight in the Army -- Jesus himself did not do that, and if He had the Romans would have been the first to put Him on the cross."

"It's a personal decision, for each man to face as he thinks he must."

Some Witnesses conscripted into the Army did their military service without protest; others, usually from seven to ten a year, did not. As a result, Ydreas said, about 60 Witnesses were currently in Army jails.

In the past 17 years, some Courts Martial had been "understanding," others had not, Ydreas said.

The "understanding" ones had handed out sentences of five or six years in jail, and "then the problem is solved; there's no new call for military service."

The other courts -- those not "understanding" -- had passed out a succession of shorter sentences, recalling the objector to army service at the end of each jail term and putting him on trial again on each refusal. Sentences accumulated in this way had sometimes totalled 15 years.

Kazanis and Roussopoulos had both served prison sentences before receiving their death sentences for "persistent refusal" to bear arms.

"We don't like this system of cumulative sentences" said Ydreas. "A conscientious objector is not like a thief, who sits in jail and decides to reform."

But the Jehovah's Witnesses as an organization "do not get involved," Ydreas said, for "we are law-abiding people."

Inside Greece, it was a matter for the parents of the boys sentenced and "some lawyers who are trying to find a means to explain the problem to the government."

Outside Greece, any "pressure from our friends" was welcomed, but not stones through Greek windows. "Whoever threw those stones could not be Jehovah's Witnesses; we are law-abiding people."

Hoping that "maybe, some day, the problem will be solved," Ydreas said it was complicated by an article of the Greek Constitution that ruled out exemption from military service on religious grounds.

The Witnesses hoped, however, that one day the "rigidity" with which the constitution was applied in this case could be mellowed by an agreement, requiring only an order from the Defense Ministry, that conscientious objectors be permitted to do their military service in some non-combatant military detachment.

Jehovah's Witnesses first appeared in Greece in 1905; the religion was brought here from the United States by Greek migrants returning to their homeland. According to Ydreas, "We think there are between 10,000 and 11,000 of us in Greece today."

Jehovah's Witnesses are in jail in every country where there is military conscription. This includes 120 in France, 30 in Spain, and about 75 in the United States.

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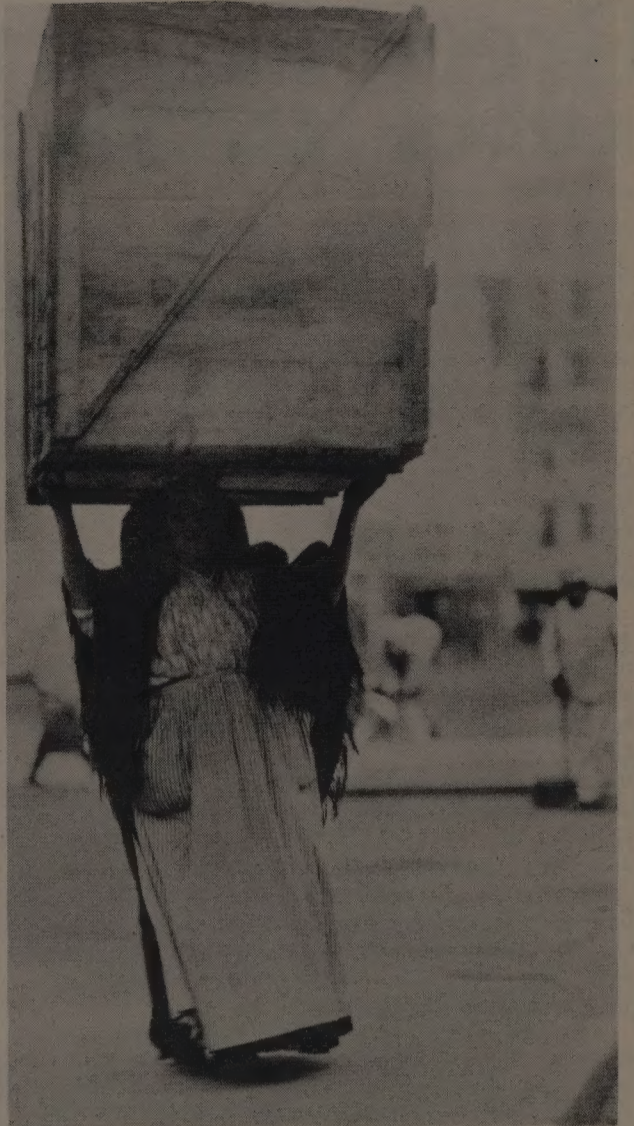
# melting pot reminiscence

## The Lower East Side--Portal to American Life

by Allon Schoener

To millions of immigrants, New York's Lower East Side was the first America. Most Jewish families in the United States have some association with it. The Lower East Side -- portal to American life during the mass immigration of Eastern European Jews -- no longer exists. What it symbolized -- the epic of Jewish adaptation to America -- remains in the collective memory of three generations of American Jews.

Between 1870 and 1924, the area bounded by the Brooklyn Bridge on the south, Fourteenth Street on the north, Broadway on the west, and the East River on the east, was a cohesive environment where two worlds -- the old and the new -- confronted each other in a daily struggle for dominance. Life was a panorama of hardship, misery, poverty, crowding, filth, uncertainty, alienation, aspiration, joy, love, and devotion.



Education was the key to successful Americanization. Achievement in English was the measure of adaptation. A thirst for knowledge and the world of ideas were an integral part of daily life, dominated by hardship and poverty. An intellectual working class emerged. This East Side phenomenon was never to be repeated in this country.

A rich heritage of aspiration and achievement belongs to everyone associated with the Lower East Side. Immigrants became sweatshop workers and small shopkeepers. Economic opportunities permitted many of them and their children to become successful businessmen, lawyers, doctors, and intellectuals. The American melting pot philosophy encouraged social mobility.

Allon Schoener is assistant director of the Jewish Museum where a multimedia show, "The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life" will be on display from Sept. 21 to Nov. 6.



It is surprising to find how many American artists went to the Lower East Side as a source of subject matter. During the first two decades of this century, the Lower East Side was a scene that attracted artists -- it was the most interesting place in New York City.

It must be noted that other nationalities -- Chinese, Italians, and Irish -- also have their roots in the Lower East Side. Although Jews spread throughout the entire geographical area, they tended to concentrate between East Broadway and Houston Street. The Lower East Side of today is not the Lower East Side of yesterday. It is still a Jewish community where thousands of Jews live in large new apartment buildings surrounded by trees and grass. The miserable old tenements have been inherited by the Puerto Ricans -- New York's newest immigrants. As a portal, the Lower East Side prepared millions for adaptation to American life. Because its population was transient, the Lower East Side was like a school. The lessons are firmly planted and the memories are strong. Many of those who participated in the Lower East Side experiences are in the prime of life. For them, the vanished East Side is still a fresh memory.



# OTHERSEENS

With the installation of the much-publicized computer to check on unpaid parking tickets, New York's incompetent Traffic Bureau has removed the last traces of humanity from its already-inhuman operations. The city wants and needs cars (it could quite easily discourage commuters' cars with a special tax if this wasn't the case) and yet makes no provision for them to park. It allows their owners to be gouged by crooked parking lot operators, gives special privileges to truckers, diplomats, doctors, city and state officials, bigshots with chauffeurs, and (despite denials) blankets whole areas with parking tickets to fulfill unrealistic and unfair quotas on local precinct ledgers.

Most of the policemen who write the tickets are morons who issue them in accordance with some immutable bylaw that has no respect for circumstances. Almost all the judges who administer the traffic courts are political hacks whose daily actions are a travesty of what is supposed to be law. The unfortunate victims -- hounded, penalized and sometimes locked away like medieval debtors for what is, at most, a technical offence -- are invariably the motorists who can least afford to pay or bribe their way out of trouble.

