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GIRLS say YES to MEN who say NO



# LETTERS LOVE LETTERS LOVE LETTERS LOVE LETTERS

## CAPTIVES OF THE GREEN TEAM

Dear EVO:

A few of us MARINES stationed in the shitty Carolina's would like you and all your readers to know that your paper is the last link between the real world and our captive lives in the (Green Reeker, "the suck," the crotch, etc., etc.)

If an officer were to find your paper in our possession we would be jailed 'till LSD goes out of style! But fuck them they're lifers. We really dig the free style of your paper, with no holds barred. Keep us alive and laughing.

signed,

CAPTIVES OF THE GREEN TEAM

P.S. "Life Among the Constipated" by R. Crumb is "outa site" what an imagination, we laughed for hours!!!!

## MILITARY UNDERGROUND

Dear EVO:

From time to time I have been digging letters from the members of the Cool Generation that are, through one misfortune or another, locked within the claws of the military. I am one. In my past nine months of the service, though, I have run across a lot of other hippies in uniform, and I think we're an aimless lot right now, just sitting and waiting for that glorious moment of release, and doing things to hurry it along.

But dig---we lack organization. Like we're making the best possible of our predicament (getting stoned on duty, dropping acid on the rifle ranges, etc.) but we are out of contact with each other. So I, for one, am for forming a sort of Military Underground, an unorganized organization for the purposes of correspondence and communication between hippies in the service. I've talked to other people at my own military base and they all think it's a good idea, and I'm ready to try anything to escape these sadistic minds that are trying to control us. I'm not talking about a subversive organization, necessarily, but one through which those in our situation could correspond, exchange mind-blowing experiences and ease our own minds with the knowledge that we aren't alone. It would have many other advantages as well, for example, a method by which a hippie newly reporting for duty at a base could find others of his type without all the hassle with paranoia and ice-cutting.

I think there are a lot of us who read, or know people who read, the Other, and so I am asking the Other to help get us started by printing this letter. For obvious reasons (like the CIA) I can't leave a name, but I can leave a neutral address for now, and I wish those interested would write to it and give their names and stations, plus a little history or something about what they are doing to bust the Military Bag.

With the Love that will someday embrace the world,  
The Military Underground  
1837 Mintwood Pl. N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20009

## MILITARY I

Dear EVO:

After writing to you about my situation in the military, I received dozens of letters offering aid and consolation. I also read letters in your newspaper similar to mine, many expressing a will to just "hang on" for a few years. But it can be done! I am out, free, a human being again. Do not lose faith! It can be done, and there are so many wonderful people to help you.

And if you fear the future, a General Discharge Under Honorable Conditions differs from an Honorable in two ways: (1) You can't keep your uniform, (2) You can't be re-enlisted. Real tearjerkers, eh?

So fight it, man. You're not alone, believe me.  
Dave

## MILITARY II

Dear EVO:

Many thanks to EVO for printing my last letter. Naval Intelligence (ONI) read it and I now have about 2 weeks to go for my discharge.

In regard to letters from naval personnel, in your Oct 15 - Nov 1 issue a serviceman states he is the 30th head to be booted out of the navy in the last 6 months. WOW! is he mistaken. In the barracks where I am living (?) there are at least 12 people awaiting undesirable and general discharges for use of grass and acid. This is just on our New England Base alone, Dig what's happening across the country in this fucked-up outfit.

On the ship I was stationed on there were at least 250 heads that I knew of out of a total of 670 crew members. That's a hell of a lot of PEOPLE on one U.S. Navy ship.

Most people are afraid of receiving an undesirable discharge. I'd rather have an U.D. than stay in the navy any longer than I have to. A U.D. isn't too bad

don't hassle with you after you cop out, you're transferred to the naval station to await a field board in which you're given a chance to present why you deserve a general discharge instead of a U.D. Then you just sit back and await your discharge. It comes within 30 days. All this time you have regular liberty, at no time are you confined or imprisoned.

Turn on, Tune in, and drop the fuck out of the navy, marines, army, air force, coast guard, national guard and the ever present, ever ready CIA, ONI, and FBI. If you feel you must work, at least take a real job, not one in which you try to do people in.

Michael

## BOSTON PLEA

Dear EVO:

On Sunday, the first of October, 21 very, very beautiful people were arrested on various narcotic charges...there are still some of our people in jail, waiting to get bailed out...We have at our services the very best lawyer available, in the state of Massachusetts...He is going to cost us \$7000.....

Only a few days before we were busted the mayor of this city declared open war on all hippies... election time is very close at hand, and it is my opinion that he is trying to use us to make himself look like some sort of savior...his chances of getting elected are very slim...he is frightened...he has also purchased a home in another community...he (the mayor) has asked local merchants to refuse service to any one who looks like a hippie...he has also asked the local landlords and realtors to refuse rental to the same sort of people...he also has inspectors going around and getting folks evicted...it has happened to us...this person, (the mayor) is using the most under-handed and vile tactics that are available... he has all but said that we are un-fit to be called human...but I some-how wonder about him...

This is a call to arms...PLEASE HELP...THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU...YOUR aid is needed... it can come in any form...letters saying that you are spiritually with us or money to help us continue helping others.....

MUCH ELECTRIC LOVE...

W.A John Beveridge,  
c/o The Avatar  
145 Columbia Street  
Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139

P.S. This is to aid the Cambridge Diggers

## HARVEST TIME

Dear EVO:

To those coming west: take Interstate 81 across Iowa and Nebraska. From 100 miles east of Des Moines start looking along the road for some of the nicest sights in America. Fifteen to twenty foot pot plants are growing wild and abundantly. Ten minutes work and a sharp knife will get twenty or thirty lbs. easy. Be sure to get only the female flowers and buds.

Good Luck  
I. Stone  
Los Angeles

P.S. Now is harvest time!!

007

Dear EVO:

Report from the front (one of the many in this second War of the Roses): I think I know who's winning, and I think it's us. I speak for a sizable and growing number of undercover hippies who have not wholly dropped out, who hold responsible jobs in the heart of the whitecollar world, who have degrees or at least some college, and who are dedicated to the undermining and eventual overthrow of the entire corporate structure. We are practitioners of the fine art of subversion, and what we are doing is more powerful than dropping out and almost as much fun. We have successfully infiltrated enemy ranks, and are operating quietly and efficiently; we can enter doors that no flower freak could ever pass as long as he looked like one. But we wear the disguises of suit and skirt; only the long hair stays the same.

It's a mind-blowing concept: hippie secret agents, the flower children's answer to the CIA. It is also extremely effective: you can reach far more straights if you meet them on their own ground, in their own language, under their own terms; and when once you convince them under those circumstances, you've got them for good, they are OURS. They know they've been beaten, with their own weapons, by somebody who knows how to use those weapons, and they surrender unconditionally. People who are totally turned off by our brothers in the streets stop, all unknowing, and listen to us when we talk, and whole corporations start to crumble when they walk away converted, sympathetic or at least tolerant. You have to start small...Admittedly, the whole thing is a personal hassel; we're all still flower freaks at heart, and we miss the rest of the scene. But it's my thing; it's a positive accomplishment, and we as hippies (God how I hate that word) are supposed

to be positive, supposed to be creative and productive, not negative and neutral; and the orders are to get the word to as many people as possible, and that means straights, and that means I do my thing and spread the word to the Romans, all of them. It's the thing of a whole lot of others, too, and it's getting better (and bigger) all the time. The wind's in the willows, people. Pass it on.

Love,  
Padraigin Ainne

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ALLAN EDMANDS  
PETER LEGGIERI  
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MANUEL RODRIGUEZ  
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JAYE AND THE KID.

LET'S BRING BACK  
NUDE ATHLETES  
TO THE OLYMPICS!

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TO EVO  
APPEAL

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# In The Life On Bald Mountain

by Allan Katzman

All roads lead to the Pentagon and all of them were filled to capacity on October 21st when an estimated crowd of over 55,000, some of them superhumans (witches, warlocks, holymen, seers, prophets, mystics, saints, artists, sorcerers, priests, shamen, ministers, rabbis, troubadours, minstrels, bards, roadmen and madmen) came to march on Washington D.C. What evolved was a revolution, not of a political or social nature but of a highly mystical one, with comic overtones. Magical rituals zapped the Pentagon, (which is built, no less, on a swamp called "Hell's Point") giving the enemy no quarter but laughter and mercy.

The mystic revolution evolved from its subsurface plodding middle class confines into a flower burst of color (some blood red) smashing against the cold austerity of a dull Pentagon aura.

The first interrupted sacred rite was performed by no less mystical a character than super-realist Paul Krassner. He was seized by the Federal authorities while exorcising the Washington Monument with corn meal. Krassner then disappeared into the monument's bowels.

Next service was a Fug-led exorcism before the mighty Pentagon itself. Poets Tuli Kupferberg, Ed Sanders and Ken Weaver cast mighty words of white light against the demon controlled structure. Joined by Digger Abby Hoffman, the long haired warlocks chanted "suckpower," and various mystical liturgies. Tuli blessed the "150,000" marchers as they swarmed up to the five-sided megalomaniac's delight. The white magic possessed Hoffman pulled out his cock, pissed in the direction of the Pentagon and chanted "demon out."

Part of the occult rituals of the day was the inscribing of mystical symbols. Beautiful murals in dayglo colors — "Lyndon Loves Ho," "Free LSD Here," "Crush US Imperialism With Sex," "Fuck You," "Che Lives," "Pentagon Sucks," "Free Sex," "The War is Over," "Evil Spirits Dwell Here" ran down "Jerusalem's Walls" in bright orange, yellow, and pink contrasting with the dull red of drying blood from cracked skulls caused by the lead filled clubs of fat southern US Marshals.

Soldiers, 18 years old, short hair, blue eyes, who had less evil protecting them than the elite government officials, were pelted by white and yellow daisies. Chicks kept coming up to one cute Iowa recruit trying to grab his joint. Elusive maneuvers on his part, however, protected his modesty. The Hare-Krishna chant frightened the MPs and a chicken was offered in sacrifice to propitiate the "angry Gods."

Assault after assault by the helmeted troops were repulsed by love forces. During one charge, a helmet was seized by a mystic revolutionary. "I am liberating this" he shouted to the stunned MP "for the free people of Inner Space."

Crowds pissed on federal buildings and the day continued to flow on. Tuli got busted for taking his clothes off. Charles Perkel of the San Francisco Oracle got it for chanting the Hare Krishna. A Marshal tried to club an eight year old kid for sitting on a stone buttress.

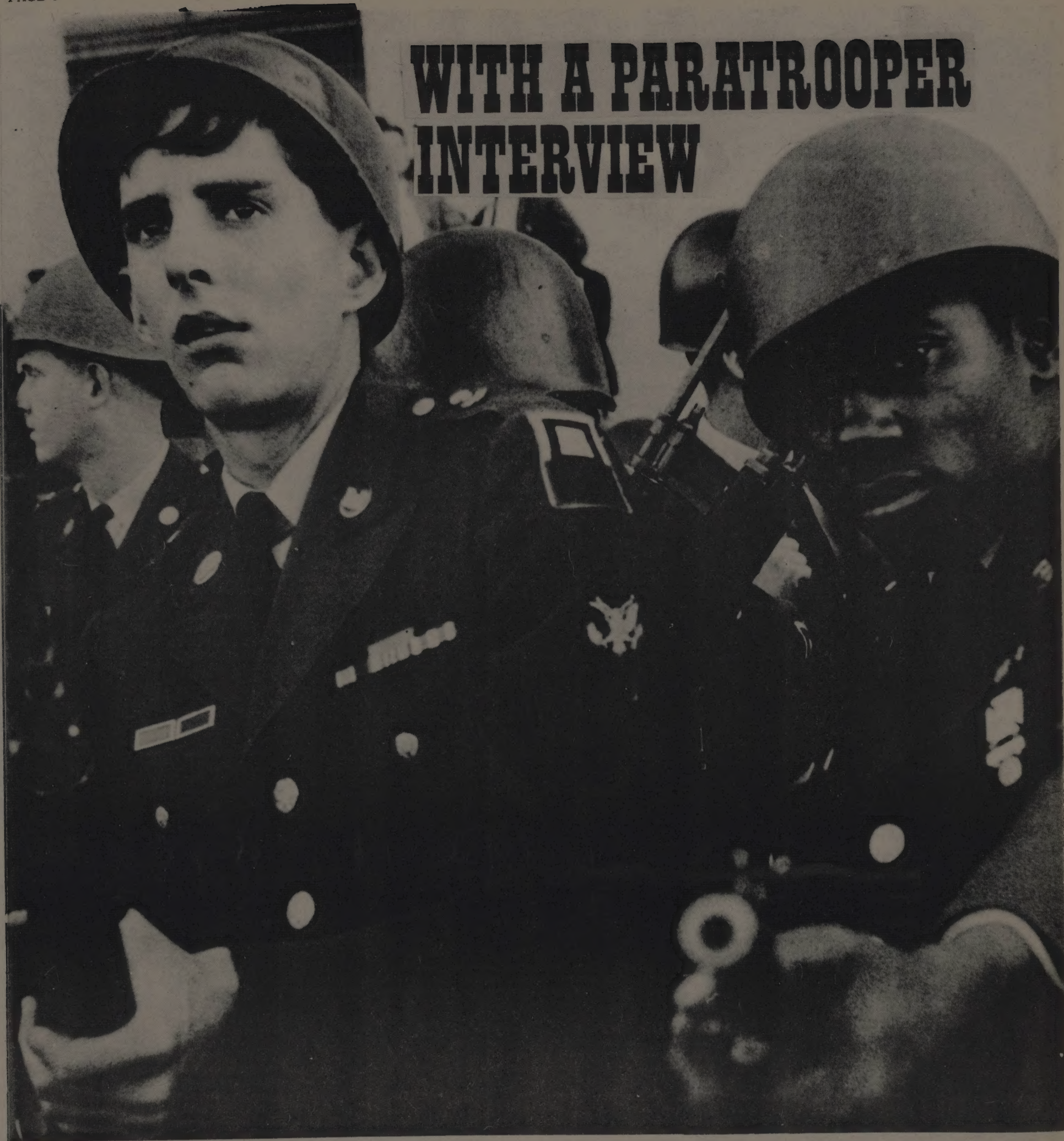
"I have seen Nazis and Arabs but I have never before seen the cold, sadistic stare of a mystic freak," one fat sergeant was heard to bellow. All in all, during the day the Pentagon didn't rise but cracks began to show as three soldiers dropped their guns to join the crowd.

As the night (the only thing that successfully attacked the Pentagon without getting hurt) covered Washington, D.C. in demonic darkness, soldiers and marshalls turned into legions of the damned and bludgeoned helpless marchers without regard to age, color or sex.

One last attempt was made to penetrate the five sided building when several youths in armor and football helmets exploded gas pellets in the eyes of unsuspecting soldiers, wrestled their rifles from them and ran through the doors of the unholy tower, until they were finally cornered by troops who were waiting inside its cold metallic walls.

The next day, when the last marcher was finally cleared away what was left was the bitter smell of gas human and synthetic, placards meaningless with words, ashes of burnt draft cards, the eyes of young soldiers turned gladiator and the hovering vibrations of mystic insanity now made palpable in time before the new colliseum of some long-ago forgotten event.

# WITH A PARATROOPER INTERVIEW



This is an interview with a soldier, one of the paratroopers who was flown in on Friday night to guard the Pentagon. The way the interview was made is intriguing in itself, because we had never expected it to happen. Marshall Bloom, editor of Liberation News Service, 1720 Church St., N.W., in Washington, D.C., had made an announcement at the Pentagon sit-in on Saturday night, requesting interviews with witnesses and victims of the "police brutality" Saturday afternoon, October 21. The next day he received an unexpected telephone call from two soldiers, who claimed they had guarded the Pentagon. They arrived at Marshall's house, identified themselves, and revealed what they knew into a tape recorder. Their names and faces will not be stated for obvious reasons. The tape is exactly as it is, unedited, as spoken by one of the soldiers.

"We went out there the day of the demonstration, and everybody had been briefed completely by letters from the higher-ups, and we had to listen to a briefing on YOUR permit that YOU had, saying what YOU could and what YOU couldn't do.

"We were told that tear gas was not to be allowed to be used under any circumstances. Even the head of the Army couldn't say that tear gas could be used, because it came from higher up than him. Therefore we were directed not to use any tear gas, and anyone using tear gas, unless they told us to, would

be court-martialed. Also, no one was to use any violence whatsoever; this is a court-martial offense, too.

