

east
village

THE OTHER



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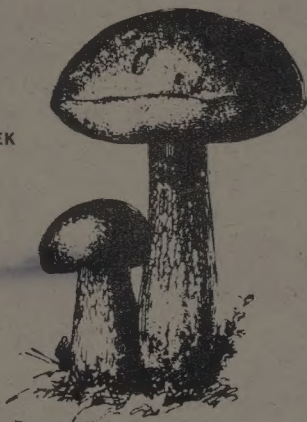
GO
WEST
YOUNG

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY PRESERVE, PROTECT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. SO HELP ME GOD.



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JAYE AND THE KID.

Dear EVO:

I did it. I left my home, my woman, my fabulous
 movies on 58th Street, my music, my village, my
 great friends, my N.Y.C. skyline, my air pollution,
 my great New York City, MY HOME MY EVERY-
 THING. AND FOR WHAT? THE NAVY!

I'm sick!

I'm dying can't you see! My mind is slipping down
 my spine and when it reaches my ass I'll die! ME--
 DEAD! Worse! The living dead.

A lie--I'm living a lie. I'm only 2 years old.
 F. J. Ceely died two years ago and I use his mind
 and body but now I'll be dead because I've broken
 the code. I've lied to myself. I'm living a lie.

I feel I should do something to stop all this but
 I can't.

For two years I was a conscience motivated per-
 son--I followed my conscience strictly and lying
 was against my code and now I've broken it.

Is there hope for me?

Will I put back the pieces when the time comes?

Think about me--pray for me to your god. I'll
 be home at Christmas time and you'll see me then.
 There'll be a lot of ME's home for the holiday.
 I sympathize with them while I try not to feel sorry
 for myself.

I've written to the Military underground already.
 I read of them in your EVO, your priceless EVO.
 Thank you for helping us, us in the service. Thank
 you for not generalizing all service types as the
 fascists that some of the service types are.

I love you,
 SN. F. Ceely B13-56-34
 Supply Office
 Administrative Unit
 Lake Mead Base
 Las Vegas, Nevada 89110

Dear EVO:

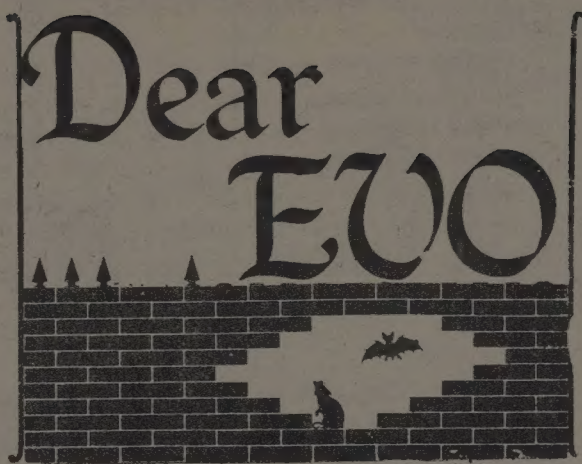
Here's a review letter entitled: Isn't Cousin Brucie
 COOL?

Bruce Morrow's Music Power special on WABC-TV
 on the evening of November 8 was one of the most
 disgusting displays of money-grubbing commercialism
 that has been seen since the idea of psychedelic
 music was first introduced. The special was com-
 pletely fake, and could have been rather amusing if
 it were really a put-on: a satire on all the other
 teeny-bopper slated material. It might have been a
 little better if "Cousin Brucie" had let up a little
 with the "now generation" and the "where it's at,
 man!" talk and the fancy artificial echo and light
 gimmicks. Most of the music was obviously dubbed
 in, a bit of hypocrisy which is quite distasteful.
 Another aspect which was in poor taste was the
 Stan VanDerBeek (sic)-type titles, mainly because
 they were obviously copied from VanDerBeek's movies.
 (Stan VanDerBeek is a well-known underground movie-
 maker who originated the idea of animating maga-
 zine and newspaper clippings.)

The underlying idea behind this type of show is
 the same as the pseudo-hippie rag, Cheetah. Why
 can't the money-worshippers go pick on some more
 deserving institution, like the John Birch Society
 or the D.A.R.? (By the way, the clothes were, natu-
 rally, Paraphernalia.)

David Duberma, 15
 49 Halsey St.
 Southampton, N.Y.

P.S. Readers interested in organizing a radical
 high school association of Long Island please call
 me at (516) 283-2793.



III

Dear EVO:

many people know they freaked out on hate at the
 rusk demonstration many others think there is another
 side to lay it on and feel righteous lots of kids haven't
 been that excited since the first time they put their
 hand on a tit and they looked forward to bigger and
 better fun if anything good can be salvaged from
 that riot it will be the lesson therein

what went down?

we blocked traffic threw trash baskets in front
 of buses tortured cops with insults laughter and
 put ons kept them running from one intersection to
 another and in very little time the pricks in blue
 were going berserk.. i saw a dozen cops beat and
 stomp a lone cornered demonstrator and i stood
 around burning for a machine gun

what went down?

with the curses passed back and forth between the
 cops and the people went a black spirit--and as it
 traveled it deepened--faster and faster--spiralling,
 darkening...it rose from all our hearts and condensed
 above us, and as it took on its own life, it possessed
 us...thus it was, thru this demon-beats of ours that
 our hate flowed into the clubs and fell on the heads
 of our friends.

cops, spectators and demonstrators want to have
 it out--under their various banners--charging to the
 Death Feast

all victims of HUMANITY all revenging ourselves
 on HUMANITY

soon you'll know the flipside of peacelove with and
 impact you never imagined

an old rumanian saying has it: the violin that
 lures ravens in the day summons vampires at night
 a violent revolution may come and go, as always.
 But who will build a better world? Only those who
 can transcend this black magic and go on to white.
 That's the real revolution.

Is it possible? Can you say it is? Lao Tzu says
 "yes...because it could all begin in me."

Love,
 OM

IV

Last week, I called up EVO to give an affectionate--
 but abnormally drunken--word of advice about all the
 carnage that's taken place in the East Village. Wisely,
 somebody at your newspaper turned me over to a
 37-year-old Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church.
 Obviously, I needed to go to confession. Well, the sins
 were there all right. Here I was, a twenty-seven-year-
 old, four-time drop-out, still trying to play it straight,
 and of course, somebody like me should have more
 sense. I was a backslider. I'd avoided every anti-war
 demonstration, and all other forms of controversy.
 Also, I'd developed chicken-wisdom. I was trying
 to con other people into being brave for me. For
 instance, three months ago, I decided to be the first
 man in America to send LBJ a Christmas card.
 Naturally, I couldn't find a Christmas card, and so I
 picked out a get-well card. But I didn't send it myself,
 no sir, not me baby. I sent it to your newspaper, and
 asked YOU to send it for me. Next, I decided that
 since our fearless leader insisted on giving us his
 recipe for bar-be-que'd human-being, Texas style,
 maybe I should send him my recipe for fruit-cake.
 That idea I skipped altogether. After these two
 cop-outs, I found some green kid wandering around in
 Times Square. I took him downtown and dumped
 him in your lap. Of course, I didn't stay there myself
 because I live uptown where it's safer. I even gave
 the kid a quarter before I left, sort of like John D.
 Rockefeller or Vista.

In my defense, I might point out that I was a little
 confused by the scene down there. With all the rape,
 murder, muggings, acid and meth being passed out
 among the kids, I wasn't sure whether you were
 asking me to join a revolution, or a kamikazi training
 school.

But what have I done lately...Nothing, I guess.
 I think I was trying to be sort of a brave young writer.
 Brave, shit. I was as protected as a turtle in a
 bomb-shelter. Well, I guess every movement has
 to have at least one eye-sore. The last time I
 remember trying to do anything good--or even foolish--
 was when I stood out in the woods shooting orange
 smoke flares at a police helicopter that was trying to
 bust up a pot party. Sure, it was kind of silly, but
 it was the last thing I did that was even mildly inter-
 esting. Sort of makes you feel discouraged, doesn't
 it? Especially since we've raised a new generation of
 tourists whose only glimpse of America has been
 over the heads of the National Guard. Good'ole' LBJ,
 he told us to see America First. I'll try to do
 a little better in the future, I promise--DMK

V

Dear friends of EVO:

In New Orleans the pads are costly. My pad
 which measures 8 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft. 2 in. is setting
 me back \$15 per seven days or \$62 per month.
 Don't expect to come here before the Mardi Gras
 and find a pad. You'll pay \$50 a day after February
 1. The population of New Orleans is now 750,680.

Love,
 J. Nichols
 807 Esplanade
 New Orleans, La.

VI

Dear EVO:

The following Absolute Truth occurred to me one
 day lately which maybe you know about already any-
 way: radiomimetic drugs (acid) alter the chemical
 structure of the human organism in the same manner
 as severe exposure to radioactivity. The latter event
 comes on fast causing damage, while the acid process
 creates a more subtle kind of change.

Such change occurs wherever God breaks through
 the crust and irradiates the surrounding area. As
 a consequence, acid heads throughout the world
 are mutating toward a more resistant kind of organic
 vehicle which will, at the happening of global holo-
 caust anon, prevail amidst fallout, writhing self-
 seekers and whatnot so as to live on to propagate
 a new breed of us.

With you with immunity,
 Kirt C. Woodman
 Adelphi, Md.

VII

Gentlemen:

You recently sent, through the mail, a copy of
 your so-called newspaper to my son in the name of
 "Registrar of Chartreuse."

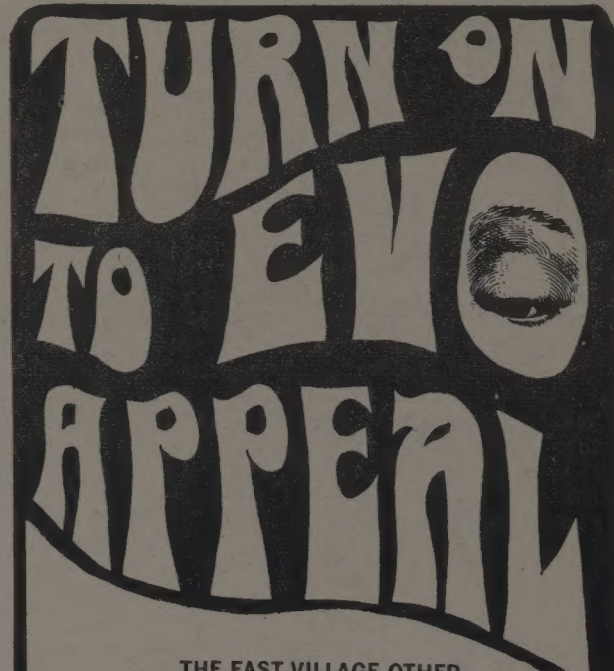
Upon questioning my son, I learned that he had
 sent you money for a subscription to your filth.

Since my son is under twenty-one, is still living
 in this household under my support and is therefore
 still under my jurisdiction, I will expect an imme-
 diate refund by return mail and an immediate halt
 to your mailing him further copies to any other
 address.

Unless I have a refund check within 10 days from
 the date of this letter, I shall inform the local
 postmaster, the police department, my senator and
 congressman from this district and institute legal
 action against your so-called corporation.

Yours truly,
 George L. DeLorme

IT'S OK GEORGE. WE STILL LOVE YOU--EVO



THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
 105 Second Avenue
 New York, New York 10003

Please enter my subscription.

Please renew my subscription.

I have enclosed \$4 for a one-year
 subscription.

I have enclosed \$6 for a two-year
 subscription.

Name: _____

Street and Number: _____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

The East Village Other will be delivered sooner if you
 be sure to fill in your correct ZIP CODE.

by Walter Bowart

While Congress cuts off the poverty funds and unrest grows in the "ghettos" of the poor in every major city in the country, and the head of the Department of Sanitation in America's largest city throws up his hands admitting that he cannot possibly keep the streets clean; while the air pollution grows worse and the coastline waters from Boston to Baltimore float more garbage, oil, and sewage than ever before with no sign of abatement; while another non-war is waged in Southeast Asia, making Brown and Root Company of Texas rich from constructing airstrips and landing docks; while the people gather in the streets for non-violent protests which are continually turned by police into violent demonstrations; while SDS and other political groups are thinking more and more of violence, unwittingly supporting a Fascist-Communist payoff as once occurred in Nazi Germany where the Nazis would not have been noticed if the Communists hadn't drawn the dialogue; while the President of a gangster government in a corrupt society reprimands the press and the demonstrators for violence started often by police following a carefully laid military plan designed to whip up and use a mob in accordance with the teachings of the late L. A. Police Chief Parker, and clearly explained by Canetti in his book *Crowds and Power*; while the newspapers and magazines publish scholarly psychiatrists' popular articles explaining from outdated Freudian positions why it's really the fault of parents that the kids are taking the LSD to which they will soon get addicted, and nobody catches the lying or ignorance which is the main reason for "the generation gap" that is in reality only another "credibility gap"; while the outer-directed existential-nihilist remnants of the thirties are reaching a point of collapse and the cities teeter on ruin, many young minds are thinking of what it was that Moses did when he took his people into the wilderness for forty years.

Forty years is enough time for the old ones to die and the new ones to be born. If it is as Robert Graves and some other scholars think, the Jews had that magic mushroom, then it's easy to see that maybe Moses knew that old imprints could be suspended and new basic concepts of life imprinted during only one generation or

40 years.

"After you take a little acid, you look around you in this city and see all the hate and fear and greed. The garbage in the streets can't be ignored, it's growing. And you see with your newly developed sensor that the air is brown and stale, and you begin to feel raw and yearn for a place where it's quieter and the energy radiation is softer," a tall suntanned young man just returned from the west was saying the other day in The City.

"I was born here in Brooklyn, but I've been living in Arizona for two years now, and coming back here is horrifying."

"In Arizona the landscape is great, the climate is perfect and there are only 3 million people in the whole state. I think that figures out to one person per square mile, and most of them are over 65 years old. Older people have learned tolerance, you know. I'm going back next week."

These casual words were uttered as the citizens of the largest city in the world's richest and most humanitarian country speculated and gossiped about a book, "Report from Iron Mountain" which was either a great work of satire or the gods-honest-truth; a report written in perfect bureaucratese proving beyond the shadow of a capitalist's doubt that world peace would be disastrous to the "free world's" economy.

As many prepared to leave the country the words of Horace Greeley came echoing back from 1851, "Go West, young man, Go West."

The neighbors speculated about where all the hippies had gone as Californians, and Arizonians, and Okies and Montanans poured into the east for the Washington Pentagon Exorcism, and many stayed and told stories, and many took back with them extra riders.

And the rumors ran that there was a plot afoot, to have in the "psychedelic-free American community" social, political, and economic power equivalent to at least the Mormons.

Whispers spoke of taking over, by seeding, as had happened in Haight and Denver, a whole state which could then elect one or two Senators and some Representatives to go to Washington and ask some simple embarrassing questions or get censured or assassinated for at least being honest.

The Hudson Institute recently predicted that by the year 2,000 we might possibly have an alternative "dropped out" country within this country. Meanwhile it is actually happening throughout the arid southwest.

In New Buffalo, about ten miles north of Santa Fe it is often said, "When people come back to the Southwest the rains will follow." Here in a teepee town local Indians are teaching city-dropouts how to build with adobe. The Pueblo Indians in the area have kept their life-style pretty much intact in the lonely New Mexico countryside where you can see over the sage from mesa to mesa nearly 40 miles. The 65 pioneers at New Buffalo support themselves by working in nearby towns while they build their dream in the desert.

Taos, New Mexico has for a long time been the center of much artistic activity. Outside of Taos a community of followers of the ways of Meher Baba has been established. This community has the financial means to build substantial buildings with plumbing and all the conveniences of a 20th century society.

