

# EVOLUO HOTOVIL

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25¢ West Coast

### CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

## WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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### SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LT = International Letter Telegram

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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

105 2ND AVE NYK

NYK

832 BROADWAY  
SF OFFICE  
DPT JUL 31 PM 11 22

GOVERNMENT OF HATE HAS TAKEN OVER MOMENTARILY. INTERMISSION OF LOVE. HEROISM IS DECADENT. DAY OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE MUST BE EVERYDAY. LOCK YOURSELF UP IN AN ABSOLUTE REIGN OF INSIGNIFICANCE. FLOWER POWER REMAINS UNDERGROUND TILL IT'S TIME TO FLOURISH. CONSIDERING THE REINSTATEMENT OF "SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST" THEORY, MARTIAL LAW OF INDIFFERENCE DECLARED. SIRENS, BLOOD, BOOTS, SHOOTING, WILL DELAY THE FINAL REVOLUTION OF THE ORGASM. LOVE GUERILLEROS ALL OVER ARE FIGHTING, KEEP FAITH, SYSTEM SUCCESSFUL IN GUIDING PRESSURES TOWARDS HARMONIOUS MASSACRE. EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF IGNORANCE SUCCESSFUL IN ACHIEVING HIGH STANDARDS OF CONFUSION. REPORTS FROM CAPITOL INDICATE ENFORCED ALLENATIONS IN DETROIT CLEVELAND NEWARK AND MANY TO COME. NO EPICS. ONLY SAGAS. BLACKS AND LATINOS ASSIST MOLOTOV COCKTAIL PARTY GIVEN BY C.I.A. COMMITTEE OF POETS CULTIVATE FIELDS OF LIGHT. SOCIALIZATION OF THE CONSCIENCE. MAKE ONLY COSMOLOGICAL TELEPHONE CALLS TILL TOTALITY IS REACHED

INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN

(09)

SF1201(R2-65)

*I saw the best minds of my generation  
destroyed by madness, starving  
hysterical naked, dragging themselves  
through the negro streets at dawn looking  
for an angry fix,  
by Allen Ginsberg*

# The United States of America

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA RHYMES WITH ARMAGEDDON

## YESTERDAY THE UNITED STATES OF ARMAGEDDON IS OVER

Am I really typing this letter on the machine of the dead?  
MOVIE AD HEAD: "Behind the screams and headlines are the puppet-makers!"

Every Executive's tapped phone. Spya-likes are more popular than ever. Everyone conspires.

A high-pitched electrical whine vibrates in the ghettos, as the unwilling brothers of the cockroaches flip into hysterical chatter, bottle throwing and fighting. The end of hair tangles with madness.

Every day you ask the wind, "when is it coming?"

But only the president replies, making a speech after Newark or Detroit saying, "Attack... Martial Law... Hate... Fear... insecurity... maybe we should pray?"

A MILITARY JUNTA MOVES UP BEHIND THE LINES OF BLACK POWER.

It is coming clear: The murder of Kennedy. The Viet Nam war. A military Junta affecting power with the army in the streets in the United States withdrawing as if to say, "see, what a benevolent democracy you have."

I am sorry to have to write to you telling this bad news.

## THE UNITED STATES OF ARMAGEDDON IS OVER YESTERDAY

White faces watch black faces on television being killed in America and yellow faces being killed on television in the fifty-first state of Viet Nam. The T.V. commercials give a false sense of security to the boob-tube suckers who have watched the war movies gone stale too long.

In Newark, the gangster-police had a list of eight men to be killed. LIVE ACTION DRAMA.

On the Lower East Side, federally employed agitators invoke the blind wrath of Puerto Ricans against the "hippies" no one understands. Before the slaughter of the innocents, the Captain of the Police in the 9th precinct gives a pat rationalization as to why the hippies are hated.

Dialectical Materialism: first you say what will happen and then you make it happen.

HOPE lies in the fact that none here has the oratorical power of Hitler.

TO ENGLAND: Would you like to send the REDCOATS to re-conquer these criminals of your political past?

MEMO: All phones are tapped. Use only Intergalactic Brain Lines. DO NOT SPEAK. BEWARE OF ELECTRODES. INPUT OVERLOAD. WORLD HYSTERIA III.

In San Francisco, military buses crawl through Haight Street - rubbernecking soldiers with steel minds.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT IS AT HAND.

MAN IS GOD'S BEST FRIEND.

## WHEN DOES FLOWER COME OUT THE BARREL OF A GUN?

The old folks are having a tantrum on the floor. They have forgotten how to dance and can only kick and scream. They will not retire.

THE SIGNS ARE EVERYWHERE.

TO HOLLAND: Cry for us, bring rain walking the edge of a stuffed world gone dead, and one not to be imagined being born.

DATA SOON TO BE RELEASED: SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: While L.S.D. causes some chromosome damage to adult users, their children's chromosomes are altogether rearranged into a perfect mandala-pattern, which makes them TELEPATHIC. TO BE RELEASED ONLY AFTER ACADEMIC PAPERS ARE PUBLISHED.

What the United States of Armageddon was is not yet known. What it had planned to be was not accomplished. Humanity was sold out to greed, disguised as Pragmatism, at the Second Continental Congress, which overthrew utopia with only an army of merchants and lawyers.

The thing that used to strike a flame in the hearts of man, the ideal of America is over...yet the continuity of commercials gives security to those who still believe in a world which is over.

I DO NOT WANT TO DISTURB MY

## OLD MOTHER AND RETIRED

## FATHER'S THOUGHTS. THEY HAVE WORKED HARD TO SECURE THEIR BASKING IN THE SUN.

FLASHES OF ROMAN MOBS RIOTING AND BURNING THE CITIES fill our everyday existence.

COMFORTING THOUGHT: Though Rome collapsed, it took the countryside over three hundred years to change.

DIGRESSION: Do not think that this is history, for history is over.

ALL SYSTEMS FAILED. Yet man continues inventing new systems, seeking answers for the inner problems of his soul, by forms which can only lead to external reform.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a system called the Mosaic Land Law. Every seven years, all the accumulated wealth (god forbid!) was redistributed: each man gave his job to another, and his land to another, and took up something new. Then it evolved that the Mosaic Land Law was applied only every forty years, and now it is not applied at all.

Man has a way of not living true to his nature, and when he does that, an abstraction called ecology comes into play, and spills his applectart to the urchins.

THE UNITED STATES OF ARMAGEDDON IS OVER.

## POSSESSION IS OVER.

GREED IS OVER  
LOVE HAS JUST BEGUN.

## SECTION TWO ENTITLED WHAT WE CAN DO FOR OUR LOVE

This is a plea to the lovers.  
This is a plea to the brothers.  
This is a plea to our friends.  
How should I put it?  
Go to the sea shore.  
Take a vacation.  
Leave town.  
Drop out?

## SECTION THREE JUST BEGUN

This New Jerusalem,  
the Lower East Side,  
mother to the tired refuse of other shores  
has taken to its breast all those wanderers,  
who came from the center of this land  
and from the north and from the south,  
to see in all the crazies,  
the witch-bitch haters, and lovers,  
Ukranian, Jewish, Spanish, Negro  
in poverty  
seeking a wealth that cannot be worn.

From ten years ago  
Allen Ginsberg led  
Gurued  
chanted his nation of younger souls  
to India,  
where shamans and holy wisemen told him;  
Go back to America,  
Unify,  
Teach

That **LOVE** is not a thing of the flesh

to hold in a night and go silly to sleep.  
Here are the wanderers of the continent  
the tempest tossed from pavements  
and suburban housed shrillnesses  
Heels on concrete  
sleeping in parks  
where,  
yes,  
the moon **ALSO RISES**

Walter Bowart ..

Disguised as Armageddon

Rhymes  
With  
New  
Down  
Hay



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## Letters to the Editor

Dear EVO:

Beginning 4 P.M. on Sunday, July 16, I spent 12 hours in the city of Newark, N.J., which has a population comprised of about 50% Negroes.

New Jersey National Guardsmen, New Jersey State Troopers, and Newark City Police, in barbed-wire-covered jeeps, full-tracked armored personnel carriers, and police cruisers, with a gun barrel protruding from each window, seemed to be following a strategy of containment, securing the perimeter of the riot area, just west of Newark's Downtown section, and centering around Springfield Avenue, the main business district of the predominately Negro section of the city, and making forays to hot spots inside the ring, in armored columns.

State Police helicopters were continually criss-crossing the sky, and the National Guardsmen that I spoke to seemed very apprehensive. One poked his bayonet-fitted M-1 into my face, and when I identified myself, assured me he was just making a routine check. Another pounded the steel butt of his M-1 on the fender of my car, and ordered me to move out of the area immediately. Others sat in the rear of their jeeps, and nervously swivelled loaded Browning 30 cal. machine-guns, and I was halted many times and ordered to open the leather case containing my tape recorder. Most of these men, forced to leave their civilian jobs and pulled away from their families on short notice, wanted only for things to return to normal. A few were decidedly trigger-happy, and eager for the opportunity to return fire. I heard of one case of Guardsmen tossing liquor bottles, confiscated from searched automobiles, into the air and taking pot-shots at them. I passed one soldier, sleeping on the steps of the Hopewell Baptist Church, his M-1 cradled in his lap, clips of ammunition and tear-gas grenades stuck in his Garrison belt. The theme of the morning sermon, announced in bold, capital letters on the church bulletin board directly over his head, had been "PRAY FOR PEACE." I did notice some lack of coordination and communication between the different law enforcement units taking part in the operation. The Guardsmen and State Troopers were officially under the command of the Newark City Police, an order which undoubtedly helped to minimize casualties. I witnessed several instances, of Negro members of the City Police, stoically enduring taunts shouted at them by Negro civilians in passing automobiles. Most of the City Police were armed with shotguns, and wore bandoleers of shells crossed on their shoulders, reminiscent of childhood bandits. Many types of small arms were in evidence. Aside from the Browning 30 cal. machine guns mounted in vehicles, I saw Thompson sub-machine guns, Browning automatic rifles, shotguns, including the sawed-off riot gun type, 30-30 lever action and bolt FED sporting rifles, M-1's, carbines, and 45 and 38 cal. pistols. I saw some State Police with Reising 45 cal. sub-machine guns, and many men carried hand grenades. Another reporter told me that he witnessed State Police literally tearing the clothing from halted suspects, although I did not see such incidents myself.

I went to the scene of a fire in an abandoned building, which had been started by arsonists; one of almost 100 such blazes set during the previous 72 hours. The firemen were guarded by two personnel carriers full of soldiers, who spread out around the building with rifles and pistols cocked and held in ready position.

It was possible to find oneself on a block within the cordoned-off area, surrounded by only hostile black faces. At one point, four young Negroes approached me and demanded to know of what nationality I was, asking me repeatedly, "Are you Jew, German, Irish, Italian, or what?" I did not discover why they wanted that information, and they did not

accept my repeated plea that I was an American like they were. At their demand to "Get out of that car, you Devil White Mother," I thought it prudent to drive off. One man tossed a piece of red brick through the open window of my car, which, because of his close proximity, landed harmlessly in my lap. I remember wondering if it would have made any difference, had I been wearing a CORE button. I made the shocking discovery, shortly after that incident, that I was afraid to get out of my car in Newark, N.J., and thought this fact absurd.

When I did screw up my courage, and spoke to some of the residents of a housing project, I found that many people were indeed dissatisfied with living conditions in Newark, though, fortunately, only a few seemed to think violence would help by drawing attention to Negro problems. Most of those I talked to cited police brutality as the main reason for the build-up of hostility and the tension which led to the first outbreak of violence, when a Negro cab driver was arrested and beaten, early last week.

I looked at the bullet-scarred side of an occupied high-rise project building, upon which three score members of the security forces had opened heavy, sustained fire, including automatic weapons, on Saturday night, because a sniper fired at them, or someone thought he saw a rifle barrel pointed out of a window; or perhaps it was a child with a broomstick, who wanted to play war, too. One man told me of Police, Guardsmen and Troopers, firing indiscriminately into buildings and stores which had "Soul Brothers," or "Blood," painted on their windows to ward off looters. I saw evidence of this myself. After curfew, the unofficial order of the day was to shoot anything that moves; I was ordered to halt, and held at gunpoint, by nervous Guardsmen twice.

I thought, at that time, that the moment a man picks up a weapon and sets himself against another man, he must be ready and willing to kill, because he dare not put it down, else he die himself. It seemed very profound at the time of realization; now I don't know, it seems too simple, but, as with all individual human values, there is a very simple, basic, fine line.

Later, at Newark City Hospital, a twelve-year-old boy was brought in. According to a reporter who had been at the scene, he had been shot down by a soldier, while taking out the garbage. The bullet passed completely through his body. In a little while he died. He was a Negro, but, had he been white, it would have been the same. His brother, a boy of about 19, was sitting, in blood-stained slacks, in the deserted admitting room of the hospital, which had been darkened because of sniper fire. I entered the room and tried to talk to him. With tears streaming down his cheeks, the boy said, "Why should I want to talk to you? Get out of here." There, in that darkened room, facing another human being, I experienced, for just a moment, being hated because of the color of my skin.

Rony Watkins  
for WBAI News

Dear EVO:

I just received your end of July issue and am very glad it came today. When I'm stuck on this tub for any length of time, I start to go mad. One of the few things (besides ass and grass) which pull me out of my depressions is EVO. I've just finished reading it, cover to cover, for the second time, and I feel that it is definitely one of the best issues to date.

I've never before written any letters to any magazines or newspapers, but I feel the time has come to tell of my appreciation for what you are doing. The people I know, and myself, thank you for your "never-ending battle" against the establishment.

I know many beautiful people, both in New York, where I've spent most of my life; and in California, where I spent 3-1/2 years attending school (I'm a college drop-out). But I wasn't exactly prepared for the type of pricks that I've been forced to live and work with in the navy. (I'm a naval reservist, currently serving a two-year hitch of active duty on board a ship homeported in Newport, R.I. I have one year from September to go.) Just seen reading EVO, and you're labeled a pot-head and drug addict. But, then again, everyone knows I'm addicted to grass because they can see the tracks on my lips. They (the navy) are, as of right now, starting a campaign to get sailors to turn in (not on) any friend of theirs who they think might smoke grass or have tripped on acid. Most of the people I know who've tripped or smoke, pick their friends quite carefully, so I doubt if anyone will be busted by the shore patrol or the commanding officer's stoolies (unless they get careless, as we all occasionally do, i.e. writing letters of this kind.

Michael L. Krane

Dear EVO,

like I just couldn't take this lying down. I realize you put paid political advertisement above the ad, and a "oi vey" next to it, but it still was enough to cause a tremendous down. What I am referring to is the ad placed by the "Federated Americans Against Israeli Racism." Do me a favor, tell them to stick their head up a camel's ass. They are so full of shit, it is unbelievable. Don't hit me with any being Jewish shit, because I'm not. Anybody who sides with the Arabs is really a cocksucker. Israel is not lily white, but, compared to the Arabs - . It's like Israel is grass and Nasser is Harry J. Anslinger.

There is only one side, in the middle east, that practices genocide; it's the fucked-up people who sponsored the ad.

I really have no way of expressing how much that ad turned me off. Feed them something, but set those shit-sniffing cocksuckers straight.

Who needs their Fascism?

Tom

P.S. I realize that it wouldn't be right not to print the ad, but I just had to sock the truth to them.

Dear EVO:

Thirteen months ago, in a fit of what could only have been insanity, I enlisted in the navy. Having realized the dreadfulness of my mistake, I recently requested discharge ON ANY GROUNDS and ANY TYPE. I was refused. The reason was, mainly, that I have been classed in the upper 2% of the navy brainwise, so they needed my help to fight their wars. I begged, I explained, I threatened, but it did not a bit of good. I talked to doctors, ministers, officers - nothing.

I recently read your paper, and nearly cried. THESE are the things I believe, THESE are the people I want to meet, THESE are the places I want to go. I must get out! If all else fails, I will stuff my mattress full of pot and split it open on some officer's head. Maybe then...

Can you help me? Do you know of any way? Perhaps if you print this letter, with full identification, I can send underlined copies to all concerned. (They ARE thick-headed!) I am desperate.

Love and Peace,  
David P. Raymer  
OPS GEMD  
NAS Oceana  
Va. Bch., Va.

P.S. I have been doing nothing but typing and filing recently. They may get my body, but the mind is mine.

Dear EVO:

I'm a high school senior. I'm also a girl. Besides those two irrelevant facts, I stood third in my class at the end of my Junior year, and from all standards, I should be satisfied. I'm not.

Maybe this doesn't mean a damn thing to anyone else... but it does to me. And, after all, it's what I feel that really matters. Although my father finds that philosophy ridiculous, that's his hang-up.

Anyway, I spent the month of June in N.Y. City, at a relative's, which I enjoyed for what it was worth, but what I liked even more was the Village, grass, and EVO. For the first time in my 17 years of existence, somebody finally told the truth, and babes, the truth doesn't feel so bad.

So, in the end, I'm subscribing to EVO, and staying turned-on.

At the end of this next school year, expect another face in the Village. But don't get me wrong, 'cause I'm going to attend either Vassar, Sweet Briar, or Bryn Mawr.

The times are a-changin' for real.

Pax,  
J'n Mullens

Dear EVO:

We are asking you to please make a public appeal to your readers, who, perhaps, would never hear of our plight.

The Community and Narcotics Action Center is in dire financial straits. We are appealing to everyone to help us in our efforts to keep the office open, to serve the community, and to give the much-needed assistance to the Narcotic Addicts. For most, this is the only place of comfort and hope, meager as it may be. Our office space has been donated by the landlord, Mr. Lederman, for the past four months.

We were not funded for the summer by the Council Against Poverty, in spite of all we have done without any funds, which have left us barely holding on. We don't know for how long, in this constant poverty, before our door is closed. This would be a serious blow to the community, and to the addicts, who have come to depend on us.

Please help, and ask your friends to help our worthy cause. Thanking you for your kindness and consideration.

Yours, in Hope,  
Elsie Brown  
Director  
Community and Narcotics  
Action Center



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# 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

OLD MEN DREAM DREAMS; YOUNG MEN SEE VISIONS, OR, FIDDLING AROUND WHILE AMERICA BURNS.

'The glut of studies and statistics threatens to befuddle a public mind already distracted by a new kind of war abroad and a profound civilrights revolution at home. We can already discern a tendency to retract, to sit tight, to refrain from new domestic endeavors in the hope that the confusing maze of national problems will somehow clear itself up.'

From 'The Good But Complex Life' by John V. Lindsay, The N.Y. Times Book Review, July 30 1967 concerning the Book: CITIES IN A RACE WITH TIME. Progress and Poverty in America's Renewing Cities. By Jeanne R. Lowe, Random House.

Mayor Cavanagh said there was tension at times during the negotiations involving himself, Governor Romney, Mr. Vance and Attorney General Clark.

But he added that there was no angry shouting or arm waving.

'We were all civilized while the city burned,' he said.

News story July 30, 1967 N.Y. Times concerning Governor Romney's and The White House's tensions over bringing in Federal Troops.

Many years ago, when Christ cautioned that "Ye shall always have the poor with you!", I wonder if he was not cursing us rather than revealing a bit of High gossip. Let's face it, no one in his right mind could honestly have righteous indignation, reaction of fear, or simply plain, naive shock over what has been happening in this country the past few weeks.