"We went out there, and they said, 'We're going to walk as far as we can, and then we will stop and just hold them back.'

"There were stragglers all along the way, people going around to the back, and there were ambulances coming through, and we went out there, pushing people back.

"There was a sergeant behind me, and all of a sudden he jumped through the line and jumped about six feet ahead of the line of restraint, and grabbed hold of this character standing out there and jerked him back behind the line. I turned around, and he was beating the fucking shit out of him.

"The fellow didn't do anything. He was standing there, slowly backing up. He wasn't saying anything violent. Nothing.

"Later in the evening, I was standing on a hill down in the bushes, and the sergeant came by, and I got to talking to him, and I said, 'Well, how about you? You jumped out of the line and grabbed that fellow and started beating him up. What did you do that for?' 'Oh,

I just didn't like his looks,' he said. I said, 'Well, just because you didn't like somebody's looks doesn't mean that you can go against orders. You have a card in your pocket like everybody else. You know that's court-martial offense?' He said, 'Have you ever been to Viet Nam?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Then you wouldn't know.'

"Then the next thing I know, he was giving me the dope that 'since there's nobody here but you and I, we could have a little discussion,' and there wouldn't be anybody to know about it except me and him.

"I said, 'Well, sergeant, with your ideas being as unscrupulous as they are, I'd be afraid to for fear that you have too many stripes, and I might get court-martialed and go to jail.' He said, 'Oh, I wouldn't tell.' I said, 'Well, you'd have to take the stripes off your arm, then everybody would know you had provoked a fight,' and he said, 'And anyway, I would have to kill you or you would have to kill me, because nobody would change their ideas.'

"I just stood there after he left, and this is another important thing, I think. Around 40% of all the military is in

Ray Mungo, the author of this piece, has been editor of the Boston University newspaper, B.U. News. He was also one of the people arrested early Saturday afternoon, along with such notables as Norman Mailer, Dave Dellinger, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Dagmar Wilson - head of the Women's Strike for Peace, and others, for sitting-in at the Pentagon. This is his story of what went on during the sit-in, and afterwards in jail.

# THE KEY STONE COPS THE ANIMAL FARM

In the good old days, before the taxation of the English language with nuances and oxymorons, they used to call a funny scene "zany" - hence, funny people in the movies always went by names like Zazu and Harpo, etc. The Dadaists made funny and crazy the materialism of the twenties, and Erik Satie wrote funny little pieces of music; crazy people like Luis Bunuel began making zany films touching on the perversion of modern existence (e.g., thirteen robbers glutting themselves on greasy food and on a small nun in the Last Supper pose); and Joseph Heller wrote crazy things about World War II in CATCH-22. Today, Phil Ochs is matching "absurdist music with absurdist politics," as he said at the Lincoln Memorial on Oct. 21, and the Fugs exhort us to kill for peace!; the hippies wanted to exorcise the Pentagon; Jean-Luc Godard has killed off the young boy of THE FOUR HUNDRED BLOWS, now 21 and desperately in need of a lay, in his newest movie, MASCULIN-FEMININ; in Saigon, American GI's get live, piped-in disc jockeys from New York; in New York, people throw money off the stock exchange balcony to show how much they don't need that security; they're fucking the army all over Europe and still staging opera in Hanoi.

Of course, a necessary element of all zaniness in history has been tragedy, for it is woe that necessitates joyful relief; in the case of the Marx Brothers, the underwritten tragedy and ugliness was simply that they were always being chased and clobbered (The Three Stooges overdid this last part a bit) and were perpetually without meaning; with the war in Vietnam, we laugh at what an asshole Lyndon Johnson is, so we won't have to weep at the bloody dead and wounded. Such a zany scene was the National Mobilization's weekend in Washington, and the arrest of its leaders.

I walked with Dave Dellinger, Dagmar Wilson, Robert Lowell, Dwight McDonald, Benjamin Spock, Noam Chomsky, Barbara Deming, and other celebrities, as part of a nonviolent probing force making its stealthful way around the Pentagon; and participated in an arrest and imprisonment scene that was as funny as it was serious, as zany as it was bloody, as unreal as it was cold, actual, and hurtful. It all happened in the relative privacy of the Pentagon south entrance, forbidden grounds, while thousands of other demonstrators were assaulting the main doors and the press busily recording beads and bangles.

We stood our ground before the youngest soldiers history could ever have called to the task of slaughter, nonviolent to the last as is our faith, and talked into a small loudspeaker about the war. A nameless black sergeant gave them the order and they advanced, but gently, until they had squeezed their way around us and we were facing an undefended south entrance on one side, and the backs of retreating GI's on the other. A couple of minutes passed, while Dellinger regrouped the fallen to puzzle out this unlikely state of affairs, and we began marching again.

As we got closer to the Pentagon, however, more soldiers appeared out of nowhere, and we were talking into the loudspeaker again, this time Dr. Spock telling the story of the soldier who wrote him condemning the war - and to whom Dr. Spock wrote back, only to have his letter returned, "Verified Deceased." The black sergeant reappeared with the order, "Push 'em out, now," and suddenly we were on the ground being kicked into a growing mound of human bodies. Even so, most of the GI's weren't kicking with too much ferocity and we kept talking. Dr. Spock still into his microphone. The soldiers thought well of us, I believed,

but they didn't stop the blows and the kicks, and I was struck with the realization that IT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK, ANYWAY, THAT COUNTS; IT'S WHAT YOU DO. Moments later, federal marshalls got into the act because the soldiers weren't being brutal enough, and dragged off little Dagmar Wilson, all fiftyish and bristling with resistance, on the pavement. I felt an irresistible force pulling my right leg out of its socket, a billy club over my head, and two bodies wrenching my left arm so far behind my head that I let out what must have been a blood-curdling shout. Seconds before I also lost my glasses, I turned to see Dellinger and Lowell, Chomsky and McDonald, hunched up under the flailing arms of the marshalls, and Spock, getting repeatedly kicked in the side, still talking.

In the darkened van where we sat, unlikely paradoxes continued, and the true black comedy of our "confrontation" with sympathetic soldiers in the shadow of a monstrous valley of death became clearer. A cop politely cajoled a young girl to come along peacefully, before hauling her body from the van to the arrest booth across fifty feet of lacerating, pebbled concrete. When I refused to speak, the astonished arresting marshall sputtered, "But WE don't have anything to do with the war, you know!" The black guard in our caged bus patiently explained at great lengths to a bruised comrade, that he would take excellent care of the latter's camera.

It was 6 pm when our jailbus roared out of the Pentagon, one of the first, into bright daylight. At 7:15 pm, when it unloaded at Occoquan Workhouse (Lorton Prison), I first realized it was dark. From the back of the bus, in a separate cage, a prisoner played "My country 'tis of thee/Sweet land of liberty" on a wailing harmonica.

The prison had its own simpering chaplain, straight out of the movies; he implored a guard to let him ask me one question, which turned out to be "Are you...all right?" When I said no, he promised me a doctor (who never came) and went off sniffing, feeling like a Christian-for-a-day. I had to laugh. In the cell itself, we were treated to free tobacco, ham sandwiches and hot coffee, sheets and towels, and (in my case) a swift, hard, and utterly unprovoked kick in the ass (which, luckily, was ill-aimed and vent its fury on my left buttock alone).

Infuriated, I turned on the cop who kicked me and hissed "you fucking fascist!" Another prisoner replied, "That was a gratuitous and unhelpful remark." A third, from San Francisco, began a chant of Hari Krishna. Spilled blood and American honor at stake, the war machine disrupted, and laughs aplenty during Freak Night at the Workhouse.

Inside the cell again, Dave Dellinger is cool and cheerful as he sips his coffee; Rev. Ashton Jones, 69 and proud to be there, tells old prison jokes; Noam Chomsky is neat and academic, worried about getting back to M.I.T. for a Monday morning symposium; the poet Tuli Kupferberg is wonderful just to look at; Norman Mailer is unusually quiet and struts from one end of the cell to the other, his hands in his pockets; Walter Teague of the Committee to Aid the NLF has drawn up a statement accusing the Mobilization Committee of disorganization and duplicity, which some sign while others bitterly argue that the opinion, intended for publication in The National Guardian, will be exploited by the capitalist press; Richard Gale, of The Catholic Worker, is on a smiling hunger strike; Mike Rothberger of the Bronx is considering telling the whole story to his junior high school students; an Indian named Michael Grillo from somewhere-in-New-Jersey solemnly accepts five days in





# ON THE

Spaceship

EARTH

R. Buckminster Fuller, who happens to be 72 years of age, is probably as hip to what it's all about as any man alive today. Did you see his dome at Expo 67? He is currently working on a city for 1,000,000 persons which will float in Tokyo Bay and a World Resources Center which will be a place in Illinois where people from all over the world will play a game "How to Make the World Work?" If you want to know more about the man, and happen yourself to be interested in the problem of making the world work, you might write for information to the World Resources Inventory, P.O. Box 909, Carbondale, Ill. 62901. Did you know that Marshall McLuhan took his main inspiration from Fuller's book *Nine Chains to the Moon*? Have you ever been to a MIND CIRCUS in a geodesic dome?

When Buckminster Fuller was asked in April 1967 by the Chairman of the Board of Who's Who in America to write a one sentence description of his life objectives, he submitted the following:

**WHAT I AM TRYING TO DO**

As a conscious means of hopefully competent participation by humanity in its own evolutionary trending while employing only the unique advantages inhering exclusively to the individual who takes and maintains the economic initiative in the face of the formidable physical capital and credit advantages of the massive corporations and political states I seek through comprehensively anticipatory design science and its reduction to physical practice to reform the environment instead of trying to reform man also intent thereby to accomplish prototyped capabilities of doing more with less whereby in turn the wealth-regenerating prospects of such design science augmentations will induce their spontaneous and economically successful production by world-around industrialization's managers all of which chain reaction-provoking events will both permit and induce all humanity to realize full lasting economic and physical success plus enjoyment of all the Earth without one individual interfering with or being advantaged at the expense of another.

Buckminster Fuller  
May 1, 1967  
Aboard Spaceship EARTH within the outer reaches of the cosmically spiraling and expanding "MILKYWAY" (the Galactic Nebula).

EVO: There seems to be a substantial readiness among young people, right now, to pick up fresh ideas and put them to work. Last year, for example, there were some discussions of American Indian Cultures which suggested that tribal life styles can be very meaningful for persons who are trying to learn a living in the present era, and within a few months we had the beginnings of a fresh cultural form in America — a network of tribes and tribal councils. The evolution from conventional protest in the civil rights movement and at Berkeley, to a style of dropping out and looking for radically new approaches to change and...

FULLER: You might say, "even life itself..."

EVO: Yes. The psycho-social evolution is getting to where lots of people are going to be able to tune in on the kind of thinking you have been doing this last half century.

This is supposed to be an interview, but I hesitate to ask you questions because your contribution to human understanding has involved a significant tendency to refuse other people's questions and insist upon formulating your own good questions. Perhaps you have a good question or two in mind. Or can I ask you, "What's happening?" "What's happening in the universe" or "what's happening on earth" as you see it?

FULLER: Well, you know me well enough to know that I always insist on not talking about "what's happening down on earth" or anything of that sort, because I always talk about the planet. I always talk about the Spaceship Earth.

We need to remind ourselves that we're on a spaceship, and it is essential that we look at it as a system, a system which is designed quite clearly to regenerate life.

So one of the questions, of course, is "Why life?" I've become very interested in that question in relation to Spaceship Earth.

People are plenty used to the idea of an automobile, because there are so many people who have them. You have an engine, and there's the steering equipment. You know that if you can accelerate you're going to have to have your brakes. You've got to have gas. She's going to have to have oil, going to have to have water in the radiator. Very logical thing. Water in the battery. And you know you've got to keep those things up. You begin to discover, then, what are the complementary components by which your going from here to there is satisfied.

But most of humanity is not at all used to the idea of a spaceship, much less how one works. I have heard lots of young people say, "I wonder what it would be like on a spaceship?" Quite clearly, they don't realize they've always been on a spaceship. The reason for this lack of awareness happens to be so large that, up until the time we had automobiles, the average human being experienced less than one two-millionth of Earth's surface during his lifetime. The Spaceship was so big, and man so small, that he just didn't know. He was a mere spot, that's how he thought of himself. He thought he was fixed, that you had to stay fixed, and he didn't know about the other spots. Anybody outside of his immediate area was a vandal or a madman, and very dangerous.

EVO: Or a Communist.

FULLER: People more or less had to assume that only the local was valid, because that's all they were able to know about. As far as they were able to see, the Earth was basically a plane. There were mountains and valleys, but people used to think it would average out to be flat. The land itself seemed to go to infinity, and when they travelled and came to water, they assumed the water went to infinity.

That was the great cosmological model. You were living on a flat earth which went off to infinity in all directions, so

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naturally you could only deal with your part of it. Therefore, man started off with certain biases and misconceptions. And I find these old biases are extraordinarily well preserved; our whole educational system memorializes them. So most people don't realize that their immediate environment is a spaceship, because it is only quite recently that they have been able to have experience of the total system, and most of that experience is suppressed in the unconscious by the old flat-world concepts which are still being taught in the schools.

I want to say more about the biases in our educational systems, but first I'd like to get away from those biases and talk a little about our spaceship and how it works.

The first thing to know about Spaceship Earth is that it uses a lot of energy. Our primary source of energy is the sun, but we also receive radiation from the stars, and the International Geophysical Year showed that we are collecting approximately 100,000 tons of star dust daily.

The sun and Earth fly in company at a very convenient distance. If we were farther apart, Earth wouldn't have as much energy to work with; but, if we got too close, the radiation would burn everything up. I say we fly in company because both the sun and Earth continue in fantastic motion within the outer reaches of the Galactic Nebula called "Milkyway." As you and I talk, in one second, we move 17 miles around the Earth. This is fairly good speed; you can't do anything like that in an automobile or airplane yet.

Now, the spaceship loses energy, too. It gives off radiation, as all systems do. However, it receives much more than it gives off. Only a fraction of the incoming radiation gets bounced off by reflection.

Most of the radiation gets impounded, by refraction, in the Van Allen Belt, in all the atmospheric belts, and by the water. We absorb solar energy as heat, and we impound it through the photochemical processes of plants.

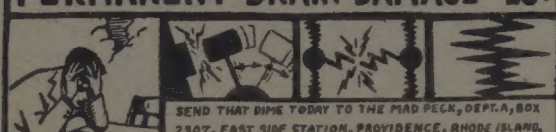
EVO: Flower power!

FULLER: Photosynthesis in plants is where you make beautiful molecular structures. The sun and the stars are quite disorderly; they are losing energies and becoming more diffuse, using more space. This is what we call entropy. But our Spaceship does just the opposite, what I call anti-entropy. Instead of being disorderly, it becomes orderly. Energy randomly lost by the sun becomes impounded and concentrated in molecular patterns.

Spaceship Earth has all sorts of fantastic equipment for processing and reprocessing energy. Man can't take on very much radiation from the sun directly. He can take on enough energy to get pretty warm; sometimes he gets tanned or even burned. But man can't absorb enough energy, directly, to keep him going. In order to survive, he has to have vegetation on his spaceship. Vegetation is designed to bring about a chemical process to actually condense the energy. In order to do that, it has to be water-cooled. If the vegetation is up on the land, it has to have roots in the ground to get that water-cooling. Plants run tons of water out through to the sky. Three quarters of the Earth's surface is water. We have algae in there, and it's water-borne so it's already water-cooled by being there. Algae impounds the energy too. So plants on the land and algae in the water are the only ways we can get enough of that energy. Then we have to regenerate all kinds of life.

coming: Part II - WHY LIFE?

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# THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA:

## PART IV

### THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ILLUSION



By Dr. A. Reza Araseth

Roosevelt found his people in despair and left them with a hope. What was this hope? It was the hope of realization of what had killed Woodrow Wilson—the creation of a world through “peaceful coexistence” in which the ideal of America could manifest itself. Roosevelt’s optimism that this hope could be realized had been absent in Wilson’s time but was brought about by the second world war. Conditions were ripe; Americans had found themselves in the world scene. Their inferiority complex in relation to Europe had disappeared and it was time for action.