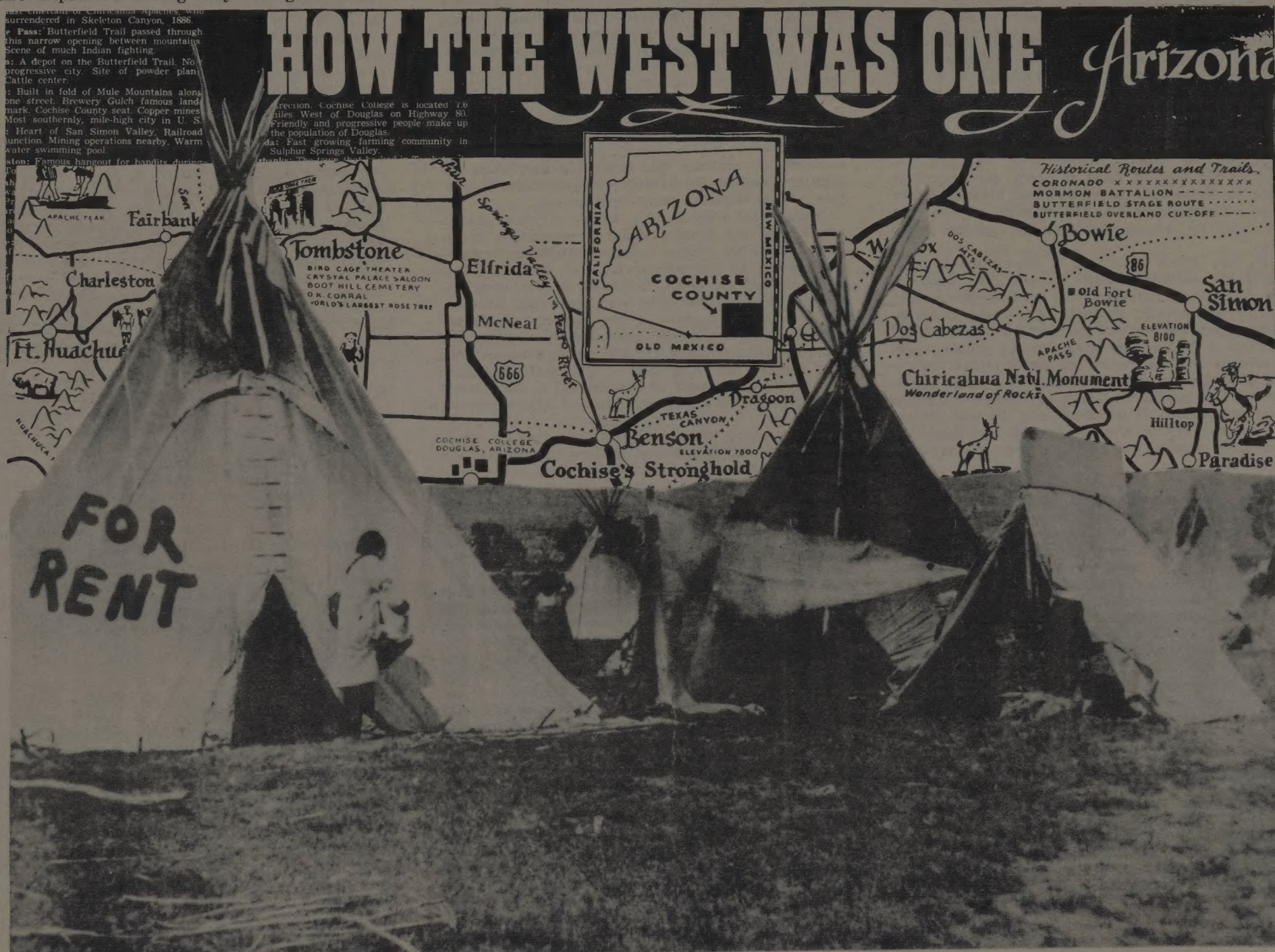
More resourcefulness has been shown in Drop City near Trinidad, Colorado. There refugees from the east are experimenting in putting into practice the concepts of Buckminster Fuller, building geodesic domes out of steel used car tops.

This past summer Timothy Leary toured the southwest visiting many of the "drop cities." The Denver papers rumored that Leary was thinking of establishing an asram (a living-while-learning community) near Paradise, Arizona. Leary while denying the report, strengthened a growing "new-age frontier" feeling by his visits to the scattered communities.

Meanwhile in many isolated towns throughout the southwest (such as Blin, located south of Albuquerque) individual "drop out" families are buying land at the going price of \$14 per acre.

Unity comes in strange ways. Men are FORCED to move. Danger fosters the rescuing power. The two eternal forces, enlightenment and slavery, struggle on from yesterday.

There are no more frontiers. All terms have become inverted. The west has become east, giving birth to The Underground States of America.



Capitalist Hangout Under Siege



Chaplin guerrilla digger Abbie Hoffman being arrested for "resisting arrest" at the recent Hilton tactical demonstration.

by Jules Fremond

Last week's chaotic demonstration in front of the New York Hilton found many of the people involved fumbling for new tactics and goals as a strange sense of optimism settled over the now quiet and littered streets. The police, out in force, were seemingly prepared for anything except the near riot that took place. As mounted policemen rode again and again into the orderly picket lines, swinging riot clubs at anything in front of them, demonstrators began to surge into the streets and towards Times Square, disrupting traffic and avoiding serious confrontations by keeping away from the confused police lines.

The new shock battalions of the movement, high school and college students too young for even the New Left, battle hardened from the Pentagon demonstration last month, ran into the streets alongside sullen, ghetto negroes and the middle-class and aging veterans of the peace movement. As the police sought to contain and then split the initial picket lines, a desire to do something...anything that would interfere with the normal routine of an unaware city began to assert itself: "If we can't stop the war, we can at least stop traffic; if we're going to have our heads bashed in anyway, we might as well do something to earn it."

Before the evening was over, areas of Sixth and Seventh Avenues south from 52nd Street to Times Square had been "liberated" at one time or another, the police had shown a willingness to use maximum force at all times, and the demonstrators were learning that they could cope with the unexpected violence. By 10 PM, as thousands of demonstrators chanted "bullshit, bullshit" at the news flashing across the wall of the Allied Chemical building that LBJ would continue to seek "peace with honor," you could feel something new in the air. The enemy had been identified, and yes, Virginia, there was a ruling class—alive and well in the Hilton Hotel. The carefully built up myth of checks and balances, of the anonymous exercise of power, of a well intentioned managerial bureaucracy were all being exposed, and to protect the real leaders of America—the Englehardts and Bunkers, the Kaplans and Browns assembled at the Hilton for their Foreign Policy Association dinner—any amount of force was justified.

So that the question that now presents itself to us is simple: where do we go from here? To speak of picket lines and orderly demonstrations when the realities of power are becoming visible to all is absurd. In that sense, the "movement" has already gone beyond itself. If the mood of our times is violence, then the anti-war movement cannot be condemned for simply discovering its own logic in the methedrine jungle of American life. Just as the latest

hero of the New Left is "che" Guevara, its newest catchword is revolution, and the talk is finally getting around to guerrilla warfare in an urban society.

One very significant fact that the recent demonstrations have shown is that it is now impossible for any one group to create, steer and lead such events. At both the Pentagon and the Hilton, leaders were ignored and decisions reached, almost spontaneously, by the crowd itself. Whatever the reasons are that have led to this, it would be academic to condemn or question this new militancy. When the cops are out on the streets swinging clubs in your face, you do whatever seems appropriate.

Students for a Democratic Society and other groups are facing new Congressional investigations in the near future; the official line from the White House—now voiced by Johnson as well as Humphrey and Rusk—is that the peace movement is prolonging the war in Vietnam. As that war continues, and the issue of power congeals, as the myth of a beneficent but bumbling managerial bureaucracy crumbles and the image of a military-industrial elite assumes faces and names, how long will it take until opposition to the war is labeled as detrimental to the nation's security and the most brutal kinds of official repression begin?

There seem to be two new directions in which the peace movement can go now as the war and official repression force a polarization of attitudes on the left. Both are meaningful and creative alternatives to the standard sit-ins and mass rallies; yet neither seems capable of actually leading to social change or an end to the war. On the one hand, the new militants are soon going to get tired of having their heads bashed in whenever there is a demonstration, and many are already thinking seriously about preparing for police violence. At both the Pentagon and the Hilton, many wore helmets; people had gas-masks at the Pentagon and marbles with which to stop the horses at the Hilton.

Radical students in Latin America stage demonstrations that often culminate in riots. The problem with using this as a model, however, is that when the police crush the demonstrations, the students can either take sanctuary in their universities (where the police are not normally allowed), or flee the cities to join already strong guerrilla movements. A more useful example, for us, is probably the Japanese street demonstrations, or snake dances. There, several thousand students—wearing helmets and carrying shields and poles to protect themselves from the cops—will weave in tight formation down the Tokyo streets, disrupting normal activity for hours. When a snake dance is finally broken up by tear-gas or high-pressure water hoses (the police are not allowed to use guns on the students), the demonstrators will escape through the confused streets only to reform later at a predetermined time and place.

The Japanese demonstrations are carefully planned, the students drilled for days on the details involved in such violent confrontations, yet—both in Japan and Latin America—many people are seriously injured, and in some cases killed, during these clashes with police and army troops.

Whatever is being said here is not an attempt to channel the new militancy into any certain, planned channels, but rather to articulate tendencies that already exist. What happens on the streets tomorrow will not occur as the result of long coffee-house conversations or all night political meetings. The logic of the movement will discover itself on the streets in the midst of struggle, growing out of the inner dynamics of the events taking place. That there will be further and yet more violent confrontations is undeniable, but the problem is that such confrontations may function, on the one hand, merely as a release for hostilities on all sides with no real possibility of forcing social change, or else they may be seen as preparation for more serious insurrections.

To speak of the possibilities for revolutionary, guerrilla warfare in America today is an exercise in futility. Simply enough, we are an urban society and urban insurrections have always failed. Wherever a band of revolutionaries does seize control of part of a city or the entire metropolitan area, that area can be sealed off, blockaded and quarantined. If desirable, the authorities can send in tanks and helicopters along with infantry and police to retake the city block—as happened in Hungary. To dream of street demonstrations with armed demonstrators shooting back at the cops and throwing bombs is to engage in aggression fantasies. No successful insurrection, even given the mass popular support it would need and at present doesn't have, could result from it. Guerrilla warfare demands mobility and in the cities one is trapped, capable only of creating disorder until the end.

Again, where does this leave us? Many new people in the movement are evidencing a desire to engage the authorities in some sort of street theatre of the absurd. Digger-Provo tactics can be used to embarrass and perhaps frighten the people who own and run America as well as to mobilize further public support against the war. The question again is one of power: who wields it and how can it be fought or evaded? To identify the military-industrial elite as a ruling class is to destroy the myth of anonymous power in America and force a polarization of attitudes towards the use of this power. To embarrass authority is to weaken the consensus that allows the directorates of such companies as General Motors and General Dynamics the final say in our foreign policy instead of the American people.

To engage in direct-action Provo tactics aimed at exposing the vulnerability of the ruling class suggests the French experience during the Algerian war—

STRIKING THE

by Richard Gosselin



GONG

The old outward forms the gong we strike within making music that is sung around the fire which the world has seen asleep and is awakened by its sound.

GONG

NOOSPHERE

The Soul Has a glass ring
Once struck it ever expands
in waves of inward sounding outward

At the start of what is called the "Age of Reason" which is nothing other than the full-blown flowering of the Western 'Mechanical Rose' World, culminating in unfolding iron petals of the vast living machine of the earth's great speed-trip, the first methedrine megalopolis which is the modern city. The sprawling out into sub-urban prison-ties, harnessing human beings to their own creation, for the sake of gaining a bit more bread and cheese and shelter against the cold, soon giving way to going full round and exploding in upon itself. It is the explosion of the man captured in a social labyrinthine mechanized vortex he neither understands nor perceives, and does not know what he does within it, where it comes from or where it goes. The blow-up of the black man only plays on the strings of chaotic emptiness and boredom, or amphetamine anxiety, of his white brother. For those who have advanced upon the stairs, receiving more than pennies for their time and minds, have found themselves in the meaningless dark of late night dreams where chains grow out of their backs instead of wings, the muscles of slaves returned to haunt them, steel of their own inventiveness, forgetting it was only a product of their brains, which came housed, as in every man that was ever born, inside the naked flesh of infancy. The monster trip which you have turned on is the coming-to-head of a couple/three thousand years of the making and reading out, in terms of life-style, of a Bible, which is only one book in a far more

colossal bible as yet unrealized, and to which some of your sons and daughters have begun to write invisibly, slowly, and on sidereal scales, a new chapter to the flowing pulse-beat of that gargantuan ineffable God swimming in the being of the world.

There is the awakening of some, who see what this is that we live within, and perceive that what was once turned-on can be turned-off — or more really, switched to another channel.

The name of the program is The Adventures of Man and The Universe — and I mean Uni-Verse, the one musical phrase the many different sounds combine to make, the Voice of our Infinity! — And thru the smokey columns of this destroying, speed-imploding system the chapter comes to an end, and the serial-seed seen in the foggy wake of it is 'the planting of the Real LSD Experience (a child in the realization of the mind's oneness, and matter's oneness, and that both matter and mind are one, one thing refracted into many things, one US, THE UNIVERSE PERSON): A new plant whose first oh so delicate and soft morning green shoot is already sprung from the ground, in the minds of those emigrants who are passing out into non-urban sunlit regions of global-space, and are setting-up camp, to work as one thing with the physical and mental spans of being.

Long ago, men built cities to protect themselves from the Wiles of Nature — from the serpents and monsters of sea,

land and uninhabited sky -- they huddled together, and the mind's escaping thirst, from being shut in, spiraled into the rising City of Man.

And this is the tale the Tower of Babel incarnates. The cost of this building is, as the ancient story tells, the loss of a common language. In the methedrine city of Babel each one is locked inside his own highly specialized job - performing bat - blind assembly-line tongue-twisted speech. You have your clothes-style store, you have your party line, you have your housing section prison, you have your dollar-rating, you have your solid concrete thought-street pattern. You have your Ego.

Alongside, in a parallel world, sits the City of God. Then the man, standing alone in the summer field where bees and flies visit the wild flowers, says to himself: "But I am Nature too. I cannot live and grow cut off, in the ivory towers of my intellect, from the rest of my body, that is my planet and my system of The Sun Dream."

This man dipped the bread of himself into the soup of Unconscious and came to know, softly, in non-linear time, in the swirling curves of space how his garden grows. He comes to know that which he once so terribly feared, calling it Satan or calling it God, who carried twin-swords of wrath, which was self-ignorance or self hatred; he comes to know that it is himself, his-planet, so freely suspending, and to be realized outside inside is One Holy Hymn.

A checklist of Great Bear Pamphlets

Bengt of Kilberg, The Cursive Scandinavian Salvo. Short, lyric happenings by the brilliant Swedish anthropologist/poet. \$0.80

David Antin, Autobiography. As the title suggests, these are informal recollections and collages by the well-known Brooklyn poet. \$0.80

George Brecht, Chance-Imagery. This 1957 article remains the basic one for the techniques and philosophy of chance in the arts. \$0.80

John Cage, Diary: Change the World (You Will Only Make Matters Worse) Part 3 (1967). The latest in a series of essays in which Cage reflects lyrically on social questions. Printed in two colors structured by chance by the author. \$1.50

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by Dr. A. Reza Araseth

By mid-1958, the Americans, perhaps even the world, had become weary of Eisenhower; and what Stevenson had tried to convey during the campaigns of 1952 and 1956 had now become a reality. The tragic part of a nation is most evident when she fails to realize her true pathfinder, and the tragedy of a visionary man like Stevenson is most apparent when he has to face the fanatic, the ignorant and the conservative, at a time when immediate needs are more pressing than awakening the public to the future realization of his vision. Throughout history, from the age of Ikhnoton in Egypt up to Stevenson, we have seen numerous cases of visionary men so obstructed by a conservative public that they have failed in their mission. However, in the case of Stevenson, the rate of change in the political world had been so great that, in less than a decade, even those who had clung to the saddle of Eisenhower had to realize that the present revolutionary world was moving fast, and had a course of its own which could not be gauged by a one-sided American policy. It demanded a new vision, a realistic policy.

The rise of Khurshchev in the Soviet Union and de Gaulle in France stimulated this need, and with the rise of Kennedy as president, the world of politics acquired a new direction and a new beginning for a new realism.

When Kennedy was campaigning, I was not much impressed by what he had to say and the way he presented himself, even though he did well in his TV debates, and even though he was far superior to Nixon. I think I am basically not excitable, and I also think my lack of excitement was because I fundamentally believed that no one should spend money for being elected. Politics is too important and too delicate a task to be distorted by wealth. Furthermore, a qualified man of the middle class has no chance for leadership in the "land of opportunity," unless he first becomes a member of an exclusive club, and then exercises his energy for public office, that is, at a time when he has already contaminated his ideals, his new ideas; by then he has lost much of his enthusiasm. Thus, I had always felt that the American presidency is an office for aristocrats, the tools of wealth; or for a manipulator who can manipulate the various charitable sources in the society. Rarely does a man like Lincoln arrive at the presidency with great humility, energy and self-sacrifice.

These ideas may be one-sided, but at the time of the Kennedy campaign, they were rooted in my feelings and I could not easily see Kennedy's extraordinary qualities. However, as his administration and his style got under way, one had to appreciate him and realize his potentialities. Kennedy's greatest contribution was that he was a man of this century and this age, and could also sense tomorrow. He was an image in an age and a country which very sorely needed an image, a representative, an example. Not even nine more terms of Johnson as president would provide that image! Not that Johnson is less capable than Kennedy, but that Kennedy had a vision which Johnson lacks. Even if Johnson could borrow Kennedy's vision, as he did during the early days of his office, and realize it even faster, he would still not become an object of identification for this generation. He makes a better grandfather for the

grandchildren than a guide for growing youth. In other words, he can easily borrow Kennedy's ideas but not his style, for it was Kennedy's style and his character which had been needed for a long time. His character was like a bridge which could connect industrialized American society to a cultured society, relate this society's abundance and struggle to a good and decent society.

One of the greatest handicaps of a visionary leader like Stevenson and Kennedy is that they must be themselves. They cannot hold back or pretend for very long. Their success lies in honest thought and feeling. Such a leader takes his defeat with humor, fully understanding his age and countrymen; so too, he takes his victory with a twinkle in his eye. He must wait and again struggle to find new ways to communicate and lead others. This was especially true of Kennedy in his relations with Congress, but with the public he was more sure of himself and more of an activator. He could discuss economics and political problems; but he believed that American social issues, which are the source of all her problems, are fundamentally MORAL. It was his courage that motivated him to state this bitter truth. He made this prophecy in his lecture at American University, a few miles from the White House, and he thereby convinced many people that he was the image they were seeking. At the same time, he convinced men like me, who know but a little of American reactionary forces, that he was putting himself in danger. So he fell in the windmill of danger, and he was eternalized in a flame. But his 1000 days of the presidency, his dealings with foes and friends, his ways of expressing himself and his nation to those abroad, his sense of living and his initiation of novelty at home, brought America to a political realism, which has steadily weakened since the election of Johnson in 1964.