We knew it was here for a long time. We allowed it to exist. And we knew what it was all about; people using people in order to survive a little bit better. You might even say it has become, in the last thirty years, a national occupation with this nation; an anthem which it doesn't stand up for all the time but certainly stands for. This so-called Democratic, Capitalist, etc., system, like any other that has come before or will come after (unless we change our ways immediately), is simply THERE because poverty is needed to be here now in order for "the system" to exist.

I don't want to be critical after the fact (because it's safe to say what I feel now and I am in a position to do so) but to reveal, by quoting the statements of the different mayors, the amount of game-playing that has taken the place of good, honest change in America. The intellectual and political games these separate statements nurture are only a dragnet for my ability to say, "Just reporting the facts, Ma'am." It includes me in the game, as well, because all I can do is comment on the stupidity of the situation. We are all caught up in a "system" which doesn't seem to work any more. (Not that Communism is any better, in fact it's worse, because it is the U.S.A. that supports Russia technologically and financially.)

True, one can point to the past and show how well our "system" worked with the early immigrants from Europe. The majority of them worked themselves out of the slums with good, honest sweat. They are now leading decent, comfortable lives. But that was true for the early 20th century, when the country was young, and embarking on a new exploitation of time. They had conquered the land from coast to coast; nature was made to submit to man's way of providing things. This country was no longer fully competing with nature, as it was before, but with something else. And that something else had in turn defined a new poverty.

Nature invented man, something that man has thought himself, since the beginning, to be better than nature, and now man has invented the machine, something I'm sure, if it could think(?), would believe itself to be better than man. I'm not so sure it isn't true. To earn yourself dignity through good, honest sweat is no longer the case where a new poverty group has to compete with a machine. A new mode of exchanging goods and services defines a new way of seeking dignity, especially when the old way of seeking it is no longer applicable. Who wants to compete, if the old way is a losing battle? Providing money through welfare, which is really another way of keeping the poor poor; or inventing meaningless, useless work, doesn't quench the thirst for self-esteem of the truly desparate human being, when a machine can do it better.

One of the most meaningful remarks about the riots, which pinpoints what I am talking about, comes from Dr. Kenneth Clark, a Negro and psychologist who teaches at the City University of New York. Dr. Clark notes that "the recent epidemic of riots or rebellions" involves only a small percentage of Negro youths, but that most of those involved in the violence are young people. These remarks are in an article by Dr. Clark, called "Search for Identity," published last week in a special issue of Ebony magazine on "Negro Youth in America—Anxious, Angry and Aware."

The problem in New America is that we keep



reacting as if we were in Old America. For all intent and purposes, it might as well be, for if we ignore the reactions of the young, we also ignore what is happening in and to America. As Dr. Clark so aptly puts it, "To understand the positives of these young people, one must understand that no group of human beings can move from being the victims of injustice and inhumanity, to the goals of self-acceptance and positive personal and racial identity, without a transition period being marked by turmoil."

The sadness of the situation is compounded when you realize that the majority of mankind is too slowfooted to change with the times. Too often, we get caught up in a vacuum of violence, and complicate it further by calling for an investigation of riots, blaming others for the cause, and writing dissertations, like I am doing. But at least I have the out, as so many so-called enlightened people have, that I am not the Mayor, the President, or the Congress of the U.S. (This is probably true of the majority of unenlightened people, as well, and one of the reasons why "the system" no longer works.) Not that I could do better, but, at least, I would not pursue a useless activity by not admitting that the whole machinery needs overhauling, and trying to patch it up with faulty material and faulty labor.

The recent riots have brought home to me how corrupt the "system" has become, and how intertwined it is with our war economy. When I was stationed in the army at Fort Sill, Oklahoma in 1960, Lawton, Oklahoma, which had a population of 50,000 and located near the Fort, made its entire living off the soldiers who spent their money there on their days off. The Town was entirely dependent for its existence on the Fort being there. You might say, for me at least, the Town was the microcosm of the macrocosm of our whole "system." The Town itself was divided up into four sections: white, Negro, Mexican and Indian; and each level worse than the next, a sort of Dante's Inferno for urban living. What was also interesting about it was the fact that hardly any young people lived there. Most of them had gone into the army or moved to another part of the country. What shocked me about Lawton was the reality that it was so obvious and blatant. It no longer shocks me, but I can't help feeling a certain irony, that when the riots broke out across the U.S. recently, Lawton, Oklahoma remained untouched.

These are the facts, and these are the realities of the corruption. If the young have a vision, it is because something is out there defining a new way, a new dignity for doing things. The least the Government can do and should do, is to provide the means to fit their vision. Something out there is not being used, but using us, and it is simply an old, dead dream that refuses to be reborn anew.

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From Sept. 21 - 24, FIPE (1st International Psychedelic Exposition) will be held at Forest Hills Country Club, 88-20 70th Road, Forest Hills, N.Y. There will be entertainment, tents, restaurants, etc. The show is to inform the public of aspects of the psychedelic experience.

If people are interested in exhibiting there, call MU 2-4777, or write 516 5th Ave., Suite 507.

\*\*\*\*\*

Drop City in Colorado are planning to put out a hitch-hiking manual (which will be distributed free) on the various state laws. For example, in Colorado you must be standing still and carrying a sign (no thumb) or risk being busted.

Anyone interested in supplying information on various hitch-hiking laws, write Drop City, rt. 1 box 125, Trinidad, Colorado 81082.

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The recent marijuana busts up in Woodstock, N.Y., have spawned the community to action. There will be a Sound-Out to raise bail money for now and future busts. The event will take place on the Labor Day weekend, September 2, 3, and 4. Located on a field near Glasco Turnpike, just off rte. #212, the program will be made up of name folk-rock groups, with environmental lighting and construction by USCO. Tickets will be \$2.50 each or \$10 for five performances. For more information call Jocko at Woodstock: (914) OR 9-8492.

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If anyone is uptight about going to Canada to avoid the draft because of the so-called lack of accommodations situation, I suggest they call 931-3007, or write to the Montreal Committee to Aid War Objectors, 1236 Fort St., Montreal 6, Quebec.

\*\*\*\*\*

There will be a Human-In, Sept. 3rd in Jeanne-Mance Park, Montreal, Canada.

\*\*\*\*\*

The recent report on the new purple acid is, it's not too good.

\*\*\*\*\*

Richard Alpert, of Leary, Alpert and Metzner Trinity, has given everything up and gone to India to seek "The Way."

\*\*\*\*\*

Millbrook is under seige by the local gestapo. Leary and friends have been busted from everything to breathing incorrectly. Anyone who is planning to go up there, don't—Uncle Tim doesn't need the "Tzores."

\*\*\*\*\*

A new underground newspaper out of Chicago is called The Bridge and is put out by a good friend of mine, Anne O'Brien. Anyone interested in subscribing, write: The Bridge, Chicago Flower Journal and Fire Enterprises, Inc., 1918 N. Dayton, Chicago 60614.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Community Brest, the benefit for the community which will take place at the Village Theatre August 16, will donate the monies for equipment and supplies for groups like the Provos, Communications Company, etc. It should be a swinging affair, with underground comedians like Paul Krassner, Hugh Romney and the best in Folk & Rock artists like Richie Havens, Judy Collins, Peter Walker, Pear before Swine and others like Tiny Tim heading the list.

Krassner told me that, "When I attended Ken Kesey's first Acid Test in San Francisco—a sort of trial balloon for his first Trips Festival—word spread all around the Bay Area that people would drop acid at such-and-such a time that day; it wove a sort of invisible web around the community. I'm suggesting now: all who wish to, on Wednesday, August 16 (the night of the benefit at the Village Theatre for the Community Brest) take LSD at 7 PM in the privacy of their paranoia."

\*\*\*\*\*

A Peace Walk to Expo 67, Montreal, Canada, from August 3-6, is being sponsored by the N.Y. Workshop In Nonviolence. The Peace Walk will be leaving from Champlain, N.Y., noon Thursday, August 3rd. Anyone interested in further information, contact The Workshop at 5 Beekman Street, 10th floor or call (212) 227-5535.

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"It is becoming clear that interference with the environment by human activities has now reached a level which requires us to obtain the best scientific thinking, to neutralize the threat which environmental pollution presents to our well-being on this planet."

Charles F. Luce  
Office of the Secretary  
U.S. Department of the Interior  
SCIENCE, 157, 251, (1967)

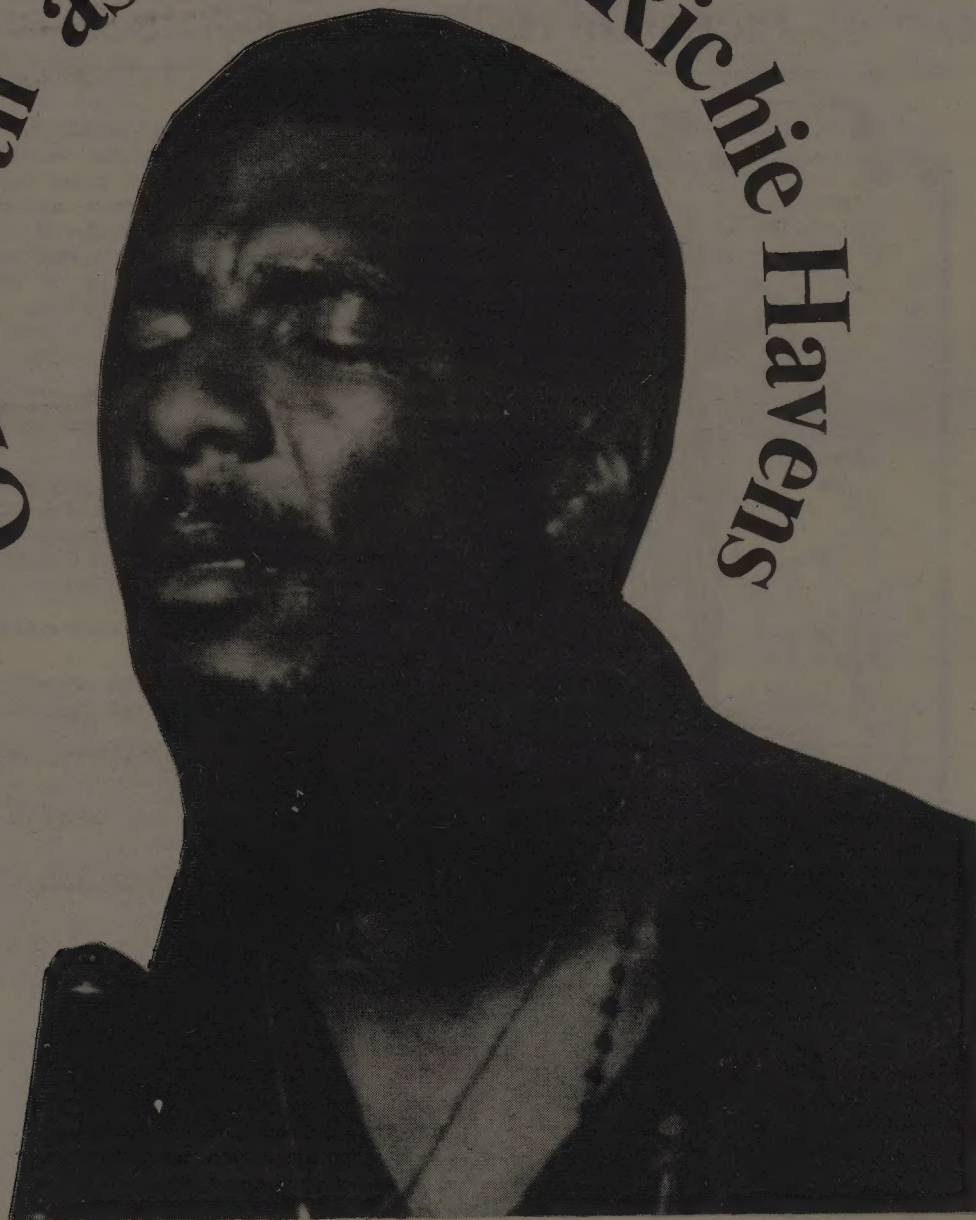
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This Saturday, Aug. 5, Television Party at Channel 1, 62 E. 4th, for \$1.00. Starts 12:30 P.M. Half Hour Gathering in the ballroom, to eat first free food, then 30 minutes in the theatre to see Channel 1 production. All money will be donated to the Jade Companions.

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# On Earth as it is in Richie Havens

By Mike Jahn



Songwriter Jerry Merrick puts it this way: "Nobody sings Dylan like Havens." And "Havens does things to songs that you wouldn't imagine." And, finally, "Havens has been one of the major forces in my life."

Richie Havens has been one of the major forces in a LOT of lives, and will affect many more lives in the years to come. This is because Richie Havens IS a lot of lives. Or, more precisely, Richie Havens is what a lot of lives would like to be.

Havens is, very basically, 26 years old, a singer and songwriter. He was born in Bedford-Stuyvesant in 1941, and, as a child, organized groups of kids to sing on neighborhood streetcorners. At age 14, he joined the McCrea Gospel Singers, later moved to the East Village, kicked around for a few years, taught himself to play guitar, and ultimately began to support himself by singing in small clubs, and painting portraits.

He sang two years ago at Newport—among the songs, a long, flowing stream of images called "Follow," by Jerry Merrick—and found himself besieged with requests for more information on the song. Merrick quickly copyrighted the song and Havens included it in an album, his first, called "Mixed Bag," and released in the fall of '66 by Verve-Folkways.

The album did little until Spring, '67, when WOR-FM, Murray Kaufman, and Rosko in particular, began playing cuts from the album in preparation for the station's first annual concert, when Havens was to perform. Havens performed, and, in the heat of the Village Theatre, it began to happen. The WOR-FM audience, largely college-types from New York and near suburbs, caught on to what was happening.

Havens is a personality, but he is a person. And the songs he sings are person songs. When Havens gets into "Follow," the audience can't escape. They are caught from the inside, and have to move along. There are too many forces operating, to resist.

Havens' voice is deep, powerful. So are hundreds of voices in hundreds of groups. But Havens is a real person who has real feelings, and manages to put this into his voice. He is honest. And the things he sings and the way he feels both are basic. He feels love and sings about it, and the depth of the voice and the honesty make it impossible not to believe.

Two months after the WOR concert, Havens was at the Cafe Au Go Go, singing to a collection of people that included college fraternity types, prep school students, Madison Avenue people in full dress uniform, and a large measure of suburbia.

He began slowly, getting into Dylan's "Maggie's Farm," and working into "San Francisco Bay Blues," an arrangement that can only be compared to Streisand's version of "Happy Days are Here Again." And he sang "Follow":

"Let the river rock you like a cradle/  
Climb to the tree-top, child, if you're able/  
let your hands tie a knot across the table/  
Come, and touch the things you cannot feel/  
and close your fingertips and fly where  
I can't hold you/ Let the sun-rain fall  
and let the dewy clouds enfold you/ and  
maybe you will sing to me the words I just  
told you/ If all the things you feel ain't  
what they seem/ Then don't mind me,  
'cause I ain't nothin' but a dream."

When Havens sings, he leans way over the guitar—he has to, due to his unusual E-open tuning, which involves barring the strings with the thumb. He takes a long time on intros, leaving the audience guessing which song it will be, and when he plays, he sways back and forth, his left foot pounding either violently or softly on the stage.

When he sang "Handsome Johnny" at the Cafe Au Go Go, it was near the end of his performance, and he had lost himself—as he does every time he sings—in the music. Handsome Johnny is fast and heavy: "Hey, look yonder, what's that I see/ marchin' to the fields of Viet Nam/ Looks like handsome Johnny with his M-15,

marchin' to the Viet Nam war/...well, it's a long, hard road until we'll be free..."

The song is fast, and he was banging his foot furiously on the stage, sweating profusely and almost shouting. The natural high was on the audience, and in him. He was swaying back and forth, coming to the end of the song. Havens had gotten into it all the way, the adrenalin, and he found it hard to stop. The end of "Handsome Johnny" calls for him to repeat the word "yeah," eight times. The audience was half out of their seats. Havens was coming into the ending, pounding the guitar and the floor furiously. He hit the ending, and the adrenalin was there, waiting. He got through about three "yeahs" and choked up, half stopped, couldn't say any more.

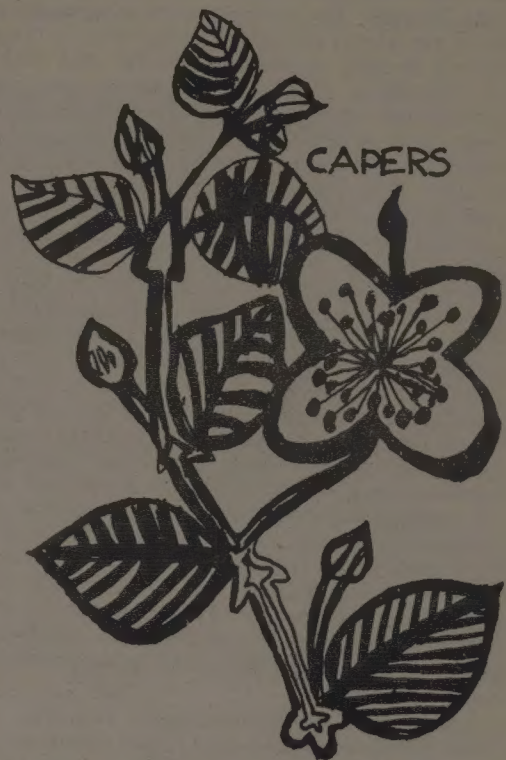
He started to get off the stool, not knowing where to stop. The ending had gotten lost. The adrenalin hit, and he started to fall over from the shock. The audience was on their feet. A Madison Avenue type started a choked scream. Hands reached in Havens' direction. He caught himself, came out of it, and stood up, smiling embarrassedly. He was embarrassed, and it was real. It is impossible for Richie Havens to conceal his feelings. That's one reason he sings.

He sings Dylan so well that it almost seems the songs were created for him. In "Just Like a Woman," which is on the album, Havens takes Dylan's words ("Nobody feels any pain/ tonight as I stand beside the rain") and adds to them the missing ingredient—sensuality. Dylan creates the conditions, and Richie Havens adds the balls. It works every time.

And in the lead song on the album, "High Flying Bird," Havens adds the strength and power to the already-strong Wheeler lyrics: "There's a high-flyin' bird/ flyin' way up in the sky/ and I wonder if she looks down/ as she goes on by/ she's flyin' so freely in the sky/ oh, Lord, look at me, I'm rooted like a tree/ got those sit down, can't cry, oh Lord, gonna die blues."

Havens is on the coast at the moment, finishing a two-week tour. His second album is due to be released soon, and he will be at the Village Theatre, August 16, for The Community Breast Head Benefit. National magazines are working on articles about him, and for good reason.

Richie Havens is easily the most persuasive single artist to come out in a long time, and he has all the good things to persuade people about. All it takes is an ear.



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Support for the legalization of pot is coming from strange places these days. It used to be a radical idea propagated by the fringe, and loosely associated with advocating the rape of children. Today, voters, legislators, and even the courts are beginning to re-evaluate the laws on marijuana.

But misinformation and miseducation have led millions to believe that pot is an insidious threat to the American way. Mass semantic blockage exists because pot has been wrongly pinned under the narcotics label for decades. (incidental cheers for Harry and cohorts on this point.) But pot is not addictive. It does not lead to the use of heroin. It has not been proven to be morally or physically detrimental in any way. But its public image, fostered by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and provincial health services, has remained that of youth corrupter — dramatically illustrated by a slick-haired young pusher with a dangling cigarette, slinking outside the local schoolyard, luring students on to lives of drugs and crime. And the distinction between addictive and habit-forming drugs is generously slurred.

