

v.5 no. 4 Sept. 29

THE EAST VILLAGE QUEER

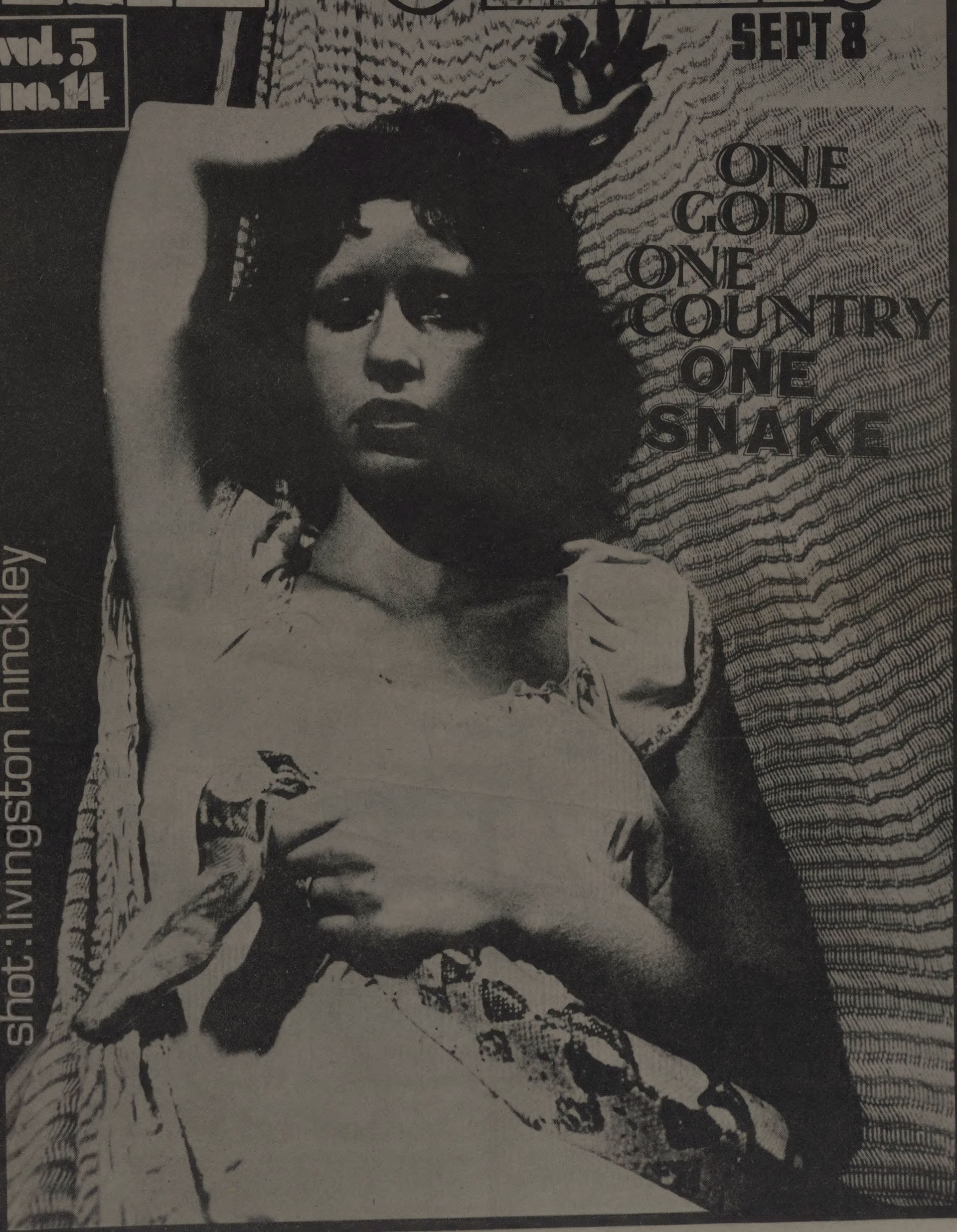
25¢ CITY
35¢ OUT

vol. 5
no. 14

SEPT 8

ONE
GOD
ONE
COUNTRY
ONE
SNAKE

shot: livingston hinckley



*It could be
Anything*

You

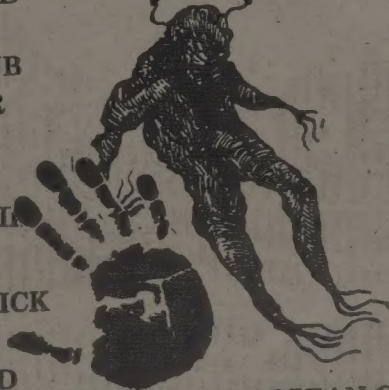
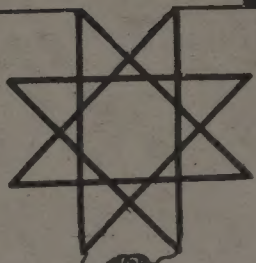
want

it

HIRAP



JAAKOV KOHN
ALLEN KATZMAN
JOSEPH STEVENS
JACKIE DIAMOND
KARIN BERG
FRED MOGURGUB
STEVEN HELLER
RAY SHULTZ
DON KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIA
CHARLIE FRICK
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KIM DEITCH



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GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA DURANCE VILE : TIMOTHY LEARY

DEAN LATIMER
JOHN DA SWEDE
RENFREU NEFF
HETTY MACLISE
STEPHEN KOHN
ALEX GROSS
NORTH : THE KID
JACKIE ACON
SPAIN RODIGUEZ
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YOSSARIAN

TUBE

Seabrook

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SEPT
8

M-O-G-U

TO
LOVE

BUCK

Declaration

When in the course of organic evolution it becomes obvious that a mutational process is inevitably dissolving the physical and neurological bonds which connect the members of one generation to the past and inevitably directing them to assume among the species of earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent concern for the harmony of species requires that the causes of the mutation should be declared.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

—That all species are created different but equal;

—That they are endowed, each one, with certain inalienable rights;

—That among them are Freedom to Live, Freedom to Grow, and Freedom to pursue Happiness in their own style;

—That to protect these God-given rights, social structures naturally emerge, basing their authority on the principles of love of God and respect for all forms of life;

—That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and harmony, it is the organic duty of the young members of that species to mutate, to drop out, to initiate a new social structure, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its power in such form as seems likely to produce the safety, happiness, and harmony of all sentient beings.

Genetic wisdom, indeed, suggests that social structures long established should not be discarded for frivolous reasons and transient causes. The ecstasy of mutation is equally balanced by the pain. Accordingly all experience shows that members of a species are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, rather than to discard the forms to which they are accustomed.

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, all pursuing invariably the same destructive goals, threaten the very fabric of organic life and the serene harmony on the planet, it is the right, it is the organic duty to drop out of such morbid covenants and to evolve new loving social structures.

Such has been the patient sufferance of the freedom-loving peoples of this earth, and such is now the necessity which constrains us to form new systems of government.

The history of the white, menopausal, mendacious men now ruling the planet earth is a history of repeated violation of the harmonious laws of nature, all having the direct object of establishing a tyranny of the materialistic aging over the gentle, the peace-loving, the young, the colored. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to the judgment of generations to come.

—These old, white rulers have maintained a continuous war against other species of life, enslaving and destroying at whim fowl, fish, animals and spreading a lethal carpet of concrete and metal over the soft body of earth.

—They have maintained as well a continual state of war among themselves and against the colored races, the freedom-loving, the gentle, the young. Genocide is their habit.

—They have instituted artificial scarcities, denying peaceful folk the natural inheritance of earth's abundance and God's endowment.

By **TIM LEARY**

of Evolution

—They have glorified material values and degraded the spiritual.

—They have claimed private, personal ownership of God's land, driving by force of arms the gentle from their passage on the earth.

—In their greed they have erected artificial immigration and customs barriers, preventing the free movement of people.

—In their lust for control they have set up systems of compulsory education to coerce the minds of the children and to destroy the wisdom and innocence of the playful young.

—In their lust for power they have controlled all means of communication to prevent the free flow of ideas and to block loving exchanges among the gentle.

—In their fear they have instituted great armies of secret police to spy upon the privacy of the pacific.

—In their anger they have coerced the peaceful young against their will to join their armies and to wage murderous wars against the young and gentle of other countries.

—In their greed they have made the manufacture and selling of weapons the basis of their economies.

—For profit they have polluted the air, the rivers, the seas.

—In their impotence they have glorified murder, violence, and unnatural sex in their mass media.

—In their aging greed they have set up an economic system which favors age over youth.

