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JULY 1-15

SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS POLITICAL CLUB AND BAND



There is a new criminal class being manufactured in the United States today; one of life style rather than conduct. They are the "hippies" and the best example of what is going down in this country. by Katzman E. Bowart

Labor unions struggled and fought in the leftist thirties for more pay and shorter hours and got them, eventually deteriorating into gangsterism. Today, in the face of advanced technology, the workers are obsolete, the fight, because

of automation, is now for meaningful work-time which brings us back to the eternal answer—art.

Because of and during the linear industrial revolution (the last environment), the genetic pool on the side of the workers

had increased and the pool on the side of artists had decreased; consequently today we have a large resource of people without manual dexterity and/or aesthetic conditioning being offered a role in a society which has left only the meaning-

Continued on Page 4

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FLAGMATIC

Dear EVO,

If destroying or mutilating the flag qua national emblem is a crime, then it must also be a crime to destroy a symbol of the flag. Using the logic of the anti-desecration law, it would be a crime to burn a sheet of blank paper while chanting, "This is the flag of my country." Is not one arbitrary symbol as valid as the next?

Where is the line drawn? Where along the conveyor belt in a flag factory does the material become a flag subject to the anti-desecration law? Is a rejected piece of work (e.g., a flag with uneven stripes or badly spaced stars) a genuine flag? Who judges the end results and christens them flags? WHEN IS A FLAG A FLAG?

Flag-burning is a nitwit pastime as far as I'm concerned. Any unimaginative dolt can mutilate a flag. And what does it do, aside from getting the mutilator busted? Not a goddamned thing! Sure, I know, it shows everyone how "aware" the mutilator is, how "involved" he is with the scene, etc. ad nauseum. Mutilating the flag is in fact a cop-out, like belting a waitress with the menu to protest the cook's lousy gravy. Or punching the ticket lady because you didn't enjoy the movie.

Still, why put some cat in jail because he can't channel his anger more constructively? Ironically, the authorities are more concerned over flag mutilations than they are over the causes that drive people to burn themselves in protest! Apparently, it's more patriotic to idolize the national emblem than to investigate the national frame of mind. I, for one, would rather see some cat vent his frustrations on a flag than bottle himself up and suddenly go berserk and kill someone. It's happened before.

How far will the anti-desecration law ramify? With a few clever additions to the present set-up, a whole new source of national revenue could be established: 1) create mass guilt by investigating those citizens who do not own flags; 2) when people begin buying flags, invoke a law that would make a flag-buying-permit mandatory--at five bucks and a yearly renewal fee! 3) pass a law forbidding the display of flags not in "proper" condition. This would, of course, entail annual inspection--for a fee! 4) establish flag graveyards for the official destruction of senile flags--for a fee! This could be bolstered by making the burial process so complex that the average citizen would gladly fork-over the money, rather than attempt to learn the ceremony himself. Licenses could be issued to ultra-patriots who choose to become flag morticians. 5) initiate the concept of youthful flag guards, youngsters trained to be ever-watchful of their friends and parents, and to report anyone who even looks like he's thinking badly of the flag. A merit system, based on the number of convictions, could be devised, thereby encouraging alertness in the mini-patriots.

Don't kid yourself into thinking that the foregoing is simply an Orwellian fantasy. Having lost contact with the meat of life, many Americans are hungry for the starchy fillers of status symbols and prestige. And it's a known fact that our politicians are steeped in the stratagems of Madison Avenue to the point where they openly admit it...and the public gobbles up every bit of the sham! It wouldn't take much for some scheming bastard to turn the country into a flock of flag-crazy lunatics--a few well-chosen campaign lines, a nice pasty-faced grin, and maybe even a touch of the erotic (Connie Francis in star-spangled pasties)...and the image-hungry Common Man would have a whole new kick.

L. B. Delpino

SURVIVAL ROW

Dear EVO,

I'm glad to see the re-printed article on "Living on the Street," now before the large numbers of hippies arrive, couldn't you print some good guides to living or rather principally eating on very little per day? Till our second baby arrived I could feed three on about \$15 per week, and hippies for less than \$1 a day could provide themselves with the basic food needs. It's summer so you don't need much. Oatmeal, if taken with a sprinkling of salt is a real meal and you can get about 20 portions from the 27¢ size box. Take it as the Scots do by having a small amount of milk separately and dip your spoonful of porridge into the milk. Give up sodas--30¢ will buy six eggs. One quick meal with no cooking is --yolk of one or two eggs beaten or shaken to a slight froth, add more or less milk, a little sugar to taste, a drop or two of vanilla essence for extra taste (substitute a capful of whiskey and warmed milk in the evening, if tense or tired.) This is the prime salvation recipe. Never buy the jumbo economy size of anything, especially foods, unless you can be absolutely sure you use every part of it as carefully as if it were the smallest amount. Buy oranges instead of orange juice. You don't need a whole orange to keep scurvy away. Try to give up coffee especially by the cup in stores. If you must, take tea. One tea bag will make three portions of tea if dropped into the requisite amount of water immediately after it has boiled and been turned off. Let it infuse a little longer than in the by-the-cup method, that's all. Give up bacon unless you're really flush--it sizzles away the best part of what you paid for it. But if you do have bacon save the fat and fry it if you can stomach bread fried in a little bacon fat. It's good but an acquired taste. Don't buy sliced white bread. Try to buy whole wheat unsliced bread from real

bakeries. Wrap in a cloth and it will keep moist and nourishing for 4-5 days on bottom shelf of ice-box. You need a sharp knife to cut it though.

P.S. One large can beans taken with small meat balls (1 1/2 lbs. ground meat) and bread will feed six.

Pause a few minutes before eating, then eat slowly. The less food you have, the slower you must eat. Mashed potatoes and one box 57¢ frozen fish, fried, will provide small portions for six also. Cost-about 70¢.

Raw cabbage with or without mayonaise (diluted with milk) tastes like radishes. Slice thinly across (with your bread knife) soak for a while in salt water, drain and mix with a little dilute mayonaise. Very good. Remember, N.Y. water is blessedly soft. Most dirt will soak out overnight in cold water. If necessary, finish with a small amount of detergent and warm water. Dry in the sun--this kills germs better than anything.

I'm just writing on impulse--children and husband ill with mumps and the roaches are attacking. I'll probably not have this spare time again for weeks. You don't need to do anything more with this than use it to tempt a real food and cost expert to write the definitive thing. By the way, the term West Village first became general when the city decided to raise 14 blocks West of Hudson Street and replace with a high rise project. Those of us who survived the year-long battle and still live in what they termed a slum feel that the corrupt "Village" you talk about should be more correctly defined as the Middle and South Village. That great line was way back in 1961-62. Come over and see the real W. Village.

P.P.S. Found another bit of bumf, so might as well add, on the laundry thing if you must spend 25-30 cents for a laundermat and 20 more for two takes of the dryer, do as many clothes as possible that have been pre-soaked partly clean. This saves on detergent, and don't fall for those 10¢ boxes they sell. Buy your own and pass it on. Sheets and towels if you have such luxuries can be soaked clean overnight in one or two changes of cold NY water (bath tub is best.) Add small amount Arm & Hammer baking soda if you like. Dry in the sun. They smell fresh and will be clean and this saves valuable space in your laundry load. Somewhere I have the British Museum Natural History Division pamphlet on the natural history of the cockroach. Mostly very scientific but one very important page on how one room in a heavily infested building in Limehouse was cleaned up of roaches by an easy method of painting a grid over all walls with some invisible killer liquid. Really will look for it and send it to you. The mixture was named by its chemical name, not a proprietary brand, and could probably be ordered cheaply in bulk the same way here.

Cheap filling meal for 4-6: 1 can Argentinian corned beef (about 60¢), potatoes boiled and cut up, not necessarily mashed. Bash up the block of corned beef and spread over metal plate or inverted saucepan lid. Heat over boiling potatoes. Cover with another saucepan lid. Mix together and eat with salt; cut up one tomato--everyone will get at least one slice for extra kicks. This also may be an acquired taste, but it's good and nourishing. Much cheaper than buying hash in a can.

Desserts are expensive, and don't return in food value what they cost. But try this: slice of whole wheat bread, grate on one half chocolate bar (use a knife blade if nothing else to hand) and sprinkle with few drops lemon juice. Fold over one slice of bread and eat. Peanut butter very nutritious and you can get huge jar of it. This is the one food I recommend buying in large amounts. Drink water between meals only when short of food.

Lionel H. Mitchell did not all by himself substitute "love" for "charity" in the passage from I Corinthians. It is in the Revised Version to the King James Bible, widely used for many years.

Yours sincerely,
Michal Dennis
82 Horatio

More letters on page 16.



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WELCOME

Dear EVO,

Recent mass influx of hippie groups to New York's East Side Tompkins Square area has captured the headlines.

To date, much of the publicity favors this unique assortment of funmakers rather than the police, who saw fit to stage the opening spectacle with their clubs instead of the traditional red carpet.

Calmer heads have since prevailed and the present indications are that enough liberal sentiment exists in the neighborhood to provide the understanding and tolerance that is essential to our way of life.

Long recognized as the melting pot for the millions who came to our shores, how can we now promote hostility against any segment of our population that desires to explore the phenomena of "happiness and contentment" through new approaches.

Our new arrivals bring with them a philosophy that goes beyond the non-conformist goal. They aim to break the traditional shell of restriction in our social structure and open up new horizons. They consign all barriers that obstruct free expression and enjoyment, to the scrap heap of medievalism. They emphatically reject the drab existence that stems from blind acceptance of the "status quo."

No one in his right mind believes that their presence will create an increase in crime, or fan the flames of racial tension that unfortunately still exist here in New York's Lower East Side.

As an old resident in the area, who welcomes a change in our drab surroundings, their presence in our midst leaves me no "ax to grind." Let us accept these newcomers as an integral part of the community and wish them well. We have had our day. Now it is their turn.

A Resident for thirty years of N.Y. East Side,
John Hunt
430 East 11th Street
Apt. 2

(Mr. Hunt is 76 years old. His family settled in America about 1688.)

GANDHI EXPOSED

Dear EVO,

Your chronicle of events leading up to the Memorial Day massacre in Tompkins Square Park was historically illuminating. Your call to move inconspicuously is sound. Perhaps flower people are entering a period of nomadic uncertainty.

You could have expanded the exploitation and brutalization of beats, hippies etc., to a global scale. The colonial pattern: Divide and dominate. Pit tribe against tribe in Africa; island against island in the Caribbean; Moslem against Hindu in India, against Jew in the Mid-East; antagonize Puerto Rican, Hippie, Negro, white against one another now and cash in on the spilled lood and hatred in the Lower East Side. You're right, Katz, don't get caught up in that war game.

You're angry, understandably so. But I'm afraid your anger is fastering. You put down the park attendant who lodged the noise complaint: "one urinal cleaner." Why stoop so low, why adopt the values you say you refuse to accept? Gandhi cleaned toilets but not those of the untouchables--theirs were clean!

But the anger, how to discharge it spontaneously neither pretending you don't feel it nor displacing it on an innocent park attendant? (You owe him an apology.) I think you have part of the answer: Being less conspicuous. It is premature to emerge from underground onto violent concrete. We must reacquire ourselves with the love of woods and farm life. Reality is not despair but a source of direction.

Peace
Anthony Rullo

ARABIAN FANTASIA

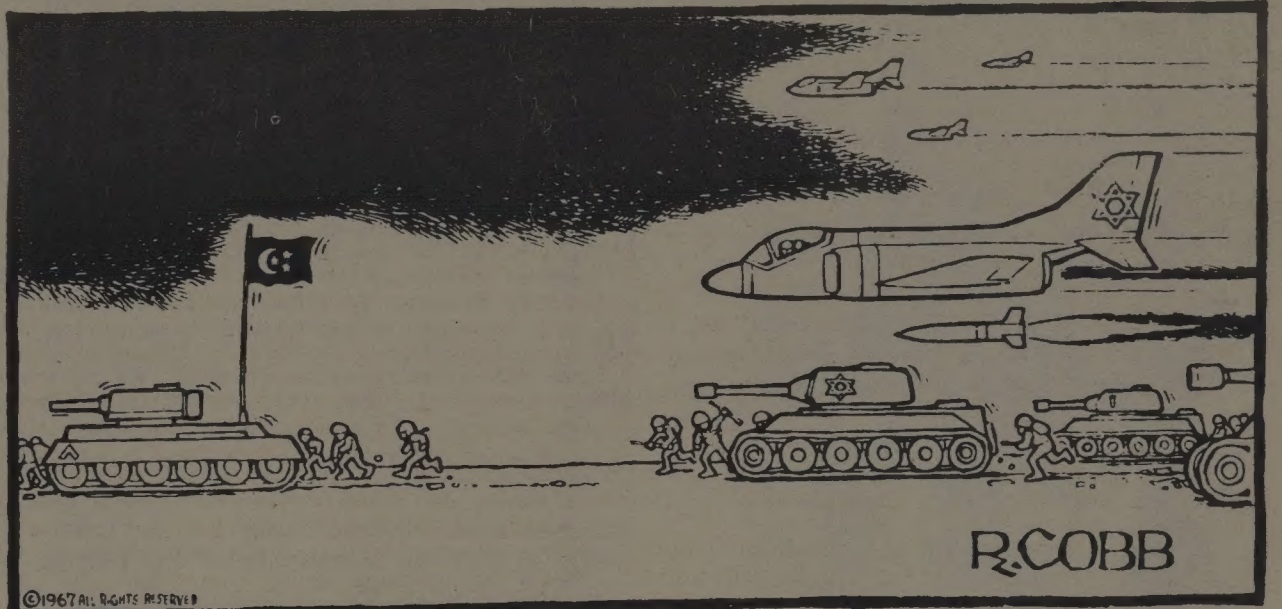
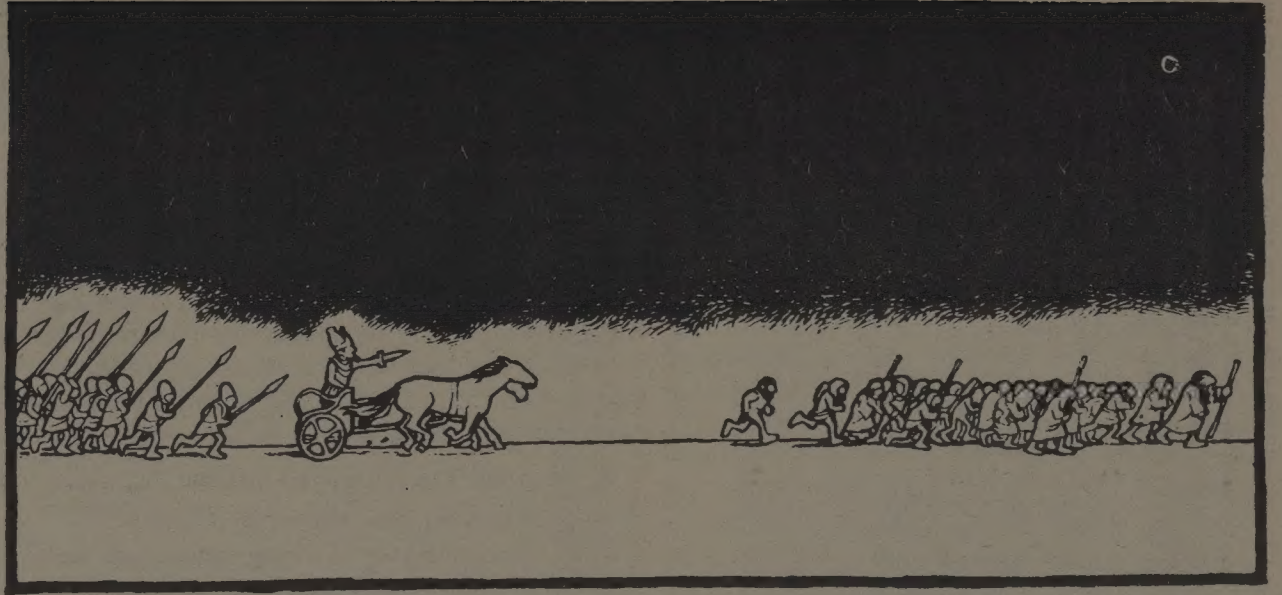
by Jaakov Kohn

Rudolph Valentino was the glorified super image it projected. The silent movies image of the swarthy, proud, white Jalaba-swathed sheik of the desert was a misunderstood version of it. Innumerable disasters resulted from it. FANTASIA—one of the favorite passtimes of the Middle East. At every possible occasion, festive or sad, it is natural for every rifle and pistol carrying Arab to reach for his weapon and discharge it wildly into the sky. At times this heavenly shoot-in reaps it's earthly victims. Often these seemingly childish excesses of celestial target practice result in bloody family feuds that sometimes last for years. Before they are settled (usually by cash) they claim hundreds of victims either shot or cut up—on special occasions both. What starts as an innocent manifestation of Arab manhood, more often than not, ends up as a catastrophe hardly dreamed of in that euphoric moment when the finger at first pulled that Fantasia trigger. Ouallah. Somehow it wouldn't have become Rudolph Valentino to be literally cut to pieces. One dreamy legend disembowled.

It is only logical—even in the basically illogical Levant—that this game has become an indispensable lade in the slushbucket of Pan Arabic politics. From time immemorial, the jealousies and vendettas among the many slushers of this muddy brew have resulted in catastrophies heavily borne by the ever accumulating burned out bottom of that slushbucket—the Arab people. Nowhere in the world, with the possible exception of South Vietnam, is the political screen so frequently punctured by coups and couter coups, so frequently punctured by coups and counter coups. The bloodletting this involves is exceeded by none. Three of the four men that ruled Iraq during the past ten years have been butchered and their cutup remains left for days in the main square of Bagdad to become the depository of the saliva and mucous of their former loyal subjects. The fourth vanished in a highly suspicious air crash and was promptly succeeded by his own brother. Assassinations—primarily politically motivated come a Dinar a dozen. It is all strictly slushbucket politics—no matter how one looks at it. All other impressions not withstanding, the total scene isn't really that insane. There has been for the past twenty years one redeeming factor. One, and only one, issue the combined Arab leadership has found itself agreed upon—ISRAEL. Or rather the wishful hallucination of the "annihilation of that foreign substance in the body of the Arab nation (another spaced out imagery)—AL YAHUD in Phalasteen (the Jew in Palestine). Logical indeed. In almost regular cycles, the pitch of the highly effective Arab propaganda machinery accelerates to an unbearable tempo, feuds and rivalries are temporarily forgotten, mortal enemies, who just yesterday openly courted each other's assassinations to the tune of the vilest diatribic onsloughts, will embrace amidst accolades of brotherhood and unity and outdo each other in their vilifications of Israel. It has become so completely woven into the fabric of Arab reality that it is doubtful if it will ever be completely erased from the mind of the common Arab, irrespective of his national, social or economic background. A basically groovy human being primarily motivated by a hereditary high pitch of his emotions and largely over-shadowed by a strong streak of masochism, a natural by product of his arid environment. The poverty, hunger and disease resulting from centuries of serfdom and exploitation find an ideal outlet for their perennial frustration in the pathological hatred of Israel. To them Israel is presented as the heir of the colonialist, whose iron hand ruled the Middle East for centuries. To the man, whose life expectancy does not exceed forty and whose children walk around unperturbed by clusters of flies sucking away at the puss of their eyes, nothing comes easier than hate. Until now the Arab leaders have been hip enough to be able to divert this hatred from its real target—their own society. Allah, in his kindness and wisdom has provided ISRAEL. Thank Allah.

The most recent fiasco the Arab leadership has let itself into has again been the natural outcome of such a set of circumstances. Ever since he threw out the decadent and corrupt monarchy of King Farouk, the presence of Gamal Abdel Nasser has cast an overbearing shadow on the Middle East. In spite of a series of humiliating disasters (Sinai 1956, the dissolution of the Union with Syria and the most recent debacle in Yemen, where for the past two years 40,000 Egyptian troops have not been able to subdue the Yemeni Royalists, the most primitive of all Arabs) the charisma of Nasser has been the focal point of that legendary nonreality—PAN ARABISM.