Federal laws match pot's frightening reputation in severity if nothing else. As a felony, the mandatory minimum sentence for possession is two years, and can be carried to ten; for selling, first offense, five to fifteen years.

For comparison of legal precedent and social effect, pot is contrasted with fully-accepted drugs of the last generation — alcohol, caffeine, and nicotine. Physically, with marijuana, there is no damage to the internal organs, no known link to lung cancer, and no hangover. Quote TIME's special report: "Death, from the depressant effect of extremely large doses (of pot) has rarely been reported; by contrast, cirrhosis of the liver, heart conditions and other disorders brought about by alcoholism

claim some 20,000 lives in the U.S. every year. 'If I had to choose between alcohol and pot,' says Dr. David H. Powelson, chief of psychiatric services at Berkeley, 'I'd choose pot'."

A good part of the now generation has spurned the whiskey-drinking establishment. Why? Alcohol has been a historical refuge, a traditional American escape. Now, with and without pot, people are turning within themselves — a seeming socio-economic response to industrialization, to the post-depression exaltation of monetary values. Alcohol dulls the senses and understanding. Pot makes you more aware. Potheads aren't looking for a way out, but a way to.

Even officialdom, or parts of it, recognizes the distinction between the crime of turning on and its legal nemesis. Quote LOOK, 'Drugs on the Campus': "In 1962, a White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse reported... the hazards of marijuana per se have been exaggerated and... long criminal sentences imposed on an occasional user or possessor of the drug are in poor social perspective..."

Discontent with overly restrictive marijuana laws burbles far and wide. Timothy Leary forwarded EVO a clipping from the South American newspaper, O DIA, headlined, "Use of Marijuana is No Crime." A Brazilian judge refused to jail three men convicted of possessing marijuana, when, as he soberly noted, the government allows and even condones the sale of cachaza, Brazil's national whiskey, which is, in his opinion, destroying people right and left.

And in England, Court of Appeal Judge Lord Parker recently dismissed charges against Rolling Stone Keith Richard, and set up a conditional discharge of conviction for Mick Jagger, who had previously received a three-month sentence for possession.

Alcohol, coffee, cigarettes have been traditionally tolerated by society as mild psychic drugs. Their toleration is now prominently juxtaposed with the traditional condemnation of marijuana. What David Sanford (in pot evaluation article for THE NEW REPUBLIC) terms "prohibitionist logic," did not work in the twenties. It will not work now. Pot is physically safer than alcohol. The risk of psychological dependence is the same or less. Alcohol closes people, if not to their environment, to themselves. Marijuana opens. There is no reason for pot to be illegal, let alone a serious felony. The laws that exist are ineffective, serving only to breed contempt for a government that allows them to exist. When even traditionally conservative judges must distort the law, suspending sentences and dismissing real charges to preserve justice, the courts have become a mockery. It is the laws, not the people, that must change.

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—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times

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—Penelope Gilliatt, The New Yorker

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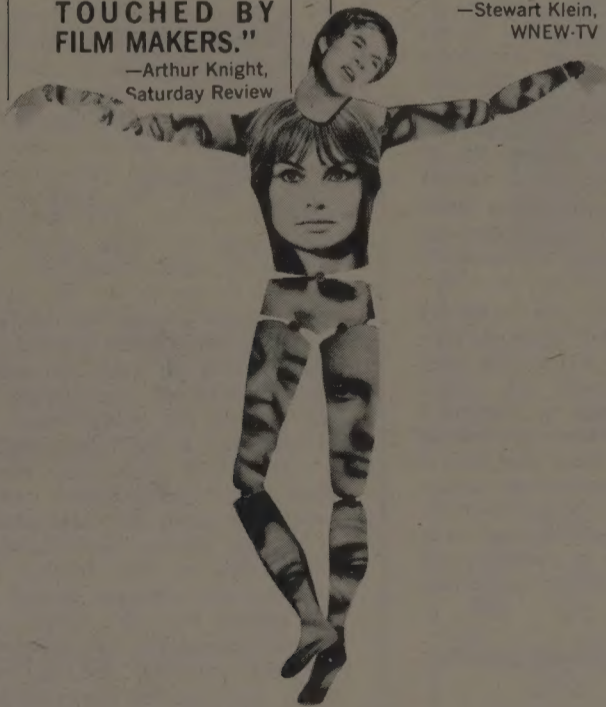
—William Wolf, Cue Magazine

"'PRIVILEGE' MOVES ALONG BOLDLY, SEARCHINGLY — AND OFTEN AMUSINGLY AND SEARINGLY — IN AREAS PREVIOUSLY UNTOUCHED BY FILM MAKERS."

—Arthur Knight, Saturday Review

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—Stewart Klein, WNEW-TV



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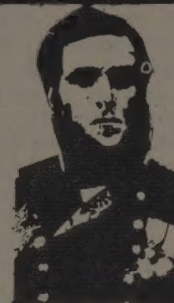
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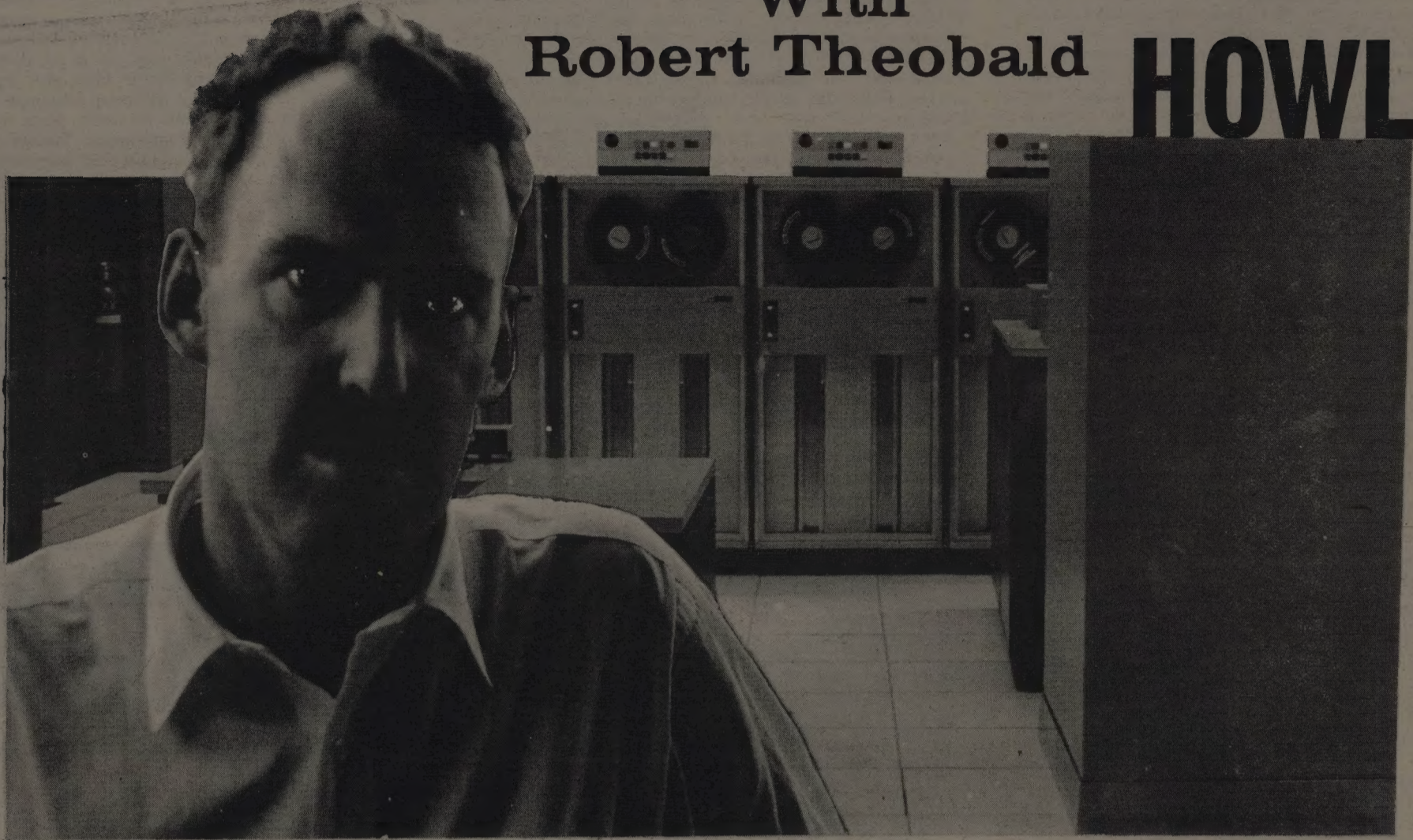
# EEK ONO

# MIC

Inter  
view  
With

Robert Theobald

# HOWL



By Walter Bowart

Robert Theobald was born in India in 1929. He states that, if you haven't begun to know him after reading this interview, biographical data is not going to help. His work is presently concentrated on trying to bring about the kind of change suggested here through a new Dialogue Series of books, published by Dobbs-Merrill, through a multi-media educational project designed to inform the American public about the impact of technology, and through trying to spread the ideas behind The Real University of the Streets (TRUST). He says if you want more, he suggests you read THE GUARANTEED INCOME, and The Dialogue Books entitled DIALOGUE ON POVERTY, DIALOGUE ON TECHNOLOGY, DIALOGUE ON EDUCATION, and DIALOGUE ON WOMEN. The interview was taped in his New York City apartment.

EVO: If you were pressed to summarize your major interest, how would you put it?

THEOBALD: Most important of all, I think, an attempt to find out how people who are interested in the same things can be put in touch with each other, so we can run an educational system in which people study what they like, when they want to, and then act on what they have studied. In other words, study and action cease to be separate but become the same thing. One learns in order to learn how to do something, instead of just for a degree.

EVO: Marshall McLuhan says that all work, from now on, becomes paid learning. Is that basically it?

THEOBALD: Well, except that "paid" is all wrong. Let me put it in my own terms: life is education. We're moving very rapidly towards the abolition of money. Money is a rationing mechanism, and it's also a method of moving information. But it's a very inefficient method of moving information, and in large part, it's an unnecessary method, because we're moving out of the stage in which everybody can have everything they want. But this will be true only if we recognize two things. One is that enough must not always be a thousand dollars more than one presently has, but must become something "reasonable," and the "reasonable" can vary for each person. It doesn't have to be the same. It can be determined by each person what reasonable is. Second, we mustn't tolerate waste. This, of course, has been said again and again by the hippies.

My problem with the hippies is not in this area, where I think they're completely right. It is their basic failure to recognize that, if you're going to have this new world, which is completely within our grasp, a world in which goods are free, a world in which we do what we like when we want to do it, that massive social change must be brought about, and it's got to be brought about by people. Unless we find a great many people in the very short run who will try to get change, we are going to be moved into and boxed into a world totally reminiscent of THE PIANO PLAYER, 1984, and BRAVE NEW WORLD. I find a lack of sufficient vision in the hippies; basically what they're saying is, we want a world but we can't have it, instead of saying, we want a new world and it's there — all we

have to do is go out and grab it. But it's got to be grabbed, it's not just going to arrive on our doorstep unless somebody WILL grab it.

EVO: Some of the ideas which "socialist" thinking has produced in the United States since FDR have been the Labor Unions, which have gained for the workers shorter hours and more pay, but not meaningful work. The hippies see the crisis as a creative one, whereby man's endeavors now are primarily rote, and meaningless. In other words, it's not a matter of money, it's a matter of involvement. Now, how do you see a transition? How do you talk to a man like Lyndon Johnson, who runs the government, and tell him, "Why, you have these machines and we know that you own all the money and only let us use it. Now, why don't you own the machines so we don't have to carry them around on our back?"

THEOBALD: I think that's got to be answered on two levels. One is a very simple one. I don't know. Nobody knows. And that's precisely the point. Unless EVERYBODY will try and find out, from the ghetto to the physicist, the women and the men, the very young people and the very old people, unless EVERYBODY will try and discover HOW we answer that question, I don't think it can be answered. We all see reality our own ways; unless I check my reality with you, and with Chino, and with all the other people sitting in this room, and discover where my reality and your reality come together, and produce something near a total reality, we can't get very far.

There is another answer. I think it's basically the withdrawal of consent. The removal of the willingness to be in the structures which exist. We must learn how to create a communications net, which allows the most extraordinary things to happen if the communications net is free, and if you're willing to give an idea to somebody and trust that they'll do something intelligent with it. If you want people to do exactly what you tell them, nothing important will ever get done, but if you're willing to give an idea over, as whole and complete as you can, and then say, make it yours and make something exciting of it, then something can occur.

EVO: You're speaking of the concept of populism in a certain sense?

THEOBALD: Well, I can't relate to any isms. One model you can use, although I don't like it very much, is called the task force. People are brought together around a project which means something to them, and around which they will collaborate. The task force is tremendously shifting, tremendously open. It doesn't stay in one place for very long and if somebody drops out, they just drop out. You don't try and hold them. You just say, ok, fine, go on and do something else. But the great question and the great issue becomes the necessity for people, once they have taken something on, to stick with the thing until it's complete, or until they give it over to somebody else. In other words, you have total freedom, so long as you have not committed yourself. Once you've committed yourself to a certain thing, you've got to stay in it until you either complete it or

until somebody says, OK, fine, you don't want to do it, and I'll do it for you. Because otherwise we run into the problem of reasonable expectations — being disappointed, and I don't think any society can work this way. So we must be free to decide what our issue is, what is the thing we're involved in, but once we've agreed to accept an obligation we must stick to what we've said, unless and until the other people involved will free us or put somebody else in our place.

EVO: Let's go back to the criticism of the hippies again. Can you focus that?

THEOBALD: Yes, I believe that we have the potential for the creation — in the shortest run, in the immediate future, I'm talking about years, not decades — of a society in which the institution is important to a society in which human beings are important, all sorts of crises are going to emerge.

EVO: Well, doesn't this predicate a spiritual transition from the point we're at right now — a moral realization which is not necessarily imminent...

THEOBALD: I think it is imminent. I think it's here. I think we have an acceptance among the most dynamic and significant part of the population on all levels that there must be a shift if we're to survive at all. That this group is large enough, if challenged, to bring about this change, but that at the moment I don't see enough people being willing to serve as the catalysts to bring about this change. Change has always been brought about by less than one percent of the population; I'm personally certain that at least one percent of the population at all levels are aware of the need for change. What we lack is the commitment by people to push for change all of the time, whether convenient or not. I stress this so strongly because we have so little time before the opposite development takes place, before we move into 1984 and BRAVE NEW WORLD.

Let one refocus the situation. We have four crises. One crisis is the internal economic crisis. The fact that the poor are getting poorer, the unschooled are getting less jobs, homes are still being bulldozed for the poor faster than they're being built. The split between the rich and the poor is still widening. Then there is the internal political crisis, the fact that the Negro is less and less willing to put up with conditions, the Puerto Rican is less and less willing to put up with the conditions under which he lives, and the white race is less and less willing to do ANYTHING, let alone tolerate riots, for the Negro and the Puerto Ricans and the minorities. Then there is the external political crisis which doesn't even need discussion, and the external economic crisis where you have the poor countries getting poorer, and the rich countries getting richer.

All of these trends are suddenly reaching the crisis stage. As a result, we have a situation in which we will either be forced to suppress the minority groups, to move towards an isolationist stance, or we will bring off the psychological change which I am convinced is latent and which we are ready for, and which could happen if we would try for it. But we're

Continued from preceding page

not really trying; we need a lot of intellectual hard work, of commitment. The hippies are perfectly capable of doing this work, because most of the hippies have very high IQ's, for all of the obvious reasons. But they are not participating because they will not believe that we can create a society which won't have all the old hang-ups.

What I am trying to say is that the new world we can create doesn't HAVE to have the old sort of system. That the computer and communications make it possible to have as many unique individuals as there are people, and as many diverse communities as people want to create.

EVO: So it still remains a matter of the men in power getting out of power, and a transition from one form of society to another, and there is no sign that the military, which is buying all the brains in the country, is going to stop buying those brains (which are apparently for sale), to use laser beams instead of for surgery, death rays, etc. etc. ad infinitum, and it seems as though there's going to be a social breakdown which looks like violence, as it has happened in Newark. Is it because of a lack of IQ in the top level of political thinking?

THEOBALD: Let me make it clear that I am a profound pessimist. I have been a profound pessimist for a long time. The way I put this is, as a Martian reporting back to Mars on the future of the human race, I would inform the Martians, who, I assume, like scorched earth, that they can come and have this planet in some twenty years at the outside, and I think that's a long time, given the way things are moving. I must say, however, that I'm more hopeful today than I've ever been. My reason for optimism is that the destructive forces come as no shock to me, for I expected them. But I am surprised by my discovery of the last months, and particularly weeks, of a totally new style among people, which makes it possible for change to happen.

How can change among people affect fundamental events? The answer is that education IS politics. Politicians look at the outside world and do what the outside world tells them to do. There are essentially no leaders in this country. Everybody follows. Everybody is looking to Public Relations people to tell them what to do. Not how to change what they don't like, but how to conform, how to fit into what

people believe. The political parties have platforms written for what American people want. The key to changing politics is to change what American people want. As a Britisher, the great encouragement of this country is that Americans are the only "good" people that I know. By this, I do not mean that they necessarily act well. I mean that it is possible to claim that they SHOULD behave well and not get laughed off a platform. Our great problem at the moment is our failure to CHALLENGE America on moral levels, and to argue that what is going on is intolerable, rather than to argue on the practical level that, if only we retrained everybody, the gross national product would go up. I don't think the economic appeal works.

I think the statement that poverty and segregation is intolerable, a moral plea to this country, might conceivably work. Now, if you got people to change their views, politicians would move. Politicians move when the votes are there. I do little work in Washington because I got sick and tired of hearing people tell me that maybe I was right, but it wasn't politically feasible. To me, the question is, how do we MAKE things politically feasible? If you then tell me there isn't time, I reply that I probably agree with you, there probably ISN'T time. But I don't see what that statement means in practical terms. We do everything we can, and if it isn't enough, that's just too bad. But I think a massive educational program, in which we try to convince Americans that change is feasible and necessary, and that a good world could be created as a possibility and that support for it is available from all sorts of unlikely places, might work. It's only a question of getting on with the role.

EVO: I see the major objective in this age as getting off the planet. Now, getting off the planet entails going home. And going home entails getting yourself together, so that you can understand the people that you're going to meet when you go home. Do you see any signs, any concrete signs of anybody working at CBS at the top echelon, people who have the reins of power realizing the catharsis, the realization of the absurd, of the flying saucers, of the Martians we're about to meet as imminent? Do you see any of them feeling this?

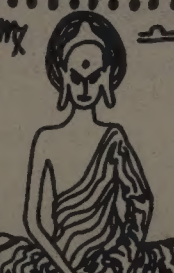
THEOBALD: Well, I'm not sure I understand your question.

EVO: In other words, whether or not the flying saucer visions are a manifestation of the collective unconscious, or a real phenomenon from extra-terrestrial places, they still have a mythic proportion in their impact.