—They have in every way attempted to impose a robot uniformity and to crush variety, individuality, and independence of thought.

—In their greed, they have instituted political systems which perpetuate rule by the aging and force youth to choose between plastic conformity or despairing alienation.

—They have invaded privacy by illegal search, unwarranted arrest, and contemptuous harassment.

—They have enlisted an army of informers.

—In their greed they sponsor the consumption of deadly tars and sugars and employ cruel and unusual punishments for the possession of life-giving alkaloids and acids.

—They never admit a mistake. They unceasingly trumpet the virtue of greed and war. In their advertising and in their manipulation of information they make a fetish of blatant falsity and pious self-enhancement. Their obvious errors only stimulate them to greater error and noisier self-approval.

We have warned them from time to time to their inequities and blindness. We have addressed every available appeal to their withered sense of righteousness. We have tried to make them laugh. We have prophesied in detail the terror they are perpetuating. But they have been deaf to the weeping of the poor, the anguish of the colored, the rocking mockery of the young, the warnings of their poets. Worshipping only force and money, they listen only to force and money. But we shall no longer talk in these grim tongues.

We must therefore acquiesce to genetic necessity, detach ourselves from their uncaring madness and hold them henceforth as we hold the rest of God's creatures—in harmony, life brothers, in their excess, menaces to life.

We, therefore, God-loving, peace-loving, life-loving, fun-loving men and women, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name

They

are

bores.

They

hate

They

hate

They

hate

beauty.

sex.

life.

and by the Authority of all sentient beings who seek gently to evolve on this planet, solemnly publish and declare that we are free and independent, and that we are absolved from all Allegiance to the United States Government and all governments controlled by the menopausal, and that grouping ourselves into tribes of like-minded fellows, we claim full power to live and move on the land, obtain sustenance with our own hands and minds in the style which seems sacred and holy to us, and to do all Acts and Things which independent Freemen and Free-women may of right do without infringing on the same rights of other species and groups to do their own thing.

And for the support of this Declaration of Evolution with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, and serenely confident of the approval of generations to come, in whose name we speak, do we now mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honor.



By D. Jule

The people who live in this valley seem to agree that good Karma brought them here. On either side of the banks of the Delaware north of the Delaware Water Gap in New Jersey and Pennsylvania there is a lot of new energy. There are whoops any hour of the night and day and the sounds echo in the canyon. People swimming or coming across in canoes. Maybe some have drum or flute. Might play all night. There are deer, rabbits, woodchucks. Tourists too. Millions in the summer. The fucking bugle from the local boy scout camp. Wayne in leather and feathers stands on the porch of his log cabin and blows his Robinhood response. Farmers work the land.

They have lived along these banks for a long time.

Around a year ago a friend of Eddie Hicks (musician and countryman who has been living here for about four years) was looking for a place to live out here in this paradise (it really is) and he found out about government houses which could be rented due to your federal government's decision to create a dam. Before construction could be begun they would buy out the homeowners and farmers and rent the houses by the season. The houses were going for two or three hundred dollars a year and by this spring a lot of people in New York had gotten the word and decided to rent houses. By now there are about two hundred people living out here in government houses

or places they have rented from local people and are into their various trips.

A lot more people are coming now that summer is in, getting away from the last robbery, B and H claustrophobia, bronchial wipe out, etc. The people, many of whom haven't been on the land in a scene of their own are farming it, working it, lying on it, running through SPACE, doing leather work, beads. And going to New York now and then. The drama fans out more under an open sky. It's even easier to suffer in such lush surroundings. No neon in the night, but close enough to get to New York to do whatever is necessary. That is often getting money or provisions (no health food store for many miles).

The Cloud Farm in New Jersey gathers the largest

number of people on a farm once a dance hall—where house-fighter's training camp now farmed by the large family/community of people some from Theatre Genesis (Ron Gold, Michael Brody), some leather workers, musicians, farmers, children of the future. The food planted is coming up and it tastes really fine. A lot of the people who are here and coming up seem to have had it fighting the old streetcorner maya, tired of knocking on the old stone idols and wanting to be into something new. When everybody dances together what comes up are the rituals of celebration of the earth, the seasons, the birth of the new seed on the land.

Supper around a long table under the trees, tastes of cornmeal breads and blueberries. Fresh vegetables. After supper a chick up from the city sitting on the grass. "I still have so much tension in me from the city." She rips up clumps of weeds. Seems to be less time for fucking up here. The daily process of life more natural. Planting and preparing food, fixing up and restoring the houses many of which haven't been lived in for awhile. Making leather workshop in the barn. Musicians set up sound equipment in the barn for music that can be heard down the canyon. Joy goes off to the mountaintop for a few days to commune with higher spirits. Whatever it is, here the summer and the land make it possible.

It has taken a few months for people to really get set up. Charlie's house of seven or eight. The houses of the Video Freaks. As it happens, plumbing leaks. Financially, many people are making it by leatherwork, beads, and your favorite Guggenheim grant, welfare or if you call it so, public assistance. Once people come out here there seems to be a way of staying. There are even houses unoccupied which the very cool and cautious could live in if they needed a place. There are campgrounds all around the area. The vibrations are positive. One of the people in the Radical Theatre said he got all the way to Ohio heading west but made a U turn in Columbus and headed back toward Pennsylvania because of the powerful vibrations.

Seems like a utopian vision. But here still is the proposed Tocks Island Dam project. The Army Corps of Engineers schedules November of this year as

the time the people living on the land must be out. In the spring they will start putting the land under water. Farmers, newcomers, the Sierra Club and the Lenni Lempi League for Land Conservation feel it's another land rape. If the dam would prevent floods why not dam the tributaries where the big flood of several years ago actually took place rather than the river itself. What about the fantastic wildlife in the area. Yes, part of the land going going gone to the government will be for recreation. That's because if they don't provide a place for the millions of New Yorkers who need to get out of the city every year even for a day or so, the flip out rate will continue to grow. Route 80 is under construction to enable people to reach the area in less than two hours. The government has methodically been buying out the local landowners (slowly moving up the Delaware) because the proposed construction begins next spring near the Cloud Farm. Most of the people have been on this land for many years. If an individual doesn't want to settle at an agreed price of sale the government merely condemns the house and forces the person out. Along the Shawnee Road a woman explains, "Where can we go. We've been here for forty years. The equipment is getting old and land is expensive." Fred Waring, local millionaire owner of the Shawnee Inn and golf course who has a lot of power in the area, will not have his property taken. Rather, the dam will be built around his land. His river and grounds will remain intact and will continue to bring him his annual thousands. It's another history lesson. Been going on that way for a long time.

Land is difficult to come by in large acreage in such a naturally rich area. Along the Delaware River, one of the only unpolluted rivers in this area of the country. But something has to happen to enable the people to stay on the land. Some hope that a new state administration might prevent the project from going through. Get the people who are pocketing the money for the contracts out of power. In the meantime, with the knowledge that the land may not be here for long, those who are here are seeking what may be the last pathless pleasures of these woods and riversides.

SOWING THE NEW SEED ALONG THE DELAWARE

EVO LETTERS

Dear EVO — Found an old issue of EVO — the one where Claudia Dreifus wrote about going to the Village when she was 16 with her friend Carol and picking up boys. Well, when I was 17 my friend Ted and I picked up two girls at the Gaslight named Claudia and Carol and drove them back to Brooklyn in silence in my 1949 red and white Oldsmobile. Oh yeah, we had to drop them off "near" Claudia's house because she didn't want us to know where she lived. I'm sitting up here in the hills above Half Moon Bay

eleven years later thinking that the least she could do now is to reimburse me for the gas and bridge toll. Or better yet, could you tell EVO subscriptions that I've moved again and give them the new address?

Gordon Inkeles
Half Moon Bay
California

PS — This letter is the honest to God truth. She had short curly hair and kept playing with the radio.

Ed: Dreifus has no recollection of Mr Inkeles, and furthermore wants it known that the three bridges to Brooklyn — Williamsburg, Manhattan and Brooklyn — have no tolls.

Dear EVO — What has happened to R. Crumb? I used to dig his cartoons every week in your paper, but I haven't seen any of his for some time. Please bring back Mr. Natural!

Barry Kennis
Brooklyn

Ed: Unfortunately, due to circumstances outlined in the current Decomposition, Good Father Crumb has forsaken periodical journalistic publications and taken to publishing exclusively from his own press in California. ZAP COMIX NO. 5 may be purchased at the East Side Bookstore on St. Mark's Place.



Dear EVO — A patriot and an anarchist since — well, since always — I have tried to help America and Americans by "deleting" the system from within whenever I was able. I have always tried to do this from "within" the system in order to be able to live and work near the people I love, and in the land of my roots.