What was this realistic picture of the USA and how was it related to conservatism and extremism? The shifting of America from an illusionary policy to a sense of realism, both at home and abroad, was the greatest contribution to the rise and fall of John F. Kennedy. At home his philosophy, politics and beliefs brought forth the dormant, disintegrating, and often destructive force arising out of the civil rights movement, and encouraged him to emphasize a lawful solution to this historical tragedy. He explained that no longer, in the twentieth century, could American society continue to keep in bondage one-tenth of her population, merely because they were black. His reminder to the American public that the Negro's blood has the same value as that of the white in the defense of America in war, made people think that perhaps the Negro also deserved to have a decent life in time of peace. However, these needling statements pierced the heart of ultra-conservatives. His understanding of the strength of America, that is, the constant discovery of America in her rising glory.

Kennedy's insight into the problem of poverty in his country, and his sense of realization that one-fifth of the population is hard hit from every side—nature, industrial economy, social patterns, and a society without opportunity for the poor and ignorant, convinced him that more attention must be given

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

WE HAVE BEEN COMING TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME, WITHOUT BEING CONSCIOUS OF OUR PATHS TOWARD EACH OTHER. WE FINALLY CAME TOGETHER ON THE DAY THAT THE PENTAGON WAS EXORCISED. THE SUM OF US STOOD AS PHYSICAL MEN BUT WEDDED IN OUR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

WE HAVE BEEN MANY INCARNATIONS COMING TO THIS DAY OF JUDGMENT. WE, THE SHEEP WHO KNOW ONLY TO FOLLOW, NOW FOLLOW THE SHEPHERD TO NEW PASTURES TO GRAZE THERE IN PEACE AND LOVE. WE KNOW NOW THAT TO BECOME INVISIBLE IT IS NECESSARY TO MOVE ONLY WHEN WE ARE MOVED, ACT ONLY WHEN WE ARE ACTED UPON, UNDERSTAND ONLY WHEN UNDERSTANDING FLOWS THROUGH US, AND FUCK ONLY WHEN FUCKING IS THE FINEST THING TO BE.

WE KNOW NOW THAT WE MUST TURN OUR BACKS UPON ALL DIALECTICS AND TURN OUR FACES TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST, FOR IN GOING WESTWARD WE ARE AGAIN MAKING THE EASTWARD JOURNEY. BEGINNING THIS DAY, ON THE WRITING AND READING OF THIS.

WE ARE MOVING CONSCIOUSLY INTO A GLORIOUS MILLENNIUM NOW BECOMING, IN EVERYTHING THAT WE DO HENCEFORTH, CONSCIOUS OF ONE ANOTHER, AND IN EVOLVING THUS, WE ARE BECOMING THE NEW RACE.

WE, NOW THAT WE ARE AWARE OF BECOMING THE NEW RACE, EXPERIENCE THE TRUTH THAT WE MUST HAVE A NEW LAND. WE KNOW, FROM AGES OF EXPERIENCE, THAT OUR ANIMA SELDOM SPEAKS TO US SO CLEARLY AS SHE DOES NOW. WE RECOGNIZE THIS CLEARNESS IN THE FORM OF A GLOWING, BECKONING SUN, NOT IN THE FORM OF AN EXPLICITLY ARTICULATED BLUEPRINT FOR OUR FUTURE.

WE ALONE CAN EXPERIENCE THE WHITE LIGHT OF GOD IN THE WRITING AND THE READING OF THESE WORDS. WE KNOW, THUS, THAT OUR VISION OF THE FUTURE CANNOT FLOW THROUGH THESE OTHERS WHOSE IMPURITY RENDERS THEM UNBELIEVING.

WE KNOW NOW THAT, THIS TIME, WE MUST NOT INTERFERE WITH THEIR KARMA, THEIR WORKING THROUGH OF THEIR ONGOING SIN OF UNAWARENESS. WE CAN SEE, BUT WE CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT THE FATE OF THE OTHERS, FOR WE HAVE ONLY RECENTLY COME FULLY TO OURSELVES IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT LOVING ANYONE INVOLVES THE COMMITMENT TO THAT PERSON TO LET HIM BE.

WE HAVE COME, FINALLY, TO KNOW THAT WE ARE IRRELIGIOUS TO INTERFERE WITH THE KARMA OF ANY OTHER PERSON. WE HAVE COME THUS TO KNOW THAT WE GO ON OUR OWN TRIP, AND ONLY WE GO ON OUR TRIP.

WE CAN FEEL THE IMPENDING DISASTERS IN THE CITIES, BUT WE CANNOT DO ANYTHING TO HINDER OR HELP THEM. WE CAN ONLY BECOME WHOLEHEARTED OURSELVES AND LEAVE THE CITIES ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE HAVE COME TO THE MOMENT OF GOD'S TRUTH, AND ONLY WE WHO ARE RECEPTIVE OF THAT WHITE LIGHT SHALL MIGRATE TO A LAND THAT HAS LONG BEEN PROMISED TO US; THE LAND OF THE SUN. WE MUST, IF WE ARE OURSELVES, COME TO THIS AWARENESS ON THIS DAY IN THE YEAR 1967, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHERE THE CENTER OF ALL THAT WE AROUND THE PLANET EARTH, AND WHATEVER BENIGN SPIRITS THERE MIGHT BE IN OTHER SPHERES OF CONSCIOUSNESS, HERE WHERE THE CENTER OF THIS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS LIVES, TURN OUR BACKS COMPLETELY UPON THE PAST.

WE NEED NO LONGER THE DIVIDED SOUL THAT IS REQUIRED WHEN ONE LOOKS BOTH BACKWARD AND FORWARD AT THE SAME TIME. WE ARE OUT OF SUCH UNILINEAR DIMENSIONALITY NOW, FOR OUR SATORI HAS MOVED US INTO THE EXPERIENTIAL CENTER OF LIFE.

WE KNOW AT LAST ITS MULTIDIMENSIONALITY, FOR AT LAST WE ARE LIVING JUST AT THE CENTER WE HAVE DISCOVERED OURSELVES. WE HAVE TOUCHED OUR OWN CENTERS THROUGH OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, AND THROUGH OUR CHILDREN WE ARE BECOMING LIKE CHILDREN AGAIN.

WE HAVE BEEN LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF OURSELVES THROUGH THE REVELATION THAT ALL THE YOUNG ARE OUR CHILDREN AND THEREBY OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS WE ARE FINALLY COMING TO SIT AT THE FEET OF OUR CHILDREN, AND IN COMING WE DISCOVER THAT OUR HUMILITY IS NOT A SACRIFICE BUT A SOURCE OF THE GREAT SOUL ECSTASY WE HAVE ALWAYS BLINDLY SOUGHT AND WHICH WE HAVE FINALLY FOUND THROUGH THE SURRENDER TO OUR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

WE HAD NOT COME TO BE OURSELVES, THUS, UNTIL WE CAME TO GIVE UP TRYING TO GIVE UP ALL, ABSOLUTELY ALL, FORMS OF COERCION. WE SPEAK AND LISTEN TO THESE WORDS, THEN, WITH NO ATTEMPT TO EITHER PERSUADE OR COERCE OURSELVES OR THE OTHERS TO JOIN US ON OUR HOLY PILGRIMAGE. WE COME TOGETHER, THUS, TO FURTHER THE PROCESS OF BECOMING FULLY CONSCIOUS.

WE KNOW, NOW, THAT FOR US TO BECOME FULLY CONSCIOUS OF ONE ANOTHER, WE MUST PHYSICALLY GATHER IN THE NEW LAND TO LIVE TOGETHER.

WE ARE LED BY OUR ANIMA, THUS, A GREAT MIGRATION. WE KNOW, NOW, THAT WE MUST BEGIN AT ONCE IF WE ARE TO REMAIN OURSELVES, FOR IF WE DO NOT TURN OUR FACES SOLELY TOWARD THE FUTURE FROM THIS DAY ONWARD, WE WILL BE DOOMED ALONG WITH THE CITIES.

WE MUST MOVE SOON, NOT WITH HASTE, BUT WITH COMPLETE COMMITMENT, AND WE MUST MAKE THE JOURNEY WITH NO ONE WHOM WE DO NOT FULLY RECOGNIZE AS ONE OF US.

WE WILL KNOW OUR KINDRED SOULS BY THEIR INABILITY TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT STAND NAKED IN OUR PRESENCE, WITHOUT PRETENSIONS AND COMPLETELY WITHOUT HANGUPS IN AN ENSNARLED DEATH PAST. WE MUST REMEMBER, HOWEVER, THAT OUR RECOGNITION OF THE WHITE LIGHT IN OTHERS DAWNS RATHER SLOWLY AT TIMES, FOR WE HAVE ALL HAD TO REPRESS THIS LIFE IN US FOR SUCH A PAINFULLY LONG TIME.

WE ARE, NEVERTHELESS, IN THE PROCESS OF RECOGNIZING OUR OWN KIND AND REINTEGRATING OURSELVES, AND SOON WE WILL HAVE IDENTIFIED ALL OF OUR PEOPLE.

WE HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT THE WIND CAN BE FELT, HEARD, AND SMELLED BUT CANNOT BE SEEN.

WE KNOW, THUS, THAT WHEN THE BUFFALO WIND BLOWS ACROSS THE LAND, THE MASSES OF OTHERS WILL NOT SENSE IT, AND THEY WILL PERISH BY FAULT OF THEIR OWN IMPERVIOUSNESS.

WE HAVE BEEN IN THE MEDICINE TREE, AND BECOMING MORE PURE FROM OUR SURRENDER TO THE ESSENCE OF LIBERATION, WE SENSED THE BUFFALO WIND, AND NOW WE FOLLOW IT TO PARADISE. WE KNOW THAT THIS WIND BRINGS NO EVIL WITH IT, FOR IT TRAVERSES THE LAND NOTICED ONLY BY THE PURE.

WE FEEL THAT IT IS GOD'S WAY TO LEAVE THE FULLY ARTICULATED TRUTH BLOWING IN THE WIND.



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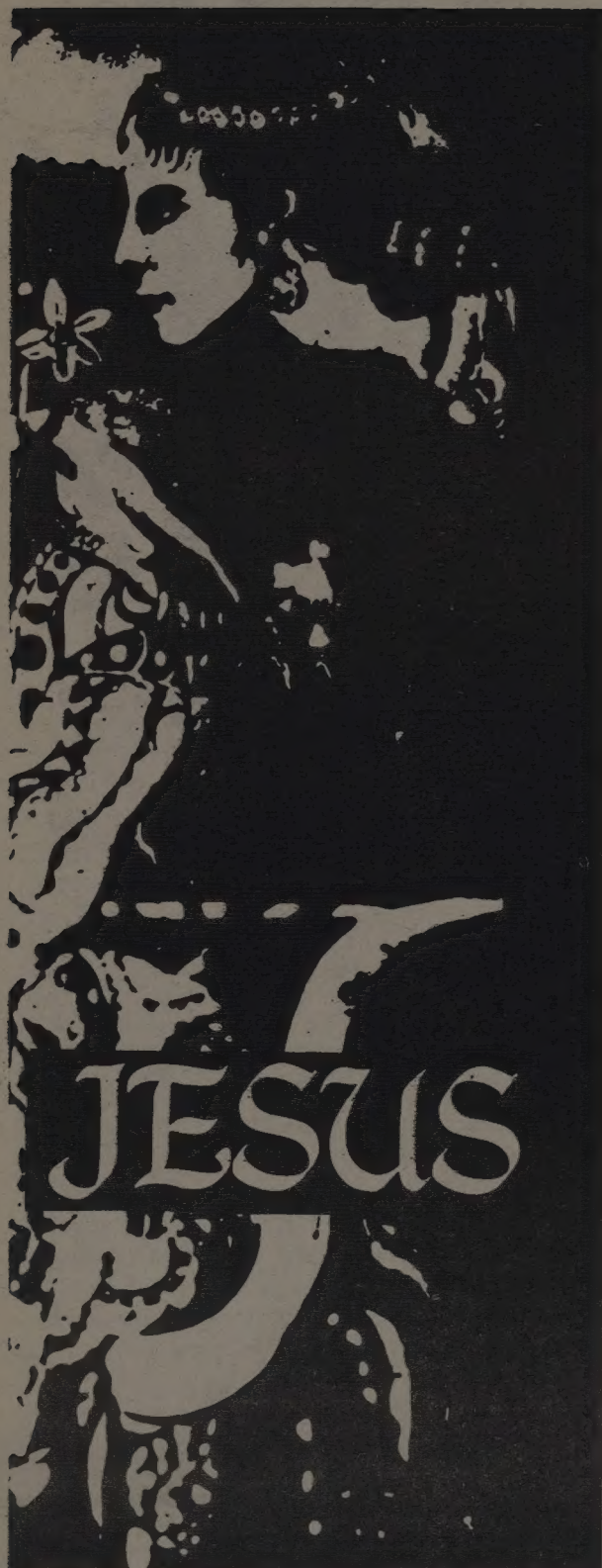
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by Palladius Ruinosus

1. As the Archbishop of Montreal Paul-Emile Leger's 63 year old conscience explodes and he drops off the back of the opalescent fish truck a simple priest with Visions of Joanna to do Christ's and his own thing caring for the physical and spiritual needs of lepers in Africa;

2. And with Christianity's major prophet, Jeanne Dixon, appropriately situated in Washington, D.C., the seat of military and political, if not spiritual, power of what purports to be Western Christendom, predicting from holy visions the end of the Papacy in this century (good Pope John opened the Prophecy of Fatima, cried, sealed the envelope and called the Ecumenical Council) and, what is even more, the birth of the Logos or Evolutionary Messenger for the Aquarian Age on February 5, 1962 in the Middle East (Nost RA damus A RA bia Felix, today's Yemen);

3. And with the Church's other prophet-outside-the-walls, Vincent Lopez, who for many years played joyous dance tunes not far from Mammon's Wall Street Vatican, predicting by Our Creator's sacred numbers that "between today and the year 2000 a new civilization will be born, a major war will be fought and new ideologies will have been established not only in the United States but all over the world";

4. And, while General Shoup, Medal of Honor at Okinawa, former Commandant of the United States Marines and Member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, tells some college kids: you've been lied to all your lives, our own policies have made the Russians and Chinese up-tight, it's really the "have-nots" against the "haves," no one showed me any projections whereby the Chinese would be a threat to our security in even 30 years, the whole of Viet Nam isn't worth one American life;

5. And while Che Guevara gives his blood in Bolivia to liberate the "have not" masses from the spiritual and financial descendants of Tomas de Torquemada, "saintly" Gregory IX, "compassionate" Innocent IV, "loveable" Sixtus IV, "beloved" Paul IV, "holy" Alexander VI, "blessed" Pius IV, and "big-hearted" Kon RA d von Marburg;

6. And, while the Mormons continue to fill g RA naries for the great famine their Joseph, Prophet Smith, said would come;

7. And, while Prophet Mary Baker Eddy's Christian Science healers run around actually healing those who really believe in Christ, while Madison Avenue real estate brokers, disguised as clerics, send you in to look at the catted RA (1) and to light a candle instead of healing you as St. Paul said they might were just one of them truly holy;

8. And, while Bob Dylan sings "Sad-eyed lady of the low-lands where the sad-eyed prophets say that no man comes" and the dupes of Mammon in Congress would give away the Hopi Indian lands to predatory plunderers, euphemistically called lobbyists, so that mankind's new Evolutionary Messenger, whom the peace-loving Hopi prophets called "Massau" or Great Spirit, can't come visit them on their own lands, wearing his red cap as Jesus promised he would when Jesus visited the Hopis;

9. And, while satanic madmen, who actually volunteered to kill for Christ, James Bond and the C.I.A., plot with the Captain Queegs and "chickenshit" World War II Majors (who didn't get shot in the back by their own troops) to establish, with the tacit collusion of "whacked out" alcoholic Congressman Mendel Rivers and other evil members of the military-industrial complex, an Animal Farm here in these beautiful United States during 1969 with Ronaldus Primus, Caesar Populi Americanorum, as front man;

10. And, while the reincarnation of Charlemagne and only sane leader of the West, Sufi Charles le G RA nd of F RA nce screams "Quebec Libre" on one day, and on another, as titular, hereditary Co-Prince of Andor RA, draws not only the thunderous applause of a crowd of 3,000 when he tells them all men are created equal, but also, "the stony silence of members of the assembly, a group of middle-aged and elderly men in black tricorne hats who are jealous of their privileges and do not want to share them too widely";

666. And, while inhuman, schizophrenic bio-chemists in Maryland, Moscow and Peking breed, perfect and cross-breed unbelievably virulent germs to wipe out all Mother Earth's valuable crops, trees, flowers, birds, insects, fishes animals and cheap human beings during Armageddon which starts in 1984;