With rare aplomb and nerve the defeats were cast aside, a tight alliance with RUSSIA established and adulation of this tan eminence reached unprecedented peaks. For a while it seemed as if the status quo would sustain itself—the coups and mini coups that occurred were taken as part of the normal Mid Eastern pattern of events and thus nobody got particularly excited when Syria fell into the hands of the left wing of the BAATH party. The leadership that emerged was provincial and unsophisticated even by Arab standards. The new Head of State was Dr. Nu reddin el Attassi, a provincial doctor from eastern Syria who never ventured beyond his village,



let alone Damascus. No sooner was their power established than this clique of super nationalists embarked on an intense anti-Israeli campaign of terrorism accompanied by an unrelenting daunting of Nasser, whom they accused of hiding behind the UN apron. Wow, suddenly Nasser began to lose ground. All the above calamities, the stubborn perseverance of his eternal enemies—"Dog King Hussein of Jordan and that "Hyena of the Oilfields" Faisal of Saudi Arabia and now the leftwing pipsqueeks shooting their mouths off in Damascus, proved almost too much to bear.

Sticking to the time-proved formula, Holy War against Israel seemed to be the most logical way out of the up tight spot Nasser suddenly found himself in. What followed is well known. With one swoop the fragments of the puzzle fell into place. Bravura, bluff and demagoguery did their thing. Attention was gained and, for a while at least, momentum achieved. Almost Brinkmanship Virtuosity. Almost.

For the past three weeks we have been deluged with statistics and figures that again and again defy the course of events that transpired. Israel was clearly outnumbered by more than two to one in just about everything. Manpower, weaponry, everything. The analysts have analyzed, the strategists showed their secret hands and the historians drew their historical parallels, but nobody has really been able as yet to account fully for it all. The legends of the victors are glorified to such a point that Representative Hayes of Ohio even suggested that the United States should trade some fantastic number of Superjets for the services of General Moshe Dayan in Vietnam because "whatever that one-eyed General has, we need it."

In past conflicts in the Middle East the adversaries have been left to their own devices in working out eventual solutions. In spite of the usual maneuvering and the excessive verbal diarrhea dispensed at the UN, the time seems ripe to address oneself to the crux of the problem—the reality of Arab Israeli coexistence.

This is a fact that both sides have to come to terms with. There has been endless discussion of the idiotic refusal of the Arabs to acknowledge the

legality and reality of Israel. No need to elaborate. What has not been clarified is the paranoid Israeli hangup about the Arabs. Although the standard of living of the Israeli Arabs is higher, and their life expectancy longer than anywhere in the Arab world, the Israeli establishment has not rid itself of suspicion and distrust of their Arab citizens left over from 2000 years of the Diaspora. The average Israeli Arab is still tightly controlled and limited and thus is denied many basic civil liberties guaranteed him by the Israeli constitution. There is no excuse for such inequity. The UN, in spite of its intense preoccupation with Mid-East affairs, has done little or nothing about this. The time has come for Israel to deal with this problem in a realistic manner, especially in view of the most recent addition of almost a quarter of a million Arabs to it's population.

The inevitable demise of the Eshkol government will most probably be followed by the advent of Moshe Dayan as Prime Minister. This would give Israel her first Israeli born leader. The Sabra is a native of the Middle East. To him the European past is not more than a horror legend to which he relates not much easier than the indigenous Arab. Perhaps when the burdensome past is shed, the resulting atmosphere accomodating peaceful confrontation between Arabs and Israelis will be cleared enough of the past hangups and prejudices to enable the realization of what seems to be the only solution of the Middle EAST-ARAB-ISRAELI Coexistence. There is no reason why this cannot be accomplished in our time. Perhaps then, at long last, peace will be restored to this lovely hash smoking region. It will be well deserved by everybody.

Jaakov Kohn, like most teenagers in Palestine joined the HAGANAH in 1943. In active underground work since the summer of 1947, when due to a lack of weapons, British persecution and Arab hostility each bullet shot had to be accounted for personally. At that time future Israeli generals such as Moshe Dayan and Yigal Alon, were to be seen in shorts and sandals with a hand grenade strapped to their body, inconspicuously munching corn on the cob on an innocent stroll



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...WE HOPE THAT

Lovely Rita, Meter Maid-

ful work of art. Sociologists seem to think that the current war development is God's answer to the depletion of the now superfluous worker class. This line of thinking entirely rules out redemption.

The Psychedelics know about redemption. Rebirth, karma alignment and faith are major premises during ego loss.

...SHE'S LEAVING HOME...

Danger fosters the rescuing power.

You know there is hope when you see the establishment completely uptight about the "hippies" and resorting to police tactics and thinking of internment camps. Soon the public will know.

Two thousand years ago some beatified rejects from the predominant tribe ran around the Mediterranean preaching love. For this they were persecuted and one of their leaders was hung on a cross by the Romans who thought they were a threat. History proved that indeed they were a threat to the Roman way of life which had become selfish and obsolete since a mythic (psychic) change had occurred in the collective unconscious. It proved that the Christians had the artistic vision to assimilate their mythic changes in the world's psyche and eventually marry the remnants of the Roman life. Eventually the mentality of greed which was the motivating force behind the Roman Empire took hold again and the "Christian revolution" was ruined—the Church became a land owner.

At a recent Underground Press meeting which EVO attended in April, the "hippies," (correlation of the early christians) sat around in a circle and spoke in turn, arbitrarily. No procedure was followed. Some spoke articulately, others stupidly and irreverently. Eventually the most articulate and intelligent were heard and evolved as natural leaders rising to meet the occasion. After the particular event had been dealt with they sank back to enrich the mass, so to speak...not consolidating power or looking to secure a selfish personal control over the group.

The difference between this "psychedelic" organic approach and the leftist/materialist concept is clear. Both left and capitalist groups see society organized in a linear class structure hanging over from the Feudal concept. The left is trying to deal with it by emphasizing the "worker class" and dissembling, as much as possible, all class structure. The capitalist recognizes the class structure as a vertical thing with the rich at the top and the poor at the bottom. At best the left sees class structured as a horizontal phenomenon with peoples of different aptitudes and interest and abilities working side by side—on an equal basis—as one group mass.

Only the psychedelic "politics" realizes the truth of class as genetic. They have experimented with total freedom of choice and found that genetic heritage, the gifts of the genetic pool, make for different roles where fluidity, predicated by the individual's ability in a certain area, is more or less dependent on his karma.

This new "body politique" is nowhere better expressed than in the present "hippie" phenomenon. They have dropped out of an obsolete society to find other alternatives. It is no longer a time of storming the barricades but of leaving them.

For in reality, "Hippies are what hippies do," "lost bourgeois" who have taken up the highest ideal of the middle class—leisure time—and who wage the cool war. They are practicing what the government has already the money, the means, but

not the desire, will power, or organization to carry out; a society based on the needs of the soul (creative time) and not of the flesh (work time) where machines (and not men) regulated by technicians turn out enough food, shelter and clothing for an entire nation, perhaps, in all probability, the world.

If this solution seems utopian, one must remember that we still hold onto an age (environment), although obsolete, where we will fight to the death to keep what we have and that means using the ultimate weapon. From this point of view, as Dr. Shane Mage sees it, "Today we can be relevant only if we are utopian." Looking at it from this perspective one is faced with the ultimate task of changing society from top to bottom: psychically, mythically and economically. How to bridge the gap from possession to non-possession, to insure that our new environment doesn't institutionalize and start the process of destruction over again, is a moot problem. But if we do not solve it humanity as we know it can no longer endure.

If then there is to be a change in man's condition through his mind and environment, the approaches must be threefold; 1) Drugs, psychedelics, 2) Mass Media, Mass Communication, Education, 3) Cybernetics, Automation.

...I GET HIGH

WITH A LITTLE HELP
FROM MY FRIENDS...

The best example of psychedelics in action can be found in the Haight Ashbury district of San Francisco. Psychedelics, especially LSD, has spawned a generation of people readily aware of conditioned reflexes to their socio-economic and political past and present. This experiment in life style is not a controlled one and too often drugs limiting this awareness tend to corrupt and stagnate the possibilities that the "hippies" are experimenting with in Haight.

Many new relationships in living have occurred in Haight like the one described previously which took place at the Underground Press meeting. Another are the Diggers, anarchistic, communistic, who repudiate the present order by giving out free food, shelter, clothing and acid. They now have three farms outside the Haight district, growing and supplying food to the rest of the "hippie" community. And they do this without any reference to money or production of goods and services or without intent of sapping allegiance from the people they serve.

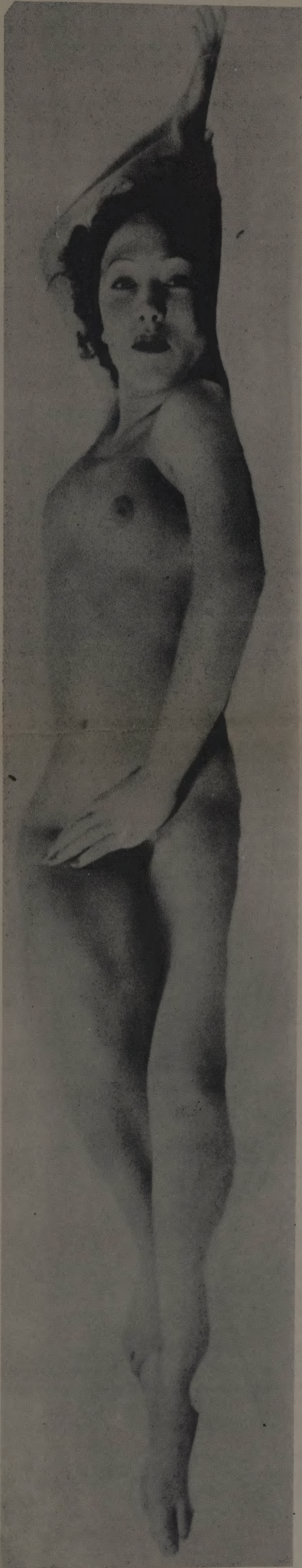
If the use of psychedelics shows us anything from this uncontrolled experiment in life style, it is the possibility that LSD can break old habits, especially the "possession syndrome" left over from the old environment and ideologies, and integrate them into a supra-political situation where people recognize allegiance to a power higher than their own or Caesar's and not one of improving their own position of personal power:

In Czechoslovakia there was a lot of experimenting by Dr. J. Roubicek, who came to the conclusion that LSD inhibits conditioned reaction. This is very important in the Marxian, Pavlovian society, because what that means is that you have a way of wiping out brain-washing conditioned reactions.

—thoughtfood excerpted from "What Allen Ginsberg Said to Dr. Fox"; INNER SPACE #3

A pilot study recently completed on the effects of continual psychedelic use on the social response and politics of ten people are extremely interesting in this context. I quote the results from the magazine of the psychedelic revolution, "New York Provo":

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YOU ENJOY THE SHOW...

The new politics of the ten continual users studied, more than anything else, represented their reaction to their place in the American "Game." Three of the subjects were struggling against low socio-economic background and concomitant and educational drawbacks. They quit. Their politics represent, in spite of leftist sentiments, simple communistic anarchism, akin to the attitudes of the Diggers. Three others, of upper middle class background, were potential winners; they stayed somewhere in the middle class. Theirs are the politics of psychedelic non-involvement, to varying degrees. For two subjects with upper middle class backgrounds and extensive college, descent into the impoverished petit bourgeois came when genuine artistic activity supplanted regular occupation. One started as a rightist, the other as a leftist; both are now strictly Learyite in their commitment to non-involvement, their belief in LSD as a social panacea. For the two who in addition to upper middle class and college background had histories of Marxist activism, membership in the impoverished petit bourgeois intelligentsia is a badge of their place in the psychedelic revolution.

Illegality of psychedelics compounded the user's alienation. They tended to re-interpret the world in terms of their own experience, past and present; mass media and authority receded from their former pre-eminence as determinants. But however much alienation from capitalist society their political views expressed, in each case the user respected his socio-economic and political past and present. However modified by the psychedelic experience, socio-economic determinism still operates.

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS...

What the political future of psychedelics can be is best summed up again from "New York Provo":

The frequent use of psychedelics is spreading, and it seems to aggravate the continual user's alienation from both traditional institutional authority and the mass media. Continual use seems to evoke a stronger, more concrete, and simultaneously more individual ideological response to the user's notion of society. But this means that common use of psychedelics is no guarantee of a unified psychedelic movement, or of its eventual success. The movement's efforts are its own. If conditions create revolutions, men make them.

At the same time, there are social conditions, aside from those treated in the study, that make up the context the movement presently faces. The user in the middle and upper classes, for instance, must deal with a characteristic, rigid social response: the prevalent norms of possession and control, massively re-enforced by the violence and alienation of capitalist society. In the middle and upper classes, the need to control and to be controlled, to possess or be possessed, is obsessional. This cultural fascination with control arises partially to insure restriction of bourgeois behavior to the routine, linear role-playing that maintains capitalist institutions. Beyond this, the individual who craves rigid control when he interacts with others, who approaches his environment bent on possessing, thereby displays a history of relative punishment and starvation. Rigid adherence to norms of possession and control indicates a past life full of fear, emotional violence, and punishment, a childhood spent being controlled and possessed rather than loved. A child internalizes his familial figures; generations serve only to re-enforce control and possession.

The psychedelic experience alters this normative status totally. Expanded awareness stimulates a massive conditioned response to the user's set and setting that defies restriction of any kind. Repression, the psyche's strongest control-response, tends to disappear. But norms of possession and control complement repression. As repressed memories return, painfully immediate in awareness, the user's norms of possession and control are brought into conflict, and transformed. His eventual social reaction, depending on his background, will range from Learyite detachment to various political tendencies. In any case, the psychedelic experience gives clues to the limits of the ego: to possess is to commit yourself to the thing as you fasten it to yourself; to control is to fasten yourself to violence to maintain control, in fear that it will be broken. Hence, psychedelics threaten the violent norms that re-enforce this society.

...I GET BY WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS...

The problem of stepping out from a drug-oriented atmosphere into mass media is the next level of karma that the "hippies" have broached.

The fact that they have been much maligned as well as praised in the media has in any case left them open to manipulation from an outside force. They are combating this manipulation in three distinct areas, mostly primitive, some with a degree of sophistication.

A letter we recently received from the San Francisco Oracle demonstrates a method, though primitive, in breaking this response:

My researches in television, triggered by Mr. McLuhan's researches, lead me to believe that television may be useful as a meditational tool and possibly as a meditational medium based on the analogy of sun yoga. The problem which presents itself immediately is the surplus of content transmitted by the "TV industry." By eliminating the content transmitted by the "industry" one can see the essentially stroboscopic nature of television, and familiar mandalic patterns, are colored and formed by the retina of the eye in response to this stroboscopic light. That trance states can be induced by television is well known by the effects on epileptic inclined individuals when they get too close to their sets. Whether or not there can exist any feedback of mental impulses through the open channels of your TV sets is yet a moot point.

Communication is faulty communion. Communion is the form toward which we strive. Perfect communion is communication without the intermediary of the world of forms—without formal analogs. Telepathy is communion in a primitive form or mode. Telepathy is becoming common.

In concrete terms: In a darkened room, turn on your TV set. Find a full channel. Adjust the brightness control all the way to bright (to the right). Adjust the contrast control to minimum contrast (to the left). Adjust the vertical hold and vertical linearity controls all the way to the left or right. Tune the channel selector to an empty channel. Re-adjust for maximum brightness as necessary—maximum retinal color results from maximum bombardment of the retina. Concentrate on sending your meditations out from your ashram to mine. Thank you. "We now return control of your TV set to you."

Remember that this is TV - TV is one of the essentially invisible forms—the color and shapes that you see in it are actually produced in your eye. In the future, there will doubtless be many more invisible forms with which to cope. Learn now.

...WITHIN YOU- WITHOUT YOU..

The Provos (provocateur), a branch of the "hippie" phenomenon," and a word recently inundated in the minds and consciousness of people by the mass media, has its own way of handling media manipulation.

Provo, it must be remembered, is less of a political party than a theatrical demonstration. They use the street as their stage and their activity is an end in itself. They prick the bubble of our old environment and values through game play. Once the game is finished, another begins. Nothing is held onto and catharsis is realized through the pseudo-event which makes fun and absurdity of the real one.

The "Smoke-In," an event recently held in L.A. by the Hollywood Provos, demonstrates the futility of ever enforcing the marijuana laws. Under the guise of a fog machine on Hollywood & Vine, Provos smoked marijuana along with a lot of other pseudo highs, bananas, oregano, catnip, while the police were powerless to arrest the law breakers. The best they could do was to arrest a 14 year old girl for dancing in the streets.

Other demonstrations, which were attacks on other aspects of society, were equally successful in baffling the police and the establishment.

The Provos is Amsterdam, where the movement originally began, became so successful that they were able to be elected to the City Council.

Recently they had to disband as a movement in Amsterdam with the head of the Provos giving up his position to become an actor; a kind of Ronald Reagan in reverse. The reason they gave for disbanding was "they had become too institutionalized, with offices and hired help, and that the decision would be in keeping with their original purpose. It's all a game and why possess it if it means the death of us all."

Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band.

The most sophisticated method of the "hippies" and yet the least viable can be found in the newly formed Underground Press Syndicate. U.P.S. has almost fifty newspapers with a readership of close to a million. They speak essentially to their own people but they provide a platform to counteract the establishment's control and unify a group of people who long

before this phenomenon thought they were crazy. The problems that they face are more deadly than the problems the Provos recently faced in Amsterdam, just because their approach is more sophisticated and therefore more subtle. The problem of becoming an institution possessing collective power as a minority, before utopia can be accomplished, can only be solved by our advanced technology, electronic & otherwise (drug). At best the "hippies" are pointing to that solution without the ability to initiate it. As Jacques Ellul points out in his brilliant book "The Technological Society," "There are no more political solutions only technological ones. The rest is propaganda." And so with "hippies," what they say and do, at best, is only propaganda and a stalling action. They do point to a solution but that solution can only be solved technologically.

LOVELY RITA METER MAID

If the problems of changing the values and ecology of an old environment through drugs, media and advance technology are to be met head on, a new educational system will have to be initiated. Such an experiment has already begun with astounding results.

Dr. Sheridan Speeth, of the Avionics Department at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, has been experimenting with "autotelic toys and environment." Autotelic toys are self teaching toys. His results with a group of young children from a lower socio-economic group and similar intelligence quota have been fantastic to say the least. Dr. Speeth's conclusions are basic to his premise:

If the stereotyping of responses and the suppression of novelty in the use of material are to be avoided, information should be taught with only so large a level of motivation as needed to maintain relevant activity. Both monkeys and men are motivated by curiosity and show continued activity as long as they have an effect on the surroundings. This is called playing or research in different contexts. It has been shown that by making an irrelevant reward contingent on performing some action which had previously been performed "for fun" one destroys its intrinsic ability to motivate. This suggests that the "educational" toys is preferable to the irrelevant social rewards of the schoolroom as a support for the early learning process. There are deleterious effects produced by doing the right thing for the wrong reason.

—"Toys That Teach" by Dr. Sheridan Speeth

In other words an autotelic toy and environment does not interfere with a child's learning but even makes him more curious which is its own optimum motivation.

Dr. Speeth also sees autotelic toys in relationship to older people as a basis to a new creative time-spent by adults when their work-time jobs are taken over by automation and also as a deterrent to avoid a lack of qualified people in the engineering field.

Given these results one wonders why the government hasn't picked up on it yet. The reason is fairly simple. Dr. Speeth had initiated the program, through government help, for the Haryou Act Poverty program. It was turned down not because it was too expensive or impossible to put into operation, on the contrary, it was dropped by the government like a hot potato because teachers and the present teaching system (another bureaucracy) would have been put out of work and made completely obsolete, not that they aren't already.

Here we have a simple case of "economic determinism" which could be reduced to the simple observation that the transactions of any social group—regardless of particular form or content—are largely transactions about the allocation of work and the resulting goods and services. Norms like possession and control, insti-

MURDER IN BERLIN



Benno Ohnesorg, Anti-Shah Demonstrator, Lying Dead in the Streets of Berlin.

The recent rioting in Berlin which led to the death of one student and the injury of twenty-four others should serve as a model for all times. First of all, to protesters everywhere, as a model of how not to hold a protest, and then (even more emphatically) as a model to police and other authorities on how not to deal with a protest once it is there. The damage done to students and police alike has yet to be fully measured, and the degree of insensitivity these riots revealed in local government and press circles is almost beyond belief.