THEOBALD: I treat the flying saucers differently. I'm convinced that no race that gets to the point where they can have flying saucers can possibly be destructive. Once people have that amount of power, they will either have learned that man, or whatever they may be, cannot afford to be destructive, or they will have blown themselves up long before they get anywhere substantial in space. In a very real sense, flying saucers are irrelevant. If they come, it will be very interesting. To me the question is different. Can man learn to live as an honest, responsible, humble and loving person? If he cannot live this way, he cannot survive. Cybernetics, the science of communication and control, proves religion; or religion proves cybernetics. I don't really care which way round you put it. ANY system must have honesty and responsibility and humility and love inside of it, for otherwise it won't work. I won't, therefore, react to the problem of personalities, but simply say that one of our most critical problems is the male of 40 to 60, who has been brought up to be competitive and powerful, and who suddenly finds his power slipping away, because people don't really take orders any more, and therefore, when he gives an order, it doesn't work. His security is slipping away, because he used to believe he knew more than the young; and he is coming to suspect that the young know more than he does. His security is slipping away because he used to think his values were more relevant than those of women, but it seems quite clear to me that the values traditionally ascribed to women are going to be more appropriate for the world we're entering than those ascribed to men. And his power is slipping away, perhaps most fundamentally, because of the fact that he fears that he's going to lose his job. This is one of the reasons why one must be very disturbed about the immediate future, and why I am convinced that we must not only give everybody a guaranteed income, but that we must provide some form of financial security to these people: I've called it committed spending. Although we cannot provide them other forms of security, we can, at least, insure

Continued on page 18

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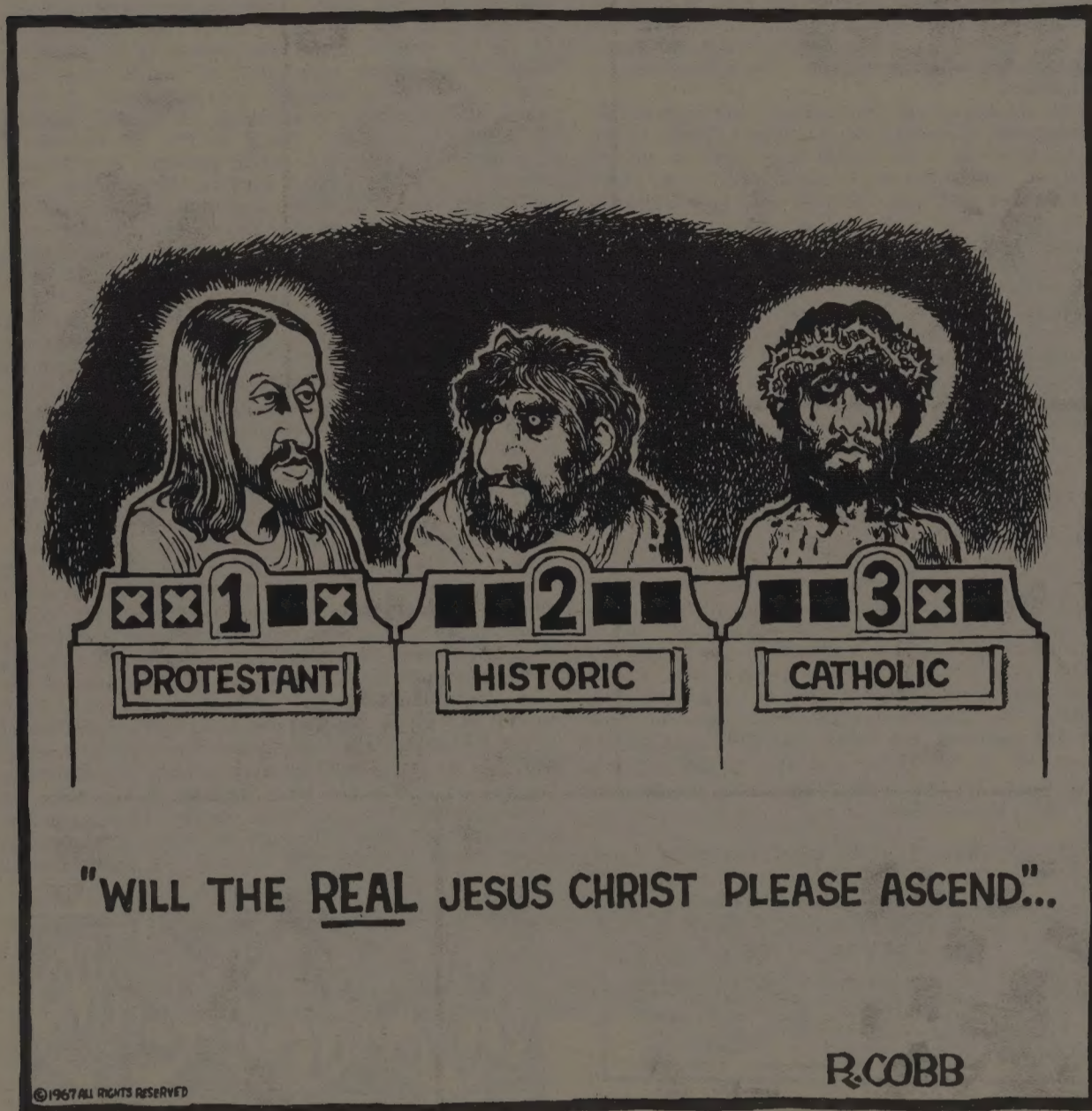
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# The Time of the Assassins



pigs for an anti-riot squad who needed practice stopping riots, but had to start one for the exercise. This behavioral sink neighborhood has made different races numb and unconcerned for the rest of the races living here. Further, it has made each hate himself, in a kind of superiority game played among all, which has widened the differences between them, most of them being FOLKLORIC and PROVINCIAL in the extreme. But hippies overlooking the deep rooted poisons, came with a somewhat irresponsible love approach to people who have little, if any, space for "love" in their existence: and this was, more than anything, an insult to all the suffering they had gone through, which was almost entirely ignored by the hippies.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE SYSTEM IS NOT INTERESTED ANY MORE IN THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF THE ASSISTANTS, BUT ONLY IN THEIR DEATH CERTIFICATE. "If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair" ... "Authorities have united with officers of the health department, to roadblock the flowers on their way to San Francisco; they died later, in the rush hours of the concrete jungle, in a delirium of colors, among the burnt oil of vehicles or fulminated by the first chants of the jackhammers in the trees with elevators."

Unfortunately, it seems like the system has succeeded in getting the different groups to confront each other while they laugh up their sleeves. Our message is to show how the different groups are cleverly being utilized, to impose martial law and exterminate freedom. But the differences are already too profound. Any attempt of appealing, through our media, to comprehension, would be taken as an open challenge. Not even to Puerto Ricans would the Spanish saying, "LA UNION HACE LA FUERZA" ("Union makes the force") appeal in moments of this prefabricated destruction.

Wake up!

Love and flowers are not free items; they are taxable with suffering.

## manuel vicente peña

"LOVE IS ETERNAL WHILE IT LASTS"  
-oscar wilde

Hippies—the illegitimate sons of the culture of the masses, who fled from the tomb of routine where society vegetated systematically, are caught in a trap of hatred, violence and non-comprehension.

Since their emerging into public light, the press has said that "hippies" have preached flower power and "love." In a very pure reaction to a militarized, sportive, maxfactorized, digestive empire, they've thrown away the roots of a decadent occidental civilization, and adopted the "way of life" preached in the Tao-Te-Ching, the Upanishads, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the I Ching, etc...

In a naive and child-like way, they preached love and peace, in a ghetto, to the knot of nationalities and resentments inhabited by pressures, hate, and inferiority complexes (Blacks, Puerto Rican, Ukrainian, Italian), who have been ground under by oppression for more than two centuries, and who are looking for a final liberation; old Ukrainian, Hungarian, and Polish refugees, who brought Hitler's mind to the new world; and the Puerto Ricans, who are a combination of apple sauce and ketchup (50 years under U.S. domination/Spanish Background) who have "The smile of someone who has seen few laughs," as J. Lennon would say, and who will never understand any type of "hippie" for at least a couple of generations.

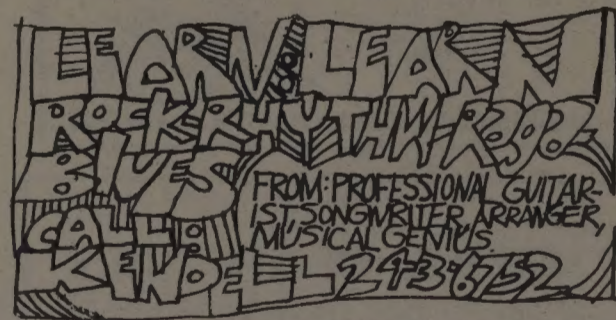
The newborn "hippies" arrived in the ghetto lonely, confused, without experience, and they hoped that the groups in conflict for so long would understand something so obvious as christo love. From some blacks, they gained understanding, while others described their

preachings as "bullshit." Ukrainians adopted a defensive attitude towards them. Puerto Ricans called them "patos" and "colados," in other words, "intruders" to their ghetto and blind catholic/inquisition background.

From the older generation of P.R.'s the reaction was almost entirely a lyrical protest, but from the P.R. youth, specifically P.R. gangs, the hippies mean only a new enemy. With nothing to do all day, no recreation, release of tension can come with attacking a strange kind of people they have vaguely heard of, called "hippies." The tendency of the "hippies" to "turn the other cheek," also sets them up as a target.

EVO began to put out a Spanish edition for the P.R.'s, called "EL MISMO," which means "THE SAME ONE." This was an attempt to achieve a communication with the P.R.'s, and break the barrier of MISUNDERSTANDING produced by an absolute LACK OF INFORMATION from both sides. P.R.'s who, with a cheap "MACHISTA" or "BULLYLIKE" attitude, see hippies as queers and Christ clowns: while the hippies who arrive choosing poverty, something the P.R.'s have not had a chance to do, are taken as pretentious and pedantic. The puertorriquenos came to mainland USA in a similar way that Spaniards went to the land of "El Dorado," believing they would find a gold country full of wonderful jobs, opportunity, and 100% freedom. Instead of El Dorado, they discovered the need of sharing their unplastered apartments with rats and cockroaches, the exploitation by landlords, and a lack of jobs which left their dignity dragging through the filthy streets.

The Lower East Side, the famous melting pot, housing the unadopted immigrant, has never been hospitable to newcomers. In the time of the first Italians in America, youths used to be thrown off rooftops. The newcomers, whoever they may be, are treated like "white trash" in the south. And lately the hippies became guinea





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# ACID BURNED A HOLE IN MY GENES

By Joel Meltz

For the third and last time, we lovingly warn the reader: If you happen to be tripping as you read this, wait until after your trip is over before reading further, the better to enjoy your mind. Otherwise--Damage to human chromosomes resulting from the use of LSD has been reported by research workers at Oregon State University, Buffalo State University, Bellevue Hospital, and a few private labs. Early experiments involving exposure of human cell-culture to LSD was followed by direct measurement of the chromosomes of LSD users, via the medium of the leukocytes (white blood cells). Although direct evidence of chromosome damage is still confined to the leukocytes, which were chosen for study because they happen to be well suited to genetic inspection, most scientists regard it as "highly probable" (meaning "pretty damn certain") that the chromosomes in all the cells of the body, including the sperm and ovary cells, will show similar effects. The Oregon researcher, a man gifted with the curious name of Dr. Egozcue, called the amount of damaged chromosome material "a highly significant excess", but declined to speculate on the eventual effects of such damage. Chromosomes have an "ordinary" damage rate of about 2.5 per cent; those of the average acid user tested so far are about 12.5 per cent. Because this kind of damage to chromosomes is apparently very similar to that induced by radiation, LSD is now tentatively classified as a "radiomimetic" (radiation-imitating) drug. However, the effects of LSD-induced chromosome damage are, at present, not understood. The main questions are: will LSD affect children of LSD users? and, what are the effects on the leukocytes' behavior of the chromosome damage? To even approximate an answer to either question, we are most unfortunately driven to examine the facts of genetics, a highly speculative science in itself, and what we come up with is: nothing. Observe:

Chromosomes, extremely highly eveloved chains of DNA, (deoxyribonucleic acid, a substance found mostly in the nucleus of cells) have two main functions in the life scheme: to pass information during the process of cell division (tissue growth) and, to pass information for the proper construction and functioning of animal and plant offspring. For that reason, chromosomes carry literally all the information necessary to construct a complete (say) human being. Chromosomes reproduce themselves perfectly, except when they are changed (mutated). Chromosomes undergo mutation naturally - from cosmic rays, certain viral infections (such as measles AND the current measles vaccine) and other causes. Mutations cause changes in offspring; if these changes are favorable, the mutated form, which reproduced the mutation indefinitely, will have gone a favorable mutation - a rare thing. If, on the other hand, the effect of the mutation is unfavorable, the strain of the mutated offspring will either die out or adapt to compensate the disadvantage. This process is thought to contribute to the evolutionary process, as a constant refinement in survival traits is an apparent result. Chromosomes, which carry all the "traits" an organism can possess in code: eye color, brain chemistry, etc, are themselves both the vehicle and the end product of evolution. The crucial stage for chromosomes seems to be the process of splitting and redoubling (replication) whereby each chromosome makes an exact copy of itself. However, if one building-block (to be technical, a guanine) strikes an exposed portion of the replicating chromosome (a thymine) and then suddenly gets smacked by a cosmic ray, or some other form of energetic transfer, the resultant deluge of energy may convert the guanine to a permanent fixture of the chromosome, via a hydrogen bond. And there's a mutation - perhaps one so trivial that it will never be noticed perhaps one with far-reaching consequences. Certain diseases are transmitted via defective chromosomes: sickle-cell anemia, hemophilia, perhaps cancer, perhaps schizophrenia. But in general, the chromosomes have hardly been examined. Only the electron microscope can really do the job, and there are problems with that, too. The chromosomes, as far as what goes where on them and why, are unknown territory at the present time. Therefore, we can not tell what the effects of LSD-induced chromosome alteration will be; we can only observe the alterations, and wonder. They are: "chromosome breakage" - chromosomes split in two, or with pieces broken off. "quasiphiladelphian chromosomes" - chromosomes that resemble "Philadelphia chromosomes", known to be involved in blood diseases, (but only when found in

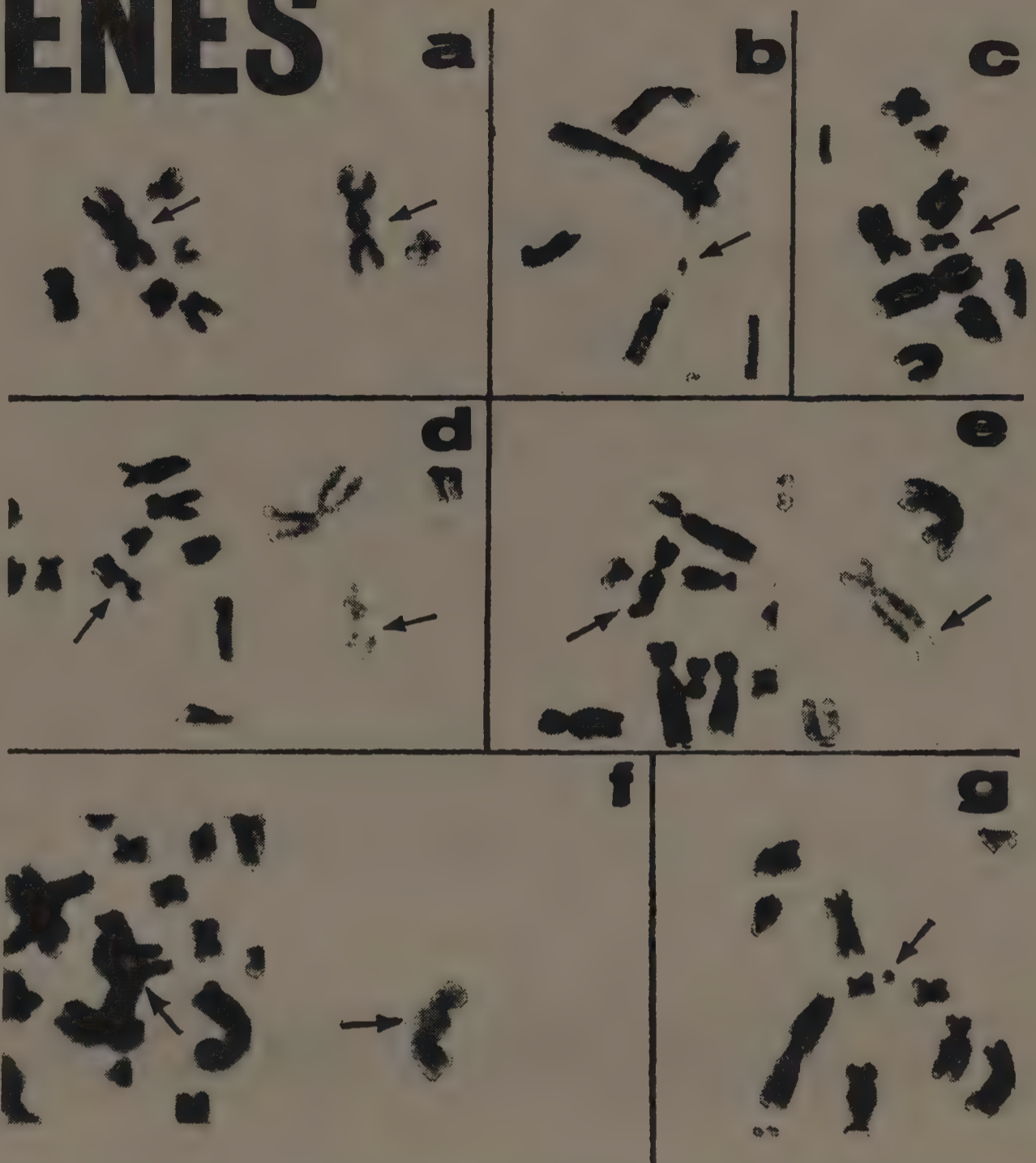


Fig. 1. Chromosomal abnormalities observed in LSD-25 users (approximately  $\times 2500$ ). Arrows indicate (a) dicentric chromosomes, (b) break and gap in a No. 1 chromosome, (c) double fragment, (d) single chromatid breaks, (e) isochromatid breaks, (f) quadriradials, and (g)  $Ph_1$ -like chromosome.

much higher quantities than those found in acid users). "Quadra-radial" alteration-chromosomes that form an inverse diamond-pattern instead of lining up evenly after replication. The effects of these changes can not be foretold. However, let's consider the case of the leukocytes, the white blood cells to which direct evidence of the chromosome damage has been confined.

These cells have, as their main function, the warding off of disease, the formation of antibodies, and the regulation of blood chemistry. Their lifespan is about fifteen days. Then, they replicate, producing two of themselves where there had been one. If something serious is wrong with the chromosomes, all of the replicated cells will bear the defect, and if something serious is wrong with one's leukocytes, unpleasant things could result. Possible Leukemia has been suggested by some fool mass-media science writer, but it cannot be completely dismissed as a possibility - if the white blood cells multiply at a very high rate, that's leukemia. The rate of replication is one of the characteristics controlled by genetic code - i.e., via the chromosomes. And, remember, LSD-induced damage is almost certainly found in every cell, so that if there are results of the chromosome damage, there isn't any particular place it can be looked for at present. Summed up, then: We don't know what effects, if any, LSD-induced chromosome damage will produce. We can only make observations - and if you would like to have your own chromosomes observed for LSD alteration, telephone Dr. Frosch, Ward U3; Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital. Until some real, unshakable statistical evidence comes up, we won't KNOW. However, it is known that LSD can, when taken

during pregnancy, cause human chromosomal damage and apparently, human birth defects. Likewise, laboratory mice given LSD during pregnancy produced stillborn and defective offspring; LSD can pass through the placental defenses, and perhaps the amniotic sack. Therefore, it is well not to take LSD, (or almost any other drug) during pregnancy.