But now I find myself in a situation where I must leave my country rather than do something I believe to be not only immoral but distasteful as well. I was drafted — and subsequently screwed by the U.S. Army in my every

endeavour to improve it and myself. I have now recieved orders for Viet Nam — even though I was supposedly on "hold" status. I am to leave soon — and must leave my present address within 2½ weeks of the composition of this letter. Therefore, I ask you to please send all the information you can concerning draft dodgers and deserters living in both Canada and Sweden. I must have some means of support wherever I go — I have little money and my wife is pregnant. Please hurry. Haste and Posthaste! Enclosed is return postage. I also know

others who need this information.

Is it difficult to cross into Canada? All hints and advice welcome. Such as "Who can find me a job?" and "where do I go?" I have a passport and all necessary shots — can infinitely relocate.

Remember The Maine,
On The Lam

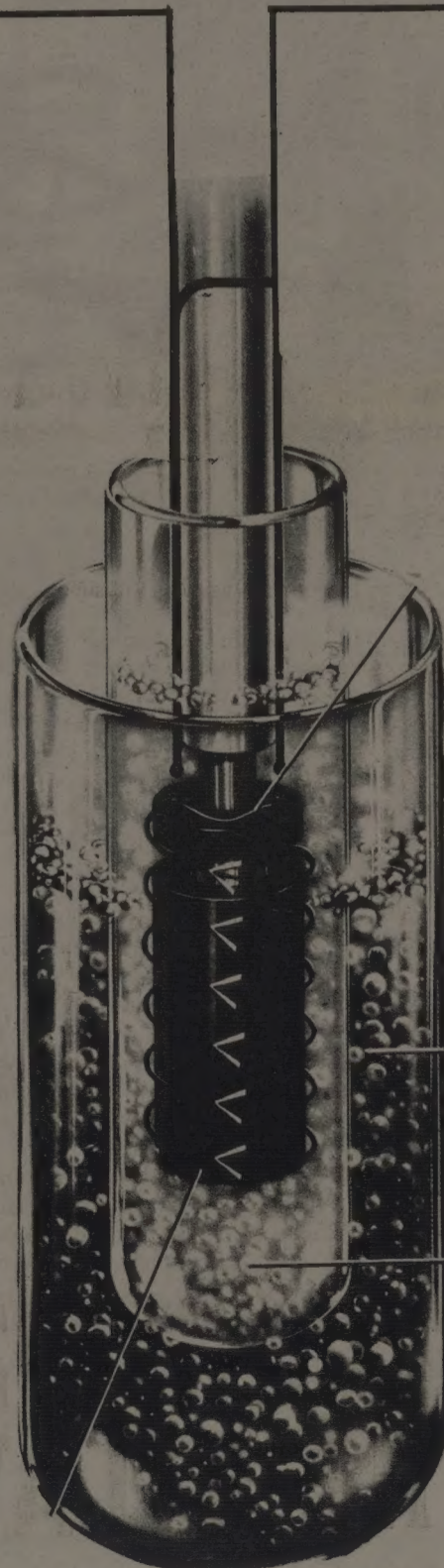
Ed — Do not delay. Go to Toronto immediately. U.S. Routes 11 and 81 will shoot you right up there by way of Cornwall. Brook no barriers,

Big Jar Seeds
Dear EVO — Spread the word: if everyone plants their own smoke it will have to be legalized. I met a guy from California who had a whole big jar of seeds which he was planting everywhere he went. When grass grows everywhere, there won't be any

dealers to get busted, etc. Dig it and plant your own now or if you live in the city get a friend in the country to plant some for you.

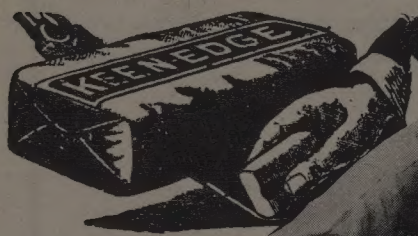
Jeremy

Ed — Inspiring suggestion, but who's got friends?



show civilian I.D. at checkpoints. Once there, get in touch with the Committee to Aid U.S. Draft Resisters. They'll set you up. Further details arriving in post.

RAZOREDGE
NO MORE DULL RAZORS
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This preparation is applied to the strop and it keeps it in good condition for about five months. It improves the blade, possibly injures the skin. It considerably reduces the risk of a cut.

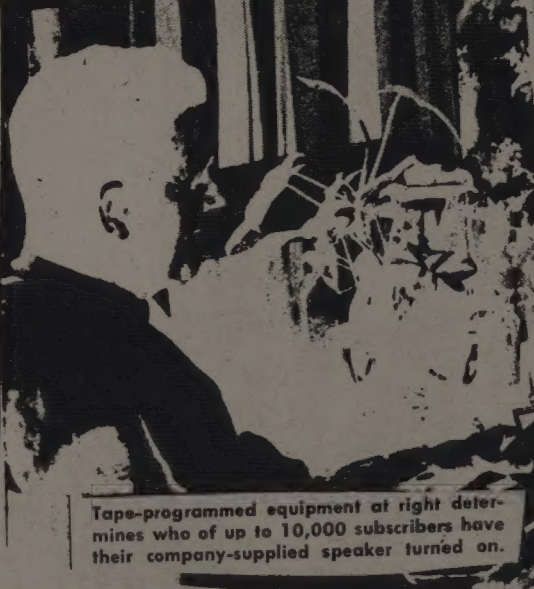
minutes ago business was good.
But how about now

How high can
YOU GO in
Electronics?



show what it was like.

that moment is approaching us



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Messenger



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- Idaho
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- Connecticut
- Delaware
- Alabama
- Alaska
- Arizona
- Arkansas
- California
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- Iowa
- Kansas
- Kentucky
- Louisiana
- Maine

expertise into many vital areas. This international company is a composite of the new kinds of inter-related industries that are held together by the strong bond of purposeful curiosity about the outer limits of practical science.

We think it's important to get the available facts out. This is a tough enough world to be a child in. won't be quite the same. work must go on, with sickening speed

Take There are those of course who prefer to take the nonviolent way. **America** there will be no more. Ever.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

pow

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BUT WHERE ARE WE? I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE STAR FORMATIONS

What sets the stage for scientific discovery?

TALENT EXCHANGE

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Leadership Foundation. Totally dedicated as we probe earth's last frontier.

ESCAPE

spotlight focuses on the work

This page should end our high-

forever is a long time to wait for the next lion. When the last lion is gone



transformation of the mind and all that resembles it" For Occult Phenomena Consult the **MYSTERIOUS OUIJA TALKING BOARD**

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WARNING TEAR SMOKE
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you have noth
Abysl HERS!

Maryland
Massachusetts
Michigan
Minnesota
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THERE IS NO PHYSICAL CONNECTION TO THE SUBSCRIBER'S TV SET

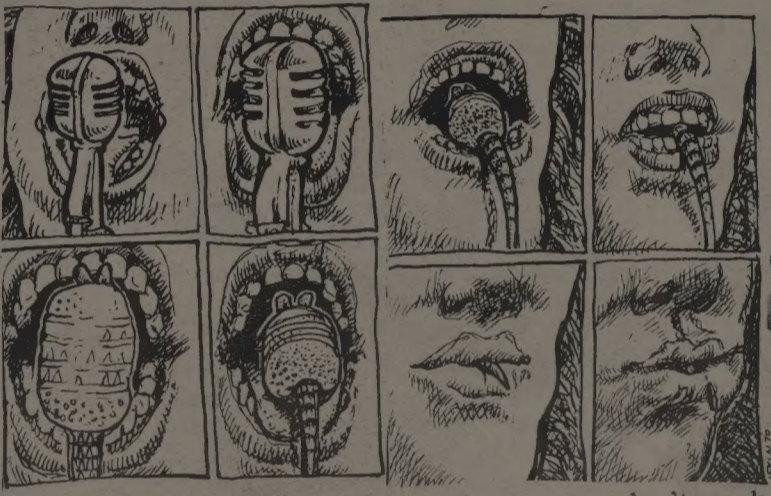
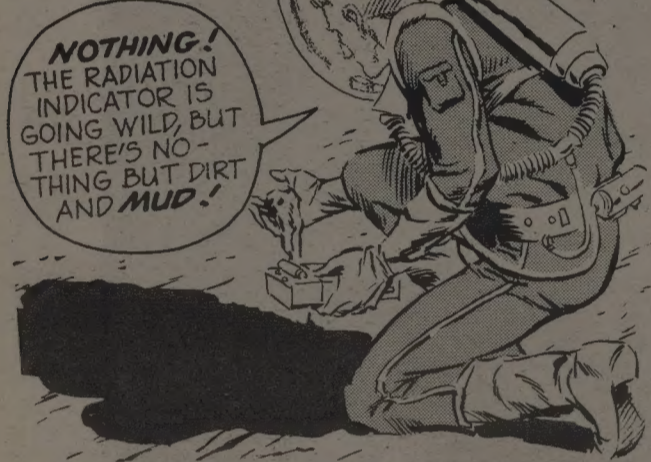
CHANGE TALENT

SERVICE PAGE "Which microphone

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funding of parkland, the Foundation
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and most versatile

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Are you ready for your next priced image.

from every angle... a dream

Daily PLAYBACK

LAY IT RIGHT ON TOP OF US



DECOMPOSITION
 by Dean Latimer
 incorporating the
 photographs of
 Livingston Hinckley

(Being that certain Critics took exception to the 'psuedo-inept' 18th Century tone adopted by Latimer in a recent piece, this Review has been composed in Spenserian Stanza.)

