

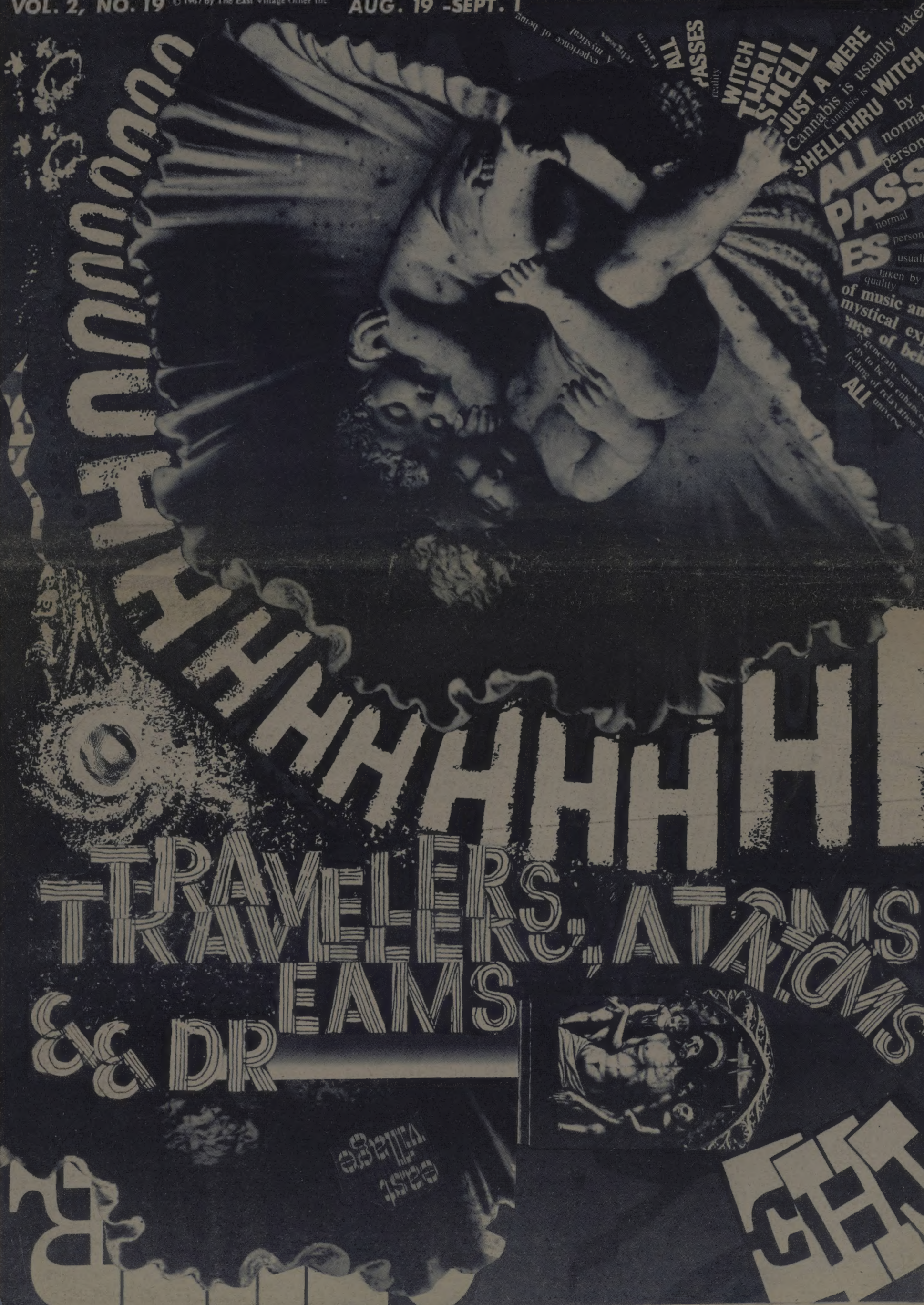
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WHISKEY



VOL. 2, NO. 19 © 1967 by The East Village Other Inc. AUG. 19 - SEPT. 1



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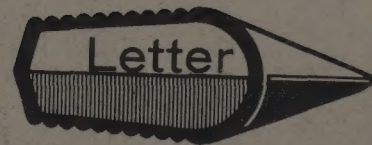
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DEAR EVO



Peace in the City

August 1, 1967
Dear EVO,

Being a local, I was a close observer to the first battles of the Great Race WAR of 1967, both here and in nearby Newark. We all know what happened: starving, half-civilized black criminals are out there in the streets, slugging it out with helmeted, rifle-toting, friendly, loving white guys in uniforms. (The Policeman is your Friend; remember when, in the old westerns, the guy with a star was called a "Peace Officer?") Here in Plainfield, when the Good Guys found out that the insurrectionists had rifles, they really blew their cool. Just because the soldiers USED!!! guns, that didn't give the Negroes any right to use them too. Good Guys react with house to house search. This went over just swell on NBC News. (It's now a local joke that the State Police are negotiating to hire Paul Krassner as their new PR man.) Anybody heard of the Constitution?

Anyway, when the bullets had settled, Every Good Thinking Governing Executive between here and Washington was forming committees (Mah Fellow Americans...) to "investigate" the riots. I think a little simple reasoning would be in order. For several years the Federal, State and City governments have poured great heaps of BREAD into programs designed to keep the Negroes quiet, while the important process of ignoring their real needs goes on. Obviously, the Negro community has seen right through all this. Since it's going to be impossible to shut the Negroes up, why don't we work on the opposing faction: The Police. Something must be done, to give a constructive summer to these culturally deprived denizens of the streets. If only someone would do something to keep this mentally helpless minority group off the streets! Some socially conscious newspaper (EVO?) could start a Fresh Air Fund to send cops away to summer camp for two weeks. (Can't you see the posters in the subway: a cop in full battle regalia with the legend "Send this boy to camp.") For our uniformed delinquents left stranded in the city, play streets could be opened, with cheerful, motherly types to read nursery rhymes and teach them how to play dominoes. They could also be taken on outings to the aquarium and Yankee Stadium. The possibilities are endless, but if something is not done soon, the country might as well look forward to another summer of violence.

Peace,
Al Josephs
Plainfield, N.J.

P.S. I've made up a new Army recruiting slogan: "Join the Army and See Detroit." Do you think they'll buy it from me?

Go Pluck Yourself

Dear EVO:

Let's have a plant in! If everyone in Fun City who turns on were to plant a few next summer it would really be Fun City. I don't mean just the obvious places, like the Sheep Meadow, Tompkins Sq. and Washington Sq. How about the library on 5th Ave. and all those big flower pots along 5th all the way to 50th and Radio City have many possibilities.

Maybe you should have a contest to see who could come up with the best places to plant. Perhaps it would be better if it were post mortem. I would be glad to contribute my PopArt painting of Top gummed cigarette papers to the winner.

Sincerely,
A.O. Head

Ban the Car

Dear EVO:

St. Marks.....scene.

The stated object was to plant a tree; and protest car traffic on St. Marks Street. But.....two vehicles were on the street--Oh, I see, they belonged to those in POWER. The difference is in the beholder....who is hypocritically power-hungry and tyrannically-opinioned?

Children, raise your flowers in protest. For centuries flowers have existed in this world and been appreciated by people. Sad, you should have just discovered them.

Pluck...the flowers and watch them wither and die, for this takes less effort than to plant a garden.

Adriene Jerew
E. 10th Street

Hello

Dear EVO:

Hello, life is the good vibrations, because the good ones are so good!

Chele Galloway

MAILING LABEL: BEARD GAME TUDY MAGISTER, GR3-0840, V/E BarTer

Juice Suppositories

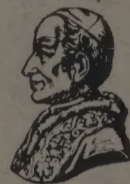
Dear EVO:

I have been reading with great interest letters sent to you by readers who advocate getting high on rather nondescript kitchen impedimenta such as peppers, Sominex, tea, bananas and the like, and I am surprised that everyone has ignored the wonder psychedelic: liquor. It's easy and fun to get "stoned" on whiskey; you dry it and smoke it. Save the roaches and soak them in a glass of water, then drink the water. Oooo, yum, yum.

Alcohol may also be incorporated into suppositories, which can then be inserted in appropriate or convenient holes in the body. I advise girls to insert nothing but vodka suppositories into themselves because vodka, as we all know, leaves no bad breath.

Everyone here in Philadelphia misses Sunshine Girl. Please please bring her back.

Love,
Ford Krieger
Phila., Pa.



A LETTER FROM His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

Secretum Biblicum volumus et obsequi...

Maybe C&H is Involved

Dear EVO:

POTHEADS OF THE WORLD -- UNITE!!
STAMP OUT THE SUGAR CONSPIRACY!!

On three different occasions I have attempted to buy a pound of grass in the past few months from widely divergent sources and each time the grass has been cut with granulated sugar. The first time they caught me unaware and I ended up giving the stuff away because I couldn't smoke it--it burned my throat so much. The other two times I refused to buy. Once someone even tried to sell me a pound of this adulterated junk for the absurd price of \$140. The only way to end this condition is to boycott sugared grass and make it unprofitable. Purchasers of large amounts especially should participate in the boycott. Grass is a beautiful thing and we must not allow it to be corrupted. If you don't print something about this situation in the next issue I will have to conclude that EVO is part of the conspiracy.

Sonic Orgasms

Dear EVO:

Are there any Dylanesque magic hand-organ people, of the moody-blues-acid-rock cult who would divulge to my humble person, and indeed, to the non-electric world at large, how they get their ecstatic soul-noises, what instruments they use, etc.

Sound, like sex and the magic weeds, is a turn-on; let's put an organ-playing angel on every street corner by the holy year 1969.

Tom Sayles
M.D. # 15
Newburgh, N.Y.



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Foliage Fun City



Dear EVO:

On August 12, my friend Barry Shisler and I were in the St. Marks area when we heard that the Diggers planned to plant a tree at 10:30. At 9:45, the street was already lined with cops and we feared that there would be one big bust. Miraculously, however, the cops had decided to cooperate. They sealed off the street to traffic and put up barricades around the trucks of the Group Image who played long and well. We sat on the trucks and grooved with the music as the crowd filled the street. For awhile the street was returned from the cars to the people, people of all types, who danced, clapped and smoked. Three soldiers stood up front, looking bewildered. Another soldier, from W. Virginia, stood "backstage" and clapped. Pot was passed around. One puff per person. Someone with sloppy ideas about fun threw yogurt into the crowd. Soon the stuff was everywhere, especially on the drummer. The 3 soldiers left.

It was all beautiful while it lasted. After the Image finally ended their last song, the crowd began to drift away. Louis Abolafia was quietly present. Many people picked up trash. Captain Fink politely asked up to help with the barricades. After we did so, he just as politely asked us to remove the tree. When we refused, the police put the tree on their truck. A crowd gathered and for the first time it looked like there might be an ugly scene. A big guy in coveralls grabbed the tree and returned it to the street. The police insisted that the tree could not stay there. They, with their middle-class mentalities, could not be expected to see the beauty of a tree planted in the street. The Diggers had all left by this time and no one really knew what to do. Finally, we agreed to plant the tree at Tompkins Square. About 100 people followed the tree to "Hoving's Hill," where about 10 of us planted and watered it.

Of course the original reason for planting the tree had been lost, but at least the little tree had a small chance to survive. However, a transplanted tree needs much water, love, and protection. I hope the area residents will provide it with them.

Concerning St. Marks Place, it should be permanently sealed off to all traffic between Second and Third Avenues. I think the following streets should also be sealed off:

- MacDougal, between Fourth St. and Bleecker.
- Minetta Lane and Minetta St.
- Bleecker, between Sixth Ave. and Sullivan St.
- West Third St., between Sixth and Sullivan.
- West Fourth, between Sixth and Sullivan.

In place of streets, these areas would become pedestrian plazas with trees, grass, benches, flowers and maybe even people.

With hope,
Charlie Browne
164 Melrose Ave.
Irvington, N.J.



WHAT IS A F O U R A T T ?



PHOTO BY DIANE DORR-DORYNEK

A Fouratt is a small furry digger who gets arrested all the time.

Jim Fouratt used to be a member of Progressive Labor, he was active in the civil rights movement, and before that a child actor. Recently he has completed the cycle and has become a digger, or in effect returned to being a child actor.

Doing his thing in Newport he was thrown out of the city for distributing obscene literature which was in reality a poem by Gary Snyder. He was arrested in Newark after the riot for "inciting a riot" which was in reality giving away free food, but to be sure the police also charged him for "passing out food without a license" and "refusing to obey an officer's command" who merely asked, "What are you, a boy or a girl?"

"I guess there is something about me

that makes cops go crazy. I'm a coward. I'm not afraid to die, but I don't like violence. I don't carry flowers but you should choose your weapon," Fouratt explained one day after collecting a number of nights in jail in his biography.

"My only weapon is peace and love. We're in such a hostile society that sometimes love or peace, or that kind of approach seems dangerous to the people with guns, and they treat me as if I'm carrying the same weapon they are.

"I seem to bring out a confrontation. But my confrontation is more on a sexual level with the cops. Maybe their masculinity is threatened by my hair? I really thought about this a lot, wondering why my friend Abbe Hoffman, who's got as much hair and does just as many things as I do doesn't get arrested."

"I never tried to get arrested. I just do my thing and if it means getting arrested, then that happens when it happens.

"The beautiful thing about Newark was after I got arrested the only trouble I had was with the cops. I got into jail and the people were beautiful in jail, and they really turned on to the idea of the diggers and acid and the whole psychedelic thing.

"These were people who had been in there for 20 days and hadn't even been allowed to make their phone call. I got them phone calls so they could get out. There's a lot of work to be done in jails."

Every Sunday night there will be a digger benefit at the Scene, a night club at 301 W. 46th St. Jim Fouratt might be arrested even there.

"Yes, I'll have a stage arrest. That's how I'm beginning to feel."



THE "ISLAND ERS"

BEGINNING:

The ordinary man repents his sins:
the elect repent of their heedlessness

Most fables contain at least some truth, and they often enable people to absorb ideas which the ordinary patterns of their thinking would prevent them from digesting. Fables have therefore been used, not least by the Sufi teachers, to present a picture of life more in harmony with their feeling than it is possible by means of intellectual exercises.

Here is a Sufic fable about the human situation, summarized and adapted, as must always be, suitably to the time in which it is presented. Ordinary "entertainment" fables are considered, by Sufi authors, to be a degenerated or inferior form of art.

Once upon a time, there lived an ideal community, in a far-off land. Its members had no fears as we now know them. Instead of uncertainty and vacillation, they had purposefulness and a fuller means of expressing themselves. Although there were none of the stresses and tensions which mankind now considers essential to its progress, their lives were richer: because other, better elements replaced these things. Theirs, therefore, was a slightly different mode of existence. We could almost say that our present perceptions are a crude, makeshift version of the real ones which this community possessed.

They had real lives, not semi-lives.

We can call them the El Ar people.

They had a leader, who discovered that their country was to become uninhabitable for a period of, shall we say, twenty thousand years. He planned their escape, realizing that their descendants would be able to return home successful, only after many trials.

He found for them a place of refuge, an island whose features were only roughly similar to those of the original homeland. Because of the difference in climate and situation, the immigrants had to undergo a transformation. This made them more physically and mentally adapted to the new circumstances; coarse perceptions, for instance, were substituted for finer ones, as when the hand of the manual laborer becomes toughened in response to the needs of his calling.

In order to reduce the pain which a comparison between the old and new states would bring, they were made to forget the past almost entirely. Only the most shadowy recollection of it remained, yet it was sufficient to be awakened when the time came.

The system was very complicated, but well arranged. The organs by means of which the people survived on the island were also made the organs of enjoyment, physical and mental. The organs which were really constructive in the old homeland were placed in a special form of abeyance, and linked with the shadowy memory, in preparation for its eventual activation.

Slowly and painfully, the immigrants settled down, adjusting themselves to the local conditions. The resources of the island were such that, coupled with the effort and a certain form of guidance, people would be able to escape to a further island, on the way back to their original home. This was the

first of a succession of islands upon which gradual acclimatization took place.

The responsibility of this "evolution" was vested in those individuals who could sustain it. These were, necessarily, only a few, because, for the mass of the people, the effort of keeping both sets of knowledge in their consciousness was virtually impossible. One of them seemed to conflict with the other one. Certain specialists guarded the "special science."

This "secret," the method of effecting the transition, was nothing more or less than the knowledge of maritime skills and their application. The escape needed an instructor, raw materials, people, effort and understanding. Given these, people could learn to swim, and also to build ships.

The people who were originally in charge of the escape operations made it clear to everyone, that a certain preparation was necessary before anyone could learn to swim, or even to take part in building a ship. For a time, the process continued satisfactorily.

Then a man who had been found, for the time being, to be lacking in the necessary qualities, rebelled against this order, and managed to develop a masterly idea. He had observed that the effort to escape placed a heavy, and often seemingly unwelcome, burden upon the people. At the same time, they were disposed to believe things which they were told about the escape operation. He realized that he could acquire power, and also revenge himself upon those who had under-valued him, as he thought, by a simple exploitation of these two sets of facts.