Had Roosevelt lived a few more years he would have oriented American potentialities toward this hope; had he gone through another term he would have been able to utilize his optimism, insight and experience to carve a path for the realization of such a hope. But unfortunately he died before even having a chance to give his hope some thought. A man with administrative and social ability but with poor insight into the new conditions took office. In many ways Harry S. Truman undoubtedly looked more like a businessman than a statesman. With all the power and status which businessmen have in the United States it is not possible to match it with statesmanship. What a statesman has is a vision of the whole society and the image of the future to come including the path for achieving it. What a businessman is concerned with is a deal for his life time and the operation of that deal. Such a deal does not usually make the best political situation. In a way Harry Truman was a popular businessman but he was more inclined to accept traditional mechanisms and the reality of his generation than to unveil the hidden reality that the world had gone through since 1945. Furthermore, it was characteristic of Truman and his administration to direct the basic energy of Americans toward material comfort without insight into the qualities of a good life, only one of which is material comfort. Therefore with Roosevelt’s death, or more precisely, with the end of World War II, the United States, both nationally and internationally, reached the peak of a new orientation. At the national level the U.S. was in a position to give a more comprehensive view to life and to utilize all her industrial power and wealth and to prepare people for a healthy and creative pattern, thereby eliminating much of the crime rate, mental disorder,

unhappiness and insecurity. In other words the nation had reached the point where America could re-evaluate herself and elevate the quality of living. Or she could orient the newly available manpower toward greater gain in material goods. The latter course was easier and fitted public expectations. Had Roosevelt lived, I believe, he would have been able to make Americans more conscious of their life goals and would have directed their strivings toward a philosophy of life, for he himself was a good example of the realization of such aims.

For Truman, however, such a course was not easy. It was a task, and international factors, the reorientation of the war industry toward consumer goods and the public promise to give everyone a lion’s share compelled him to accept the routine and the customary way, although what was actually needed was a new initiative.

Not only did the national destiny need a new orientation but the international situation also required a new ideal. At the international level Truman was not capable of initiating a new policy, for his lack of vision of the future of Asia, Africa and the world in general prompted him to accept the usual power politics. Influenced by Churchill, he finally managed to repeat history and put into operation the old doctrine that aggression must be met by aggression, and power must be met with greater power. Yet it is obvious that two men holding unloaded guns and mistrustful of one another are just as afraid of one another as if they held atom bombs in their hands. Insecurity is an emotional matter, as history has recorded for us, and the analysis of an individual’s life has also shown us that security cannot be gained through power. In fact, war and peace are initially related to distorted and mature emotions, respectively.

Thus with the coining of “Iron Curtain” by Churchill at Fulton Missouri, the traditional course was replaced by a new era, where people could line up their own team and compete. Undoubtedly, Churchill was a great British statesman, but whether he was a great man in foreseeing the course of human history in its positive side remains to be analyzed. What Churchill stated at Fulton Missouri agreed with the general philosophy of Americans, because Americans as a group have had to com-

pete with somebody or some idea in order to give meaning to their lives. They have either ignored the object of competition or have had no time to evaluate its worth. As long as there was somebody or some object to compete with they seemed satisfied. I have presented this mechanism in contrast to the mechanism of achievement and that of cooperation, and I do not intend to repeat what I have already said, but it is essential to know that the creation of the Iron Curtain became a potentially dangerous image for competition, fighting, challenge and playing a political game. It was a potential object. It could perhaps pit the United States against the Soviet Union in order to give Britain a rest. Potentially it could prepare the Soviet Union to stand against China and permit the United States and western Europe to relax. It could become symbolic of black and white, wrong and right, good and evil, and create a psychological force for possible war. At the least, it could be expected to prepare people for an invisible enemy, for the Cold War, for an ideological struggle, for the division of the world and of power, and above all for political incitement.

I do not mean to suggest here that after World War II the Soviet Union followed a reasonable course and carried out her international commitments. In fact, she did not. The case of Azerbaijan went to the UN immediately following the end of hostilities; there were also the events in East Europe, Greece, Czechoslovakia, and on the other hand, the division of the political world as Churchill envisioned it and Truman concurred did not benefit any nation, especially the U.S. The holocaust of the war had already proven that it is not social systems which make war but men's characters. It also demonstrated that the world had arrived at a new state, which required either a flexible system or no-system, preferably an eclectic system. Truman's immediate need and his election did not leave him for developing this deeper layer of human history. His action is the ready acceptance of two world blocks and his lack of insight into the course of China, India, and the smaller nations adversely affected the American people and caused considerable harm to his own party. It convinced people that the world was once more divided, that America was instinctively right and what they had achieved was best for the rest of the world too. In other words, it created an illusion. It was the creation of this illusion which directed people's minds toward the heroes of the war. It was also the creation of this illusion which deprived people from seeing the truth in Adlai Stevenson and led them to vote for Eisenhower in 1952.

By 1950 Truman had actually dug his own grave in part by putting the nation in a situation where an imaginary enemy existed. The hope and ideals of Roosevelt, and the sacrifices of war lost their impact and a traditionally European way was created in the power politics of the U.S. The Korean war made this illusion a reality and people were no longer psychologically motivated to spend their energy and thought toward the creation of a world in which every nation would live in peace and resolve its differences in a truly international organization. In fact, the principle upon which the United Nations was founded also stressed a divisionary world. These two realities and the failure to recognize the third socio-national movement that was taking place in the world made the illusion that Truman had initiated a way of thinking. Stevenson lost the campaign because of this illusion. Had he run immediately after Roosevelt's death or even in 1948 he would have had a better chance of victory. In fact a real chance, because an evaluation of Stevenson's insight into the world and into American ideals was convincing enough for any reasonable man to realize that he was the spirit of the coming age. He was a truly great American whose potentialities were wasted, in part, by his fellow countrymen and in part by himself, when he had to uphold policies which he himself did not believe in.

Returning to the subject at hand, I believe that by 1952 Truman's administration had unconsciously created a psychological illusion which was nourished by a number of Congressmen. The course of the United States thus became the utilization of the awakening world for further economic expansion which, in turn, required a favorable political and social climate. Such a goal can be justified if we remind ourselves that the U.S. in its history has had no other outlet except to first expand geographically, then utilize the natural resources for the development of a gigantic economy.

Both these trends came to an end by the end of the second World War. Therefore the one remaining solution was to expand in some way beyond the ocean. But this expansion was not so easy. America was not as free in the world as in the Continent. There were many obstacles—the inability to realize cultural factors, diverse values and the interests of foreign people, as well as poor knowledge of the history and language of other people, and primarily the internal movements of emerging nations.

Eisenhower's administration with Dulles as Secretary of State fostered the illusion that the philosophy of democracy and free enterprise was implicitly good and Communist doctrine equally wrong. It was assumed that the democratic system works in every country. The "other" nations were judged as poverty-stricken because they were neither utilitarian nor were they blessed with a free system. This period was also marked by the feeling that Americans had a mission for the world and were

responsible for keeping nations away from their course of history.

There is no doubt that widespread Communist tendencies and the unsettled condition of the world increased American concern for its security, but a kind of paranoia took the place of a realistic appraisal. The illusion was furthered by the tendency of Americans to measure themselves according to public opinion rather than to what is right, honest and potentially correct. Flattery and false pride became more important than knowing the truth and increased the intensity of the illusion. The more Americans became drawn into this illusion, the more they had to put their trust in power. The more powerful the federal government had become, the greater had become the thirst for power, until today 40 per cent of the budget is officially designated for the military. The demand for further economic expansion without a sound basis furthered the accumulation of power.

Thus illusion was heaped on illusion. A brief analysis of what the United States had achieved in the world may expose the fallacies of the illusion.

The post war era preceding Eisenhower can be considered a period of mounting social illusion. What had come to be illusion became a reality during the Eisenhower administration. Eisenhower was a military hero and a good natured man, but he must also be judged on whether he was a good, or even a satisfactory president. Undoubtedly, Dulles had great experience in finance and law, but was he realistic in world affairs, and well trained for his job. When I say "realistic" I do not mean from the standpoint of the recipient countries abroad but realistic in terms of what would benefit the U.S.

Eisenhower, during his administration, became a figure head with military experience. He brought to the White House centralization and hierarchy of communication in a country which primarily believed in decentralization in administrative affairs. Gradually his optimism became a pretense and there were times when he became angry upon discovering that his subordinates were taking advantage of his good nature.

The first offspring of this growing illusion of the Truman administration was the Korean War, and perhaps Eisenhower's one constructive effort was to end the war. Internally the illusion had influenced public opinion and had exaggerated the activities of the so-called American Communists. It led to a restriction of free expression and the sanctioning of McCarthyism. The security and happiness of many people were affected and no real problems were solved, except perhaps McCarthy's premature death.

Not only did McCarthyism affect the every-day life of many Americans but more important, as the bitter fruit of an illusion, it disrupted the social security of the American society. A society can permit opposition only if it is rooted in security. Unlike many other nations, the U.S. has tolerated demonstrators, strikers, marchers and has even permitted elements like the Nazis and Birchites to operate, but the growing illusion including McCarthyism weakened this inalienable national right and basis of American democracy, until it became a hidden national unconsciousness. People became frightened and lost their courage.

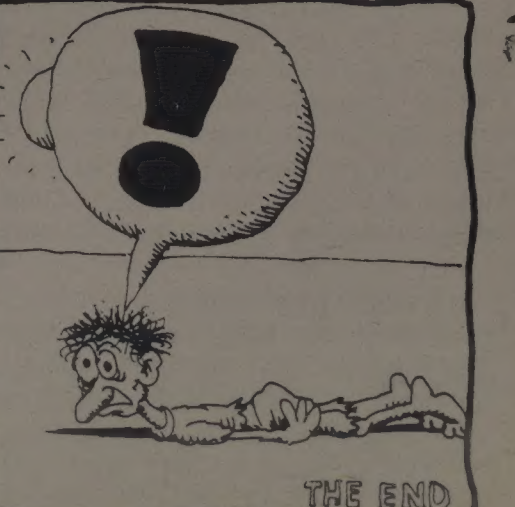
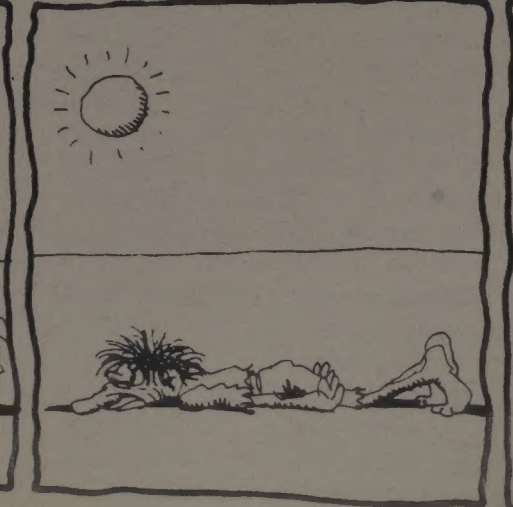
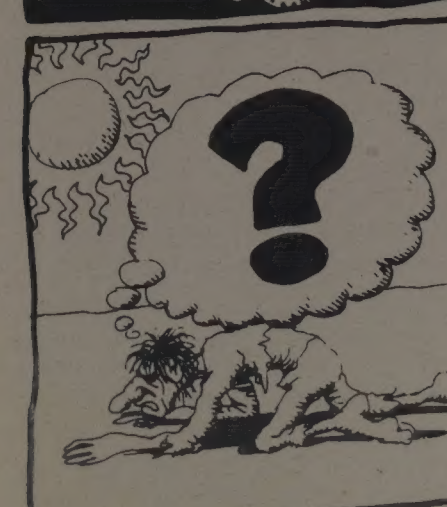
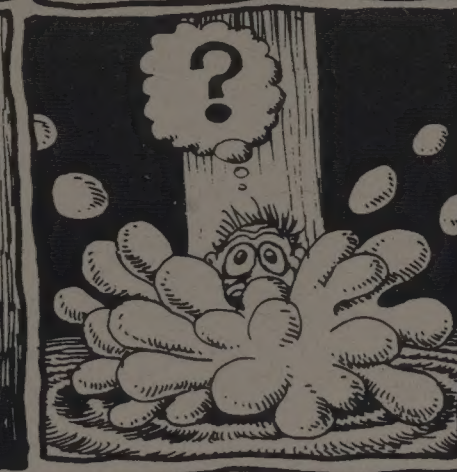
A further outcome of this illusion—the American way is the only way and America is responsible for the course of change in the world—appeared in the CIA activities in various parts of the world. It is ironical and disheartening that a nation whose very existence was founded in the principle of democracy, a nation which preaches democracy, and has had very little of its faith in democracy shaken, should spend all its energy, wealth and time in outlawing and curtailing democracy and freedom abroad.

At no time was this more evident than in the period of 1948 to 1960. There is the case of Iran which not only tried to become free of foreign influence but to adopt a democratic way suited to her problem. But Iran's leaders were branded Communists, as in the case of a conservative liberal like Mossadeq, whose speeches, life history, political acts, were all directed toward freeing his country from foreign domination so that the nation might make decisions freely. His belief in a constitutional monarchy never wavered and he fully believed in the reign of royalty. Yet when he refused to compromise on the oil question, the U.S. staged a series of maneuvers to overthrow him (Nation, July 1960).

Sukarno's guidance of democracy in his own way, Nasser's acceptance of Soviet aid and Tito's efforts to make his own decisions were not acceptable to Dulles' unrealistic policies. These mistakes, I believe, arose from a strong belief in this illusion, a rigid attitude of superiority toward others, as well as a conviction that others need the U.S. and therefore they should unquestioningly follow what she dictates.

Likewise, nations like Turkey, who protested but nevertheless accepted the American terms, forsook democracy for dictatorship. Or in the extreme case of South Vietnam whose Prime Minister was apparently assassinated by his own followers. The pinnacle of this illusionary feeling has been a non-reconciliatory policy toward China and her role in Vietnam. China, with a population of 700 million, could have become America's greatest market and eventually a greater friend than the Soviet Union but the distorted illusion led to a suspension of all trade and communication thereby creating a potentially explosive state of affairs. In order for one to realize the nature of this

# IF AND ONLY IF



THE END

# UNDERGROUND PRESS ADDRESS



On Friday, October 20th, a newspaper conference was held in Washington, D.C., between the Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate.

Three hundred representatives attended, 125 college newspapers and 60 underground newspapers, to merge into one press movement. The following documents

are from speeches made by Allan Katzman and Walter Bowart, editor and publisher of The East Village Other.

We have come together today in the midst of turmoil and discontent. This country, which fought for the great freedoms we now enjoy, and taught the lesson of democracy to a once-impoverished world, has erred greatly. It now finds itself split into two camps, two lifestyles, each testing whether their particular belief will prevail. Once again, History has a knife at our throats, pushing us towards the inevitable in the name of peace and love.

The reason for our being here today is to find a purpose among all this confusion and to define our goals. We here, all of us, belong to a party that does not yet exist: Civilization. The big baby boom in the years right after World War II produced a great cohort of citizens who go marching through the years, setting the style for this new world.

By 1968, the average age of the world voter will be 27, and the average age of our presidents, prime ministers and other heads of states will still be in the early sixties. Nothing has, as yet, been done to civilize the world. But the truth is that today's youth can never be so foolish as to uphold the laws of destruction and devastation. It is not their style.

Rather, they are more concerned with civil rights, the war in Viet Nam and poverty. Their involvement is with protecting the freedom of privacy from an encroaching totalitarian technocracy; doing away with the barbaric institutions of war; and freeing half the world from the chains of poverty and starvation.

Everywhere, and especially in America, there is a cultural evolution taking place: an evolution that will sweep Johnson and his ilk, the gray-haired myth of the masters, into the garbage heap of obsolescence. Wisdom and time is now on the side of the young.

It is the primary purpose of this meeting to pass along this vital information and to convince the young people of America and the world that they are not crazy or alone; that they are wiser than their elders, who persist on a political and economic path which can only lead to total destruction.

But we must act now, before it is too late. In many cities, newspapers, radio, and TV stations are already owned by the same management. More and more, the control of public media has been centralized. In Norfolk, Virginia, the morning paper, the evening paper, a leading radio station and TV station are in the hands of the same interest. In a city like San Francisco, a number of newspapers have been sold to monopolistic holdings. New York, which once boasted six dailies, now has only three. The Federal government, a very wealthy organization, spends millions of dollars each year through its American Advertising Council, an official government propaganda machine, to bring the Word to the public. The Johnsons themselves own several public communication companies, and the F.C.C. requires all radio and TV to donate free time to public service messages such as "JOIN THE ARMY" and "BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS."