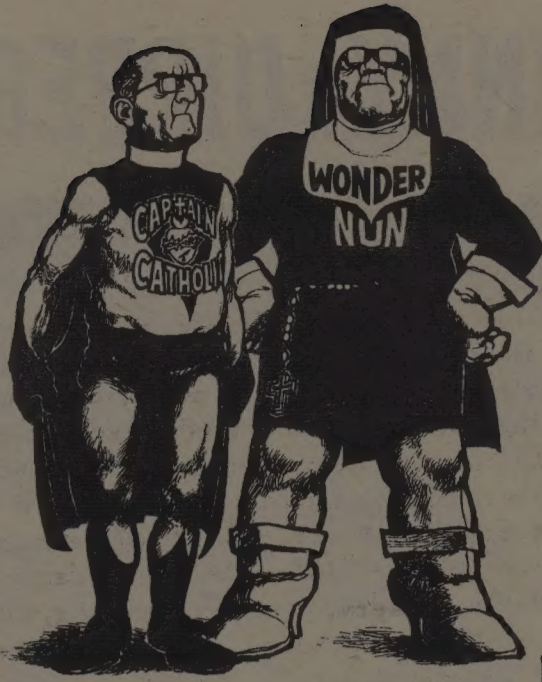
Even the detested meters are there as a result of illegal collusion between the manufacturers and bribed city officials who installed them without the benefit of competitive bidding or publicity.

It is this column's contention that the whole parking business is an outrageous fraud and that bribery, skullduggery, and heaven-only-knows-what-else lurks beneath the surface of this whole dirty business -- legitimized, incidentally, by sympathetic coverage by most of this city's pro-Establishment newspapers.

EVO is ready and willing to blow the whistle. If you have any personal information about the parking question -- bribes, payoffs, ticket fixing, judges' peccadilloes, cops' stupidities, unfair or illegal practices -- we'd like to hear about them. If you're a judge or a city official or a cop, that's okay too; informants' wishes for anonymity will be respected.

\* \* \* \* \*

"While the dog is pissing, the rabbit laughs" (Venetian proverb) ... Obviously there's no truth to that story out of Argentina that an ex-Disney employee has confessed to constructing the posturing, gesticulating, belching, spitting, swearing, drawing dummy that is supposedly occupying the White House in place of what was once President Lyndon Baines Johnson ...



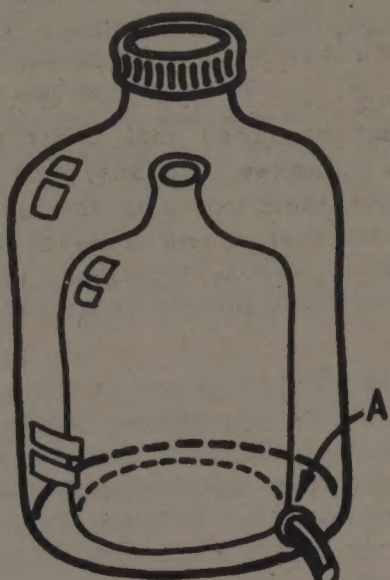
ROBB

Skirts that swoop to a point below the knees are among new fall fashions ... Britain's Sinclair Radionics (of Cambridge) is going into production with a pocket-sized transistor TV set ... Some West Coast textile manufacturers (according to California Apparel News) are devoting 40% of their production to Vietnam war supplies. Their prosperity will continue as long as the war does ... And the French, says the U.S. Treasury Department, are making millions of dollars out of the Vietnam economy via their Banque d'Indo-Chine which benefits from the millions in U.S. "aid" poured into the country. Almost everybody is benefitting in Vietnam, apparently, except the Vietnamese and the poor, dumb, deluded GI's who think it "patriotic" to kill for peace. ... "If we can't have a volunteer army and must have Selective Service, then let us select better" writes Paul Maag. "The colored citizen should be exempt from the draft seeing as he has so few American values to defend. Privileged people, on the other hand, should go first. How about drafting the entire Ivy League?" ... And when will the daily papers stop playing kids' games--i.e. stop covering every minor skirmish as if it were news. The only NEWS from the Vietnam front concerns changes of policy and the numerous occasions when we bomb friendly villages or burn GI's alive with napalm ... A Japanese firm, G.F. Sadler Co. (20, 3-chome, Nishi Hatchobori, Chuo-ku, Tokyo) will make name-and-address cards for you bearing your photograph in the watermark. Hold them up to the light to see the picture. Cost is about \$12 for 300 cards and delivery takes six weeks ... Is this universe surrounded by another one in which everything is reversed? In which time runs backwards? This possibility is suggested by London's Professor F.R. Stannard, a physicist writing in the current issue of the magazine, Nature. Even if it's true, Dr. Stannard adds, it may not be possible to make contact with this looking-glass world where life ends with birth.

A West German company, Elrich Bell, is manufacturing key-ring pistols (they can fire phonograph needles) and tear gas sprays. Supposedly for self-defense they can also be used offensively and Japanese authorities are seeking legislation to ban their importation into that country ... An Italian, Arturo Alfandari, has invented another of those so-called "international" languages, this one called Neo. (Some others are Esperanto, Interlingua, Novial.) Most of them fail, in my view, because they are too ambitious: comprising grammar, syntax, etc. All that is needed for a start is a basic vocabulary comprising the most commonly used words from any language. Forget conjugation and grammar for the time being -- all that will settle itself by itself by extensive usage.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the few occasions in history when private enterprise has offered a mail delivery service in competition with the government it has proved to be more efficient, cheaper, and faster. The government's answer, says an article in Innovator (25¢ from PO Box 34718, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034), has always been to legislate the competition out of existence (leaving it free, as Playboy's Hefner has pointed out, to spend almost as much time on illegal censorship as on mail delivery). EVO has been having its own troubles with the Post Office, which requests interminable -- and repeated -- filling out of forms to acquire a second-class mailing permit. We are poised ready to take the matter higher up ... A constant mystery to anybody interested in reading the NEWS is why so many people waste 30 cents on buying the world's most boring and uninformative newspaper, the Sunday edition of The New York Times, when the airmailed London papers, chock-full of stories from and about America (including details of what the U.S. State Department is really up to) are available for 40¢ on the same day ... The accompanying sketch is from The Illustrated Paper (25¢ from Box 541, Mendocino, Calif.) and shows how to survive at sea when there's only salt water available.



It is easy to make fresh water from sea water. Simply get a 5 gallon and a 3 gallon collapsible polyethylene bottle from a sporting goods store. Place the smaller bottle inside the larger; then fill it out by blowing air into it with a hose. Put a hole at point A in the 5 gallon bottle and cement a polyethylene hose in place with plastic cement; make this a good strong joint, so the whole thing can be folded into a small package and stored in a handy place (or with a hose clamp this outfit could be used to carry water on your boat.)

To operate: Fill the 3 gallon bottle with salt water. Cap the 5 gallon bottle and set in the sun. Evaporated salt-free water will condense on the inner wall of the large bottle and run out the tube.

Two top experts speak out on the dangers, merits and control of

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# WHERE SKINNY DIPPERS DO IT

## COMMITTEE FOR FREE BEACHES

### Statement of purpose and intentions

The Committee for Free Beaches is an independent group of dedicated individuals who have adopted the goal of establishing a number of public beach areas, both coastal and inland, at which nude swimming and sunbathing will be legally permitted. Our point of view is that the most logical and wholesome way to enjoy swimming and sunbathing is in the nude.

Many individuals and families, with the best of intentions and with no desire to offend other persons, find nude swimming and sunbathing to be an exhilarating, refreshing, and entirely wholesome activity. It seems reasonable to suggest that people who prefer nude bathing should be permitted to use our beaches in this manner without suffering the harassments of indecent exposure laws. It seems reasonable to suggest that ways and means can be worked out so those who prefer to go naked at the beach could share the same area with those who would be tolerant of beach nudity.

In Europe, there are many beach areas where nude bathing is legally permitted. These are known as free beaches because the individual is free to choose for himself what to wear, or not to wear. It seems reasonable to suggest that, in America, where individual freedom is such a respected value, beaches could be provided with the specific intent of allowing this freedom of choice.

There is a wide range of opinion as to how such free beach areas should be established. The CFB would like to examine all points of view. We intend to be open-minded, friendly, and cooperative with all persons who are interested in the free beach concept. We welcome any suggestions or comments. P.O. Box 16333, San Francisco, California 94116.