He would merely offer to take away the burden, by affirming that there was no burden.

He made this announcement:

"There is no need for man to integrate his mind and train it in the way which has been described to you. The human mind is already a stable and continuous, consistent thing. You have been told that you have to become a craftsman in order to build a ship. I say, not only do you not need to be a craftsman—you do not need a ship at all! An islander needs only to observe a few simple rules, to survive and remain integrated into society. By the exercise of common sense, born into everyone, he can attain anything upon this island, our home, the common property and heritage of all!"

The tonguester, having gained a great deal of interest among the people, now "proved his message by saying:

"If there is any reality in ships, and swimming, show us ships which have made the journey, and swimmers who have come back!"

This was a challenge to the instructors, which they could not meet. It was based upon an assumption, of which the bemused herd could not now see the fallacy. You see, ships never returned from the other land. Swimmers, when they did come back, had undergone a fresh adaptation, which made them invisible to the crowd.

The mob pressed for demonstrative proof.

"Shipbuilding," said the escapers, in an attempt to reason with the revolt, "is an art and a craft. The learning and the exercise of this lore depends upon special techniques. These, together, make up a total activity, which cannot be examined piecemeal, as you demand. The activity has an impalpable element, called baraka, from which the word 'barque'—a ship—is derived. This word means 'the Subtlety,' and it cannot be shown to you."

"Art, craft, total, baraka, nonsense!" shouted the revolutionaries.

And so they hanged as many shipbuilding craftsmen as they could find.

The new gospel was welcomed on all sides, as one of liberation. Man had discovered that he was already mature! He felt, for the time, at least, as if he had been released from responsibility.

Most other ways of thinking were soon swamped by the simplicity and comfort of the revolutionary concept. Soon, it was considered to be a basic fact, which never had been challenged by any rational person. Rational, of course, meant anyone who harmonized with the general theory itself, upon which society

Ideas which opposed the new ones were easily called irrational. Anything irrational was bad. Thereafter, even if he had doubts, the individual had to suppress them or divert them, because he must, at all costs, be thoroughly rational.

It was not very difficult to be rational. One had only to adhere to the values of society. Further, evidence of the truth of rationality abounded—providing that one did not think beyond the life of the island.

Society had now temporarily equilibrated itself within the island, and seemed to provide a plausible completeness, if viewed by means of itself. It was based on reason plus emotion, making both seem plausible. Cannibalism, for instance, was permitted on rational grounds. The human body was found to be edible. Edibility was a characteristic of food. Therefore, the human body was food. In order to compensate for the shortcomings of this reasoning, a makeshift was arranged. Cannibalism was controlled, in the interests of society. Compromise was the trademark of temporary balance. Every now and again, someone pointed out a new compromise; and the struggle between reason, ambition and community produced some fresh social norm.

Since the skills of boatbuilding had no obvious application within this society, the effort could easily be considered absurd. Boats were not needed—there was nowhere to go. The consequences of certain assumptions can be made to "prove" those assumptions. This is what is called pseudocertainty, the substitute for real certainty. It is what we deal in every day, when we assume that we will live another day. But our islanders applied it to everything.

Two entries of the great Island Universal Encyclopaedia show us how the process worked. Distilling their wisdom from the only mental nutrition available to them, the island's savants produced, in all honesty, this kind of truth:

SHIP: Displeasing. An imaginary vehicle in which imposters and deceivers have claimed it possible to "cross the water," now scientifically established as an absurdity. No materials impermeable to water are known on the Island, from which such a "ship" might be constructed, quite apart from the question of there being a destination beyond the Island. Preaching "ship-building" is a major crime, under Law XVII of the Penal Code, subsection J, The Protection of the Credulous. **SHIPBUILDING MANIA** is an extreme form of mental escapism, a symptom of maladjustment. All citizens are under a constitutional obligation to notify the health authorities, if they suspect the existence of this tragic condition in any individual. See: Swimming; Mental aberrations; Crime (Major). Reading: Smith, J., Why "Ships" Cannot be Built, Island University Monograph No. 1151.

SWIMMING: Unpleasant. Supposedly a method of propelling the body through water without drowning, generally for the purpose of "reaching a place outside the Island." The "student" of this unpleasant art had to subject himself to a grotesque ritual. In the first lesson, he had to prostrate himself on the ground, and move his arms and legs in response to the commands of an "instructor." The entire concept is based upon the desire of self-styled "instructors" to dominate the credulous in barbaric times. More recently, the cult has taken the form of epidemic mania.

See: Ship, Heresies; Pseudoarts.

Reading: Brown, W., The Great "Swimming" Madness, 7 Vols., Institute of Social Lucidity.

The words "displeasing" and "unpleasant" were used on the Island to indicate anything which conflicted with the new gospel, which was itself known as "Please." The idea behind this was that people would now please themselves, within the general need to please the State. The State was taken to mean all the people.

It is hardly surprising that, from quite early times, the very thought of leaving the island filled most people with terror. Similarly, very real fear is to be seen in long-term prisoners who are about to be released. "Outside" the place of captivity is a vague, unknown, threatening world.

The island was not a prison. But it was a cage with invisible bars, more effective than obvious ones ever could be.

The insular society became more and more complex, and we can look at only a few of its outstanding features. Its literature was a rich one. In addition to cultural compositions, there were numerous books

Continued from preceding page

which explained the values and achievements of the nation. There was also a system of allegorical fiction, which portrayed how terrible life might have been, had society not arranged itself in the present reassuring pattern.

From time to time, instructors tried to help the whole community to escape. Captains sacrificed themselves for the reestablishment of a climate in which the now-concealed shipbuilders could continue their work. All these efforts were interpreted by historians and sociologists with reference to conditions on the island, without thought for any contact outside this closed society. Plausible explanations of almost anything were comparatively easy to produce. No principle of ethics was involved, because scholars continued to study, with genuine dedication, what seemed to be true. "What more can we do?" they asked, implying by the word "more" that the alternative might be an effort of quantity. Or they asked each other, "What else can we do?" assuming that the answer might be in "else" — something different. Their real problem was that they assumed themselves able to formulate the questions, and ignored the fact that the questions were every bit as important as the answers.

Of course, the islanders had plenty of scope for thought and action within their own small domain. The variations of ideas and differences of opinion gave the impression of freedom of thought. Thought was encouraged, providing that it was not "absurd."

Freedom of speech was allowed. It was of little use without the development of understanding, which was not pursued.

The work and the emphasis of the navigators had to take on a different aspect, in accordance with the changes in the community. This made their reality even more baffling to the students who tried to follow them, from the island point of view.

Amid all the confusion, even the capacity to remember the possibility of escape could, at times, become an obstacle. The stirring consciousness of escape potential was not very discriminating. More often than not, the eager would-be escapers settled for any kind of substitute. A vague concept of navigation cannot become useful, without orientation. Even the most eager of potential shipbuilders had been trained to believe that they already had that orientation. They were already mature. They hated anyone who pointed out that they might need a preparation.

Bizarre versions of swimming or shipbuilding often crowded out possibilities of real progress. Very much to blame, were the advocates of pseudoswimming or allegorical ships, mere hucksters, who offered lessons to those as yet too weak to swim, or passages on ships which they could not build.

The needs of the society had originally made necessary certain forms of efficiency and thinking, which developed into what was known as science. This admirable approach, so essential in the fields where it had an application, finally outran its real meaning. The approach called "scientific," soon after the "Please" revolution, became stretched until it covered all manner of ideas. Eventually, things which could not be brought within its bounds became known as "unscientific," another convenient synonym for "bad." Words were unknowingly taken prisoner, and then automatically enslaved.

In the absence of a suitable attitude, like people who, thrown upon their own resources in a waiting room, feverishly read magazines, the islanders absorbed themselves in finding substitutes for the fulfillment which was the original (and indeed the final) purpose of this community's exile.

Some were able to divert their attention, more or less successfully, into mainly emotional commitments. There were different ranges of emotion, but no adequate scale for measuring them. All emotion was considered to be "deep" or "profound" — at any rate, more profound than nonemotion. Emotion, which was seen to move people to the most extreme physical and mental acts known, was automatically termed "deep."

The majority of people set themselves targets, or allowed others to set them for them. They might pursue one cult after another, or money, or social prominence. Some worshipped some things, and felt themselves superior to all the rest. Some, by repudiating what they thought worship was, thought that they had no idols, and could, therefore, safely sneer at all the rest.

As the centuries passed, the island was littered with the debris of these cults. Worse than ordinary debris, it was self-perpetuating. Well-meaning people and others combined the cults and recombined them, and they spread anew. For the amateur and intellectual, this constituted a mine of academic or "initiatory" material, giving a comforting sense of variety.

Magnificent facilities for the indulging of limited "satisfactions" proliferated. Palaces and monuments, museums and universities, institutes of learning, theatres and sports stadiums almost filled the island. The people, naturally, prided themselves on these endowments, many of which they considered to be linked, in a general way, with ultimate truth, though exactly how this was so escaped almost all of them.

Shipbuilding was connected with some dimensions of this activity, but in a way unknown to almost everyone. Clandestinely, the ships raised their sails, the swimmers continued to teach swimming...

The conditions on the island did not entirely fill these dedicated people with dismay. After all, they, too, had originated in the very same community, and had indissoluble bonds with it, and with its destiny.

But they very often had to preserve themselves from the attentions of their fellow citizens. Some "normal" islanders tried to save them from themselves. Others tried to kill them, for an equally sublime reason. Some even sought their help eagerly, but could not find them.

All these reactions to the existence of the swimmers were the result of the same cause, filtered through different kinds of minds. This cause was, that hardly anyone now knew what a swimmer really was, what he was doing, or where he could be found.

As the life of the island became more and more civilized, a strange but logical industry grew up. It was devoted to ascribing doubts to the validity of the system under which society lived. It succeeded in absorbing doubts about social values, by laughing at them or satirizing them. The activity could wear a sad or happy face, but it really became a repetitious ritual. A potentially valuable industry, it was often prevented from exercising its really creative function.

People felt that, having allowed their doubts to have temporary expression, they would, in some way,

assuage them; exorcise them; almost propitiate them. Satire passed for meaningful allegory; allegory was accepted but not digested. Plays, books, films, poems, lampoons were the usual media for this development; though there was a strong section of it in more academic fields. For many islanders, it seemed more emancipated, more modern or progressive, to follow this cult rather than older ones.

Here and there, a candidate still presented himself to a swimming instructor, to make his bargain. Usually, what amounted to a stereotyped conversation took place.

"I want to learn to swim."
 "Do you want to make a bargain about it?"
 "No. I only have to take my ton of cabbage."
 "What cabbage?"
 "The food which I will need on the other island."
 "There is better food there."
 "I don't know what you mean. I cannot be sure. I must take my cabbage."
 "You cannot swim, for one thing, with a ton of cabbage."
 "Then I cannot go. You call it a load. I call it my essential nutrition."
 "Suppose, as an allegory, we say not 'cabbage,' but 'assumptions,' or 'destructive ideas'?"
 "I am going to take my cabbage to some instructor who understands my needs."

END:

This fable is about some of the swimmers and builders of ships, and also about some of the others who tried to follow them, with more or less success. The fable is not ended, because there are still people on the island.

The Sufis use various ciphers to convey their meaning. Rearrange the name of the original community — El Ar — to spell "Real." Perhaps you had already noticed that the name adopted by the revolutionaries — "Please" — rearranges to form the word "Asleep."

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 FROM THE SUFIS BY INDIRES SHAH

VIETNAM & BLACK AMERICA

SPEAKERS:

- H. RAP BROWN** — NATIONAL CHAIRMAN OF THE STUDENT NONVIOLENT COORDINATING COMMITTEE
- DAVE DELLINGER** — EDITOR OF LIBERATION MAGAZINE AND CHAIRMAN OF NATIONAL MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM
- AMY SWERDLOW** — WOMEN STRIKE FOR PEACE
- REV. THOMAS HAYES** — EPISCOPAL PEACE FELLOWSHIP
- REV. JAMES BEVEL** — DIRECTOR, NATIONAL MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM
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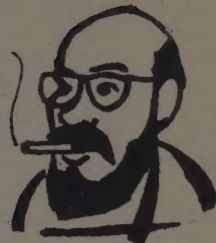


PP'S

FOR ARANOI D

SCRAPS THE OFFICE DOG

ALLAN KATZMAN DIRECTOR



HE PICKS UP

THE MERSEY SOUND, a collection of mod poetry by three young Britons of the Beatle generation, will be published on August 22 by Penguin Books. An original paperback collection, the book will appear in Penguin's Modern Poets Series, and will sell for 95¢.

The anthology takes its name from the River Mersey, which claims Liverpool as its largest port; all three contributors are genuine Liverpudlians. They are:

ROGER MCGOUGH, who is a satirist as well as a poet, and has appeared on the stage in SCARFOLD, a show produced by Beatle Paul McCartney's brother.

ADRIAN HENRI, who is a painter.

BRIAN PATTEN, who has written a children's book, and is now working on a book about Liverpool in the Beatle Age.

None of the three has, so far, had a volume of his poetry published. From THE MERSEY SOUND...

Brian Patten

LOOKING BACK AT IT

At nineteen I was a brave Old Hunchback

Climbing to 'tremendous heights'

Preparing to swing down my golden rope

And rescue the Accused Innocence.

But on my swooping, downwards path one day

Innocence ducked

And I amazed at such an act crashed into

A wall she had been building,

How silly now to think myself able to rescue anything!

Adrian Henri

WILD WEST POEMS

1. Noon:

2 tall gunmen walking slowly towards each other down
Mathew St.

2. And then he grabbed her (for Leiber/Stoller

And then and the Coasters)

He tied her up

And then

He lit the fuse to the dynamite

And then

And then

AND THEN

ALONG CAME JONES...

Roger McGough

GOODBAT NIGHTMAN

God bless all policemen
and fighters of crime,
May thieves go to jail
for a very long time,

They've had a hard day
helping clean up the town,
Now they hang from the mantelpiece
both upside down.

A glass of warm blood
and then straight up the stairs,
Batman and Robin
are saying their prayers.

They've locked all the doors
and they've put out the bat,
Put on their batjamas
(They like doing that)

They've filled their batwater-bottles
made their batbeds
With two springy mattresses
for sleepy batheads.

They're closing red eyes
and they're counting black sheep,
Batman and Robin
are falling asleep.

Group twoonetwo (212), the artists' mixed media and experimental commune, is the place to be this summer. Located a few miles outside Woodstock on route 212, seventy-five acres of sprawling land and lakes — the Group, branchchild of Robert Liikala and his wife Isabella, both painters and filmmakers — has attracted the imagination of painters, poets, photographers, playwrights, filmmakers and dancers from all over the country.

"We're very happy with the way things have gone this summer," states Liikala, "and we're going to keep it running throughout the winter. Artists can drop by and do their thing," continued Bob.

"Doing your thing" seems to be the expression of Group twoonetwo. A cartoon happening on canvas, strung between several trees, plus painted mobiles, and a four-foot, two-way lens hanging from branches, greet you as you enter the premises. There are five wooden buildings reminiscent of potbelly-stove America and a converted brick silo which house forty people, a dining room, film labs, artist studios, recreation hall and gallery. Two lakes cover eighteen acres of land, and artists have supplied the lakes with a floating head-mannequin structure by Franklin Drake; red, blue and yellow, aquamarine, rectangular and square discs by Dean Fleming, which target the

lake's landscape and reflect off lily-strewn waters. Tony Magar also has a 30-foot polyethylene sculpture that sounds out musical vibrations as the wind plays with the edge of its tresses. Canoeing across the lake is like entering an Okeepooskee Valhalla.

This summer, so far, the Group has been visited by such notables as the dancer Meridith Monk, the Mothers of Invention, Allan Kaprow, the Blues Project. USCO people like Jud Yalkert drop by frequently. Peter, of Peter, Paul and Mary, has been sniffing around and shooting a film at the Group. Joel Oppenheimer, with his wife Helen and their son Nathaniel Ezra, have been here two weeks. (Joel is teaching a poetry workshop and writing a film script for the Group's filmmakers.) George Landow has shown a couple of his beautiful films, and Alex Silberman is preparing a poetry magazine, under the auspices of 212. Each week, different artists drop by and lend their talents to a total environment, which seems to be pushing towards new vistas in the experience called Art.

Next week, August 18 & 19, Play-House of the Ridiculous Repertory Club, Inc., will present a rock-and-roll opera, "Conquest of the Universe," by Charles Ludlam, and directed by John Vaccaro. It should prove to be a worthwhile and entertaining weekend.

The Group's plans for the future, as Liikala sees it, are unlimited. "We are constructing an open-air amphitheater, carved out of the natural rock of the landscape, and are planning light shows and happenings which will take place on either of the two lakes. We also hope to round off the summer with a floating happening, down the Hudson River."

There are a few things, though, that have marred the Group's progress this summer. Besides the usual financial difficulties that hound any project in its first year, the State Narco Fuzz, in the guise of a Laurel and Hardy routine, have seen fit to ensnare unsuspecting artists in marijuana entrapments.