11. And, while some prelates of the Irish-German-American 44.3 Billion Dollar money-grubbing extension of the Roman Church would seek to pervert the concept of sepa RA tion of the church and state by RA iding the public treasury of the State of New York to support their training camps for little "sister sez," walled-in minds, prog RA mmed to bark and salivate when their sadistic Military Vicar piously and unctuously announces the 4,669th Crusade to be waged in Our Lord's name, this time against the heretical followers of St. Jehosephat in Viet Nam;

13. And, while the Military Vicar's other political cohort, the Archbishop of San Antonio (who also owes his preferment to the calculated brown-nosing of a bright Italian seminarian called Eugene Pacelli, and whom neither one dared call "dago" or "ginny" to his face) runs around Blessing St. Lyndon of Bobby Baker's cannons in the name of the Prince of Peace;

14. And, while the great American people, hypnotized under the Panamanian Moon by Advertising Agency Monas into believing their "b RA in Session" discovered wants are in all truth their needs, while one-third of their American brothers anguish in poverty and One Billion Six Hundred Fifty Million of their brothers all over the world are starving;

15. The time has come for those who have not been totally turned off by some of the quite fast asleep and walking dead, superstitious prelates, who pa RA de our land sporting powerless, mononeucleosic, magician's rings and supe RA annuated Halloween costumes, fully believing they merit, on their business acumen alone, the hosanned vainglorious appellations of an un-American nobility, closing the gate on the little children who would enter, knowing not the difference between the gate and a hole in the ground, peddling patents of black nobility and knighthoods (they're cheaper in Rome) to wealthy American camels whose principal religion is to get back something to feed their Luciferic pride for the tax-deductible, dog-eat-dog dollars they use to create b RA ssy charitable illusions, conning money for brick space-ships from self-righteous clucks through "blessed" bingo games which encou RA ge the lust for money (fie on thee St. Paul, we only trot thee out to ban fornication, mini-skirts and Peter's beard);

16. All at the same time zealously attempting to exemplify the spirit of the Sermon of the Mount by hoisting multi-colored, iridescent, pastel, petard smoke rings through their anuses, while solemnly anathematizing, with no power from God to do so at all, The Beatles for the latest heresy thunk up by the "saintly," computerized cash-register, 15 Cardinals' votes bought already, hairless pate of Holy Mother F RA nces the Dollar Bill Church : FAILURE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUPPORT OF YOUR BARBER;

17. While our so-denounced Astarothic, Beelzebubic, Clauneckic, Danocharic, Estiotic, Frimostic, Gulandric, Hicpacathic, Ibasilic, Klepothic, Luciferic, Morailic, Nesbirotsic, Ouyaric, Pentagronic, Sagatanaic, Trimasaelic and, withall, Valueritufic, reincarnated troubadours Cherubically chant Se RA phic anthems zapped into their "still" minds by beautifully evolved Archangelic teachers from one of the Celestial Academies in the invisible world which Pius XII said we should pay more attention to;

12 & 42. Amen, Amen, Aum, Aum, Om, Om; Pater Noster fiat voluntas tua in terr RA; Dominus Deus Is RA el; Tet RA g RA maton; Ruach Elohim; Bismillah er- RA hman, er-RA him; Kyrie, Eleison; Christe, Eleison; Hare RA ma; Hare Krishna; Hail Zoroaster's Ahu RA Mazda; Swienta Matka Boza; Sainte Marie; Ave Maris Stella; Hail RA phael Mighty Archangel of the Risen Sun; Soc RA tes; RA bbi Simeon Pha RA oh; Im RA th No RA: Sefi RA h Gebu RA h; To RA h Mid RA sh; Ha RA n; Te RA h; Ab RA ham; Sa RA h; RA chel; RA ziel Angel of the Holy Mysteries; Hail Lord Osiris; Hail Lord Akhnaton; Hail Lady Nefertete; Speculum Justitiae, O RA pro Nobis; Rosa Mystica; Turris Davidica; O RA te F RA tres; Cell Da RA: O G RA nd Saint G RA al; Salve RA dix; Cux Mig RA tionis; Hail Adam Cadmon; A peste, fame et bello, Libe RA nos, Domine; Vest RA: viri, Christum memo RA ns mens personet heia! the time has really come for those Free Spirits of Good Will who are still Followers of Christ to Take A Trip With Jesus and, Allah willing, evolve out towards the Tabernacle in the Sun.

(1) To Py RA mid Initiates, RA was the Christ-mind back of our solar system. St. Augustine said : that which is called the Christian religion has been around since man's beginning.

None of the characters in these stories is living. They are merely figments of our collective imagination.

TALES FROM THE LAND OF WAS

CHAPTER I

By Dick Preston

THE LOLLIPOP PRINCESS



delicate dimples had increased proportionately with the size of her butt. She had married a pineapple prince who shared both her fortune and her ambitions. They were almost happy. Unfortunately, their total 100% happiness had just been thwarted by the democratic process. For this failure, she held her image-makers wholly responsible. Their inability to erase the lollipop excesses of her childhood seemed to her to have the odour of total incompetence. Perverts, swindlers, murderers had won elections in the past. Why had fate been so unkind to her? How much money did one have to spend before the lollipop image was wiped from the mass consciousness? Everyone knew all about it, even though few had actually seen it. Worse even, there were some uncouth citizens who, no doubt spurred on by a massive cocktail of drugs and undiluted libertarianism, were wont to scribble on the walls of her fair city, the legend PRINCESS TEMPLE SUCKS.



Once upon a time, in a far-off corner of the Kingdom of Was, there lived a wicked Prince who coveted the throne of an equally wicked monarch, whose name was King Lyndon the Gruesome. The province over which the Prince ruled was a magic land where the sun shone warmly all the year round, and where the bosoms of the maidens were as symmetrical and as abundant as the grapefruits on which they lived. The Prince's name was Regan the Regal.

He was called Regal, not because of his antecedents, but because for many years before he succeeded to the princship, he had worked as a comedian in the Regal Burlesque, a flea-bitten fleshpot in the downtown neighbourhood of the city.

On this morning, as on every other morning, the Prince, his chin covered with a forest of lather, paid homage to the oracle of the shaving mirror. "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who has the biggest potential of all?" And the mirror lisped back, "Why Prince baby, you do of course." "O.K.," said Regan the Regal, "so what else is new?", and the mirror gave him its morning report on the latest infiltrations of the Communist dragon into the

Catholic Church . . . Abolafia's midwest campaign . . . a couple of hot tips to be passed on to his broker . . . an intercepted message from King Kosygin the Pink to King Lyndon the Gruesome . . . and various other items of relevant princely information, which concluded with an invitation to a gay party just off Sunset Strip.

On hearing this last item, a sad look came into his eyes, and he sighed as he wiped away the remaining islands of shaving cream from his jewels. "Give them my regrets, but I got to cool it until this faggot story's blown over." And he swished out of the Royal Bathroom to keep his luncheon appointment.

In this land of eternal summer, there also lived a Princess whose name was Saccharine Temple. Being a second cousin to Prince Regan, it is not surprising to learn that she, too, harboured political ambitions. Moreover, she had also been in burlesque, and as a child star she had achieved phenomenal success. Wearing a very short dress, below which the lace of her panties was clearly visible, she worked in an act with two drunken comedians. The act, very simple and basic, consisted of the comedians telling each other stories that dealt exclusively with oral sex, while little Saccharine Temple, standing close by and watching them with her beady little eyes, sucked loudly on a red lollipop. At the end of each gag, she would shake her cute little butt and squeak, "Oh, you naughty men!" This always got the child perves in the audience, of which there were many, groaning and creaming in their seats.

All this was many years ago, and the Princess was now a matronly figure whose



One of the unhappy results of this was that the Princess spent a small fortune each week, to pay a battalion of students, armed with scrubbing brushes and whitewash, to keep this plague of graffiti under control.

As the Princess drove to her luncheon appointment, she used her two-way car radio to inform her whitewash H.Q. of three new areas that were heavily saturated with the noxious phrase. Softly she cursed her parents, whose avarice had made them exploit their daughter's talents in the burlesque houses of her country. To be so close to a position of real power and then to have it suddenly snatched away — that was the bitterest pill of all. Pill. She reached into the glove box and pulled out a vial of tranquilizers. She took three of them.

Arriving at the restaurant, she went



face got redder and her crotch got hotter, so the noise of her sucking got louder and louder. Yet, like the old trouper she really was, she never missed a cue. "Oh, you naughty men," she cried in a shrill falsetto at the end of each gag.

The ritual completed, they sat down to lunch.

Regan the Regal, pulling his protocol, sat at the head of the table. Since entering the political arena he had never been to a luncheon without making a speech, and this was to be no exception.

"My dear Princess," he began, "do not be too downhearted. A good loser may well become a future Lord Chamberlain or even a Secretary of State. Keep working. Be assured that the Party will reward you."

On hearing this the Princess brightened and immediately began to daydream about how, when she was Secretary of State, she would have all the African Delegates to the World Council line up to sniff at her little white pussy.

"In the meantime," the Prince's pontificating voice continued, "we must exploit the current war to its fullest. King Lyndon the Gruesome is vascillating. He is reluctant to use the power of the super-bomb, which is the only way out of the military dilemma in which we now find ourselves. But take note...his reluctance is not moral but political. If he thought it could be used to his advantage, he would drop it on, his own family. It is our duty, as Freedom Loving Noblemen, to make this reluctance his undoing. While Lyndon worries about what our so-called friends across the ocean are thinking, we must work at pulling down the pillars of his Great Society."

"He's not doing a bad job of that himself," interjected Baron Murphy.

"True," replied the Prince, "but he is prey to the thought that one of the ways to keep the slaves in check is to give them the same privileges as the rich. This course of action is both reckless and dangerous. If this philosophy is carried out to its logical extreme, there would be no advantages in being an aristocrat. The poor must always be kept in a state of need. That's the only way they can be manipulated. Take away their welfare goodies...as I am doing now, and give them momentous military victories...as I intend to do, and they'll be as happy as pigs in shit. With no social services and a permanent state of war, we can rule this entire planet. Take no notice when my enemies abuse us over my termination of the dental program. Remember, a man with a cavity is an angry man. If the state fills his cavity, he becomes just another limp dick...a card burner...a flower sniffer. But a man who is hopping up and down with toothache is ready to go out and kill a nigger or a gook at the first drop of a patriotic hat. Ah, my good friends, what we must work towards is not a Great Society, but a Creative Society...one in which the freedom to exploit is guaranteed to every man who has this, the most precious of all creative freedoms!"

The Princess and the Baron clapped wildly, while Regan the Regal lowered his eyes in smug humility. A slave then brought in the dessert. "God bless the land of Was," said the Prince, genuflecting before the holy apple pie.

"Amen," said the Princess and the Baron with great passion.

And since there was nothing left to say, they all fell to daydreaming about what they would do if they got the opportunity to play at being King.

directly to the private room that had been reserved for the luncheon, and was pleasantly surprised to see the face of an old friend waiting for her at the door.

"Why, Baron Murphy, how nice of you to come," she said, giving him a big hug.

"I haven't yet, but it won't be long before I do...Ha Ha Ha...the old gags are the best, I always say," chortled the Baron.

"Come in and close the door," came the hearty voice of Regan the Regal. "Now we're all together," he continued, "let's do our little act."

And off they went. The Prince and the Baron donning their straw hats while the Princess pulled a red lollipop from her purse. The best gags...the old gags came thick and fast, and as the Princess's

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The Things That Puzzle Us

In Everyday Experiences That We All Have

by Allan Katzman

PP's SERMONETTE

"New York City is falling apart. There is nothing we can do about it. We had to let 'the underground' take over."

"Fun City cannot survive without qualified creative people who can create, produce and execute more and better fun for our populace to enjoy or otherwise they are going to leave and New York will become a ghost town."

These are the official words of the Lindsay administration concerning the First Memorial to the 20th Century Environmental Pops Festival which will take place next year at Flushing Meadows, Memorial Day May 31, and June 1 & 2. The city's fathers have seen their way clear to turning over the future of city planning "for fun and profit" to the Turned on, Way Out generations of young americans who know, if nothing else, how to live, love and make merry.

Spearheaded by the Group Image and including the best talents in the underground (The East Village other, Buckminster Fuller, The Grateful Dead, Pablo, all kinds of Pop, Rock & Roll bands, every artistic commune in the U.S. doing psychedelia and light shows) the city has given over the grounds of the World's Fair for the experiment of the century. As one member of the Group Image put it, "The Lindsay Administration cannot disagree, as far as New York City is concerned, that 'Fun is our most important business.'"

The theme of this media burlesque show and fun house of the future will be 'Come dance with me on the grave of the World's Fair.' A 36 ft. high cube of 27 twelve foot cubes made of aluminum, plexiglass and vinyl will stand as the official symbol for the Underground's entry to Intergalactic world living. Twelve feet protections covering the height of the 36 foot high cube will be inundated with full length feature films like Ben Hur while the best rock & roll bands perform live on its surface. It will be a total environment in sensual living where the mind, body and soul cohabit together in an orgy of sight, sound and color. Each pavillion, and there will be hundreds of them covering the old World's Fair grounds, will be a trip through the new city of God, a journey through the elysium fields of Mt. Olympus.

The Mayor has officially, as of last week, put the entire city on "Mind Alert." So New York City get ready! The phantasmagoria of the sweet life is just a train ride away via the IRT to Flushing Meadows.

Anger seems to be the order of the day in America. It has even reached psuedo-hippie proportions in the area of commercial enterprises. Variety's Child, a costume-clothes store which had been selling old theatrical costumes was permanently closed last week by neighborhood fanatics.

The tenants of the commercial building at 353 West 48th St. where the store was located complained to the owner and threatened to break their leases if the store continued in operation. The landlord's complaints, as well as the complaints of the others had to do with the "hippies" who came to shop at the store. It seems the respectable people who inhabit the area around Ninth Avenue and West 48th St. felt threatened by their presence.

"The New Indians" (Harper & Row, February 21, 1968) by Stan Steiner, is the first full scale report of the gathering "Red Power" movement...a revolt against the white man's culture and its debasement of the tribal way. Mr. Steiner maintains that an Indian uprising—ideological, social, legal, and political—is under way on the reservations.

Last Tuesday night, November 14, while the peace demonstration at the Hilton Hotel turned into its weekly bloodletting among peace marchers, the New School for Social Research held its annual foray into the muck and mire of academic bullshittery. The discussion on "Why The Hippies" turned into why the audience, why Paul Krassner, why sex, drugs, God and the United States of America? Why became equivalent to "I hate you," "I love you," "I'm against you," "I'm for you." people chose sides and threw reason to the wind or in this case the excessive amount of hot air that had risen in the auditorium after two hours seemed to mimic what was going down in the country on the 14th day of November in the year of our Lord 1967 A.D.

Paul Krassner had initiated the trip at 8:15 P.M. by visually announcing to the audience of 500 that the little white pill he was about to swallow was genuine LSD, instant god for those who were on the same wave length. The majority of people who were old time radicas refused to take Paul's announcement seriously. They sat there like rancid butter, spectators of the old left nuance dissolving into the conservative graveyard of fear. They continually interrupted the proceedings with 'Impeach the moderator' and 'what are the hippies doing for society?' One of the panelists, Dr. Charles McCormick, repeatedly tried to bury the question with categories, a neat academic expertise equivalent to burying the truth in coffins. The whole thing turned into guerilla theater with reason heading the casualty list. If anything came out of the whole affair it was the immediate realization that someone had declared war. Barrages of insults were hurled from every direction. People's answers were drowned out by bad manners.

Krassner held his own throughout the melee but for some odd reason was chosen by the audience for the brunt of their hostility against the Hippies. Paul was brilliant in his indictment of the audience's sellout over the younger generations involvement in protest and dissent. He exposed their sacred cow of academy for what it was, a rational wall built out of fear against what was really happening in the country today. The discussion was finally called on account of chaos. What had happened was simple and direct, a war had begun many years ago and the world known as University finally got the message.

In the past eighteen years, Eilat, an Israeli stronghold on Jordan's border, has developed from a small Israeli outpost on the Gulf of Aqaba to a bustling wide-open port city and resort area. Tax free to Israelis who consider it their "wild west" and to young Europeans who consider it their "sun and drug haven," Eilat has become known as a place where people can "do their thing" almost free from restrictions.

The drug trade became a free enterprise when the Israelis found it easier to let the Arabs stay stoned than to stop the drug traffic that poured over her borders from Jordan. As one Israeli soldier put it, "We shot an Arab camel driver one day who broke through our border checkpoint and the Jordanians retaliated by shooting one of our cab drivers. We let the traffic go through simply because Israelis very rarely indulge in drugs and the Arabs make up the majority of users on our side."

Due to Israel's permissiveness towards drugs and because of the influx of visitors, the Word has gone out to the mailine of Europe that anything goes in Eilat.

During the summer months, besides the usual European and Israeli tourists, there is an influx of "Ha-beatnikim." They are mostly young kids who live on the open desert or on the beaches and even inhabit the trees. Spread across Eilat and lining the flat horizon with their makeshift cardboard houses and tents in psychedelic colors, they appear as the lost tribes of Israel. They survive by begging, renting out deep sea diving gear or by singing in nightclubs. Most of them remain stoned for their short stay in Eilat. As one story tells it, a young member of the tree tribe wandered out to the desert stoned on opium and was never heard from again.