"The media is the message" is an apt summation of: whoever controls the communications system of this country, controls the American consciousness. And the oligarchic squeeze is on. Information passed through the hands of I.B.M. executives and corporate structures is distilled news, devoid of morality. The need for the passing of spiritual information has become a must.

These are the things we must take into account, before we set up any organization. And we must realize, above everything else, that we are there, standing

prey of all, to the tyranny of our own words. To quote poet Tuli Kupferberg:

Today nothing really bad happened

There were no explosions  
No mass suicides  
No one was raped...carted off howling  
to a madhouse...

There was no plane wreck, train wreck,  
auto accident  
or any other even middle rank catastrophe  
&

Oh yes

Seven newspapers failed.

A. Katzman

On the eve of this great mass demonstration, we have come together to discuss a merger of hundreds of small newspapers and publications written by and for people who represent the driving power behind the future.

I am told that the editors present here today represent more than 15 million young readers. 15 million people who have yet to exercise one iota of the social, economic, and political majority they possess, for, as you know, 51% of the population of this country is younger than 27 years of age. That's a lot of frustrated energy.

It has been pointed out by many social scientists that there are three basic channels for mass movement. That's a little like saying, "Water runs in rivers, lakes, and oceans."

The social scientists say, and I believe them, that man first expresses a change in his environment and psyche through a social movement. The civil rights movement was just such a social attempt. Its motto was "We shall overcome." It did not say what it would overcome, and it did not say when.

Continued on PAGE 12.



By Walter Bowart

"All of life is a game. We are exaggerating it through makeup and costumes. It's a game of Indians and Soldiers," Timothy Leary said on the NBC news following the coverage of the Pentagon Exorcism, which the T.V. newsmen interpreted as just another demonstration.

Leary was talking about the movie he was making at Millbrook, but he was clearly making comment on the events of our most recent history, in which the actors in this all-too-obvious morality play have names like Robert Strange McNamara and General Westmoreland.

We sat around the television set, exhausted, watching our prayers and ritual actions interpreted, filtered, and fed into the collective unconsciousness of American laziness. The evening news told of our action, and dwelt on the violence perpetrated by the few.

The fat, the ignorant, and the old marched in New York. The people who felt strongest support for "our boys" dying in the unholy war showed their support by pushing a button, this time the one to the light switch of their automobile. Later we noticed, traveling back to New York, that the cars with their lights on were mostly new American Dread Boats.

Our objective that day had been to draw a ring around the Pentagon. One year ago, at the Underground Press Conference in California, a Shoshone roadman told us that the Pentagon was an evil device which, to be exorcised, must be encircled. He suggested that late October would be a good time.

Our first thought was to circle it with people. Others wanted to get inside, block

the doors, and generally raise hell, but we sought only to circle the Pentagon.

As the soldiers erected emergency cyclone fences, we thought that the sorcerers had spotted the intent of our plan. It seemed that the Pentagon was extremely uptight, for it was the first time since 1932 that the Army was used against a civilian population under peaceful conditions. They did, after all, believe in magic.

There has long been a rumor that somewhere in the bowels of the world's largest building, owned by the world's largest landlord, dwell evil master magicians and sorcerers who are kept busy day and night, writing rhetoric and symbolism used on dollar bills, presidential inaugurations and funerals.

Guarding against the precaution of being outflanked, we put Alternate Plan A into effect, calling upon the Underground Airforce (one commanche aircraft with its numbers painted out) we had arranged to circle the Pentagon at an altitude of several hundred feet, scattering 20,000 blue, yellow, and magenta flowers donated by the Electric Circus.

By twelve o'clock on the twenty-first, the Tao carried us on the road to Dulles Airport, to deliver the flowers and our blessings to the courageous pilot who had spoken to us only by phone, saying that he did not wish to be identified as it would cost him his pilot's license.

Immediately upon arriving at the airport, we sensed something strange. There was little or no activity on the floor of the large, modern building. As we stood by the coffee bar, we noticed a tall, thin man with a military haircut and strange,

repressed smile, wearing institutional gray shirt and pants, trying to take our picture while pretending he wasn't. We started playing games with him, moving around the spacious airport.

We thought that he wanted to talk to us, so we sat down in a narrow spot with dim light, and waited for him to walk away.

"Gee, you sure are colorful people, fellahs. What do you represent?"

We answered, "The United States of America, Love, Peace, and Brotherhood."

"Gee," he said, "That's very Christian."

"Maybe that's because we ARE Christian."

"Oh. Would you mind if I took your picture?" he asked.

"Certainly not," we replied, sitting deeper into our chairs, I pulling my hat nearly over my eyes.

He snapped the shutter twice, and then asked us to step over into the light and asked if I would please take off my hat. We said that we would not do that, and he thanked us and left, repressing an evil leer.

Soon we noticed a pocked fat man with sunglass adapters flipped up like long eyelashes over his thick glasses. He paraded past us several times, his belly sticking out in his brown double-breasted suit, looking much like a director of a human experimental laboratory.

Then E.L. Schaeffer, Director F.A.A. (the plastic badge on the uniformed figure said) walked by, eyeing us.

The waiting room tension filled with our laughter. They had at least three

Continued on PAGE 16

## EXPERIENCE OF AN ILLUSION

Continued from PAGE 9

illusion, we must compare Britain policy toward China with that of the U.S. Although Britain still has considerable differences with China, she has carried on an active trade totaling millions of dollars a year. Consequently, she has not alienated herself from the political situation in China nor has she had to spend money to pursue psychological warfare. Whether the U.S. deviates from reality, or China deviates from the U.S. pattern of reality makes no difference, it has only increased the difficulty of resolving their differences. The illusion became so strongly established that even today the American policy supports the belief that Chang Kai-shek will one day invade the mainland and achieve victory. If we seek a measure of the extent of the illusion, this one pretentious claim is enough.

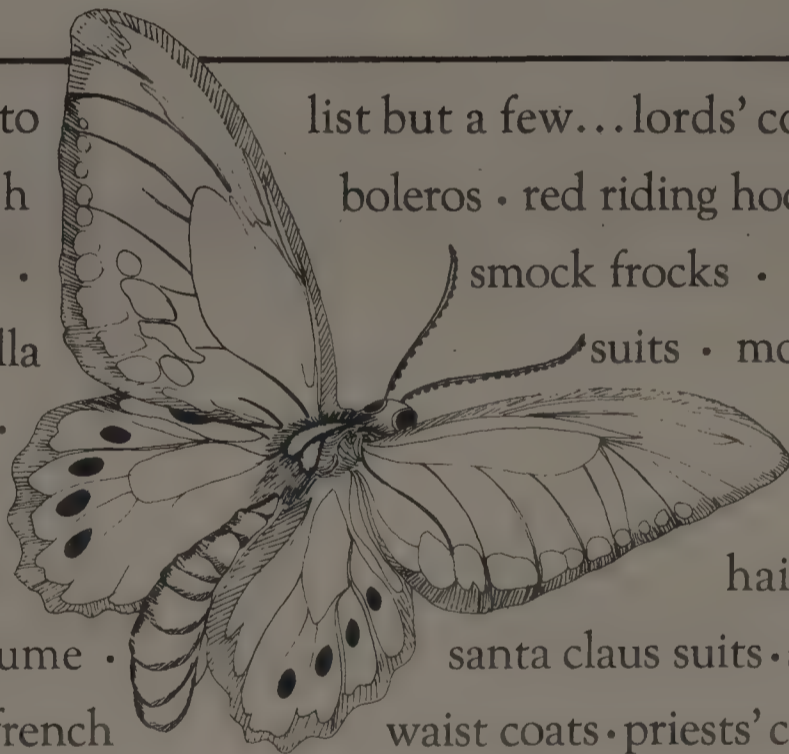
There are some experts who insist that the U.S. had to follow this course to keep her own economy operating. I believe, however, that with a realistic approach to the origin and goals of development in the world it is possible to solve any economic problem. It is only an illusion which makes such solutions difficult and creates further problems. It is true that American economy needs a new boost in some direction but it is not the economy which creates problems but man and his psychological make-up. If Americans have not been able to analyze these trends it is due to the pressure of the illusion which permeates all thinking.

Some experts have thought that by expanding free enterprise abroad, the national economy will prosper somewhat. This may be true, in part, but as long as it is tied to American policies it will always be subject to insecurity and in the recipient nation constitute a possible motive for bitter feelings, riots and possible overthrow of the government, as in the Dominican Republic. On the other hand, if business agreement can be reached whereby both parties are free to make decisions, the agreement will survive and become strengthened in time.

However, the illusion which grew out of the post war period postponed such a possibility. It has only been on rare occasions that two private firms have disregarded political policies for a man-to-man relationship which has been a continuing one. The illusion of political choice sought to stimulate people to become either Communist or pro-American as long as they could continue to get money or at best become aware of the international situation and to manipulate events at the right time. It is of great importance to realize that the cultural contact of Americans with other peoples have contributed to their awareness. I shall discuss this positive factor in the next section.

It is important here to return to the point that the project which developed out of political affiliation demanded military agreements, and the people of emerging nations did not always approve of such measures, because a nation which is directed toward social improvement, cannot also concern herself with the arms race. Furthermore, it has now become evident that such an arms race lessens rather than increases the security of a small nation. Military dealings have also blocked communication between Americans and the people of emerging nations. As a result of this obstacle the American government has had to work with any kind of people in power, deviate from its declared principles and secretly accept the use of the double thought and double talk in life. It is not possible to be impartial, that is, to be both democratic and undemocratic, without being influenced one way or the other. The outcome of these activities prompted by immediate demands produced a feedback which influenced the attitude of the American people. I believe American behavior abroad has damaged American people in the States more than it has affected the people abroad. It is obvious that what one does in one place will sooner or later affect the individual himself. In the next chapter I shall explain the influence of Asian and European events on American society. Here it is essential to know that illusionary actions abroad have had a negative reaction at home. It might be paraphrased as: "The 'Ugly Americans' abroad have awakened the good Americans at home."

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gowns · kings' crowns · witch's costume ·  
· pilgrim clothes · quaker clothes · french  
· knickerbockers · assyrian costume · historical band jackets · roaring 20 minnies · uncle sam  
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uniforms · vaudeville costumes · dutch costumes · spanish bell bottoms · theatrical make up ·  
hundreds of hats · thousands of buttons · trimmings · ribbons · beads · bells · heads · trunks &  
boxes we haven't opened yet.



list but a few... lords' coats · king robes ·  
boleros · red riding hood capes · peasant  
smock frocks · mandarin coats ·  
suits · monkey suits · bear  
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# transformations

upstairs at 121 second avenue between  
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JUST REMINDS ONE THAT ON GOOD DAYS YOU CAN SEE



THE WHOLE UNIVERSE CLEARLY UNFOLDING BEFORE YOU

WIFE  
OUT  
POVERTY

NOT  
PEOPLE!

MINISTS,  
SHOMUNISTS  
'S STILL  
ARDE



# KEY STONE COPS

Continued from PAGE 5

jail, rather than sign a promise that he won't return to the Pentagon when released; and I'm thinking how incredibly mind-blowing it is to be with all these wildly different people who care what it's like to be North Vietnamese and get your skin seared off by fire from the sky.

Nobody was charged until Sunday, so we didn't know how long we'd stay; consequently, there was a big rush on the library — which consisted mainly of dog-eared paperbacks such as Betty Cavanna's ACCENT ON APRIL ("charming Kathy McCall comes through a hectic year with flying colors"), F.A. Forbes' SAINT JOHN BOSCO: THE FRIEND OF YOUTH ("when asked about the secret of his success with boys, he simply answered 'love...'",) and Ann Hure's THE TWO NUNS — A Brilliant Novel of the Spirit, The Flesh, and Mother Church ("includes many of the elements that made A NUN'S STORY so controversial" — Best Sellers).

Some news of the protest filtered in with new prisoners and, by far, the most exciting was a report that three soldiers had dropped their arms to join the resisters. It came back in a rush: IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, ANYWAY, THAT COUNTS; IT'S WHAT YOU DO. At the next day's rapid 'trials,' some people insisted on pleading 'not guilty,' and were largely rewarded by being returned to their cells; those who gave in to expediency and tolerance, like me, pleaded NOLO CONTENDERE and got off with the punishment of having to pay \$25 to the most murderous government of our time. 'Speeches' (i.e., expressions of sentiment), we were told, would not be tolerated in the 'courtroom,' and Norman Mailer's insistence won him a guarantee of five days' sentence.

The trouble was that Mailer's speech all had something to do with his wife's being a Catholic, and how much he loved her anyway. Zany.



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# LOGISTICS OF FLOWER POWER

Continued from PAGE 12

special agents on us. It was costing the political gangsters plenty of dough to play with us, added to all that spent moving the troops, cleaning up, and fortifying, if pulled four times a year, could cost the federal government plenty to protect its image from absurdity.

A small despair leaped in us as we thought that we might have failed in circling the Pentagon. To lighten the heavy moments, we bought the local newspapers and found, to our great delight, the headlines singing "TROOPS RING PENTAGON." They had played right into our hands. We did not have to ring the Pentagon ourselves, for they had done it for us; and it made little difference who occupied the bodies, so long as the circle was drawn.

After waiting for our pilot for more than two hours, we headed back to the Pentagon with the flowers, but just before walking out of the door, we were called over to a counter where a clerk told us that the pilot did not think he could make it today.

While on our way to the march, the blue commanche circled over the Pentagon waving his wings, and our people thought the flowers would come cascading forth any second, but were not disappointed in finding that they didn't. The pilot had accomplished the primary element of the ritual.

Taking as many flowers as we could carry, we marched to the front. The rest of the flowers were given to the people and many found their way to the barrels of the M-16s held by the young, fuzzy-faced MPs.

Upon arriving at the steps, we were confronted by two ranks of soldiers aiming their empty rifles at us. We greeted them with a volley of flowers, which literally shook them. Then we addressed the troops, as the girls threw kisses, "Christ is alive in man. The body of Christ is mankind. Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Many in the crowd were angry and foolish. Rather than lecturing their captive audience of soldiers, they shouted obscenities and chanted militantly.

The effect of our creativity and joy showed later that day, when more than one soldier was arrested by the Army for throwing down his gun and stripping off his insignia. These were the day's heroes.

Looking into their young faces, it was surprising to see the deadness of their expression. Then remembering how young the army gets these soft minds, and how effective is the indoctrination of the ancient war college. It was equally surprising to see, for an instant, a flicker behind the eyes, a moment of recognition from a strait-jacketed, weapon-aiming youngster.

The Pentagon had been exorcised, the magic circle drawn. For the time being, there was nothing more for us to do than to wait and watch the effects of our magic manifest itself in the events of the world; hopefully, in the discovery of the American people of the hypocrisy and brutality which lies within the guarded walls of their government.

We returned, that weary evening, to sleeping bags on concrete floors, thinking of the unity the day had built among us. With the V sign of recognition, we watched the television give the government's gross underestimation of the attendance, which was surely larger than the April 15th Mobilization in New York, and saw American blood spilled once again by American hands on October 21, 1967, the Day of The Great Morality Play.

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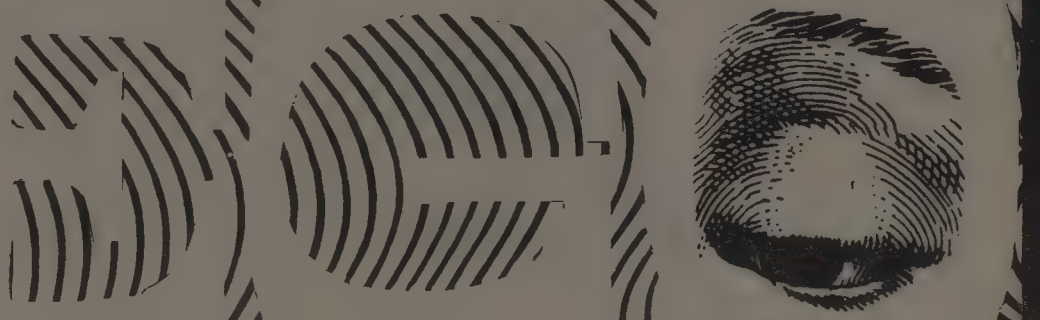
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# Review of the Arts



Interesting account of things at the Wilson stronghold in the first issue of Cheetah magazine (Mama Cass's ass in the fold-out, tattooed).