Bob Liikala suspected their motives when they came onto him, fat and skinny, as Albany art dealers proffering fame and fortune. Camera ready, he had Peter Kahn photograph their cool. But this did not prevent them from busting a local artist, Tom Blackwell, from the town of Woodstock. Liikala immediately moved to expose the two undercover finks by publishing their photograph in the town paper, The Woodstock Week.

Mr. Blackwell's account of the incident that led to his arrest goes something like this: The Troy art dealer, with impressive credentials, offers to purchase the artists' work for twice the asking price, purportedly for the Cunard Line. He then allegedly insisted that the sales could be facilitated if the son of the President of the Cunard Line could be provided with some marijuana.

Tom Blackwell states, "I was caught up in a vicious case of entrapment, and have never had any intention of selling marijuana. I am what you might call a hungry painter, but I have been painting for twelve years, and sold my first painting when I was sixteen."

The whole town is up in arms over what happened to Blackwell, and they are behind him fully when he comes to trial September 5. Meanwhile, Group twoonetwo are sponsoring, along with USCO, a number of benefits for Tom, to defray court expenses. The first benefit will take place August 26 at 212, and will present the films of Jud Yalcut, USCO Filmmaker, in two shows at 8 and 10 P.M. The admission charge will be \$1.50. The second benefit, also at 212, will take place on the Labor Day weekend, and is open to the public. All events start at 8:30 P.M., and the admission is \$1.50.

Friday, Sept. 1 - Experimental films by members of Group 212

Saturday, Sept. 2 - Public Dance

Sunday, Sept. 3 - Experimental films by Jud Yalcut

Monday, Sept. 4 - Poetry and films by members and friends of 212 and Blackwell

Rooms are available at Group 212, year-round, at \$30 for the week per single or couple. 914-CH 6-8287 for reservations and information.

Bob has also requested that no one bring any pot or pills on the premises, as the heat is still on. As Bob puts it, "Come and turn on to the beauties of nature and the experiment that is Group twoonetwo."

The heat is on at Fire Island and Woodstock, N.Y. Federal Marshalls are crawling around the Island trying to set up busts for pot. Meanwhile, back at Woodstock, the local gestapo have busted people for the same offense. It seems the war is on. From what I can gather, people are pretty uptight in Woodstock, and paranoia is rampant. Everyone not known by the local heads are suspected of being Narco Fuzz. The same is true of the Island. People are leaving both establishments and heading for quieter pastures, or simply refusing to talk to strangers.

Here in New York's East Village, the Sunday Smoke-In's continue, with no apparent busts in sight. The

Diggers have tried to close St. Marks Place with a sit-in, and are planning future escapades in that direction. EVO was recently visited by a police sergeant from the Police Commissioner's office, inquiring about the possibility of Hippie violence. We told him that Hippies are non-violent, but they do not like the idea of their homesites being invaded by obnoxious tourists. We also suggested that he tell the Police Commissioner to come out for the legalization of pot. He seemed to believe that this might not be a bad idea on the Commissioner's part, as evidenced by the national coverage of the harmless habit, in magazines and newspapers, in the past weeks.

Things are beginning to happen rapidly in the East Village, with the Diggers and Provos organizing on a larger scale, to meet the threat of police harassment and invasion of tourists. Free food and clothing stores will become a regular feature, in September, on the Lower East Side. There is now in the works a chemist's guild to manufacture free acid in the East Village, and more and more street happenings are being planned by both Provo and the Diggers.

As long as things keep moving and evolving down here, there is no possible way the "establishment" can catch us napping. It is an old defense, and fun and games for the entire community.

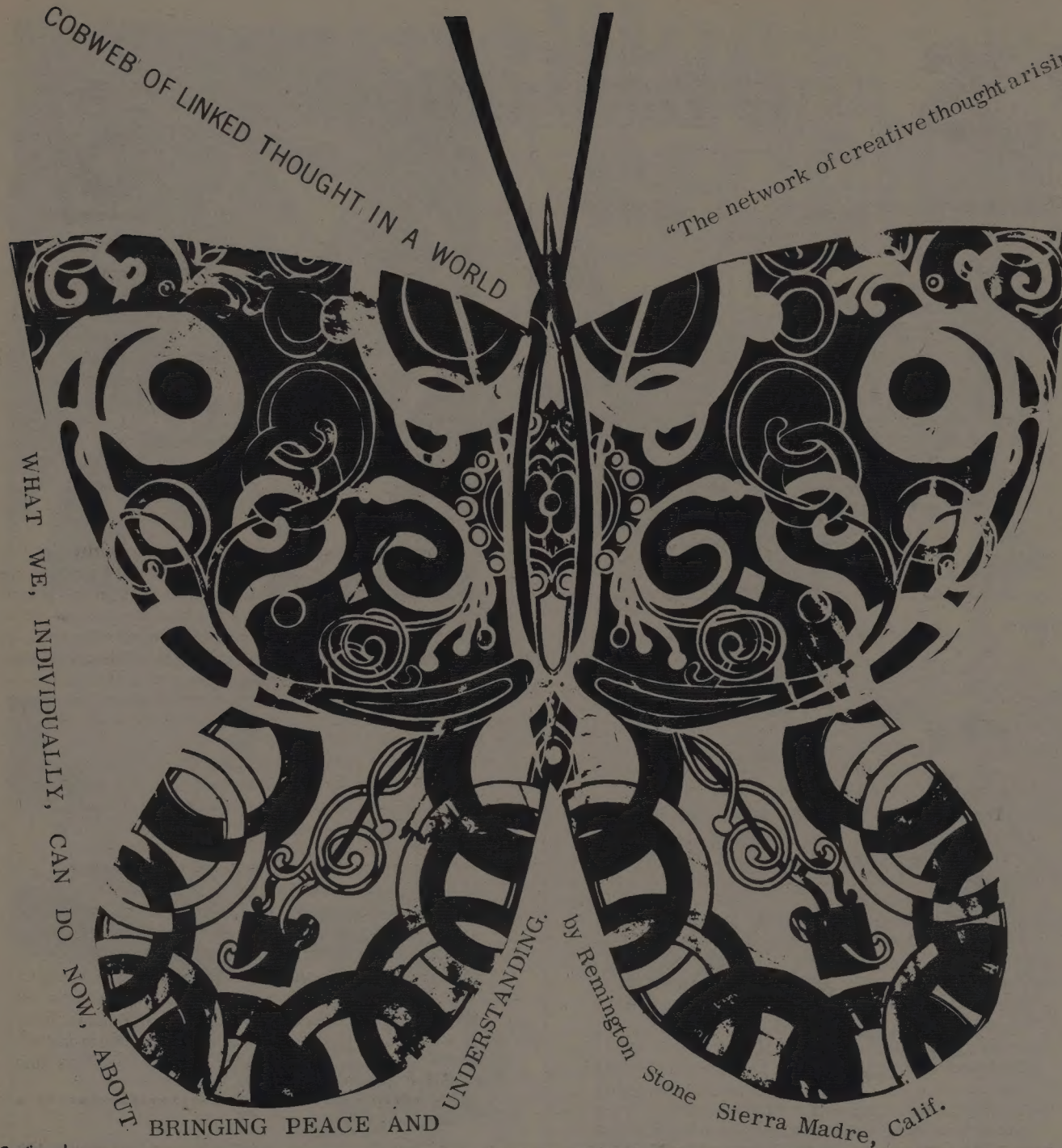
Samuel Avital, "the mime of 1000 faces", appears next Saturday (Aug. 26) at 8 PM at the Village Theatre below EVO in a variety show "New Stars of 1967." He has performed in Paris, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Jerusalem and universities in the U.S. Christian Ballet, a Paris critic, said of him: "He revises the real objects, transforms the invisible into the visible, makes the abstract concrete with his magic movement." He has worked with Etienne Decroux and Marcel Marceau.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe is touring the States again this autumn, this time with two Commedia dell'Arte plays: OLIVE PITS (a poor farmer tries to beat the system and gets screwed; so does his daughter) and L'AMANT MILITAIRE from Goldoni (a young Italian is drafted to fight for the Spanish army which is settling Italy's internal problems). Both plays have been performed in the Bay Area parks for free all summer. The Troupe's "life act" is "taking theatre out of the Lincoln Centers and bringing it where the people are." The Troupe was the moving spirit behind the formation of the Artist Liberation Front in San Francisco, and the SF Diggers were originally a splinter faction from the Troupe. Its director, Ronny Davis, calls his product guerilla theatre; as guerillas the company has struck communities across the U.S. and Canada, quickly splitting and leaving disturbance behind. People who want to see the Mime Troupe on what may be their last tour should write to R.G. Davis, 924 Howard Street, San Francisco 94103.

A poster shop will be opening on St. Marks Place across from The East Side Bookstore. The posters will be unusual, because they will be enlarged photographs of customers willing to buy, manufactured on the premises. As they say in the advertising trade, "How's that for a positive approach?"

The National Conference for New Politics convention, "New Politics — '68 and Beyond," to be held at the Palmer House in Chicago, Aug. 31 to Sept. 4, will call together more than 2,000 representatives of over 200 civil rights, peace, and community groups, to plan strategy aimed at a permanent radical alliance for political action, beginning in 1968. Some participants are expected to press for a third-slate presidential ticket headed by Dr. Martin Luther King; others will urge concentration of peace and freedom candidates in local elections only. A host of other perspectives will be put forth, with the convention acting as a decision-making body. The black leaders' letter stressed, "The black community is in a state of crisis. Our brothers and sisters have had their consciousness of being black raised by the rebellions. Now they look to us for programs and direction to solve the fundamental problems that confront black people... The necessity for cooperation between black militants and white progressives has not passed, nor can it be overemphasized at the New Politics Convention. We feel that this convention is an excellent means of having black people's voices heard on a national level. We will neither moderate nor compromise our demands for the sake of political expediency. Nor do we ask you to do so. We only ask that you attend this conference as a black activist to insure that black people's voices are heard and demands known." For information, call (212) 559-5167 or 873-2457.

Continued on PAGE 7



"The network of creative thought arising

from the meditations of all integrated groups and individuals throughout the world, interweave into one universal network of unity. The intersections of these waves of thought embrace the whole world in a cobweb of linked thought. If this is full of goodwill, it becomes a cobweb of light, a magic framework of united creative will-to-good, from which all can draw strength and inspiration."

The above is part of a paragraph by Colonel T.R. Henderson, slightly paraphrased to make it a complete thought when out of context. A friend sent me a copy of it, and I understand that it first appeared in an English magazine.

Colonel Henderson has beautifully expressed a great and seldom-considered truth, which can be used to accomplish great things. Cooperative group effort can make it into a great and world-girdling power. YOU can use it to help bring peace and understanding in race relations here, and between nations and peoples throughout the world. I suggest that we work first on race relations here.

The importance of inner peace and understanding, WITHIN YOURSELF, for this purpose—and no less in living—cannot be overstressed. How, or whether, you cut your hair; the kind of clothes you wear; how you make your living; your color, race or creed; or other details, are of no importance. Your inner peace and freedom from ego are all-important, because they multiply your power for good. You can spread peace, understanding and goodwill ONLY if you have them.

You have them in the proportion that you are willing to GIVE UP hate, fear, resentment, envy, self-pity, anger, the other misemotions, and your ego. As you eliminate these things, and only to that extent, is there room within you for peace, understanding and goodwill. And how can you spread these, or change the world, unless you have them? When you have them, you can share them endlessly, without decreasing your supply in the least.

So, I suggest that once a day, at least, you get in a comfortable position—the lotus position, used in the East, is the best IF you can use it comfortably—and let your mind and heart be free of ALL the misemotions. Let peace, understanding and goodwill flow in and fill them. Then let your peace, understanding and goodwill join the network of unity mentioned by Colonel Henderson, and interweave with the similar thoughts and feelings of others throughout the world. Then let your peace, understanding and goodwill cover all those in the cities where there are, or might be, riots and troubles. Let them cover both black and white, rioters and police, peace seekers and agitators, citizens and officials.

And may you grow in peace, understanding, wisdom and goodwill.

If you can, read HOW TO USE THE POWER OF YOUR WORD, by Stella Terrill Mann (Dodd, Mead & Co., N.Y.)

Continued.

The URBAN CORPS Mini-Mobile Theatre, a troupe of 15 college students, will perform for free in Tompkins Square Park, Thursday, August 24, at 4 P.M. The Theatre, described as "a live Punch and Judy show," presents original playlets, review sketches, and improvisations from traditional comedy material. It is offering a five-week schedule of performance in play streets, housing developments, schoolyards and parks throughout the City. The Mini-Mobile Theatre is a part of the New York City URBAN CORPS, the nation's largest college student internship program. The theatre group is directed by Martin H. Kushner and Richard Place, graduate students at the Yale School of Drama. Mr. Kushner previously served as stage manager for Yale's world premier of Robert Lowell's "Prometheus Bound," and Mr. Place directed the off-Broadway production of Megan Terry's "Keep Tightly Closed in a Cool Dry Place."

ship and a leader of the Women Strike for Peace will also speak at the meeting co-sponsored by the National Mobilization Committee, the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee and the Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. General admission is one dollar; students and unemployed will be admitted for fifty cents.

 Twyla Tharp and dancers (Sara Rudner, Theresa Dickinson, Margery Tupling) will give a concert at Jacob Riis Amphitheatre, 6th Street and East River Drive in Manhattan, on Thursday, August 24, at 8:00 pm. Mobilization for Youth will sponsor the evening, and admission is free. (August 25, in case of rain.) On Saturday, August 26, the Company will appear in a program at 8:30 pm at East Hampton High School, in East Hampton, Long Island, as part of the Midsummer, Inc. series. This is a young dance company whose repertory is entirely by Twyla Tharp; during the past year, the company has given several performances in New York City, made a 5-week tour of Europe including performances in Cologne, Paris and London; created a piece for the Richmond Professional Institute, and given a series of performances at the Youth Pavilion at Expo '67 in Montreal. Call WO 6-4396 for information.

 Parodying commercials is becoming a regular pastime among artists nowadays. Here is one, by Joel Oppenheimer, for Kent cigarettes:
 to a junkie it's a five-cent bag
 to a lush it's a crying jag
 to a pot-head it is getting bent
 to a smoker it's a kent

Speaking of parodies, Joel has written a film script called 'The Babes of the Valley of Gormleystadt,' filmed by Jud Yalkut of USCO, with music by Don Preston of the Mothers of Invention. The venture needs monies to be completed. Anyone interested can get in touch with Joel at Group 212, P.O. Box 96, Woodstock, New York 12498. Suffice it for me to say that I think the project, counting the talent and the script, which I have read, will be a smash hit.