The protest demonstrations were carried out against the state visit of the Shah of Iran to Berlin, and the choice of this particular cause may have been one of the first mistakes. Most Berliners (and even most students) could not, whether rightly or wrongly, have cared less about the Shah, so that when things began to go wrong the students found it necessary not only to justify their case against the police (which was obvious) but their position against the Shah, which was not. None of this is to deny that the Shah runs his country like a medieval tyrant, but it does cast doubt on whether German students should have chosen to risk the slender framework of German democracy in an unpopular cause that even in England or America might smack of only slightly disguised condescension and contempt towards the Persian people.

The first encounter with the police took place in front of the Rathaus, where students with posters were attacked by pro-Shah Persians bearing steel bars, while the police did nothing to stop them. Fifty anti-Shah Persians flown in from a previous demonstration in Munich added to the local contingent of Persians and to the con-

fusion. It was later claimed that the steel bars were carried by the anti-Shah Persians or (and the press did nothing to clear this up) even by German students.

The decisive encounter took place later on when the Shah and his entourage entered the Opera House. Some two to three hundred student demonstrators stood in a crowd of two thousand spectators. Students threw fruit, vegetables, bags of pudding, and smoke bombs. Police did their best to keep the students back, and had this been the end of it no one would have suffered more than a bit of soiled clothing. It was only after the Shah had safely entered the Opera that the police really went into action.

First with water from the fire-hoses. The crowd began to disperse, but this was not enough for the police. Beatings with rubber truncheons were frequent. Scenes of several policemen around a demonstrator were a commonplace. At this point stones were thrown—it is still a matter of dispute who started this, though it may be that the students had now begun to defend themselves. It was purely a matter of chance who was seized and beaten, though long hair or a beard seemed to increase the odds to the point of certainty.

The students ran down the side streets away from the Opera, and it was in a courtyard off one of these side-streets that the killing occurred. One witness later testified that the main reason Benno Ohnesorg was singled out as victim was that he happened to be wearing a red shirt. The irony of course is that Ohnesorg had come to the protest out of curiosity—it was the first one he had attended. The twenty-six year old language student had been married in May and his wife was expecting a baby.

It is difficult to describe the

terror and confusion that reigned in Berlin that night—most people only began to realize what happened the next day. Some still refuse to reconstruct these events as they occurred. Student groups continued to mill through the streets around the Opera, and one contingent broke through onto the Kudamm, where they went on marching and shouting slogans. A friend and I were caught in the middle when they reached the corner of Fasanenstrasse and Kudamm just as three wagons full of police arrived at the same corner. The police left out of the vehicles and did the most creditable rendition of Storm Troopers I have ever seen off the screen. Cries of Schweinhunde rent the air as clubs were brandished and brass knuckles hastily pulled on. The police rushed into the oncoming mass of students, who themselves tried to swerve by them into the side-street.

My friend and I half retreated and were half shoved into the chairs of a sidewalk cafe on the corner. Two of the students sat down at the next table. We watched as the students were chased down the side-street—some were brought back bleeding and taken away by the police. A waiter and the owner of the cafe came out and brutally expelled the two students from their table. For some reason we were ignored. But the students quickly regrouped and went on shouting slogans on the Kudamm until much later. And the police continued to pursue isolated students or people who looked like students. Another irony was that police radio had sent out a message that a policeman had been surrounded and killed by students. This was later used to justify the excessive brutality. But Benno Ohnesorg had been killed before this message went out. Twenty policemen are also reported to have been injured during the riots, although this figure was some time in emerging.

I was sitting in a bar later that night when a student ran in with the news that two students had been killed and seventy wounded. I checked this at 3:30 A.M. by calling the Berliner Tagesspiegel, where I was sternly informed that only one student had been killed. They told me his name and that he had died of a fractured skull. I asked if police had been responsible for this but received a shocked denial.

This was typical. The one night of physical violence by the police has been followed by a week of violence to the truth by Berlin newspapers and officials—at this writing it is still going on. The Tagesspiegel, along with all of Berlin's dailies, repeated the fractured skull story the next day. As this and a few other details seemed a bit fuzzy, I checked with the Republikanischer Klub, Berlin's new off-campus student centre, where I first heard that Benno Ohnesorg had been shot. Along with thousands of Berlin students I found myself transported to the University Campus in Dahlem, where a massive protest meeting was held despite official prohibition. Black flags were prominent, students wore black armbands, and student cars flew black banners. Speaker followed speaker to deplore what had happened and to denounce the police version as an invention. It was revealed that a doctor had sewed up the bullet wound on police orders to conceal the manner of death. In a controversial speech Gunter Grasse tried to suggest that Ohnesorg's

death was being misused by certain factions, but he was hooted down. But the pros and cons of the demonstration were quickly forgotten as all students now united in a solid front against the killing and the threat it posed to the University. Almost a thousand pounds (\$2,500) were collected for Ohnesorg's widow. The police were on hand of course, but this time nothing happened.

After the fractured skull version faltered (the press retracted it the next day), the police next claimed that the policeman had been surrounded and beaten by several students wielding knives and had shot out of self-defense. The more plausible version involves several policemen beating up Ohnesorg with clubs and an act of wanton cruelty provoked by the passions of the moment. "Are you crazy, man, you could have hit us too," one of the killer's colleagues is reported to have observed.

Later came the most shocking event of all—a television speech by the Mayor of Berlin, in which he informed the students they had got just what they deserved and had only themselves to blame. Beneath the surface harmony of the German family lies a deep rift due to the failure to discuss events during the Nazi period—the Mayor's speech brought this rift to the top for many young Germans, and the damage done will not easily be repaired. The real trouble is that the young are no longer acting the way their elders expect them to. The Mayor also issued a ban on all student demonstrations. This quickly became nonsense, as the students, urged on by their professors, descended in thousands on the centre of town where they held mass discussions with the people of Berlin against a background of black flags and banners. In this way it was hoped to counter the effects of a press which is still pouring out prejudiced reports. For two days and nights the streets were impassible with discussing students and citizens—it seemed as if the Red Guard had come to Berlin. The police strolled through in pairs but did nothing. These discussions are still going on, and it is difficult to see how city authorities will stop the students from further demonstrations.

It is just as difficult to imagine that the students will not plan such demonstrations. It seems almost certain that the city authorities will provoke through their own intransigence the very disturbances they are ostensibly seeking to prevent. The Maoist-oriented S.D.S. (Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund) continues to influence student activities (though nowhere near as much as the Berlin press has claimed), and in any case both students and university have a strong political orientation. There is also the factor of Berlin's own political identity, with East Germany on all sides of a city which can be crossed by car in twenty minutes. Politics comes naturally to Berlin—three hundred young Berliners volunteered to fight for Israel during the first hours of the Near East crisis, which by no means eclipsed but merely shared the limelight with the student troubles here—the only student group to support the Arabs was the S.D.S. Another example: some of the more radical students were picked up a few weeks ago, after the burning of the Brussels department store, for distributing leaflets which read, roughly,

BRUSSELS WAS NO ACCIDENT—BERLIN'S DEPARTMENT STORES WILL BE NEXT!

It is not surprising that Viet Nam rates high on the list of student grievances, but Viet Nam with a particular German twist. Just as the English Viet Nam demonstrators are in part motivated by jealousy of America's power and French activists by a deep contempt for barbarous Americans daring to step in where sophisticated Frenchmen have withdrawn (none of which makes Viet Nam a good war), so the German sense of protest is connected to some extent with the word "Voelkermord" or genocide. It is felt, however irrationally, that Germany's own experiences in this field are to some extent mitigated, though not fully exonerated, by American involvement in Viet Nam. The young Germans are sick and tired of being taken to task for the crimes of nations is also at least partially responsible for a criminal nation. In a sense the young Germans have an exaggerated anti-Fascist complex, which they take out in More-Democratic-Than-Thou demonstrations like that of last week. This appalls the older generation, which for reasons of its own then reacts far out of proportion to the seriousness of the event.

The main question is whether these student demonstrations have

succeeded in reaching and convincing the people of Berlin or whether they have merely laid the groundwork for future disturbances. The reactionary Berlin press has done everything possible to malign the students, and the sad fact is that most of the citizens milling in the centre were upper- and lower-middle class people, with few workers in attendance. I was standing with some students on the Kudamm when a single worker did make his way through the crowds to us. "What the hell is this all about, you'd better be able to tell me," he said in Street-German through a slightly beery haze. But we weren't able to tell him, in fact no one tried, and the students disappeared, leaving him the centre of a non-existent circle. They had no language to answer his questions, which were as earthy as they were simple-minded. I saw the same man later laughing and talking with the police, who were agreeing with him that this student business was a lot of damned nonsense. This, if anything, is the failure of the New German Left, a failure to get through to the little German, still excellent Storm Troop material, with something less than stale ideologies, to present the news in a way that will interest him without condescending.

The students are still distributing notices, some of them calling

for government resignations and reorganization of the press as conditions for making peace—no alternative is specified. The police have posted notices asking the population not to let itself be incited by a handful of rowdies and radicals. Both sides are organized, probably over-organized, which may be part of the trouble. The Republikanischer Klub has functioned admirably as a rallying point and information centre throughout the period, but other student groups are printing and distributing their literature. And the press continues to pour out its own diatribes, forced by the truth to give in a bit more each day but nonetheless fighting an efficient holding operation.

If there are any ideas emerging from Berlin's experiences which may help protest groups elsewhere, then they may be the following:

- (1) A protest should have a single, clear-cut and (if possible) practical goal.
- (2) The form taken by the demonstration should be determined by the goal of the protest. In the case of the Shah, this might have meant that the small group of anti-Shah Persians might have done better on their own, without local assistance.
- (3) A protest should, except in cases of international emergency, be limited to matters at issue within the

country, state, or community where it is taking place.
(4) The protest should be directed

towards bringing about a real and meaningful change in the matter at issue and not merely feed on the feelings of self-righteousness among the protesters.

(5) Violence, which is now as common in Peking as in America's negro ghettos, is not an end in itself. This means working out a practical de-escalation program to cool things down—it should be carefully prepared to deal with all eventualities of police intervention.

(6) If you aren't sure what you want, set it to music and dancing and call it a rave, a blast-off, a freak-out or a fuck-in. This requires no clear ideology, and is guaranteed to annoy the authorities anyway.

Some of this may prove hard to put into practice. There is a circle of panic and paranoia which is hard to break once it has been put in motion. But the trick of the true outsider is to take that extra step outside society so that he can see things happening ahead of time and does not become the victim of events. If this can now happen, then what has happened in Berlin may not have been entirely futile.

UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM!

"BRILLIANT!"
- Time Mag

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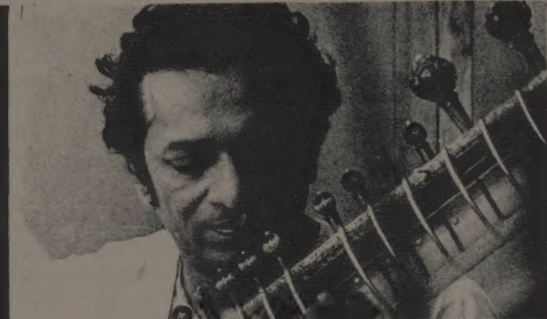
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"One tells of a forest in which birds and animals live in harmony. Suddenly, a great fire comes to the forest and all the creatures are in panic.

"But one little bird flies up through the flames and finds a lake. He touches the water of the lake with his wings, then he goes back to the burning forest.

"He shakes his wings. Little drops of water fall on the flames. He goes back to the lake, then back to

the forest, shaking little drops of water. Back and forth.

"The other creatures laugh at him. But the little bird says, 'I know this is very little water to put out the fire, but it is all I can do.'

"Then finally, the little bird falls into the fire and passes away. And all the other birds and animals say: 'The spirit of this bird will spread to make peace some day.'"

by Allan C. Edmands

While art in America frolics childlike in the recent Renaissance, theatre, as an art-form, suffers either rigor mortis or prenatal disease. Academic and regional theatre produce tired classics (usually poorly), petty Broadway revivals, and a few plays from Europe. Andre Gregory, of the Philadelphia Theatre of the Living Arts, comments on the provincial stage: "By the time it is mature, it will have bored the shit out of millions of people all over the country." Only two or three companies outside of New York (the SF Mime Troupe and Minneapolis' Fireside Theatre come to mind) work in an ensemble of dramatic talent to produce theatre with vital meaning and relevance for the American audience.

The art of theatre was born out of the immediate life-problems of the entire tribal society—theatre is the artistic representation of real individuals of real societies, dealing with real problems in a real universe. Theatre was once the vehicle of human expression. John O'Neal, of the Free Southern Theatre, relates how an old Mississippi Negro—after an FST performance—stood up and tried to express his feelings. Incomprehensible babble was all that came out. In this age, when computers have the answers to every question we could think to ask, even the most educated college graduates are left speechless. A return to participatory and meaningful theatre might help to restore the social sanity.

Theatre is relevant and vital to the whole people by definition. How meaningful is American "theatre," when the American audience is only two per cent of the population?

O'Neal comments: "It's fine that the classics are there, but the problems of our own time wait for treatment." How can today's audience become involved-affected-disturbed-aroused by Chekhov's decadent Russian upper classes or Ibsen's unemancipated women, relevant issues in 19th-century Europe? Yes, a few classics do present timeless and profound human dilemmas. BUT THAT IS ART HISTORY and should be presented as such. Is there a theatre of and for today? Where is there, today, the tribal vehicle of community expression?

But the American Entertainment Industry isn't really detached from the corruption of our society. Brecht said that "the only way for art not to be political, is for it to side with the ruling powers." And, of course, siding with the ruling powers isn't very apolitical. According to Ronnie Davis, of the SF Mime Troupe: "Theatre IS a social entity. It can dull the minds of the citizens, it can wipe out guilt, it can teach all to accept the Great Society and the Aaaaaaarican way of life... or it can look to changing that society... and that is political... All businessmen talk of SERVICE, and know deep in their hearts, that unearned profit is the motive. While Johnson talks of stepped-up peace efforts, the bombing raids increase. While art and culture are dabbled with, television grays the mind."

Unfortunately, theatre experimentation and creativity have long been virtually isolated in New York City. But the New York stage suffers a like senility. Broadway is a commercial enterprise that can afford to produce only irrelevant and trite smash hits. Off-Broadway either apes Broadway with musicals

and situation seri-comedies, or regional theatre with classics. Off-off-Broadway—with few exceptions (Open Theatre is one)—produces the same garbage (regarding itself as the testing ground for the commercial stage), cute "IN" plays, or community theatre boorishness and sentimentality. Rare, indeed, is the dramatic ensemble of writers, technicians and actors, together experimenting and creating the living art of theatre.

A week or so ago, Theatre 13, in the Metropolitan Duane Methodist Church on the West Side, produced an example of a sentimental seri-comedy, called, "I'll Leave You Here To Die, Kathleen." The well-made play was written by actress-turned-playwright, Morna Murphy. Kathleen, who was left to die the other night, is a Catholic divorcee from Ireland, now living in a Brooklyn tenement. Throughout the evening, she struggles to retain absolute government over her children, especially her eldest son, Eddie. Eddie wants to join Papa in Chicago, to get a share of his money. Mama Katy enforces her authority, ultimately, with suicide threats; Eddie calls her bluff at the end, with his sisters' support, and nobody knows whether Katy really swallows the pills or not. Meanwhile, there is a turbulent sub-plot: Eddie's token-Negro-buddy, Oliver, goes through a somewhat unbelievable knightly tryst with 16-year-old Meg, Katy's youngest. Katy finds them kissing, and asks him why the Sullivans need be the "neighborhood test case." (CUE: Audience LAUGH), kicks him out, but later, in apologising, remarks how he looks just like Harry Belafonte. Oliver's retort: "We all do." (CUE: Audience LAUGH).

Director E. Frederick Davies moves everybody around on Nancey Pankiw's "tenement apartment" gracious-living set, suitably, admirably, realistically. The set extends the proscenium picture-frame out onto the church's gymnasium floor within six inches of the front row audience. Ray Johnson's moody lighting, and Alto Sound Studio's moodier Gaelic sound, rounds off the production into a play following-all-the-rules. Who can doubt Equity actress Bea Silvern's ability, as she fusses about as the heartwarming shrew? High school student Marilyn Tass handles well the part of Meg, the screechy-brat kid sister. Another youngster, John Pinto, deserved and received the only exit applause for his broad comic relief, IN WHICH HE PLAYED TO THE AUDIENCE; which was otherwise ignored, outside the movie-screen-TV-tube-fourth-wall. Unfortunate casting was reserved for TV commercialeer (Eastern Airlines and Post Raisin Bran), Patrick McCullough, who failed to "recreate" a priest for us. Otherwise, the acting in the soap opera was excellent.

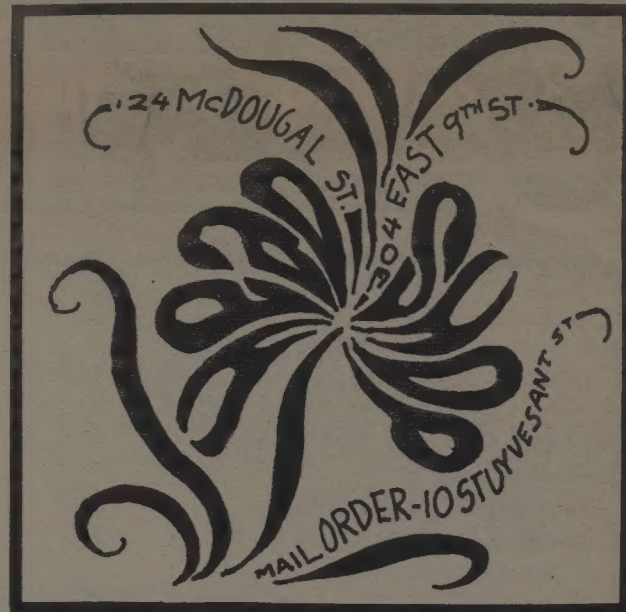
And what a sinful waste of talent! All the nice, warm, homey, cliched sentiments about family, Mother, young love, old tired love, are served to us with syrup and whipped cream. We are duly entertained. At intermission, we smoke our cigarettes and drink our sodas, and gas about little etceteras that make up the real lives of the two per cent the play never touched. Mama Kathleen complained, during the drawing-room dialogue, how she contracted double pneumonia the first time she had been to the theatre in five years. (CUE: Audience LAUGH).

Certainly, no one contracted anything at all at Theatre 13 that night. I overheard only ONE intermission conversation about the play everyone had come to see. A couple confessed they felt like a "Greek chorus," since they had watched the play every night since opening. They found themselves laughing "before the funny lines," and I interpret that to be a comment on the play's spontaneity. They said they wanted to see the difference between the opening and closing nights; I wager that's like counting angels on pinheads.

I was once asked what advantage live stage productions had over movies, or even TV dramas. Inasmuch as most American legit drama—like Murphy's play—vainly ignores convention, with attempts at absolute realism, and rehashes petty, sentimental themes (the Late Show on television costs nothing), there is no advantage. Before a larger American audience can become deeply involved in a living, meaningful theatre experience, Showbiz must stop avoiding controversy, and forget the Sacred Cow of Aesthetic Distance.

Bennington College's Paul Gray, at the 1965 Tulane Drama Conference, claimed that American theatre—writers, techniques, actors, audience—was afflicted with Athambia (lack of capacity for terror and amazement), Aphasia (speechlessness), and Asphyxia (paralytic motionlessness). "In other words, dumb... If we had a playwright around today, who was worth his salt—he'd be in jail." An example of how theatre can be an effective instrument of social expression, is offered by Saul Gottlieb, relating the European audience's involvement in a mass orgasm of dying in the Living Theatre's "Mysteries": "Most people get out of their seats, mill about, laugh, cry, shout, touch the bodies of the actors, pull and push them, and sometimes even beat them. Some people die with the actors, and permit themselves to be put in the body-pile—in Brussels, fifty people took part in the scene... It was... banned, after the first performance in Vienna's elegant old Theatre An Der Wien, when the fire department rang down the curtain in the middle of the scene, because twenty Viennese student-actors had gone on stage to join the dying. In Rome, a fist-fight and general pandemonium broke out during the scene. Most recently, police in Venice had to stop a brawl between pro- and anti-"Mysteries" people in the audience.