Therefore the issues raised by the finding of LSD-induced damage to chromosomes are not easily settled. Neither can they be ignored; those who take LSD must face the fact that they are dealing with unknown potentials, that theoretically, if only theoretically, LSD may produce damaging effects in themselves and their future children. But, CAN the world do without LSD? Here's where those who have and those who have not had LSD part company - at least as far as knowing what the subject under discussion is.

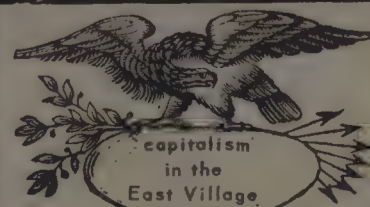
In fact, The question here is really: Can a person be human without LSD? Or, let's say, without THE PSYCHEDLIC experience? The answer, as far as the writer of this article can see, is a highly qualified, cautiously rendered, but emphatic, definitely NOT. BUT, the psychedelic experience is not tied exclusively to LSD. There are at least five other effective psychedelic drugs. And neither is the psychedelic experience, on the other hand, tied exclusively to the use of drugs - it seems, rather, to be a basic experiential constituent of the healthy, sanely-lived life process. Obviously, we need psychedelic drugs as strong as LSD that are free of chromosomal side-effects. Obviously also, we who believe in the use of psychedelics must gather ourselves into some kind of chemical laboratory for research and experimentation. (If you are interested in such a project, contact PRL at EVO.)

martha slept  
here is coming

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Interpretation of Telegram

... and now a message

...In the dead world, a change will take place in the White House staff, most possibly a GENERAL OF THE ARMY AS SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. The most rational justification for this change is that the country is going through a complete chaos, that has converted it into a battlefield; and that the most adequate man for this situation is a military man who knows war tactics and strategies.

The country goes through a terrible crisis of destruction. It seems like it's all in ruins, and also most of the population exterminated.

The military men play Wicked Game with the people: They are quite obvious in the eyes of public light, TAKE OVER. In the meantime, in Washington, a "MYTH" is in power. This "MYTH" is the one that permits the military men to prove that the country is LEGALLY GOVERNED BY A DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM.

Terrible moments follow or occur in this epoch: the cities extend in an enormous sprawl, far surpassing today's suburban limits. For instance, 5th Avenue will extend through Boston-NYC-Baltimore. As it is well known, cities SHIT in the sea and in the air. In the present, Boston, NYC and Baltimore shit in the sea, but today, there remains space between them, so that the natural process of purification of the water in the sea may occur without "overcharging" it. But when Boston-NYC-Baltimore will be one long concrete angle, shitting simultaneously in the sea, the purification process will be difficult. The breathing of the foul air will compress the people into a state of "numbness" - the people will become "less than human."

There is a great probability that the system of cryptocracy may control the plus and minus charges of electricity. The CIA, or a similar cryptocratic organization, will have a group of "evil" scientists, locked up and ready to be used in any "state of emergency." At the present moment, there are two kinds of natures in the people that inhabit earth. One is the "VULNERABLE," whose actions, reactions, thoughts, etc. are controlled by the system (if the system has control on the plus and minus charges of electricity). The other kind have a "NON-VULNERABLE" nature, which permits them to have their own reactions to plus and minus, positive and negative charges of electricity. The "NON-VULNERABLE" will go to South America, because of a "precaution" described in the thinking process (also received in the message) as "lack of ray or wave of electricity."

South America will emerge, after a lot of stupidity and shyness at the fore. Hidden magic will be uncovered, a wonderful something in the air...in the climate, which will spread through the whole world. It will exterminate the clouds containing dirt particles which, at the moment, are around the skies of the U.S. Forces from primitive beauty of pre-Colombian will be regained. From South America, a totality will be achieved. A SOCIALIZATION OF THE CONSCIENCE, foreseen by Thielard de Chardin.

In the meantime, in the U.S., military men are the ones who have the real power. It seems the country will be totally destroyed, but really, it's a pseudo-destruction. Since more than half of the population will be alive, a generation of beautiful people will emerge. The beautiful people who are emerging among all the numb people and all the chaos of human non-existence which has been occurring in the U.S., will unite, to openly uncover a military dictatorship. A wonderful period will occur in this epoch. A

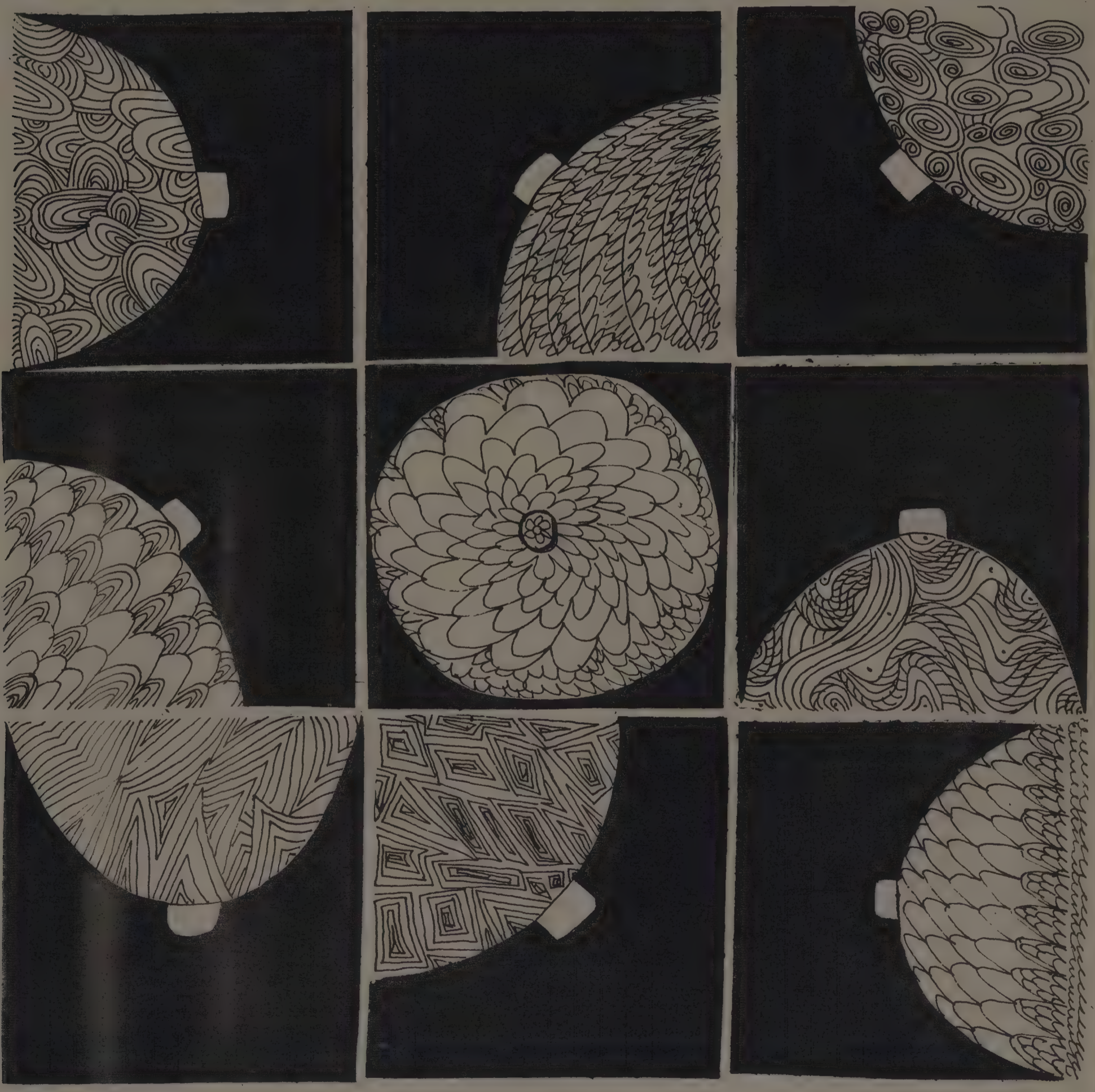


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# SATURDAY MARCH



# JEWISHIST

by Jaakov Kohn - מאוב

Manacled, white-coated doctors and a contingent of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, will lead a march through Times Square on Saturday, August 5th, to protest the confinement without bail of Dr. Howard Levy. Dr. Levy was recently sentenced to three years confinement for refusing to instruct Special Forces aidmen. The army has refused to release him on bail while his case is being appealed.

The doctors will be part of a large contingent of doctors and nurses from the New York Medical Committee to End the War in Vietnam. In addition to the Vietnam Veterans, Veterans for Peace in Vietnam and Veterans and Reservists to End the War in Vietnam are also sponsoring the march, and the rally which will follow. Other sponsors are the Student Mobilization Committee and the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee.

The marchers will assemble at 12 noon at Columbus Circle and march down Broadway through Times Square. Several thousand marchers are expected, with doctors, nurses and veterans marching in uniforms. The rally will be held at the corner of 41st Street and 6th Avenue, across from Bryant Park. It will begin at 2 P.M. Among the speakers will be Francis Rocks, a Vietnam Veteran who served in Hue during the Buddhist uprisings; Arthur Kaufman, a student at Downstate Medical Center, where Dr. Levy attended medical school; Mrs. Grace Mora Newman, whose brother is presently in an army prison for refusing to go to Vietnam; an Army psychiatrist who served in Vietnam and who was to have testified at Dr. Levy's trial; and Dr. Levy's father. Chairman of the rally will be Dave Dellinger, editor of Liberation Magazine and coordinator of the Parade Committee.

There will also be a Japanese speaker to help commemorate Hiroshima Day, which is August 6th. The August 5th date was deliberately chosen, because it was felt that actions like Dr. Levy's will help prevent future Hiroshimas.

A number of weeks ago, we received a telephone call from someone who called himself "Federated Americans against Israeli Racism." It seems that the Village Voice rejected a political advertisement that he composed, "on political censorship grounds, and the publication contract was unilaterally abrogated." When my caller inquired as to the reason for it, none was given. (My caller's quotes.)

In the course of that first conversation, my caller has gone into a lengthy and very animated recitation of a number of jaded political misapprehensions that I found rather compelling in their naive absurdity. There were repeated allegations of 'Genocidal Anti-Arab racism of the "Jewishist" state.' After listening for a while, I deemed it correct to identify myself (Haganah and Israeli Army background).

To my pleasant surprise, my caller rather fluidly readjusted the tone of his pitch. From a perfectly attuned hard-sell rehash of "facts," which, in actuality, were fantasies, about such gems as "The reborn united Arab nation from the Euphrates to the Atlantic," interspersed with repeated assertions of his pacifism, my caller switched his tone to one that reminded me of the carni-pitchman that just lost his pitch. In the course of two additional conversations, he inevitably dismissed everything I said, as being biased and reactionary—a rather typical presentation of the very inhuman "jewishist" point of view. I must admit that, in spite of what seemed to me to be a totally hungup hangup, I couldn't help but dig him for his invincibility to anything but his own rhetoric. There wasn't a shred of doubt in his mind, as to his total righteousness. His pitch was his armor; and nothing in the world could dent it. Fuck logic and reality.

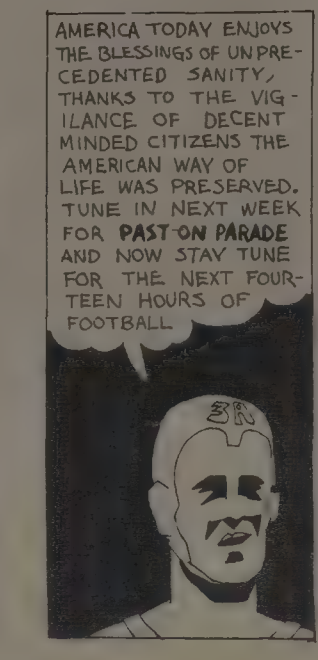
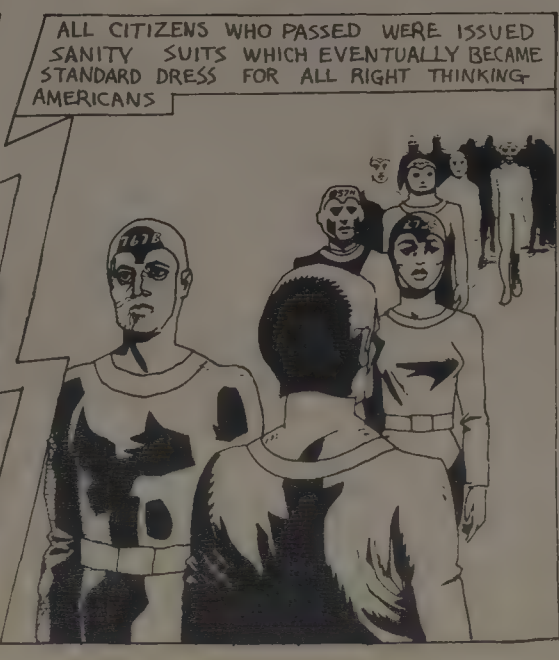
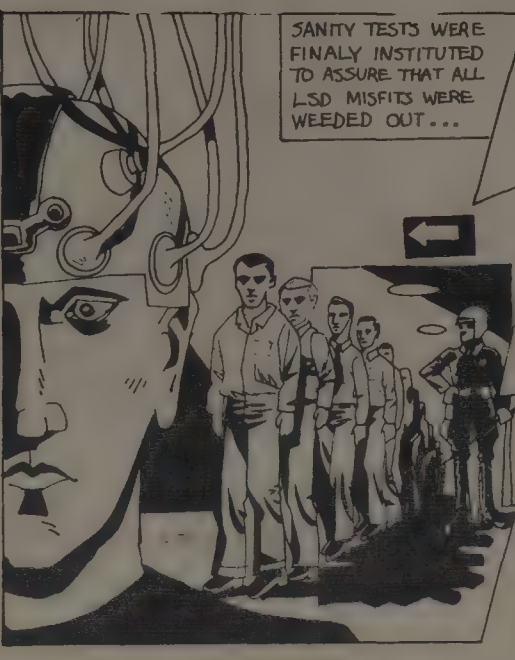
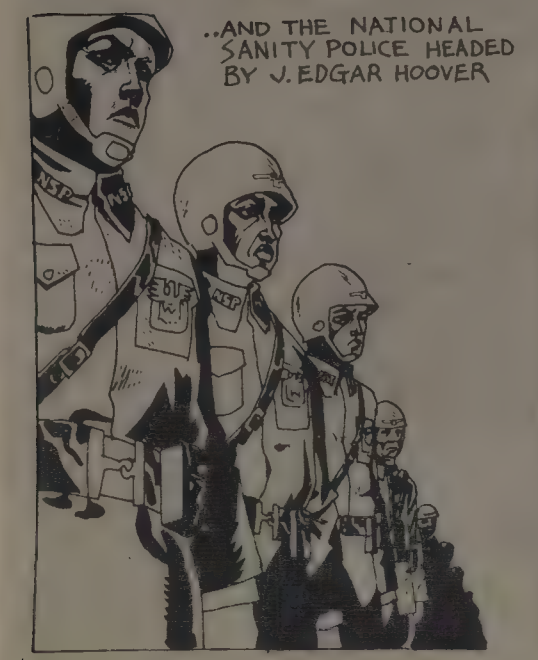
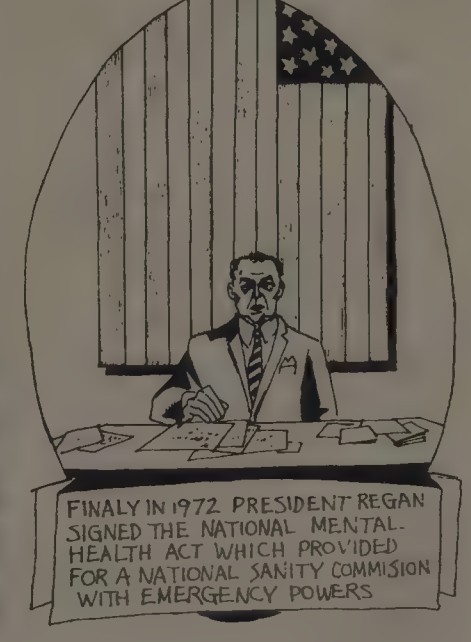
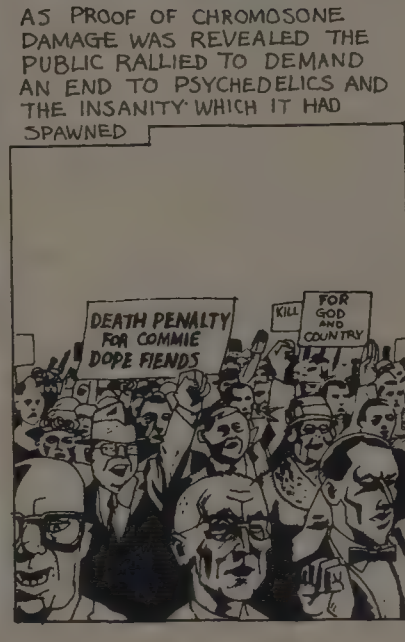
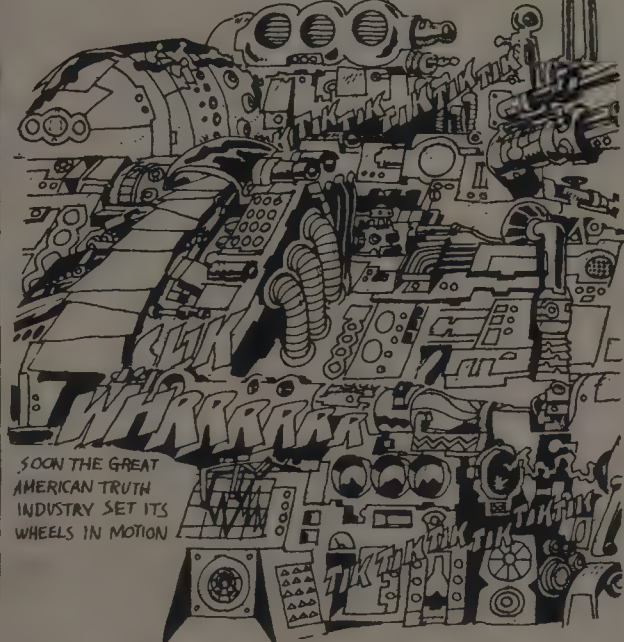
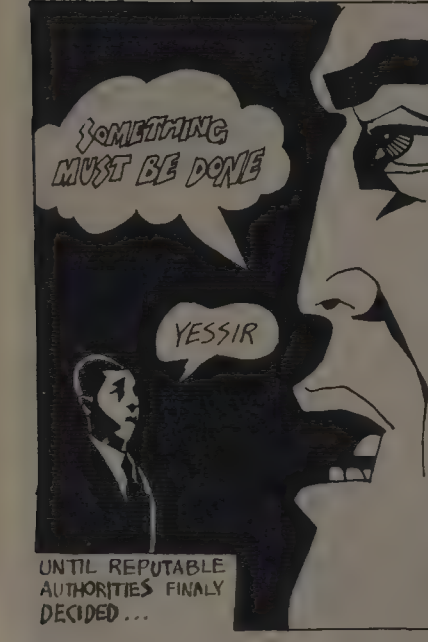
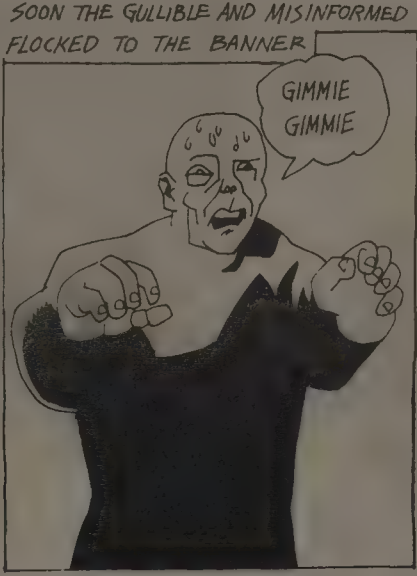
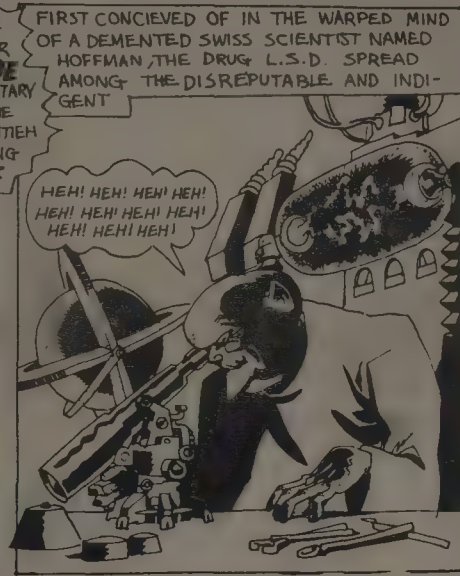
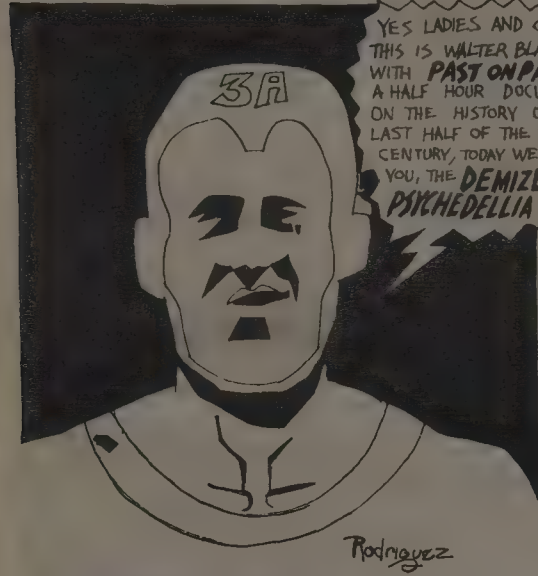
In spite of vague traces of egomania (often referring to himself as "The Chairman," or in his literature,