 David Garnez, world's greatest pianist, who plays works by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Chopin, Paderewski, Debussy, Gervise de Montresat, Cintra Porcelain, Drina Chavannes, Palmgren, Delius and Garney, will perform at Town Hall Sunday, Sept. 24 at 5:30 P.M. EVO readers can receive complimentary tickets ONLY by sending stamped, self-addressed envelopes to GPO Box 2322, NYC 10001. First come, first serve.

greenberg's natural foods

grains, beans, flours
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 fresh organic produce order
 tues. p.u. sat. closed aug. 6-10.
 125 first ave. between st. marks & 7th


 H. Rap Brown, National Chairman, Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and Dave Dellinger, national pacifist leader who recently returned from Vietnam will discuss "Vietnam and Black America" at 8:00 P.M., Tuesday evening, August 29th, in the air-conditioned Village Theater, 105 Second Avenue (6th Street), New York City. Mr. Dellinger, Chairman of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, participated in the International War Crimes Tribunal held in Stockholm this spring and made his second visit to the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam. An official of CORE and Mr. Brown, articulate spokesman on the root causes of recent urban unrest, will discuss black America's attitude towards the escalating war estimated to cost, each second, sixteen thousand tax dollars. Reverend Thomas Lee Hayes of the Episcopal Peace Fellow-



BRITAIN
East

handbags shoes
 belts sandals
 vests skirt
 37 St. Marks

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Rodriguez '67

SEPT. 8 1969... IT WAS A RATHER LAZY LATE SUMMER DAY, IN NEW YORK NO ONE PAID ATTENTION TO THE UNUSUALLY THICK SMOG THAT HUNG OVER THE CITY THAT AFTERNOON



SUDDENLY

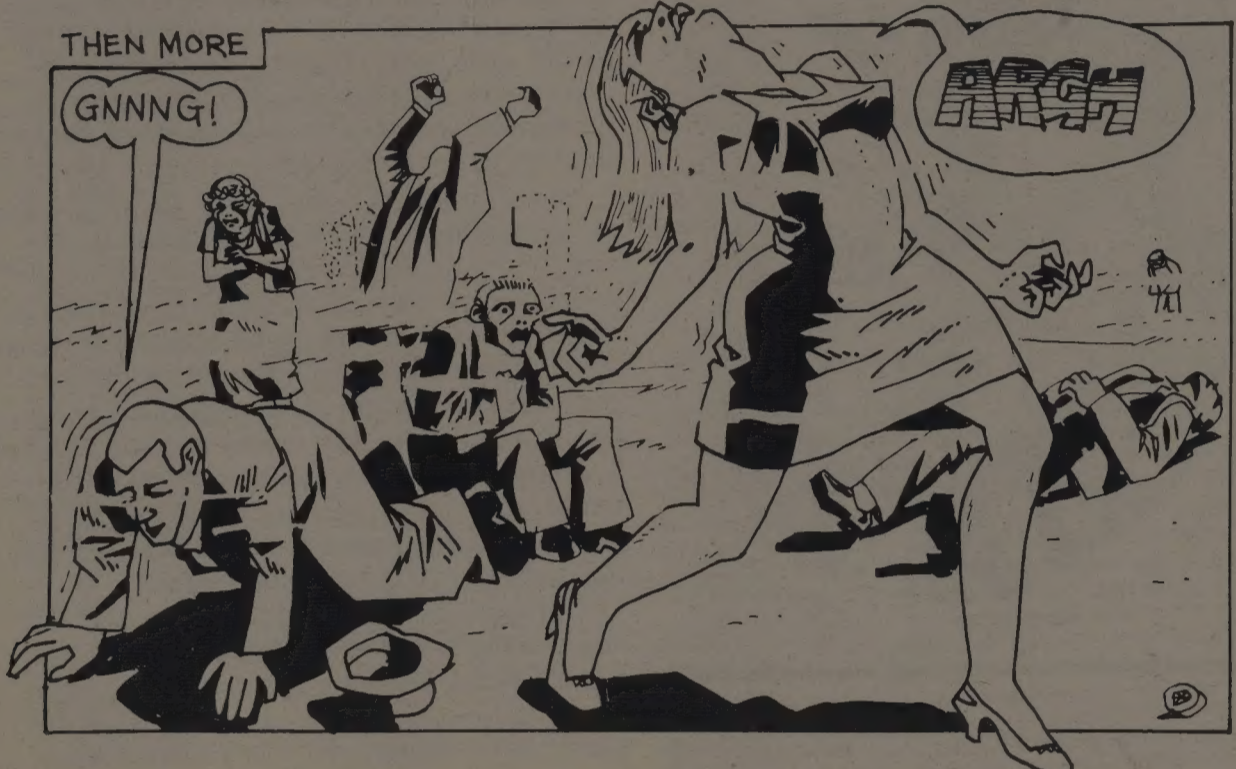


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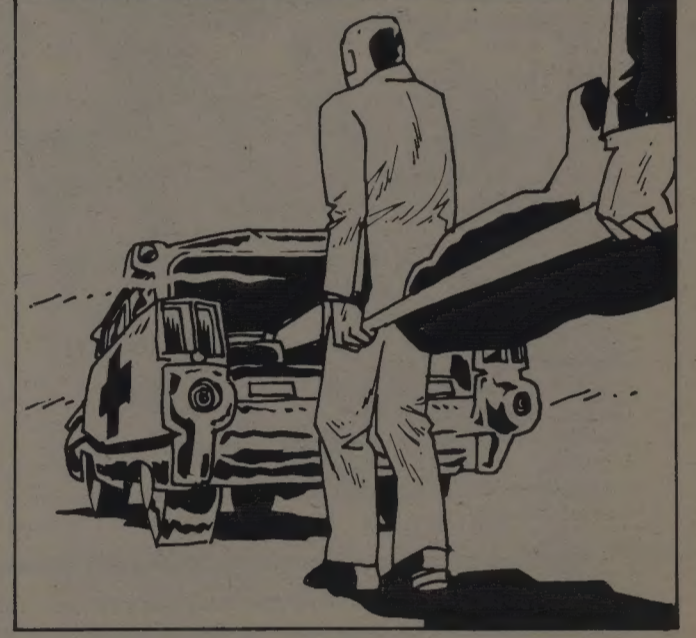
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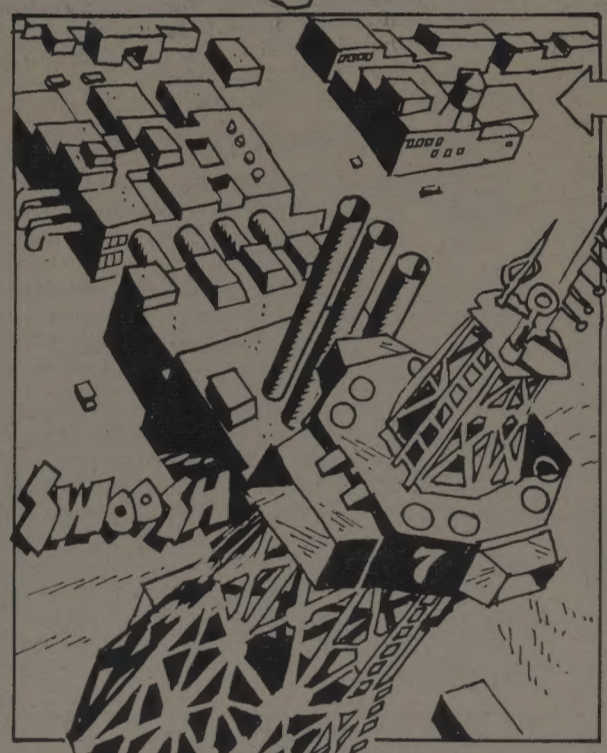
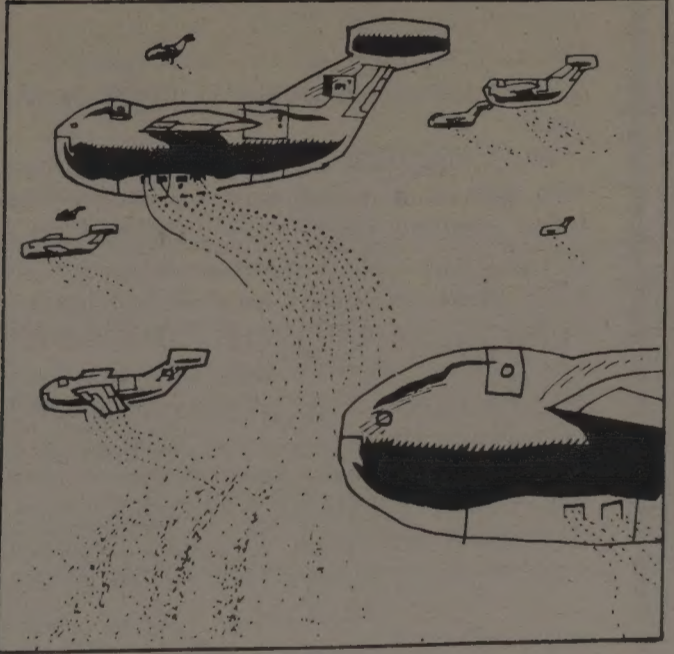
ARCH



AS THE DEATH TOLL MOUNTED, AUTHORITIES SOUGHT FOR AN EXPLANATION



A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION REVEALED THAT THE ATMOSPHERE WAS BEING 'FILTH' SEEDING BY HIGH ALTITUDE MISSILES....




... LAUNCHED FROM A SECRET LOCATION NEAR LOS ANGELES WHERE SMOG WAS COLLECTED, AND CONCENTRATED FOR DISPOSAL OVER NEW YORK

LATE EDITION EXTRA

DAILY BURT 50¢

N.Y. STATE THREATENS SECESSION

CIA LINKED DEATH TOLL RISES



FURTHER INQUIRIES REVEALED THAT IT WAS PLANNED THAT THIS, COUPLED WITH ALREADY EXISTING POLLUTION WOULD FORCE A MASS MIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA PROVIDING EVEN CHEAPER LABOR FOR THE GRAPE FIELDS. A CRISIS BEGAN...




BUT WAS FINALLY AVERTED BY A CESSATION OF 'FILTH SEEDING'. HOWEVER NEW YORK'S OWN POLLUTION WAS SUFFICIENT TO RAISE THE SEA-LEVEL, FLOODING THE STREETS AND CREATING THE WORLD'S FIRST 'MUCKROPOLIS'

THINGS TURNED OUT FOR THE BEST, BECAUSE SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS OF NEW YORKERS ADAPTED TO THE NEW CONDITIONS

SLOP SLOP SLOP



IN FACT TODAY, WHEN IN FRESH AIR, THEY MUST TAKE 'POLLUTION PILLS' THUS THE GREAT POLLUTION PILL INDUSTRY CAME INTO BEING CREATING NEW JOBS AND A BETTER LIFE FOR ALL AMERICANS



LAUGHING RELIGION

The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook

THE

A Review by Timothy Leary

The Psychedelic Revolution has (with miraculous swiftness) won the hearts and capped the mines of the American People because (like any religious up-heave-all) it uses the ultimate weep-on, humor.

Psychedelic guerillas, disorganized bands of wise goof-offs, creative fuck-ups, and comedian chaplains, have in six quip years effortlessly taken over the most powerful empire in world history.

With music, clowning, laughter, the psychedelic revolution has passed through the classic socio-political stages of every great human renaissance:

1. The Philosophic Preparation (Allan Watts writes the Zen introduction).
2. The underground swell of the masses hungry for freedom (Allen Ginsberg Howls).
3. Accidental flare-ups of trigger incidents (Laredo Texas: by this rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to custom's seize, unfurled here the embattled...).
4. Widespread guerilla tactics (Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters).
5. The Turning Point Victory (The publishers of Time-Life get turned on).
6. The Mopping Up Operations (in charge of Sgt. Pepper).
7. The writing of war memoirs, prayer books, manuals, catechisms, new testaments, grandiose biblical versions in which the accidental-inevitable is made to seem planned blueprint.

The evangelists and social historians of the psychedelic revolution have a delightful roster of hero-comedian-clowns available for legendary canonization.

Allan Watts is the smiling scholar of the Acid Age. For thirty years he has been converting the most complex theories of oriental philosophies into jewel-like up-levels, wry epigrams. Cool, gracious, never ruffled, chuckling to share with us his amused wonder at God's plans for the planet and, with quizzical eye, glancing to see if we will catch on.

Allen Ginsberg. The celestial clown. Giggling, posturing with complete insight, histrionic, shamelessly direct. No one, not even J. Edgar Hoover, can be with this nearsighted, whupled, hoored, hysterical, lyrical, furry bear for ten minutes and not giggle back because he tickles and hugs you when no one else dares.

The Leary-Alpert-Metzner-Harvard-Mexico-Millbrook Circus backed and lurched into history, continuously making every mistake except taking itself too seriously for very long. (Some one was always high enough to laugh.) The name of our prisoner rehabilitation project was "Break-Out." The Good Friday religious experiment became the Miracle of March Chapel — to the dismay of Boston University. And it worked. The initials of our research organization, the International Federation for Internal Freedom, spelled out the conditional paradox of the atomic age. Institutional titles, creeds, were invented and outgrown monthly. Conversions, excommunications, schisms, could never keep up with the changes at Millbrook. You couldn't resign from the Castalia Foundation and denounce its methods because it had already evolved into the League for Social Disorder, which in turn couldn't be sued for its theatrical proceeds because the money and the slide projectors had been given away and everyone was dropped out, camping in the woods, and how could the police get a search warrant to raid a sacred pine grove or a promontory known as Lunacy Hill?

The psychedelic yoga is the longest and toughest yoga of all and the only way to keep it going is with a sense of humor. This has been known to seers and visionaries for thousands of years.

For me, the model of the turned-on, tuned-in, dropped-out man is James Joyce, the great psychedelic writer of this century. Pouring out a river-run of pun, jest, put-on, up-level, comic word acrobatics. The impact of Joyce via McLuhan on the psychedelic age cannot be over-estimated.

Bill Burroughs is the Buster Keaton of the movement. He was Mr. Acid before LSD was invented. The soft-bodied answer to IBM. Unsmiling comedian genius.

Twenty years ago today Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play. The classic ontological vaudeville routine.

- The Buddha smile.
- The laughing fat Chinese sage.
- The flute of Krishna tickling the cow girls.
- The dance of Shiva.
- Om, the cosmic chuckle.
- The sweaty belly guffaw of a Hasidic Jew.
- Where are the laughing Christians? Something

twisted grabbed the Christian mind around the third century. Is there any tender mirth left in the cult of the cross?

Mystics, prophets, holy men are all laughers because the religious revelation is a rib-tickling amazement-insight that all human perposes, including your own, are solemn self-deceptions. You see through the game and laugh with God at the cosmic joke.

The holy man is the one who can pass on a part of the secret, express the joke, act out a fragment of the riddle.

To be a holy man you have to be a funny man. Take for example Art Kleps, founder and Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church. Authentic American anarchist, non-conformist, itinerant preacher. A pure-essence eccentric paranoid in the grand tradition of bull-headed nutty men who stubbornly insist on being themselves and who are ready to fight at the drop of a cliché for the right of others to be themselves.

For five years, this Art Kleps has been a wandering guerilla monk in the psychedelic underground.

When he first showed up at Millbrook, in 1963, Kleps was a school psychologist, a big, blonde, loud-voiced bar-room intellectual. He roved around Castalia one weekend; grandiose, blustering, reverent, deeply intelligent and too drunk to take LSD.

Then the oldest son of a Lutheran minister wrote a 1000 page Pilgrim's Progress epic about his three-day non-trip to Millbrook, running off fifteen typed pages a day and coming back to Castalia weekends as Christian H. Christian crawling painfully up the kitchen floor, splashing in the toilet bowls filled with whiskey, throwing an endless monologue of corny psychological-psychedelic paranoia, and making feeble, but mesmeric, passes at Castalia's soft-eyed marijuana goddesses whom he hallucinated to be thirteen-year-old virgins. Like Dylan Thomas, so high, so juiced on his own cerebro-spinal fluid, he accused us of slipping LSD into his food.

Then he got fired by his school board for some series of honest, rebellious, adolescent antics (he is one of the most creative psychologists in the country) and, naturally, started his own religion.

WE MAINTAIN THE PSYCHEDELIC SUBSTANCES ARE SACRAMENTS, THAT IS, DIVINE SUBSTANCES. NO MATTER WHO USES THEM, IN WHATEVER SPIRIT, WITH WHATEVER INTENTIONS... WE DO NOT EMPLOY SET RITUALS, MAKE CONDITIONS FOR OUR MEMBERSHIP OTHER THAN AGREEMENT WITH OUR PRINCIPLES, OR REGULATE THE FREQUENCY OR INTENSITY OF THE SACRAMENTAL EXPERIENCE. MANY OF OUR MEMBERS ARE DAMNED FOOLS AND MISERABLE SINNERS; MEMBERSHIP IN THE CHURCH IS NO GUARANTEE OF INTELLECTUALITY OR OF SPIRITUAL WISDOM; IT MAY EVEN BE POSSIBLE THAT ONE OR TWO OF OUR BOO HOOS ARE OPPORTUNISTIC CHARLATANS, BUT WE ARE NOT DISMAYED BY THESE CONDITIONS; IT HAS NEVER BEEN OUR OBJECTIVE TO ADD ONE MORE SWOLLEN INSTITUTIONAL SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIVIDUAL VIRTUE TO THE ALREADY CROWDED LISTS.

Art Kleps, the Martin Luther of the Psychedelic Movement, even when drunk, spraying blindly from his ink pot, the most courageous theologian of our time.

While the academics play word games about God's medical condition, Art Kleps, staggering insane in his study at three in the morning, tackles the real gut issues like: are marijuana and LSD really God's sacraments? Then, if yes they are, and I say they are, then anyone who uses them, gives them, is involved in a divine transaction no matter how gamey, how nutty, how sordid his motives, so it doesn't matter who or when or how or why you turn on, it's still a holy Cosmic Process whether you are a silly thirteen-year-old popping a sugar cube on your boyfriend's motorcycle or a theatrical agent giving pot to a girl to get her horny, or an alcoholic Catholic priest carrying the Viaticum to a hypocritical sinner or even a psychiatrist giving LSD to an unsuspecting patient to do a scientific study. "It's all God's Flesh," shouted Art Kleps, "no matter what your motives may be."

Oh yes, let Art Kleps be given the credit. While the rest of us were still involved in research foundations and poetry conferences, and trying to demonstrate

that LSD was a nice, healthy, productive medicine for virtuous, docile Americans, Art was roaring around in a turquoise convertible with a suspended driver's license, drinking bad wine from a bottle and shouting DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO CURRY FAVOR WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT — IT'S A LOSING GAME. WE AREN'T AMERICAN INDIANS WHO CAN BE PATRONIZED AND ISOLATED. CONGRATULATED ON OUR SOBRIETY, AND ALL THAT. WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO PRACTICE OUR RELIGION, EVEN IF WE ARE A BUNCH OF FILTHY, DRUNKEN BUMS. TRY NOT TO DEGRADE RIGHTS INTO MERE CLAIMS BASED ON EVIDENCE OF VIRTUE AND LACK OF VICE. WE DO NOT STAND BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT AS CHILDREN BEFORE A PARENT, THE GOVERNMENT STANDS BEFORE US AS THE CORRUPTOR OF OUR GOD-GIVEN HUMAN RIGHTS, AND UNTIL THE GOVERNMENT GETS ITS BLOODY, REEKING PAWS OFF OUR SACRED PSYCHEDELICS AND CEASES TO HARASS AND PERSECUTE OUR MEMBERS, UNTIL, INDEED, EVERY POOR WRETCH NOW SUFFERING IN PRISON BECAUSE HE PREFERRED THE MYSTICAL UPLIFT OF POT TO THE SLOBBERING ALCOHOLISM OF THE POLITICIANS IS SET FREE, OUR ATTITUDE MUST BE ONE OF UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY.