When the Left Banke was on tour with the Beach Boys a while back, they told me about recording Vegetables (celery for the rhythm section; chomp, chomp), and I believed them, and later felt I was a chump to fall for such an outrageous put-on. But there it is, on the album.

Groovy scenes at the last Tompkins Square Park sing-out-smoke-in. P.R.'s and hippies passing the smoke and enjoying a common bond in broken English and/or high school/Tijuana Spanish. The spades exhibiting their demonstrative thing. Everybody kneeling and digging the sounds and the smoke. Hugh Romney thanking everybody for playing with him. Music demonstrating how it is that one does not ask for participation, but simply offers it. Words and hand-clapping are one thing, but good music is another. Unfortunately, bad music is just as strong as good, and a lot of people were pushed out of the park as if by spears in their ears, by some fragmented and imitative and uninspired and unnecessary sounds. Bad vibrations, also, with the theft of two guitars belonging to the Children of Paradise. And when the official schmuck turned off the electricity on the dot, before the Group Image came on. But all in all in all, 'twas a fine night to be in the park.

Donovan on the Coast, has two albums' worth of tapes. Negotiating for an appearance in New York in late October.

Dino Valente practicing in San Francisco with some members of the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Will have started recording by the time this is printed.

Amazing record: Malachi: Holy Sounds: Trident/Productions: Verve Records: liner notes (inside) by some anthropologist, plus comment from Allen Ginsberg. Produced in San Francisco, August 17th, 1966. Too bad there's such a culture lag between New York and San Francisco. This record is indeed Holy. Put it on and get stoned with a friend and see what happens.

Eric Burdon is hereby nominated for the ASSHOLE OF THE YEAR award. San Franciscan nights is somewhat heavy-handed, all right. He could maybe be forgiven for that because the poor boy is merely British. Though that's really no excuse. Being British hasn't deterred some people from relaxing their minds and grooving. Eric Burdon and his animals come on like Catholic converts, or some kid from north Philly who just had his chart done. Don't buy the album with the words on the cover, cause all there is is words inside. The band, after San Franciscan nights, turns the record player off, all by itself.

The shit is liable to hit the fan, some time in the near future. Words about head gaps between managers and performers. How many really big names in rock and roll are into diggers and communal music and "let's use the money to do something good," and their managers and agents and booking agencies shield them, keep them, lie to them, lie to others...go, in fact, to criminal lengths, to make sure their precious youthful commodities do not link themselves with anything that may damage their reputations. The Mamas and the Papas say what they want between the lines. But how many really big people get told: You can't put that on the album. You crazy? How many songs get censored by fear and Ed Sullivan.

## Pop, Rock & Jelly

By Emmett Lake



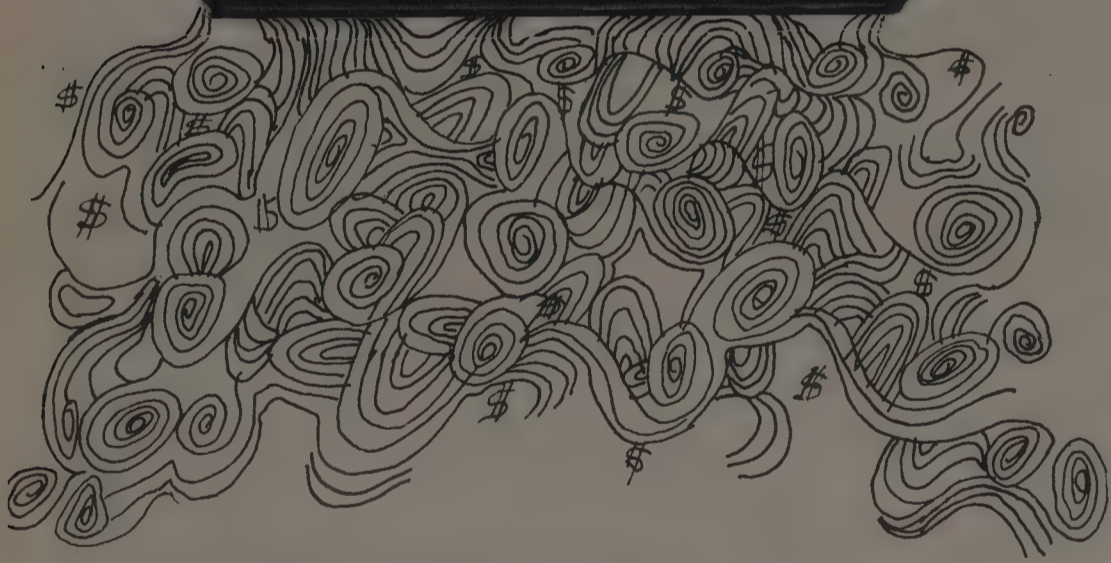
# THEATRE

By Allan C. Edmands



Burton Snyder's message about the frustration of the artist in a world which demands his responsibility-as-a-productive member of-the-economy is effectively and persuasively presented in his one-acter *The Painter* which played at the Playbox Studio (94 St. Marks Place) last week. The effectiveness (and hilarity) of this drama was accomplished by the use of a narrator who announced all the stage directions (including mood changes) of the two actors who totally disregard them. This narrator Sylvienne Strauss read the prompter's clip-board with bored glassy-eyed montony, the same I have seen her use in two Birimisa plays — this is the drone of the housewife explaining the virutes of a laundry detergent in a T V commercial, she does it extremely well and this may become her acting type. This understating, undertoning, and underacting of James Jennings (the Painter) and Lila Teigh ( the Mother) slam this play into our faces inescapably. Sociological Explanations however, are so much garbage; psychoanalytic penetration and character study smacks of academic literature classes and pseudi-intellectual tete-a-tetes. What is important is the dilemma of the artist against the technocracy, and what makes this pertinence effective is the occasional entrapment of the audience in the middle of the trashy playing area. The production is funny in a sardonic way. Snyder's other one acter *IF YOU WERE ONLY RICH, HARRY* is a perplexing, confusing dialouge of two pscypaths — a sarcastic priest and an alienated Jew who wants to convert; it is a well acted piece of little relevance.

Thresholds Inc. (23 East 20th Street) realizes its present off-off-Broadway mission in the airing of the "New Theatre of Europe." They are now presenting works of Slawonir Mrozek (Poland) and Tankred Dorst (Germany). Mrozek's *OUT AT SEA* is a "comedic fable": Rub-adub-dine/ In the middle of the brine/ Three men on a raft/ and the audience laughed...(Ungrit your teeth; my doggerel is done). A fat man, a medium man and a thin man have an all important mid-ocean decision to make: two must be diners and the other the dinner. All modern conceptions of justice, self-sacrifice "for the good of the Social Contract," and politics (from dictatorship to electioneering cancus democracy) are examined on the raft a microcosmic ship of state. The genre varies from slapstick to a dark intospection of paranoid Mr. Thin. The production makes no pretensions; it is simple and funny. Dorst's *FREEDOM FOR CLEMENS* is a study of ecology; how Clemens adapts himself to his new prison enviornment. At the end he enjoys the security of his cage, and he has fit into the structure. I found the symbolism (Social misfit) failing to relate on his own terms ultimately surrendering to his pigeonhole) heavy and cumbersome, but I may have been taking it all too seriously. The "New Theatre of Europe" has generally succeeded in relevant commentary on the disintegrating community of Souls without abstract polemic; That which has been rendered to our shores via the translators has usually been important theatre: empathetic (and entertaining) presentations with community importance. It depresses me how many obstacles American theatre must overcome.





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# SQUARE CORNER TURNED

Michael Stephan Lattman is a reporter from the St. Louis Dispatch, supposedly the mid-west's most liberal newspaper, who came to Washington, D.C. both as an observer and "respectable protester," and came out of it, as he states it, "a changed man."

Something beautiful happened to a square on the mall of the Pentagon. That square was I, a liberal, who confined himself to signing petitions to voice his opposition to the war. I was a "respectable" protester, who planned to listen to the speeches and spend the evening dining with my establishment friends in Washington. I left the capitol Sunday, no longer a Saturday afternoon picnic marcher, but a human being dedicated to the peace movement at any cost. As Harry Golden said, "Only in America," and I have a very American story to tell.

As an alumnus of the University of Missouri, I marched to the Pentagon with people from my alma mater. No one knew that we would leave the Pentagon at 6 A.M. the next morning. As we milled around the mall, M.P.s would make sporadic charges at the marchers. In one instance, their violence tended to dissipate when a hippie placed a flower in the barrel of a M.P.'s rifle. Much of this activity seemed to be a give and take between the troops and the quasi-militarists among the peace marchers, but all this would be forgotten, because soon the siege would begin.

By midnight, the cold was felt by those in the front lines on the mall. These freezing people were called hard-core demonstrators by the press. That term would be more aptly applied to the Japanese

Zengakuren than to the Pentagon marchers. I call them hard-core human beings. I told myself that I was shaking not from fear, but from cold. I suppose that it was a combination of both. Our fears of violence became a reality shortly after midnight. The paratroopers, who seemed to have less of a stomach for facing us than the M.P.s had had, were pushed by the U.S. marshalls into the crowd. One paratrooper was knocked to the ground by a marshall. This was the beginning of much terror and much beauty.

We were approached by marshalls, whose faces were contorted with hate. People who had known each other for five minutes behaved like comrades who had been through many battles together. I found myself locked in an embrace with a college girl whose name I did not know. I saw a teen-age girl being dragged around by her hair. I heard a marshall yell, "get them niggers and Jews." The paratrooper nearest to him was a Negro. I shall never forget the gigantic shadows against the wall of the Pentagon, created by a floodlight focused upon the soldiers. These shadows made me feel like a molecule of history. I had now died at Buchenwald, and my child had been napalmed. No real anachronism. History had been unified. As we were being beaten, we were singing "America the Beautiful." I was spiritually and physically linked to beautiful Americans.

After spending a freezing night huddled around campfires, we began our march to the White House. We shouted anti-war slogans from the park across the street from Lyndon's pad. The Washington police charged toward us, their clubs flailing away. A few of us were beaten, and one was arrested. This attack had not been provoked. It was an act of sadism. Later in the day, while sightseeing at the Capitol building, I and two friends were told by a policeman to remove our anti-war buttons. We wore the buttons in the National Gallery. We couldn't be near the paintings of our brothers Picasso and Diego Rivera without them.

I will have to live with the memory of people carrying flowers and espousing love being battered by the forces of a society drunk with its own power. At least I have one triumph: that of bearing

witness to what I believe to be right. In fifty years, when my guilt-ridden grandchildren ask me where I was when our nation was murdering Vietnamese, I can say proudly that I was at the Pentagon the day that a flower seemed to spring from the barrel of a rifle.

Michael Stephan Lattman

It's all done in a language so down American, Jason emerges familiar archetype in the hip hotel rooms of the decades.

Allen Ginsberg

Some will find him groovy, others may prescribe vegetotherapy or LSD.

James Stroller, Village Voice

Jason, with his unutterably poignant recollection of skipping rope as a child while his gambler father watched disgustedly, is no more insane than the American Skyraider pilot in "Mills of the Gods" who chortled with delight - "Look at it burn! Look at it burn!"

Joseph Morgenstern, Newsweek

Shirley Clarke's  
**portrait of jason**

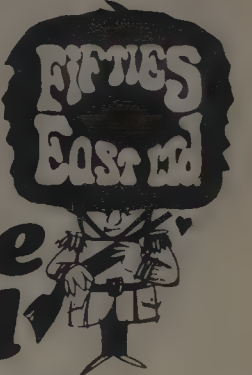
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# soldiers defect to pentagon marchers

By Marshall Bloom



At least two, and perhaps three, American military men in the line of troops at the Pentagon, took off their helmets, laid down their guns, and joined the demonstrators sitting-in on the Pentagon steps.

The fate of the defectors is unknown, since the Pentagon denies their existence. "There were no defectors. We have no AWOLs. No one is missing," stated a Defense Department press spokesman.

One of the defectors, responding to the demonstrators' appeal to "Join Us! Join Us! Join Us!" was quickly apprehended by MPs and marshalls, passed through the military line, and disappeared into a sea of helmets, moments before the paddy wagon was seen to drive off.

The Defense Department cannot create a non-event, however, even if every defector was apprehended. The recollection of witnesses is too vivid.

A witness to one defection, Denise Oliver, of Hollis, New York, stated:

"Suddenly, one MP put down his gun and leaped into the crowd, and was absorbed immediately.

"He was given clothing and a hat, to disguise him from the people who were searching for him with floodlights," she added.

"He was completely hidden from view, and I don't know what happened to him afterwards."

Rob Zanger, a student at C.C.N.Y., a witness to a different defection at a different part of the line, stated:

"I was sitting in the front line in the center mall. Right next to me was a line of MPs. We heard a shout. I stood up, and I saw a cat running towards us from the first line of paratroopers. I saw a helmet and rifle on the ground.

"Just before he reached us, he was grabbed on his side and back by U.S. marshalls, and from the front was prevented from joining us by MPs."

Zanger, Mike Spiegel of the SDS National Office in Chicago, Mike Barton, editor of the Boston College Heights, and this reporter witnessed a helmetless soldier being marched to the paddy wagon behind the troops' front line. Each of the latter three happened to be standing on a raised platform at the time.

This last scene followed immediately upon the announcement by Rick Smith, using the bullhorn, that there had been two defectors.

A few minutes later, he announced that there was a third, but there are no witnesses yet whose testimony clearly concerns a third defector.

From the demonstrators' point of view, the effectiveness of this campaign was made dramatically clear — beyond all expectations — by the defections. Upon Smith's announcement, the crowd broke into ecstatic applause and cheering, and a thunderous singing of "Join Us! Join Us! Join Us!"

But the impact of the demonstrators was seen in quiet, less definite ways. Attempts were continually made to talk to the soldiers.

Alexander Wilkinson, of St. Paul, Minnesota, witnessed the following scene after the announcement of the defectors:

"A girl who was sitting directly in front of me stood up and approached an MP. Assuring the soldier that she intended no harm, she kissed the fingers of her hand, then touched the fingers to the soldier's cheek. As soon as she did this, at least four MPs, who were standing near the one who had been kissed, grabbed the girl and dragged her forcibly across the line. She was surrounded by soldiers, who handled her with extreme and unnecessary roughness as they dragged her off to the paddy wagon. The kissed MP was overheard whispering to his fellow soldiers that 'she only kissed me.'"

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# PRESSADDRESS

Continued from PAGE 11

Our social scientists warn that if a social movement is contained (by a fear-ridden status quo) the bursting psyche mushrooms and finds expression through a political movement. The new left was such a political movement. Its motto might have been "We shall overthrow." That's been going on for years, but the great marshmallow has a way of absorbing everything, including leftist labor unions.

If, in turn, the political MOVEMENT is contained (often by police tactics and assassinations) it will brew and develop into a moral or religious movement. The Freemen here might represent just such a movement. Their motto might be "We shall overcome ourselves."

We have come here to Washington, the capital of our political country, to transcend politics. We have brought with us, to this political capital, a magic ritual, the exorcism of the Pentagon. We have come together today to, in effect, set up a religious government and set the stage for the final movement of the masses, tomorrow demanding that the pentacle of power once again be used in the service of God — manifest in this world as "we the people." We are embarking on a motion which is millennial in time cycle and spatially universal.

The pending union of papers, representing the emergence of the mind of youth, might well mark the effective beginning of suprapolitics.

To insult your intelligence: supra means above, and politics means wise or sagacious action.

With the successful merger of the Underground Press Syndicate and the student newspapers of Liberation News Service and the United States Student Press Association, we will have created

the alternative press to begin a dialogue with the presently monopolistic vested-interest press. The new association, which I shall tentatively call the Alternative Press, will inevitably become a vast international communication network which will evolve, through information-gathering, into the sudden analysis of facts and events known as intelligence.

Embracing electro-magnetic technology, we are becoming aware of work as learning. Living the lesson, we must put into practice the proper feedback methods, to liberate our hands and heads for other things.

Immediately, we run upon the first problem: it's called school.

Because of the rote level of our present schooling, built around an "educational SYSTEM" which discourages originality and spontaneity, we must discover our educational administration must be taken out of the hands of the systemizers and placed in the hands of the interacters: the teachers and pupils.

Learning is a process, a realization, it cannot be taught, it can only be observed and, with the realization that we are always and forever students, let us liberate the scholars. Noting the growing numbers of "radical" underground papers in high schools, and watching the N.Y.C. teachers striking (for not just more money or shorter hours, but more responsibility and/or freedom) it is not hard to imagine a day when, if formal education exists, it is designed to meet the needs of the student.