as "your Chairman"), it seems difficult to detect any ulterior motive that might be the motivating force behind his whole bit. For the past weeks, he has been spending days on end, bedecked with a sandwich sign, distributing his leaflet on a Village street corner. He has a flair for flourishing rhetorical assertion: "In the macchiavellian secularization of Israel, the term Zionist is no longer valid, and the very policy of Israel is a politicized, ethnocentric chauvinism, correctly defined as JEWISHIST."

There is never a trace of doubt, when he predicts that at least two-thirds of the Radical or New Left will completely adopt his position, to be joined by at least 5% of the American Jewry. "In America, there is no overt, racialistically discriminatory movement in the Jewish community" (what happened to all the SHWARZES?) My caller was, at all times, ready with a batch of facts and figures, which, even if totally erroneous, were at all times enveloped with a coat of total credibility.

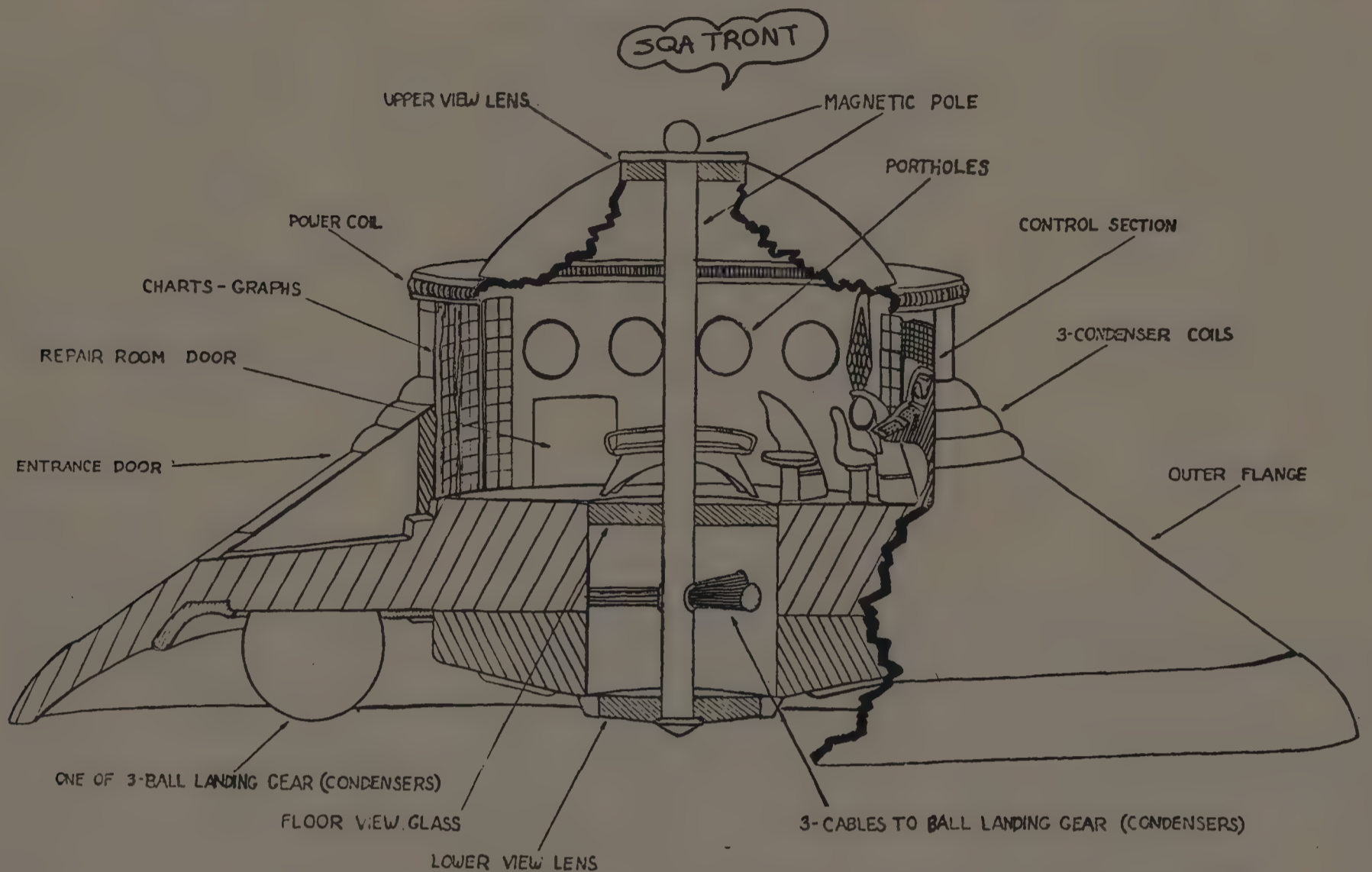
There was never any doubt in our minds that the man had something to say, and the right was his to say it. This was the prime reason for our acceptance of the ad.

After it appeared in #17 of EVO, a number of people seemed to have been offended by it. Evidently, our editorial comment in the lower left corner of page 14 escaped them. If some of our readers permit themselves the luxury of such uptight narrow-mindedness, no other alternative is left to us but risk their offense. If Mr. Federated Americans can't have a platform for his shtik, the whole bit about Democracy and freedom of speech is even more of a hollow echo in the vacuum of our political life than it seems to be.



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# Uninhibited Freak Out



ILLUSTRATED BY  
GLENN PASSMIGRE

VENUSIAN SCOUT SHIP

## FLYING SORCERERS FEARED by George Murray

For 20 years, Government officialdom disclaimed the reality of flying saucers by suggesting that only kooks — the emotionally unstable — saw them.

But America's official attitude towards UFOs has changed.

In the last year, an array of Government-affiliated scientists have admitted something is really there.

The pitch now is: "We know it's something — but we don't know what it is."

Now that flying saucers are becoming respectable, what about the believers?

If last month's Congress of Scientific Ufologists in New York presented a fair cross-section of UFO-believers, then the mainstream of saucerism is still filled with kooks.

The full spectrum of saucer enthusiasts attended the fourth annual Congress.

At the "right" of the spectrum were the so-called "scientific" probers — those trusting only to objectively-recorded evidence.

At the "left" were those given to subjective evidence — ESPers, mystics, metaphysicians and contactees — people who claimed personal contact with UFOs.

Right or left, however, a common bond ran among delegates and speakers alike. All seemed infected with paranoia — a general pattern of fear and suspicion.

Expressions of paranoia concerned the Air Force and CIA, the Government generally, UFOs and their effect on society, God and the devil.

No matter whether for or against flying saucers, attitudes of fear and suspicion prevailed.

A few examples may show how the pattern of paranoia manifested itself:

Ray Barker, Congress official and author of many popular articles on UFOs, feared for the "image" of dignity of saucer-enthusiasts.

He was particularly concerned because attention of the press at convention opening focused on hippie Louis Abolafia, who is running for President.

"How can scientists join us openly," he asked, "when hippies mar our image? And if there are drug-oriented saucer groups, I vote we condemn them. They all give us a bad name."

Hippie Louis Abolafia, Greenwich Village artist who wants to lead the nation on a love ticket, feared our response to UFOs.

"Extra-terrestrial life is afraid to contact us openly," he said. "We'd try to kill them, and they'd kill us, and there would be war."

Dr. Frank Stranges, author and Christian evangelist from Los Angeles, reports it has become commonplace for police officers and militia, as well as Air Force, to shoot at saucers as they pass overhead.

He also claimed the Government fears for the results, if people learn the "truth" about flying saucers.

"A Pentagon source told me the people aren't ready for the truth," he said, "Were the truth known, the Pentagon fears there would be mass hysteria and suicides."

"Washington also thinks understanding of flying saucers would upset the balance of political power."

To keep the "truth" from being known, saucer enthusiasts generally believe there is an organized plot afoot.

That the CIA instructed the Air Force, in 1952, to adopt a policy of calling UFO-enthusiasts "kooks," is now well-known. The response, on the part of enthusiasts, was recorded at the convention.

"I wouldn't give the Air Force the time of day," said Stranges.

"The Air Force and local police forces conspire to keep UFO sightings from being disseminated," charged a Florida delegate.

Even the current \$313,000, 15-month Federal study now being conducted by the University of Colorado under Dr. Edward U. Condon, comes under suspicion.

"When the University of Colorado findings are out," predicted William Lutters of Connecticut, editor of UFO REPORT, "everyone who has spoken out in favor of flying saucers will be laughed down."

"We ought to condemn that study right now."

Dr. Condon, physicist and former director of the National Bureau of Standards, who attended the four-day Congress, declined to comment either on UFOs or the emotional stability of saucer-enthusiasts.

But delegates who had previously been contacted by Dr. Condon's team, report there is heavy emphasis on the psychology of those involved in saucerism.

Indeed, there are more psychologists currently working actively with the U of Colorado team, than there are physicists.

Not all delegates were against

the Air Force or CIA in their exhibitions of paranoia.

Howard Menger, New Jersey sign painter turned inventor of a saucer-detection gadget, sought sympathy for the Government.

"I wish people would stop reacting against the wonderful Air Force and Central Intelligence Agency," Menger said — and was responded to by a chorus of "boos" and hisses from the audience of 2,400.

"The extra-terrestrial problem is a hot potato. But there are Americans specifically trained to deal with aliens on their own level. The Government is protecting us from invaders."

"Even astronauts are being trained to cope with strange phenomena from outer space."

Menger also showed a film which he claimed showed a "flying fried egg observing me." Yet he also claimed to have been visited by a being from outer space who enlightened him, and who he calls "master."

John A. Keel, author of several books on flying saucers, also got heavily into the stream of paranoia. Scrutinizing the space-race aspect of the problem, he said:

"Space probes by both the U.S. and the USSR have vanished without ever having been tracked back to earth. And there are reports of four unidentified objects permanently circling earth."

The paranoia even extends to saucer groups, themselves. A delegate from Illinois charged that NICAP — the highly-conservative National Investigation Committee of Aerial Phenomena — is a CIA front.

"They're interested only so long as saucers stay beyond our imaginative reach," he said. "When one lands or someone claims a contact, NICAP is the first to turn its back or disown the person who reports."

Author Keel, whose report will be considered in detail in a bit, accepts that saucers have landed — and that there is a plot afoot.

"They don't want us to know what they're about," he said of the elusive flying saucer people, "because they tell a different story of their purpose to every contactee. You just can't believe them."

Another report read at the convention, of an interview with telepathic Dutchman Peter Hrykos, has Hrykos claiming that saucer people are, even at this moment, living among us.

Richard Basile, billed at the Congress as a Manhattan philosopher, agrees — but sees saucer people of two different stripes.

"Some spacemen are trying to guide earth people through our current power-mad stage of development," he said. "But other spacemen are the devil's counterfeits."

"There is a takeover plot by spacemen, who are trying to hypnotize people into believing they are coming back to save us."

"But the day of judgment is at hand, and good will fight evil."

Prof. Gordon Evans, who teaches economics and political science at New York University, also subscribes to the guide theory.

"There is a long-range and covert development plan, he said. "The saucer people are trying to give humans a more sophisticated view of life. They have been about their task since designing Stonehenge in 20,000 B.C."

"I foresee the development of a protectorate with power removed

from earth and taken under their control."

If a single speaker at the Congress most represented the paranoid strain, it was author Keel. He covered everything from blackouts to monsters to intimidation to disappearances.

"Blackouts — both of lights and telephones — have taken place in every section of the nation. The Government has hushed these up. Even police radio systems have been shut down for periods of time," Keel told the Congress.

"People who have witnessed UFO phenomena have been visited by mysterious men in black — in every section of America. They have been hushed up. Some who talked anyway have had their houses burned."

"In areas where saucer sightings have been reported, there are also stories of monsters, giants and winged moth-men."

"There have been reported disappearances of people and animals near saucer sightings, and car crashes are attributed to UFOs."

"I don't think," Keel said, "that these ominous men in black are CIA agents. I think they are spacemen. Some have even impersonated Air Force officers in their interviews with witnesses."

"We are in the middle of a nightmare, and it's getting worse."

Of particular significance in the stream of paranoia was a story Keel related of a woman on Long Island who encountered a landed UFO.

The woman, who lives in a rural section of Long Island, reportedly saw the saucer land late this Spring. She told Keel it opened, and a silver ball came out.

She told Keel the silver ball, which glowed but into which she could see, contained two men in black. It rolled toward her.

"Why do you want to kill me?"

she exclaimed in fright. "I've never harmed you. I like you."

Then, she reportedly told Keel, the ball retreated into the saucer, which then took off and disappeared.

An anthropologist from the University of California at Berkeley, who was attending the New York Congress as part of a paid study on attitudes of saucer-enthusiasts, commented on the silver-ball story.

"What was of particular interest," said Jan Tallman, who is working toward a Ph.D. in ethnolinguistics (relationship of word meanings to ethnic groups), "was the woman's exclamations."

"Remember, she is talking about men in black in a silver ball — which is sort of a psychological sex-power symbol."

"The woman's fear, coupled with her expression of liking the strangers, is reminiscent of the stereotyped liberal's attitude towards the Negro. 'Men in black, silver ball, I like you...'"

"Remember, this incident purportedly happened on the eve of this Summer — the so-called 'long, hot Summer' with regard to race relations and the Negro-white conflict."

"Is it possible that there is some kind of a tie-in between saucers and the current psychic mood of the people?" she asked.

Miss Tallman's question is not new in psychological-philosophical circles.

Several years ago, Carl G. Jung, one of the fathers of modern psychological theory, suggested that flying saucers are a modern myth.

He suggested that the UFO phenomenon could be viewed as a vision projected by the attitudes of the people — sort of a mass hallucination kind of thing.

What is confusing to many

people, though, is that Jung said that flying saucers would simultaneously be objectively real — that they were out there, and could be measured — yet also came from within us.

Another modern scholar has some ideas about paranoia as a phenomenon.

Ernest Becker, Berkeley sociologist, suggests that paranoia is the lonely person's way of peopling his empty universe.

Becker notes that strangers — all strangers, including flying saucer people — become significant to the paranoid through his fear.

"In this way, the paranoid's world becomes less lonely," Becker suggested.

So certain lonely people use paranoia as a means of overcoming their difficulty in forming relationships.

"All the lonely people, where do they all come from... where do they all belong?" asks a Beatles' song.

Perhaps a flying saucer convention — where modern myth and paranoia blend together to overcome the loneliness of the unstable and dissatisfied — might be the answer.

Yet, even once you've accepted that saucer-enthusiasts might have a wide streak of paranoia in common, you can't disregard the flying saucer question.

Remember: reputable scientists generally agree flying saucers — whatever they are — are a reality.

Just as Dr. Jung says flying saucers are both myth and real, so are saucer-enthusiasts both kooks and viewers of something real.

Maybe the next question worth asking is: "Why do only the freaks see what is really there?"

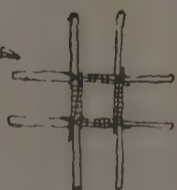
## TIPS FROM STRAIGHT ARROW & HIS FLYING GOLDEN PALAMINO "FURY"

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TOP VIEW BASIC FORM

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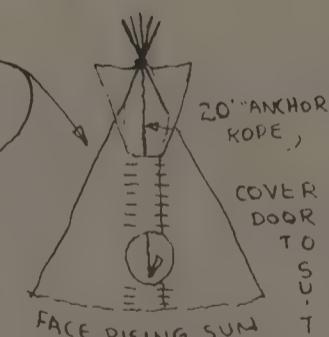
REQUIRES: 30 YARDS OF 40" MUSLIN OR CANVAS,

14 POLES, 14' LONG, 20' OF 3/8" ANCHOR ROPE,

11 OR 12 STITCHING PINS 1 1/2" BY 1/2", 12 GLASS HEAD

TACKS (OR TENT STAKES). CAN WATERPROOF,

HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE SO USE FIRE RESPECTFULLY.



20" ANCHOR ROPE,

COVER DOOR TO S.U.T.

FACE RISING SUN

LAY 8 POLES ONTO THIS BASIC TRIPOD, TIE THE COVER AT 12' MARK ON 9TH POLE AND LAY IT INTO PLACE. STITCH TOP WITH THE 1/2" PINS. ADJUST

POLES TILL TOP IS TIGHT, TACK OR STAKE TOP DOWN, SECURE ANCHOR ROPE TO CENTER STAKE OR BIG ROCK, SET SMOKE FLAP POLE AND MOVE IN.