Pageant magazine reporter: "You call your local ministers Boo-Hoos. Why do you use such a ridiculous title?"

Father William Kleps: "We realize this titles does have its absurd connotations but we have intentionally chosen something with absurd qualities to remind ourselves not to take ourselves too seriously."

Pageant magazine reporter: "You claim to be a church, but you don't take your own religion seriously. What do you take seriously?"

Kleps: "A lot of things. But one of the things we take least seriously is institutional life, the thing most people take more seriously than anything else. We think this is one of the faults of modern man: elevating institutional forms and structure to the level of eternal verities."

The wit and wisdom of this great psychedelic bull is collected in a soft-cover book, "The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook." The table of contents reflects the flavor of this mad, disorganized masterpiece:

Pronouncements of the Chief Boo Hoo on:

- LSD
- MARIJUANA
- SEX
- REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS

Articles:

- SYNCHRONICITY AND THE PLOT / PLOT WITH LSD I SAW GOD
- THE BOMBARDMENT AND ANNIHILATION OF THE PLANET SATURN
- DIVINE TOAD SWEAT
- THE REFORMATION OF THE NEW JERUSALEM MORNING GLORY LODGE AND MILLBROOK NEO-AMERICAN CHURCH GIVES 'EM HELL
- THE 95 ITEM TEST OF NEO-PSYCHOPATHIC CHARACTER
- FREE ADVERTISING AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE
- UP-TO-DATE LIST OF BOO HOOS
- CATALOGUE CARTOONS

Readers of the Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook will learn that the seal of the church portrays a three-eyed, turned-on toad rampant over the motto: "Victory Over Horseshit."

Tim Leary: "Art, I don't like your motto. It's a whiskey trip. It's not a psychedelic love message. Victory? Over? Horseshit?"

Art Kleps: "It's my trip. Take it or leave it."

And then Art flipped out into typical political paranoia: Our victory is over horseshit rather than bullshit. Bullshit is a rare and valuable commodity. The great masters have all been superb bullshitters. Horseshit, on the other hand, in the common parlance, refers to down-right crap. The free, playful, entertaining flight of ideas is bullshit; and more often than not will be found afterwards to accord perfectly with universal truth. Horseshit is contrived; derivative, superstitious, ignorant. We might take Gurdjieff as an example of a master bullshitter and Meher Baba as an example of a master horseshitter.

You ask Art Kleps what his goals are and he tells you, "money and power." To that silly end the last twenty pages of the catechism are designed as a Monkey Ward catalogue of items available from the Neo-American Church, cash in advance, including for \$30, a destruct box ("if opened improperly, contents go up in flames"), and, for \$100, a certificate stating that "the Chief Boo Hoo never even heard of you and regards you with indifference."

Kleps' Catalogue and Handbook is that rare commodity, an original, personal, unashamed, naked unveiling of a man's mind; the Art Kleps head trip. At times padded, at times so involuntarily paranoid that you lose the thread, at times sloppily falling down, but always manly, coarse, stubble-bearded, shouting, praying, and in touch with Central Broadcasting, the original, two-billion-year-old Sunday night comedy show.

Art Kleps came on the scene before the cool, gentle love-heads. He can't stand flowers. He hates Rock and Roll. He has absolutely no sense of beauty. He is a clumsy manipulator, a blatant flatterer, a bully to the willingly weak, the world's most incompetent con-man. He is, in short, a sodden disgrace to the movement.

Oh pilgrim, if you come to visit the Chief Boo Hoo you will see a sign on his door, "Parsonage, Neo-American Church, Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo."

You ring the bell and await your spiritual teacher. The cover of the book flies open and there, reeking the



NEWARK---

We get to the park just after several cops with shot guns cart off this hashish crazed commie transvestite who I later discover is my friend Jim Fouratt. As I rewind my personal footage I remember; red brick project, tiny park lots, kids, a couple trees with adults round the edges. Maybe 15 or 20 hippies, the rest diverted by shotguns, for openers plus a clump of newspaper guys all looking very drugged... (bugged). I question an old face and old friend Fred MacDarrah, photographer for the village voice, who looks real grumpy because he's not at the Black Power Conference. At his side some newschick scribbles up a scowl.

ZIP ZIP zipzipzip, all these kids home in on my outrageous orange flight suit 2- 3- maybe 12 zippers all of them manned except my master zipper grabbed by me to just escape the slur of interracial faggotry. Instead these kids and I become the hoss, and they intrepid cowboy gallop piggie back the afternoon.

While changing cowboys I notice other hippie games begin and bread begins to bake. Some people give out food and there is a mad scramble which puts everybody up tight except the kids who scrambled eggs of pile and squirm through job beyond my proper brain.

A roll of thunder so profound and scary almost mortal movie horror empties the park and shatters laughter into blitzy screams that drizzle into rain, and I am alone behind this tree with both eyes closed. I open one and pin these hippies picking up on actual debris of toothpaste box and wounded bread, some broken flowers, other stuff, and mostly village voices scanned then crumpled tossed away with coverphoto bloody leroj jones defying all that rain and flap of hating hate 500 times across the park we stooped to crumple lest the hippies take the weight of soggy love-in Newark.

MILLBROOK

Splitting new york is such a hassle if you are high and your friends are high and the west side drive is a well-guarded dream so pinch me onto taconic state cement reality and the air is testimony of earth momma grassy sky before manhattan being a hog farmer myself. im glad to see its still there. While busting out we got some gas at a Richfield station and win it for free behind matching their gimmick which gives our mission to millbrook a holy goose.

The next time you travel taconicward to Poughkeepsie watch for a sign called PUDDING STREET. Make the right hand turn and follow the latter to a body of water...LAKE TIBET...i shit you not...You had to be there nexttime!

When we got to Millbrook we couldn't find the working gate and worked up a taste of hearty paranoia behind the rousts and busts of days ago. Inside my first retinal footage consists of a wet dirt road blanketed by boss yellow butterflies, and i ain't even high yet but quivering with want to, but i've stashed in my horn and must look for a prod.

For openers i discover the doctor is upon the wind on a bread quest which semi brings me down having never met him and when i was driving around with kesey and the pranksters and kesey i used to picture him some kind of merlin against kesey's flash gordon but fuck it forget it and head for the woods.

Somebody suggested i check out the league for spiritual discovery who were this minute on insanity ridge in a group experience which i assume is when everybody gets high at the same time so i swallow the sacrament and start walking...East coast woods are SOooo green to the bleached california eye...i sit and spin into my own breath and the noise the books don't make when i drop them. pick me up owlsley white lightnin' is richious. The transition is swift and painfully painless. The group experience just over that ridge quick touch my cape ...i see a clump of loaded league all around this one guy reading holy mysteriousness several see me and gasp BAD TIMING so i disappear behind this mountain and toss books on my eyes till this lovely guy pops up to show me how he takes a bath and tells me, "We're a-making a family scene here and you had better make it back to the main house." and i muttered "FAMILY?" I didn't know there was more than one" and started walkin'.

God the day was beautiful and i saw a lot of sky building blankets while this mountain fed me some blackberries. Up on top i find some empty tents under enormoustrees drip down bells and colored crystal (really there and not the acid maybe both), better sit down, sing the sun down, play the stars....

meanwhile back at the ranch i'm just in time experience a friend of mine digging his first firefly gets me higher roun' ae ire. The Millbrook ashram scene. The full spectrum from dopey to the Boss of bosses. They get me very high on THEM and show me around and there's presses and potters and ladies making babies making better and they got this divine dwarf from India who plays the organ and says he's the prophet elijah and who knows, they even got a lock on the door

of the kitchen at night (understandable if you get up each morning to discover your kitchen chock full of who ever wandered in each night loaded from the apple and wasted everything including the breakfast of babies.) The senior residents got a group brain with everybody feedin it and i haven't seen that since la honda and the bus like when you think a sip of water somebody pours into another guys glass so everybody drinks up.

Later on i write an endless letter to kesey on leary wiggle paper and everybody helps me paste and paint and decorate a rainbow on its way to jail.

& ROOF OF HOTEL CHELSEA

Bosom buddies on the Breast Board Paul Krassner slips me into a yellow metered balloon uptown to the Hotel Chelsea where Emmett Grogan's raising money on the roof. Everybody was there and everybody was everybody and the roof belonged to Shirley Clark. so did the hot dogs.

The Grateful Dead came early played as good as the electricity could bear pulled up some chairs and hung out. See live diggers simon and garfunkle jonas mekas, the group image and a couple millioners.

Now this is Grogan's fantasy...give tax deductible bread to the glide foundation to fly or float 200 groovy heads to europe - the trip without a ticket and like all fantasies backed up with raw hustle it may happen.

This time it didn't. When everybody got loaded there was some talk of tossing the millionaire off the roof. The money formed covey and giggled nervously. I made a money mantra pitch and somebody passed a bowl.

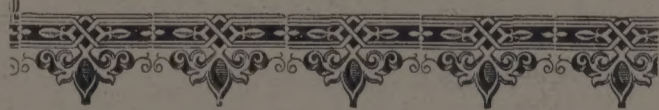
Then Grogan took the bowl and gave the money away to anybody who wanted some.

Emmett you didn't raise much money but you raised a lot of eyebrows. Maybe an eyebrow farm?

digger group image communication co and polite police fantasies merged to hard rock reality Saturday night with the closing of St. Marks Place (between 2nd and 3rd Ave.) to traffic and opening the street to people. The "BE OUT" was a big success with lots of people freaking freely to electric joy group image spasm lurch and the diggers planted trees.

Sunday afternoon i got a flyer saying the diggers present the group image at the electric circus free at 4:00 which was a first for the electric circus and everybody poured inside like dachau with strobes because they just turned on the air conditioner and it takes three hours to heat up to make cold. Also the bathroom were accidentally left locked and nobody could have a glass of water. . .so the image began to get an attitude when this young electric guy gets on the p.a. saying no smoking meaning marijuana but by this point everybody thinks cigarettes and gets very salty...screaming the electric circus sucks! the image unplugs the diggers depart and there's a confrontation on the steps with ringmaster cretin Jerry Brand who just arrived to discover the electric circus sucks! from all angles - and he says, "People are important" and "we'll try it again in two weeks with or without the image."

Does the electric circus really suck? Will full time foliage grow into a St. Marks mall? Are pink people more important than green paper? NEXT WEEK'S CHAPTER: Pull my Buffalo.



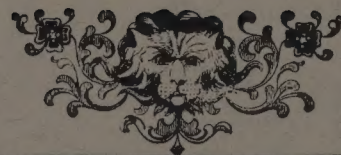
A REVIEW BY TIMOTHY LEARY

Continued from page 9

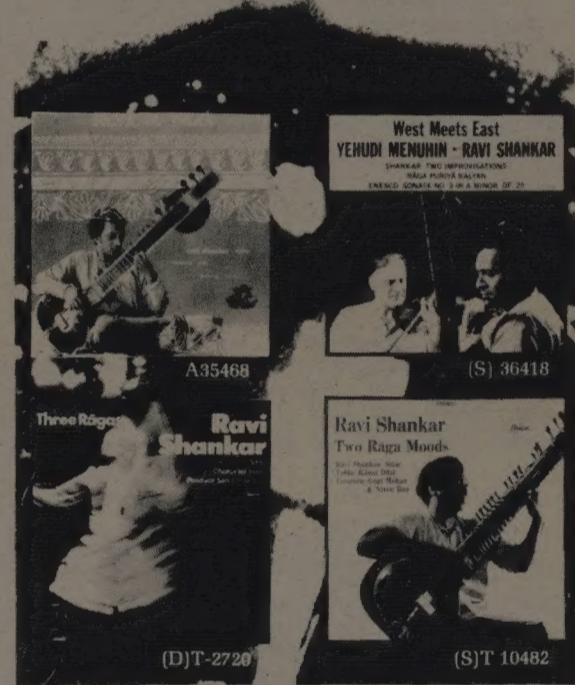
fumes of a smokey, sweaty 21st Century Martian waterfront saloon is the Chief Boo Hoo himself: glaring, unshaven, wrinkled shirt, sloppypants. Reading this book is a revelatory laugh-cry trip for those who are ready for it.

Last night Rosemary was lying by the camp fire on a bed of pine needles, reading the Catechism. When she finished she looked up, her face beautiful in the red shadows and said, "Art Kleps is a funny man." Rosemary is right. Art Kleps is a not-wholly Holy, Funny Man.

The Neo-American Church Catechism and Handbook can be obtained by sending \$3 to the Kriya Press of the Sri Ram Ashrama, Box B, Millbrook, New York. If you order from the Neo-American Church, the Chief Boo Hoo may cash your check, drink the wine, and forget to mail your copy. If so, write him a postcard threatening to turn him in to the postal authorities. You may then get your book - and it will be worth the weight.



daffy over
Ravi? we
are!

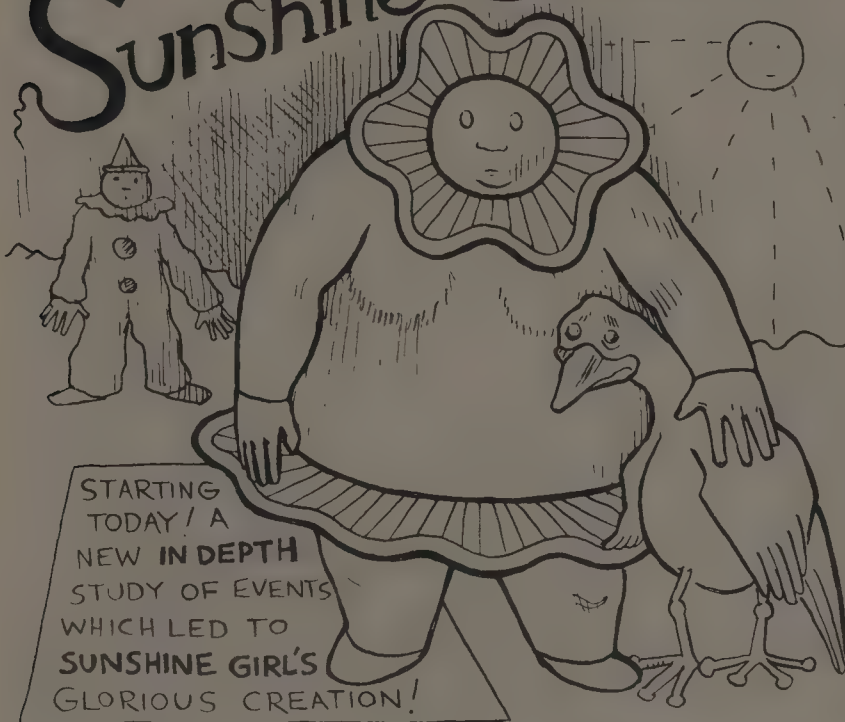


O.K., here we go again with offer #4 in the Capitol Records beautiful poster thingy you-send-for-it-we'll-send-you-it giveaway. Cut this coupon out quick as you can grab some cutter-outers, send it to us via the same government agency* as you did the last time, and we'll send you not a poster, not a W. C. Fields handbook of witty sayings, not the personal daily diaries of Patty, Maxine, or Laverne, but a beautiful four-color, 12" x 12" photo of Ravi Shankar. Send soon . . . this is a limited offer.

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Tales of Sunshine Girl

BY KIM DEITCH



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AND THE RATHER SPECTACULAR WAY IT CAME ABOUT



LITTLE HOWEVER HAS BEEN SAID OF THE BACKGROUND OF THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THIS MOMENTOUS EVENT



TODAY: THE FATHER OUR TALE TAKES PLACE ON THE ISLAND OF TOADONIA WHERE LIVE: THE NOME PEOPLE



BEING GLOOM ORIENTED, THEY HAD LITTLE USE FOR THOSE WITH OPPOSING VIEWS



SOON A FEELING OF CAMARADERIE SPRANG UP AMONG THESE MINORITIES



AMONG THE FLOWERS, THE CLOWN FOUND PEACE. HERE TOO HE FOUND RHODA!



AND LOVE IT SOON BECAME. LOVELY RHODA AND HER CLOWN. AH HERE WAS ROMANCE WORTHY OF SONG!



THEN ONE DAY JUNIOR! PUT THAT DISGUSTING FLOWER DOWN THIS MINUTE!



WHEN THE CLOWN ARRIVED SHE WAS DYING



AND IN THEIR LAST EMBRACE BOTH CLOWN AND DYING FLOWER BECAME ENVELOPED IN A GOLDEN AURA!



NEXT WEEK: ENTER THE DUCK!

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GOD, I'M DEAD!