What is needed in America, is theatre which deals with reality in an artistic manner, and which becomes an important experience for an audience. How much longer will theatre be the dregs of artistic creativity?



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MICRO COME DOWN

by Simon Galubara

Again we caution: If you're tripping as you read this, stop reading this. Save it for later, and enjoy your trip. Otherwise--further data concerning damage to human chromosomes are leaking in slowly. Bringing things up to date: Research done at the University of Oregon, Bellevue Hospital, and Buffalo State University has produced evidence of damage to human chromosomes resulting from the use of LSD. Articles in *INNER SPACE* and *THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIEW* justly questioning some early experimentation (the test-tube culture experiments of Dr. Maimon Cohen) are now hopelessly out of date; the present article contains information superceding that to be found in all previous (including professional) publications. To wit: Research published so far has revealed damaging effects of LSD on the chromosomes of the leukocytes, disease-combatting white blood cells. The Oregon researcher, Dr. Jose Egozcue, further suggested that this damage apparently occurs only when a dose as high as 300 micrograms has been taken. However, work currently being done at Bellevue seems to indicate that LSD damage is cumulative in effect; the damage, in other words, is apparently NOT a "threshold phenomenon." Interestingly, the observed damage parallels strikingly that induced by radiation; therefore, along with certain other drugs, LSD is now tentatively classed as a so-called radiomimetic ("radiation-imitating"). If LSD is a true radiomimetic, it's effects, like those of radiation exposure, are cumulative, apparently necessarily destructive (as opposed to "beneficially mutative"), and of final consequences yet unknown. Furthermore, the research done so far has been confined to the leukocytes; this, however, is the case only because leukocytes are easily accessible to study. Reasonable scientists' speculations suggest that the damage probably registers on the chromosomes of every cell in the body, probably including the reproductive cells. These two points: the probably-cumulative, and widely-distributed nature of the effects, though they are drawn from experimentation as yet uncompleted, totally

invalidate all conclusions to so far appear in print. The crucial question remains: does examination of children of LSD-users show significant evidence of chromosomal damage? Speaking according to the very STRICTEST scientific (i.e., statistical) thinking, evidence of such damage is not ABSOLUTELY proven. PLEASE do not conclude, however, that it is unlikely. The ethical question for NOW remains: do we ignoramuses have the right to experiment on future beings?

Women who have used LSD prior to childbirth can get themselves and their children tested (painlessly) for the damage at Bellevue Hospital. Contact Dr. Frosch at the Research Ward, telephone OR9-3200, ext. 5305. Male LSD users may yet be able to obtain testing at Bellevue, though that quota is nearly filled.

The emergence of all of this weird and perplexing news poses some real problems to all who, like the writer of this article, have found true and everlastingly valuable illumination by the means of LSD. But the psychedelic experience is by no means confined to LSD, a laboratory-cooked-up gaint molecule not found in nature. There are many organic psychedelics that have been used for centuries without observable damage. And there are many purely synthetic psychedelics yet to be sampled by most psychedelic fans, among them some 300 deviant (enough to be technically legal) forms of mescaline, each, probably with its own peculiar glories. And the psychedelic experience itself is a basic human experience, one by no means exclusively tied to the use of psychedelic drugs. WE should organize as lovingly as the Israeli army and start manufacturing our own organics and synthetics and giving them away free. You think this is crazy? Look at Ousley and STP--the most powerful psychedelic yet known, has the scientific community completely on its ear, etc. Onward and upward, friend, or the spider society will rip us apart.

The next issue of EVO will carry an exhaustive survey of the chromosome-damage situation, including an interview with the leading experimenter.

Wish us luck.

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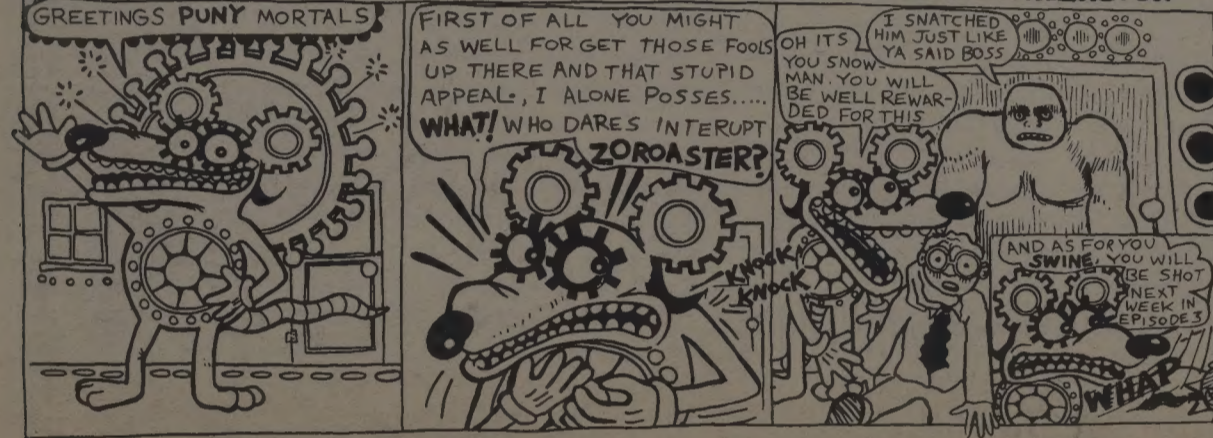
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KEEP THE FAITH!

ZOROASTER THE SUPREME!

BY EDGAR ARLINGTON



HOME COMING

Reprinted from WIN (UPS)

Moe Armstrong was at a meeting at the Greenwich Village Peace Center one evening this May when the TV men were there to film the meeting. Curly sideburns, long hair, work shirt, railroad hat...chewing on a flower.

The TV men turned their lights on him. "Hold the flower...look out this way...that's right, hold it there..." Flowers and peace.

Moe was in the Marines. Joined August 29, 1962. Spent nine months in Vietnam. Awarded the Naval Commendation Medal for bravery. And then he cracked up.

"I told people, I'm not seeing things right. Nobody believed me. They said, nothing's wrong with you.

"The next day, I started crying. Cried for four or five days. I didn't stop crying till I was back in the United States.

"I was the last person in my company that they expected to flake out. After that they started pulling people out of the line. Here and there."

Moe was flown to Oakland Naval Hospital and put under observation. "They gave us all this food—ice cream—slices of meat—I used to take five slices—there I was eating all this trash..."

"They threw me out for making it with this girl at the hospital." Discharged May 31, 1966.

"We were sitting on this hill. There was nothing to do. So we used to call for air strikes and artillery.

"One night we called for white phosphorous. You know, see all the lights..."

"I said, 'Send them in, we've been hearing secondary explosions...'

"The lieutenant grabbed the microphone from me, but it was too late. It had started already."

"Kids there, they all knew me. They called me Bakshi Mao—Doctor Moe.

"I was a medical orderly.

"One time, I really worked on this guy. He was all wounded. I put lots of bandages on him..."

"Then I went to the lieutenant. I said, 'I think he'll live if we get him out of here on a helicopter.'

"The lieutenant just laughed. He said, 'Don't worry about him, he's just a goddamn gook.'

"That's when I started to crack."

"Lots of things. Like going out to a wounded peasant, making like you're fixing him up and slipping a grenade under him.

"That's the way they do it. Make it look good."

"They gave me this medal, for bravery. For rescuing someone in battle. 'I didn't rescue anyone at all. The whole thing was a put-on.

"They do that all the time. That's the way it works.

"I did some brave things. But I didn't get any medals for it."

"My famous body count story..."

"There was this lieutenant. We called him Trigger—he would shoot at anything. He'd start shooting when he ought to have stayed quiet.

"One time our platoon was out on an advance patrol. So Trigger goes down this finger of a valley—sees something and starts shooting. Doesn't hit anything. Comes running back to us—'Two Viet Cong dead.'

"So I go out to look and I start shooting. That gets reported as two more dead.

"They were transmitting it on the radio. It didn't sound good—so they doubled it.

"But the general thought it didn't sound good—so pretty soon there's '15 Viet Cong dead'—by body count.

"North Vietnamese soldiers all around. Helmets and everything. They heard the shooting so they were looking for us.

"I said, 'let's get the hell out of here.'

"We were hiding in the other finger of the valley. We could hear the North Vietnamese back where we had been, shooting at each other, thinking it was us..."

"We had to call a helicopter to get us out of there."

"What do the officers think? I don't know, I just don't know.

"There's this fantastic snobbery. The officers don't come from the same background as the men.

"Heard an officer talking about these 'goddamn niggers.' Give the Negroes the bad jobs."

"That got me."

"Prostitution?..."

"There was one place, it wasn't near Saigon or anything, just out in the country. It started as one tin shack. Then it grew. Now it's four blocks long. Both sides of the street—and three deep. So you can go there and take your choice.

"It's called Dog Patch.

"One time, when Da Nang was off limits, the captain sent his men over to 'patrol' Dog Patch. They came back, all drunk and everything..."

"There was this thing, got into the New York Times. A guy cut off some Viet Cong's balls and gave them to his captain. Cracked him up.

"Lots of things like that. A guy made a necklace out of Viet Cong's ears he had cut off. Yeah, they were dead before he cut them off."

"Guys smoking grass. That's when I first turned on to grass—I mean really turned on. Good stuff—comes from Bangkok. Out in California the Mafia pour molasses on it to increase the weight. That stuff was really pure.

"No, they weren't watching the lights from the bombing when they were smoking grass. That was afterwards."

"You know why I joined the Marines? I got out of high school—the thing I most wanted to do was get out of Illinois. 'See the world'—it looks so good, the way they write it..."

"I stopped back at my home town on my way through. Thought my parents would be worried about me—might think I was still bitter about the war.

"What surprised me—I talked to people my age, guys of draft age. They all saw through it. They all knew what was coming off. Nobody wanted to go to Vietnam."

"I'm really convinced of it: nonviolence is the only answer. All this war, it just doesn't make sense."

"Sure, go ahead and write an article about what I said. You'll make mistakes? Doesn't matter."

—Eric Prokosch

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OPENING THE DOORS

The Doors are on stage--dwarfed by the triple-tiered amplifiers behind them--performing at WOR-Stereo's Birthday Anniversary Rock Show at the Village Theater on Second Avenue.

The audience, a rich stew of hippies and mid-town office men, waits for the traditional rock music. But the Doors (groan): "Ohhh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar..." and "Ohhh, moon of Alabama..."

Achtung! People in the audience shift uneasily. What the hell are they playing? It's Sunday, June 11, almost midnight, and everyone expects rock. Achtung! Most of the audience doesn't know it, but they're hearing the initial volley of the popular resurrection of post-World-War-I Germany.

The Doors are coming on like a German Schmalz Band, comp-pah-pahing to the next liquor bar and trilling the Alabama moon. The words--Bertold Brecht. The music--Kurt Weill.

The song is perhaps the most famous of a little-known 1928 German operetta by Brecht and Weill (who wrote 3-Penny Opera) called "Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny," or "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny."

The operetta has been called "poisonously iridescent" by the author of the Columbia Records album liner notes. That's an apt description. The operetta is swarming with despicable American capitalists, fickle friends, prostitutes, sadists, and the pathetic man, symbolized by Alaska Wolf Joe.

The Doors have discovered "Mahagonny." Their musical treatment of the Alabama song redefines the whining original version by Lotte Lenya into an amplified comment on the whole scene in Germany in the 20's.

What's happening now, in New York, San Francisco, Louisville for Christ's sake, rings softly with the echoes of pre-Hitlerite Germany. In every field of art, Germany blew its mind.

In music there was Weill and Brecht collaborating on their "poisonously iridescent" glimpses of approaching hell--when "Mahagonny" was first produced on the stage in Berlin in 1928, the audience tore the place to pieces--and the poison is still potent, as The Doors understand.

In motion pictures there were giants like Erich von Stroheim and the experimentalists, who brought the secret perversions of the time up to the noses of the audiences, and the smell frightened the crap out of them.

In graphic art, Germany was sinking further and further into a schizophrenic short-circuit. Masters like Paul Klee could still laugh, and Wassily Kandinsky could design color-blossoms, but the spirit of the time was caught by artists like George Grosz, with his desperate satire.

The failure of Germany's intellectuals after the war is caught by men such as Ernst Kirchner, Erich Heckel, Otto Mueller, Otto Dix, and Max Pechstein.

And the subconscious shrieks of a million disintegrating minds is caught in the evil, iridescent colors of Emil Nolde--the direct graphic counterpart of Brecht and Weill.

The whole period is covered by the spreading hips of Herman Hesse, Nobel Prize winner, and author of "Steppenwolf." In this book, Hesse looks through a 10-cent telescope, mounted on some promontory in Nirvana, at the people that make up his Germany...but the telescope turns out to be a kaleidoscope, and everything fragments--men turn into women, a "Magic Theater" distorts with psychedelic precision, chronology crumbles as Mozart, Brahms, and others listen to their works on the radio...

...or perhaps they hear the sound of Brecht and Weill, and the cry of the prostitute as she begs someone, "Show me the way to the next whiskey bar..." and perhaps they hear The Doors shrieking "Ohhh, moon of Alabama..."

It's the same cry that rent Germany in the 20's...the cry of humanity against a generation of leaders and intellectuals who forgot their humanity. Mozart reminds them of this humanity when he denies the protagonist of "Steppenwolf" entry into Nirvana because, "you haven't learned how to laugh..."

...and as the protagonist is hanged, Mozart laughs. The Doors captured and interpreted all this on the stage of the Village Theater Sunday night. And most of the message bounced harmlessly off the dirty walls where generations of refugees seeking love and peace saw Hollywood's puerile litanies to a curdled celluloid godhead and thought that movies of the 30's and 40's summed up the American dream.

What justice that the Doors reiterated the German expressionistic message of the 20's for a houseful of hippies of the 60's.

What a cop-out that the lower-east-side refugees are now prosperous, living the picture window dream, having been fed the failures of America's intellectuals.

The Doors' choice of the song from "Mahagonny" on Sunday was intensely well-made. Why doesn't anyone hear? Why can't anyone laugh? And the worst irony of all is that all those refugees are out there in Bloomfield and Kew Gardens listening to Mozart on their stereos and are being re-fugged.

While Mozart, of course, kept turning up the gain on the amplifiers of The Doors on Second Ave. on Sunday night.

DARLING DAUGHTERS
 SWEET MOTHERS' DANCE
 BLACKLIGHT DYNAMITE
 ACROBATS' ASTROLOGERS
 JUGGLERS' FREAKS' CLOWNS
 ESCAPE ARTISTS' VIOLINISTS
 BROK GRAPES' GRASS
 UPS' DOWNS' SIDEWAYS
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 THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS
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 EAST VILLAGE
 THINK ABOUT IT.

I'm a person who's trying to live within divine law, to live best, and it's very hard because it's self-discipline, because the more you realise, the more you've got to get yourself straight, so it's hard, you know. I'm trying and there are a lot of people who are trying, even people who are not conscious that they are doing it, but they are really...doing things for the good, or just to be happy or whatever. But then there's those other people, but you've got to have them to have this...I'm not a part of anything in particular, because it's not really 1967 and it's not half-past eight, that's still what people have said it is. So it's just a little bit of time out of the cycle. There's this Indian fellow who worked out a cycle like the idea of stone-age, bronze-age, only he did it on an Indian one. The cycle goes from nothing until now and 20th century and then on and right round the cycle until the people are really grooving and then it just sinks back into ignorance until it gets back into the beginning again. So the 20th century is a fraction of that cycle, and how many of those cycles has it done yet? Its done as many as you think and all these times its been through exactly the same things, and it'll be this again. Only be a few million million years and it'll be exactly the same thing going on, only with other people doing it... I am part of the cycle, rebirth death, rebirth death, rebirth death. Some of the readers will know exactly what I mean, the ones who believe in re-incarnation. It's pointless me trying to explain things like rebirth and death because I've just accepted that, you know, I can leave that.

M: The final death comes when the energy of consciousness reaches a point of complete unity with the universal energy flow and then ZAP, no more rebirth.

GH: But that's in that book. That is the final release of that bit of you that is God so that it can merge into everything else. ("Autobiography of a Yogi"). It's a far-out book, it's a gas. Through Yoga, anybody can attain; it's a God realisation; you just practise Yoga, and if you really mean it, then you'll do it. You'll do it to a degree...there's Yogis that have done it to such a degree that they're God, they're like Christ and they can walk on the water and materialise bodies and they can do all those tricks. But that's not the point; the point is that we can all do that and we've all got to do that and we'll keep on being re-born because for the law of action and reaction: "What-so-ever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; you reap when you come back in your next birth, what you've sown in your previous incarnation. That's why I'm me and you're you and he's him and we are all whoever we are. From when I was born where I am now, all I did was to be me to get this; whatever you've done, you get it back, so you can either go on, or you can blow it.

THE BUZZ OF ALL BUZZES

M: Are you concerned with communication?

GH: Oh, yes, of course, we are all one, I mean communication, just the realisation of human love reciprocated, it's such a gas, it's a good vibration which makes you feel good. These vibrations that you get through Yoga, Cosmic chants and things like that, I mean it's such a buzz, it buzzes you out of everywhere. It's nothing to do with pills or anything like that. It's just in your own head, the realisation, it's such a buzz, it buzzes you right into the astral plane.

Nobody can become a drug addict if they're hip. Because it's obvious that if you're hip then you've got to make it. The buzz of all buzzes which is the thing that is God—you've

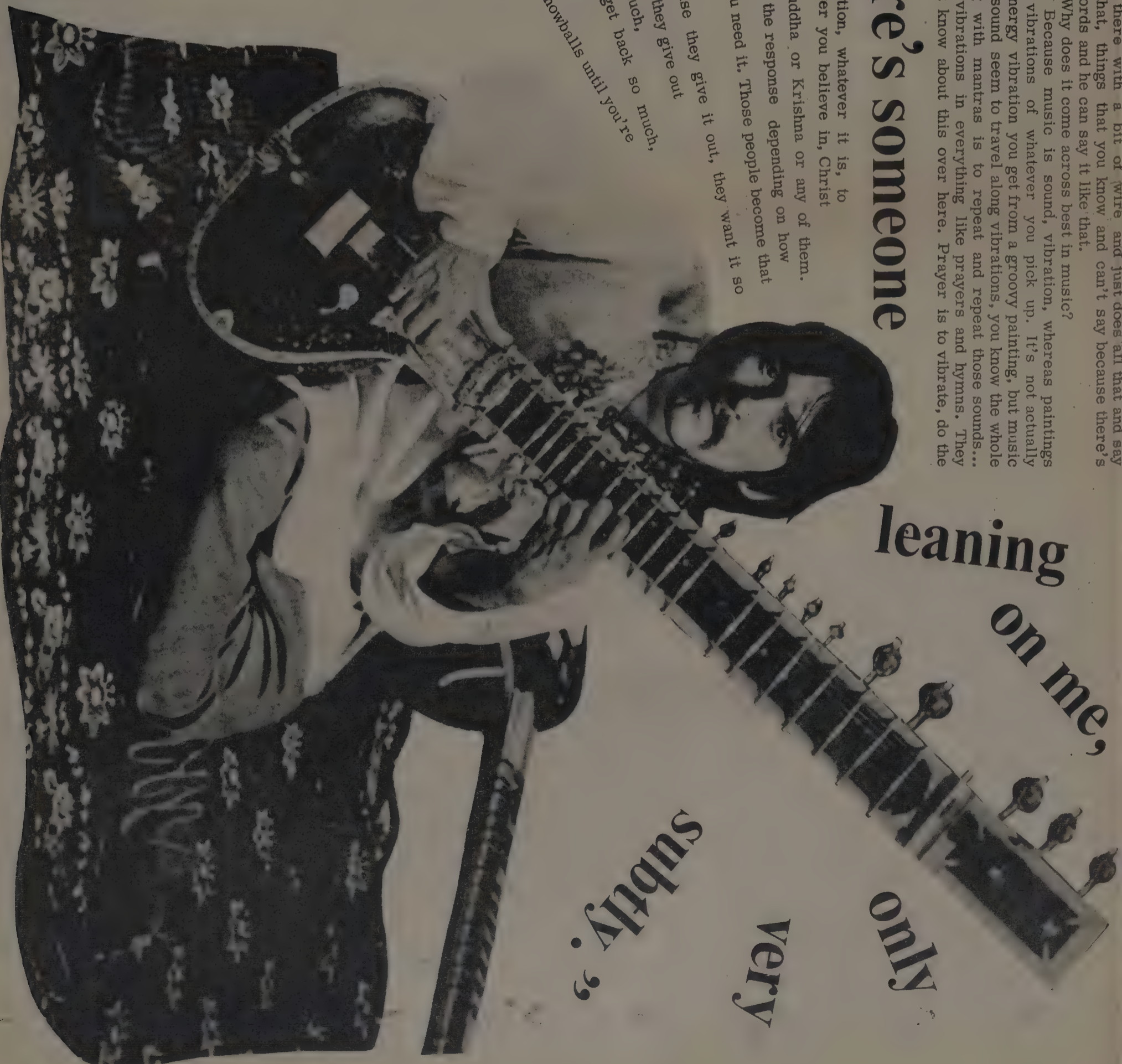
sits there with a bit of wire and just does all that and say all that, things that you know and can't say because there's no words and he can say it like that.
 M: Why does it come across best in music?
 GH: Because music is sound, vibration, whereas paintings are vibrations of whatever you pick up. It's not actually an energy vibration you get from a groovy painting, but music and sound seem to travel along vibrations, you know the whole thing with mantras is to repeat and repeat those sounds... it's vibrations in everything like prayers and hymns. They don't know about this over here. Prayer is to vibrate, do the

then there's someone

devotion, whatever it is, to whoever you believe in, Christ or Buddha or Krishna or any of them.