The set of *Lennox Raphael's* new play, *BLUE SOAP* is strict in its simplicity: Three banks of seats around the stage arrayed Look down upon a navel-shaped settee; And floodlights drip their colours on the free-Flown tinfoil on the walls, in amber, rose, Magenta, violet, turquoise — and for me The faces in the tinfoil that arose Bespoke the *kief* that earlier I'd snorted up my nose.

'A snort,' they told me, — better yet, take two: 'A pinch for both' the nostrils in thy head.' And thinking it was *snuff*, no more, I blew It backwards in my brain. They thought me dead The next four hours, during which I said Nought but 'Far out!' and stared as one concussed. The play, *BLUE SOAP*, before my senses sped Through its tableaux of interracial lust — It went on fine without me, as all shows must.

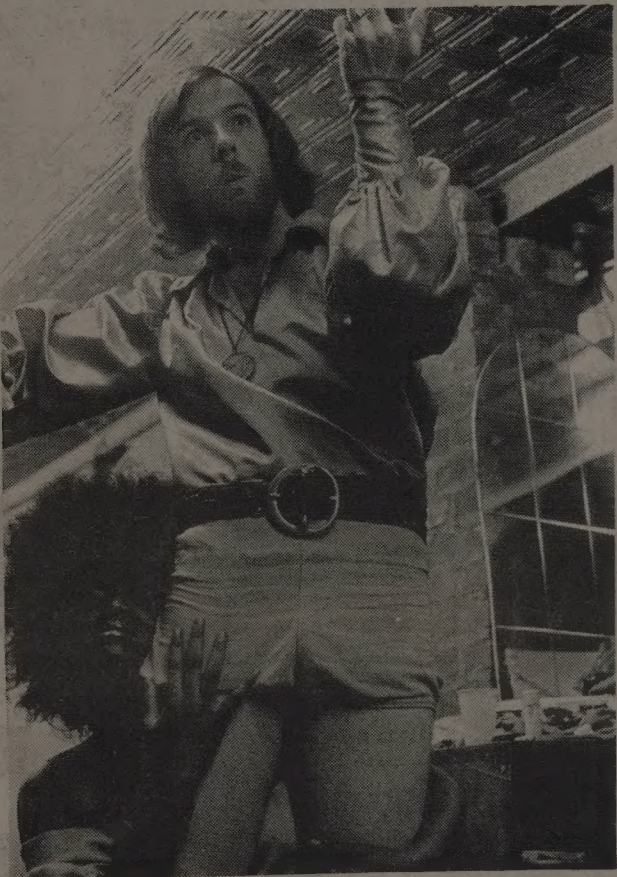
Thus can I hardly offer thee a key To *Lennox*, his intention, or his wit. 'Sex is free, but love is C.O.D.', They sing in *BLUE SOAP*. Can you fathom it? 'COD-piece?' 'See — O.D.?' How durst I pit My drug-blind sense up 'gainst such a maze? And 'Winnie Wang,' his heroine, could fit The shift of 'Winnie Winkle' or the place Of Beckett's unhappy 'Winnie,' immured in *HAPPY DAYS*.

She does her thing, this Winnie, with a flair, All legs and panties, singing every line. She tempts the Reverend Romance with her hair, So blonde, her flesh so soapy white and fine. He's Black, the Reverend, and firstly seems assigned The role of minstrel singer, Coloured Man, Bewitched by Winnie's blondeness; but with time, He dumps the wicked temptress on her can And reads the morning paper while she slavers on his tan.

This much seemed clear, through veils of dope, to me. (But can a thing be clear, in such a state?) Two other actors shared the scenery But their purpose quite escaped my addled pate. There was a lady called 'Felina,' at any rate, And the sexiest young man I've ever seen Wove dancing through the plot — but I would hate To venture what their *meaning* might have been. And a lady called 'The Dreamer' appeared in the final scene.

This Dreaming Lady hung throughout the play In a hammock in the window of the store. Two years ago she would not have dared to lay Her limbs there, on my honour, for a score Of bikers held the place, and any poor Young damsel in the neighbourhood for long Tended to contract a certain *spoor* . . . Enough. Her hammock is durable and strong, And can be bought from *Hammock Masters*,* who sell them for a song.

*Hammock Masters: Sixth Street between First and Second Avenues.



BLUE SOAP, a play
 by LENNOX RAPHAEL,
 OPENS
 SEPTEMBER 16
 IN THE FREE STORE THEATRE
 On Cooper Square

STARRING
 PRINDEVILLE WELLS
 WALTER COTTON
 MARILYN BLANCHARD
 FRANK DUDLEY
 "RED"
 & CHARLIE, A SNAKE
 (shown here with Charlie
 is Lisette.)