Part of his unnecessary piece fell away

The San Francisco scene has entered upon a period of violent transition.

To begin with, the rock dance industry, on which the dying scene is based, & from which it derives most of its energy, is phasing out. The Straight Theater was denied a dance permit last week. So was The Western Front, a new venture that never got off the ground. The Avalon permit comes up for renewal in September, & is expected to be revoked. There is official pressure on Bill Graham to close the Fillmore (excuse: mixture of teenyboppers & young blacks is potentially explosive, which strikes me as sound thinking). Hall of Justice scufflebut is that if he doesn't knuckle under, the auditorium will be condemned.

This will leave San Francisco danceless, reduce the glamor of the scene, & require a readjustment that will probably result in a new scene, more 'intellectually' oriented.

The killer of John Carter was caught Aug. 6, & confessed. He is Eric F. Dahlstrom, 23, a motorcycle ace from Sausalito. His bitch was that Carter sold him some bad acid that put him on a bumper, during which he killed him.

Dahlstrom was caught driving Carter's Volkswagen in Sebastopol. He had with him a brown paper bag full of purple tabs, a loaded pistol, \$2657, & a spare right arm, all Carter's. The arm was wrapped in blue suede, & trussed up like a roast of beef. Speculation is rife.

Carter was a 2nd level dope dealer, & Dahlstrom was one of his closer friends & associates. Now Dahlstrom is talking like an aggravated meth monster, & Haight Street is beginning to develop a ghost town look.

Meanwhile, we've had yet another dope killing. 26-year-old Superspade (William Edward Thomas) was found dead, tied up in a sleeping bag, by bikers in Marin County yesterday. He had been stabbed once, with great skill, in the heart. Apparently, his killer tied him in the sleeping bag & threw him over a cliff, expecting the body to fall into the ocean. Instead, it rolled 38 feet down hill & stopped.

Nothing else is known about Superspade's dying, yet, but he was even more involved in the Haight/Ashbury dope scene than Carter. A popular rumor is that he was removed by the Mafia (or something like), which may be true. Friends of his say he'd been told, a few days ago, to join The Organization or else, & he'd been worried about that.

Superspade & Carter were friends, & The Man is wondering in public if their deaths had anything to do with each other. (But most S.F. dealers know each other. It's a small world.)

One of the minor digger heroes is a strong little black cat called Phoenix. Phoenix showed up just before the free store opened, did yard labor in the store. He was accepted without question into the inner circle (speaking analogically), got high & plotted revolution with the chieftains. Wheeled & dealt.

Recently, one of our friends on the Chron told us he'd seen Phoenix backstage at the Hall of Justice several times. Phoenix is a nark.

Therefore, all manner of hip radicals have split suddenly. None of the people you met here were strangers to Phoenix. Those of us who somehow didn't break any laws with him are vastly amused by all this, but what it means for Haight Street, and who'll step into the vacated roles (if anyone) is wholly up for grabs.

There is a possibility that Phoenix's narkhood may have cooled the San Francisco riots. You see, he transferred from the free store at Cole & Carl to the black man's free store in the Fillmore, & doubtless got an earful there.

He, too, has vanished, by the way.

George Harrison & Irau strolled down Haight Street tonight, strumming an acoustical guitar, & followed by the world on a string.

(Johnny Carson, on the TV, just now announced, "Man, I'm zonked out of my mind on benzedrine." He's talking like it, too.)

From Paul Dorpat, Seattle HELIX, letter today:

"Local 'riots' will likely start here sometime this weekend. The 'young negroes' of the central area — local presstag — met with the mayor & governor yesterday, & gave them some ultimatums to be answered by 12 this noon (Friday). I just received a phone call, to the effect that the city does not plan to answer. Poor thinking for the Mayor. It could start tonight. A SEAFAIR — Seattle's annual business shuck — parade will troop through the 'negro district' tonight. It might turn into a torch-light parade. Then, on Lake Wash. this Sunday, the SEAFAIR HYDROPLANE RACE. The course is directly below Beacon Hill, which overlooks the lake. The hill is part of the ghetto. A mixing of thousands. Yesterday, the northeast bircher newspaper, THE EAGLE, came out with front-page instructions on what to expect from the blacks, & how to defend against it. They also predicted violence this weekend."

Because of the news blackout, it's hard to say whether that riot happened or not.

To me, the important thing about this & other reports I've had from UPS editors this week — which you, being a New Yorker, might not notice — is that it suggests the whole underground has fallen prey to a case of paranoia that may blind our editors to the true significance, if any, of what's going on nowadays.

Com/co is love.

— Chester Anderson



INTERGALACTIC

WORLD BRAIN

by Simon Vinkenooog

Speech
Delivered at
Dialectics
of Liberation
Conference

July 22nd, 1967 London

Coming to a Conference which is given the name of Dialectics of Liberation one is beforehand assailed by all kinds of considerations concerning the form and content of such a gathering. One thinks: after a multitude of First, Second, Third, Fourth, etc. Internationals, it is now time that we start thinking about a First World Assembly of Minds, which should be able to create and generate some kind of useful information to be spread around all corners of this time-space-ship-world of reality called Earth.

But we do all have our Pet Pilot Projects, concerning our own environment - we all play our own games, and - as much as we may talk and feel about Liberation - it is a hard but true fact that many of us, mortal earthlings, still render ourselves available for all kinds of violence; each of us continues his own beautiful and necessary

role, each of us finally finding out that he's somehow left alone with his own most private and important planning proposals, structures and/or references.

All of us, these weeks, have been close witnesses to the fact that theory and practice of an American movement called 'Black Power' coincided with our being here and now, and - as often is the case: time itself run away from us, and out of the timelessness of our own private dreams, phantasies and imaginations, experiences which are the most real possessions Man can ever cherish, we were swept into the collective hallucination, called ANGST, anxiety.

We were run over by front-page news, old-world-power-struggles, politicians and ideologies - and we seem to have forgotten that the priest, the magician, the musician, the poet, the prophet, the artist may be

the only real-life-straws man has got left to hang on to, by becoming this awareness himself.

I really think, that at this time of the evolutionary day it is too late for educators, sociologists, scientists, physicians, mathematicians, designers, futurologists and other pattern-weavers to attempt building a future which should exclude and negate these necessary mediators and communicators between man's micro- and macro-cosmos, who are at this same moment changing our environment, much more by intuition and inspiration than through rational thinking and politico-social theorizing.

Poets are singers, singers become poets; and out of their public pop-images the real representatives of this new age step forward, conscious individuals who

continued page 14

INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN

continued from page 13

declare, for example, and I take this from the New York Times International (Paris Edition), Friday, April 14, 1967, "Here Are The Stones"- Brian Jones speaking: "You realize I don't think we are doing anything wrong. I wouldn't KILL anyone. THAT would be wrong. I wouldn't STEAL from anyone. THAT would be wrong. You see, we're not criminals. We're believers. I believe - that's all."

Or listen to Mick Jagger, 23 also: "It will be unpleasant on May 10, but it's not going to be nasty. I don't think it will have any serious effect. It was a mistake doing that to us. There are people who don't like what we have to say in our songs, in the way we choose to live and they want to stop us, cut-off our influence. But they figured wrong - something like this is going to call a great deal more of attention to us than if we were simply allowed to go on the way we were. Bad figuring."

These are simple words, very poetic, very just - it is the way we all feel: "bad figuring" is the way the panicking establishment will answer all our actions; and there is enough of a fight to be picked every day, again and again, all kinds of fights, struggles, enlightenments, for ourselves and the people we will be meeting. But if I want to be an objective writer, possessing an instrumentarium for life, a trained inboard observer accompanying me, who wants to qualify for just about All & Everything, then I cannot here but reload with meaning the warning words of a great philosopher, professor Oliver Reiser, of Pittsburgh University, who states in his book THE INTEGRATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE (Boston, 1958):

"What confronts us, at the present time, is an immense problem in programming: a production number such as this old world of ours seldom witnessed. To say that man must first write the play before he can enact it is to miss the point: he is writing the play now, as he lives it, a 'psychodrama' such as Moreno never conceived. The simple fact is that the denouement can be unfolded only as the curtain rises on the next act of the cyclodrama and man is forced to create a planetary meaning in order to find out what it is all about."

Now what is it all about? I myself would use the words "cosmic orgasm," but of course everyone is to be enabled to find out his own contexts of living. I think that the Finding Out, the Great Energy Continuum of Inventions and Explorations, of Changes and Resurgences, the Revelations of life in all its manifold aspects, is the meaning of it all.

Last week I heard an afternoon of statements made here in London by Buckminster Fuller, of a nature

which I should have expected during this Conference. But then, Buckminster Fuller's got his own Pet Pilot Project called The World Design Science Decade 1965-1975, which just entered its second phase: Prime Movers and Prime Metals. I do regret his absence here, and organizing dialectics, demystifying violence one also cannot ignore the great Londoner Elias Canetti, who turned me on to a great number of fascinating insights through his crystalclear book Crowds and Power (Gollancz, London). And indeed, we are witnessing the sudden movements and explosions of masses, upwards from killing, lynching, looting, pogromming and flight-crowds the entire scale upwards to feast crowds; freak-out frenzies and ecstasies - so absolutely necessary to our shared mental health.

What should have become the center of our common interest here, all the revolutions in and out, in all its vortices and orifices, did NOT occupy all the time and all the way our thoughts and actions, our wheeling and dealing. Certainly: we all have all the ways out, I'm sure of that, if just everybody would listen to us - but who can really communicate that peace which passeth human understanding - and how can we make people listen to us, how can we put our knowledge most effectively into practice? I know that for a writer this whole basic need is a labour of love, you find out that you are practicing wu wei, you just answer calls, get acquainted with the territory you reach - and when I am going on t.v. to read a poem, I try and follow some of the basic guerilla-rules. All fine and well, but it is then absolutely necessary that those who preach liberation liberate themselves from all ideologies, just to be their beautiful selves.

In La Fausse Industrie, published in 1836, Charles Fourier said: "Christopher Columbus chose the rule of complete deviation to reach a new continental world; he loosened himself of all the known ways, he sailed unto an un-sailed ocean, without taking into account the anxieties of his time; let us do that as well - let us continue by complete deviation, nothing is easier, it is sufficient to try out a mechanism that contrasts with ours."

What is our mechanism? War, violence, killing.

Like, then: War is a game of the past, and Phil Ochs told us so a few weeks ago in the L.A. Free Press: "The war is over, and peace can be celebrated by all those who personally refuse to play along"

I refuse to FIGHT, and in the same way I also refuse the dualistic challenge of FLIGHT. There is nothing to cling unto, not when you see something beautiful, not when you see something ugly. It's all in your mind - where you can try and identify with all the cosmic

and planetary meanings, as these are constantly being put into me by a number of great live and dead contemporaries.

"The ultimate creative capacity of the brain may be, for all practical purposes, infinite," Dr. Ross Adey confides from the space laboratory of the UCLA Brain Research Institute.

And thus does Marshall McLuhan - whose voice I missed here - explore for our benefit: "Electronic man is making the world, using the cosmos as a teaching machine to imprint the mind with immortal information."

Finding our new roles, changing along with all the other mindbenders, we are creating a brand new world, out of the originating chaos, to which this world may soon return, with its incessant natural drives towards total freedom. All games, politic, egotistic, all our illusion-ridden personal hang-ups will soon be outwitted, outgamed, outdated and obsolete, by the total assault on certainties and dogmas, on all our senses and beliefs, as these are being effectuated upon us in all imaginable ways, organized HERE & NOW, almost intangibly, unseen, undiscovered yet - not yet around to publish manifestoes, and programmes, and statements of purpose.

But it is in the coming. This womb called Life contains at this moment all the seeds which are necessary for the evolution from land-animal to space-man. This timeless world, which reduces us to nothing more than a vibration, a wave, a vision, a dream, unites right now all the pied pipers - helping the children away from this sick, violent and rat-ridden, by the plague overpowered parents.

And all we have to do is to know, that we have NOTHING to lose but our hesitations, and our doubts. They stand in the way between our actions, and our gloriously complex natural environments.

Just let's believe our own eyes: flowers are really beautiful, war is mortal, peace is eternal. Color is light. Art is life. Poetry is science. Be a witness and a revealer, strengthen all that unite. How to refine the taste of our contemporaries? How to open their eyes for music, how to uncork their ears for all the colors that have to stream in - how can we blow their minds most effectively, most completely, most intensely?

It's a miracle to be born, it's a revelation to be alive, and it will be a great experience - to leave this body, in peace, and lovingly... How to spread this great and good news? How to put into words and actions the

→ Continued

ARE YOU READY?

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awarenesses of change, which make us who we are, here, being in-and-out of it all??

Union and Reunion, Meeting and Encountering, Remembering and Refreshing will be the aim and purpose of any dialectics of liberation; it is the common concern of science, art and religion - the next answer will be followed by the next question, which it is OUR DUTY to answer all for ourselves. The Universe: a perpetuum mobile of inner and outer space, man smack on top, our center everywhere, our circumference nowhere.

All the rest is silence. I share my trips with innumerable others, and I shall see the Last States Disintegrate through Love Special Delivery. In the healing beginners we are just beginners: let's do harm to nobody, let's be kind to ourselves, let's respect all other's dreams, let's be hard and fearless towards liars, let's be understanding, let no-one judge his fellowman, let no-one doubt: WE ARE ALL ONE.

There is nothing to be afraid of - you can follow the colors of your dream, which may lead us to one of the most beautiful definitions of man's highest missions, which Oliver Reiser articulated:

Man's highest mission is to increasingly understand and recreate the products of the Supreme Imagination as these are revealed in nature and human nature. Such is the ecstasy, the mystery, and the agony of man's awesome journey through the vastness and the majesty of our eternal cosmos.

According to the New York Times (May 28), General Electric has developed a 20-pound device called a "people sniffer" at the Limited Warfare Laboratory in Aberdeen, Maryland. The device can detect the odors of men digging foxholes or camping beside a river under thick jungle foliage. A skilled operator can pinpoint troop concentration from a helicopter by a glance at this instrument; then he can let loose air and artillery fire at invisible targets. US Army chemical war experts report that all experiments with the device have so far been successful; they now feel that the secret project can be made public.

US field commanders anticipate that the "people sniffer" will help to "roll back the Vietcong's jungle cover." Unfortunately, the instrument cannot specify how many of the "enemy" may be underneath, whether they are men or women, friendly or unfriendly. "That degree of exactitude would be welcome, but it is not the way the war is fought today," comments the liberal and humanitarian Times.

As a result of experiments with the device, War Zone C and other large areas of South Vietnam are now "free bombing zones"; anything that therein moves is fair game. High sniff-readings have brought into the area B-52 raids from Guam. Dozens of the device are now being ordered by American military and infantry units. One officer commented: "Everyone was laughing at first, including us. Now there is widespread interest."

Because of the high concentration of carbon and ammonia in polluted areas, the "people sniffer" is useless anywhere near where United States troops are operating, according to the Times. Americans seem to bring their city life with them wherever they go.

The Times states that "the device is the latest in a line of technological gadgetry that has taken on bizarre overtones even to the extent of attempting to use hungry bedbugs to detect a hidden enemy."

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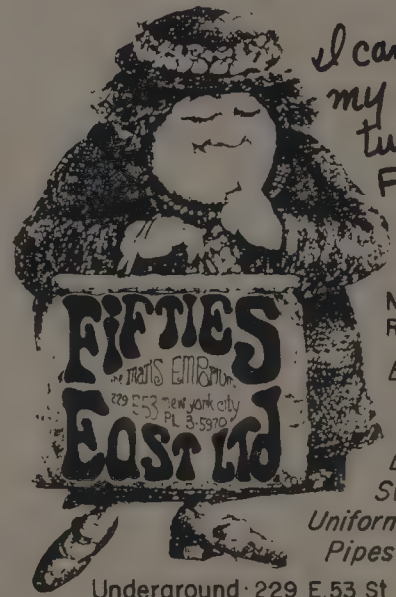
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ARE YOU AWARE

that the organized homosexual movement of America is the worst enemy of freedom for the non-homosexual?

ARE YOU AWARE

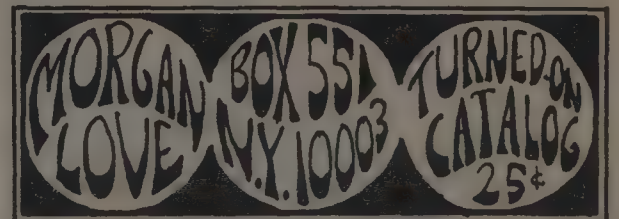
that when leaders of the homosexual movement speak of "Sexual Freedom", they mean absolute freedom for faggots, combined with rigid suppression for everyone else?

ARE YOU AWARE

that, aided and abetted by Radio Station WBAI-FM; The New York Times; the Episcopal Diocese of California; and the American Civil Liberties Union, the organized homosexual movement of America is driving relentlessly toward the establishment of a

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Is it wrong to Love?