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The concept of free beaches where nude bathing and sunbathing can take place is spreading in California. Already five are operating and more are envisioned. Although there have been some objections by people whose property adjoins the beaches, no serious troubles have arisen so far. Reporters and photographers from Elysium Inc., publishers of the official journal of the American Sunbathing Association, recently paid a visit to one of the beaches and printed their report in "Nudist Adventure," from which this story and accompanying pictures were taken.

"I would rather not go to the beach if I HAVE to wear a bathing suit!" is the statement that best describes the attitude of the volunteers of the recently-formed Committee for Free Beaches. Perhaps the best way to convey their attitude is to describe some of the beach happenings experienced last summer and fall.

Getting started was the hardest part. A few people spent several weekends searching along the Pacific Coast to isolated beach areas that were convenient and accessible enough to be reached without unreasonable effort. Most of the areas selected were not too far from public beaches, with parking in the public area, then a walk far enough away from the crowds to insure privacy. Some would then strip and frolic nude in the surf and sand while others in the group

would keep a close watch for passers-by. At first, if someone were spotted approaching, the nude people would put on swimming suits until they had turned back or passed. On occasion, some remained nude and waved a cordial greeting to the newcomers. This ordinarily brought a friendly wave in response, and quite a few of the newcomers returned to join in the nudist capers.

"Our most significant discovery," reports the Committee, "was that all the passers-by to whom we displayed an open and hospitable attitude responded with an attitude of friendly tolerance ... and even voluntary participation! Perhaps this was because the types of people who would explore the beach to the extent we did might also be the type of person who would be open to new experiences. At any rate, we were both surprised and pleased at this high degree of acceptance."

"The most eager and enthusiastic newcomers were several families from local nudist parks. Although these families advised us to be more cautious in our escapades, they often remarked that the environment we had created did not suffer from the social cliques, racial barriers, and emotional blocks that sometimes exist in nudist parks. Some of these families said they preferred the free beach atmosphere to the nudist park environment."

By the end of the summer, several different locations had been tried. Each had its own unique characteristics. Some were so far off the beaten track, strangers rarely appeared. At other sites, a constant lookout for newcomers was necessary. Some beach areas were quite small, while others provided over a mile of secluded surf and sand. Some of the participants brought field glasses and walkie-talkie sets, and with this equipment were able to maintain a very effective security system in which lookouts could warn of the approach of any potentially unfriendly visitors long before their arrival.

As more people became interested in joining, these unusual excursions grew to groups of forty or more, mostly nude, romping over the sand dunes, frolicking in the surf, and capering about the beach. The freedom from clothing and false modesty, combined with the exhilarating atmosphere of the beach setting, seemed to generate a creative urge in most of the group. People brought guitars, bongo drums, harmonicas and wood flutes. The spontaneous music happenings that developed provided a fascinating and delightful experience. "Often, when some of us were sitting around the campfire, playing music, singing songs, and clapping hands, the children would begin to leap and cavort about on the hard-packed sand. The total atmosphere that resulted was so intensely

"What a shame to go back!"  
 "I'm not going to put on my slip. It's bad enough to have to wear a dress."  
 "When shall we come again?"  
 "Tomorrow? Great! We'll see all of you tomorrow if you can make it."



joyful, so irresistibly captivating, that strangers walking up the beach could not pass us by without being drawn into this compelling network of positive emotion, and contributing to it, and having it contribute something to them," says the C. F.B. Executive Secretary.

"After only a few sessions such as these, our eagerness for life was so intense and positive, there seemed to be no room for negative emotions. All of our weekend beach excursions were very good, and often intensely delightful. We had a kind of unstructured, mobile, week-end utopian community.

"We often found ourselves in stimulating discussion groups, freewheeling over a wide range of topics. Looking back, it now seems significant that this factor, combined with the permissive environment we had created, resulted in differing opinions and convictions expressed in an honest and open manner.

"We found ourselves discussing not only the nature of our active challenge to the restrictive social customs regarding beach attire, but also re-examining other assump-

tions in the fields of education, social relationships, cultural expression, and emotional development.

"Whatever activity we engaged in, we were doing it because it was something we really wanted to do, with no one else to coerce us to do otherwise. We do not pretend to understand why being free from compulsory beach attire made these experiences more refreshing, more enriching and more gratifying for us. However, we all agree that, given more freedom of choice, we seemed to function more fully, more freely, more openly and more genuinely. None of us have succeeded in understanding exactly why this feeling resulted from our beach-side encounters, but we did agree that something very beneficial happened for each of us.

"Although the freedom to go nude at the ocean beach was one of the factors that originally drew us together, individual nudity was never a really significant topic of discussion or consideration. A far more prominent topic of consideration was the far-reaching question of individual freedom and

responsibility--and of course the right of the individual to go nude in appropriate circumstances (such as at the beach) was only a very small part of this larger topic."

The ocean beach environment, where the frontiers of the land encounter the frontiers of the sea in a constant ebb and flow, provides a uniquely appropriate setting for actively challenging decaying assumptions and social customs, and allowing new assumptions and social customs to flow into their proper place. Even public beaches provide a temporary respite away from the social conditioning processes of a largely pathological society. The ocean beach setting proves a particularly suitable environment to conduct weekend excursions, with the fundamental purpose and intention of nourishing the development of individual freedom, awareness, and responsibility.

# Flying Dutchman Interview

BART HUGES--questioned by Joe Mellan

EVO: When did you decide to have the "third eye"?

H: In prison, having checked the mechanism by perceiving the cerebrospinal fluid in the back outside the central nervous system (after using the pressing-up method described in the scroll), I thought about making a hole at the base of the spine to let the fluid out, and while thinking about holes I realized that pressure was necessary to squeeze the cerebrospinal fluid out of the system. Then, having concluded upon the nil pressure inside the adult skull (in most people the skull scale between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two), I saw that any hole in the bony surrounding of the system would give the pressure back. But after a time I realized a hole in the spine would heal over, so it had to be in the skull, where holes stay open.

EVO: Once you had decided to have the "third eye," what did you do?

H: One of the main reasons I wrote the scroll was to give the knowledge to the doctors. I visited about twenty professors, of psychiatry, anthropology, neuroanatomy, etc. and their reactions were without exception negative.

EVO: What do you mean negative?

H: They were polite but uncooperative. Two surgeons said they understood the mechanism, but dared not even ask their superiors for permission to perform the operation.

EVO: So you had to conceal your intention the second time.

H: Yes. My wife knew I was going to do it, but no one knew when.

EVO: What tools did you use?

H: An electric drill, a surgical knife, and a hypodermic syringe for the local anaesthetic.

EVO: How long did the operation take?

H: Three quarters of an hour.

EVO: Was there any pain?

H: No.

EVO: Not even afterwards?

H: No.

EVO: How long was it before the wound healed?

H: Three days.

EVO: What was the first effect you noticed?

H: The appearance of pressure inside the skull. It took about four hours for the cerebrospinal fluid to be pressed out.

EVO: And now you are permanently high. How would you describe your state to someone who had never taken consciousness-expanding drugs or stood on his head for a quarter of an hour?

H: I feel as I felt before the age of fourteen.