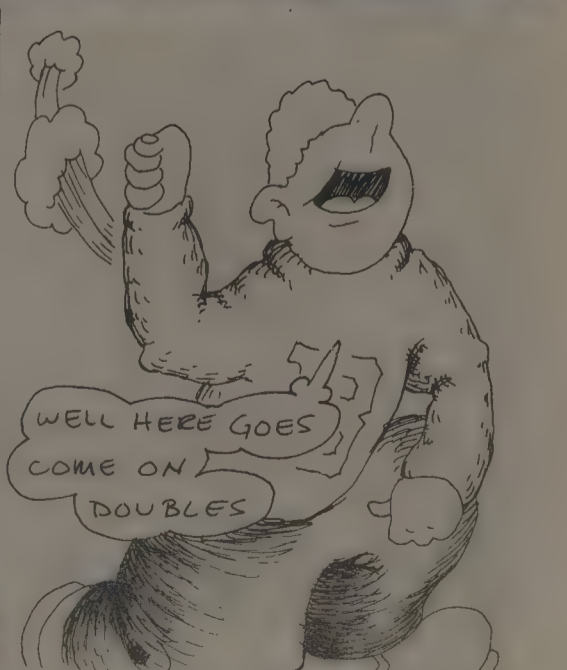
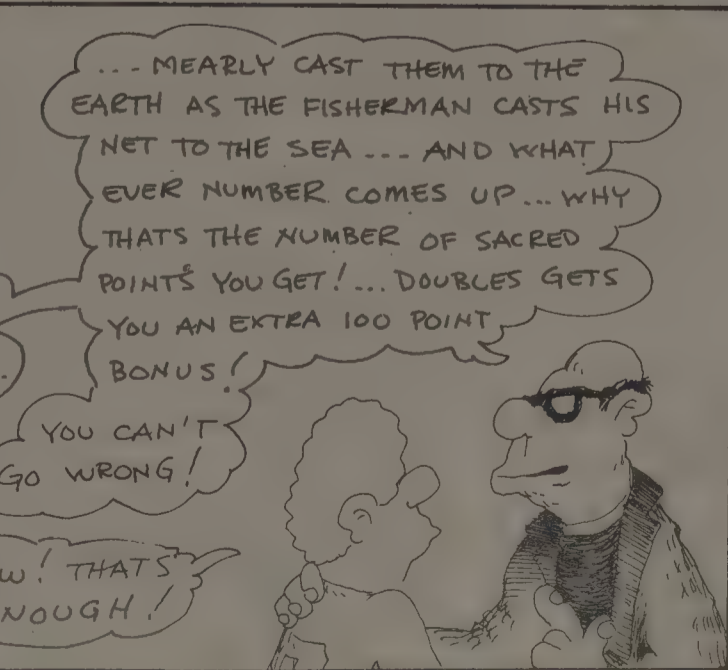
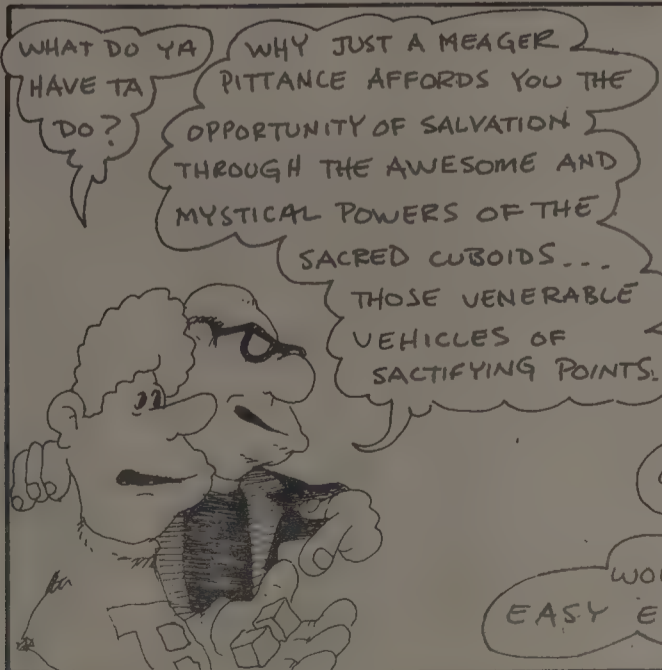
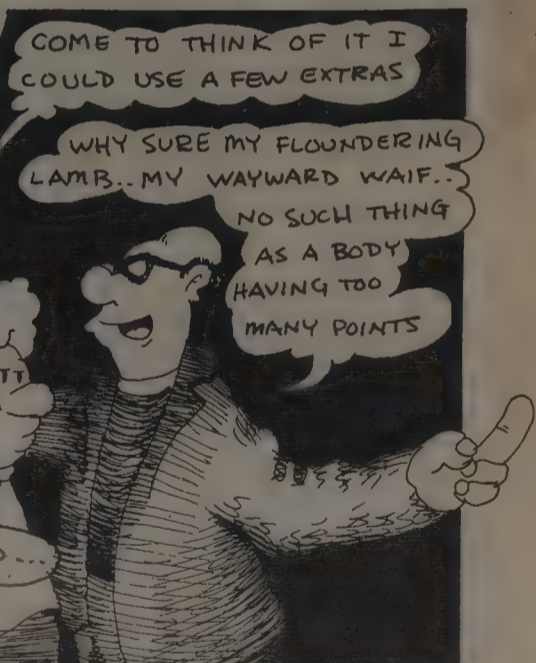
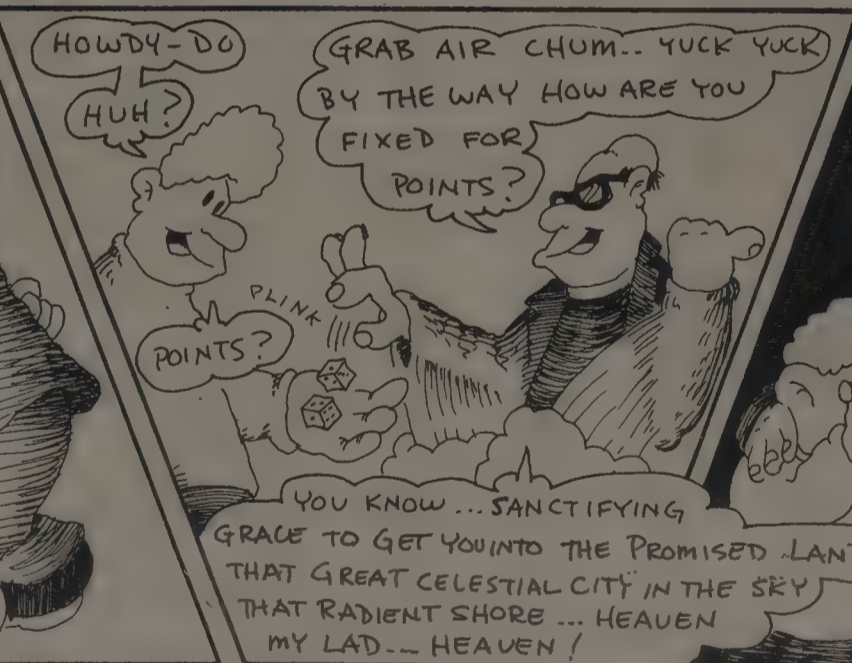
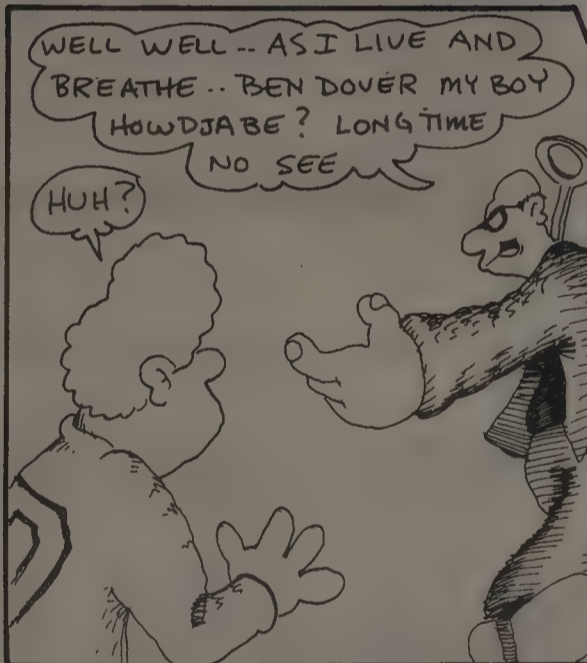
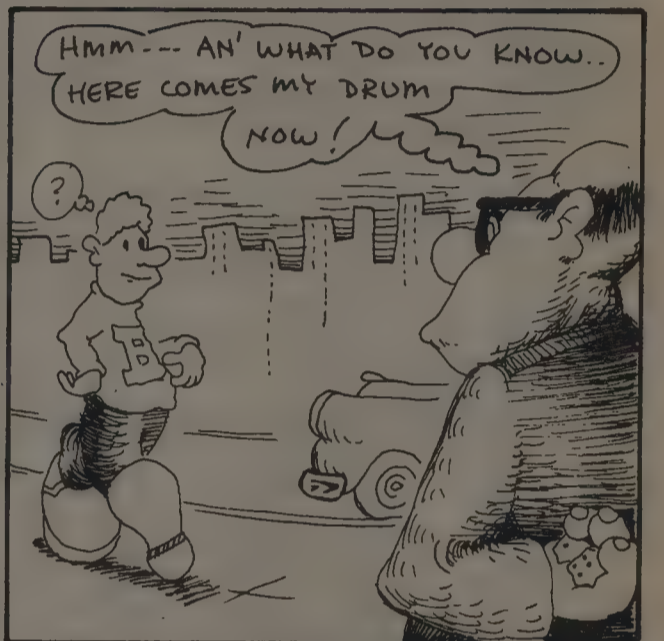
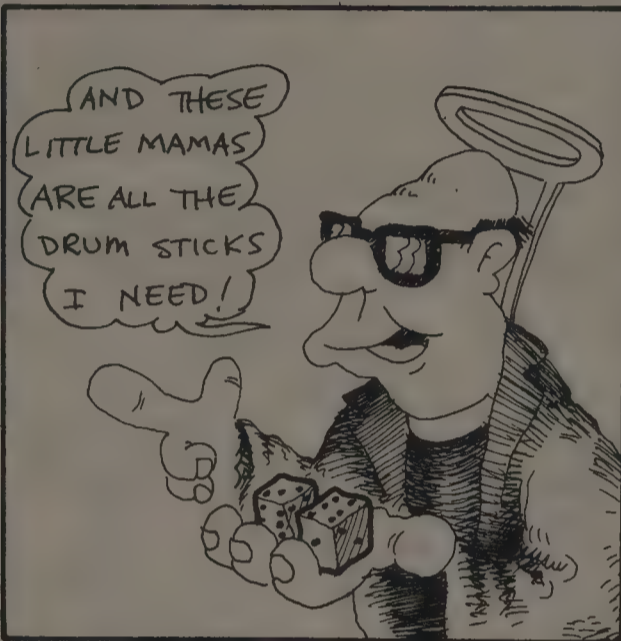
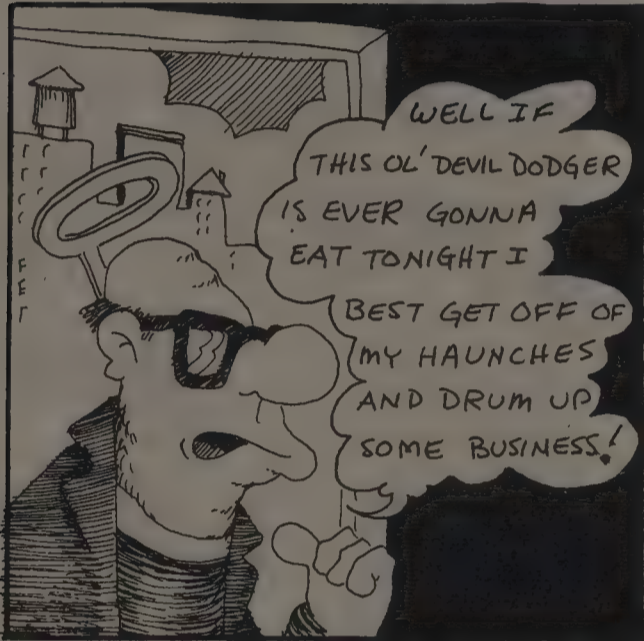
PAIR of DICE LOST