Dear EVO:

I'm writing from a position which I hope to keep others from becoming involved in. I am 17 years old, and have lived in California and New York most of my life. I am currently living in Maine, where I have met many beautiful people and hippies, many who have been traveling through and have stayed for periods of time. There has recently been a great growth in Maine of hippies, as everywhere, and because of the ignorance and conservatism, many of the residents are trying to subdue this growth.

Two days ago, July 26, three policemen came to my apartment with a warrant. It was signed by one psychiatrist, one medical doctor, and my mother, who, as many other parents, does not understand what we are doing by our peace movements, our love, our flowers. I was taken to a mental hospital and isolated from any communication to the outside. The warrant stated: "1-1/2 years of increasing use of marijuana; exposure to LSD."

I am under "observation" and have been subjected to many medical tests. As far as I can find out they can keep me until Dec. 18, 1967 when I am 18 and can defend myself in court. I have never been busted or had any trouble with the police.

I am asking and appealing to you. Is it wrong to work for peace? Is it wrong to love? Is it wrong to be a real person? I have found myself. I know where my head is at and where I belong. Yet for no tangible reason I am being held against my will.

All this has come as a shock to me yet I can see, now, the need to work, for everyone to work for what they believe in. I can but warn others of what the Great Society can do.

Love,
Chris Miller

Tundra Retreat

Dear EVO:

We are ex-East Villagers living on a "Psychedelic Farm" in Northern Ontario, Canada. We'd like to get in touch with any of our previous friends from the Lower East Side. The farm is very beautiful, peaceful and quiet. A big relief from the hot city.

Love,
Gordon Macallister
and
Meg Giovinco
Wilno, Ontario

P.S. Write to us at above address.



"SKYLINE," entered by Photographer Bill Stahl of the New York Daily Mirror, is an interesting contrast between the living city and the vast and growing graveyards in which it buries its dead.

Dear EVO:

Taken as late as the mid-1940's, this photo can hardly be considered prophetic. But it is an unusually candid poetic representation of a condition whose symptoms are now manifesting themselves with such intensity that even the Intergalactic World Brain (EVO cover, 2:18) feeds back a memorandum of concern and advice.

Under samesmiling deodorized visages with certified antibiotic breath,

manfully the fox and flower children down their daily dish of death.

Anon they man the tombstones that tower above my head. Some cemeteries are for the non-living and some are for the dead.

Richard Stanewick

P.S. The picture appeared in a photo mag, I think.

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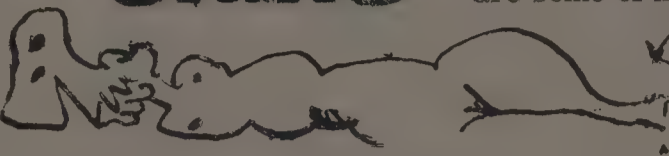
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3 musicians

Robert Vaughn, the poet, is back in town returned from the Sierra Maestras, returned from Colombia, from Mexico, from being busted with Boo Hoos in Florida, returned from misery and drunkenness and dope and returned from Quintana Roo. Here are some of his poems.



COSMIC RAZE

on Charles Parker
 The Kansas City that he knew
 was cause enough
 to make him hear the call of birds
 that followed
 call after call, all night.
 The Yellow Dog was east,
 the Metropolis,
 A glare beyond candles at Dupree.
 And when the sun went down,
 he took his horn, heard Lester
 and commenced
 the long and simple song
 that did not cease
 till countesses shattered teacups with a flatted fifth
 and young men left their homes
 and scrounged with monkeys
 for the chord they thought he knew.
 The earnest entities he blew
 were sounds
 no board could ignore.
 All most impossible.
 He heard the sounds,
 From whence did they come.
 In grey dreams
 he saw himself as Nero;
 the court, gray hipsters,
 vampires on his song.
 Was it his song
 or do birds move among us.
 Crane or condor,
 dove, sparrow, light feathers,
 tar
 diversions and deploys of the word.

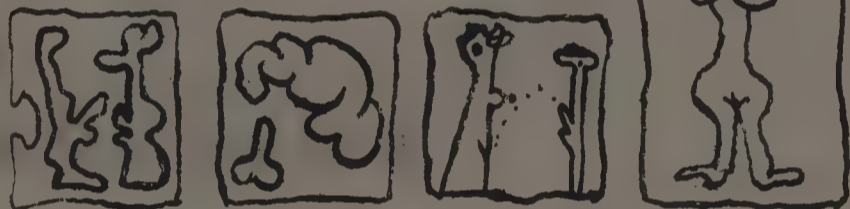
after John Coltrane

RUBY

Ruby, my dear,
 the words aren't often
 but they hold the lure
 towards single stance and you,
 off minor,
 while the A B C amateurs are all around
 to smile and dance insanely through the flowers.
 Easy, take my hand
 and let them hold their own.
 I'll stumble on our Bowery, Ruby,
 unrewarded,
 down the wordy, wordless streets
 where actors testify to worth in refuse.
 Our hands won't touch Sunday;
 gainsayed, rolling, unrestrained.
 Yet hope of intention plots the gesture
 as it curves through branches fallen from final trees
 and animals are answers, Ruby;
 couchant, rising, in lure,
 while matter; pierced, towered,
 claptrapped,
 folds each answer on the long way home.

THELONIUS SPEAKS TO THE HIPPIES

Don't tell me cool it, Man.
 I've cooled it long enough
 and rolled notes to the ears of blind bitch time,
 built structure where there wasn't any,
 ached within my nightly mother skin
 because it made a stench
 in someone's nostrils
 that I never understood.
 I understand just only interstellar
 time and space and me.
 I'm noted to the staff of structure,
 strung like wire between the non-existing
 antipodes of good and evil.
 I must crash through.
 How can I cool it and be still.



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—William Wolf, Cue Magazine

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—Stewart Klein, WNEW-TV

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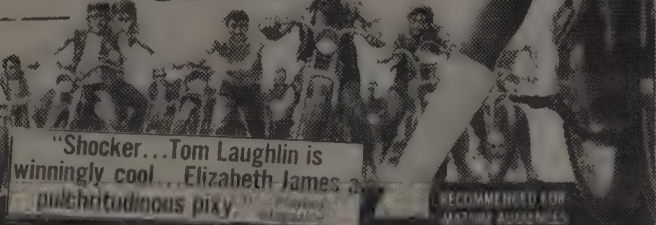
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DIGGER CREED FOR HEAD MEETINGS

MEETINGS ARE
 INFORMATION
 MEDITATION
 EXPERIENCE
 FUN
 TRUST
 REHEARSALS
 DRAMA
 HORSESHIT

MEETINGS ARE NOT
 PUTTING PEOPLE DOWN

Shhhh! LISTEN AT MEETINGS

LISTEN TO EYE MOVEMENTS
 LISTEN TO SCRATCHING
 LISTEN TO YOUR HEAD
 LISTEN TO SMELLS
 LISTEN TO SINGING
 LISTEN TO TOUCHES
 LISTEN TO SILENCE
 LISTEN TO GESTALT VIBRATIONS
 LISTEN TO A TREE FALLING IN THE WOODS
 LISTEN TO A BABY BORN IN THE SEA
 LISTEN TO THE WRITING ON THE WALL
 DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS
 DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS
 DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS

meetings are life
 surrender to the meeting...the meeting
 is the message

MEETINGS ARE CONFRONTATION —
 MEETINGS ARE RELAXATION
 DIG OTHER HEADS — DIG YOUR HEAD

dig disrupters, dig poets, dig peace-
 makers, dig heads who mumble, dig heads
 who don't go to meetings, dig heads who
 fall asleep, dig andy kent, dig clowns,
 dig street fighters, dig heads who scribble

on paper, dig hustlers, dig heads that
 admit they are wrong, dig heads that know
 they are right, dig doing, dig changes,
 dig holy men, DIG HEADS who do every-
 thing

AT MEETINGS DIG HEADS WHO
 DIG MEETINGS

AVOID GANGBANGS...RAPE IDEAS NOT
 PEOPLE

MAKE LOVE AT ALL MEETINGS

Shhhhhh! MEETINGS TAKE A MOMENT — Time is
 Fantasy — MEETINGS TAKE FOREVER
 THERE IS NO WAY TO RUN A
 MEETING

use meetings to help you DO YOUR THING

Go naked to meetings - Go high to meetings

Be Prepared

PREPARE BY MEDITATION
 PREPARE BY DOING
 PREPARE BY FINDING OUT WHERE your
 Head is at
 PREPARE BY Body Exercises

COME PREPARED TO DROP OUT - COME
 PREPARED TO STAY FOREVER

IF YOU ARE NOT PREPARED MEETINGS
 ARE NOT YOUR THING
 ONLY DO YOUR THING

mene, mene, tekhel, upharsin
 the diggers

ALL MEETINGS ARE THE SAME SAME
 SAME SAME SAME SAME SAME SAME
 SAME SAME SAME SAME - DIFFERENT
 MEETINGS ARE RIVERS/DON'T BUILD
 DAMS

BEWARE OF STRUCTURE FREAKS

BEWARE OF RULES

BEWARE OF "AT THE LAST MEETING
 WE DECIDED..."

DON'T GO BACK - THERE WAS NO
 LAST MEETING — DON'T GO FORWARD
 - THERE IS NOTHING

meetings are Now we are Now
 you are the meeting

WITHOUT MEETINGS THERE IS NO COM-
 MUNITY

COMMUNITY IS UNITY

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 INTO THE WORLD
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 and the whole
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"... it is precisely through its adherence to the terms and texture
 of the remembered event that Channel One discovers an example of
 what television could be— or could have been... the evening is very
 funny. Kenneth Shapiro & his players are extraordinarily good in their
 timing, rhythms, small gestures gauged in terms of the medium as we
 know it... their parody is never vulgar, and consistently affectionate,
 with an inner dignity that honors the subjects... alert sympathetic,
 comic performance transcends both the instant humor & the obvious
 message... Few people, I think, will regret a visit."
 —Village Voice
 "The world's first groove tube... CBS for heads."
 —East Village Other

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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

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 Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A U.C.L.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 expose of an operative who is said to be paid \$1 million 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 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.

The Implications of LBJ's Dependency Upon Tranquilizers

Censorship Under De Gaulle—Entitled "Is Paris Yearning?"

The Burgeoning Field of Space Law

Man, the Food's a Gas!—Shell Oil's development of a delicious protein made from methane.

The Weird Personal Life of J. Edgar Hoover

Anti-Aggression Pills—Biochemistry's answer to man's self-destructive tendencies.

Twiggy's Baneful Influence on the Eating Habits of American Women

Astonishing Inventions Soon to Be Marketed by Xerox

The Love Goddess of Kerista—An interview with the lovely young queen of New York sexual utopian community.

Kenneth Tynan on Bottoms

The Black Muslim Cookbook

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 Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen—By geneticist Sir Julian Huxley.

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970

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 magazine publishing's most fertile minds: Herb Lubalin, America'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 cheap, *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**, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, Suite 303E, 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

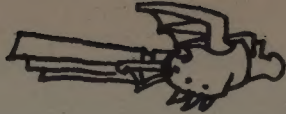
I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only HALF PRICE!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

© AVANT-GARDE 1967 v o 4



Wheel

Your money must accompany your ad: \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter

PERSONAL

Young, caucasian college graduate seeking woman with own apartment, and tired of living alone; and desires to share expense, mind, body. Willing and able to exchange references. Call Jack, 539-7000 ext. 38 between 7-5.

Television? (Hifork) Thought & Compulsive.

DEBBIE BLACKWELL.- Please call home collect. All is forgiven. Quincy, Mass. (617) PR 3-5269, or (617) GR 2-5347.

Attractive, adaptable, discreet young man wishes to please a pretty girl. 275-8026 Sunday mornings, weekdays 5-6 pm. Several rings please. Mike.

I am a man. I am intelligent, kind, aggressive, confused, 5'8", bored, enthusiastic, a fine musician, politically hip, considerate, dominating, loving, unloved. In other words, a human being. A man. If you are a woman 18-30, and you need a man, for now or forever, write Apt. 210, 170 W. 74th Street, N.Y.C. 10023. Or call 362-3270.

NEED A MODEL? Latest publication, \$2, listing gorgeous gals looking for modeling assignments. Gives descriptions and vital statistics, modeling rates and instructions for contacting each model. (Most of them live in NYC.) Send just \$2 to: Royal Models, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236.

TOP SECRET: Confidential mag contains hush-hush classifieds of a jazzy, groovy nature, appealing to swingers with top-priority underground clearances. 50¢ brings latest issue. SERENDIPITY, 152 W. 42nd St., Rm. 536, NYC 10036.

Female Rider to San Francisco. 20-year-old student driving Volkswagen to coast around Aug. 22, seeks girl to share driving and expenses. Camping. 5 day trip through Americana, clean air, good vibrations. My head to share. Pax. Call Alan after 7. UN 3-8628.

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent girl for travel companion/mate on weekend sorties. P.O. Box 102, NYC 11435.



Young man, (30), intelligent, educated, reasonably attractive, uninhibited swinger, not affluent, good sense of humor, taste for classical music, will share comfortable Village apt. with emotionally and physically compatible girl. (212) 533-4448. Keep trying.

Male, 34, who is considerate, healthy, presentable; and enjoys sex with shapely women, without either having to promise anything except mutual pleasure. If you are interested in sharing some warmth, music and happy times, write David, P.O. Box 93, Fleetwood Station, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552.

interesting, tall, attractive white executive in his early 40's. Refined, generous and discreet. Would like to meet attractive gal who is feminine enough to wear her hair very long (snapshot appreciated) NYC area. Box 87, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC

Hell is El is God; Heaven is cognate to the words "Shiva" (sh/h is normal change) and Hewa (Hebrew spelling of Eve) ("Hewva's Damn"). Words which are heaven and hell together/"the marriage of heaven & hell" are: SHOVEL (ShivaOEI), EVIL (Eve-EI), HOWL (Hewa-EI), HOVEL (Heva-EI), SOUL (Siva-Sewer-EI), SHUL: SHEOL, HALVAH (Hell-Eva), A LOVER (El-Eva), LOVE (El-Hewa: -hovah/ove), ELEVEN (Hell-Heaven), ALIVE (El-Eva).

God Benedict Schwartzberg Well Said, Black Mountain Ben Addict Black Mt./Empty



FOLK ENTHUSIAST has 2 tickets for Philadelphia Folk Festival, 8/25, 26, 27. Would like uninhibited female to share fun-filled weekend. Call Ed, MA 4-4120, ext. 300 between 6:30 and 8:00 PM. Other times, leave number.

GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal-Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

Poor young man (reasonably goodlooking) wishes to make scene with young girl (19 to 25) who has no personal hang-ups. OBJECT: Companionship. WRITE: W. Shay, 74 Freeman Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11222.

The desk that Sidney Poitier used in "To Sir, With Love," at the Art Theatre, is now at the EVO offices, donated by Cinema 1.

DEAR JOEY, MISS YOU LOTS! PLEASE COME HOME. NO REPERCUSSIONS. LOVE YA, MOM & DAD.

Include phone number if possible, or leave message at JU 6-0909, after 10 A.M. weekdays.

Laura Hausman I LOVE YOU PLEASE WRITE AND LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU ARE. MENDY.

One attractive, fun-loving couple (28, 25) seeks others. Call 876-6971 evenings (except Tuesday) after 8 PM.

PROBLEM? Send self-addressed, stamped envelope and \$1 for reply. ADA ZEE, Box 121, Hopewell, N.J. 08525.

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.

A young foreign student seeks clean, attractive, discreet girl for mutually enjoyable physical relationship. Call 864-6262, ext. 8M, between 6 & 7 PM weekdays.

Ex-artist, 43, renounced success to re-awaken younger enlightenment. Wants to meet women, 27-37, for ourselves, then a child. May move west or overseas.



(Capital A is a Black Mt. when printed in black) (Silent Aleph is Mt./Zero, only letter having no sound of its own) (In der beginning is der Void)

Attractive bachelor, 39, will share Manhattan apt. and car with nice young girl. Discretion assured. Photo please. Write Box 3217, NYC 10017.

A. Your breath to my drug was serene/ And in the mornings gracious repair/ I implanted a visionless embrace of green/ That immunized your crimson with an astral beware/ Orpheus Jr., YU 2-4471 /

Man, mid-40s, 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.

I am not a lost character in search of sex; I am a very physically and psychically good-looking, 25-year-old man, who needs and wants a girlfriend who is either very pretty or beautiful, head to toe, and who has the rare eclectic unquenchable thirst for and love of life, self-committed to a full, responsible and happy life if possible, and who wants a boyfriend with same basic, and related qualities, like spontaneity, involvement, creativity... I know the EVO personal section is an unlikely meeting place, but I gave it an effort; don't you snobbily think to yourself, "No, how absurd, I could never find him there." John, 989-7232.

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.

DISCREET POLAROID photographer available for personal photos or private parties. All pictures become your possession. Jim Benton. 245-2413. Call before 10 A.M.

Young Steppenwolf, 23, graduate student, seeks non-swinger type girlfriend for relationship or what not. Call 889-5266.

Novice Jersey couple desire teachers or meet fellow students of life. 201-Pl. 4-3813.