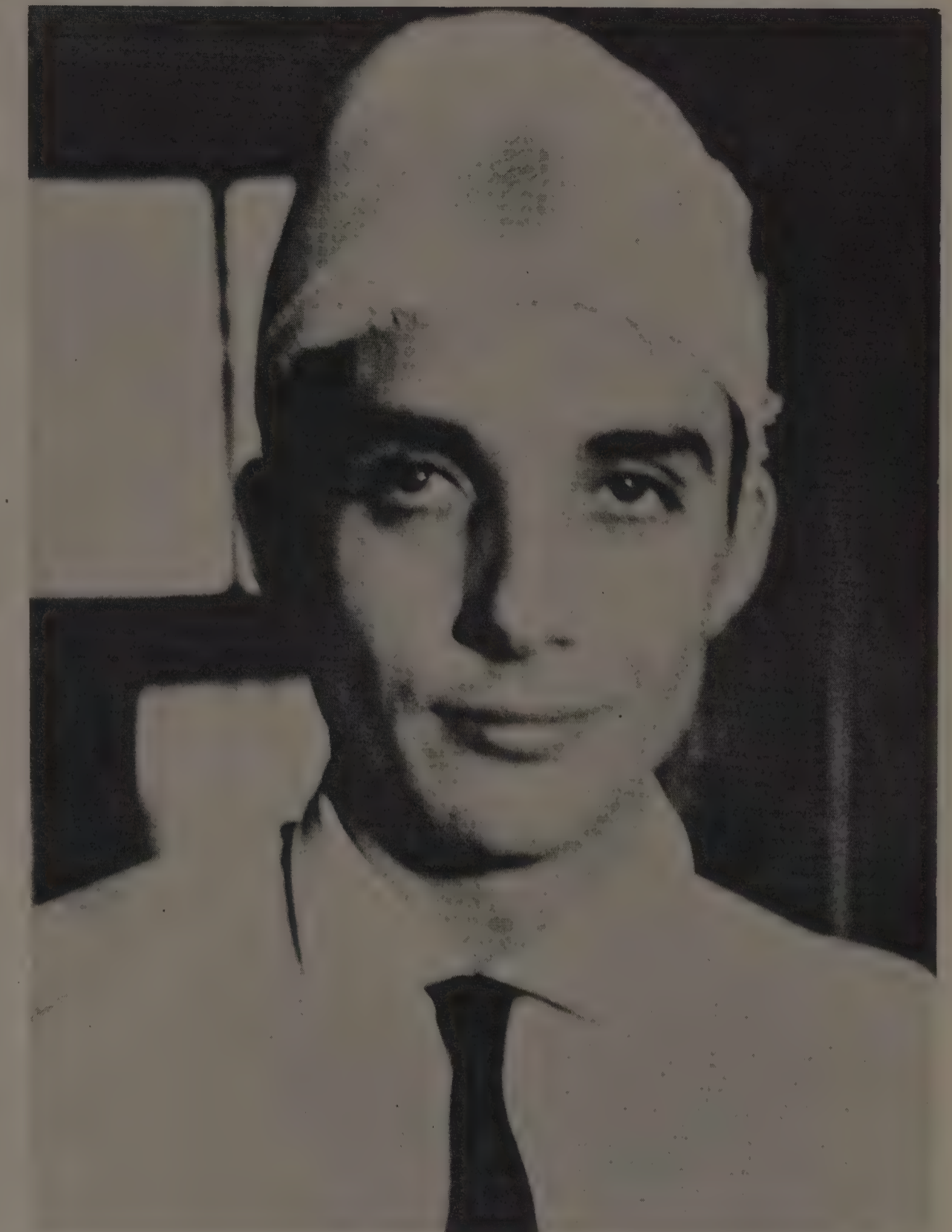
EVO: Do you advocate the "third eye" for everyone?

H: I advocate the availability of trepanation for every adult who wants it.

EVO: Who will want it?

H: Everyone who understands the mechanism. There is no reason why a single adult should be left behind if he wants to be liberated from gravity's drag.

EVO: What you're saying is, give the adult back his lost brainblood and he will look after himself, is that right?



H: Yes. With enough blood the central nervous system is a better doctor than your doctor.

EVO: Do you think the adult state can have any advantages over the trepanned state?

H: No.

EVO: You have said that social reform must start with the individual. Can you expand on that?

H: Gravity is the enemy. The adult is its victim--society is its disease. My problem is how to explain to the adult that he has too little blood in his brain to understand, if he has too little blood in his brain to understand that.

EVO: In the state you predict, what part will be played by women?

H: Trepanation will bring everyone to a better realization of his and her potentialities. In my opinion the potential functions of the central nervous system are identical in male and female.

EVO: Do you think men can now live without religion?

H: Trepanned man will not find it necessary to give meanings to abstract words or to invent new superstitions. "Faith in the immortality of the soul" is a chain of associated meaningless words.

EVO: Is there any hope of something replacing fear as the motive impulse behind behavior?

H: Gravity is the enemy. A large part of adult behaviour is motivated by the fear of losing the grip on what blood is left in the brain. Trepanation, by restoring the blood lost in the course of growth, removes the main cause of fear.

EVO: In a trepanned society there will be more individuality and independence than in the present one. What part do you see the state playing?

H: I think the state should serve the individuals, not vice versa. It should provide all essential needs.

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# VOYEU



# RAMA

by Matthew Andrews

Two hundred VFW delegates received their first exposure to avant garde theatre last week at a presentation of "Statistics and Spades: A Documentary Introduction to the Sexual Habits of the American Negro," described by producer Mel Rothenberg as "a multi-media-happening ... utilizing actual people and wax impressions to heighten the human sensorium."

"Audience feedback," Rothenberg added, "is our primary goal."

The performance, sponsored by PACT (the Political Action Community Theatre of Staten Island) was specially arranged in honor of the VFW convention by the St. George Young Conservative Club as part of a continuing program to further the indigenous culture of the island.

Now "Statistics and Spades" will go on tour across the country. The success of the performance led to a recommendation to the convention-at-large that local VFW posts and similar civic groups should 'strenuously endeavor' to bring the PACT company and its production of "S-&-S" ('an authentic scathing testament of today') to patriotic communities across the nation.

Mr. Rothenberg spent two years in the black slums of St. George developing his concept of "S-&-S" as a theatrical event.

"The actual people in the show are played by six young male Negroes," Mr. Rothenberg explained. "We refer to them as The Studs. Paul and Mary have essential bits and I sort of emcee the whole thing."

"The wax impressions we use are just standard teen-age girl mannequins, dummies. The plain ordinary kind you always see in suburban area department store windows. No frills or special tricks. White teen-age girl dummies with blonde wigs. Sometimes

we can make use of these things more than once but usually each performance requires a new set.

"We dress them up and place them around the room before anything starts. Naturally we keep the room pretty dark when the audience gets let in to prevent someone from perceiving that these girls are just dummies. We're rigged with a twelve speaker phased-sound-system which we use right at the top as they come in with a montage of gang rumble noise and some nice soul music speeded up and sort of grated."

The actual performance part of the environment begins with the producer at an ordinary lectern where he makes a factual presentation of the Statistics, utilizing slides, 8 mm, graphics, and a couple of charts to illustrate without editorial comment ("McLuhan turned me on to the potency of the oblique, I'd like you to mention that") actual data on current sex crime statistics of the major Negro communities. "Sodomy and rape, of course," Rothenberg explains, "but we try to spice it with some freaky things, even though it's mostly numbers. Animal abuse, THAT really goes over, and we got that down into categories from 5231 pigs in Alabama for 1965 to 3 camels in the Bronx Zoo last month.

The Studs come in on the camel, one with Paul Ippolito shoving them around and he's wearing a cop suit. We do a whole thing with sound for their entrance, but you've got to hear that. I tell the audience that these Studs were convicted of mass rape of a Sunday School teacher, but the conviction was reversed by the Supreme Court because of an illicit confession.

"Then we hit the folks with a real multi-media barrage so they just want to kill the Spades and on cue (LBJ condemning violence on sound with big blown-up color footage of a Buddhist nun burning

to death projected on the Studs) they start shouting back as vile as they can improvise.

"The Studs jump Paul, knock him around fast to make it look good, then they go, busting over everybody and they grab those little girl dummies and they proceed according to the script to make an actual dirty sexual attack on these things that look like white teenagers. Each Stud has got a specific so that throughout the room there's a pretty good variety of depraved abuse going on.

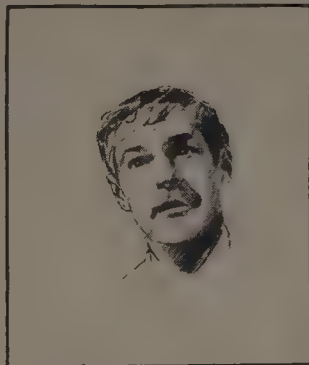
"Technical skill is the first thing I look for casting actors to play the Studs. I've tried it and I'll tell you it's not easy getting those dummies into proper position so that they seem lifelike to maul in any kind of degenerate fashion.