ROWS OF DOUBLE HOLES FOR 11 1/2" STITCHING PINS

40" STRIPS OF MUSLIN OR LIGHT CANVAS

IMAGINARY LINE, FOR LAYOUT PURPOSES ONLY

SMOKE FLAPS SEWN ON FROM LEFT-OVER SCRAPS

2' HEAVY CORD SEWN INTO REINFORCING PATCH

REINFORCING PATCHES

6' 4' 3 1/2' 3' 1'

# EEEEEEEEE EEEEE EEEEEEEEEEEKO

Continued from page 7

that in addition to losing their jobs and their psychological security, we do not throw them down to less-than-basic financial level. That they cannot stand. The one thing we can produce in large amounts is food and clothing and shelter. I'm not saying that I like this necessity although there are, I think, some real excitements about giving committed spending. Committed spending makes it possible for a lot of imaginative people to withdraw consent from a lot of institutions. You have a guy today who is middle class, middle income; he has two choices. He goes along with advertising, he goes along with whatever it is he can do, or, alternatively, he lives at a very low level. If you give him the option of getting out of the system at an adequate income level, he can then get out, and he can join a community. And his higher level of money can be added to that of the people living on the guaranteed income which is at a lower level, to produce an overall community which is living on a REASONABLY high level. In addition, his skills, whatever they may be, may be very important. That's one side.

The other side of this becomes the extraordinary effect of what would happen to Advertising, what would happen to Public Relations if you gave people a meaningful option. If people didn't have to be in advertising to get an income, the number of good artists, designers, in advertising would be less good than your programs instead of better. And at this point, you might begin to be able to get the reaction against advertising that must be developed to make the advertising industry an information-conveyor, instead of a seducer of the public.

EVO: I really don't understand how what you're saying is going to change anything if you give man a lot of money, and the system still produced the machinery that he needs to sustain himself, the necessities such as television, telephones, etc., which have apparently become necessities. If the system still produces these, and the man still uses his money to buy them, and is left still carrying them around on his back, which is another kind of slavery to the machine. So how do you liberate yourself from the machine?

THEOBALD: Define the system.

EVO: The system is the thing that owns the money.

THEOBALD: If one is really interested in getting social change, you take people and the system where they are. In other words, if you want to help a guy, you take him where his hang-ups are and you work with him. You don't tell him that he shouldn't be hung up at that point. The same is true about a system. If you want to change a system, you don't say, well, I would like the system to be here and then I could change it, you start from where we are. Another way of putting this—I got this from Conrad Arensberg, an anthropologist—is, if you want to get revolutionary change, it's got to be evolutionary in appearance. In other words, you don't ever get anything major done by frightening people to death.

Let's see what happens if you move in this direction of giving people an income. What begins to happen is that they create a community within which money is not very important. The hippie communities provide evidence of this; money doesn't matter within the community. The Real Great Society is another example of how you create a group within which money doesn't matter. Now, money still matters in relations with the outside, but you have an ever enlarging number of groups in which money doesn't matter. These groups become more oriented to the people in them, and less oriented towards goods and services; and the seduction of advertising, consequently, works less well. You also begin to get a system in which there is the potential for substantial over-production because people are less and less hung-up on goods and services.

At this point, you reach one of the crises which I was talking about, because our present system depends on the affluent buying more than they need; if they don't, the system collapses, and the guaranteed income must therefore grow—otherwise, the whole thing begins to fall apart. At this point a strange event occurs. Many managements are very unhappy with profit motive. They're caught up in the system, too. Many of them would like to be able to say, let us redefine the purpose of the corporation in terms of service to the public. (I'm not suggesting that everybody agrees with them, but there are a significant number of people who would run with something like this, once it started developing.) We then begin to redefine corporation law, etc. etc., so that, instead of being responsible to shareholders, firms become responsible to the total society. This step leads to new problems. In order to redefine the good of the firm, we must be able, for example, to abandon the idea of common stocks, the idea that people are entitled to a share in the profit of a corporation forever. And we've got to develop some new ideas about how people provide capital.

But all of this is necessary because, in the long run, if we're going to run a sort of society in which goods are made subsidiary to people, it must be possible for them to get what they want when they want it. This means, essentially, walking into a store and taking what you want off a shelf. And, in order to be able to do this, we must eliminate the artificial scarcity which we have now, for it is artificial scarcity which creates profit. This requires that we have enough stocks of everything, always in the pipeline: the corporation must provide what the public chooses to take off the shelf. At this point, you get what people have talked about for a long time: "consumer sovereignty." People take what they want, when they want it.

I would agree that it is not clear how it can be done in relation to the rest of the world. But if we look seriously at the new technologies, look at what we could do, if we think of the moon program, I believe the new society is feasible. What I think we have to do is say, "yes." We know it isn't "possible" or rational but "yes," we must start from the ideas being put forward and build on them. Instead of "collaborating down," which is getting rid of ideas, you say, well, that's a good idea but, and then another but, and in the end you have nothing but the lowest common denominator; you say, on the other hand, that's a good idea but couldn't we do this as well, or couldn't we change that to be more effective. This is what has happened with the University of the Streets: it started with a very small idea which has grown through people working with it, and it now promises to be the model for the community university. Not that it's perfect, not that it's working out as well as any of us would like, but it really is beginning to involve people, where people continue to use their imagination creatively, we might have the model for a community university which could then be used across the country, and which, in turn, would fundamentally change many of our concepts about how you educate.

EVO: Some of the "hippies" in Haight-Ashbury are experimenting in neuro-psycho-pharmacology, in other words, the use of LSD and other psychomimetic drugs, to suspend social conditioning. What has happened in the commune situation is that when the conditioning is suspended and a problem arises, natural leadership evolves. I think Yeats described it as, an individual arises to meet the occasion, handles the problem, and sinks back to enrich the mass. It's really based on genetic aptitude. How do you feel about the use of neuro-psycho-pharmacology?

THEOBALD: Let me state my prejudices. It probably helps to get them out in the open. In this case, my analysis confirms my prejudices, which, obviously, makes me suspicious of my analysis. I'm prejudiced against the use of any type of drug, and increasingly, against any sort of alcohol. I find the control of one's body something much too precious to be given up. I personally, therefore, believe that we will find that the use of drugs is unnecessary in order to give us a high, or enable us to be leaders when we need to be, and followers when we need to be, etc. etc.

As a European, I think that perhaps LSD is necessary in America, because a lot of people have to be trained to use their eyes and their senses in a way that is, perhaps, not as necessary in Europe. This may again be a prejudice, but it's certainly something I feel, but I'm not sure you can analyze this very much without participating. I believe change can come about just as quickly without drugs as with drugs; but this statement has, of course, to be meshed with my belief that any person who is responsible for himself (I don't know what I mean by

## ARE ALL BOOKSTORE OWNERS HALF-CHICKEN ASKS HORSESHIT MAGAZINE ?



Horseshit has been around since 1965, winning the applause of editors and critics, and scaring the shit out of bookstore owners. When we bring in a sample copy of Horseshit, the bookstore man turns pale. "Good God! I can't sell this," he says. "It would offend some of my customers." We say: "But you sell Henry Miller and Candy. Horseshit doesn't have as much sex as they do. Just look through it." "I am looking through it," he says, wetting his pants. "It scares me just to look at it. Take it and go away. Please!" So there's another store that won't carry Horseshit. Why are they so afraid? Is Horseshit obscene? Nah. In it, we talk just as plainly and bluntly about sex as about any thing else we goddam please, and the drawings are naked and unashamed, but Horseshit isn't obscene by any legal definition. Probably you can't get Horseshit at your local bookstore but it is available from us by subscription only. 3 issues for \$5. Money back if not satisfied. Issues #1 and #2 are now available. Tell us which you want to start with. Send \$5 to: SCUM PUBLISHING CO., BOX 361-E, HERMOSA BEACH, CAL. 90254

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# NOMIC HOWL

that statement, because I don't know when a child becomes responsible for himself; I don't know when a person is mentally ill; I don't know what any of these terms mean any more, but I still think there is a meaning in that statement), that each responsible person must decide for themselves what they feel is right for themselves, and I am not about to judge for them. I have been stating my own beliefs about who I am, and I cannot really talk for other people on this subject. I don't think anybody can.

EVO: I mentioned before, the flying saucer thing, as representative of a mythic transition. Marshall McLuhan said, "as you create the new environment, the satellite environment around the planet earth, Telestar, etc.—the old environment becomes an art form." As we develop the earth as an art form, we must also get off it and gain perspective to it. Karl Jaspers talked about this a number of years ago, and he called for super-politics. For example, how is the UN going to deal with the first spaceman, when they haven't even settled their own terrestrial disputes? Before we are allowed to get off the planet, we must evolve to cool ourselves out as an animal, and realize the divinity of humanity, if you'll allow me that poetic license. What do you think in the terms of our efforts to reach outer space being turned off by the war in Vietnam, means to our collective consciousness?

THEOBALD: I have no problem with that word, divinity. To use terms I prefer, or the easiest ones for me to deal with, I think we have to create Teilhard de Chardin's "Noosphere" in the immediate future. Again, I say the immediate future. I think that much of this exists already. Our great failure today is to recognize the reality that is here. The reason we can't see it is that we refuse to see it. I find myself living much of my time in what is clearly a primitive noosphere, but which is, to me, a genuine beginning of a noosphere. We refuse to call the noosphere into existence, because we refuse to create it through our own thinking. The old world of bureaucracies, the old world of institutions, the old world of order-giving is paper-thin. It exists because we pay tribute to it, because we believe it exists, because we accept that old world. The new world can be created because it's the good people in those institutions that matter today, and the power of those institutions, insofar as it still exists, can be mobilized by them. If we will only work with the people in the institutions; if we will not fall into the trap of saying, you MUST be in SDS, you MUST be a Christian, we can get charge. If we will work with anybody who wants to create common humanity, who wants to create this new world in which we become fully human, the power is there already; the noosphere is there already. I find that as one goes about trying to create it, one discovers it in all the most extraordinary places. But one has a leap of faith to make, a belief that it's there, and then it is there. After this recognition, the most difficult problem becomes that you still have to help other people to see it's there, that you mustn't simply go and live in it where is the comfortable thing to do, but you still have the role of helping other people to see it. One major problem is the view of the liberals and the new left, that we're the good guys and we're intelligent and we're decent, and all the rest of them are evil; whereas it seems to me, most people, not all people, but most people, are trapped in a system they would dearly love to change, and they do not know how to change it; and our greatest responsibility is to help them find out how to do so, and to work with them to do so.

THEOBALD: You change the culture, you try to live with the fact that you cannot change things immediately, and if you do, you will probably bring on a reaction. This is my great concern, at the moment, about the people who simply talk Vietnam. I believe the great danger in only attacking our Vietnam policy is that, if we're not very careful, getting out of Vietnam could lead us into an immediate isolationist policy. This would really be a prime case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." The job to do at this point is not to create a political coalition, in the normal sense, but to find the coalition in this country which is against powerlessness, against a system in which some people are totally unable to control their own lives. I mean the poor, the minority groups, the students, and women, as well as the people from the underdeveloped countries. I believe that we've got to put that coalition together, and use a coalition to work on the total problem. And if people are not interested in working on the total problem, they are not really of much interest at this point, because if they're against Vietnam for the good old Classical political reasons, I don't think that they are going to help us win this new struggle to create a society in which each person can live his life in the way he or she feels to be appropriate. You come back to what the world with the noosphere would look like. What would a fully human world, whatever your own language is for expressing that very simple thought, a world in which people are free to do what they want, what would it look like?

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John Cage's DIARY: CHANGE THE WORLD (YOU WILL ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE) Part 3 (1967), the latest (previously unpublished) section with Cage's own graphics! is now available from Something Else Press. Or order through The Eighth Street Bookshop, Wittenborn's. \$1.50 plus sales tax. A Great Bear Pamphlet.

EVO: How do you guard against "omnibus bill" and things like that, which, of course, we are assured, are for the Indians' own good; but in effect, when you analyze it, you find that it takes away the Indians' traditional way of life, which is not based on property values, and guarantees that he has property values. How do you guard against that kind of social do-goodism, which is so rampant in our culture?

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## MIME TROUPE TO COME EAST

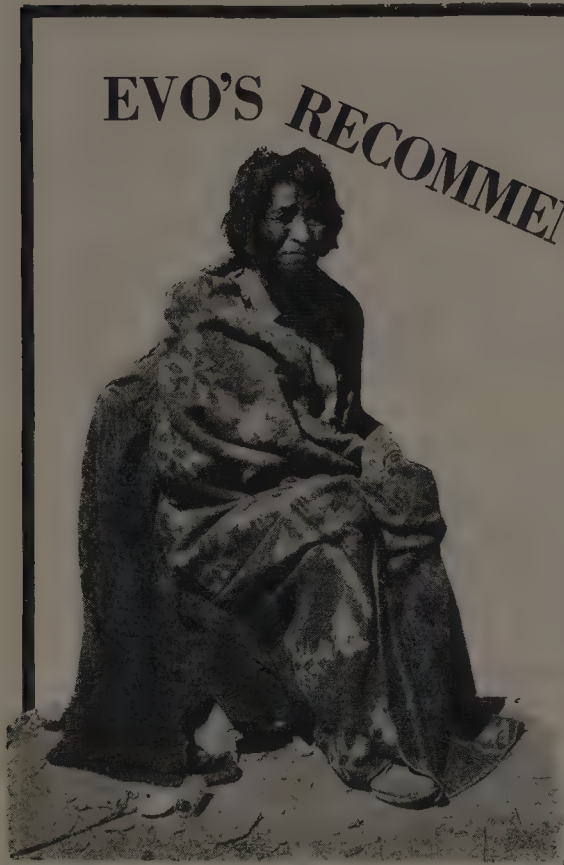
The San Francisco Mime Troupe is now in the process of planning to tour the United States and Great Britain during the Fall and Winter of 1967-68 with its anti-war commedia dell'arte, L'AMANT MILITAIRE. The Mime Troupe has presented free commedia dell'arte in the parks and fairs of California for six seasons and has toured the United States and Canada with "A Minstrel Show, Or: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel." Previous minstrel show tours have provided the American Civil Liberties Union ample opportunity to display its long-lauded championship of the exercise of free speech in these United States.

L'AMANT MILITAIRE, translated from the Goldoni original by Betty Schwimmer and adapted by Joan Holden deals with the difficulties to visitors and visited when a large, powerful country invades and occupies a smaller nation in the throes of a civil war. OLIVE PITS, a one-act commedia adapted from a work by Lope de

Rueda, will also be presented by the touring Troupe. It concerns the get-rich quick schemes of a peasant farmer who attempts to use the system to beat the system and is, instead, beaten by it.

R.G. Davis, the Troupe's founder and director, speaks of the work of his company as 'guerilla theatre.' "You do something because you think it's right and you believe yourself ultimately. We want to deal with hypocrisy in America. I deal with it on the stage for everybody. You can't say 'this is the conclusion' to the audience. They have to come to the same conclusion as you, hopefully. Otherwise its the didactic theatre and you might as well write an essay. We're out to disturb you. I'm willing to expose myself to the same thing we expose the audience to."

Anyone who would like to see the Mime Troupe perform in his area should contact R.G. Davis at 924 Howard St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. (415)GA1-1984.



This warrior now practices peace

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Film Review by Principe

## "PRIVILEGE"

at the Sutton Theater

TV culture has so permeated the Western World that now they are making movies that look like the 10 o'clock Report. "Privilege" is a technicolor-newsreel story, in the "not-too-distant future," directed by Peter Watkins, maker of "The War Games." It is the story of an anguished rock-and-roll singer, played by Paul Jones, who is used to sell considerably more than long-play records or levis, Church and State coalesce and use him as a front to weld the youth of Britain into a "constructive conformity." Mr. Jones, who is indeed good at acting anguished, plays opposite Jean Shrimpton, who comes off as the kind of actress you like to watch with the sound turned off. However, the movie is graced with good color photography, and Max Bacon and Mark London are excellent as the singer's slithery managers. A thought-provoking movie, and worth seeing. But watching the Monkees on TV or listening to Murray-the-K tell it like it is, makes the not-too-distant future seem oh-so-much closer.

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## A High Time Was Had By All

# TOMPKINS SQUARE SMOKE-IN

### THE TOMPKINS PARK SMOKE-INS

The banana smoke-in was the beginning. Sunday, July 16—somebody handed out free pot.

The leaflet for the second smoke-in read:

"BRING INSTRUMENTS & MAKE MUSIC  
DRUMS, DRUMS, DRUMS  
BELLS, FLUTES, (JOINTS?)  
TRAIGA LA CONGA CON USTED ...

Forget paranoia — make music  
together \* Tompkins Park

\* Sun. Eve. \* July 23rd \* 6:00

Better than last time."

Responding more to euphoric memories of the previous week's celebration, a mixed group of hippies, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, and straights showed up at 6:00, in front of the bandshell. By 6:20, handfuls of joints appeared in the crowd. People turned on to the sounds of a spontaneous Conga band, dancing and making music together. The crowd grew to 400, but the rains came at 7:00 PM. After the rain, the crowd swelled again, and smoking continued until 8:30. People turned each other on to grass — openly, without paranoia. Several plainclothesmen were identified, but regular police were absent. Apparently, higher-ups in the police department decided that, with rioting starting in East Harlem, it might be a mistake to molest a mixed crowd of hippies and Puerto Ricans.

Everybody waited for the next Sunday. PROVO got a rock band for 7:00 PM

Sunday evening, July 30. An experimental conga-folk rock band — 6 conga drummers, the tree electrified and two unamplified members of the Pterodactyls rock band began their first number just before 7:30. Conga rock blues.

After two weeks of community smoke-ins, everybody in the crowd of 3,000 was hip to the idea that every PROVO happening is automatically a smoke-in. By 8:00, hundreds of joints appeared everywhere in the crowd; a sweet haze rose skyward. Then anonymous benefactors in back of the regular seating threw handfuls of joints into the air. The crowd cheered and surged. When two regular blue-clothes police waded in, people started applauding. The cops shrugged their shoulders, turned around, and walked away. Later, groups followed obvious plainclothesmen around, until they left the park. Until 10:30, marijuana, in huge quantities, appeared not only in front of the bandshell, but all over the park, among groups listening to guitar or conga drum. Clearly, just about everybody on the Lower East Side wants to smoke openly, without fear.

Police and others are beginning to give up the myth that marijuana necessarily leads to violence. After a week of rumors, everybody just got wasted, and too high to do anything but groove. Anybody who resented what was happening in the park every Sunday night, changed his mind when he saw that this wasn't a hippy thing. Everybody was smoking — not banana, but real free grass. People turned on, and communication happened.

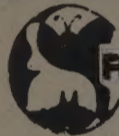
PROVO encouraged smoke-ins to break

down some of the paranoia that keeps people here immobile. The hip, grass-smoking poor of the ghetto — 'hippy,' Puerto Rican, Negro — can ignore police harassment, if they're together. The cops aren't going to bust 3,000 people, or molest a crowd made up from all groups — not after Memorial Day, not with rioting going on all over the country.

Together the people here are even capable of resisting the laws — like the laws against grass — that discriminate against people in the ghetto; and changing them, directly and nonviolently.