FIRST INSTALLMENT

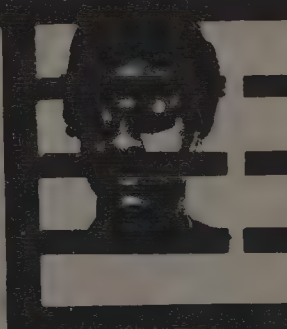
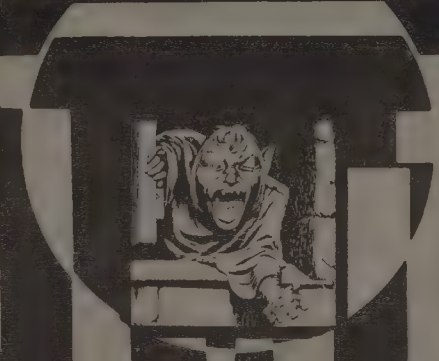
SOMEWHERE IN OBLIVION.....

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• OBLIGATIONS
• WHERE TO GO
• WHO TO SEE
• WHAT TO SAY
FREE POINTS TO HEAVEN
WITH EVERY PURCHASE!

JESUS CHRIST
IS BUSINESS BAD!
MUST BE THE AFTER
CHRISTMAS LULL

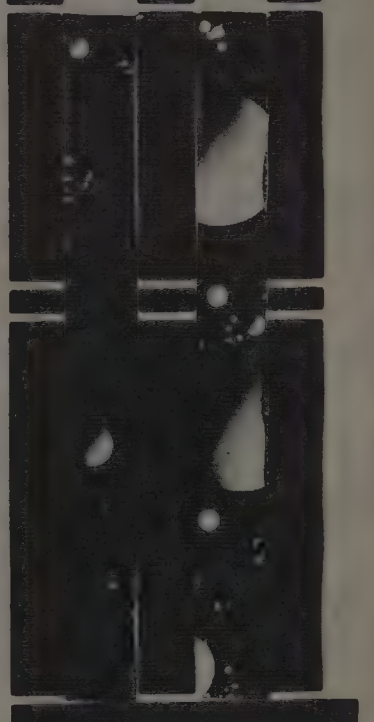


TO BE RESUMED

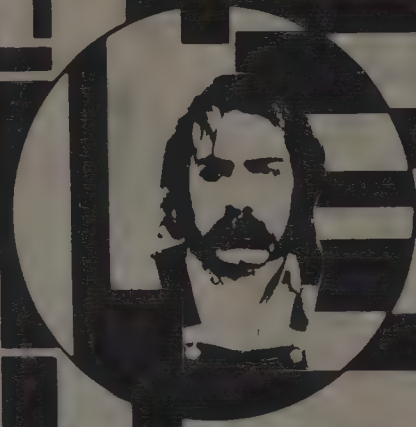


SNARE EYES

So if you can't find any dope, you might try this thing. On the other hand, an Egyptian prayer candle might work just as well. Or a bottle of Ripple Wine, that's good too. Me, I am of a mind that a stroll up Fifth Avenue, gazing into the shop windows, and then a look at the zoo, nibbling peanuts together, and afterwards some escargots at Dorgene, now *that's* fun!



WANTED BY FBI



5...4...3...2...1
IGNITION...
LIFT-OFF!

KEEP ON KEEP ON

keeping ON

INTERVIEW: BRAZILIAN REVOLUTIONARY LEADER CARLOS LAMARCA

ALGIERS, July (PL). — "The Latin-American Revolution will be the final defeat of imperialism. The Brazilian Revolution is fundamental for this, and U.S. intervention will occur," said Carlos Lamarca, leader of the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard (VPR) and former captain of the Brazilian army.

Lamarca's statements are contained in a document in reply to a Prensa Latina questionnaire. The document was delivered to Prensa Latina by the 40 Brazilian revolutionaries exiled here after having been released from Brazilian jails in exchange for Enrenfield von Holleben, Ambassador of the German Federal Republic in Brazil.

Referring to how a guerrilla school can be an influential factor in the policy followed by the revolutionary left in his country, the Brazilian revolutionary leader said, "This pioneering experience in our country mainly represents the victory of a political position, and is a practical demonstration of the need to continue the policy of guerrilla warfare."

Lamarca went on to say that "through our revolutionary practice as an organization, a qualitative leap has been made possible in the activities of the left, which now has cadres who have received training and returned to the countryside to fight."

The leader of VPR also discussed the participation of the masses in the process through the example of the struggle, of the concern for its effectiveness. "We will influence the left as a whole to take a step forward in the process now under way."

He added that when the guerrilla training camp was set up there was already concern over raising the level of the struggle and over the relationship between different groups, since members of different revolutionary organizations participated in the training, which represents a step in the direction of diminishing sectarianism and other differences which can only be overcome in the process, through joint action. "We also believe in putting into practice the tasks of the revolution and not merely in growing as an

organization."

"Do conditions for waging rural guerrilla warfare exist in Brazil?"

"Not only in Brazil, but in all Latin America. And the countryside, where capitalist exploitation is most inhuman, is the weak spot of the system, where the repression has been most fierce."

GUERRILLA ACTIVITIES IN RIBEIRA VALLEY

"How did the local population react to the guerrillas in Ribeira Valley?"

"It wasn't a guerrilla operation. We didn't set up a logistics base, intelligence network or try to establish social roots in the area. We didn't plan to conduct guerrilla activities there. However, the logistics situation forced us to make contact with the population. We are satisfied with their reaction and the ability shown by the rural worker in understanding our message."

The repressing forces, realizing that we were gaining the support of the population, arrested and murdered a young peasant couple, evacuated the population and bombed the area. Terrorism was completed with bursts of machine-gun fire aimed at random into the woods and with planes flying low over peasant still-inhabited huts."

"But guerrilla actions were carried out?"

"Yes, guerrilla actions were carried out, but only those necessary to break out of the tactical and strategic encirclements. We inflicted ten casualties on the enemy and captured 18 prisoners in three clashes. We also avoided an ambush which had been set for us. We did not conduct other actions which would have compromised our objectives because we didn't have mines, hand grenades or mortars. We felt it was adventurism to continue the struggle there, under those circumstances. We are conscious of the need and have the capability for organizing guerrilla warfare on a wider basis, and we will do so. It's only a matter of time."

**THE BRAZILIAN REGIME
USED 20 000 MEN** In reply to a question on the number of soldiers of the Brazilian Army used by the regime against the

guerrillas in Ribeira Valley, Lamarca replied:

"We estimated the enemy forces at around 20 000 men. They used many observation helicopters as well as helicopters for troop transportation, T-6 fighters, C-47 troop transport planes, and B-25 bombers. The use of troops wasn't limited to the Ribeira Valley area but was unnecessarily extended to a large area."

Regarding the possibility of direct U.S. intervention in the battle against guerrillas in Brazil, Lamarca said:

"We cannot separate the Brazilian Revolution from the context of the Latin-American Revolution. Every country is a front and, at the same time, a rear-guard area of the others. The U.S. will be unable to intervene in all Latin America. "Brazil is imperialism's main base in Latin America, by virtue of its strategic position, market conditions and abundant raw materials."

"The U.S. maintains a group of advisers permanently stationed in Brazil. We should also point out the significant increase in the number of CIA and Peace Corps agents operating in the country."