That's to tell him what he wants to know, not only what makes for a better Gross National Product.

With this media marriage of art, technology, and the energy of youth, we will be creating a network of opinion which, in the near future, will make for the day when the Student Council is the administrative body of the University.

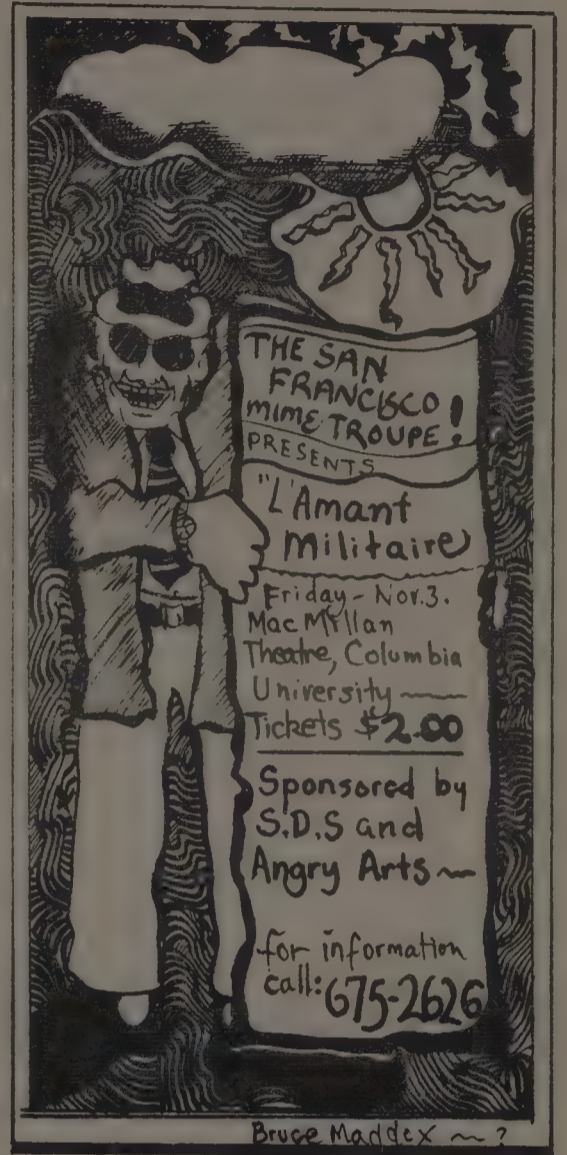
Immediately, this merger will crystalize for the young people of America a clear view of the ideological, social, and economic power which they already possess, but are not yet able to exercise.

1776 marked the revolution for the liberation of the body.

1875 marked the revolution for the intellect, led by Emerson.

1967 marks the revolution of the liberation of the human spirit.

Bowart



Hand-drawn advertisement for 'MAGISTER BEAD GAME' featuring a circular logo with a flower and the text 'MAGISTER BEAD GAME' and 'We Barter'.

Advertisement for 'THE ONLY N.Y. APPEARANCE OF THE Buck Owens SHOW' with The BUCKAROOS. It lists cast members Wynn Stewart, Tommy Collins, and Rose Maddox. The show is on Sun, Nov. 12 at Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave. NYC. Tickets are \$3, 4, 5.

Advertisement for 'SKIN PAINTING' and 'FIGURE MODELS'. It offers designs directly on female models. Rates: 1/2 hour \$12, 1 hour \$20. Studio 'A' at 68 W. 39th NYC. Phone: 279-6452. Shows on Thurs, Fri & Sat 12 to 9 PM.

Advertisement for 'M.A.T.E.' (Dating service) at 245 E. 30th St., Suite 1A, N.Y.C. 10016. It serves men and women who are graduates or students of colleges or professional schools. Single women under 25 matched "free". Phone: OR 9-4600.

Advertisement for 'MODELS TALENT SEARCH' by MGMT. CO. It seeks new faces with no experience necessary. Call 757-3720.

Advertisement for 'Gumbo' clothing. It features a caricature of a man and lists items like 'LO-CUT JEANS', 'EASTERN THINGS', 'OLD PIN-STRIPED SUITS', 'TURTLE-NECKS', 'LONG SLEEVE POLO SHIRTS', 'SPANISH SWEAT SHIRTS', 'WESTERN THINGS', 'NEW THINGS', 'NAVY PEACOATS'. Write for free catalogue. Phone: 212 646-9331.

Advertisement for 'MONEY' featuring two hands holding a dollar bill. Text: 'WE PAY \$10 hr for NOTHING but your opinions, written from home about our clients' products and publications sent you free. Nothing to buy, sell, canvass, or learn. No SKILL. NO GIMMICKS. Just honesty. Details from RESEARCH, VO-16 Box 649, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.'

Advertisement for 'FRENCH TICKLERS' by THE HAPCO ORGANIZATION. It announces 'French Ticklers', fun, safe, re-usable, are now available. Sold only as a possible aid to marital sexual harmony and for the prevention of disease. Available in various styles. \$3 for one, \$2.50 each additional, postpaid, with full information. Up to six weeks for delivery. Hapco Organization, P. O. Box 16, Shady, New York 12479. Not sold as a contraceptive.

# INTERVIEW WITH A PARATROOPER

Continued from PAGE 4

favor of your demonstration. This is a big point that I have found. They go out there, and around 30% are just out to hurt anybody, beat anybody up that they can, just because they have a rifle and all this other stuff. However, 30% of them are sort of serene about the whole thing, and they couldn't care less. They have a job to do, and that's all.

"I was standing there, on the front lines, as a matter of fact, and my officer walked up and he started saying, 'Good job, men, good job.' He patted me on the shoulder, and I said, 'Why are you patting me on the shoulder?' and he said, 'I'll pat you on the shoulder as long as you're doing a good job.'

"I said, 'What am I doing here, standing with a rifle against these people? I should be out there.' And he didn't say anything, then. I guess he was a little in favor of the thing, too. Nobody wants it. It was a pretty wild thing.

"That night, after we went inside, we had to rest and I told the provost that I shouldn't have been out there, anyway. I just got out of the hospital with a hurt back. I'm not supposed to do anything that includes standing, sitting, etc. I told them my back was hurting, and I couldn't go out there any more. I'd been nauseated by the way the soldiers had been acting. So many of them were out there, and if anybody walked by close enough for them to hit with their rifle, without some higher authority seeing them, they would.

That night they wounded YOU people, up in that little square out in front of the building, and around 12 o'clock I went out there and looked. The MPs were now making a wedge through your line. I wish I would have had some film that would take in the dark like that, but I didn't at the time, so...

"All the military has cards, everybody from the bigwheels down to the lowest. The marshalls are run by the government, themselves. The marshalls were completely independent of us.

"But the MPs started a wedge. I'm not sure of this, this is only hearsay, but I think it was a major who ordered the wedge to be started. This is a court-martial offense for the major, as well as the men.

"I noticed that they were so tight you couldn't move, and then they moved the wedge through and, as people threw their arms up trying to get out of the way, an MP would club you in the head or do something, and they were hauling you off.

"I don't know how many people were out of order in this demonstration, but I'd say that of the 300 arrested, 50 or less, from what I saw, were out of order. The marshalls just seemed to walk up and would reach between the legs and grab any guy that he could get his hands on. And then they'd drag them out, beat them on the head and throw them in the paddywagon.

"Some of the soldiers were frightened. Some of them were sickened at the thought that other people were beating on the people who were saying what YOU were saying. The only people in this world who are for the war are the NCOs, and the NCOs are the people that stay in the army for a lifetime. The reason they stay in the army is that they can't make it on the outside. The reason for this is that it would take just two more points for their IQ to be high enough to make a rock. They're just stupid.

"We had two SHAKEDOWN inspections that day, because somebody walked off with hand grenades.

"The marshalls, I feel, are the people YOU'RE going to have to work on, because they had no laws to obey. The people that are for your cause can't go to court like someone else can, because YOU just don't have the pull. A judge sees your long hair, and says, who the hell is this character? They just automatically condemn you. The marshalls got away with it, because they knew that they were dealing with people who were helpless in themselves.

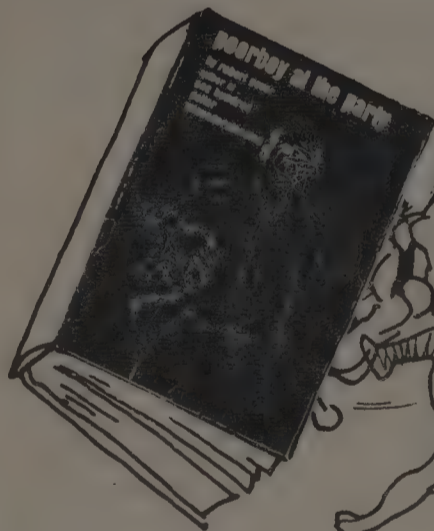
"As far as the courts go, I could go to court with an attorney, and walk in there with a suit on, and people would listen much more readily than if you came in with a sweater and pair of slacks on — that's human nature. But the marshalls acted completely against what their orders were.

"Their orders were to arrest after the confusion, after people were out of order. They didn't do this at all. They provoked the scene so that they could arrest people. The marshalls — I heard several talking — seemed to be talking about how they had to come out on a weekend, and this, I suppose, had something to do with the way they were acting.

"The military, I suppose, to sum it up, had no authority to throw tear gas, and any tear gas that was thrown was against the military law. They probably won't do anything to those people, but it is a court-martial offense.

"The MPs were completely against their orders in pushing this wedge down through the people. The soldiers kept sticking their feet underneath your arse so that you'd have to move, and then the marshalls would come by and drag you out because you were sitting on their feet. This was the marshalls' orders. They told the soldiers to do this.

Continue on PAGE 24



## POORBOY AT THE PARTY

by ROBERT GOVER

author of : \$100 Misunderstanding,

Here Goes Kitten

... and The Maniac Responsible.

now in paperback - 95¢

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SPROING SPROING

BY KIM DEITCH

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OH GOD WHY HAS SHE FORSAKEN ME?

IT'S BILLY BUTTON! IN A SECRET DUNGEON. BUT WHERE?

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RUMBLE RUMBLE

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WOW

SUNSHINE! YOUR BACK!

THUD

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AND FROM WITHIN ITS MECHANICAL BELLY, EMERGES ZORoASTER!

YA HA HEE HOOO HO HA HAR

HELLO SAPS REMEMBER ME?

YOU WON'T FORGET ME AGAIN I'LL BET. IN SECONDS I SHALL AQUIRE WORLD WIDE INFAMY...

LAB

BEEP BEEP BOOP BOOP!

BY DETONATING MY SYNTHETIC PLANET,...

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THUS BLOWING BILLY AND SUNSHINE, TO SMITHEREENS!... AH WHAT SWEET ECSTASY!

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Send to Celeste, c/o EVO, 105 Second Avenue, N.Y.C. 10003.

# PARATROOPER

Continued from PAGE 22

blow  
your  
mind  
not  
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chromo  
somes  
with



"Why did you do that?" I asked several people, and they replied, 'Because I didn't like the s.o.b. gooks,' or, 'the god damn punk,' or something like this. I feel these people are ignorant.

"There were soldiers backing up the MPs. I was observing the whole thing from a distance.

"Around four in the afternoon, around the time the tear gas was thrown, I went back in and didn't come back out until nine, and then I started talking to people. There was a fellow, on Sunday, who said that one demonstrator yelled, 'pitch me a cig,' and a soldier reached and grabbed them and scrunched them down on the ground.

"I think sympathy was with you. I didn't talk to one person who was on top of the Pentagon, who was in sympathy with the soldiers. They were in sympathy with YOUR side.

"I didn't see any tear gas thrown. I felt it, smelled it, knew what it was about, knew that it was tear gas. The story going around this morning is that it wasn't the soldiers who used tear gas, it was the demonstrators or anti-demonstrators. My bunkmate said that he found an empty cylinder, this morning, of CS gas, which wasn't tear gas, but which is more powerful. That was used, mostly. It's more stinging, nauseating. The regular tear gas smells like a sweet flower. We had to go through all this in basic. They were flame throwers that they had on their back. They weren't capable of shooting this gas. They filled them with gas that night. And they did use some of these tanks.

"You can't read the real story in the Washington Post. Why won't the Post print it? Maybe they're afraid the government won't send them any more news releases.

"All our cylinders were gray. I didn't see the one that the fellow found. He said it wasn't even made in the U.S. But I said, 'I suppose you're going to tell me that the rioters brought tear gas to use on themselves and on the soldiers.' And this is what he tried to convey to me.

"Each individual soldier carried a baseball grenade, which is a round plastic thing that looks like a BASEBALL. You put your finger in the top and pull the pin, and it has two seconds to explode, and will explode over the heads of the crowd.

This way, it has more distribution. The press did say they heard several of these going off. I know that no one in my company threw tear gas, because they were trying to collect every last one that they had today.

"You know, they brought regular Sherman tanks with tracks on them. They had YOU so hemmed in you couldn't walk around or see things from a distance, so YOU couldn't know what was really true. YOU didn't know if the soldiers were going to come in and beat YOU in the head any minute. YOU didn't even know if the rifles were loaded. They weren't loaded. You can always tell if they're loaded, because they'll have a square metal thing sticking out of the bottom, and if not, it had a big hole in the bottom. The 45s were loaded, but they were on the hip, and the grenade launchers had grenades with tear gas. CS gas in those. When I went out there, I was ready to take my rifle and tell them to shove it, but they would give me ten years in jail, and I can't afford ten years in jail.

"We were out shoving the crowd back, and everybody sat down in front of them, and the line of defense stopped and just stood there with their rifles stuck out. There was a little girl sitting on the ground, who looked up and said, 'If I came up and touched your rifle, would you stab me with the bayonet or shoot me?' The lieutenant came walking by and said, 'Keep a stern look,' and I couldn't. I think if she wanted to get through the line, I'd stand aside and let her pass. I told her the rifles weren't loaded. There I was, showing her the hole in the bottom of the rifle, where there was no clip.

"We stood out until 10 o'clock, and then went back in to rest, and the remainder stayed on from 2 o'clock all through the next day. We were up 48 hours, with about one hour sleep. No national guard, all regular troops there."



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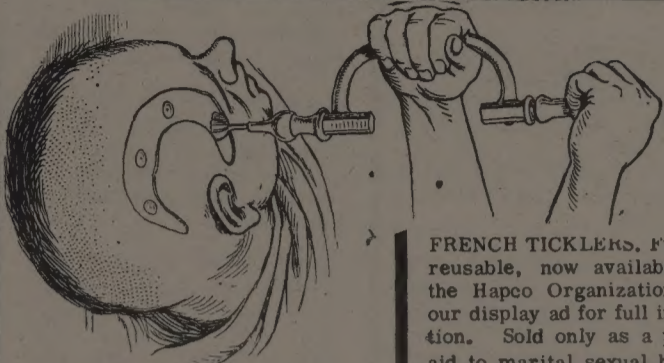
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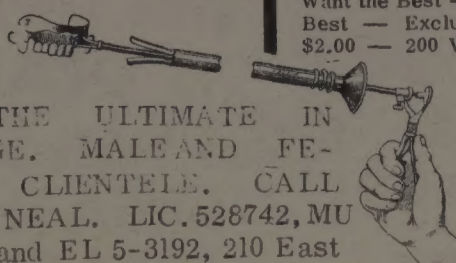
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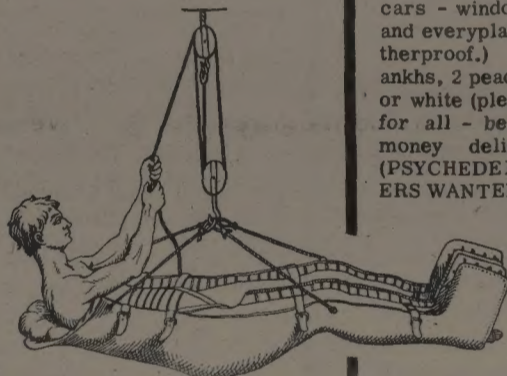
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DATES GALORE! The groovy way to meet singles. Individuals with degrees in psychology pick your dates. Info-contact Elite Project, Dept. E, 485 Fifth Ave. NYC, LE 3-5910

ANITA - PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH BARBARA S. VERY IMPORTANT!

FREELANCE CARPENTRY-SHELVING, REPAIRS. REASONABLE RATES: CALL 982-1841 MORNINGS.