There is one spot where all of them gather for their nightly vigils: a discotheque called "The End of the World." They sit there stoned, swaying to the inevitable music and waiting for the final vision. As one Israeli put it, "The End of the World is where it's at."

The Xmas issue of Playboy has a satire on the Bopper Brigade by Jack Newfield and Howard Smith which is interestingly bad. What it is is eight profiles of different freshman commandos from the underbelly of the hippie horde who are destined to rise in the ranks.

What makes the article so interesting, besides the bad writing, is that it is a satire on themes of success and money. Hero worship is just a by-product of the putdown but the obviousness of putting other people down who have been more successful in the things they themselves have been after all their lives has a backfire effect.

The fact that Newfield and Smith got \$3000 for the article; the fact that they got their names and pictures in a leading national magazine; the fact that Newfield writes and declares himself for a brand of politics which has all the currents of underground; the fact that Smith writes a column which supposedly makes him a spokesman for the underground scene, leads to another profile that was never used in the article.

For example, this is the official ninth profile which was deleted from the article because of the embarrassment it would cause its authors:

The Candyass boys were siamese twins who would do anything for money. They were true blue americans, even though people mistook them as unusual and different, and because of it, someone to be trusted. They were inseparable and would do their thing in public, once and only for money. They took LSD once and only for money. They became New Left enthusiasts, once and only for money. They tried sex, once and only for money. They even got married, once and only for money.

And in this way they earned the respect of their friends and family. No more are they thought to be strange and different. And no longer are they two separate beings tied together by only a physical slice of bone and skin. They recently died and became one, once and only for money.

This Saturday at one p.m. — a celebration announcing the end of the war. Noise makers and confetti, sound tracks and kisses, cherry pie and music. Though denied a permit for the event, plans are to move the celebration north to Times Square where people will be able to talk to each other of the war's end in the streets and theatres of Manhattan's entertainment district.

20th Century Fox is getting ready to jump onto the New York Times programmed conspiracy to kill Love and God in the consciousness of Teen-Age America. The turning toward India by young swingers and hippies for solving their problems of psychic scarcity, is the subject of the film feature titled "The Guru."

The film stars Rita Tushingham and Michael York as British pop singer Tom Pickle and British hippie Jennie, who come to the holy city of Benares to study with a noted musician whom they regard as a Guru, a holy leader. They look to him for both spiritual and physical guidance. Actually, he has problems of his own, since he is married to a young, pretty, modern girl as well as to an older, old-fashioned woman.

The moral of this robot turn-off is that the pop singer and the hippie girl discover that the teen scene in India is just as violent as it is in England, and they never achieve the peace they are seeking.

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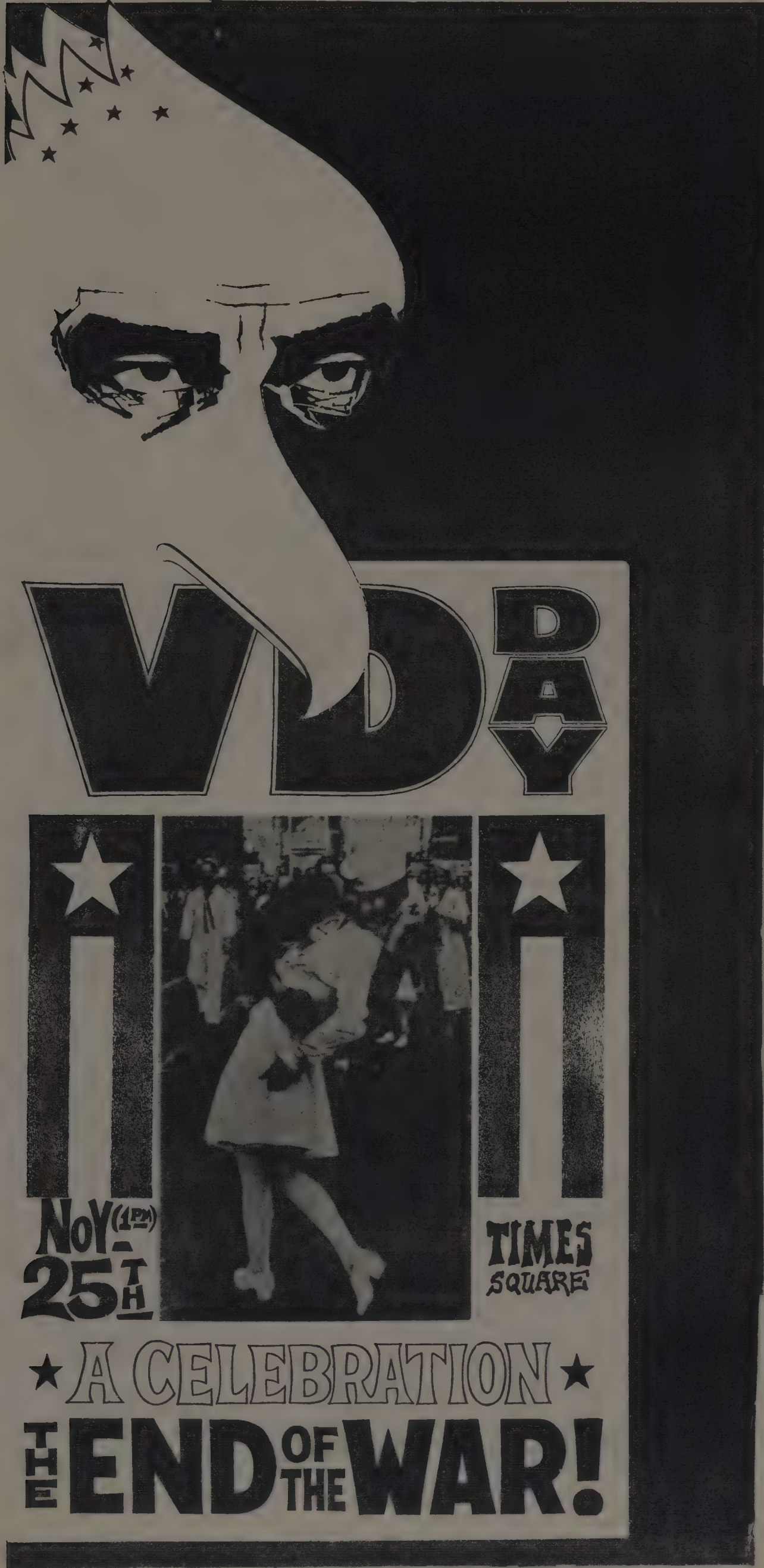
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BEYOND THE SYRINGE: The Prophecy of Chicken Little



To Any Who Would Incur the Wrath of The Under-ground Press

There are a bunch of dirty cocksuckers down in Cambridge who are giving us a hard time about our goddamn paper. Well fuck em, if they don't like it they can shove it up their fucking asses, they say we're crude and vulgar, well fuck those guys. Just who the hell do they think they are anyhow. Imagine the nerve of those guys, I'll bet they eat pussy. They say we talk dirty, well that's a pretty goddamn dirty thing to say the bastards. They better lay off before we show them what dirty really is. They're just sex starved that's all that's wrong with them, they go in the bathroom and jack off to PLAYBOY, it makes me want to draw a big hairy cunt on the cover and give them something they can REALLY get into. They're just mad cause their peckers have turned into marshmallows and their cunts feel like dried fish. I'm warning you guys, if you don't lay off I'm gonna smear your filthy sex starved faces all over the Boston area, I'm gonna draw pictures of you all fucking each other in the ass and sucking each others cocks and I'll have you do things so terrible you'll wish you never HEARD of the AVATAR and I won't just paste them up in public places or distribute them in mailboxes late at night, I'll rent a goddamn airplane and drop them all over the whole goddamn motherfucking state. This is just a polite warning, you're playing with dynamite, don't fuck with me...

"I believe in the right of free speech, but not if it disrupts the morale of the troops."
George Wallace
Candidate for President U.S.A.

The Army's provost marshal recently announced in Saigon that more servicemen are being arrested for smoking marijuana than for any other major offense. This admission came after John Steinbeck IV, son of John Steinbeck III, reported that three-fourths of the soldiers among the rice paddies are turning on. The Army denies the proportion, saying that at the most a few thousand out of a half million are using pot, but admits the problem is countrywide, from the DMZ to the Mekong Delta.

avatar

So you think demonstrations are a waste of time... Congressman John M. Murphy, a West Point graduate, of Staten Island, says anti-war protests are "just as effective as guerilla operations in the jungles of Vietnam."

Lovin Spoonful Steve Boone and ex-member Zal Yanovsky who set-up alleged purveyor of marijuana Bill Youghborough have now testified that the nark involved in the case lied in court.

The International Association of Chiefs of Police has expressed "dismay and concern" that a provision added to President Johnson's anti-crime legislation by a Senate judiciary subcommittee "which appears to centralize police training in the hands of the Director of the F.B.I. could become the first step toward a national police."

Another witness to the Kennedy assassination was shot at in Dallas on November 1, the week after he had returned from meeting with New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison.

Roger D. Craig, who served for eight years as Dallas County Sheriff, had testified before the Warren Commission, giving evidence which is inconsistent with the conclusions of the Warren Report.

Twenty-four witnesses whose deaths have been listed as "mysterious" have given evidence which conflicts with the official conclusions of the government.
(From Liberation News Service)

Father Philip Berrigan, Rev. James Mengel, David Eberhardt, secretary of the Baltimore Interfaith Peace Mission, and Thomas Lewis, head of Artists Concerned About Vietnam, were arrested on October 17, following a unique protest action in which they poured blood into filing cabinets at Selective Service headquarters in Baltimore. They were charged with malicious destruction of property, mutilating records and interfering with the Selective Service process.

When asked whose blood it was, Father Berrigan said: "Some of it was taken from ourselves, but most of it was duck's blood bought from a Polish market."

Before the blood pouring and within the ten minutes between the action and the arrests, the four men distributed a statement saying: "We shed our blood willingly and gratefully in what we hope is a sacrificial and constructive act. We pour it upon these files to illustrate that with them and with these offices begins the pitiful waste of American and Vietnamese blood, 10,000 miles away."

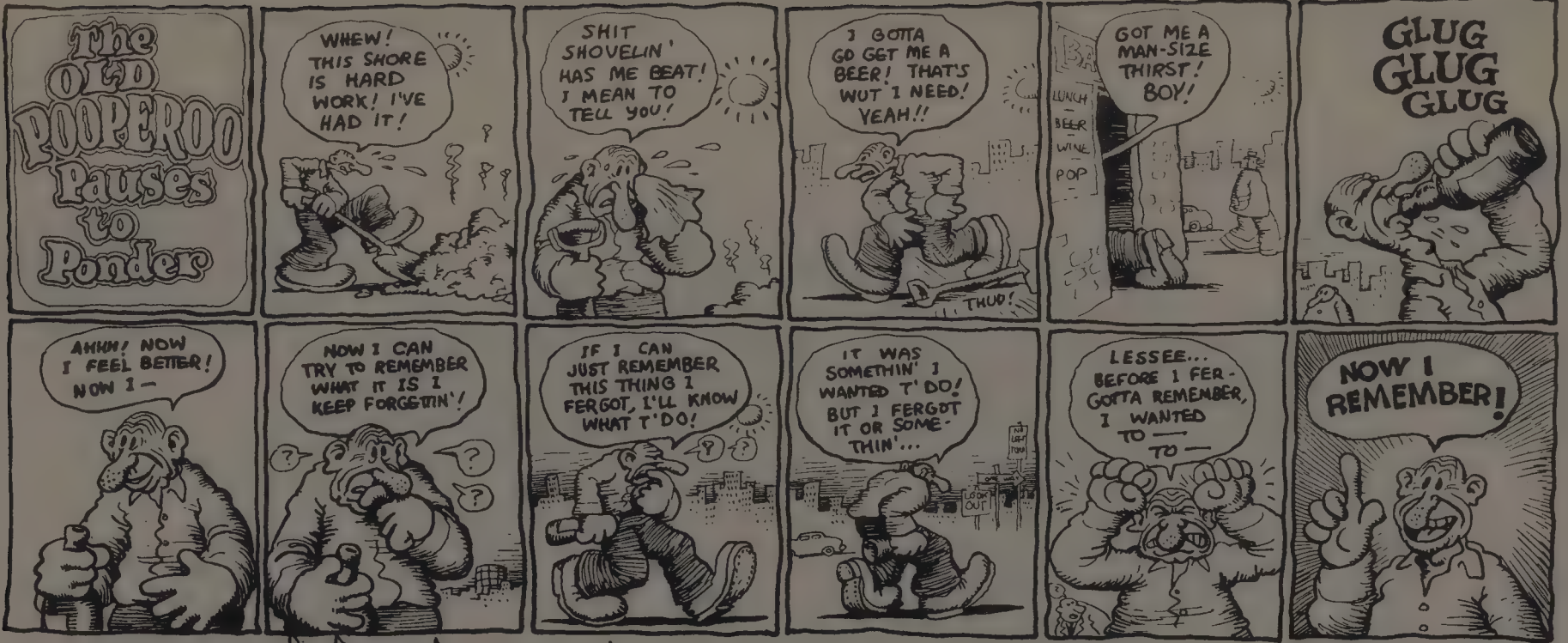
Washington Free Press (UPS) at 1703 R Street NW Washington, D.C. 20009, runs an advice column for draft resisters. Address all letters to General Marsbars.



ON VANGUARD

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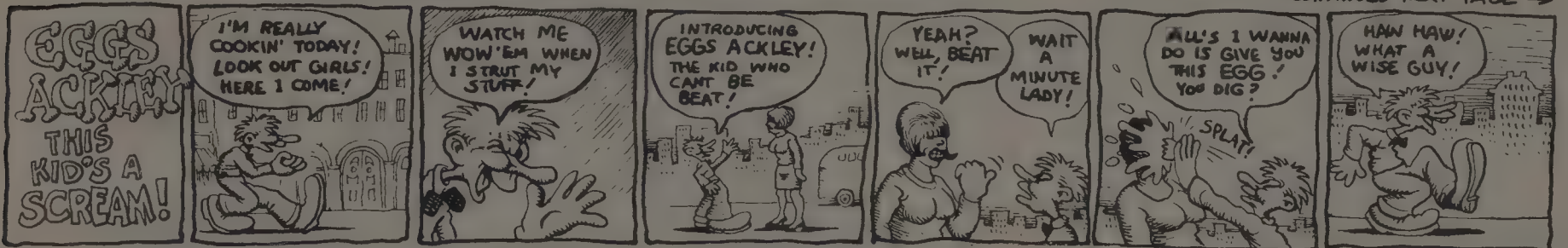
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THE REVENGE OF BUSTER CRABBE

by MARSHALL BLOOM
LIBERATION News Service

A "preliminary investigation" of underground newspapers has been called for by HUAC member Joe Pool (D-Texas).

The call apparently came following a speech by Pool at the Conservative Party of the Yale Political Union on November 6, where Pool revealed that "I have information that, throughout the United States, underground newspapers will be published as a nation-wide underground press syndicate. The purpose of these newspapers will be to slander and libel everyone who opposes these traitors in their attempts to destroy the American government."

Pool—who has already made a major plank of his re-election campaign in Dallas the harassment of NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND, a member of LIBERATION News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate—did not state in his speech that he had called for the investigation of the underground press (although he did call for a HUAC investigation of SDS, Veterans for Peace, Committee for Independent Political Action, Stop the Draft Week Committee, Progressive Labor Party, SNCC and Resistance).

This fact was revealed by his spokesman, who would not give her name for attribution. She stated that Pool could not reveal whether the preliminary investigation of the underground press had been begun by HUAC, since its executive sessions are private.

Since Pool's speech refers variously to "a nationwide underground press syndicate" and an "underground news syndicate," neither of which is capitalized, although the political groups are treated as proper nouns, it is difficult to know exactly what Pool thinks he is investigating.

Reporter: "But there's no such thing as The Underground News Syndicate."

Spokesman: "Oh really? Well, you know what I mean. Perhaps it's a loose term."

Reporter: "Could you tell me the names of the particular organizations or newspapers the Congressman intends to investigate?"

Spokesman: "Well, I really couldn't say specifically, but I'm sure he intends to investigate these various newspapers that have a tendency towards, you know, the obscene, and undermining established authority in the country. He doesn't intend to investigate the established organs of the university campus. It's the small, new underground types that he's after."

The Yale speech was given two weeks after the merger meeting of LNS and UPS, which was attended by 300 newspaper representatives. This meeting on the eve of the October 21 Pentagon Confrontation may have been Pool's reference, since the attack on underground newspapers, the major part of Pool's address, came after a criticism of the demonstrators at the Pentagon as "motley, die-hard, rear-guard characters."

"The people of our country have not heard the last of such traitors, however," Pool said, moving on to talk about the spreading of the "underground news syndicate." "These smut sheets are today's Molotov cocktails thrown at respectability and decency in our nation," Pool explained.

Reviving a charge made against Socrates, Pool said that the underground newspapers "capitalize on the innocence and confusion of the very young."

Even though they capitalize, these newspapers are "the newest Communist strategy," and "people say these activities are not Communist inspired! To them, my best answer is: Who benefits most by such strategy? The Communists brag about being a part of the draft resistance movement in the United States. These underground newspapers are an integral part of their plans, and all responsible U.S. newspapermen condemn their gutter journalism."