"In the armed forces an intensive propaganda campaign is under way, aimed at persuading the officers to accept the intervention. The results have been optimum in the Navy, Air Force, and among high-ranking Army circles, which, being involved in the corruption, are predisposed. One of the main measures employed is to limit the reading of officers to materials of a technical-professional nature, keeping them from becoming familiar with other more critical material. The propaganda to which they are subjected reduces the officers to the state of ventriloquist's dummies who repeat the empty words with which they are filled, incredible as this seems."

"We should point out that during the Second World War the Yankees suffered many casualties in Northeast Brazil, where they had bases and were allies. . . . "The Latin American Revolution will be the final defeat of imperialism, and the Brazilian Revolution is basic to this. Intervention will come," said Carlos Lamarca.

TOWARD A REVOLUTIONARY FRONT IN THE DIFFERENT LATIN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES

Asked if Latin American coordination was necessary, the leader of the VPR replied: "For the time being it isn't possible, since the revolutionary organizations in the different countries haven't reached the stage of direct action. However, we should work toward this."

"And the kidnappings?"

"The kidnappings will continue. As long as the Government employs torture, the kidnappings will continue, since they are, for the moment, the only way of obtaining the release of our comrades. If torture is indispensable for the repressive forces, kidnapping is also indispensable. The foreign diplomats are capable of maintaining ties with a government that tortures; so they can also spend a few days with us."

NEO-NAZISM IN BRAZIL

In the document given to Prensa Latina, Carlos Lamarca said, "We call the world's attention to the rebirth of neo-Nazism in Brazil. The 'integralists' Felinto Muller and Ramon Padilla are government leaders in the Congress, new politicians, but without a social base, in the greatest farce in our history. Nazi-style organizations are being established to involve society as a whole, and the militarization of children has begun. Especially in cities and towns of the interior, young boys deprived of an education, such as shoe-shine boys, beggars and vendors are organized as information agents; in the city of Cruz Alta, Rio Grande do Sul State, they are instructed by Army officers."

"Many of the young officers still have great hopes in nationalism, for they are not aware that it is impossible for nationalism to be imposed without breaking with the system and imperialism. Most of the young officers feel that the existence of large economic groups is at the root of the country's troubles, because they are unaware of the economic, political and ideological ties that link Brazil to the United States."

"The preparation of a Gestapo was already worked out, not with a single Mengele, but with several. The people are psychologically prepared for the acceptance of violence through the actions of groups of ex-policemen who eliminate petty criminals after torturing them."

"Different firms get together to subsidize unofficial anticommunist organizations to exercise more control over the proletariat. They are not satisfied with just maneuvering with the large unemployed masses. Light, Ultrazag, Camargo Correa, Supermercados, Pao de Acucar and Ford—to name just a few—do not respect existing labor laws and have workers who demand their rights arrested. These firms maintain a system of repression parallel to the official one. Little by little, they are transforming themselves into a power. Thus, the proletariat is kept under rigid control. Never has so much been spent on internal espionage."

The VPR leader also revealed that "informing is encouraged by the Government through both open and subtle propaganda. Relatives and friends of revolutionaries are arrested if they don't inform. Neighbors are urged to become informers, as outlined in the official Security Decalogue. Brazil has been turned into a huge barracks in order to terrorize the population and distract its attention from the problems facing it. The press is dominated by Yankee capital, and what remains with dignity in our press has been crushed by economic pressure, since the Government forbids the production of newsprint and controls its importation."

Carlos Lamarca concluded by saying that "The Government institutionalizes the semislave system in the Brazilian Northeast, and the press applauds in the saddest demonstration of its moral cowardice. We have no regrets. We have analyzed this reality and are working to change it. And we shall change it by making the Brazilian Revolution. Dare to struggle. Dare to win!"

Well everyone is enjoying the last tokes on a stoney summer, have a lot of fun kiddies?? did you get your head work done kiddies . . . Yeah summer 1970. everyone went away to play in the woods or to europe or out to the american west the dope mecca of America. everyone was out scompin around for something in the wilderness playin games eatin brown rice droppin all sorts of drugs foolin around in their heads . . . well the fall is commin up real fast and with it a whole lot of one trip one time revolutionaries with dreams of kick ass in their heads. Well isn't this what they went away for, to get it all together in their heads so they could come back to the cities to work things out. You wanna list, ok. Charlie Frick Picks The Top Ten.

New York City, Washington, D.C., Boston, New Haven, Chicago, Berkeley, Madison, Syracuse, Ann Arbor, Chapel Hill, and the Bronx.

Everyone is looking for some island to habit on. The woods, the mountains, the beach, a dark wood of old houses, the back, the mountains, and all the other people who are ready to ditch their cities and come from summer camp and live. There are those who will decide to stay in the woods and with the whole thing out of their heads. Like I said there's a lot of people who are going to those places that they're going to stay in and try to get a teaching at some point, try to change their political consciousness, more or less, with the main focus of their peers and close friends. They're all in the woods never did anyone get into the coming back to the city at the college environment's a whole other trip.

A friend of mine said once, "You can never go home anymore." It ain't the same as when you left, people change all the time, situations develop with no seeming reason or rhyme. Things happen while you're asleep. Remember, the pig nation is on 24 hour a day alert state. There's been some downing down in incredible proportions. The pig nation is all ready for the new breed of radical thinkers, revolutionaries, bank of america bombers, weathermen, back brothers, yuppies, and any sort of political activists that you have. It's like a movie called The Rise and Fall of the D.A.R. in 1970.

The patriotic flag wavers, construction workers, 9-to-5-ers, the fuzz, and all others who think that america is great the way it is are going to be on the lookout for radical action that might change things from the way they are. They fight like sons of bitches for the things that they're afraid to lose; their house, their car, their family, their 40,000 a year job at bbd&o. Those things are real and concrete and much easier to defend and fight for than some out of the dictionary words like FREEDOM, THE DEMOCRATIC WAY, or even ELEVATED GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

You can never go home

The new lifestyle crusaders are going to have a tough battle in front of them cause before anything new can be built they got to change, move, or in other ways do away with what's already there. Sort of cut out the cancer that strikes America at the roots. There are those of course who prefer to take the nonviolent way or the way of nonaction and take their new lifestyle dreams to the ISLAND. But that is another story.

So what's going to happen you ask. Well, there's a lot of folks comin' back from the woods and wherever with ideas on how to change the system or whatever it is that they've decided to change. Most of the ideas are valid and fall right into the pattern of constant change which rules the universe. That's all well and good but the other people, the 9-to-5-ers, the white collar workers, and the construction workers and all those american folks out there with 2 1/2 kids per family and 2 cars per family and 2 bathrooms per 35,000 dollar house in suburbia don't want no change. They've got it good and they want to keep sucking off the pig nation for what it gives them . . .

They're going to be pissed. Really pissed at kids running around tryin to upset the economic-political appercart that America is riding in. When they see universities being blown up all they see are taxpayers' dollars that they earned to pay for those universities going down the drain. They're going to be pissed off.

Now what about the kids that are coming back from the woods — they want to go off half cocked and change the world overnight. Every last one of them political spouting fuzzy faced acid ridden kids has some sort of plan to change everything. The first thing is always "let's get rid of those who are standing in the way . . ." They don't seem to realize that most of America is standing in the way. Or at least those who are making it work here in America . . . How the fuck are you going to get rid of all those middle class people that are supporting the system that's oppressing them?? There never are any clear answers from these overnight kick ass revolutionaries, they just mumble around and say off the pig, and go away to fuck the system not even knowing why.

Remember all those jocks who were on the football teams when you went to school? Well they've all had a change of mind in the past few years and it goes something like this . . .

They're for peace cause it was the in thing to be into in college or highschool so they signed up to work for some worthy candidate of peace, like McCarthy for example. So now, here we have a whole bunch of ex-McCarthy workers who got fed up with the whole thing and then when McCarthy didn't get the nomination they were left with nothing to do and nothing to talk about so they went out looking for something else to kill time with. Alternative universities, programs in cities, sds membership. Some became yuppies, some became weathermen, some has nothing to do so they went to school to see what kind of action there was there . . . everyone was out looking for something to get into, SOMETHING TO GET THEIR ROCKS OFF ON.

Those that were a part of the woodstock nation took up the crusade of fuck the system and off the pig and all that other shit. They were still ex-McCarthy workers from middle class families and middle income intelligence levels. Well one thing led to another and nothing happened and lo and behold around a year ago there began the great migration to the woods to find out where it was at, they found that hanging around looking at trees and communing with nature wasn't where it was at either . . . They still hadn't gotten their rocks off. There's going to be all these kids comin back to go to school and when they get there the schools will be closed down for a semester.

change rules the universe.