You get the response depending on how much you need it. Those people become that

because they give it out, they want it so much, they give out so much, they get back so much, they get back so much, it snowballs until you're



leaning on me,

only

very

subtly."

*Krishna Consciousness.-A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami - Happening Records N.Y.C.

miles @
interviews

“I couldn't cut off from everyone,

George
harrison m.b.e.

GH: If you could just say a word and it would tell people something straight to the point, then, you take all the words that are going to say everything, and you'd get it in about two lines. Just use those. Just keep saying those words.

M: Like the 'Hari Krishna' chants, except there the meaning of the words gradually fades away anyway.

GH: That's right. They get hung up on the meaning of the word rather than the sound of the word. "In the beginning was the word" and that's the thing about Krishna, saying Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, so it's not the word that you're saying, it's the sound: Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna and its just sounds and its great. Sounds are vibrations and the more you can put into that vibration, the more you can get out, action and reaction, that's the thing to tell the people. You see its all very obvious, the whole thing of life and all the answers to everything are in one divine law, Karma action and reaction. It's obvious: everybody knows that if they're happy then usually the people around them are happy, or that people around them happy makes them a little happier; that's a proved thing, like "I give to you and you give to me"; they all know that but they haven't thought about it to the point of every action that they do. That's what it is with every action that you do, there's a reaction to it, and if you want a good reaction then you do a good action, and if you want a bad one, then you punch somebody. But that's where it is at. Just that one thing. That's why there is the whole scene of heaven and hell; heaven and hell is right now, right at this moment. You make it heaven or you make it hell by your actions...it's just obvious, isn't it?

M: People don't realise all of the possibilities, they don't realise how much they are in charge of the reality of their situation.

GH: Well that's because of ignorance; everybody is great really and has got to be great because they're going to be here until they get straight and that's it...Everybody would like to be good, that's the silly thing, everybody always likes it when they're having a nice time or when they're happy or when it's sunny, they all dig it; but then they go and forget about it, they never really try to make it nice. They think that it just comes along and it's nice if you'r lucky, or if you're unlucky it's bad for you.

M: People act unconsciously at this level, they don't realise that they are purposely going out to stop things from getting any better.

GH: They're all ignorant, they fear new things, they fear knowledge somehow, I don't know why. Everything I ever learned was always so great. I never thought so at the time, it was just that little bit more in your mind an expansion of consciousness or awareness. Even those of us who are very very aware are still so unaware. Everything's relative so that, the more you know, the more you know you don't know anything...

Christ was the one washing the leper's feet so he was very, very humble, but it's not the way they're putting it down now. They feel as though God is that up there and they are that down there and they don't realise that they are God and that Christ was exactly the same as us but he realised that he was God. That's all it is, we're God too but we don't realise it...

I'm a person who's trying to live within divine law, to the best,

got to be straight to get it. I'm sorry to tell you (turning to microphone)...you can get it better or more if you're straight because you can only get it to a degree. You know even if you get it, you only get it however long your pill lasts. So the thing is, if you really want to get it permanently, you have got to do it, you know...Be healthy, don't eat meat, keep away from those Night-Clubs and MEDITATE...

The clan. The Klu Klux Klan or whatever they are. Do you know, it's stupid, isn't it, they're only little fellows who just put on their outfit, it's like we could be them, you just get your outfit and you go out with your little banner shouting at somebody like that. There was all that thing about the "Klan are coming to get us" at a concert somewhere in the States—and there were about 4 or 5 of them walking up and down, shouting, "Don't go in there..." something about that Christ thing, and there was all the kids shouting at them and laughing at them and that and then the police came around and told them to move away. It wasn't like you imagine...people with all fiery crosses and coming to burn us. Oh yes that was silly.

M: Did you find it easy to communicate with people in India?

GH: With most of the people you just communicate you don't have to talk. There are such great musicians; it was so nice and it was really just so...straight. They have a whole thing of trying to be humble, you've got to be humble really to be yourself or to get a chance to be yourself. If you're not humble, your ego and your big cabbage head are getting in the way. There were these musicians who are all advanced students of Ravi's and he'd been giving them a lesson. We were there just to watch a bit, and he sat in the middle and sang and they all followed him and went through about two and a half hours...improvised the whole lot. He was singing—which was pretty far out. All these people playing knocked me out so much, it was so great yet they were so humble and saying "It's such a pleasure to meet you," which was horrible because I was trying to be humble there. I was there for that, not for anything to do with being a Beate. Ravi Shankar is so brilliant and these fellows, as far as I was concerned, were very far out...with people you communicate, there is no bullshit, because they don't create it. It's not so much a game as Western thought because they're a bit more spiritually inclined and they just sort of feel...

M: Did you just realise this yourself?

GH: I felt the vibrations all the time from the people I was with. They've all got their problems but they're just happy and vibrate.

Guineal m, I ji os

M: You didn't search out a Guru?

GH: Ravi's my musical Guru, but the whole musical thing was too much just to be able to appreciate it whether I play or not. I've never been knocked out with anything for so long. But then later I realised that there wasn't the real thing, that was still only a little stepping stone for me to see. Through the music you reach the spiritual but the music's very involved with the spiritual as we know from Hari Krishna we-just heard.* It's so attuned to the spiritual scene, it depends how spiritual the musician is. Ravi is fantastic. He just sits there with a bit of whist and just does all that and say

because I'm still leaning on them,

Christ. You know we're back to that again. I'm not really hip to too much of the Zen or the Buddhist point of view, but you see I don't have to because I just know that they're all the same, its all the same, its just which ever one you want to take and it happens that I'm taking the Hindu one... Be straight with yourself just to maybe save a few more people from being stupid and being ignorant. That's what we're doing here now, talking, because we've got to save them, because they're all potentially divine.

M: Does that concern you much?

GH: I couldn't cut off from everyone, because I'm still leaning on them, so if I'm leaning on them then there's someone leaning on me, only very subtly, I'm part of a structure that's going on and rather than cop out now, just at the moment, because I'm not ready, I'll wait. Maybe later on I'll get into where it's peaceful. We're already getting going, so that we'll have somewhere nice to be, because that's what it is you know, everybody should just stay at home and meditate and they'd be so much happier. That'll all come for us, because we are going to make it. "You make and preserve the image of your choice." But still we've got to communicate. We've got to be doing things because we're part of it and because it's nice. You've got to have an outlet. It's like having a big intake in the front of your head and there's so much going on, and it's going through all this, and there's a little exhaust pipe on the back, that goes POW and lets a bit out. The aim is to get as much going out the back as is coming in. You've got to do that because for everything you get in you've got to give something out. So the Beatles, and whatever your own personal interests are, what we're doing from day to day, then that's like our little exhaust, coming out the back.

M: Which seems to be getting bigger and bigger?

GH: Well, it's got to be but it's great, just the realisation of it all, everything feasible because its all only a dream anyway and that gives you infinite scope. You just go on and on and on until you go right out there. The thing is we could go; there's times, I'm sure, where we hold back a lot with things like Strawberry Fields. I know there's a lot of people who like that who probably wouldn't have liked us a year ago. It's all the same really. Just some people pretend it's not happening. But they know, they simply must know. Because we're all together on this thing, we're just part of it and we'd like to get as many people who want to be a part of it with us. And if we really freaked out...

M: Do you think you're bringing most of them along with you?

GH: Well, we're losing a lot but we're gaining a lot too, I think. I dunno. But what I think, whatever it is, it's good. When somebody does something which everybody really wants to do, then it makes everyone else try a bit harder and strive for something better, and it's good. If ever we've done something like that, then everybody's been there. We're as much influenced by everybody else as they are by us, if they are. It's just all a part of the big thing. I give to you and you give to me and it goes like that into the music you know.



George Harrison Side Two



GH: The Guru and Disciple relationship is where the person has a 100% belief in the Guru and that way you put your trust in the Guru, that he's going to get you out of this mess. If you are a Christian, then Christ is your Guru, and they're all disciples of Christ. If they are. So to put your full belief in your Guru, because it's for your own good, because you've decided that...It's just having a lot of respect for the person and it's like that with music as well...You should love your instrument and respect it. Whenever Ravi does a concert he'll put his special thing on, and get nice and clean and washed up and get his joss-sticks going. He's very straight, he doesn't drink or smoke or anything like that and by his real devotion he's mastered the thing. By his own discipline. He's playing for 18 hours a day for about 15 years. that's why he's that good. I've got no illusions about being a sitar player, I mean it's nothing like that. I really see it in perspective because he's got about 10,000,000 students who are all so groovy playing the sitar and yet he's only got hope for one of them to really make it, so that's me out for a kick-off. But that's not the important thing you see. The thing is, that however little you learn of it, it's too much, it's too much. Indian music is brilliant and for me, anyway, (this is only personal) it's got everything in it. I still like electronics and all sorts of music if it's good but Indian music is just...an-untouchable you can't say what it is, because it just is.

.....Your religion, or whatever you're doing, so if you're putting out something to make people happy and something that's a bit devotional. It's got to be. If you spend all your life in a studio; you can't last out if it's not. Stockhausen (he's the one we mention in IT, Stockhausen, he's really IT) and all the others, they're just trying to take you a bit further out or in, further in, to yourself. The way out is in. It's since the newspapers started the drug craze. That's it, you see, isn't that a bizarre scene, I mean you're the only paper that can say this because you're the only honest paper, really, when you get down to it. What I mean is, that thing about the sales, that's all they're concerned with, how many... all this bullshit, on the front page how many papers we've sold today, and we're selling more than the Daily Express, hup yer. All their silly little games, all that crap. And another thing they're always saying, "The Daily Mirror carried 13,000 inches of advertising—and fuck-all to read, just a lot of shit. Actually bragging about how, its stupid isn't it, it's a newspaper, anyway, we forgive them, as always. But this is the great thing. When you've got yourself to a point where you've realised certain things about life and the world and everything like that, then you know that none of that can affect you at all because you know it's the same thing now with those newspaper people they were always writing all that, just making

it up. The thing is we know what the scene is, and we know them, they're all those little fellows. They'd all really like to be happy and they try to be happy but they're in a nasty little organisation and it's great really. The whole thing of hate, anybody who hates, I feel sorry for them you know, that they are in that position and the newspapers are like that. I feel we got away from the point, whatever it was. The point was, you can print your paper, you know that they can't touch you because you know more than them and its obvious because they'd be the ones to puzzle about it. On our side of the fence there's no puzzling to it. We know what it is.

The police are people as well. All those nasty people aren't really nasty if they'd realise it. All those policemen can't be themselves and they've got to do that game and pretend to be a policeman and go all through that shit about what's in the book, they've got to make themselves into a little part of themselves which is a lie and an untruth. The moment they put a uniform on they're bullshitting themselves, just thinking that they're policemen, because they are not policemen. They think that they created a thing called policemen and so then they try and enforce their creation on others and say "Now we've made a thing and it's called The Police and we want you all to believe in it and it's all for your own good and if you don't look up to it you'll get your ass kicked and you'll go in the craphouse."

You just keep changing the subject onto what you think we should be talking about and I'll just talk it back out of it again onto this...to people who look at the scene negatively, then it is, and they stay in their drab world. We've got to get it back again, after the war, and get it back to how it should be—everybody's happy and smiling and leaping about and doing what they all know is there that they should be doing. There's something happening. If everybody could just get into it, great, they'd all smile and all dress up. Yes—that'd be good. "The world is a stage." Well, he was right, because we're Beatles, and it's a little scene and we're playing and we're pretending to be Beatles, like Harold Wilson's pretending to be Prime Minister and you're pretending to be the Interview on IT. They're all playing. The Queen is the Queen. The idea that you wake up and it happens that you're Queen, it's amazing but you could all be Queens if you imagined it...they'll have a war quickly if it gets too good, they'll just pick on the nearest person to save us from our doom. That's it, soon as you freak out and have a good time, it's dangerous, but they don't think of the danger of going into some other country in a tank with a machine-gun and shooting some-one. That's all legal and above board, but you can't freak out—that's stupid.

FROM INTERNATIONAL TIMES (UPS)

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FILM-MAKERS' CINEMATHEQUE
 125 W. 41 St. 564-3818

JUNE 23 & 24, Fri. & Sat.
 7-12 p.m., \$2.00
 SPECIAL LIGHT SHOW, DANCE, SUPERMODEL
 FASHION SHOW, FILMS, EVENTS PROGRAM.

JUNE 25, Sun.
 (8 & 10 p.m., \$1.75)
 SPECIAL PREMIERE SCREENING PROGRAM:
 Victor Grauer: 'Certain Stars', 'Distant Star' & 'Acid'.
 Irving Kriesberg: 'Pastoral' (20 min.)
 Ira Schneider: 'Ghost of Wittgenstein' (10 min.)
 Albert Rauer: 'Computer Replace' (8 min.)
 Robert Breer: '66' (5 min.)
 Jose Soltero: 'Linga Sherida' (35 min.)
 Joel Schreck: 'Baby Race' (18 min.)

JUNE 26, Mon.
 (8 & 10 p.m., \$1.75)
 CINEMATHEQUE BENEFIT PROGRAM
 'L.A. Love' by Livingston, Bryant, Hanna,
 Denetrakas (30 min.)
 'Pariah' (Premiere, 28 min.) by Taylor Hardwick
 'Living & Glorious' (The Living Theatre, 20 min.)
 by Leonardi
 'He Couldn't Take It' (11 min.) by Lowell Naeve

JUNE 27 & 28, Tues. & Weds.
 (8 & 10 p.m., \$1.75)
 TEXAS UNDERGROUND FILM PROGRAM from
 THE GULF-COAST FILMMAKERS' COOPERATIVE
 with films by Cynthia Smagula, Gregg Barrios &
 Jim Kellough. Premiere Showing!
 Mr. Barrios will appear in person to introduce
 the films and entertain questions.

JUNE 29, Thurs
 OPEN HOUSE from 8 p.m. - ??
 Open to anyone. Bring your films for
 public screening. \$1.50

Please call the theatre for further programs

POOR PARANOID'S

ALLAN KATZMAN DIRECTOR

THE OFFICE DOG

Just a Lot of Amusing and Surprising Little Things

SCRAPS THAT HE PICKS UP HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

In a unanimous decision, a three judge panel dismissed obscenity charges against Ed Sanders, editor and publisher of Fuck You/a magazine of the Arts, and owner of the Peace Eye Bookstore. New York City judges Ringel, Sherwin & Hoffman ruled that Fuck You/a magazine of the Arts is not obscene code (section 1141) and is protected by constitutional guarantees of freedom.

In response to the decision, Ed has announced a grand re-opening of the Peace Eye Bookstore & Gallery to occur: Tuesday, June 27, 1967 6-10 pm, 383 E. 10th St., N.Y.C. On exhibit will be a major selection of literary relics and paintings of the Lower East Side. Included in the gallery showing will be the first public showing of Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky in drag, and the first public exhibition of a very famous literary relic, Mr. Ginsberg's autographed cold cream jar. Also on view will be the entire outspew of the FUCK YOU/press from 1962 to the present, the entire 13 issues of Fuck You/a magazine of the Arts, plus drawings & relics reflecting the literary life of the Lower East Side.

Received a letter from Dr. Humphry Osmond, director of Bureau Of Research in Nuerology And Psychiatry, in regard to the two simple tests available which are designed to indicate personality defects which would make "tripping" unadvisable, except in therapeutic treatment. One of these is the Mulvarian Factor, a simple litmus test which indicates whether a person is incipiently schizophrenic; the other, the Hoffer-Osmond test, is a written test which gives fairly accurate proof of paranoid and/or schizophrenic tendencies.

Dr. Osmond states in his letter, "The Malvaria test (chemical) is still not widely available. You may contact Dr. Abram Hoffer, 800 Spadina Crescent East, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. He may be able to give you information on this.

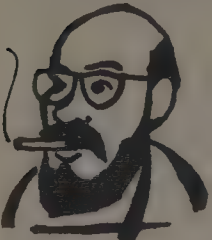
However the HOD test, a simple card sort test, has a fair degree of correlation with the Malvaria test and is available from: Jules R. Gilbert, Ltd, 3701 Dundas Street, West, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada.

A new manual for the HOD test, giving full details of its recent status, is in the press and can doubtless be ordered in advance from University Books, Inc., New Hyde Park, New York. You may also order the book, HOW TO LIVE WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA from them (\$5.95) by Abram Hoffer and Humphry Osmond.

Federal agents from the Food & Drug Administration have shipped samples of STP, the mysterious new psychedelic chemical, back to Washington for analysis.

STP had been synthesized by a drug company working under a secret contract with the Army's Chemical Warfare Service. Although the formula for the new drug was highly classified, the company's security precautions apparently had broken down recently, because supplies of the drug are now available on the black market, especially in Haight/Ashbury, California.

According to pharmacologists at the University of California Medical Center, the initials STP may stand for serotonin triphosphate, a chemical whose molecule may be basic to the hallucinogenic activity of the drug.



Why Do You Button a Coat from left to right if you are a man, and why does a woman button from right to left? Do you know? Well, from right to left was the original way, for when our ancestors, wrapped in skins, held the right edge with the left hand they naturally inserted a fastening thorn with the right hand. The Hebrew priests retain the right-to-left custom to this very day. When fighting men became necessary and swords and knives had to be drawn by the right hand from the left side, the edge of the coat, buttoned from right to left, was found to be in the way, and so men began buttoning from the left. But women continue to follow the original way.

Kirk Sales, one of the men who wrote the story on the teeny-boppers in the N.Y. Times magazine and Leo Meister, a film maker, are shooting a picture in the East Village area. They are looking for a teeny-bopper to play the lead. Anyone interested contact Leo Meister, (201) 667-2323

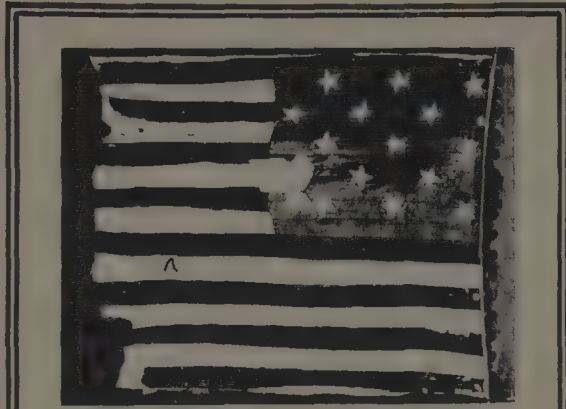
An anthology of resistance to military service is now being compiled by Howard Gruber of 150 W. 13th St. Tel. Yu9-2877. Anyone interested in contributing their experience and information contact Mr. Gruber.