"Up tight is about the best way to describe the average audience reaction at this point. The guys from the VFW went into another bag altogether. Sweaty smells and a lot of gasping as the Studs just ripped those dummies apart and making a lot of noise at it too."

If the Midwest tour of VFW posts is a success, producer Rothenberg hopes to bring the show to Manhattan in the spring. But how will Midwesterners react? EVO asked Staff Sergeant (retired) Walter O. Blue, co-sponsor of the tour for Ohio and Indiana. "Logistics is hell, don't let anyone kid you," he replied. "I had a belly full over at Bataan with those USO troupes coming in twice a week. But we managed that and we can handle this, let me tell you."

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continued from page 6

# LSD and the LAW

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that jailing Christians or Communists for up to twenty years hardly stamps out their beliefs, since upon release many immediately set about developing new cell groups. The same would apply to a large percentage of LSD enthusiasts, and thus they would have to be incarcerated for life.

But this is just the beginning. Since many people become enthusiasts simply by hearing about the psychedelic experience, we would also have to undertake unprecedented book-burning and would have to outlaw public gatherings at which these matters are discussed. Clearly such a program would rival the worst excesses of the Stalinist period and is out of the question.

For the most part, horrible experiences with the psychedelics come about from improper expectations, not from furtive behavior. But there are a series of additional dangers, both to individuals and to society as a whole, which will result from the attempt to define LSD use as "criminal activity." So far, legislators have not thought much about the implications of turning those who take LSD into a new type of criminal class. They seem under the impression that once again, as with narcotics, they are simply dealing with minority groups and the lower class. But this just isn't true. Those who are attracted to the psychedelics for the most part are white, well-educated, in the upper middle class, affluent, and successful. Students who use LSD are our future doctors, lawyers, public administrators, and technicians. Thus in legislating against those who use the psychedelics, we may be taking on much more than we are prepared for.

What we are doing in fact is to precipitate an era in which a large portion of our leading citizens, who are otherwise law-abiding, will be defined as criminals for something they are not going to stop. "When so many are certain that the law is wrong," writes Richard Goldstein, "illegal activities become a huge game, like the activities many Americans indulged in during Prohibition. When you considered liquor harmless and fashionable, the fact that it was illegal seemed laughable." Turning the users of the psychedelics into a criminal class will encourage an unprecedented degree of disrespect for law. Vigorous enforcement promises to ruin the careers of many of our most talented youth. And banning possession will keep victims of "bad trips" from appearing for medical help since they will be afraid that they will immediately be turned over to the police for violating the law.

Many people who use LSD feel that they have a right to use this drug if they want to and are quite willing to go to any source if society deprives them

of that right. During Prohibition a similar attitude prevailed, and as we all know, it brought about a situation in which racketeers flourished. So far, most of the people who have supplied LSD users have done so because they have been enthusiastic users of these drugs themselves. To date, profit has not been a major factor in the blackmarket. But if the price of LSD continues to be driven up and if many more "dealers" feel that the risks have become too great for them to continue "dealing," there is nothing more certain than that the Mafia will move in. Already D.A. Koota of Brooklyn has announced on the front pages of New York newspapers, that there are immense profits to be made in the LSD trade. Alfred Barnard of the newly established Bureau of Drug Abuse Control has let it be known that "you can buy LSD for \$10,000 a kilo (2.2 pounds) from Farmitalia in Milan." Since Italy no more respects patent rights for LSD than it does for other drugs, the outlay of ten grand in Italy could conceivably become a rewarding investment (a kilo of LSD can be divided into five to ten million doses).

There are many who scoff, doubting the Mafia's ability to diversify its operations, but New York State's recent experience with its new cigarette tax indicates that the Mafia's biggest known dealers in narcotics have switched over to cigarette smuggling, regular routes, "protection," and bewilderingly swift distribution now characterize the situation, with a resultant loss to the state of some \$40 million annually. New York City Finance Commissioner Roy M. Goodman now estimates that, "in excess of half a million packs are being smuggled into the city each and every day." Since there is a much greater markup possible with LSD, it does not require much foresight to understand why racketeers might be interested in the psychedelics.

When we encourage racketeers to move in on such a market, we should be clear about what we are doing. These people are not going to be using LSD, they will only be supplying it in order to make money. This means that profit is the main reason for their involvement and that they will be willing, as in the twenties, to bribe and murder in order to keep the profits coming. As Mafia involvement grows, LSD users who are otherwise law-abiding citizens are going to be put in close contact with criminal elements and in some instances, with the narcotics trade. In trying to outlaw a substance as intensely desired as is LSD, we are beginning to encourage all the abuses commonly associated with the organized underworld.

Part II of this feature will appear in some future EVO.

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*Love Richard*

# Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman



Patronage has all but disappeared in the world of art. The artist, thrown back on himself, must now rely on his own talent as a by-product for trading in the market place. Like any medium which relies on other media to sell itself, the artist becomes enmeshed in the creation of someone else's fantasy. He becomes embedded in his own work of art. Like the age of Marvel comics, the art world is now peopled with its own super-heroes; cartoon characters with muscles, miracles, mathematics, and magic which has given them an everyday dream.

Doublecrossed by his own tools, neither cartoon nor novel, never understanding that art is not heroism, he is caught up in the creation of a mass ego and, like other legend lazaruses, prefers to live up to that dream. He begins to reflect the total discolorization of Communication per se; a mutant made by accident, created by theory, fissioned through the magic of mass media. He becomes the story which changes in the telling; the pinocchio who dances to the ugly fact.

Absorbed into a mass combine, mauled by memory banks and high speed transmission, his art becomes encrusted by an illicit traffic in facts. Legitimate criticism disappears; the words and images distorted by the blood of the artist. The critic, in all this blood letting, becomes an accessory after the fact; a fink who squeals on his friends or a friend who squeals on a fink. The poet Robert Creeley summed up the situation when he wrote, "If you send me your photograph/I'll send you mine."

But just as the disappearance of patronage has caused the artist to compromise his art by seeking out the mass media, the mass media has brought about the obsolescence of pen and brush by changing technologies, electronic tape, film and advanced photographic techniques, and has caused the artist to give up his personal vision due to the process of first understanding the limitations of these new tools. The obvious fact which is overlooked is

that the limitation of any new technique, tool or machine is that it has no personal vision.

In this age of speeded up fact and experience, the brain becomes burdened with a conflagration of information causing it to self-amputate on a mass scale. We give up the responsibility of interpreting to a machine who will store, house, and feed the vital statistics of the universe. Belief becomes condensed into fact and values become illusory. But Art does not change, only the tools. Art is a value itself, believing in the preservation of the human endeavor.

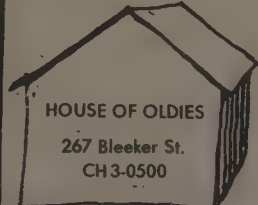
The artists who are now using these new total field awareness techniques in their art are in a race with other men who are using such techniques for the destruction of human endeavor. In Viet Nam the army has been using laser beams in jungle areas to produce a day without night to keep the Viet Cong awake and to enable helicopters with TV cameras to spot Viet Cong encampments. If art is to win out, then the artist must interpret. If he is to survive, he must take over the controls of mass media. His personal vision with the aid of advanced technology must light up and seek out the jungle of the human soul in all its beauty, barbarism, and decadence. The world and the human race must not be allowed to go to sleep or to give up the controls.

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By Tuli Kupferberg



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# Bubonic

continued from page 1

otherwise. We know something about the paramilitary techniques the United States has devised to drain the "sea" in which the guerrilla "fish" are reputed to swim. We know that these techniques have not ended with chemical poisoning of crops, but that mass chemical bombings have been unleashed against entire villages to "soften up" their inhabitants prior to heavy artillery and air attack.

How big a step is it to move from softening up a hostile population with poison gas to softening it up with a deadly disease? Does the United States have a hand in the spread of Bubonic Plague through South Vietnam?

Most of us would answer no. Six reasons come to mind. Let's weigh them one by one.