Several times in his speech, Pool blamed the right of free speech as the cause of these newspapers. "The plan of this underground press syndicate is to take advantage of that part of the First Amendment which protects newspapers and gives them freedom of the press," he complained. Thus, the fact that "the underground news syndicate" has attacked Joe Pool "vituperatively" and "also members of my family and members of my staff," are further proof that they are subversive.

"A revolution of some kind," a "destroy America movement," and the encouragement of a "readership of potential degenerates" are what he took to be the various goals of the underground press. "They know that the more obscene and dirty their newspapers are, the more they will attract the irresponsible readers whom they want to enlist in their crusade to destroy this country."

Pool, who was arrested this summer and fined for reckless driving when his car "crashed into the rear of another car that was stopped for a red light," (WASHINGTON POST, August 23), said that these newspapers "encourage depravity and irresponsibility, and they nurture a breakdown in the continued capacity of the government to conduct an orderly and constitutional society."

Having recently settled, out of court, a damage suit by the owners of a house who charged that he left the rented home "in a filthy condition and that most of their antique furniture and other furnishings were greatly damaged or ruined," (WASHINGTON POST, July 23), Pool said that these newspapers "make a mockery of decency and respectability."

In part, Pool's attack on underground newspapers was quite unconventional. The papers are "smutty," written by "gutter journalists" for a "readership of potential degenerates."

But Pool is not merely a cranky, middle-aged man. In Dallas, the Southern Methodist University SDS Chapter dissolved itself under the heat of Pool's attack last month; the Dallas Draft Information Center was illegally evicted from its office; and NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND was banned from campus in a double-think statement by the President of SMU defending freedom of the press.

His speech suggests that an attempt may be made to link free men communities with political subversion, and harass them together in HUAC hearings.

In Pool's mind, the distinctions between "psychedelic" and "political" underground papers may blur, although he will find out soon enough, should HUAC create confrontations with the wide variety of newspapers that call themselves "underground."

Chairman of the Texas House Investigating Committee at the time the state government was rocked by major scandals involving insurance companies, loan sharks, real estate schemes and the Veterans' land program, Pool led his committee to investigate and root out horror comic books.

This past year, Pool has introduced a bill to Congress to prevent the disruption of the Selective Service System, and a bill to prohibit Americans from sending tangible aid to any group engaged in armed conflict with the U.S.

As a strong believer in "our beloved freedoms," Pool has recently urged that "Congress should deny funds to any university which permits SDS to have an organized chapter on its campus."

Any preliminary hearing on the underground press by HUAC has not been announced yet, so no response can be reported, but the United Press International (UPI) wrote up Pool's speech seriously, and he was warmly greeted and applauded by the Yale student group.



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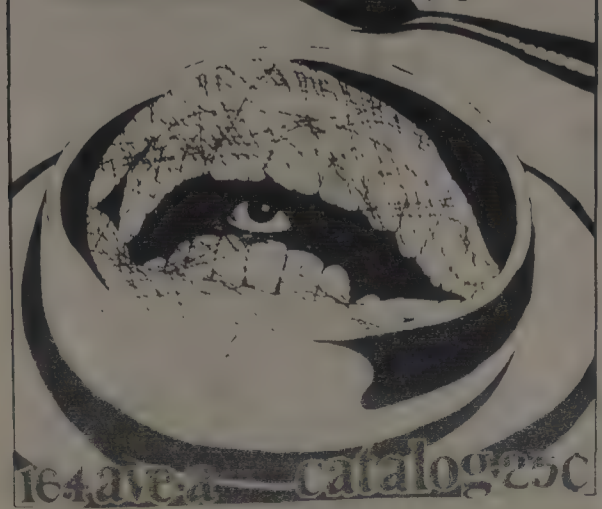
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Continued from Page 8

THE EXPERIENCE OF A REALITY

to the plight of the needy. Perhaps it was just such a leader which prompted Michael Harrington to write his knowledgeable book, *THE OTHER AMERICA*.

Nothing escaped Kennedy's insight—the hell that old people face in this country as compared to other countries, the commercialized burials, the homeless orphans, the widow wage earners, substandard housing, poor medical care, and a still-inadequate social security system to provide for the aged in the same way that a child needs to be cared for, the growing rate of crime and mental illness, and above all, the rising number of dissatisfied youth.

Furthermore, the action President Kennedy took toward these problems brought to light certain other invisible facts and conditions about the United States. Reactionary forces and attitudes were more clearly seen. The civil rights movement revealed deeply-rooted racial hatred and prejudice. The educational act brought forth the long-held fear that the federal government, in providing the means of instruction, would also control the soul of the pupils. Economic acts disclosed the industrialists' greater greed. Kennedy's concern about health made everyone aware of the dissatisfaction of self-conceited physicians. His anti-poverty measures revealed the insecurity of the rich. He served as a catalyst in this great laboratory of human experience. His own ancestry feelings toward the immigrants, and his correct vision that this is a nation of immigrants, revealed the narrow-mindedness of the many whose grandfathers were themselves immigrants. Furthermore, the attention given the less privileged showed that this nation is split in character, interest, in the means of living, and in the way people earn a living. Here a minority has accumulated the wealth, the means of making greater wealth; and through its manufacturing and industrial practices and large corporation holdings, blocks the opportunity for others, especially the 50,000 under-privileged, cited by Harrington. Of course, this banking minority, whose object in life is the game of money-making, are larger in number than those in any other society and at any time, and it does not suddenly cliff off the rest of the population; therefore, it does not antagonize the society and manipulate the rest, but has in its advantage a group which, in a hierarchical way of distribution of wealth, gradually relates them to the so-called invisible poor. In other words, the so-called middle class is actually an asset to the rich and a hindrance to the poor.

These realities are also related to other realities, that is, in the 1950's, some experts believed that the economic problem of America, both as a system and as a functional tool for the benefit of all, had been solved. The educational system, as everyone believed, did provide an opportunity for all; though, generally speaking, it is one of the poorest systems in the world. There are, of course, exceptions. In the administration of affairs, both public and private, there is a great waste of human talent, time and money, to such an extent that one can call the achievement of the society the product of a greater waste.

Yet, when one probes the heart of this reality, he is truly shocked, for Americans, as a people basically rooted in the right, worth and value of "man," actually look at their fellowmen as a commodity to sell or buy, as a building to rent, or as a prostitute to seduce. Seduction is the mechanism which not only

applies to the physical act, but also connotes the mental act, too. One seduces another, and at the end, no one is happy. This is its tragic side. Everybody cheats and lies, without apparently hurting the other fellow, but at the end, nobody comes out unhurt. The mechanism of conflict inhibits the mechanism of seduction, for the average American generally believes that no other system works except competing with other persons, or eliminating them, in order to achieve his goal. The taxi driver tells me it is "dog eat dog," and perhaps one can generalize this mechanism to the industrial and politically active groups. This section of society, in an attempt to stimulate the mechanism of competition and seduction, actively controls the means of auto-suggestion. Television, radio, newspapers, films, magazines, even theaters are their accomplices. They keep a firm grip on at least one of these, in order to continue the mechanism of seduction and competition. No longer are gentlemen's rules considered honest, for one can use any rule without informing his opponent. He can even use sex, wealth and power; if these techniques do not work, he can make the man lose face by resorting to all kinds of accusations; and if this in turn fails, he utilizes the law, or even changes the law. The result is that in practice all these means are justified. All such mechanisms and values are accepted. It seems there is no margin between what is right and what is wrong; what is healthy and peaceful, and what is unhealthy and dangerous. Something has to be done, and one must do it in whatever way he can. This is called "constructive aggression."

When we turn to the international situation, we find that, in a way, it had become an extension of the American way of life, until President Kennedy brought new life to it. After Roosevelt, no president initiated as much vigor to face international problems as did Kennedy. As I also mentioned, Khrushchev and de Gaulle were also a good match, for it was these three people who initiated realism at the international level. Then, what is this realism?

Essentially, this realism means that the great nations, particularly the Soviet Union and the United States, through their images in Khrushchev and Kennedy, came to accept the diversity in reality of the world as a fact, and moreover, they accepted the right of small nations to become what they wanted to become. They also accepted the danger of nuclear weapons and the reality of time.

Fundamentally, I believe that these men had felt the reality of the international relations, and de Gaulle, although older, was even more foresighted to realize this tendency and to activate it. It is this future orientation which makes the North Atlantic Treaty useless, and CEDO a burden on Iran, Pakistan and Turkey. Various other reminders of the decade of illusion, and above all, Vietnam, are unnecessary, unwanted, and foolish. The wave of illusion has passed over the head of the politician; and anyone, including Johnson, who persists in it will be a greater loss.

It is this reality which made Kennedy measure the defense of America in a strategy for peace. When he was firm noticed that it benefited American economy and security if he could act on the basis of world reality, that is, the acceptance of a situation as it was. It had various results; it made commerce easier

with the Soviet Union, it made cultural exchange for the benefit of all possible, and it stimulated Americans to become more creative, while the Russians became more realistic about the United States. Above all, it provided a great opportunity for Eastern Europe to become independent. If Kennedy had lived, he would have taken the initiative from de Gaulle, and would gradually have made this realism acceptable to the Americans and to Western Europe. Furthermore, he would have provided a road toward this channel, and through this realism, a way of bringing China to the United Nations, and then ending the Vietnam war. Because this is a primary problem, I must emphasize now that he would never have taken MacNamara's suggestion regarding the decision of February, 1964, for several reasons:

First of all, a limited war in Vietnam would permit South Vietnam and their government to find certain rules for governing, and it would save the lives of those who are just dying in vain. American forces would remain there until evacuation time, and most important, would provide ground for negotiation. In this way, the decision of February, 1964 has weakened the realism which Kennedy had begun; and further weakening occurred when Khrushchev departed from the international scene. However, as an historical reality, it remains with us, because the people of the world accept it. It is their unconscious voice, and no one, whatever his power, can block its growth for long. Such a social ingredient is just like a natural energy which, if suppressed in one way, reappears in another form.

Thus, the reality of the world requires with diversified systems, characteristics and ideologies. It is a world where the weak and the small, as well as the powerful and the rich, are trying to find their destiny, and no one has a simple remedy for others. The reality of the world is moving toward the state of "nationhood," which is based upon trust and cooperation, rather than mistrust and conflict.

What will be the role of America in this new reality? This is the question which brings us back to the main idea of this short volume on the discovery of America. The United States still possesses a great opportunity in the world to lead humanity, but she can never utilize this opportunity unless she first convinces herself that she cannot become a world example and solve her international problems apart from her domestic issues. In fact, I am convinced that the road to the United Nations is not through the present organization, but through an analysis of each nation's character and socio-political ideas in terms of the state of peace. Then nations can internally revitalize themselves and transcend themselves to a higher plane where, without any bonds, they can, as free institutions, respect one another with trust and cooperation.

The United States has no other choice in her destiny than to reappraise her present condition in terms of her basic ideals, in order to utilize her opportunities in the world. The actualization of the great society is not possible without such an analysis. She must make these changes so that she will not be obliged to negotiate military treaties for the sake of maintaining her economy. This is not an idealistic statement, but social reality. The birth of a new generation makes this a requirement, for the youth are awakening to materialize the destiny of America, and rediscover it for this culture's golden age of renaissance.

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Persecution:



Witness for the

New Haven, Conn. — FBI agents have been questioning college students who turned in their draft cards during antiwar demonstrations which marked national anti-draft week, October 15-21. Students were interrogated on the campuses of the Universities of Yale, Harvard, Connecticut and Massachusetts, and possibly other institutions. At Yale, this produced an offer of aid by law faculty members to students who were questioned.

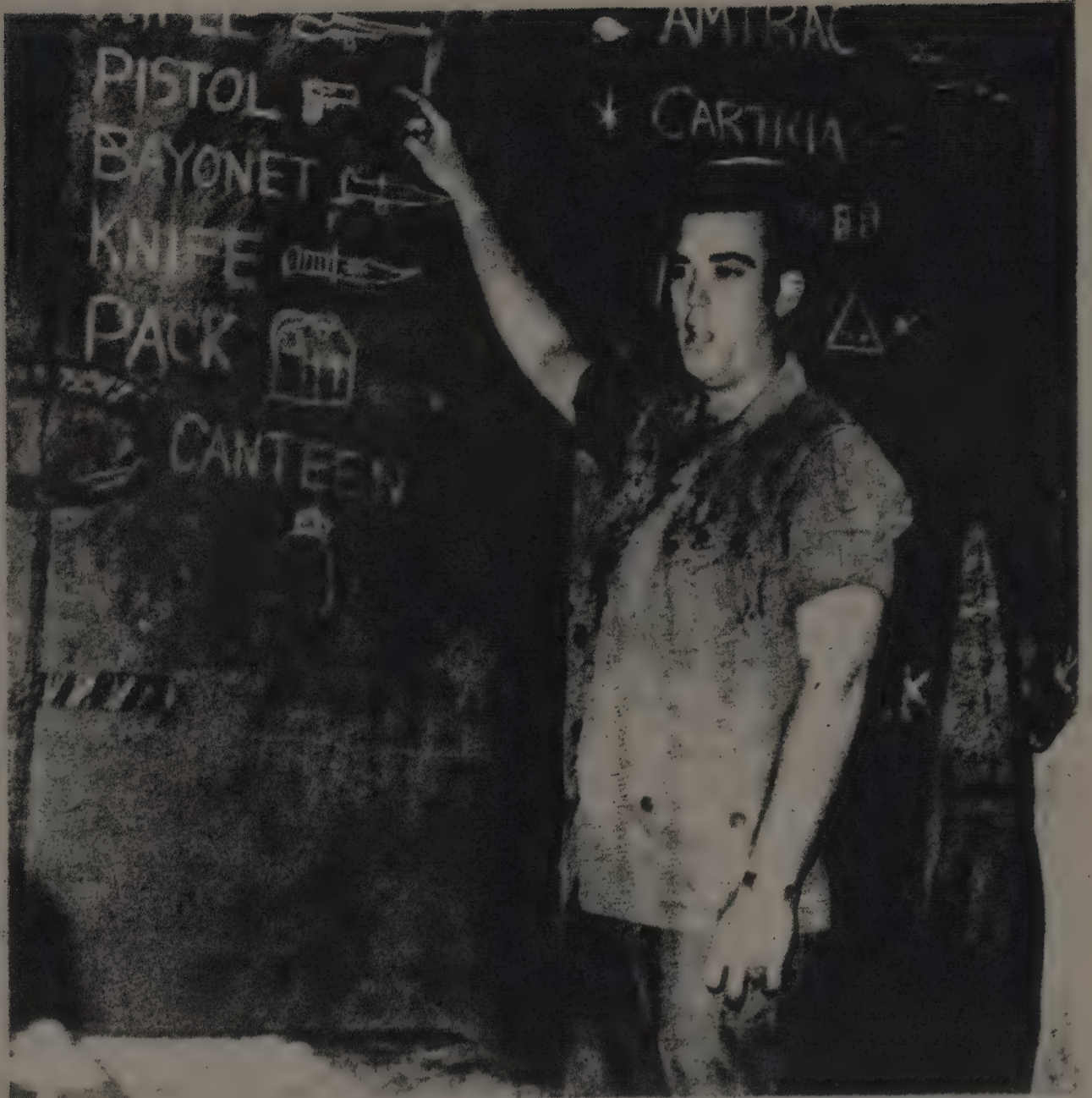
An FBI spokesman in New Haven said the aim of the interrogations, carried out by pairs of agents in dormitories and on other campus locations, was "to find out whether the boys who turned in their cards are in fact eligible for the draft, whether they did it voluntarily, and things like that."

Shook Up

The agents were reported by students to have acted courteously, but, as one student put it, "God, it sort of shakes you up."

The fact of the interrogations on college campuses was confirmed by Justice Department officials in Washington.

The Yale Daily News, the student newspaper, carried in its October 24 issue a letter signed by several members of the Yale law school faculty, telling students they did not have to talk to the FBI men. The professors also included a special telephone number students can use to



Tells Right of Silence

Clyde W. Summers, Garver Professor of Law at Yale, and one of the letter's signers, told students at a protest rally that "you have the absolute right of silence, and there is nothing that can take it away short of a subpoena." Prof. Summers is also chairman of the New Haven chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Another of the letter's signers was the law school dean, Louis H. Pollak.

In a related development, the Rev. Robert C. Johnson, dean of Yale divinity school, posted a notice on the school's bulletin board, in which he declared that "no agent has the permission of the dean to be on divinity school property" for the purpose of questioning students.