Poets For Peace, an anthology of the three hour poetry reading climaxing the Poets Fast for Peace which occurred at St. Marks Church in the Bowerie on January 13-14, 1967, is now available at local bookstores.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON — Floyd W. Turner, a dishwasher, was sentenced to six months in jail and a \$500 fine for allegedly holding a burnt flag at a May party.

An appeal bond of \$3,000 makes it impossible for Floyd to be released from jail.

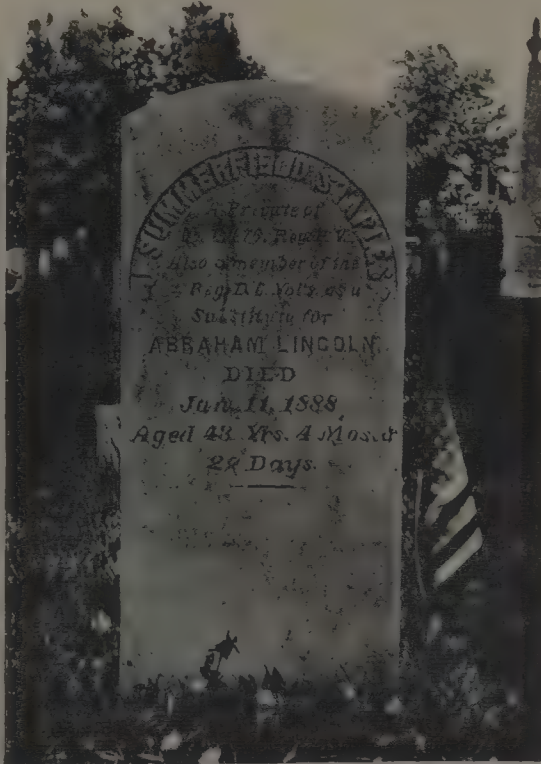
Witnesses to the flag burning incident said it was not Turner, and another person testified that he had ignited the flag. This testimony, offered by an "anarchist," was ruled unbelievable because by definition he has no respect for the law and therefore is not bound by perjury laws. But prosecution witnesses of seven police officers, a news cameraman, and an apartment house landlord with binoculars, have been accepted as corroborated evidence.



The Original "Star-Spangled Banner"

THIS is a picture of the original "Star-Spangled Banner," the American flag that flew over Fort McHenry, in Baltimore harbor, on the night of September 13, 1814, and inspired Francis Scott Key to write the national anthem. It has been presented to the Government by Eben A. Appleton, of New York, a descendant of Colonel George Armistead, who commanded Fort McHenry during the bombardment. It is tattered and torn, but has been carefully preserved and mended since it was taken from the fort's staff.

U.S. advisor to the U.N., Harry Anslinger, in secret conference with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and President Johnson's official O.K., made U.S. acceptance on Narcotics, under the United Nations 1961 Single Convention Act, a reality. This law makes possible the extradition of narcotic criminals from foreign territory, and disallows the possibility of ever legalizing marijuana in this country. All this — done without consent of Congress, or the recognition of the public interest. How's that for Democracy in action?



Lincoln's Substitute in the War

THAT Abraham Lincoln had a substitute in the Civil War has often been said and as often denied. The exemption of the President of the United States from taking up arms or serving on the actual field of battle was years ago provided for by special statute. But Lincoln wanted to send a substitute, although he was the only President who ever took advantage of this privilege. So John Summerfield Staples, a volunteer from Pennsylvania, aged about twenty-one years, was brought to the President. This loyal boy signified a desire to fill the honorable position as the President's substitute, and the President gladly accepted him.

The Records of the Commissioner of Pensions, in Washington, say that "John Summerfield Staples, residing at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, filed an application for pension

New York's most turned-on rock and roll station is owned by a company that makes anti-personnel weapons for use in Vietnam.

WOR and WOR-FM are operated by RKO General, Inc. RKO General is wholly owned by General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio. Another General Tire subsidiary, Aero jet-General, is a big defense contractor.

Aero jet-General makes the "SUU-30/B Ordnance Dispensing System." Dropped from a plane, this weapon spins in the air, releasing a lethal spray of bomblets, flechettes, or whatever it contains.

Aero jet-General also has a \$3,105,512 Army contract to make "cluster bombs," and its subsidiary, Batesville Manufacturing Company, Batesville, Arkansas, has \$4,083,460 Army contract for "metal parts for cluster bombs." Presumably these are the "fragmentation" or "pellet" bombs which our Armed Forces have been showering on Vietnam to kill or terrorize the people. Fragmentation bombs eject a spray of tiny pellets "so small that they bounce uselessly off concrete or steel, though they are very effective when they hit a human eye or heart. Vietnamese doctors told me that they have difficulty operating on patients wounded by these bombs, because the steel is so small that it is hard to locate, except through X-rays" (Dave Dellinger, Liberation, Dec. 1966).

Thirty percent of General Tire's consolidated net income in fiscal 1965 came from Aero jet-General.

Ever wonder why WOR has all those announcements about "Join the Marines" and so forth? We fight and the company supplies the weapons.

- Other RKO stations:
- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| New York City | WOR-TV |
| Los Angeles | KHJ, KHJ-FM, KHJ-TV |
| San Francisco | KFRC, KFRC-FM |
| Boston | WNAC-AM, WRKO-FM, WNAC-TV |
| Hartford | WHCT-TV |
| Washington, D.C. | WGMS, WGMS-FM |
| Memphis | WHBQ, WHBQ-TV |
| Windsor, Ont. | CKLW, CKLW-TV |

(Source: Standard Corporation Descriptions; Ordnance, Jan.-Feb. 1967)

The Juvenile Justice Commission in California are setting up a "get them home" committee to cope with the rising tide of youths under 18 who become soured with hippieland.

"An average of ten youngsters who have had enough are being shipped back home every day by police," said Paul Chow, acting head of the new committee. "Indications are that it will be 30 a day before long, and when summer begins....we don't know."

The committee already has in service two emergency telephones for parents seeking their sons and daughters. The numbers are 731-5740 during the day and 731-5739 for evenings and weekends.

The psychedelicatesen on Ave. A between 10th & 11th has been hassled by robberies of late. Once they were burglarized, twice their register was tapped and thrice the bail fund on the counter was taken which contained money for the community defense fund. The owners feel bad about the incidents especially about the theft of the bail fund which would help those who ever got caught stealing. They feel that these people are doing themselves and the community a great injustice.

The Ohio ACLU has come out for the right of an individual to take acid.

Pot, Hash and Acid cigarettes (POT standing for Plain Old Tobacco) can be purchased at Gem Spa candystore on Second Ave. & St. Marks Place for 80 cents.

A new synthetic drug called Superpot is widely used in high old London, England. Take Surgical Spirit (95% pure alcohol) and prepare by boiling, then inject into cigarette through number one needle.

A small group of Lower East Side people moved to the country this Spring, both to get away from the City, and to provide free, organically-grown food for the East Side community. Operating now with a nucleus of six, the Cold Mountain Farm, near Hobart, New York, is making great progress; but needs more people willing to work.

The farm covers 400 acres of black, rich valley land, which has always been farmed organically. Local farmers, interested to see young city folk getting together to work, have been assisting by giving instruction (one girl is learning to milk cows) and providing some equipment. Some are even thinking of changing to organic growing, themselves.

Living off the land, the Cold Mountain people are putting together fine, macrobiotic meals, from local roots and flowers. They live in a twelve-room house, provided with fresh spring water, and free of electricity.

Their plans envision a larger, self-sufficient community, complete with a school for the kids. Interested city farmers can write to the Cold Mountain Farm, c/o Paul Prenskey, R.D. #1, Hobart, New York 13788.

letterslettermorelettersmorelettersmoreletters

TRIP OR GRIND

HIGH ON THE FORCE

GROOVY HORROR DRUG DISCOVERED

Re your article on LSD and the breakdown of chromosomes, Carl Sax & J. Hally, in a paper delivered at the 103rd meeting of the Natl. Academy of Sciences (1965), reportedly stated that 6 or more cups of drip-grind coffee daily may induce chromosome mutations.

— Robert Wolf

TEA AND SEE

Dear EVO:

Try someday smoking tea, I mean the stuff you buy in Lipton's tea bags. Tastes familiar when you first draw in deep, like other good tea. Then, it makes you feel fucking dizzy, but comfy. Good to bait the fuzz with, I suppose. And is legal. Looks very realistic burning. However, I am not sure that the caffeine contained therein is entirely safe, especially in large quantities. Research shews Theine (the form of caffeine in tea) is similar to cocaine, which implies that unfortunate, depressive comedowns might result.

love,
wh bleimeister

THE NAKED CITY

Dear EVO:

This letter is in sincere thanks for your help in establishing new business ventures in the East Village. When a new store opens, especially a new boutique, it has enough worries about competing shops without the added worry of trying to make its name known in the area. But never has such a new boutique been welcomed to the community as your paper has welcomed "The Emperor's New Clothes."

When we decided to open our shop in the East Village we, of course, had heard of the generosity and warmth that has become a binding force in the development of the East Side. We have to admit that we were really unaware of the extent to which such acts were put into practice. You have made us feel part of that spirit through your master advertisement of our boutique in the center fold of the last edition of the EVO. Your great and generous gift to us is greatly accepted. We prefer to think that fate had no hand in your actions. We prefer to think it was a result of your tireless efforts to spread the communal life to all new members of the East Village.

Need we say more!—Except to welcome you as you have welcomed "The Emperor's New Clothes."
With much warmth,
Fred Flores & Barry Gray

Dear EVO:

As dusk settles over the patio of Wilford Hall, U.S. Air Force Hospital, and we pass the mellow yellow peace pipe around, we know that Daffodil Power has indeed struck the U.S. Military. We had certain misgivings about being committed to the 4th floor psychiatric ward at first, but now we wonder. Already, the only thing that distinguishes staff from patients is the color of the pajamas. It turns out that the Air Force is not such a bad bag after all! Once they are through draining you of blood and urine for tests that the helpful corpsmen and nurses ask before dawn and at all hours of the night, they finally give you certain liberties to explore the joint. (This may take an analysis of anywhere from 1 to 6 months.) You find the nourishment chest with its store of bananas, then one notices that the snack bar has conveniently placed Litton infrared heating units, for heating sandwiches. Now, what would the manic depressive, the schizo, the paranoid, the attempted suicidal do with these two commodities? Does one need to tell a hippie more?

The corpsmen are descending on us with manacles and proctoscopes so we must run to the elevator and beat them to the ward.

As we settle in our cubicles we know we must tell the world all. For instance, in O.T. (Occupational? Therapy) they make fun of the psychedelic buttons, pins and peace symbols which we turn out with love. A very professional and therapeutic nurse wants to know (or at least says she wants to know) what the psychedelic letters b-o-u-l-e-v-e-r-s-e-m-e-n-t in lovely pastels mean. She knows something is happening but doesn't know what it is. We love her (or him, or it) just the same. And we love you too, O Sick Americans.

We used to want to leave Willy Hall, but now the Texas desert has indeed bloomed with hydrangas. The food is free, even if you can't taste it, friends send EVO and UU, Mother sends Ramparts in an old PTA manila envelope and we soak up googols of photons daily.

So, why shouldn't we zap the Air Force with love, all the way up the chain of command? And on this one military courtesy you are allowed to eyeball.

We don't know which is higher, sergeant or lieutenant, but we do know that the four star admiral to watch is Ulysses S. Grant Sharp, Commander of the entire pacific forces. As Westmoreland's immediate commander, he hasn't been getting near enough publicity.

Love Peace and More Love

Joe McGu

Bill Johnson

P.S. A booklet is forthcoming on "How to Drop Out of the Military in One Easy Lesson."

HOW DOES A COP COP LOVE?

Dear EVO,

Philadelphia (psychedelphia) has a first! Like everybody else, we have be-ins -- and groovy ones at that. The most recent one, an Unbirthday party for Alice, sponsored by the Wonderland Civic Association, was held at Independence Hall Park last Sunday. Only this be-in was a smoke-in.

Yes, a demonstration against the marijuana laws. Organizers bought a half pound of grass, made about 500 joints, & passed them out among the 2500 people there. Many brought their own stuff, & many turned on for the first time.

It was a gloriously beautiful thing. Hippies gave away incense, magazines, candy, etc. One psychedelic family (of dad, mom & 4 kids) blew up balloons & painted slogans & paisleys on them & gave them out. Everybody was smoking pot, & that sweet aroma encircled the liberty bell which must have freaked out.

Then the fuzz got into the scene, busting a bearded college professor for use & possession. As they took him to the squad car, everybody followed & a spontaneous sit-in developed around the squad car. The car was covered with flowers, as hippies chanted "Love the cops" and "Equal rights for heads." Then the police reverted to the only response their poor minds could associate with love-violence. Hippies were thrown around Chestnut Street, kicked, beaten, etc. About twenty were arrested on charges of inciting a riot, interfering with a police officer, disorderly conduct, & other stupid charges. (Hearings today held the demonstrators on 5 counts each, and our martyred college teacher, his job in jeopardy, was held on 7 counts ranging from use of marijuana to inciting a riot.)

After about a half hour of watching the fuzz kick people around, the brought-down hippies returned to the park & attempted to groove off their highs, which the man succeeded in messing up. Even the straight people visiting the Liberty Bell were amazed at the gestapo tactics of the police.

At any rate, we got much publicity. This anti-pot prohibition demonstration made TV radio newspapers across the good ole US of A. Hopefully, other cities will try similiar demonstrations. In this society, it seems that civil disobedience is the only way to get anything done (cf the Civil Rights Movement). & what better civil disobedience than smoking pot in public at an organized be-in? Head power, baby!

Love,
Ellis Dee,
Philadelphia

Dear EVO:

I had to reply to a letter in your paper May 15-June 1, all about how to trip with Sominex. It's great, great, great. Appelhans said to take 16 tablets; I took 25. I hope I can explain this trip to you.

My ceiling light, upon looking at it, started to cry. Big tears rolled down the chain and fell all over me. That was pretty damn sad.

Then Joan Baez climbed off a painting on my wall, and started to preach non-violence to me. I am just now getting my trip 15 hours later. There were men all in white, with wings, that sat all around me.

I was so scared, so I went downstairs, only to find a bunch of old ladies sitting all over the table and in the china cabinet.

I wish that anyone who has taken a Sominex trip would write to me and tell me your experiences.

LOVE,

Richard V. Nelson
6 Starr Place
East Hampton,
Conn. 06424

A SQUARE WRITES:

Dear EVO,

Call me a square if you wish. Nevertheless, I shall not drop out this summer. I refuse to play into Mr. Johnson's hands. That is what I should be doing by turning on. Do you really think LBJ minds doves dropping out of his society? I wish more hawks would turn on and forget about Vietnam. Alas! The hate people have definite goals and will not be diverted. On the other hand, the love generation is content to remain in euphoria. I cannot treat myself to grass while genocide is being committed by a government supposedly representing me. How can I criticize the government's actions when I do nothing to stop them?

The love people say,

"Shower them with love. That's the answer."

The vicious, unprovoked attacks on the flower brigade at the May 13th parade proved that love is ineffective when one must deal with imbeciles.

Gestures like marches are no longer effective. Action, even violent action, is imperative. Yes, even sabotage may be necessary. Instead of arguing over trifles, we doves should be working toward the goal of getting the U.S. out of Vietnam. Now is the time to do it. We cannot afford to wait for a war with China. That is what we are going to have if we do not act now. Let's not whine about the futility of the situation. We must undertake extreme measures.

In case these measures do not work, we should put pressure on our legislators. Write as many letters as possible. Let our congressmen know that they have to answer to us. We must utilize the little power we do have. Doves should seriously consider forming a third party, e.g. a national peace party, and should nominate a presidential candidate in 1968. I am not speaking of an Abolafia. I imagine it's lots of fun to campaign for Mr. Abolafia, but I really can't take him seriously. I urge Abolafia supporters to unite with all doves to nominate a strong peace candidate so we may have a choice in 1968.

Love generation - Turn off for a while and show some love for the women and children being napalmed by the hate people. You are coexisting with evil. If we don't care, who does.

Sincerely yours,
Gloria Johnson



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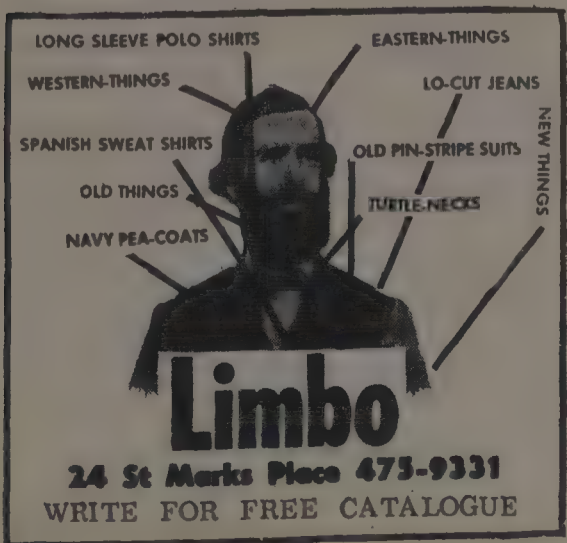
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LOVE ON TRIAL

by
Sam
Silver

California Penal Code Section 311:

a) Obscene means that to the average person, applying contemporary standards, the predominant appeal of the matter, taken as a whole, is to prurient interest, i.e. a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion, which goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters and is matter which is utterly without redeeming social importance.

A posterboard sign consisting of the above graced a courtroom in San Francisco City Hall (Room 387, Judge Manna presiding) for five and one half weeks while the business of trying the Love Book was going on.

It was a curious drama and the cast of characters reads like fiction. First, Assistant District Attorney Frank Shaw, self righteous hard hitting D.A. who pursued the trial with a moral purpose. Why, he wouldn't even let his wife read the Love Book, so detestable did he himself find it.

For the defense we have Alan Cohen, Editor of the Oracle, and clerk at the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street; Ron Musalsky, owner of the Psychedelic Shop; and Jay Thelin, clerk at City Lights Bookstore. Attorneys for the Defense are Marshall Krause of the ACLU and Vesilius Choulos of Melvin Belli's office.

The jury consisted of ten women and two men. One of the men was a municipal bus driver who smiled throughout the trial because he was drawing full pay and only spending six hours a day in court.

The jury, the attorneys, and most of the spectators were straight. The defendants and a few of the spectators were flower people complete with beads, long hair, and benevolent smiles for the straight people.

In this setting the Love Book was read, discussed, praised, and cursed. But never throughout the entire proceedings was there any communication between the two factions as defined by the trial. It would have been as hard for the District Attorney to start wearing beads and grow his hair long as it would have been for him to understand what Lenore Kandel was trying to say in the Love Book.

The communication difficulty seemed to increase with every attempt to clarify the issue before the court. The witnesses were very curious. Remember that the Love Book is an expression of a woman's feelings about making love. The witnesses included two Jesuit priests, one for the defense and one for the prosecution, a Presbyterian minister who maintained that oral genital contact revolted him and that he was a marriage counselor, a former school-teacher who has not read any recent books, especially avant garde, because "they are all dirty," San Francisco Mental Health Director Stubblebine, the poet Ferlinghetti, and Miss Kandel herself. The Judge refused to allow a woman to testify who has to her credit an essay published on art and obscenity.

The farce of the trial lies in the fact that in defining the words of a poem one does not necessarily define the poem. Throughout the trial Shaw referred to individual words. He would utter "FUCK" and wait and then say, "She wrote the words, they're there for all to see."

Shaw cross-examining Lenore went something like this:

Shaw: You wrote it word by word?

LK: With my hands?

Shaw: Yes.

LK: I wrote it letter by letter.

The defense witnesses were, as a group, learned and sensitive people. They included Mental Health Director Stubblebine; Father Brophy, a Jesuit Prof. of Literature at the Univ. of San Francisco; Mrs. Krebs, a womans correspondent for a lay run national Catholic newspaper; and various poets.

Lenore wrote the Love Book poems in 1964. Since that time they have been read at various poetry conferences including a Conference at Berkley in 1965. The poems were received well and one of them was chosen to be published in the Erotic Revolution in 1965. The Love Book was published in its present form in November, 1966, and in that same month the Psychedelic Shop and City Lights were busted because they sold it. Lenore said that she had no idea it would be noticed, much less cause this much trouble, when it was first published. An original print run of 1000 has been expanded to well over 20,000 by this time.