One: Isn't Bubonic Plague native to Asia -- to wherever small yellow people are crowded together without benefit of Western sanitation and plumbing? Under the aggravated conditions of war, it could be argued, this vulnerability to infection and disease is magnified.

The fact is that Plague is not indigenous to Southeast Asia at all, but rather to large areas of South America, Central Africa, the Southwest United States, the Near East, Eastern Europe and parts of Central Asia.



FIG. 1705. — Gravure extraite du *Traité de la peste*, par le D<sup>r</sup> Manset, D<sup>r</sup> en médecine (Genève, chez Philippe Planche, 1720).

According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, Vietnam is the only country today where an epidemic of Plague is occurring. This is significant because a certain natural immunity exists in areas which have any recent history of exposure to Plague.

Two: While we don't really know how hard the Vietcong and its sympathetic rural population have been hit by the Plague, aren't there just too many "friendly" Vietnamese sick to imagine that the United States could have ever willed such an epidemic? Such as it is, the Plague could stymie U. S. efforts to get the Saigon generals to maintain some order and safety among the swelling ranks of refugees.

This is a persuasive objection and I accept it. Except that I wonder how essential the United States views these new converts to the government side.

Three: Could the Administration ever take such a risk of provoking the shocked revulsion and anger which would surely greet the eventual exposure of its initiation of biological warfare? In U. S. terms, such a disclosure would hand the enemy a "propaganda weapon" which would bludgeon the American position in underdeveloped countries for years to come.

This is not a persuasive objection, sadly enough. Both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations have already risked worldwide revulsion with their decision to embark on chemical warfare in South Vietnam, and not much has happened to deflect their zeal. True, the details concerning the most compromising gases and the time, place, and effects of their use, remains concealed even from those of us with the patience to pursue them. But enough is known from the New York Times alone to warrant the most dire fear about the solutions American technology and limited war theory has devised for bitter-end emergencies like Vietnam.

Four: Isn't it a fact of International Law that biological warfare is expressly forbidden by the Geneva Protocol to which the United States is a signatory?

It is a fact, but it is also a fact that the United States is one of the four (out of 29 signatory) nations which have not ratified, nor agreed to adhere

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to the 1925 Protocol. (As of 1963, the others were Japan, Brazil and Argentina; the U. S. joined them when President Truman finally threw the ratification of the treaty out of the Senate in 1947, as "obsolete").

It would be even more irrelevant to raise the ghost of Franklin Roosevelt's oft-quoted promise never to use gas or germs. The Army Field Manual, The Law of Land Warfare, sets the score straight:

The United States is not a party to any treaty, now in force, that prohibits or restricts the use in warfare of toxic or nontoxic gases, of smoke or incendiary materials, or of bacteriological warfare.

Five: Isn't it hard to believe that the government of the United States would be capable of returning its chosen field of battle to the Dark Ages? To suggest that the United States is prepared to launch Bubonic Plague in Vietnam, or anywhere else, is simply unthinkable.

I have included that one raw because it needs to be said. No comment.

Six: What possible military value could such a weapon have?

This objection raises the basic question of just what is the U. S. military goal within South Vietnam. If, as it appears, it is to crush the Vietcong, and if, as it appears, the "Vietcong" include the millions of rural Vietnamese who have either lent them support or refused to lend Saigon support, then that goal, in addition to the machinery of war, requires that the U. S. Military Command adopt a technology capable of crushing that rural base. No number of bombs can destroy a rice field, or the peasants scattered over acres of paddy.

Chemical warfare has proved one way. Could biological warfare prove an extension of this? Remember, the target of this new technology is the lifeblood of a civilian population: its food (and ability to produce food), its health, its shelter.

If, indeed, Saigon and the United States have written these areas off for good, then the initiation of biological warfare is conceivable. Given the degree of protection afforded U. S. and government troops, along with their "friendly" charges, it is even conceivable that the United States believes it could limit the infection.

It is no secret that the Army Chemical Corps has been giving prime time to the development of Plague bacillus in biological warfare research centers at Dugway Proving Ground near Salt Lake City, Utah, and at Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland.

Besides its greenhouses equipped to investigate crop pathogens and chemicals that destroy plants, the facilities at Fort Detrick include laboratories for mass-breeding of pathogenic microorganisms, for applying radiation, ultra-violet light and other agents to produce bacteriological freaks or mutants against which there is no natural or conventional artificial immunity. At

Detrick, ticks are infected with tularemia and Colorado Fever, flies with cholera and anthrax, mosquitoes with resistant strains of malaria, and fleas with Plague.

In his layman's guide to chemical and biological weapons, Tomorrow's Weapons, former chief of the Army Chemical Corps, Brig. Gen. J. H. Rothschild (Ret.) rates Bubonic Plague as one of the most promising diseases for leveling "under-privileged" populations. Its incubation period is short, fatality rate high, natural immunization difficult, and in pneumonic form, its contagiousness is electric. Rothschild's description of Plague is far more precise than the press accounts, and it is worth putting on the record here:

The causative agent is the plague bacillus, *P. pestis*. Natural distribution is provided by rats who carry fleas infected with the bacillus. When the rat dies, the fleas leave for new hosts, including man. Primary pneumonic Plague is transmitted by inhalation of droplets from the cough of a pneumonic plague patient. Artificial dissemination occurs through aerosol, water, food, or insects, or through contamination with objects such as clothing, tools, toys. In the social, economic and physical chaos that is South Vietnam today, spreading Plague could be a do-it-yourself operation.

But do we? In July, 1965, a congressional aide leaked a report to the Washington chapter of the national Physicians for Social Responsibility that the Defense Department had just contracted with a New England firm for a crash program to adapt Bubonic Plague bacilli for Vietnam.

This report became public through Drew Pearson's syndicated column on August 27. Then a State Department informant had authenticated the report except for one detail. The disease in question was said to be tularemia. Later, an executive of the firm, Travelers Research in Hartford, admitted that his company had germ warfare contracts with the Air Force's Office of Scientific Research and the Army Material Command.

By then PSR was on the lookout for tularemia and the Plague was dropped. Press attention, public protest (what little there was) centered around the proposed plans to launch tularemia (by aerosol, it appeared) in South Vietnam. Official denials emanating from the Defense Department were accordingly centered on tularemia. Bubonic Plague was safe.

In another interesting development, a White House aide who also encouraged PSR to believe that it was tularemia under study, described a memo sent from the State Department to the President in May (1965) reversing its long-standing opposition to the use of such weapons. He said that there was a good chance it would be used, and noted that it would be spread in such a way to enable our forces to deny responsibility and say that it was a naturally occurring epidemic.

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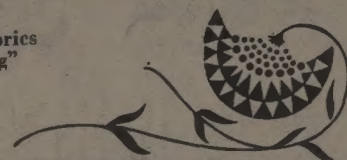
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## THE ANNEX

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# FIRE SALE

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Anita Salamone

"Dow feels that it is good citizenship to support the U. S. Government in any wartime situation." -- spokesman for the Dow Chemical Company's public relations department when asked for a statement on Dow's contract to supply napalm to the government.

Some of the napalm supplied "patriotically" to the U. S. Air Force was dropped on American GI's last week. According to an AP report out of Saigon, seven GI's were burned alive and a score of others suffered burns of varying degrees. Time magazine, carrying a picture of soldiers with seared flesh dripping from their skeletons, quoted the heroic (and unburned) Major General DePuy as saying, "these things are going to happen. I would ask for the strikes again in the same situation." None of the injured men were asked for their opinions.

There seems to be some dispute about whether or not Dow (whose major plant is at Midland, Mich.) makes a profit on its napalm contracts. Peter Steinberg, a University of Midland student, commented at a rally near Detroit: "Here we have the kind of people who are so 'patriotic' that they are willing to make at cost the stuff that burns people to death in Vietnam."

Napalm, said that University's chaplain, Rev. Robert Hawert, "turns people into blackened, screaming shards and if you work Dow you must know that or you wouldn't be in the business."