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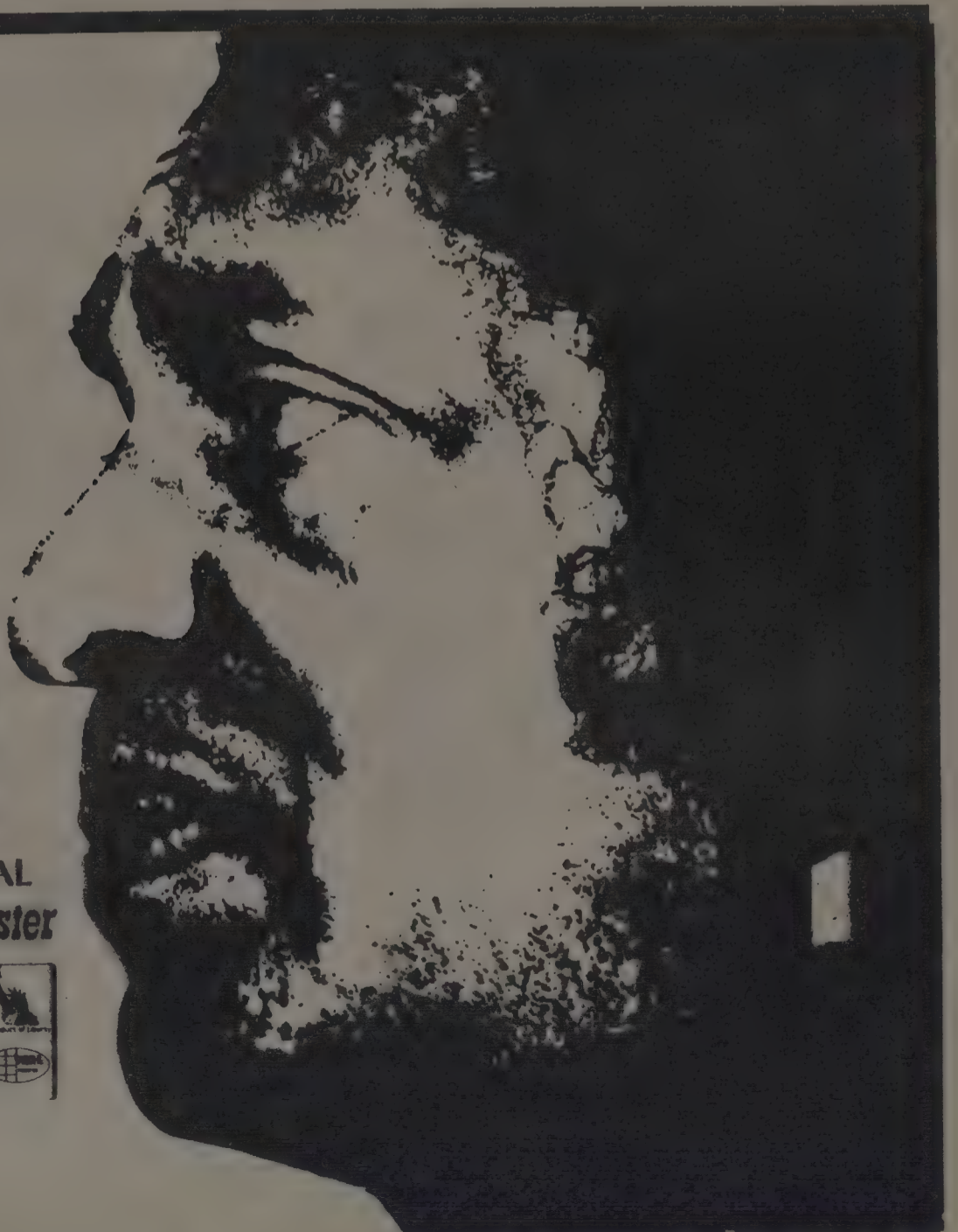
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THE SASQUATCH COMETH

A half-breed apache tracker and a self-employed inventor have taken the only clear pictures of the heretofore legendary wild race of giant people which inhabits the remote wilderness of Northern California.

Bob Gimlin and Roger Paterson, who have spent a total of eleven years searching for the elusive North American counterpart to the "Yeti," captured on film a 500 pound, 7-1/2 foot "humanoid" woman, called a "Sasquatch" or "Big Foot."

It was obvious from her breasts that the Sasquatch was a woman, as she bounded along the trail with a 42" stride. The ape-like creature was covered with hair, and left an overpowering odor where she trod.

According to a N.Y. Post story of this event, "plaster casts of the creature and her male counterpart were shown to the press. The footprints measured 14-1/2 inches (female) and 17 inches (male). They looked like human feet."

The film of the October 20 Bluff Creek, California sighting "was viewed by scientists at the University of British Columbia. Although not entirely convinced, the scientists would not label it a hoax."



HILTON!

Continued from Page 4

only now substituting nitrous-oxide for plastic explosives; LSD/DMSO instead of tear-gas; bubble machines and tape recorders in place of bombs. What would the reaction have been if some-one had slipped pink spray incense into the air-conditioning system of the Hilton during the demonstration, or if people had hidden earlier inside the hotel only to run into the dining room throwing black roses at Dean Rusk and chanting: "It didn't have to be flowers." The list is almost endless and possibilities continue to suggest themselves for the future: planting pie plates (they look like the exposed tops of mines) on the streets at demonstrations; wiring the cars of certain people with tape recorders timed to go off with the sound of an explosion when the engine starts; spraying the television cameras and crews assigned to cover demonstrations with whipped-cream.

This is not to say that such tactics will either end the war or bring about long overdue social changes at home, only that they can expose the limits of power while sustaining the fewest casualties. To provoke useless violence takes no more courage than beginning the necessary tasks that will help build and shape a truly "new" left in this country. No one organization or program can be exclusive of another at this stage—if a real crack-down comes, everybody against the war will suffer. Everything must be tried, but tried as experiments... probes against the establishment, not vain posturings or suicidal attacks against authority.

A black comedy of freaked-out, revolutionary non-violence may be just the tactic the movement needs right now to weld itself together into a community of shared joy and vision. As the international situation tends towards global revolution, any actions that ridicule the establishment and its institutions will bring about a further loss of faith in the invincibility of those institutions and authorities. In the end, this can only mean a wider base of support for the movement while, at the same time, providing those involved with a kind of training ground in guerrilla strategy. If blowing their minds for awhile has no effect on the ruling class, then we will just be a little bit readier for blowing up other things as well. In that sense, demonstrations against the war can become a form of massive street theatre of the absurd, disintegrating the last magic props of power and preparing the way for final revolution.

POTHEADS BUST D.A.

Dep. Dist. Atty. Boyd E. Hornor of Santa Barbara, Calif., has resigned his office, charging that too much of his time was wasted prosecuting marijuana cases.

For the first time in the Santa Barbara records, Hornor said, marijuana complaints exceed either burglaries or auto thefts. The District Attorney's office has brought more felony marijuana cases to trial in the local Superior Court in recent months, than "virtually all other felony cases combined," he added. Almost every deputy district attorney in Santa Barbara has a marijuana case or two, he declared.

While the law enforcement must be beefed up materially if marijuana is really a threat to society's health and safety, studies show that the drug is not a serious danger and, therefore, the laws should be changed, Hornor asserted.

If marijuana is not the danger it is made out to be, the Santa Barbara law enforcement officer contended, the district attorney's resources could be better put to use in other fields such as the "growing area of consumer fraud."



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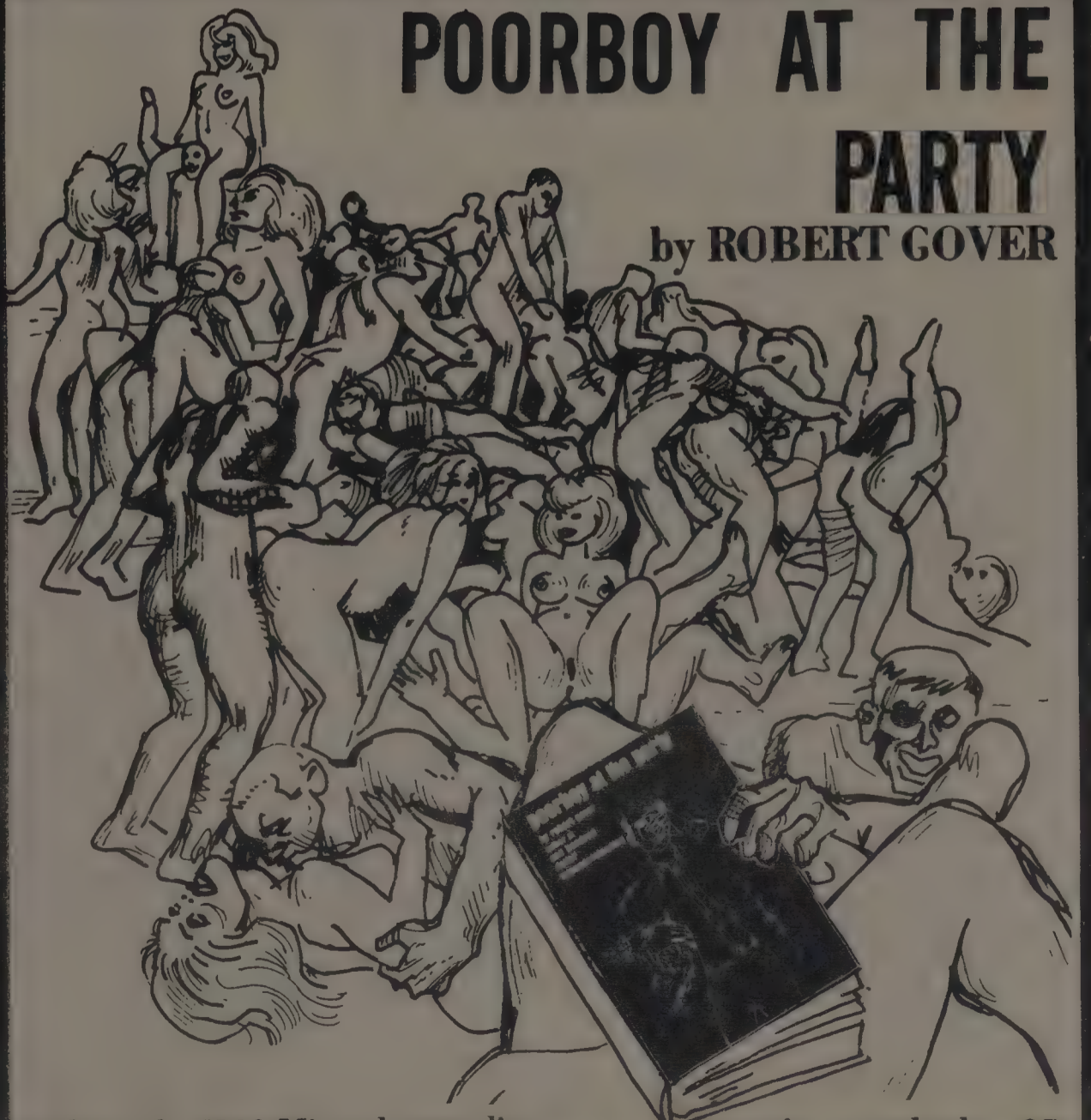
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ESCALATION of the ABSURD

By Vercingetorix the Rapper



The greatest anxiety of the Establishment's storm-troopers is the fear of being made to look foolish. We already witnessed the obvious embarrassment of the staff chiefs at the Pentagon when a virtually unorganized mob not only confronted the troops but managed to seize new ground. Several times during the two day confrontation the chiefs had to change tactics because demonstrators had bamboozled them. Last week New Yorkers who had assembled at the Hilton to greet Rusk heatedly completely confused the Tactical Police Force and cavalry by blocking traffic at nearly every intersection from the Hilton to Times Square, moving north or south as their whims directed, raiding Grand Central Station and quickly retreating only to move to the United Nations for two or three minutes before changing again to the Hilton. Police lines were overextended, and neither law enforcement nor press knew what to expect.

Recently the Establishment had decided to combat embarrassment with embarrassment, returning practical jokes for gulling. The Institute for Defense Analyses for the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice has come up with a number of recommendations for "dealing with an aggressive drunk" or "quelling rioting mobs." One trick would be sticky strings, bands or adhesives spread mechanically or explosively which would slow mob movement "by linking people together or to themselves." Also, a net that could be moved by hand or dropped from a helicopter could sweep out portions of the crowd, giving them an "unsettling feeling of being a group of sardines swimming against the current." Plastic confetti spread on the ground could make walking difficult. There is a foam generator for spraying crowds and blocking streets. "People immersed in foam are psychologically distressed," claim manufacturers, "by the loss of contact with the environment. There is also the feeling of being stifled." A super water pistol is being designed with a 35-foot range to shoot a pepper-based solution. Tranquilizing darts, highly successful with wild animals, are being considered. Finally, itching powder might be used on sit-in demonstrators in order to persuade them to disperse.

The Johnson Administration has invited leading rural and urban planners, sociologists, labor leaders, industrialists, civil rights leaders and other rootless bureaucratic "authorities" to "begin a study" to solve the problem of providing the 300 million Americans of the year 2000 A.D. with a little space to live in. The authorities will convene a symposium on "Communities of Tomorrow" in Washington next month, and, sponsored by six members of the Johnson cabinet, they will "review the population exodus from countryside to city, its impact on people and our economy, man's future needs for living space and how life can be improved in big cities and small towns."

We can expect heavy and detailed reports from these authorities from now until after the year 2000 (assuming a prolonged continuation of the proper channels). We might also expect a miniscule amount of misdirected funds to employ more bureaucrats and a Special Service of Social Workers who will make many reports enabling them to become more experienced and respected as "authorities." In the end, the state will assume credit for the achievements of the stateless masses who without reports will solve the problems their own way.

3

"Let the bleeding end here" read a sign placed on the steps of the University of Iowa's Memorial Union (Iowa City) in protest against a detachment of Marine recruiters inside. Indeed, the bleeding which soaked the steps was profuse. Fifty or more students carried a few ounces of their own blood in paper cups and overturned them at the Union. They also handed the President of U of I petitions with signatures in blood protesting the University's "implicit sanction" of the Vietnam war.

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ROBERT H. SOLLEN, TOKYO — Since 1960, when demonstrators against the U.S.-Japanese security treaty prevented President Eisenhower's scheduled visit to Japan, the rules have been tightened on public demonstrations in Japan.

On Friday, Oct. 6, the Tokyo Metropolitan Public Safety Commission approved a permit for a peace march the next day, before the U.S. Embassy, by the Japanese Peace in Vietnam Committee.

Saturday dawned rainy, but 600 protesters joined the orderly march.

Meanwhile, battle plans had already been drawn up by both sides for a demonstration the next day, that almost everyone knew would NOT be orderly.

Students of the militant peace faction of Zengakuren (Federation of Student Self-Government Associations) were to attempt to prevent Prime Minister Sato from leaving Tokyo Airport on the second leg of his Southeast Asian tour. Together with the Socialists and Communists in the Diet, and many Japanese newspapers, they opposed his plan to visit South Vietnam and his increasing support of President Johnson's Vietnam policy.

Depending on which newspaper you read, the turnout was in the hundreds or between 2,000 and 3,000. At any rate, students and police clashed; the students brought freeway traffic to a complete stop for a time; several students and policemen fell into the Ebitori River during a scuffle on a bridge; several police vehicles were damaged; and hundreds of people were hurt.

(ed. note: Japanese police are not permitted to use guns to control demonstrations.)

One armored car was reported seized by students, and while under their "control," it suddenly moved backwards and crushed a student under the wheels. He died shortly.

Although generally in sympathy with the goals of the student demonstrators, the press and the Japan Socialist Party rejected the methods they used. Even the pro-Communist faction of Zengakuren denounced the violence, claiming it played into the hands of those who demand greater restrictions on demonstrations.

Next day, however, several thousand fellow students from Kyoto University marched five to ten abreast for nearly two blocks through downtown Kyoto. A boy and a girl, at the head of the march, each held a large portrait of Hiroaki Yamazaki, 19 — the Kyoto University freshman who was killed in the Oct. 8 demonstration — framed in black. Behind them students chanted, sang, stopped periodically with heads bowed in silent tribute to their fallen classmate.

They distributed handbills charging that the press had distorted the reports of how Yamazaki died. He was struck by the armored car, they admitted, but they claimed he was actually killed by the blow from a policeman who knocked him in the path of the vehicle.

The Kyoto demonstration was only one of many student sympathy protests across the country, the day after the Tokyo airport turmoil.

The cabinet met promptly, and decided to ask university officials for greater cooperation in coping with student demonstrations — including granting the right of police to enter campuses. No new anti-demonstration legislation was requested immediately, but police officials said they would use more stringent methods in dealing with student protesters.

This is a reversal of what some peace groups had hoped for, after the election of a Socialist city government in Tokyo last April. It was speculated at that time, that the new municipal government might relax the confining rules imposed after the 1960 demonstrations. The Socialists oppose the war and the U.S.-Japanese security treaty, and there was speculation they would therefore ease the restrictions, to facilitate anti-war demonstrations.

But neither the Tokyo city government nor Socialist and "peace" governments in other cities moved to ease restrictions. And now, the pressure is on for more limitation and a tougher approach to anti-war protests.

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F.D.A.

by Bonnie Berglund

The federal government is now contemplating changing laws and enforcement practices that govern the use of marijuana, according to an October 14 article in the San Francisco Chronicle by David Perlman and Charles Raudebaugh. The proposed changes — which are now becoming known throughout the United States — would place marijuana in the "dangerous drugs" rather than the "narcotics." This will remove the controversial weed from the felony category and make users subject to lesser penalties in federal courts.

A confidential paper circulating quietly in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, calls marijuana a "recreational drug" and has proposed a planned program to discover psychological, physical, social, economic, and political possibilities of controlling sale and distribution in the same way that alcohol is controlled.