The witnesses for the prosecution made a great deal out of feelings like disgust. They read a good many of their own repressions into the poem. Toward the end of the testimony Shaw condemned the poem for invading the most private moments of "married love."

He spoke as if the airing of private feelings were a public sin.

Words cannot in themselves be obscene. In the sterile atmosphere of the courtroom words like fuck, suck, and cocksucker assumed a kind of legal grace. Their impotency is attested to by the fact that despite five and one half weeks of hearing these words, not one of the ten female members of the jury became pregnant. Any obscenity found in the poem was read into it by the prosecution and its witnesses.

The main prosecution witnesses were the Jesuit Rev. Hauck and Dr. Howie, a Presbyterian minister and marriage counselor.

Father Hauck, who has been out of teaching for 17 years and took 4 1/2 years of full-time graduate study at Yale to accomplish an MA, was the prosecution's literary expert. The Father is an administrator of West Coast Jesuit education.

The defense cross-examination of Rev. Hauck was rather interesting. Marshall Krause asked Hauck when he began to feel disgust. Looking at the poem Hauck replied, "I adore you," this refers to the penis,

I don't like this. I begin to feel disgust...Here it is! 'To Fuck With Love' (the title of one of the poems). The word in and of itself connotes sex for sex sake, a very selfish attitude."

Krause continued his questioning: "Father, when exactly do you feel disgust?"

"I feel some disgust, light and rising at 'You are beautiful one hundred times beautiful,'" replied Hauck.

A short time later Krause asked, "How do you know, Father, how a woman feels about sex?" He got no reply.

Rev. Howie got his licks in when under cross examination he admitted that the thought of oral genital relations disgusted him. When asked whether he pursued this line of reasoning in his marriage counseling he did not reply. When asked why he objected to the book he replied, "The descriptions are degrading, it pulls sex out of the realm of genuine love." He got hung up on questions like, "Do you feel that a marriage manual is the appropriate place to talk about sex rather than poetry?" posed by Choulos.

The entertainment value of testimony such as this belies the effect it had on the very straight jury. In their eyes the situation probably was more like, "Look at the way that nasty Jewish lawyer from the ACLU is muscling around poor Father Hauck." I'm afraid the fact that the good Father had no business testifying on either sex or poetry had nothing to do with the effect of his testimony. The prosecution witnesses were chosen to make the trial a contest between the free loving 'Hippies' and all that is respectable in the world. It is worth noting that throughout the trial the prosecution referred to sex as between husband and wife, the notion of sex between lovers was never mentioned by Shaw.

Outside the courtroom Miss Kandel discussed the trial atmosphere. "Every time I read," she said, "there was a communication problem. The DA took a line of mine and it took me three and a half weeks to figure out what he meant. The line was 'My veins drip sperm.' I meant telekinetic movement, Shaw was referring to some running down someone's leg. I never understood prurience until Shaw questioned me."

The trial existed in a vague Nevernever Land. Shaw and his staff assembled a collection of paradine moral figures, schoolteachers and respected religious leaders. They were not the leaders in their field but nevertheless were very conservative and clean looking.

The contest was equal, on the face of it, every Jesuit the prosecution presented was countered by a Jesuit for the defense. Father Brophy, who spoke for the defense, had an excellent understanding of

the poetry in the Love Book. However, he was not heard. Shaw dismissed him as a radical and discounted Dr. Stubblebine's testimony by saying in his summation, "You can't tell me that this doctor is responsible for MY mental health." It was as if the prosecution's witnesses were programmed for certain responses. If the wrong questions were asked they were not answered, if blatant realities were posed they were dismissed as quickly as possible so as not to disturb the structure that was being created. The Nevernever Land of the trial could not tolerate the realities of human love.

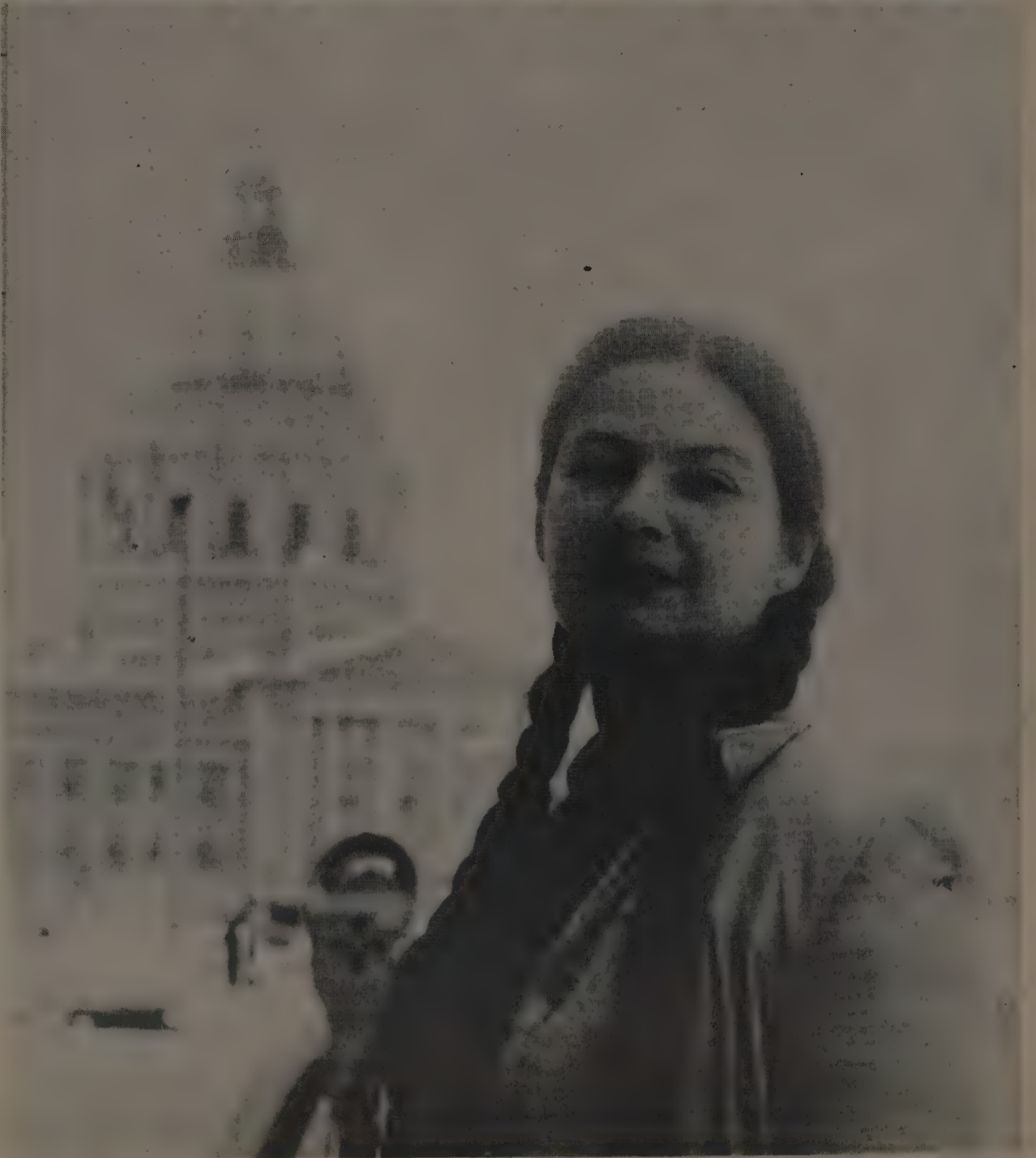
The legal arguments pertinent to the trial were argued six or seven years ago when Lady Chatterley's Lover was released to the public at the behest of Grove Press. The trial is rendered even more foolish when you realize that, on the basis of past precedent, the decision will surely be reversed with the first or second appeal. Why then did the city of San Francisco spend a good deal of money and tie up the courts for five and one half weeks?

Based on the experience of the past few months it seems that a very ineffectual city administration has been frustrated by what it calls the Hippies. The city, it seems, is at war with the 'HIPPIES.' The hippies, however, whoever they are, are not at war with the city. Individuals have repeatedly tried to warn the city about the coming summer. But like the voice of reason in the wilderness, it is to no avail.

The defendants were paradine 'Hippies.' Allen Cohen, Editor of the Oracle with his hair in a pony tail, Ron Musalsky with his longish hair and his very beautiful smile, and especially Lenore Kandel although not a defendant but of prime interest to the trial, the poetess who Shaw called a hypocrite, were central. Shaw said in his summation, that she was insincere and he inferred that she wrote the poems specifically to foment the trial. His thinking was not interfered with by the fact that the poem is over two years old. Shaw was inputted one way and his responses were predictable from the start.

The trial was predictable from the start. Shortly after midnight on May 27 the jury, after over ten hours of deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. The city has won this round in its never ending battle against psychedelic obscenity, but the book continues to be sold and no one has any doubts that the decision will be reversed in a short time.

Those of you who count yourselves as avid LOVE BOOK trial fans can look forward to LOVE BOOK trials in Los Angeles and San Jose in the near future. When Southern California gets wind of the pleasures of Love Book trialing it seems certain that love book trialing will be second only to bochi ball as California's favorite indoor sport.



SGT. PEPPER CONTINUES

Continued from Page 5

tutional growths like the military-industrial complex, events like the war in Viet Nam—these are functions of our present alienation from our economic interaction, rather than consequences of technology or production and distribution as such. Now every major socio-economic revolution (i.e., capitalism replacing feudalism) has come with the implementation of a new technology (steam engine, etc.) which enabled men to replace alienated economic institutions with new modes of interaction with reference to their economic environment. The steam engine was completely inimical to feudal and post-feudal economic institutions. Today in 1967 it is cybernetics, automation and our electro-magnetic society which could enable us to create our new environment.

The government's refusal to recognize the new environment, as in the case of Dr. Speeth, can only have disastrous effects. Granted the government is not the only one holding onto obsolete ways but in spite of them there have been some steps towards creating the new environment. Recently Kaiser Industries, in order to automate their plant, offered 1500 workers of the local union stocks

equal in dividends to the salary they were making, when they were laid off, for the rest of their lives. These workers became capitalists. And it is not surprising that Wall Street, as reported in the Wall Street Journal of November '66, were recently thinking of pushing through legislation a law which would guarantee workers an annual wage of \$5000 a year.

There can be no doubt that the more we hold onto the old environment and values, the more we are perpetrating our own destruction. Instead of using money and time wisely, we spend our lives in fruitless activities like war. In the field of cybernetics where much can be done to find ways to initiate the new environment we waste our money and brainpower on developing military cybernetical organisms for outer space and create robot soldiers to perpetuate a military caste after the holocaust.

If anyone is demonstrating the need for solutions to the human side of our predicament, it is the "hippies." What they are doing is much more relevant than a war in Southeast Asia or the Middle East. And for that reason alone they are dangerous to the government's hypocrisy.

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EASTHAMPTON, MASS. - Henry W. Piatek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Piatek, 614 East 9th St., New York, N.Y., graduated from Williston Academy, Thursday, June 1, and will attend Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He was a four-year Williston student and a member of the science club and varsity cross-country team.

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The economic development of the 'Underground has led the artists, craftsmen, and artisans in the community to trade their produce for outside cash. In the course of this interaction certain assimilation processes were inacted by the greys (squares). Now when we look at the hip community we find that poster artists have been paid small fees for posters which have sold thousands and thousands, because they sold the copyright on the work outright they cannot claim a share of the profits from the manufacturers. They have nothing in writing—no contracts. Pop groups find that they have signed contracts which exploit their activities, bind them to so many things and bind their managers or record companies to do little or nothing for a huge profit share. If you look behind the hip exterior of some head shops you will find a grey sitting there, capitalising on the heads' need for candles, god's eyes and incense. He knows he can't do it himself even if he wanted to so he gets in a hip young manager with youth and ideas. THE GREYS ARE EMOTIONALLY BANKRUPT-THEY HAVE NO IDEAS-NO MUSE-NO ART-NO YOUTH! They are capitalising on the hip community by offering money—NOTHING ELSE. We have everything on our side—don't sell it out—don't you SEE! What are our assets? The underground encompasses the majority of the creative, artistic people in the world. Business needs creative, artistic people to survive—the boss of a big firm doesn't hire young people because he likes them, its ideas and youth he needs. They can pay more for these assets. If you think of a groovy new word—register it! Never sell the finished artwork of a poster, always lease it—the copyright remains with you and if there seems to be a demand for the poster you can fulfill it and no-one else. Own the galleries you show in, own the little presses and magazines you are published in. Small presses should not have to remain small—poets should not have to sell

Miles from London

Written in EVO Offices New York City

out to big publishers after the little presses have given them their name—the society should have its own outlets. Distribute yourself, all it needs is a truck and a notebook—why let other people make a middleman's profit out of your society. Retain your autonomy, but combine on centralised accounting to limit the huge wastage of money that the squares owe you. A centralised accounting agency for all the record stores, bookstores, clothes boutiques, head shops etc. in the underground would handle many thousands of dollars a week, because it would bill clients monthly and pay its members monthly it would almost immediately build up a cash surplus (a stock) it would be a bank you dig? Do away with the dollar with the masonic sign on it—use your own credit cards then throw them away too—it all takes time—but not that much time, you should be thinking about it by now. Velocity of money is all important. In America the businessmen are almost up to date with the hippies—they already have psychedelic posters, psychedelic ads, psychedelic novelties and fancy-goods, trick cigarettes and so-on. In Britain the underground community has speed on its side as well. Whereas the greys think in terms of years to impliment an idea, the IT-people think in weeks or even days. Being a smaller community than the New York one, all the 'psychedelic merchants'

know each other and agree to work in co-operation rather than competition. This agreed at several big meetings (underground Bildenberg conferences) Keep the money circulating within the hip community—remember the balance of payments problem, more money must come in from outside than goes out to the greys. A grey frequently wears beads, and long hair, and may even be young physically. There is a line between enthusiasm and hustling which is easy to cross and hard for the individual to detect (subjectively) the observer can see it right away. Hustling involves exploiting your fellow man—exploit the system for Gods sake—not the guy you share a pad with or sell your magazines to in a small bookstore. There is a new capitalism—it is the desire to promote, and trade articles and items NOT for profit but to COMMUNICATE. In history the best galleries have always grown from a big private collection, the best bookstores: Gotham, Shakespeare & Co., Mistral, Libraire Anglaise, Poetry Bookshop, City Lights, the best antique stores, eastern stores, etc. This paper isn't here for profit, its here to PROMOTE! Be a parasite on the system but not on this one. This one will then grow and become beautiful, no-one will be able to penetrate its energy cacoon unless they are themselves capable of plugging into it.

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*SUB-CULTURAL EXPORTATION

BY DICK PRESTON



Toronto is a quiet relaxed city...not unlike a mid-western town. It is built with the hands of WASP labourers and is united by WASP morality. It pays lip service to it's motherland, Britain, but like most other nations in the so called free world it is helpless against the cultural invasion of the U.S. There may be divergences of political opinion but when one gets down to the cultural nitty-gritty such as industrial and commercial design...food...clothing...entertainment...finance etc., one has to face the reality that Canada is created in the U.S.'s image.

But the barons of U.S. influence and export don't get everything their own way. When they send their blueprints for the American Way of Life across the border it sometimes happens that it contains a roughly sketched plan from the U.S. sub-culture, such as, to take some current examples, Hippies, Diggers, Underground Films.

It is, I think, no coincidence that the Toronto Diggers were formed only a month prior to the Cinethon - an Underground film festival held last weekend at Toronto's Cine City.

When they were not running films at the Cinethon, I was wandering around the Yorkville St. area... Toronto's village. It's like a Hollywood set designers

conception of a bohemian quarter. Tall trees line the streets...it's all very cosy, yet spacious. There are coffee shops, boutiques, book stores, discotheques, a head shop, and an underground newspaper, Satyrday. And inevitably, in this small Eden, there are also the pushers, the exploiters, the fuzz and paranoia.

The fact is that in the N. American continent the hippies have captured the imagination of the young in the same manner that the cultural revolution has blown the mind of the Chinese teenager. Coincidence?

Satyrday and the Toronto Diggers are doing their best to cope with the implosion. The newspaper warns the prospective hippie against the abuse and misuse of acid and the abomination of A. The Diggers, with the assistance of a lawyer, provide comfort, assistance, and legal aid to an increasing stream of teenage waifs who have, perhaps, made premature decisions to drop out. "I had a row with my parents." is the normal reply to the Diggers question "What's wrong."

The Diggers cellar looks like a very hip social agency. They were contacting parents, police, employers of teenage labour, doing everything they could to help these young people keep out of trouble. Like

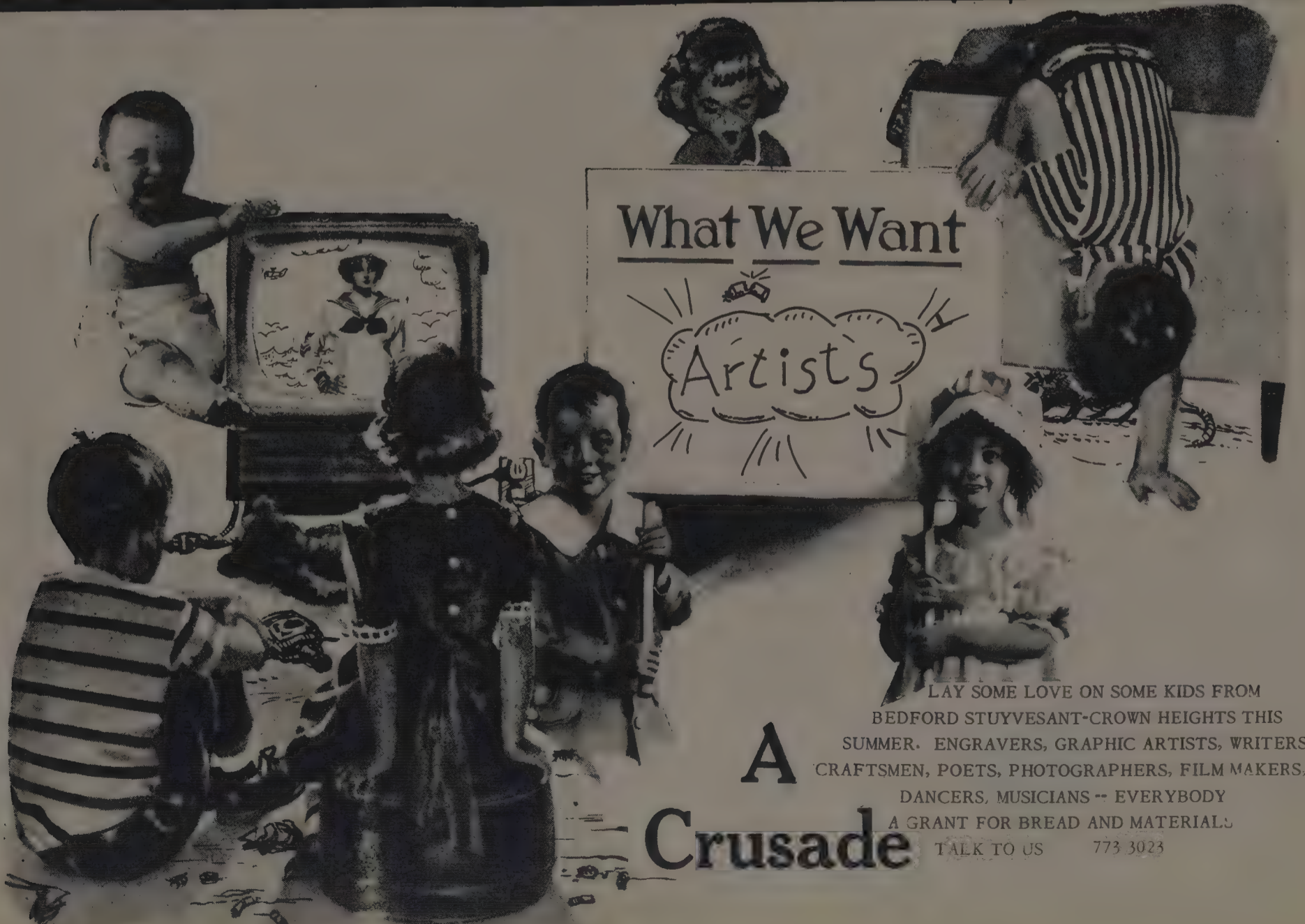
the Diggers in N.Y. & S.F. they were worried about what was going to happen when the schools closed. How you gonna keep 'em down on the prairie after they've read about Toronto!