Although attempts are being made to start a countrywide boycott of Saran Wrap, one of Dow's other products, this is only a partial answer to the problem because other companies also supply napalm to the government. One such firm, United Technology Center, recently won a battle against local protesters to begin manufacture of napalm in Redwood City, Calif.

The August issue of Ramparts magazine contains a blow-by-blow record of this fight in which the Redwood City Committee Against Napalm was able to enlist the support of a fairly small section of the community and only eight of its 30 so-called ministers.

Napalm, says the AP report, is highly explosive, burns with intense heat, and sticks to whatever it touches. "Its fatal effects come not only from burns. Suffocation can be caused by the sudden burning up of oxygen in an area, and heat up to 2,000 degrees can claim victims not touched by the jelly.



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Bill Glanzman's HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS is now accepting enrollment applications for the new exciting fall season Our new luxurious dormitory is replete with sauna bath, swimming pool, and is nestled in the shadow of the village gate. Why deprive yourself of the best? Call Uncle Bill now 228-7965

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We need a man who likes to work for himself. We'll pay that man a great commission & give him all the leads he needs to sell display advertising for this sky-rocketing paper. Call 473-8894. Pete Leggieri

Foreign-born man, interested in the arts wishes to meet swinging, uninhibited chick--- 18-28. Call 295-4309

## GIRLS FOR WAITRESSES

In an old-fashioned ice cream parlor. Steady employment. Salary plus high tips. The Flick 1074 2nd Ave (57th St.)

Girl Artist wanted to draw recipe comic strip for '19' Call Capt. Change, WO 4-3496 (late) Paper of 19th CD CIPA. No pay at present, maybe later.

Will take good care of children anytime. Have one child of own. Am in desperate need of income. Come 302 Mott St Apt 39 between 5 & 8 pm weekdays; 3 & 7 pm weekends. Please Nancy

Young man, 31, wishes to meet liberal, intelligent, chick. No prudes please!!! Wouldn't hesitate to share pad if real human. Hobbies: ham radio, flying, motorcycling, guitar. Non-smoker/drinker. City employee \$7,100 salary CI 7-1900 ext 735 Keep Trying!! (Residence)

Wanted: Good homes for cats & kittens. Phone 673-0106

Wanted: Off duty policemen with uniforms for moonlight role in epic movie -- phone 473-8894

Nat White Theatre needs plays, actresses, actors, money, etc. Send plays to Nat White, c/o Forum, 166 Ave 'A', NY

Can you rent us an apt for one week, from Oct. 2 to 8? Family of 3 plus a friend need a cheap, CLEAN, place to stay We'll keep it clean and pay cash. Write or call Enzer, 22 Alton Ct., Brookline, Mass.-- 617-731-0697. Prefer location closest to UN.

Wanted: Patron for jazz oriented R & R group. We need pianist, Place to Rehearse, moral support. please contact--- Larry or Dick, 519 E 6, Apt4 475-9117

Man, professional, psychologically oriented, creative with motorcycle and country home seeks unconventional gal. No jail bait Exchange photos first. GPO box 1310, NY, NY 10001

Wanted: Figure model (female) FOR ARTIST. \$3 hr. Steady part time work for right girl Call Jan DeRuth SO 7-7533

Young man seeks large-type gal to share a pad and pallete Roomy Comfy Apt on East 9 Street. No Rent. 473-6490

Businessman, Bachelor, in midtown wants swinging chick to help with household chores. Call CO 5-4675

High-School teacher, good-looking, NYU PhD candidate, 33, 6'1", seeks loving affection from a sweet Jewish chick If interested, call Alby, TU 2-1423

Artistic being, 20, wants soulful sensitive female to share living experiences. Dial 584-1197 mornings for inner info Literary Patron also wanted Call same if serious

JACK AND JILL . . . . met through D. A. T. E. & haven't come down yet.----- Questionnaire: 103 Park Ave. New York City

29-year young prof desires woman, 21 to 35, who wants marriage in mind, soul, and body without the benevolence and blessing of the clergy and City Hall. Dial 929-5226

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Long term employment offered to mercurial girl, cookery & babymaking oriented, dumb enough to marry me & clever enough to help make the scene. Box EL2 EVO

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Guy (24) wishes to make acquaintance of chick (21&up)-- Object: friendship and oneness Write PO Box 300, Fordham Sta., Bronx, NY 10458

Fortyish writer offers cute (mg size) well rounded 25ish chick fall vacation. Relax! Live! Write with snap if possible. Box 377 Freeport NY 11520

Spanking -- young man wishes to discuss its delights with female who views the subject with interest. Box 511, Times Square Sta., NY, NY

Editor and girl need ride to Calif., Sept-Oct. share driving & expenses. Wilcock, EVO

## BOOKS

ERLE -- Where can I get a copy of your book "YOU Can Be A Pop-Op Artist!"? --- ANDY

With this issue Wheel & Deal introduces a permanent category at an especially cheap rate. For \$1 you may take 10 words to advertise for rides anywhere in the United States. Offering a lift in your car? Or want a life in somebody else's? Advertise under RIDES in EVO's Wheel & Deal section every issue.

## WHERE IT'S AT

Sept. 13-16 International Jazz Festival. Lugano, Switzerland.

Fri. Sept. 16 "Yabusame" Games, at Tsurugooka Hachimangu Shrine, Kamakura, Japan. Contest of horseback archery recalling feudal days and samurai warriors.

Sept. 16-18 "The Golden Screw" a Play by Tom Sankey at St. Marks in the Bowery, 8:30 p.m. (free).

Sept. 16-18 Atlanta Folk Festival: details available at Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave.

Sat. Sept. 17 Mineral Collectors' "Swap, Talk, and Brag Day": Intervale, N.Y.

Sun. Sept. 18 Fiesta of the Virgin. Still possible in Albacete, Spain.

Sun. Sept. 18 East Village S & M Club: Tompkins Park Mixer. Masters wear boots; slaves bring rope and other accessories.

Mon. Sept. 19 Mark Lane on JFK assassination, Village Theatre, (tel: 982-1800).

Mon. Sept. 19 Poetry Reading: Gerard Malanga at Folklore Center, 8:30 p.m. (50 cents).

Tues. Sept. 20 Rose in the toes country dances, St. Nympho, Portugal.

Wed. Sept. 21 Exhibition: "Neon Sculpture" turns on at Pepsi-Cola Exhibition Gallery, 500 Park Av.

Wed. Sept. 21 Fall Festival of Chrysanthemums. Sterling Forest Gardens, on Rt. 210, Tuxedo, N.Y. (say Cybele sent you).

Sept. 21 Multi-media Exhibition: "THE LOWER EAST SIDE". Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave.

Thurs. Sept. 22 Today as every day, a few children will be roasted alive by U.S.-made napalm.

Fri. Sept. 23 SUN arrives at autumnal equinox 6:43 a.m. Ecco, Autumn!

Sat. Sept. 24 State Championship Jousting Tournaments (honest): Owings Mills, Md.

Sept. 24-25 U.S. Surfboard Championships: Huntington Beach Calif.

Mon. Sept. 26 Exhibition: "Systemic Painting". Shaped canvases, acrylics, and like that. Guggenheim Museum.

Sept. 26 Afro-Cuban sounds/ 8-string guitar of Rodriguez Bros. In concert at Folklore Center 321 6th Av. 8:30 p.m. (\$1.00).

Thurs. Sept. 29 Lovers and farmers, note: Harvest Moon overhead tonight.

Sept. 29 Michaelmas: celebrate at home by feasting.

Fri. Sept. 30 Concert: Ramsey Lewis Trio and Godfrey Cambridge. Philharmonic Hall, CR 4-2424.

Sept. 30 Poetry Reading: Ed Sander, Ted Berrigan. New School for Social Research, 8:10 p.m. (\$2.50).

Sept. 30 Confucian Festival: Snugglyunkwan University, Japan.

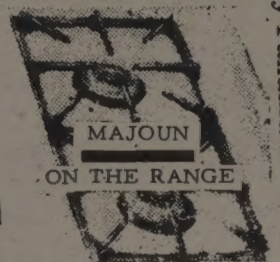
Until Sept. 30 Daphni Wine Festival: Daphni, near Athens. Yeah.