Enforcement would be taken from the Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics, and given to the medically oriented Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, in the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Such changes would not affect state laws, but any relaxation of federal standards might well lead to eventual changes in state law and enforcement practices.

The proposed changes are now being weighed by John D. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, after extensive investigation conducted by federal administration officials. Basically, the proposals before Gardner contend that neither medicine nor social research of individuals has shown any evidence that marijuana causes dangerous addiction to hard narcotics. Addiction means tolerance to larger and larger doses, physical dependence, and severe withdrawal symptoms when drug use has stopped.

A second problem has recently arisen. Marijuana's synthesis, tetra-hydro-cannabinol, which can be easily made, is already appearing in underground markets throughout the country. Its legal status, according to officials, is highly unclear. But the position paper put out by the Food and Drug Administration states that the principal social problems are the result of its illegality, and not of its effects (altered consciousness, intoxication and stimulated euphoria).

"It is clear," states the paper, "that the conventional wisdom concerning marijuana is generally uninformed. Though a public outcry would, without doubt, result from a proposal to consider legalizing marijuana, we ought not to allow ourselves to be so intimidated that we refuse to reexamine the case against the weed. As far as we have investigated, we can only conclude that the case offered against marijuana does not hold good."

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(27) Drug trafficker, addict, convicted thief and moral pervert expelled from Egypt last year. A pathetic example of a young man's degradation.

(27) Trafiquant de drogues, adonné à la drogue, condamné pour vol et préversion morale, expulsé d'Egypte l'année dernière. Exemple pathétique de la dégradation morale d'un homme à la fleur de l'âge.

The proposals now before Gardner are being fought by the top officials from the Narcotics Bureau, who insist that marijuana should remain a felony. Other opposition is said to exist within the National Institute of Mental Health, who is overseeing a dozen marijuana research projects. The projects, according to Dr. Roger

Meyer, involve biochemical studies of the pure weed and its synthesis, and social and psychological surveys of the user. The Institute is also preparing a research program for long time heavy marijuana users, on effects of the weed on different organs of the body, and possibly therapeutic use of synthetic marijuana in medicine.

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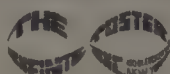
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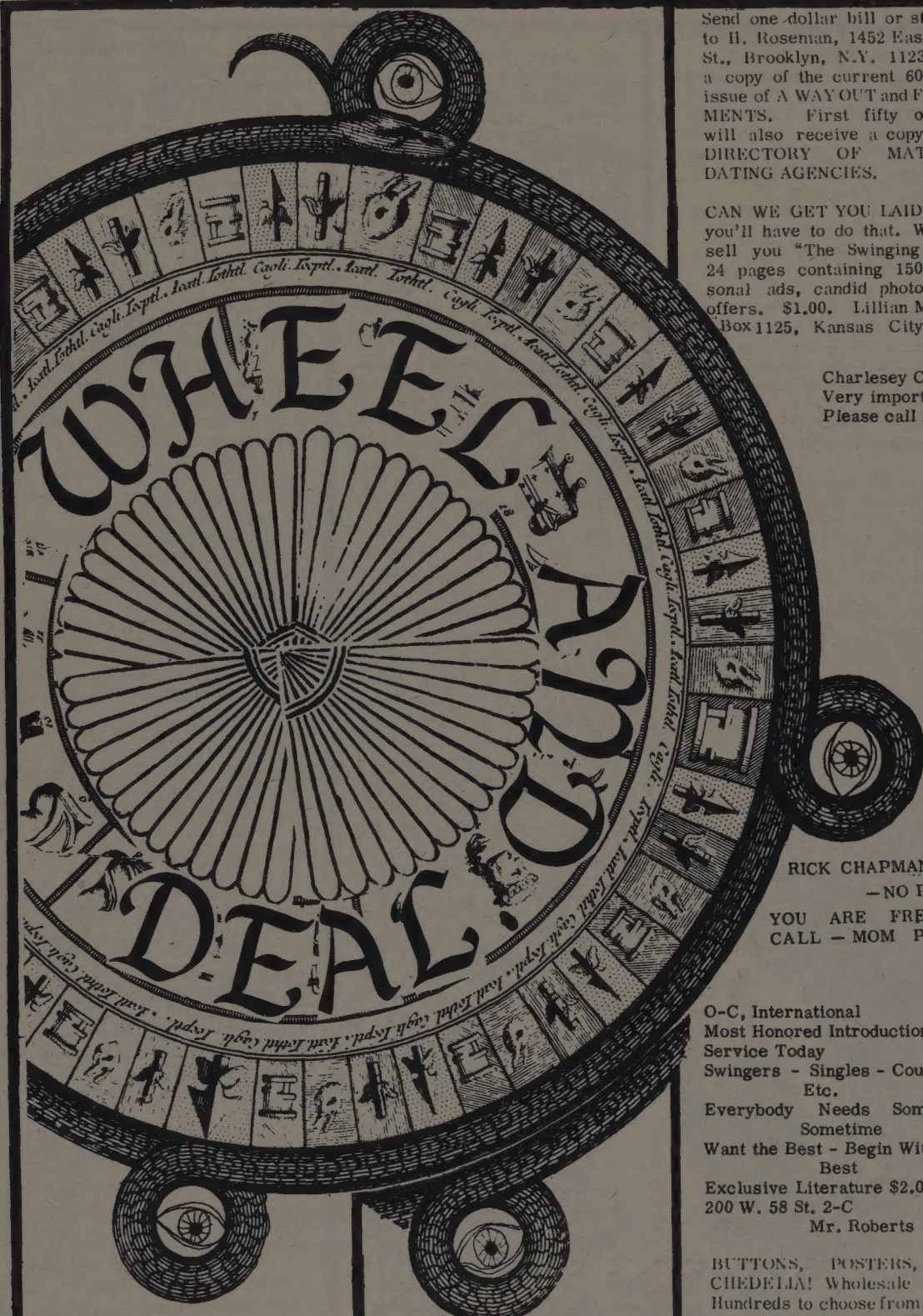
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Unlike the surrounding ads, this is a genuine search for an above average girl in both intelligence and appearance, yet normal in all other respects. My IQ, income, maturity and tastes are alike: high. Send photo if possible. Box 102, NYC. NY 11435

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 man, 35, handsome, muscular, interested in meeting ladies for good times. Ages 18-60 of any race. Write to: Edward. Box 3504, NYC10017

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

BE SPONTANEOUS! BE AN ALIVE AND LOVING GIRL!
PHONE: 'BEE-INNN'

Tall attractive man, tired of the uptown-hassle-hangup scene desires to meet a tall, slim, good looking, warm woman, 20-40, who must be sincere, down to earth, unmarried or married, but most important "all-woman" 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, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., NYC

Outstanding male, 30, mop-premature grey hair blue eyes tall handsome, generous, educated, many interests seeks broad-minded gal who digs fun-bondage or wishes to investigate same. R. Davis BE 3-3300

Recent widower, late forties, white, seeks meaningful female relationship. Am genuine, intelligent, sensitive, creative, artistic, mature, masculine, compassionate, kind, slender and attractive. Interests: Theatre, politics, music, beauty, stimulating conversation, long walks. Seek compatible, attractive, non-perfectionist, non-hostile, really feminine woman, capable of deep, sensitive relationship and real enjoyment of sex. Prefer politically left-wing. No prejudices regarding age, nationality, color, religion. Please write fully, with photo if possible. P.O. Box 32, Fort George Station, New York 40, N.Y.

WANTED: One lovely female, honest enough to admit she needs beautiful relationship with the "Right Guy" I'm creative, good-looking male Villager, 31, seeking the "Right Girl." Call 673-4706 evenings.

I would like, and need, very much to meet a girl who is sensitive, warm, spirited, creative, self-aware, and very pretty or beautiful. (And over 23); I am 26, creative, spirited, and physically good looking. You see "I need somebody to love." John 989-7232.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN WISHES TO MEET SHAPELY YOUNG WOMEN WHO PARTICULARLY DESIRE THE UNCOMMON. EUROPEAN PLEASURE, UNUSUAL ROLES. PERSONAL FANTASIES ARE ALL OF INTEREST HERE. INSTANT SEX NOT EXPECTED. LET'S MEET FIRST AND PARHAPS GO OUT TOGETHER. IF YOU ARE HAVING MONEY TROUBLES, I CAN HELP. PLAZA 7-3130 WEEKDAYS 9-5 leave name and number.

Attractive, intelligent, white male, (39-6'-180) Irish. Expert cunnilinguist seek women and couples. (Bilingual) for those interested call Robert 212-544-8611 after 7:00 PM

Professional man 29, wanted young warm girl ages 18-35 to share an apt. on a mutually enjoyable basis. All expenses paid. Call Ernest after 5. All day weekends. No homos please. 41-70 74th St. Apt. 4 Jackson Heights 11373.

Slender blonde girl, age 30, looks 20, college graduate, artist, doesn't drink or smoke, rarely dates, wants to meet attractive, slender, intelligent male age 25-35, 5'6"-5'11", with warm generous personality, preferably Ph.D. physicist, photographer, Mensa member, vegetarian, or creative person OBJECT: permanent meaningful relationship. Send photo in first letter, guarantee return. NCC-12, Box 74, Jackson Hts. NY

GO means Gorgeous Orgasm. If you are female, slender, stacked and hip to a tireless tongue, let's GO. Prudes, phonies, fatties and fags forget it. 247-3276 weekdays.

Intelligent, understanding Mt. Vernon man, 34, needs young girl (NYC or vicinity) for sexual relationship. Whether she wishes a short or long-term relationship or also seeks intellectual stimulation, companionship, or a meaningful relationship besides erotic pleasure, she should phone Bob, 914-667-8991, weekends or ANY TIME after 6 PM weekdays.

Girls, modern art of sex is my interest engaged in for relaxation. Village area, call Ivan after 10 PM: (212) 473-3415. Nymph type welcome.

Employment

Attractive Girls Wanted For Modeling. Top New York Photographer seeks girls for new book. Terrific opportunity. No experience necessary. \$25 plus per hour. Other work also available. Call Al Kent OX 7-5895.

FIGUR MODELS — groovy professional legitimate company needs male and female models for nude film and photo work. both must be under 25, long blond hair, fair skin, graceful and uninhibited. Good hourly pay. Phone for appointment: 755-8357.

WANTED: FIGURE MODELS, 18 to 25. Female only. Spec or up to \$15 an hour. Experience unnecessary. Call 929-8749, ask for Mr. Thomas.

FIGURE MODELS WANTED Average appearance. No experience necessary. Good pay, good hours. COCKTAIL WAITRESS WANTED For new plush cocktail Lounge. Phone 684-8878 from 1 to 10 PM.

Your money must accompany your ad.

Personal: \$5.00 for the first 25 words; 20¢ a word thereafter.

Classified: \$3.75 for the first 25 words; 15¢ a word thereafter.

Help-Anyone with any back issues of "Help" write Zed Fenster c/o EVO 105 Second Ave., NYC 10003

Steno-typist, part-time, variable hours, good pay, fringe benefits. Send name, phone, etc. to M. Press, Suite 1601, 527 Madison Av., NYC.

Help Wanted: a white female employer for discreet white male 27. Part time, very agreeable. Write: J.S., Box 260 Midtown Station, NYC NY 10018.

NUDE MODEL, MUST BE ATTRACTIVE — FOR MAGAZINES AND CALENDARS — TOP MODELS RECEIVE UP TO \$30.00 PER HOUR. Call if you qualify. — Tommy Comer — 889-4229.

WANTED: Sensual, photogenic girl who digs photography, wants to learn to model. Young photo journalist wants to learn to shoot nudes, portraits, figure studies etc. Have no money for modeling fees but I'm willing to teach photography, darkroom work etc. to a friendly girl who isn't jaded by the "easy life." Call Dave, Studio R-X, 348-1575. Keep trying.

ART APPRENTICE: Bright girl with flair for drawing, to learn craft in Advertising Agency. Must be willing to work, but plenty of time to enjoy it. Great opportunity for groovy person. Phone Miss Lee, 687-1576.

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.

Female Models wanted for figure photography. Oriental, Caucasian and Negro. Call 254-5202 for appointment 2 PM to 9 PM.

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.

WANTED: ATTRACTIVE GIRLS FOR STILL NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY WORK. UP TO TWENTY DOLLARS AN HOUR. SEND FULL LENGTH PHOTO AND MEASUREMENTS TO: BOX 1492, ALLSTON STA. MASS. 02134.

HELP WANTED: A young shaply girl 21-30 yrs. old who want to be a part time companion to a very generous business man on frequent visits to N.Y.C. Will take the right party to Florida or west indies also. PLEASE REPLY TO PO BOX 2082 YOUNGSTOWN OHIO 44506

Exp. typist - full or pt. time - Novel Products, 31 Second Ave. GR 5-7131.

FEMALE nude and pin-up models, also model free to travel, wanted by professional N.Y.C. photographer, with many out-of-town assignments. Experience not necessary. Send complete description, and/or picture, to Dave Shepard, P.O. Box 513, Spring Lake, N.J. 07762

NUDE MODELS \$25 AN HOUR. I need many attractive female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$35 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.



HEY, GIRL--WANT MORE FUN IN YOUR LIFE? I'm 32, tall, good looking, well built, a fantastic and sensitive lovmaker. My problem: need a very active sex life to keep machinery in order.

Offer a pretty swinger all kinds of fun, physical & mental stimulation, and a considerate, thoughtful partner.

You'll meet well known writers, artists, musicians, theatre people..go with me to parties (straight & swinging), concerts, good restaurants with "in" people.

Please send your phone or address only if you are warm-hearted, sexy and happy with yourself. I want to add to your happiness, not hangups. SNFY, Box 627, Stuyvesant Station, NYC-10009.

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.

Male thoroughly enjoys all forms of heterosexual relations. Seeks warm woman of any age or race. Am discreet and prefer meetings in your apartment any daytime. Phone JU 6-0909 between 10 AM and 6 PM Mon. to Fri. and ask for Jerry Adair. Leave your phone no. and exact time you want me to call back.

Man, 39, with 4 older children and no wife, need a girlfriend - live 15 minutes from NY. Call 201-795-0017, Lund.

Bachelor, 27, seeks young female or male companion with knowledge of French language, to spend week-ends in Pocono Mountains. Must be hip and preferably under 21. Write giving personal details. Post Office Box 151, Passaic, N.J. 07055. All serious replies answered.

I desire an attractive female up to 55 for continuous orgies and sexual pleasures in my pad or yours. Call Max - 4 PM and up. HY 6-7843.

I am a short, dark and handsome young man, virile, 5'4" in height and muscularly built, once semi-professional musician, now student. Frankly, I am bored with most women and their cold-hearted lovmaking. An artist is swept away by his passions, and should not need to control it or channel it along "accepted" or "proper" lines. I am looking for a plump, sensitive and seductive caucasian young woman, shorter than 5'4", who NEEDS creative lovmaking and is not averse to sodomy or any other free expression of the sublime passion. 230 E. 2nd St., Apt. A.

ARTIST-DESIGNER, MOVIE, photo silk-screen interests. Day job. Seeks same to share 3 rm apt. Own rm. Write: Baise 308 E. 6th St. (at 2nd Ave.)

Recent widower, late forties, white, seeks meaningful female relationship. Am genuine, intelligent, sensitive, creative, artistic, mature, masculine, compassionate, kind, slender and attractive. Interests: Theatre, politics, music, beauty, stimulating conversation, long walks. Seek compatible, attractive, non-perfectionist, non-hostile, really feminine woman, capable of deep, sensitive relationship and real enjoyment of sex. Prefer politically left-wing. No prejudices regarding age, nationality, color, religion. Please write fully, with photo if possible. P.O. Box 32, Fort George Station, New York 40, N.Y.

BE SPONTANEOUS! BE AN ALIVE AND LOVING GIRL!
PHONE: 'BEE-INNN'

E. 70's Man share his apt. with man sharing his interests in cattle, horses, dogs, wrestling, boxing and baseball. Strict references must be shown by anyone interested in the apt. No temporary person accepted. 628-5553.

Two young Israelite, male students looking for two wealthy women. Call after 9:30 PM PH 9-7354.

Couple in thirties seeks attractive female to spend a sunny winter in Miami. Photo appreciated. PO Box 1304. N. Miami, Fla.

BRIGHT BUT LONELY YOUNG MAN 22 WISHES TO MEET SENSITIVE WOMAN 18-25 FOR INTELLECTUAL AND OR SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP. CALL RE 3-5999 APT. #1D6

GROOVY VIRILE MAN OF 29 WANTS TO MEET ATTRACTIVE FEMALES INTERESTED IN SEX LOVE AND CUNNILINGUS. TO SPEND WEEKENDS AT SKI LODGE OR JUST TO RAISE HELL HERE CALL 873-6625 EVENINGS OR WEEKENDS

Virile male, 25, sensitive, psychological, intellectual, good-looking, pleasure loving and pleasure giving, has elegant Village apartment comfortable for two. If you are passionate, curvaceous, compatible, 18-35, and female, you can join me in the adventure and joys of life. Call Ed: 674-5217

Attractive, exciting, world-travelled man, 42, offers broad understanding shoulder; affectionate arms; compassionate heart to attractive, responsive, discreet woman who needs and can reciprocate affection. P.O. Box 51, Northvale, N.J. 07647



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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