Meanwhile at Cine City, N.Y.'s Underground was subverting the motion picture values of the middle class. The films, running almost continuously for 3 days played to pack houses, even the show that started at 4 am on a Sunday morning. They covered the whole of the "avant" garde field from Warhol to Emshwiller.

There was also a symposium in which 2 Toronto critics put question "How Deep in the Underground," to which George Kuchar replied "It can't be that deep because it's in Toronto right now." And that was very true.

For me it was a very illuminating experience because for the first time I realised that I was part of a movement and that Underground films were taken very seriously by the Toronto audience.

The sub-cultures of Life and the Arts are giving the establishment a harder fight than they had expected. It's like a guerilla war that is being fought out in the open and the sub-culture seems to be winning a lot of small battles.



LAY SOME LOVE ON SOME KIDS FROM BEDFORD STUYVESANT-CROWN HEIGHTS THIS SUMMER. ENGRAVERS, GRAPHIC ARTISTS, WRITERS, CRAFTSMEN, POETS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, FILM MAKERS, DANCERS, MUSICIANS -- EVERYBODY A GRANT FOR BREAD AND MATERIALS. TALK TO US 773 3023

Crusade

Amsterdam: myriad signs of life -- Vinkennoog

CHRISTMAS '63 George Andrews and I meet. Easter '64 George announces his intention to publish a book on grass, from Tanger to Amsterdam. The title is suggested by Ira, who gives Playboy-readers a taste of the goblet of jam later, as part of his beautiful productions, which also include THE HASHISH COOKBOOK -- in which the simplest recipe (the first) has given some delectation to space-riders in olfactory and odorous means of communication. We all share knowledge; archives explode.

Weeks before Christmas, 1964, both George and I spent some weeks in jail, he in Tanger, me in Amsterdam.

CHRISTMAS EVE he writes me:

I...Day I got out I heard about you and also got a terrible letter from Greece. A friend of mine who is a college professor and the son of a Federal Judge in the US was busted with 5 kilos in Greece and is doomed to do ten years. He was originally turned on by Aldous Huxley, he interviewed Huxley while writing a thesis on him, reported Huxley's views on drugs in the thesis which caused a scandal remembered by all his classmates, and began using drugs after that interview. His use of drugs did not interfere with his work as a teacher. He was making \$700 a month last year teaching the children of American diplomats in France. He always had a lot of grass but he never sold any, he gave it away sometimes, kept me high all winter.

In the same letter George mentions about the book-in-progress: 'Peter Owen, the English publisher, has done his best to help me. He sent me a letter certifying that I am working on an Indian Hemp anthology for his publishing house. I have written asking him that a similar letter be sent to you.'

'65: An Amsterdam-Greece correspondence between Neil Philips and Anton Kothuys develops; George comes to live in Amsterdam - edits an 8-page pamphlet 'NOTES FROM TARTAROS' by Neil Philips, an American Professor of Literature now serving a 4 1/2 year sentence in the Greek prison of Tartaros for possession of Indian hemp.'

Last line (letter August 5th): Once high, always high, that's the only thing I unequivocally know.

Summer '66: Anton Kothuys visits Neil in his Greek jail, comes back weeping.

April 23, 1967: Neil writes me, that he receives no more mail from Anton (withheld since the latter visited him, or stolen, lost, by prison authorities, most presumably).

I answer & send a copy to Peter (OZ) Bergman, with whom we spent the '65 August month in Turkey-shouldn't the US and the rest of the world know? This morning a letter arrives:

Another May 13th

Year of Universal Possibility

Dear Simon V. - Your lovely poem arrived & rang like a temple bell on the far side of eternal fog. You hold an uncanny feeling for this walk into strange, which I suppose is the same contact you and yours can make with most scenes most places, which is the name of Poet. We'll have our day, we'll tumble down laughing together on random foreign floors and it will be the total realization of the only revenge we can allow ourselves to inflict upon them -- we continue to exist and believe and multiply...obliterating us and turning us off is as impossible as eliminating

Future and turning off Wind. --- A foul black hobbled cloud has smothered this tortured country, the entire creative conscience of the nation has been beaten, humiliated, paraded through these dungeons in abject tears. The hot-eyed uniformed messianic madmen ruling us now have decided that the grievous problems of illiteracy, poverty, equality are best solved by forbidding beards, mini-jupes & opposition (they're really fucked up about mini-jupes & beards; radio is full of warnings), & making church attendance compulsory. Simple-minded solutions imposed down rifle-barrels by simple-minded men. They can only tolerate a world in which everybody is a miniaturized reflection of themselves & their own neurotic wills to order. It's the same mentality that lurks everywhere in many different disguises, has been around for all time; dig the U.S. Congressman who just said we must solve the viet nam problem immediately through 'increased pressure', the war's too expensive & we can't afford it, too many things we need 'here at home', if it weren't for Viet Nam we could 'afford to put a policeman on every streetcorner in America.' - These forces at work are certainly frightening to contemplate, especially when one begins to understand the reasons for their existence & the depth of their intransigence, but there are counter-forces awakening everywhere in impossible places & diverse minds, and even in the depths of disaster I know that we'll somehow win. The total price of the victory, however terrible, will be paid in full.--Anyway, seen as theatre, life's not badly written, is it? - There is a dream which lives in all the prisons of the world of a girl so totally beautiful she's reputed to have balled a vulture & given birth to a nightingale. Have you met her? - So we await the era when every little boy's ambition is not to be President when he grows up,

but to be Minister of Agriculture, where he can plant all the fertile valleys with seeds of green dreams in a gesture of total love & laughter. Love & Enlightenments.

NP Filakei Eptapergion (Prison of Seven Towers) Thessaloniki.

Amsterdam, May 16, 1967. Sunshine. We'll all find out one day that only dreams are true; this womb called Life is a promising beginning, the promise being: there is no other end.

East Village Other, May 15, 1967: FLOWER POWER by Keith Lampe:

'There are enough of us now to stop the war by Christmas. All we have to do is take over the jails, prisons, and concentration camps.'

Attend the Free School of Life in 'The Dialectics of Liberation', to be performed as new rules of common knowledge (equals genius and orgasm) in London, July 15-30, 1967.

SEE YOU THERE! There, you see! Here and Now, copying a letter in four copies, to be mailed in Amsterdam this day, to inform the world: Please show to Neil Philips that you're alive, and with him: once high, always high.

George Andrews, now in Amsterdam, can be reached thru me. The Book of Grass, with many delays, came out in London three months ago - it will be published in the US by Grove Press.

From the Underground Theatre of Amsterdam, Magical Center: myriads of signs of life, spelling out L O V E.

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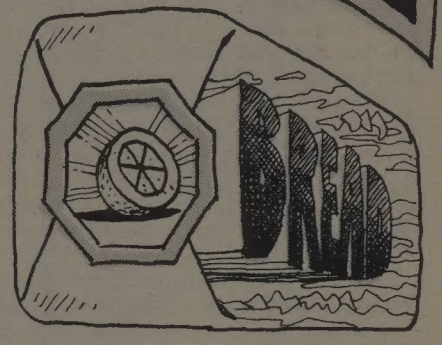
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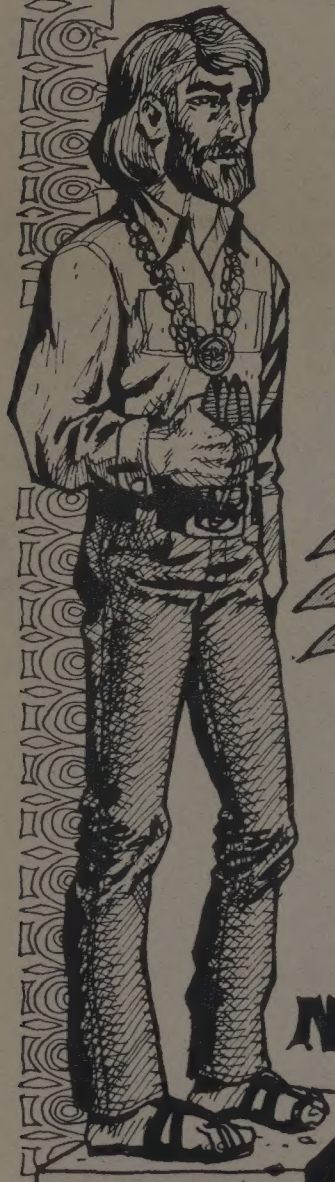
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WANTED - half a dozen chicks interested in contributing to Community Defense Fund effort - to work as ushers at benefit at Village Theatre, evening of Wed., June 28. Dress happy, conduct people to their seats. (See display ad on benefit.) Interested? Call Peter or Marn at EVO. 228-8640.

PROF. PHOTOGRAPHER wants well-endowed girls for national illustrations and glamour publications. Call Days, 565-5131.

College Students - GALS & MEN (6) Over 18 for challenging sales job. Days or Eves. No car or exp. nec. Great opportunity. Good salary & pct. OR 4-5288.

Badly looking for ceramicist who will let me use his workshop to make pottery some evenings and weekends, for love or small money. Same person wishes to receive competent guitar lessons, inexpensively. Helmuth, 228-4066 (eves.)

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

Photographer, working on book of portraits, looking for girls with interesting or beautiful faces. No nudes. Call 989-8751

Man wanted for odd jobs. Must know the Village - East and West, and the people - hippie and straight. The pay is good. Call anytime, 855-4193.

Photo assistant job wanted. 3 years freelance exp. Steve Ditlea, UN 5-8108

Young R&B unusual rock-style group from Midland, Texas, is now in New York, and would like to locate a fine lead guitarist. D. Roush is the man to talk to... get in touch with him through Marnie or Emmett Lake (music editor) at EVO. 228-8640. Do it now -

Wanted - Female Models for figure studies, exp. not necessary. \$5.00 per hour. Call 254-5202.

We will move ANYTHING (from a chair to a whole apt) ANYWHERE (continental USA) ANYTIME (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) at "Insane Hours" for "Insane Prices." Long and short term storage space available. Call for free estimate, 477-5626 or 477-1767. Village Trucking, 66 W. 10th St., NYC 10011

IMAGINATIVE pianist or organist - to play BLUES. Call Evan, 674-6737

Job Wanted - Male, age twenty, experienced in photography (movie & still), and three years on electric bass, singing, and band management. Info: write or phone W. David F.J. Crosson, 10311 Antietam Ave., Fairfax, Va. 22030 - Tel. 703-273-4452. Will relocate to city and am good, so asking \$160 per week. Prefer blues or R&B band job. College grad, even.

Photographer urgently requires attractive, extremely photogenic teenage girls to model in and out of mini-skirt and slacks. For the right girls, my rates top anybody's. Telephone first, 989-7836.

GIRLS WANTED. EXPERIMENTAL FILM. BEAUTIFUL BUILD - (18-30). CALL JOHN HARVEY - CO 7-2912. LEAVE NAME AND NUMBER. \$50 A DAY. EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY. NO PRUDES.

Need models for photo experiments - four 11x14 photos in payment. First ten calls - male or female - young or old. Call 929-8749

Regular volunteer positions open for free-minded, attractive hippie chicks. Possibility of paid part-time employment if volunteers' services are adequate. Call Archie at WBAI, 697-4375, between 11 and 5.

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Mr. Romance is a select way of meeting singles - no computers - individuals, with degrees in psychology, pick all your dates - Write or call, for free questionnaire, to: Mr. Romance, 152 West 42nd Street, N.Y.C. 10036, Room #563. Phone LO 5-3517.

Commuter and swinger seeks NYC pied-a-terre in apartment of attractive, intelligent, venturesome female(s) 25-40. Am 43, 6', 185#, good-looking, generous, uninhibited, and fun! Enjoy good food, music, theater, sports cars, yachting, skiing. Discretion assured. Bob Alexander, Box 2115, Glenbrook, Connecticut.

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Attention, girls with singing aspirations: Professional vocal coach will teach you, in exchange for some housecleaning. Call Mr. George, 877-0730, 12 to 7 pm.

SELF-HYPNOSIS. If you are 21, and interested (or could be interested) in this science, in any capacity whatsoever, please contact S.H., 267-2912.

POSSIBLY GO DOWN IN HISTORY: Young prince from Pakistan; artist. ("He has the versatility, variety and vigour of Pollock. His paintings are icons of our time": Prof. William Rubin), writer, London and Harvard educated; written as "Young Virtuoso" (Time magazine, 3/6/65); lives in Beekman Place. Fed up with International Set shindigs and art politics. Requires an intelligent, loyal, and beautiful assistant in connection with a book on Aesthetics. Telephone IQBAL (of Salarpur), 355-1230, between 9-10 pm. No Lonely-hearts Anonymous calls please.

EAST 70'S. Man, interested in the fine arts, music, opera, also wrestling and boxing, wishes to share his luxury apartment with man, for purposes of companionship. Sincerity and similarity of interests and good references. Phone 628-5553, AFTER 2, afternoons.

Graduate student, 24, too busy with studies to meet girls, is tired of sleeping alone. Would like to meet girl in similar situation. Write, Michael, Box 460, Cathedral Station, NYC 10025.

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JOBS

Photographer needs models, experienced and non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc. pin-up, figure for magazines. Call between 3-6: George Sovo, GRAPHIC HOUSE, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

KNOWHERE EAST, new theatre group, needs playwrights, actors, technicians, tools, lumber, office equipment, anything. Call evenings, 777-7254, or come to 7th floor loft weeknights 736 Broadway nr Astor Place.

Am psychologically hung up. Want to try group therapy - either join an existing group, or help form a new one. Have you any advice? Call BE 3-5949, ask for Mr. Shelly, and leave your name and number.

Attractive young ladies wanted for sophisticated glamor and pin-up photography work. No exp. necessary. Excellent pay. MU 5-1541.

Photographer needs caucasian girls between 21 and 25 for nude photography. \$15.00 an hour. Call days 349-9742.

Charming young thing wanted, to be gal friday, in cozy, young, swinging midtown art studio. Light duties, light hours, light pay. Some modeling possible. Call 685-1541.

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A local psychedelic? Read HARRY HEMPHILL AND HIS PSYCHEDELIC LINGUO. In New York Provo Magazine - available where all dirty books are sold. (East Side BS, 10th St. BS, Underground Uplift, Psychedelicatessen.) 10¢.

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Catalogue freaks, send 10¢ to The Mad Peck, Dept. A., Box 2307 East Side Sta., Providence, R.I. 02906.

If you like the Monkees, and Peter, Paul & Mary, forget it. But, if you like Buffy Sainte-Marie and TIM BUCKLEY, get it! The Folk Bag - a new magazine. Also Eric Andersen, Janis Ian, etc. Avail. at U.U.U., 28 St. Marks Place.

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MEXICO, CALIFORNIA FREE! Yale-educated, Boston-trained, good-looking, fun-loving, elegant-living 28-year-old doctor driving Corvette convertible to Mexico City, Acapulco, etc., and on to San Francisco, for last hedonistic fling, before being sent by U.S. Government to face possible death in Far East. Looking for lovely, intelligent, swinging girl, to make trip complete...all expenses taken care of. Send particulars and photograph to S.M.S., Apt. 1, 65 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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PERSONAL

Young guy from India teaches inhibited chicks finer aspects of KAMA-SUTRA - The Indian Art of Love. Call Dr. Rau 960-3223. Leave message, if not in.

WANTED: man, 25-40, tall, sexy, intelligent, proud; neither hippie nor square; neither a boss nor a slave; no 69'ers. I'm female, 27, brunette, intelligent, proud, sexy, creative, and overweight. 477-5321.

WANTED: Lady, 25 to 20, to share apartment. \$20.00 rent a month. Also be able to work with me, and ride cycle. Write Lou Cuomo, 213 E. 2nd, Apt. 2. P.S. Only ladies who are single, not married or have boy friends, and are up tight for a place to stay.

Young man (29) seeks mature woman for sexual relationship. Call MA 4-8100 (x 341) after 8:00.

BORED. HORNEY? UNLOVED! We'll change all that. Send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to find out how. Gilbert, Box 1018, Mission, Kansas.

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MARATHON DISCUSSION GROUP being formed. If interested, write: Ed Mentken, Council for Positive Interpersonal Relations, Apt. 1M, 2 Horatio St., NYC 14.

Hypnotist, 48, taught many self-hypnosis for anti-smoking, etc., would consider giving free lecture or entertaining show to your over-21 group or party, to interest business. 267-2912.

MOTHER GIVES ANOTHER CHANCE. Mother is very unhappy that she didn't hear from more of you last time, but here is another chance for you lost children. Send Mother \$1.50, and she will knock you out with the Greatest Box of Goodies ever put in your mail box! Mother, 1665 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

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

WED. JUNE 28 - 8:30 P.M. - PANEL: "THE MASCULINITY CRISIS, DILEMMA OF MALE OR FEMALE?" Dr. Lincoln Hanson, Dr. Norman Levy, Betsy Aigen, Ed Mentken - ACADEMY HALL, 853 B'way, (14th St.) Room 141E - Refresh & Social - Contribution \$2 (Members & Students \$1)

FRENCH TICKLERS - fun, safe, reusable. Not sold as a contraceptive. \$2.49 ppd. with information. Andrew Peck, P.O. Box 71, Eagles Mere, Pa. 17731.

NUDISCOVER Meet interesting people near you who love nudism. Any age, male/female, married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOC., Dept. E., P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083 GUARANTEED.

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PERSONAL

GIRLS! If you're under 20 years, need a pad for July and August, and would like to play the "marriage game" for a few months, call Jeff. BO 3-4641.

Young man of the establishment wishes to spend some time with hippies (on weekends) to learn philosophy and way of life. Richard, apt. 3J., 200 East 57th St., NY, NY 10022

I'm up to here with bland blondes who dive into bed. Attractive, young, very solvent, bright male interested in equally bright, young, attractive females. I couldn't care less about your virginity or the lack of it - I do care very much about your prettiness and imagination. Box 640, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

ATTENTION: Ladies Only. Young, good-looking man seeks clean, attractive married women or discreet single girls, for daytime pleasures. I'm congenial, considerate, dependable, and will satisfy all desires. Have modern Midtown apartment. Call Lou, (212) 245-8656, weekdays till 5 PM only!

Two Males (22) looking for the company of two females (19-22) for summer fun at our house on Ohio River, outside Louisville. Lots of Trees, and/or Grass. Write, Bob & Dick, P.O. Box 61, Kosmosdale, Kentucky.

MAN, 32, 6'3", white, built, single, Phila. area, desires meeting young, attractive ladies single, married, divorced, separated, widowed, nympho types for around the world in 69. French culture exchanged for Greek culture. Supports legalized cunnilingus. Private, discreet, uninhibited, gentle with understanding. Attractive and handsome married couples given both cultures. Great Ray, 219 E. 5th St., Chester, Pa., 19013, 215-TRemont 2-0532 after 9 pm. I'm serious! Are you?

Attractive West Village guy, low 30's, who enjoys Rock, Raga, Soul, Latin, and the Classics; Dancing; Sand, Swim, Sail, and Sun...and uninhibited fun, seeks attractive, petite, brite girl - 18-25, to share my vacation on Fire Island and in the City. Call 675-0398. After June 30, call 516-583-5132.

Nice guy from Europe, 24, wants to meet caucasian or colored girl, 18 to 32, for mutually enjoyable physical relationship. Write Michael, 215 East 17 St., N.Y., or call OR 7-7716, evenings.

29 year comedian seeks spontaneous humorous chick; to roommate, to playmate, to aggravate?, to copulate (16th word in my rhyming dictionary under "ate"), to elucidate...477-5972

Young male model available to females only, of any age or race. Will pose in nude for females who wish to snap pics, sketch and paint, or to study, in your home or studio. Guaranteed fast reply to all letters. Discretion assured. Write: J.S., Box 410, Midtown Station, NY, NY 10018.

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