Does anybody have name and address of those firms which pay for gas if you drive cars across country for them? Write box 492, EVO

# HIGH on the RANGE

## THE COOKBOOK




by Panama Rose

Take a handful of clean grass. Place in a dry heavy iron skillet over a slow fire. Toast to golden brown, turning constantly with a knife so it doesn't burn. Pound the grass to a fine powder with a mortar and pestle. Add:

- |                              |   |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1 tsp. powdered ginger       | 1/2 cup chopped figs                    |
| 1 tsp. freshly grated nutmeg | 1 tsp. cinnamon                         |
| 1 tsp. mace                  | 1 cup finely chopped dates              |
| 1 tsp. ground anise seed     | 1/2 cup chopped raisins                 |
| 1 tsp. whole caraway seed    | 1/2 cup each ground almonds and walnuts |
| 1/2 cup honey                |   |

Mix all ingredients together with the hands. Melt 2 tbs. butter in a skillet over a low flame. Add the mixture and heat thoroughly, stirring for five minutes. Taste. If the majoun is not sweet enough, add more honey and heat again. Let cool. Mix again with the hands and add 1/4 cup orange flower water. Store in an airtight container. Eat it by the spoonful with a glass of hot mint tea.



BOB DYLAN ON COLUMBIA RECORDS 

**Blonde on Blonde**

Now, Robert:

This LP at hand (or should I say double-LP in multi-cover) contains the long-awaited further Dylan explorations in electronic dynamics and unauthorized dream activity.

Several things, and points of interest, occur to me about Dylan before getting to the actual music contained here.

One is that, unlike his fellow longhair cowboy magicians on the scene now, the only written pieces about him in fan magazines are seldom photographic and contain perhaps only a weird short blurb about some new record or other. He confines himself and interviews mostly to high-paying larger more established "national" magazines. Tho' very much like his friends, the Stones & Beatles, he does not align himself with other rock acts in large cross-country cavalcades, such as the promotions of Dick Clark or Murray the K, and as the original man in this connection did them back in the 50's: Alan Freed. Also, to make a definite description of what he is like in his attitudes: Dylan has been POET, folk-sage, hype-master, and lately, secret family man. But again, the concern here (critically) is the man's music.

In that area I've noticed that he apparently goes over his songs sometimes in many "takes" in the recording studio. One such take appears on this album -- "Pledging My Time." An entirely different one is on the flipside 45 rpm of his last single, "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35." Both share certain lyrics in common, but on this album, there is more spreading-out of lead guitar, harmonica solos and group-work. I've been told by one of Bob's musicians that his recording sessions sometimes last for 7 hours or more. Contrast this against what seem to be instant hits, frequently rushed through complexes of mixing machines and different takes strung together to get the most out of what is generally thin uncomplex material. Again, one has to remind oneself that what is being dealt with here is mostly the unlimited possi-

bilities of electronics. Perfectly valid when used in an interesting and inventive way.

An important point about Dylan, one which probably should be under the individual heading of his "GET-THE-MONEY conspiracy," is that right now to furnish someone with the complete collected works of Bob Dylan, one must not only buy his extended-play albums but must also get the single 45's.

"Visions Of Johanna" curiously put me in mind of the prose of Jack Kerouac. There is a very tenseness in its phrasing, an almost dark American-urban air about the situation in the fantasy of what the song is about. There is considerable strength here, and it comes for the most part from the unique building of chords upon chords upon words upon instrumental construction. It's an emotional experience, one of the most powerful of its type that I've heard. And I use the term "type" solely in the context of Bob Dylan's other work. Because as I stressed before, he is obviously in a class by himself. It occurred to me that this song seems to share several common grounds with his "Gates Of Eden."

"Just Like A Woman" I could envision Chevalier doing with a large string section, dipping across a stage in the company of several ten-year-olds. Or Dylan, soft-shoe and straw hat, Ted Lewis fashion, at the Taft Hotel. The possibilities of what the lyrics mean are too suggestive of obviously many rumors to go into here.

A real standout on this album, "Absolutely Sweet Marie," would make a good single 45. Now I've perhaps heard the entire album 20 times, probably more. And that first line of lyrics of "Marie" spins my head. Dig what Bob does on the approach to the first bridge. It's utter astonishment! Listen to how he almost sings through it crossing it, just allowing the thought he is saying (singing) to be flipped off the edge of the bridge. "Well your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump it." I really don't give one shift in three thousand what-is-he-saying-what

does-it-mean? It means that you're asleep at the controls if you have to ask that question.

When I played "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands," for the late poet, Frank O'Hara, he said that it had such "sweet Rimbaud Lyricism" and "Most of the stuff I hear today by young kids on radios and in poetry, most of the freedom that they seem to utilize in their work is the result of being just so young and having that natural freedom of movement and unencumbered mind. But that Dylan really reminds me of Auden, when he was younger. In the sense of being a 'public poet.'" O'Hara also said that he was surprised at how much he liked Dylan's songs and that yes, he did think of him as a poet. Even if the work was in the form of song it was essentially presented as poem.

Also, on "Sad Eyed Lady" Dylan seems to have a much fuller grasp of the continuation of the same constant mood and tone of such a long work, keeping it all in the much more professionally polished musical area than his equally as long "Desolation Row."

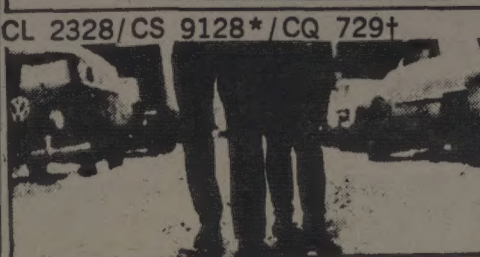
The only song in this album that I find to be a constant letdown of a sort is "4th Time Around." It doesn't seem to allow for any variational changes in tempo or music slumbering along with thought. It's uninteresting, uncommonly so for Dylan, and uneventfully one-level in a consciousness that has far and away "proved" itself to be almost without peer for inventiveness, imagination, and perception.

So what it all comes down to (or actually began with) is that this album is one further step for Bob Dylan. He who stands totally apart and completely alone from anything that has ever been happening or has happened in American Music. A completely personal style thrust through further explorations, excursions, and new connections of consciousness and multi-namesake of spirit.

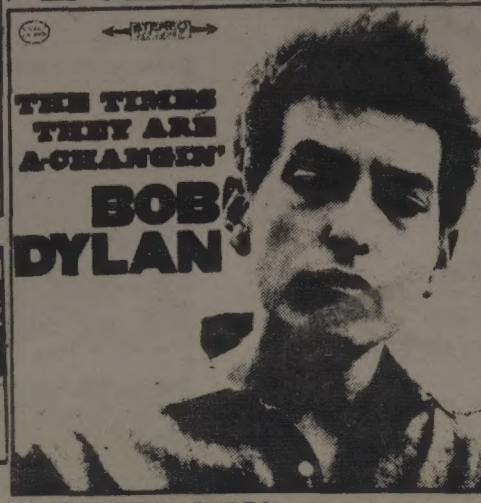
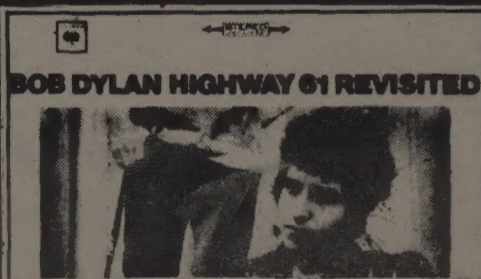
Jim Brodey



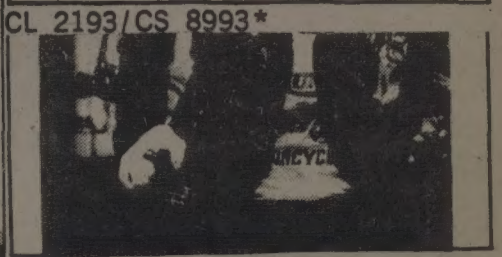
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\*Stereo †Tape