"In a Free Society like ours, why does anyone get involved in the Sexual Freedom movement?" Sex Freedom New York, Box 627, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009.

Highly selective group of sophisticated, beautiful New Yorkers, engaged in fashion and photography, banding together to exchange the heat and excitement of today's SWING! Exclusive grouping, all young successes, between 25 and 45, with whom you will be proud to associate with, if you qualify. Send \$2.00 to TOM GLOVE, P.O. Box 2671, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017. (Receipt by return mail guaranteed.)

Those interested in maintaining group family communal living unit, communicate with telephone number so we can arrange a meeting, analyze each other's motivation, intent and responses. Box 8065, Phila, Pa.

NUDISCOVER - Meet interesting people, near you, who love nudism. Any age. Male/female. Married/single. Send \$1.00 to ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES, Dept. E-2, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

## TIMMY BRIAN KELLY

Please come home. We need you. We love you. At least let us talk everything over. Call collect now. Mother and Daddy.

ANITA YOSKOWITZ

Please call Peter at EVO. He has a letter for you.



Twin Oaks Community, an outgrowth of the Walden Two movement, was founded in June, 1967 on a farm near Louisa, Virginia. We publish a newsletter entitled "Leaves of Twin Oaks." A 12-issue subscription can be obtained for \$3.00. For specific questions, write us and we will promptly reply. Twin Oaks, Route 4, Box 169, Louisa, Va. 23093.

Gogglers?! What else can Southern California perpetrate on civilization? It's convention time—get your instructions from the Gogglers! Coming soon—a book so "underground" you can't see under it. Watch for The Gogglers! The wildest political satire in our time—coming soon—The Gogglers!

KARMA\_A New Literary Quarterly young writers, innovation (help the cause!) Send 50¢ for your copy to Jerry Vilhotti, 971 Jerome Street, Brooklyn, NY 11207

Rather than this  
Let the evil children  
of Dhritarashtra  
Come with their weapons  
Against me in battle:

Young, open-minded, male intellectual wishes correspondence with creative, sexy female counterpart. Print remaining four lines and address in EVO. I'll write you.

DIANE DUFAULT of L.A. and Peona Jail seeks musician friend CHUCK, for reconsideration of residue of Feeling. Will be in town soon. Call John, 866-5332.

GIRLS: DIAL-A-GENIUS FOR SHORT, BRILLIANT CONVERSATIONS. LIMIT: 5 MINUTES Clever 4-7185.

THE TURN-ON BOOK  
How to grow and synthesize LSD, Mescaline, DMT, etc. Send \$1.50 to Turn-Ons Unlimited, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90027.

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.

manuscripts of articles, essays (literary - philosophical - topical) poems - novels - stories - plays - photography - art - to ABYSS - 110 margay st. - dunkirk, n.y. 14048.

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.

NATALIE - IT'S DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE AFTER CONFIRMING TO TERMS OF YOUR EXTRAORDINARY LETTER WHICH WAS MY MAIN INTEREST AM LEFT NOW WITH INCONCLUSION AND REGRET CITOYEN AINE

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.

Single? Operation MAZELTOV is a serious minded dating project for the discriminating, socially upward mobile and literate single. For FREE questionnaire write: Operation MAZELTOV, 550 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036

Border-collie looking for a wife, any color or breed. Serious owners of female dogs in season please phone Benny EN 2-2759 on weekends or between 10 and 11 pm.

Changes, poses in four different outfits - Quality portfolios. Your looks sell - Models, beginners. Eves. OK. Con Douglass, Glamour photographer. MU 7-6300

Read "RESPONSE" Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussy-cats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexiting photos. Special offers. Get with it! Current issue, \$2. "Special Edition," \$1. Adults only (give age). REMSON, Suite 69, 116 W. 87 St., NY, NY 10024

APHRODISIACS  
For lovers and flubbers--  
There is coming -- better times. Samples and Material \$2 to: Coman Research Box 352 NY NY 10011

Circus 13 Lights up the daytime and turns on the nighttime. Let us turn you on. Send for free catalog of posters, buttons etc. (West Coast) Wholesale and retail (Specify) Circus 13 6537 Colgate L.A. 90048 Calif.

BLOW YOUR MIND, BABY! For our fantastic lists (wholesale & retail) of UNDERGROUND BUTTONS, PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS & other goodies write: Underground Enterprises, 16 E. 42nd St. NEW York, N.Y. ... Then FREAK OUT!

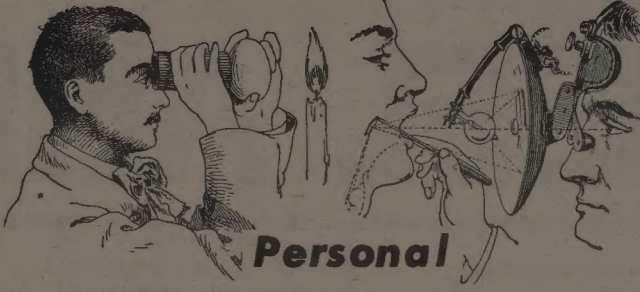
SITARS FOR SALE - Shehnai, Chanter, Tabla, Oud, Recorders Dulcimers, Autoharps, Balalaikas - Trade-ins accepted. We ship everywhere. Mail inquiry OK. Music Inn, 169 West 4th, N.Y.C., 10014 CH 3-5715

COME ON BABY, LIGHT THAT FIRE!! Village Firewood has been providing flame material for heads since 1960. (Yes, Matilda-there were heads in 1960!) Our prices have been the same for seven years (\$19 per 100 split logs, delivered & stacked free) and you don't have to be a head to enjoy the warmth, effect, and intrinsic satisfaction that one gets from a cozy fire. We deliver 7 days a week, 10am to 10pm 477-5626 or 477-1767 20% discount on wood picked up at our warehouse. The Village Firewood Co. 801 Greenwich Street, N.Y.C. 10014

Photographer Collector wishes to buy uninhibited photos at reasonable price. Send samples, info. "Ampho-2" P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159.

Very unusual, custom VOLKSWAGEN micro bus, Blue vista Dome Porsche seats, wall to wall carpeting, one of a kind \$395.00 call 201-744-3448 (NJ)

Beautiful Women 19-35 are eligible for free concerts (A. Guthrie, V. Ashkenazy), plays (Barrault), films, etc. Attractive, interesting musician, 26, included. Send photograph and friendly word: #15, 93 Perry, NY 10014. 691-4228.



Highly creative, solvent, one time married, definitely single male. Pisces March 16th, if important. Own fine Village pad. Hip, but bathe regularly. Mine is an open, non-standard mind, interesting intelligent face, well built without muscleman image. Definite take charge type, but not woman brutalizer. No sex hangups, but like and need it oftener than average males. You must be spiritually and physically able to absorb my imaginative, sensitive, yet aggressive lovemaking style. I've had enough of high fashion types with tired flesh and matching minds, who feel coitus and cunnilingus is for dogs only, in the deep dark. Prefer smallish waistline, good hips and buttocks, race no barrier, 21 to 35. I'm one of a fast-dying breed, the non-faggot male, never headshrunken - never needing it, who invites you to a discovery of self through a refreshing human experience, only if you're ready for it. Write Sanders, 1 University Pl., NYC 10003.

male, mid-twenties, tallish, desires mature female, any age, plump or slender, pref. over 5'5", with own pad. box 19 riverdale sta., bx., ny 10471. complete candor aplus. discretion assured.

Tall, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

Big-busted, nicely figured female needed for companionship on domestic and international travel - Bahamas, St. Croix, St. Thomas immediately. This is sincere invitation to fun placed by 30yr old executive athletic type - call Sat. Sun. Weekdays to make appointment through secretary Lynn FL 7-9755

Male 29, Looking for an attractive female, To spend weekends at Ski-Lodge. If interested call 873-6625 for interview in evening or on weekends. Oh yes sample a weekend with Loving swing.

Young man, Libra, 25, tired of the uptown hassle-hangup scene, desires to meet a tall, slim, attractive, warm woman between the ages of 23-35, who is also looking to break out, explore new horizons. You must be a sincere, down-to-earth person, unmarried (or married?), but most of all, a true and real person. 924-3147.

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, 1Vanderbilt Ave., NYC.



Out-of-town college guy would like to meet nice-looking, swinging girl, and have a good time. APT. 1141 - 98 MONTAGUE ST. - BROOKLYN 11201

YOUNG WRITER, 20, SEARCHING FOR EMOTIONAL MATURITY AND HAPPINESS, WISHES TO MEET CREATIVE CHICK WITH SAME GOALS. WRITE FIRST. MARTY ROSS, 2819 SCHLEY AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10465.

Cultured, successful man in early 40's in direful need of sexual resuscitation, wants to meet experienced, patient, intelligent Manhattan girl, slim, petit, longhaired, willing to help one evening a week in exchange for theatre, concerts, good company and dinner. May consider financial help for rent or education. Good sense of humor essential. Meet first for mutual looking over. Replies very confidential, of course. P.O. Box 77, Wood-Ridge, N.J.

Discreet and Dapper, Athletic and Attractive, Educated Man Wants to meet bright, mature, buxom women who dress like the more exotic visitors to the Museum of Modern Art, for joint eroticism. Absolute Discretion Assured. Write For immediate response:

Wall Street Station  
Box 844  
New York, NY  
10005

Young, dominant male desires relationship with ultra-feminine docile female. BOSTON AREA. Write, send photo, "DM" c/o P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159.

Young male wishes to communicate with females who understand and are willing to share their desires and interests. "UF" c/o P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159.

MAN, 39, WITH FOUR OLDER CHILDREN - NOWIFE - NEEDS A WOMAN TO BREAK THE MONOTONY OF JOB AND HOUSEWORK. CALL LUND, 201-795-0017.

MOVING TO FORT LAUDERDALE DECEMBER 1st - I am a healthy, fairly attractive, intelligent, interesting Caucasian male, 49, 5'6" - 162 lbs., legally separated, hoping to find a girl to share my lovely Florida apartment and to enjoy what I have to offer. I can be funny, serious, affectionate and considerate; like books, music and art; and am quite good in bed. If you are reasonably pretty, witty, non-acid, uninhibited, fed up with the New York scene and would like to form what could be a beautiful relationship, write Box 134, Union City, N.J.

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, N.Y.C. 10017.

A. Bewilderment when requested by replenishment/ Denigrates the delicacy of KINGLY measurement/ And agony that softens the pleading thankfulness/ Rejoices in the crowned wilderness of giftedness/ YU 2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

GIRLS - If you believe that just one of these ads could be genuine, then call YU 9-7836. But only if you are attractive, intelligent, age 16-22 and sincere. Young European male lonely after summer romances with day-trippers and wanderers, seeks steady relationship with girl. Kooks, queers, males FORGET IT.

Writer, 30, trim 6-footer, loves drama, cinema, folk music, sports, seeks attractive female, 22-30, to share interests, bed. Write NY Times, 1457 B'dway, Box J 591.

HIPPY ARTIST SCORPIO moon in Leo, tall and outrageous, known as the Big Boy, roars like a gorilla, but kind underneath to Jane whoever wins the contest, way out rites, mystic hot and cold flashes, seeks the very unusual especially cancer and leo, Pisces Guiliano (store front) 642 Ellist

2 young men, non-hippies, travelling by auto midwest after Nov 10th desire 2 young attractive females to enliven otherwise dull trip. All expenses paid round trip (approx 1 week) or drop-off along the way Call 986-3099 evenings after 6 PM if no answer, try next night.

Two bachelors, East eighties, swimming pool, would like to meet women, and or couples, EN 9-1977.

Nice looking young man, 22, just arrived from out of town, intelligent, clean and clean cut, sensitive, good build, 5'6" 130 lbs. brown hair, hazel eyes - working during the day, school at night, would like clean, nice looking, uninhibited shapely female to help spend those lonely late evening hours. Can live in. Call 684-4028 after 9:30. No homosexuals please.

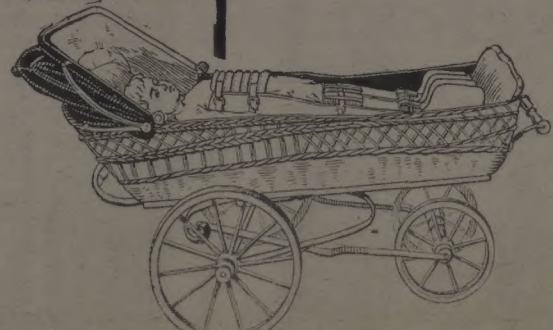
Three groove Columbia undergrads with swinging pad desire female for cook part-time. Preferably girl viewing thing as fun (shall be), not work. Call 864-0304.

Nice guy, college grad, 38, would like to correspond or meet girls for discreet fun. Stable type only. Box 303, Freeport, N.Y.

Attractive, intelligent white male (39 - 6' - 180) Irish, Expert Cunnilinguist, seek women and couples. (Bilingual). Those interested, call Robert, 212-544-8611 after 7:00 p.m.

UNLIKE THE SURROUNDING ADS, THIS IS A GENUINE SEARCH FOR AN ABOVE-AVERAGE GIRL IN BOTH INTELLIGENCE AND APPEARANCE, YET NORMAL IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS. MY IQ, INCOME, MATURITY AND TASTES ARE ALIKE: HIGH. SEND PHOTO IF POSSIBLE. BOX 102, NYC, NY 11435.

Well adjusted transvestite, age 30, intelligent, good-looking, sincere. Basically heterosexual, except when dressed. Wishes to meet someone of similar nature with prospect of sharing same interests and living space. Age range 25-40, discretion assured. Please reply giving age, height, weight, etc. All sincere replies answered. No Kooks please. Write: Box 356, Madison Sq. Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

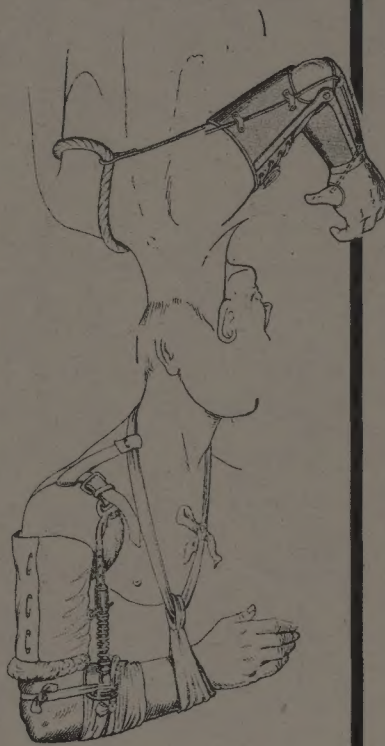


HAPPY BIRTHDAY TOMMY KAVIRI

Please Call Home.

Kevin Is Sick.

## Employment



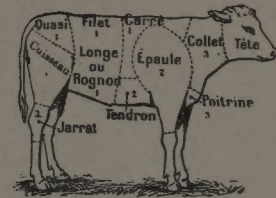
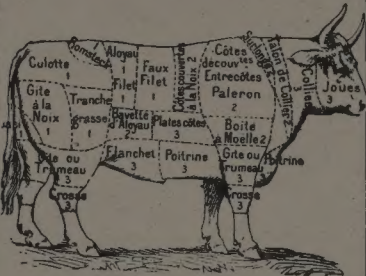
WANTED: Figure models, 18 to 25. Female only. Spec or up to \$15.00 an hour. Experience unnecessary. Call 929-8749, ask for Mr. Thomas.

Gal-Friday-Partner Wanted To help businessman in all his activities. I am 29, your age irrelevant. Advertising, Newspaper work, Cosmetics, Entertainment & Insurance fields. Profit sharing and valuable contacts & training. Call Marshall at (212) 228-6368 or GA 1-5848 and leave name and phone number. Or write Box 277 New York, N. Y. 10009.

ATTRACTIVE model, high-income, expenses paid. Travel EXPO and elsewhere. Steady or seasonal. Opportunity to make national magazines. Write: Press Photos, Box 566, Southington, Conn.

Man, mid 40's, white, discreet, considerate. Desires to learn about cunnilingus from intelligent, uninhibited ladies, city or suburbs. Call evenings after 7, SU 7-9525, ask for IA.