The smoke-ins showed a couple of other things, besides. When the riot squad stayed away, people were able to solve problems using their own methods. Like turning on together. Psychedelic technology really works, not just as a way to get high, but at very least, as a way of diminishing friction between people. And, after all the talk of psychedelic revolution, the real, shared experience of a smoke-in contributed to something that all the money or media coverage hippies can marshall couldn't insure. There is peace in the park. If the psychedelic revolution involves even this minimal social transformation, then it has to appeal, in an immediate and living way, to the socio-economic groups that stand to gain through social transformation. Hippies have dropped into the ghetto; they have to work with ghetto people. Can a psychedelic revolution really expect much from the old, middle-class society? The middle-class are winners in this society. They pay the cops to keep it that way.

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A VALENTINE FOR MARIE (John Hawkins)  
GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN (Menken)  
VISUAL VARIATIONS ON NOGUCHI (Menken, Sound by  
Lucia Dlugoszowski)  
ARABESQUE FOR KENNETH ANGER (Menken, Sound by  
Teiji Ito)  
LIGHTS (Menken)  
ORGIA (Maas, Premiere screening)  
EXCITED TURKEYS (Maas, Premiere screening)

SUNDAY 6th, MONDAY 7th: 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.

NIGHT (Gary Smith, Premiere screening)  
SIDEWALKS (Menken-Mass-Hawkins)  
ANDY WARHOL SILVER FLOTATIONS (Maas)  
NOTEBOOK (Menken)  
BAGATELLE FOR WILLARD MAAS (Menken, Sound by  
Teiji Ito)  
NARCISSUS (Maas)

TUESDAY 8th, WEDNESDAY 9th: 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.

NIGHT (Gary Smith)  
IMAGE IN THE SNOW (Maas)  
WRESTLING (Menken)  
EYE MUSIC IN RED MAJOR (Menken)  
GEOGRAPHY OF THE BODY (Maas)  
HURRY HURRY! (Menken)  
GO GO GO (Menken)  
DWIGHTIANA (Menken)

THURSDAY 10th, FRIDAY 11th: 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.

A VALENTINE FOR MARIE (Hawkins)  
MECHANICS OF LOVE (Maas)  
JOKES AND DEADLY SERIOUS (Maas, Premiere  
screening)  
WARHOL (Menken)  
MOOD MONDRIAN (Menken)  
DRIPS AND STRIPS (Menken)  
MOONPLAY (Menken, with music by Teiji Ito,  
Premiere screening)  
WATTS WITH EGGS (Menken, Premiere screening)  
ORGIA (Maas, Premiere)

SEE WHY NEWARK DESERVED RIOTS  
SEE WHAT'S COMING TO NEW YORK

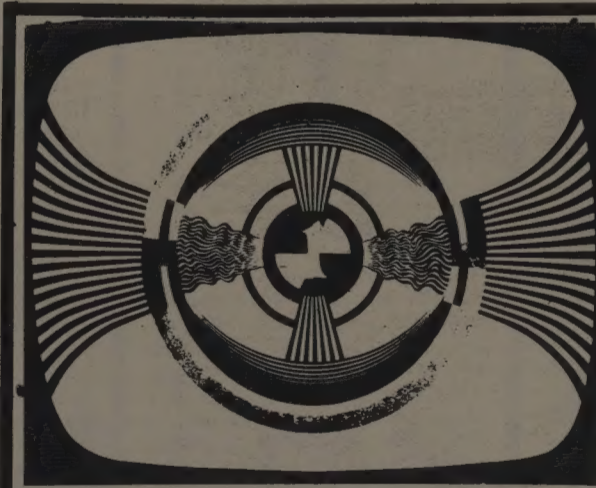
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Aggressive gentleman, 50, manager of the Village Club, seeks girl, 25 to 40, interested in the unusual, to assist as secretary occasionally, be a partner in meeting different people regarding club affairs. Future reimbursement possible. Write to: Bill, c/o Francis Peabody, 307 E. 94th St., New York, N.Y. 10028.

Female Wanted: Male, college grad, 23, self-styled, intellectual with apartment, seeking to escape monastic life. Desires FEMALE companion to share in the benefits of my bed and board. No Trips. Jack LU 8-2355

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

Man, mid 40's, sincere, modest, personable, white, desires to learn about cunnilingus from clean, patient, reasonable ladies, city or suburbs. Call evenings after 7, SU 7-9525. Ask for 1A.



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Lady Victoria: With you one hundred per cent. Please call me at 876-6866 Jacquie Ceballos.

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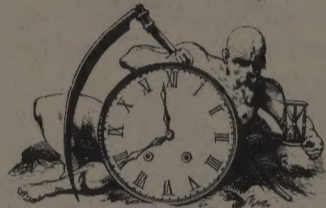
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## JOBS



New theatre group wants actors interested in experiment, improvisation, and an ensemble spirit. Send resumes and pictures to Knowhere East, 736 Broadway. Telephone 777-7254

**STUDENTS WANTED.** Earn up to \$4 for an hour's participation in a small group study conducted at Columbia U. Call 870-4084 from 4-8 P.M., Mon.-Fri. Ask for Miss Johnson.

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# wheel and deal

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Virtile male seeks girl possessed of passion-are desires - Write P.O. Box 186 Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, New York 10009 Include phone number, Photo if possible (not necessary) and vital statistics.

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Female nude and pin up models wanted by professional photographer. \$10 to \$25 per hour commensurate with ability and experience. Tommy Comer, telephone 889-4229.

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Send your ad copy for the **WHEEL & DEAL** to: **THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER** 105 SECOND AVENUE NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003 Deadline is at NOON on the TUESDAY before publication. Include your phone number (either in or out of copy); **WE WILL NOT PRINT WITHOUT VERIFICATION!** Your money must accompany your ad: \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15¢ a word thereafter **FOR EACH INSERTION**



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There is a certain kind of girl who enjoys men but is awkward waking up beside a stranger. Good looking, discreet, adaptable young man will perform and disappear. If you are pretty, call 275-8026 Mon, Wed or Fri. 6-7. Mike

Male, early 30's, living on upper east side, seeks attractive female, mid-twenties to mid-thirties for occasional enjoyable, intimate evenings together. Y6970 Times

Widow, 45, 5'5", 120, brown hair, blue eyes, attractive, intelligent, savoir faire, creative, wealthy, successful, self-confident, loving, lovable, dynamic, well dressed, well travelled, healthy, emotionally secure. Seeks compatible male companionship. Write today, Dept. EVO, 8227, PO Box 546 Times Square, NYC 10036

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

I can't eat! I can't sleep! I miss those swings! Good looking male desires females. Will also swing with single or married couples. Call Clark, 5-10PM, 241-5774

Poet/Lyricist, college English instructor, 34 5'8", wishes to meet feeling, uncalculating girl. Write GL, c/o L.J. Becker, 2255 Grand Concourse, Bronx 10453

Lost Siamese cat, male, two years old, crooked tail, lost Saturday, vicinity University Pl. and 8th St. Reward. Call 777-0197

Advertising copywriter 34, amiable, intelligent with hunger of domesticity desires to share an apartment with a sincere sensitive female preferably engaged in creative work-art, writing, etc. Will pay the rent. Write Dave Watson, Suite 600, 110 W. 47th St., NYC Include phone number if possible.

Young painter, 23, caught without much time to go out; wanting friendship with gentle young woman. No teenyboppers, trippers or Vassar girls, please. Call 925-2653

Somewhat rounded square, late thirties, multilingual, very intelligent, interested in politics and social history. Has reservations, etc., and would like to escort uninhibited female between 18-40 to Expo 67, hoping for a more permanent relationship. Driving up Aug. 11 from Washington, D.C., for about a week. I leave number with Chris. CO 7-2912.

B, the hidden tears you title jewels/ Are merely evicted stars bequeathed to fools/ And when your bosom summons the chord/ Remember, poetry is exposure you can't afford/ Orpheus Jr, YU 2-4471.

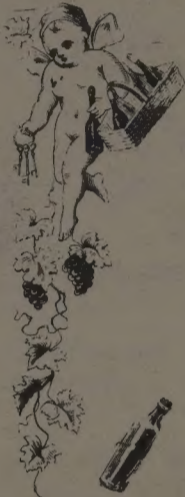
Guy will share most esthetic East Village apt. (air-cond) with girl. 475-3618.

Girls and couples only, do you need a quiet place for those intimate and fulfilling moments of physical pleasure? I've got it...Call Johnny...201-941-2191.

Bachelor seeks daughter for weekend trips. Mother welcome also. Information, write Mr. Dennis, Independent Research Survey, Room 536, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036.

Man wants woman 18 to 45 years old, 5' to 5'7" tall, 120 to 150 lbs. White only. No drinkers, or dyed hair jobs. Must be very clean of body, affectionate and congenial. Prefer permanent or semipermanent relationship. Have apartment free during part of the days. Brooklyn or Staten Island resident welcome but not a must. I'm white, 26, 5'7" tall, brown hair, blue eyes. Write to 6 E. 125 96th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209. P.S. Interested in only a nice clean repeat clean type woman.

Business executive, 30, refined, considerate, desires intimate relationship with affectionate, intelligent gal. Include phone number if possible. Write Dave Watson, suite 600 110 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y. or leave message at JU 6-0909 after 10 a.m. weekdays.



A young foreign student seeks clean attractive discreet girl for mutually enjoyable physical relationship. Call 864-6262 between 6 and 7 PM. weekdays.

Traveling from coast to coast? Need a mid-point rest stop? If you are male, young, handsome, virile, cooperative, have time to spend and a taste for unusual excitement, write-Box 1022, Enid, Okla., 73701. Include photo, vital statistics and preferences.

Gentle Nimrod, the hunter, must be discreet lest he disturb the dear. Hunter's license permits stalking only does of sixteen to fifty summers. Does, who like a man who comes and goes, whisper through the trees, a phone number please. Gentle Nimrod: WA-4-8400

Business executive, 30, refined, considerate, desires intimate relationship with affectionate, intelligent gal. Include phone number if possible. Write Dave Watson, suite 600, 110 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y., or leave message at JU 6-0909 after 10 a.m. weekdays.

Young man, 26, 6', 150 lbs., fairly attractive. Vegetarian, poet, bum. Well versed in Occult and Eastern Metaphysics. Lifetime Celibate; desire attractive sympathetic girl to share apt. and learn fine art of sex. R. Gesek, Box 86, New York Mills, NY 13417, Thank You.

TRACY TAYLOR from Hayward, Calif.-Please let your mother know you're O.K. She's very worried.

ARTIST-CARTOONIST, 47 years old (DISABLED-WHEEL-CHAIR BOUND) DESIRES TO MEET INTELLIGENT, SINCERE YOUNG LADY (RACE, COLOR OR CREED NO BARRIER) Phone ANYTIME AFTER 2 P.M. SU7-2520 (NO PHONES).

Shy, sincere articulate college editor and debator - passionate lover of the sea- desires relationship of friendship and sex with sensitive girl. Write: Ken R., 408 E. 53 St., Bklyn., NY

Want to stop in on the way to work and get rid of your tensions and mine? Or on the way home. Or at some odd hour when the urge strikes. Why shouldn't you? A woman or girl has needs, too. Only a man can fill them. Maybe this man of 40 who's not bad looking, so discreet you'd think he was a spy instead of a scholar-writer. Married? That's your problem. But unfulfilled? I'll make that my problem -- and we won't have a problem very long. I want moderately good-looking young women and no nonsense, no attachments, no hangups, no tears. Obviously, no fags, either. Write Box 184, Madison Square Station, NYC 10010. If you want to throw in a picture, go ahead.

NATIONWIDE DIRECTORY FOR MODERNS puts you in contact with other sophisticates who share your interests and are anxious to meet you. Nationwide Directory (including your area) \$2.00. SPC-Sophisticates, 130 W. 42nd St., New York City 10036.

Lawyer from Upper New York State, in city on business, age 37, seeks educated woman to have dinner with. Hates to eat alone. P.O. Box 323, Dover Plains, New York.

Desired - Eager, attractive female! Object - mutual pleasure. Blue-eyed, good looking, tall, slender, compassionate, experienced, discreet, intelligent young man. Serious replies, phone appreciated. P.O. Box 4283, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

20-year-old female seeks business - proposition - type marriage. Numerous possibilities. Contact evenings at 756-8180. Audrey.

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

Mona, please contact mother, important.

Peripatetic college professor (age 35) seeks attractive, intelligent, congenial female companion (age 20 - 30) for expense-paid jaunt to Expo 67 on weekend of Aug. 18-20. Write Expo, c/o Room 915, 150 Broadway, New York. Please include phone no. and photo (if possible).

Doctor, 32, capable of giving a great deal of physical pleasure, looking for shapely, petite young lady for mutually enjoyable relationship. Write Dr. Russell, 555 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238.

WANTED BY F.B.I. (R.T.S.) (S) FACES (2) DESCRIPTION: Female AGE: 18-40. HEIGHT, WEIGHT: Unimportant. CRIME: Portrait studies. SENTENCE: Sundays. REWARD: ok, I guess. CONTACT: Forever Be Indebted (Rembrandt the Second) (smile) MU 6-0471. Sundays 1-7.



## HOMES

Take over lease... Dark stained wood floors, 2 brick walls, fresh white paint in main room, bars and gates on windows, refrigerator and stove. Second floor, good lighting, fireplace (no fires), disguised tub in kitchen, 2 good-sized rooms - \$35 a month. HONEST - \$35 a month. 8 blocks from East Village Other office - in East Village. Call MARNIE OR EMMETT LAKE at 233-5949 (24 hour service) Pad is close to IND (1 block), 1st Ave. Bus (1 block), etc. etc. Call Now.

Wanted: Lass who is adventurous and frolicsome and utterly free, to live with me and be my love. Am virile, goodlooking, uncoincidental. Unusual pad with gigantic terrace. Tr7-0534 After 6.

I need a two bedroom apt. in Buffalo, preferably near the UB campus. If you know of one that is also reasonable, write to Sara Schrom, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave. NYC 10003.

Room and Board for Males Only, 3720 Park Avenue, Montreal, Canada. \$1.50 a day, \$10.00 a week. RadhaKrishna Temple.

Real Great Society needs a 3 room apt. in the E. Village. Contact EVO, 228-8640.

## TRAVEL



WANTED: Driver to San Francisco, with or without car. Around August 15th. Call TR 7-0325. Keep trying.

Young man seeking ride to Seattle area end of August; round trip preferred. Will help with driving and expenses. Leave message at 925-6522.

Prospector with travel trailer going back out west to work claims. Want (outdoors type) female partner to assist and share in rewards. Write: Raymond H. Maynard, R.F.D. #2, Butts Bridge Rd., Canterbury, Conn. 06331.

Young man seeking ride to Seattle area end of August; round trip preferred. Will help with driving and expenses. Leave message at 925-6522.

Anyone going to (or thru or towards) Colorado the first week in August? Me and my kid need a ride. Will share driving and expenses. Call Sugar at 939-5896.

ZAP! YOU'RE STERILE, but our buttons aren't, so for this and over 150 more original and pregnant button titles, write to: A Big-Little Store, 1671 Washington St., S.F. 94109. Free list. Sample button to stores.

Expo 67 - Gal companion wanted by 30 yr. male, expenses with usual arrangements - August 4 day car, swing now-parties greggfox, box 127, Jackson Hts. 11372.

We, the beast of burden and mink punk, are hereby announcing that our love vibrations have been officially contracted by the State of New York. We will non-settle-down around the world after a San Francisco moon-honey.

SUMMER FLING-ONEWEEK IN SUBURBIA! Grad. student (22, 5'10") wants intelligent, attractive girl (19-22), companion/Playmate, while parents vacation. Long hair, good figure, tall preferred. Located Westchester, Call Monday Eve. (914) NE-6-0865 (Leave number before 5 P.M.)

## BUY & SELL

Man wishes to sell his mind, body, and/or soul, to the devil or any other interested party. Write Preston c/o EVO.

WHIPS, ANYONE? COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WILL TRADE FILM, BOOKS, TAPES, PHOTOS ETC. NO PORNOGRAPHY, PLEASE. JG, 4421 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo. 63108.

The East Village Other needs desks, chairs and typewriters that are in good condition. Will exchange ads for above items. 228-8640.

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

For those who SMOKE OFTEN, or have friends who SMOKE OFTEN, or sell to those who SMOKE OFTEN, Pipe screens \$3.50 for 100. Morgan Love, Box 551, New York, N.Y. 10003. Catalog 25¢. Dealer inquiries invited.

FOR SALE: complete darkroom equipment: Enlarger, Time-O-Lite, 2 safe lights, Drier, etc. \$400 worth, will sell for \$150. Call 254-6489.

HARE KRISHNA Swami Bhaktivedanta suffered a stroke, several weeks ago, and was hospitalized. He is now much better, and recuperating in San Francisco. However, his disciples, of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, are faced with hospital bills totaling over \$1,000. Welfare aid cannot be obtained, because this would jeopardize the Swami's position with the Immigration Department, which now threatens to deport him. Please send any contribution you can afford. We are tax-deductible. Or, you can help by buying the HARE KRISHNA record album. Send \$3.25 to ISKCON, 26 2nd Ave., NYC, 10003. Temples are also in San Francisco at 518 Frederick St. in Haight-Ashbury, and in Montreal at 3720 Park Ave., near Magill University.



Improve your outlook. Send 25¢ today, for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003.

Weathers turntable (33-1/3) \$50.00 Excellent condition. 473-4605.

New York Provo for the Open Press needs a mimeograph machine with a silk screen roller using water base ink. Call New York Provo at 473-8894.

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER WOULD LIKE TO FORMALLY RETRACT AN AD THAT WAS PLACED IN THE PERSONALS SECTION OF THE LAST ISSUE, IN REFERENCE TO A HOUSE IN FIRE ISLAND. IT WAS NOT PLACED BY THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE, AND WE WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF EVERYONE THAT HAD ANY INTENTIONS OF CALLING OR GOING OVER THERE WOULD CANCEL THOSE INTENTIONS. WE ARE SORRY ABOUT ANY INCONVENIENCES THAT WERE CAUSED.

# NOT FOR EVERYONE

Do you like face jewels? Muhammad Ali? Max's Kansas City? WBAI? Captain Levy? Psychedelic art? Mayor Lindsay for President? Grass? The Pill? Did you like Andy Warhol's films before they became fashionable?

If you can answer yes to most of the above, you are a member of that small but influential group of taste-makers who set the cultural trends of the nation. And you are precisely the kind of person for whom a fantastic new magazine called **Avant-Garde** is edited. **Avant-Garde** is not for everyone.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

**The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress**

**Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities** (including Mark'n Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

**Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana**

**Radio Free America**—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

**The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman**—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

**The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"**—An exposé of an operative who is paid \$1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

**The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy**

**Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics**

**Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art**—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

**George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs**

**Toward the Elimination of War**—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

**Understanding Zowie**—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

**The Fugs**—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

**A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000**

**The Writing on the Wall**—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

**Move Over, Lady Chatterley**—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

**The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh**

**Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"**

**My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt**—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

**Poets at War**—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

**John Lennon as a Master of Prose**

**Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws**

**Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"**—A Pop Impression.

**The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism**—As exemplified by the L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

**Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works**—A portfolio.

**A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen**

**Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

**Avant-Garde** will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold

out—we will send you a whole year for *only* \$5. This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$5.

—Renew your own subscription for \$5 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde's** first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

# AVANT GARDE

**Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

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ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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