Writer seeks bright, personable girl who likes weekends at beaches, mountains (own plane, camping wagon, two motorcycles), theatre, fine food, fine music, a sense of humanity, mutual respect without double-talk. Write Apt. 20A, 55 W. 14th St., NYC 10011. Tell me about you. Include phone number.

Youthful, generous man would like to meet swinging hippie in N.Y.C. Would like to learn something new in life. I travel a great deal, and would like to have companionship on trips. Please write, with photo and phone—must be at least 5'7" tall, 20-30 years old. P.O. Box 2082, Youngstown, Ohio 44506.

When accordion & cymbals assent- A sonata for greed & snow fulminates- Into an abortive flutter of repent- While theft & horizon vindicates- Orpheus Jr, YU 2-4471.

Will the lovely blond Dutch-Polish-French girl who rode in my VW to 23rd Street please call David. GR 7-1226.

Slim, pretty females 25-35 for dating purposes. Call 899-4228 before 1 PM. Keep trying.

Young, attractive photographer-writer needs patron(ess) in order to remain in New York. Any arrangements can be made. Call CI 5-5320, Room 312. Leave message.



RESTLESS? BORED? FRUSTRATED? If you're attractive female, single or married, no need to be. State desires, phone and time to call. Guaranteed responses from young, discreet, swinging males follow within week. Courter Services, Box 2236-S, Glenbrook, Conn. 06906.

WRITERS' EXCHANGE HOUSE PARTIES for Creative People and Young Professionals at an intimate West Village apartment, Friday, August 25; Sat., Aug. 26; Fri., Sept. 1; and Sat., Sept. 2, from 9 P.M. till... Dancing, music, cold drinks, artistic atmosphere. 242-5445, 242-0889. Ask for Herb Vernon, Chairman, THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE.

ANNIE HEYWOOD - Call Sue W. from Cleveland. Have important message from Rob E. 212-777-0048 days. 212-777-2460 nights except Sunday.

Continental cyclist looking for female backseat driver. Kindly reply with picture, 26 Ave. B., Apt. B.

Advertising copywriter, 34, amiable, intelligent, 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.

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.

INTELLIGENT, WHITE, MODERN YOUTH, 22, seeking same to share experiences. To 25, must like top 40 music and recording groups. Lower Hudson Valley, NYC area. Summer address: Box 1007; Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12602.

For Swingers, it's CLUB JOY! Big listing, names and addresses of sophisticated Guys, Gals, Dolls looking for swinging contacts. Send just \$1...Gals FREE. Royal-EVO, Box 11, Canarsie Station, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

Attractive, young, swinging female wanted for weekend cruises, to dig the happenings aboard my 40-foot yacht. Gracious living, with all the trimmings. Call EV-6-3202, weekdays only, between 6-11 p.m.

Male (non-hippie), 27, 5'10", single, caucasian, clean, reasonably good-looking, considerate, discreet; desires clean, attractive, straightforward female for friendship and/or uninhibited erotic relationship. Discretion assured. Write, including phone number and photo if possible. P.O.B. 253, Canal Street Station, NYC 10013.

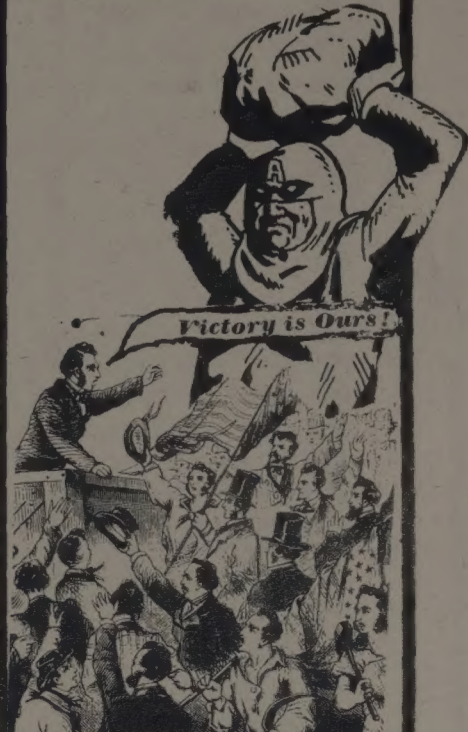
NYC PRIVATE MEMBERSHIP CLUB, invites you to meet its many smart sophisticates. Club membership list (incl. descriptions and listings) and club dance invitation, \$2.00. Write: SPC CONTACTS, 130 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036.

If you are a highly intelligent, sensitive, nice looking girl over 18, and interested in more than popular trivia; you'd probably enjoy companionship of, and sharing large, interesting apartment with congenial, handsome, clean-cut male, age 40, also possessing similar mental qualities. Phone AC 2-9424 after 9 PM weekdays, or weekend morns.

Young, single guy seeks similar type girl as companion on weekend trips. Must be uninhibited, attractive, with trim figure. Call Cliff, 683-7320; leave name, number.

Man, age 27, married but unfulfilled, desires female of any age for lunchtime dates. Must enjoy eating. All expenses paid. Times Square area. No questions. Reply in confidence to: Dominick Fleres, P.O. Box 382, Midtown Station, NYC 10018.

Looking for female who will keep single man's apartment clean, in exchange for room and board. Call anytime weekends, or in AM Mon. to Fri. Call Phil. GR 3-5499.



SPECIAL



SERVICES

Thurs., Aug. 31: 9PM : Discussion: "Single" Parents or "Communal" Parents - Toward Healthy, Autonomous Offspring! Ed Mentken, Council for Positive Interpersonal Relations, 63 E. 11 St., Cont. \$1, Students 50¢.

Mon., Aug. 21, 9 PM - Discussion: "Mystical" Love vs. "Rational-Humane" Love, Blind Justice Coffeehouse Garden, 339 E. 10th St. (CPIR), Contribution \$1.50, (Students \$1).

ACIDHEADS ... TRIPPERS ... PSYCHEDELIC LITERATI ... Send us your acid log... trip poems ... tongue songs ... buddha stories ... acid-saucer sittings ... for ACID-LOG anthology. Please send copies as we cannot guarantee return of unused material ... Send to Walter Bowart, c/o EVO, 105 2nd Ave., New York City 10003.

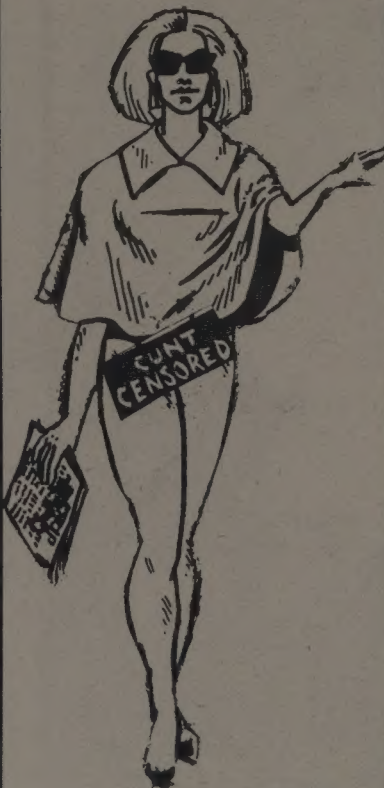
NUDISCOVER. Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-1, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

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

Very simple, cheerful, white-walled tenement near Astor Pl. Apt. available weekends. Call 254-6081, 5:30-6:30. Also need competent secretary for small parttime work.

San Francisco Mime Troupe is touring East with Guerilla theatre Commedia dell'Arte: L'AMANT MILITAIRE and OLIVE PITS, disturbing plays which have done the Bay area city park circuit. Raves on the Coast. Touring the States en route to Europe. If you are interested in performances in your city contact R.G. Davis, S.F. Mime Troupe, 924 Howard Street, S.F., Calif. 94103, call (415) GARbage 1-1984.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE - your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assemble in an hour with less than ten dollars of easily obtainable store parts. Send \$1 for instructions, drawing to: Carlton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pa.



FREE, SUPERIOR FEMALE CAT NAME OF BOO NEEDS GOOD HOME. OWNERS LEAVING THE COUNTRY AUGUST 23rd. 477-8659.

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

New in town? D.A.T.E. is N.Y.'s largest dating service. Send for our psychedelic questionnaire. D.A.T.E., 103 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

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.



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

Vaguely interesting man, 28, would like to meet Scandinavian type, opposite sex. Knowledge of music, literature, painting and life no obstacle. Chris - 873-8135, evenings.

Harlem non-fox, early twenties, 5'3", 148 lbs., needs brainy boyfriend. 25-35. Call: 663-8684.

Since I was twelve, 16 years ago, I've needed to love and be loved. Chicks I dug hated, feared, ridiculed, ignored me. Break the jinx; let's worship each other! I want sex, but as an expression of love. I'm looking for a GIRL loser (if such a thing exists) who's not superficial, who's learned compassion through suffering. The younger the better, the prettier the better; but all that's essential is someone who's not a bitch, and who'll dig me for not being a bastard; who'll give all her adoration and want all of mine. Marriage optional. If such a beautiful, groovy being exists, contact: Dave Jay, 433 LeBaum St., S.E., Washington, D.C. (563-7059) (Bitches answering this ad to laugh at it or me, don't bother.)

BABS HUTCHERSON - Please come home. Your family has moved to Florida. Call Suzanne collect, 256-3655.

Emergency - lost my skiing companion, am looking for a new one - experience unnecessary - willing to take on the burden of an ex-husband with all his foibles. Girl of my dreams must be 25 to 35, slim, more attractive than average, and sexually uninhibited. If you look for a 'Goodtime Charlie,' don't bother, but if you are interested in a meaningful relationship with someone who doesn't like bars, crowds, night-clubs but has a nice circle of friends, loves outdoor life, travel, theatre, music, art, preceded by a leisurely dinner with wine and talk - you are my gal. As executive, I am good at making big deals, awful in small-talk, flirtations and pick-ups. Reading and listening to Bach at home doesn't lead anywhere; maybe EVO does. Give it a chance, send your telephone number, a note, a photo might help. P.B., P.O. Box 931, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Satyriasis is curable! Young, tall, white victim needs young, white, funloving love. Many interests. Ideal setup. Full length photo, please. Jay, Box 684, Rte. 1, Lake Hopatcong, N.J. 07849.

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

PUBLICATIONS

Subscribe to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions - plus newsworthy articles on allied subjects. 52 Thrilling Issues: \$7.50 cash or MO-JUSTICE, Box 2EV Brooklyn, NY 11231. SAMPLE COPY \$1.00.

Survival Book II. Farm and Garden Primer, Drying & Curing. Where to gather wild flowers. Edible jail food. \$1.00 Box 8, Cross River, New York, 10518.

Read some of the violent letters that Horsehit Magazine gets. Look up our display ad in this issue. Some readers of Horsehit get mad. Good!

AGAIN IN PRINT!! "The synthesis & Extractions of Organic Psychedelics." Contains detailed procedure for synthesizing LSD, DMT, Psilocybin, Mescaline, Tetrahydrocannabinol, extractions of cannabis, Peyote, olojugi, morning glory seeds, and many more. Send \$1.25 to: Karma Grafics & Trading Co. Box 3826 Chicago, Illinois 60654 DEALERS INQUIRE

LOVE: Ponder the Maze of Love and learn what you know about life's greatest mystery. \$1. Box 279, New York, N.Y. Order NOW, LOVE.

Just arrived from Haight Ashbury District San Francisco. Ten year fellowship. Complete knowledge of Astrology. Horoscopes-progressions and teaching people are my "bug." Call 8 AM to 6 PM Connie, GR 5-7904.

JOBS

Writer needs sharp researcher, some knowledge of typing - rent a furnished pad in E. Village as part of pay - preferably. call 685-2273 8:30 - 5:30.

Topless Go-Go girls wanted for Bookings in & around New York. High salary & room and board. Also needed female singers and exotics. For appointment, call CO 5-4675.

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

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.

I'm searching for a warm, personable, dynamic and attractive girl who would like to assist me with my WRITERS' EXCHANGE WORKSHOP & WRITER' EXCHANGE HOUSE PARTIES. Please contact Herb Vernon, Chairman, THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE at 242-5445 or 242-0889.

GIRLS NEEDED FOR FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL, WELL-BUILT PIN-UP TYPES, ABLE TO ACT, NUDE, IN FRONT OF CAMERAS. \$50-\$200 per day. Kirtman, LO 4-3250

Figure models wanted - female. No experience necessary. Speculation, or to \$15 per hour. Call Photographers' Studio, 929-8749. Ask for Mr. Thomas.

Experimental film group seeks actors, actresses and others interested in contributing to the production of unusual, quality films, call Cliff, 683-7320, leave name, number.

GAL FRIDAY. To address and circulate manuscripts, answer phone, sell literary services, keep books, \$1.25 an hour. 1-4 p.m. 2 days. 582-5295.

EXECUTIVE with too much homework seeks swinging assistant to make it easier, much more enjoyable. Must be efficient with records. High hourly wage. Either two evenings or Saturday till 6 or both in W. 16th St. apartment. Box 292, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011.

Female models wanted for pin-up and figure photography. Caucasian, Negro, Oriental, Experience not necessary. Call 254-5202 for appointment 2 PM to 9 PM.

Filmmaker seeks uninhibited males, females for short serious movies. No pay but fun. Require attractive young couple for garden of Eden scene. Also nicely built guys for figure study film. Description, interests, photo to Box 3247, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

Three Actresses and Actors (with comic ability) for mixed media and free improvisation experimental theatrical group. Call 228-5597, Mon. thru Thurs or late night.

MALE & FEMALE MODELS, ACTORS wanted for feature films and nude photography. Good looks, build and figure required. High pay. Photos and/or description and background to Y.T.A., Box 676, Radio City Station, NY 10019 or call (201) 864-1422.

THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE WORKSHOP is still searching for talented and dedicated, young, creative writers. Please contact Herb Vernon at 242-5445 and 242-0889.

BUY & SELL



LEAVING CITY, MUST SELL - Childcraft workbench, solid hardwood. Excellent condition. Any reasonable offer accepted. Call evenings, 982-9037.

INDIA IMPORTS 1000's of fine low priced sitars, sarods, tablas, tambouras, shehnai, snake flutes, incense Binds, plus everything Indian. India Imports, 1415 Haight Street. Tel. (415) 621-7777.

Weathers turntable (33 1/3 only) \$50. 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.

Printing and developing at private photo lab. Lowest rates, high quality. Discretion guaranteed. Call NOW photos - MO3 6329.

POT HEADS (R) for sale! wrap straight cigarette pack with self-gummed! Genuine Marijuana heading. Greatest put-on! Outsate artwork in vivid psychedelic colors. For 4 packs send \$1 plus 25¢ postage & shipping. FRANCES EVANS, 350 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

Psychedelic Sell Out. Books, Beads, Albums, Skins, Remnants, Clothes, Tools, Household wares. Give away prices. 52 E. 1st St. #4. 473-0893. August 19th on.

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

Free Lance Photographer available for assignments. Reasonable rates. Call 254-5202, 2 PM - 9 PM.

Need young girl to take care of studio-answer phone, etc. Also need young girls for models and dancing (Go-Go and Modern). Call Mr. Allen - CI 5 8086, CI 5-8843, CI 5-9886. Salary Open.

MODELS WANTED - Female Figure Models for sketch classes and skin painting, regular, part-time. Apply Fri. Aug. 25, 10-5 P.M. or phone for appointment 697-3392. Studio "A" 68 West 39th St., NYC.

TRAVEL

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

EVO employee would like ride, in private plane, to Seattle at end of Aug. or beginning of Sept. Round trip preferred. Call ACTUNG-0, and ask for Edmands.

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.

2 Grad Students need furnished 4-room apt. sublet or lease Sept.-Jan. BU 8-4472 anytime.

Weekend Hippies need home. Will be in New York about two weeks starting about Sept. 3. Couple. Need place to stay... Cheap... Pref. coop etc. Write: E.J. Gann 390 F DEEP EDDY Apts., Austin, Texas 78703. Help.

THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE is still searching for large and attractive Manhattan apts. to throw its House Parties. The apts. of creative or idealistic girls in the Village Area or upper East Side would be particularly appreciated. If you'd like to become ultra-modern and earn some extra cash by having a great deal of fun, please contact Herb Vernon at 242-5445 or 242-0889.

Bachelor 29 wishes to share small apt. in East Village with reasonable attractive young lady 18-30 years old. Marriage a possibility. Call or write 477-3983, 331 E. 5th St. NYC 10003 Joseph Polimeni.

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.

VILLAGE THEATER

all seats reserved \$3.50 2nd Ave. & 6th St.
475-8400



Mitch Ryder

Sat. Sept. 2

& THE ILLUSION 2 SHOWS 7PM & 9.30PM

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS PRESENTS

BE HUMAN



OR ELSE

OR ELSE

BE HUMAN

In the Street St. Marks Place Between 2nd & 3rd Aves. 8:30 - 10:30
Thursday Aug. 24

price of admission Your Smile

the whole western world is an electric circus. go to the church of your choice.