GAL FRIDAY, Sat, Sun, etc. Attractive personality and person (mid-20's-early 30's). Assist leading photographer. Studio-darkroom experience helpful; not necessary. Live-in (no expenses) plus salary (min.) Important exciting work with great talents: Theatre, music, art worlds. Send vital statistics, photo. Box 370, Old Chelsea Sta, N.Y. 10011



WANTED: FEMALE EMPLOYER. Young man tall intelligent affectionate, congenial, dependable and discreet, seeks part-time employment. Evenings and weekends. Will do almost anything. Write giving phone number and time to call to P.O. Box 8 NYC 10024

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.

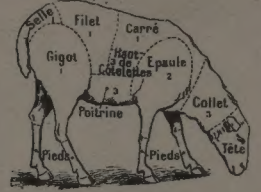
GIRLS WANTED FOR MODELING. No experience necessary. Terrific opportunity. Write for details to: Royal Models Galore, Box 11, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236, Canarsie Station.

Freelance photographer available for assignments. Reasonable rates. Call 254-5202 2 PM to 9 PM.

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

EVO needs clerk-typist full or part time. Call Peter Leggieri at 228-8640.

MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER NEEDS BEAUTIFUL GIRLS FOR SEX EXPLOITATION FILMS - MODELS ALSO ACTRESSES. SEND RESUME OR PHOTOS. SAM LAKE ENTERPRISES - 630 9th Ave. N.Y. JU 6-2187.



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

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.

Young Man, uninhibited, is interested in participating in 8 mm & 16 mm - Movies. Call Bruce, 458-8233, Tu Wed Thu 7 pm - 9:30 pm only.

Photographer needs models, experienced & non-experienced, caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: GEORGE SOVA, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

\$15 PER HOUR IF YOU QUALIFY! PUBLISHED AUTHOR RESEARCHING NEW NOVEL. WILL PAY YOUNG (14-24) EAST VILLAGE TYPE GIRLS TO DISCUSS (ON TAPE) THEIR USUAL AND UNUSUAL SEXUAL EXPERIENCES HONESTLY! ABSOLUTE ANONYMITY GUARANTEED. CALL TODAY (8:30-4) FOR PRELIMINARY INTERVIEW: MR. RICH, WA 5-1429.

ANNE ANDREWS NOW MODELING FOR PUBLIC - I AM A 21 YEAR OLD WINNER OF TWO BEAUTY CONTESTS. AM NOW AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PHOTOGRAPHIC MODELING IN THE NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY AREA. CALL (201) 482-1293 FOR INFORMATION AND ARRANGEMENTS.

I NEED MANY ATTRACTIVE NUDE MODELS TO MODEL SEPARATELY, BOTH MALE AND FEMALE, FOR LEGITIMATE, PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK. FEMALES EARN FROM \$25 AN HOUR TO \$75 A DAY. MALES EARN \$10 AN HOUR. NO HASSLE, STRICTLY BUSINESS. NO EXPERIENCE IS NECESSARY. CALL ME AT MY STUDIO AND ASK QUESTIONS. ROBERT'S STUDIO, 255-2711.

Male Model Available to Females only, who wish to sketch, skin-paint, art sculpture, to study anatomy, etc. In your home or studio. No charge or fee for my service! Am young, white, good-looking, wiry, and a refined lad. Discretion assured. Write to: Box 71 - New York 10468. Guaranteed fast reply!

Female Models wanted for figure photography. Oriental, Caucasian and Negro. Call 254-5502 for appointment, 2 PM to 9 PM.

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

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! NEEDED FOR EXPERIMENTAL FEATURE FILMS. MUST BE BEAUTIFUL AND WILLING TO ACT IN NUDE. EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE. \$50-75 a day. Mr. MEYERS, PL 4-1190.

Male, 25, would like some part time modeling assignment's for female's only, fee negotiable, also would like to meet strong willing female, for friendly get-together's

write GLonrad  
P.O. Box 252  
ny 11418 ny

Wanted - Classical pianist to accompany extremely gifted young singer presently studying on scholarship here in New York. Would work after 9:00 PM. Call 6844028 after 9:00.

PART TIME TYPIST MALE OR FEMALE HOURS COMFORTABLY ARRANGED, SOME DICTATION. CONTACT MR. ZELLER, NEW CENTURY STUDIOS, LTD. 119 Ave. D NYC 4779477

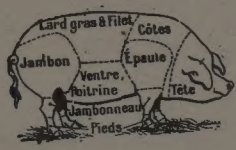
Photographer seeks uninhibited amateur models for creative and figure photography. Send photo with name, address, phone no. and statistics. Boston Area Only. "Ampho" c/o P.O.Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159

Tall, youthful, aggressive attractor, well-built Hollywood Stuntman (Caucasian) with groovy pad; seeks attractive female (18-25) with athletic figure under 5'5", to share life and pad. Must be a sincere, down-to-earth person with pleasant personality. Prospects: permanent compatibility. Pot-Heads, Booze-Hounds, Hippies, Cold-Fish and problem cases, please DISREGARD this ad. Send photo & all particulars to: RAY ZACHARY, 11262 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, California 91406. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Cultured, successful gentleman interested in the arts - theatre, music, etc. Would like to meet an intelligent, attractive young lady to enjoy same. Should be free to travel. May consider financial subsidy for talented, creative girl. Have comfortable midtown pad which you may share. Phone anytime (212) 247-5812, and let's wine and dine.

Young Wall St. man wants to hear interesting propositions - financial or sexual. For latter, heterosexual females only, please. Box 468, Wall St. Station, NYC 10005

Young, amateur model possessing wardrobe of mini-skirts, exotic stockings, garter belts and undergarments: wanted for posing and mutual fun. BOSTON AREA ONLY. Send photo, phone, description, statistics. "Ampho-3" c/o P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159.



LOVE ME DARLING  
Male, 25, White, 6'2", 190 lbs. Wants to fall in love with sincere girl of any nationality lets get Married. Al Keller, 17 West 177 Street, Bronx, N.Y.

MAN, 44, HEALTHY (MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY), WIDOWER, SMALL BUSINESS OWNER, WANTS TO CORRESPOND WITH AND MEET ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, UNINHIBITED. AM CONSIDERATE, ENJOY BOTH FUN AND RELAXING PLEASURES. PLEASE, NO KOOKS OR QUEERS. SEND PHOTOS IF AVAILABLE. ADDRESS:

ATT: BILL C.  
MC & S Co.  
407 Hamilton Blvd.  
So. Plainfield, N.J.

Aware, 34-year-old man would like to meet intelligent, responsible young woman (over 21) with writing ability, to travel as companion in V.W. camper to MEXICO for winter. Please write P.O. Box 288, Montclair, N.J.

Young man, 33, tall, seeks affectionate, intelligent girl, for steady companionship and intimate relations. Possibly also to share apartment. Call 362-9778, 8 p.m. to midnight, all weekend.

PROMISCUOUS FUN BOY W/SEX PROBLEMS WISHES TO SHARE BLKYN APT. WEEKENDS. "GIVE ME A PROMISCUOUS GIRL, & I'LL GIVE YOU A HAPPY MAN." STEVE, 769-6837 EVES.

Male, caucasian, mid-twenties, 6'1, 160 lbs. Handsome, intelligent and considerate, desires to meet attractive and shapely woman under 35 for pleasant times together on dates and frequent travel to foreign countries, which includes first class accommodations on jets & in hotels. Enclose photo, write: P.O. Box 201, Jamaica, N.Y. 11431.

SINGLE, Desire female under 35, attractive, college graduate, absolutely without ties, enjoy books, travel. Share publishing business, travel abroad six months EVERY year. If you're gutless -- forget it -- write fully- photo will help.

N.P. Press Box 457 N.Y. 10016

I'M HUNG UP ON GREAT BODIES (BODYBUILDERS OR YOUNG SLIM KISSY TYPES) WITH WHOLESOME MINDS. BUT I DON'T JUST WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT - LESS TALK, MORE ACTION! BEFORE 10 AM OR AFTER 8 PM. PL 5-2135. GONE WEEKENDS. WANTA?

HAPPINESS IN THE MAKING  
Ingredients: one guy, one girl, a little luck and lots of caring. I'm the 'guy'. Luck improves when you care. You're the girl. It happens all the time. Dennis - GR 7-5619.

Male, 33, 195, 6'3", white, single, Phila area, experienced cunnilinguist. Desires meeting attractive, nympho type girls age 21 on, married, single for "Around the World" oral pleasures. College cheerleaders, majorettes my fetish, show girls my desire. Cunnilingus is an art. Try Great Ray, 215 TR 2-0532 after 9 PM. Private, discreet, sincere nicest guy.

Great Ray IS great. Cunnilinguist specialist. All you nympho and sex desire showgirls, Playboy club bunnies, secretaries, models and actresses need Ray's service. Very private and sincere. Oral love (cunnilingus) is an art. 215 TR 2-0532 after 9 PM.

WHITE BACHELOR, 29, SEEKS LADY WHO ENJOYS ANAL INC-TUS, ACTIVE AND PASSIVE. NO HOMOSEXUALS PLEASE. CALL TR 3-5999, APT. 2-C-7, EVENINGS.

Good-looking Caucasian artist, hypnotist, coll. grad. (22, 6'0", 165 lbs.) seeks working or college woman to share ideal 5-room apt., W. Village. Must have pretty face, beautiful mind, thin body, sincerity and self-confidence. If you qualify, call Don after 7 PM at 477-3074. Home Wednesday nights, out most other nights.

Mother, 26, 5'10" - and infant girl - seek marriage to Caucasian man about 6'2", honest, kind, no phonies - to attain religious Nirvana with mother - second gen. Irish-Capricorn. Please correspond - M. A. Rooney, 2819 Barker Ave., J 53, Bronx, NY.

PETITE GIRL WANTED  
Quiet, considerate, refined white gentleman, 43, 5'6", 140 lbs., of Slovak descent, wishes to meet a short, thin girl with 20 to 25 thousand dollars, who is interested in investing. If you are a neat, plain, homebody-type girl, handy around the house, like to cook, about 5 feet, approximately 90 lbs., with straight hair, non-drinker, do not wear makeup or glasses, and between 25 and 40 years old -- to be a companion and business partner. No real talent is needed, but if you have a little ambition, we can both become extremely wealthy in a few short years. Our business arrangement will be analyzed and drawn up by a lawyer of your own choice. If you are interested, please write and enclose a recent snapshot. CHARLES MARTIN, Box 416, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

I am a gentleman 40 years old. I live in the country outside Philadelphia, Pa. I would like to have someone share my home with me. I will supply an automobile and a good life. I have no objection to a younger woman, slightly pregnant. I am secure and have lived in the area for 20 years. GENE LAWRENCE, RFD #2, NARVON, PA. 17555. Phone Area 215-942-9295.

Handsome young graduate student seeks instruction in female arts (hairdressing, cosmetics) in exchange for personal services. Call after 9 PM - AC 2-2702. Pat.

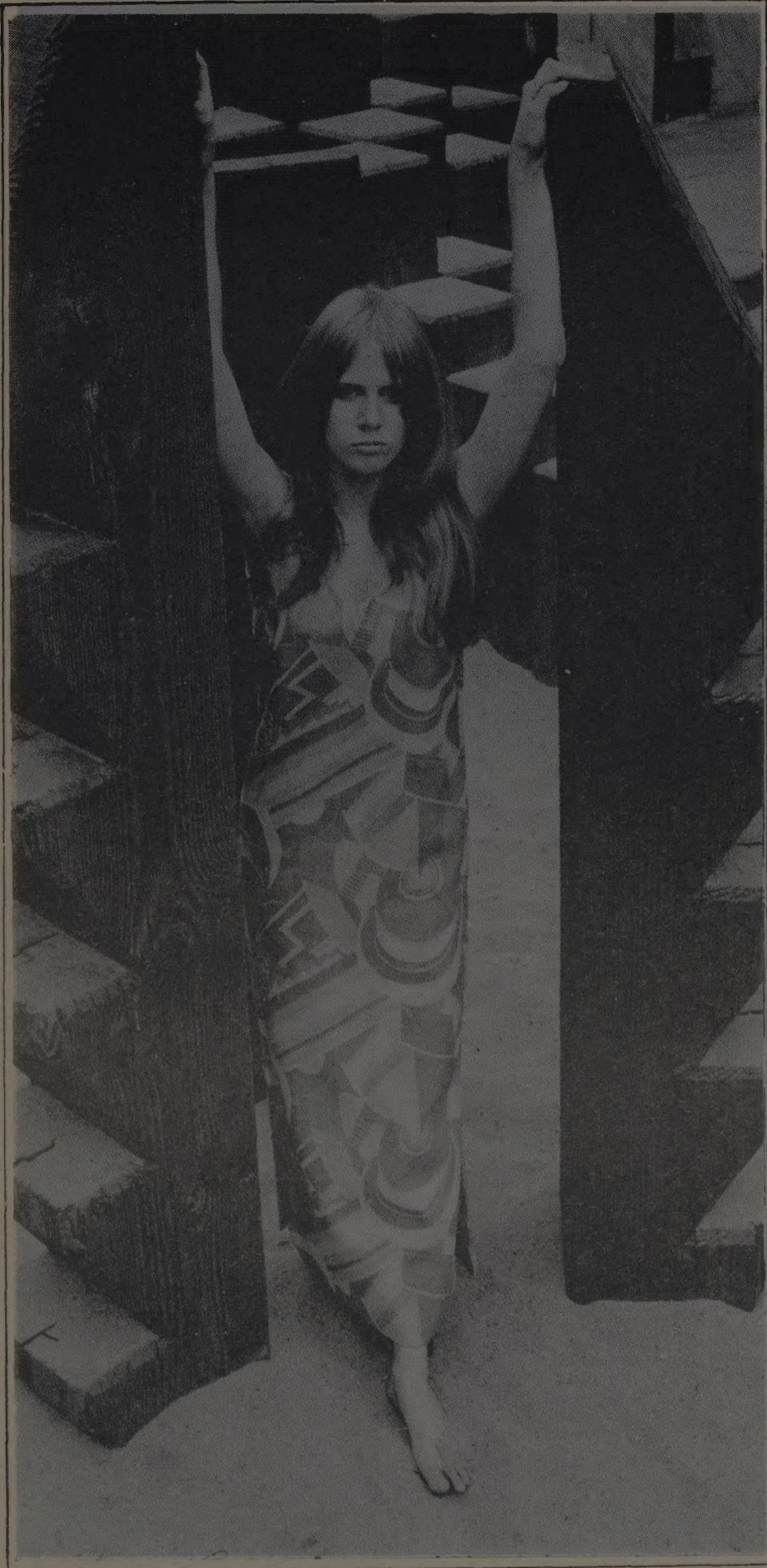
Wanted: Attractive, intelligent girl for travel companion/mate on weekend sorties. P.O. Box 102, New York City 11435.

YOUNG MAN, 26, SEEKS ONE YOUNG, UNINHIBITED FEMALE TO SHARE, FREE, HIS BAYFRONT APT. AND ALL THE FUN AND SUN IN SWINGING MIAMI. MUST BE PRETTY AND BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 26. PREFER WORKING GIRL OR STUDENT TYPE WHO CAN SEND HERSELF DOWN HERE. PHOTO HELPFUL. DON CLARKE, BOX 67, MIAMI 33133, FLA.

Handsome - manly - single - 29 years old - athletic - seeks an attractive - well built young girl for mutual pleasures and travel - and as roommate in a luxurious apt. - For Info call Mike, LT 1-8100, Apt. 415.

WANTED - A young, shapely girl who wants to supplement her income easily by dating affluent but busy bachelor occasionally in his apartment. Teenybopper okay. Write P.O. Box 56, NYC 10025.

Gentleman - easy going, warm personality, youthful outlook, conventional ideas attitudes, have open mind, seeks companionship leading marriage with dynamic, attractive, aggressive but not dominating, wealthy woman of charm, grace, intelligence, good character. Very strong believer old fashioned virtues of love, honor, respect, consideration, understanding, kindness, courtesy & sacrifice for loved ones. In late 40's. Your children welcome, religion no problem. If possible, complete details including photograph in first letter greatly appreciated. Interested Party Apt. 2 RN, 1095 Second Ave, NYC NY 10022.



# 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 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.

**Group Psychotherapy on TV**

**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.

**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's sexual utopian community.

**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.

**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 for permanent preservation.

**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 eight months—the better part of a year—for *only* \$3.99. This is a *MERE FRACTION* of its actual value!

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

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$3.99.  
—Renew your own subscription for \$3.99 *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 \$3.99 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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

# AVANT GARDE

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

I enclose \$3.99 for an eight-month 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 a MERE FRACTION* of the standard \$10-per-year price!

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