Planning travel abroad? became associated It pays to have



The Phenomenon UP THERE! CATCH HIM!

THERE HE GOES!

You'll see

others still dream

RINK RIDE PARK UGH SING CHITMAKEUP IRT HUG ICELEBRATE

Discover America. It's 3,000 smiles wide.

american folks

tame frontiers. There is no new world

Welcome evolution. The Exploding Industry come the fall Gonna be a lot of fall Goon Show Warning: Low Voltage

up to you, you keep your head

down at you really looking

like cops got guns and detention centers and all the rest of the sophisticated stuff that was developed in nazi germany to take care of those who werent subscribing to the national policy. Its like shooting at a battle ship with a pop gun. You got to be crazy to do it, either crazy or suicidal.

That's basically where the consciousness stands at this point. It's almost september and i hear the pig nations repression team warming up out in left field while a lot of starry eyed kids are comin back to the cities and the schools and from wherever they were and its all gonna hit the fan so fast and so hard that you arent gonna have time to get out and wipe the shit off the window of your fathers fast car that he lent you for the summer..shit man I wouldnt be caught out in the streets less i have my keds on . . .

Everyone is looking for some island

PRUDAL THE DEMOCRATIC WAY or EVEN ELEVATED GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

suburbia don't want no change

Most of the ideas are valid

So what's going to happen you ask. Well, there's a lot of folks comin' back from the woods and wherever with ideas on how to change the system or whatever it is that they've decided to change. Most of the ideas are valid

So the only thing left was to come back to the cities and "try to change the oppressive system by working around and within it" that's the kind of rhetoric they use, actually what it means we didn't get it on as a mccarthy worker or as a community organizer or a political activist and the woods were a drag cause there was nothing to do so let's go back to the city where all the kick ass goes on and GET OUR ROCKS OFF . . .

GunMirror

The schools are hip to whats going on. Dont think they aren't. they know there's a lot of hot shot 90 day wonder revolutionaries who are going to be showing up on campus looking for something to get into. If it gets too freaky theyre just going to close down the universities for the fall semester. the educators and the taxpayers and all those who have a stake in the system arent going to let the kids run rampant thru the universities, theyre also deathly afraid of another kent or jackson state happening in their town. I mean killing students looks bad and tends to drive business way down, so instead of confrontation theyll just close down the schools thus stemming the trouble at its source.

The psychology is such that everyone could really dig an extra semester off besides who wants to go to school while its still warm outside. there will be lots of elation on the part of the students cause itll be schools out all over again. another vacation, itll really cool everyone they think, but instead its another part of the plan of the pig nation to incite open revolt and riots.

by Charlie Frick

that's about the size of it

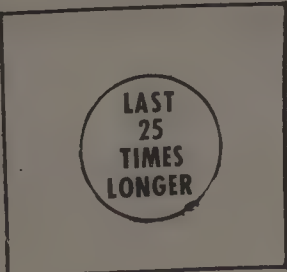
In every college town on the map theres going to be the whole student population hanging out loose on the streets with nothing to do . . . after about a month the novelty will wear off and well see phase 2 of the pig nations master plan . . . Cleverly planted rebel rousers instigators and central intelligence agency plants will begin to worm their way around making contact with those more militant and radical of the students, trouble will be brewing all over behind the trees and in the frat houses and all over the streets . . . Instigators will be spreading the seeds of well you know how it works, one starts some action over here and another one picks it up over there . . . it's like you cant tell the players without a score card. The only thing that these hot shot kids fail to realize is the size of the fight theyll have on their hands. workers



T.V. EXPLOITS WOMEN
soaps not all
Suds by Jackie Acon

GAY GARDEN BOOTS

FREEZE AND REHEAT



CLEAN TOILETS.

PROTECT YOUR ELECTRIC MIXER



The effects of television have been "hot copy" recently. There have been many studies made concerning television programming as in commercial advertisements, childrens' entertainment and

education, and the question of sex and violence, etc. There has been much emphasis on the effects of violence in TV programming as it may either eliminate subliminal desires for violence through projection, or become a conditioning agent in enforcing aggressive patterns of behavior. Doctors' theses have been written, Congressional reports studied, parents' committees organized, but still the controversy stirs over the role of television as it relates to our inner needs and to those of our children.

While reviewing the fare which beams into our living rooms daily from noon until five, or as what is known as "Daytime Television," the usual game shows, cooking lessons, Art Linkletter, and the afternoon soap operas appear as if by electronic magic. Soap operas have been the TV rage since radio days when this formula for programming was conceived. They are quaint. The audience these melodramas cater to are wholesome American women. That's right! Playtex and apple pie. D.A.R. and church socials. The keepers of the hearth and HOME, the good ole' flag-waving U.S.A. MOM. That MOM is wasting her time watching hours of diaper-chafing situation problems daily is a great boon to the manufacturers of the products which bring to the public the most profitable spots on network television, soap operas. Next to the Saturday morning Kiddies' shows soap opera sponsors get the most

for their money. There is exactly fifteen minutes of commercial time and precisely fifteen minutes worth of air time or programming of each half-hour program. Soap opera entertainment is almost indistinguishable between soap opera commercial time. The scripts bleed with the same kind of "buy our product" creativity and integrity.

A very important objection to these types of morbid fantasy is the light in which soap operas present women. Besides being interrupted endlessly with peanut butter, maple syrup, feminine deoderants, and detergent commercials, the plots center around women; their lives, loves, tragedies, and triumphs. Apparently murder is a popular activity this season as every soap opera has one, or at least a death in the family. One soap's plot and sub-plots were so involved as to include one woman's psychological problems, a girl's blindness, a lost expedition in Africa, and a mention of the pacification program in Viet Nam. (However, there were no opinions expressed concerning the war. Reminiscent of the Soap opera actors who wanted to air their protest of the war, but were not allowed during the first Moratorium. "We don't want to give those women anything to think about.") This was all brought to you by cooking oil, ravioli mix, and laxatives. The women presented in soap operas seem to fall into categories. These are not unlike the characters of morality plays. The

prototypes which seem to appear in every soap opera are the "evil woman," the "scheming bitch," the "Mother," the "sad case," the "understanding companion," the "innocent darling," and the "Joan of Ark woman."

The dramatization of these types of feminine personalities is not only out-dated but also exploitation of the female audience. It is exploitation for these reasons. It fails to bring to public attention the problems of our society. It offers the kind of entertainment which allows over-simplification of pressing psychological problems such as identity crisis. It fails to offer broadcasts which would be experimental enough to give information on birth control methods, career-training for women, and consumer reports for women. Soap operas sell products, a testimony of the decadence and corrupt nature of an essentially progressive medium for communication. Television could be an advancement in modern technology which would further its entertainment and educational potential on a conceptual level. One way to do this would be to eliminate Soap operas and give women and men relevant programming. TV should be more than a soap bubble medium. It's the most violent dehumanization of the society whose pockets bleed to keep the space occupied. The immediate remedy: Watch the test patterns and boycott products advertised via the tube.

THE OBSCENE PHONE CALLER,

and
how to
handle
him.

by
Coca-Crystal

It was nine o'clock in the morning, in the morning, Saturday morning, the phone was ringing, I'd had about two hours sleep and I was annoyed, dammit, really annoyed by the presumptuousness of whoever was calling. I had to make it stop ringing, so I picked up the phone and - I wasn't really paying any attention - and I heard something like 'Panzion'. Panzion? I thought it was some weird name, and I was about to say, 'Wrong number, no Panzion here,' when the voice came in a little clearer and what it was saying was this: 'Do you have any *panties on*?' Now, being groggy - not realizing the full significance of this query - I looked down, and behold, I was not. 'No,' I said, 'now get off the phone, I'm trying to sleep.' And I hung up.

A minute later he called back. Reaching out, I answered it, and he was going through the same number with the *panties* again. But then a new line came up: he was jerking off, he was about to come, *I was receiving my first obscene phone call!!!* Now it was getting through to me, and I was pissed off - I started to scream, 'Get off this fucking phone! I'm trying to sleep! I just stayed all night up with the Grateful Dead and I'm exhausted, motherfucker!!'

But that only added fuel to the fire. He started to chant - 'I'm about to come! I'm ready to come! Here I come! Oh! Oh!' - so I took the phone and moved it to the other side of the room where I couldn't hear his moaning and groaning and fell back to sleep.

I didn't remember any of this when I woke up, and I didn't even think about it until I was getting ready to bed the next evening: I had to get up the first thing next morning, so I took the phone off the hook. But when I finally did manage to get up it was about three, and I'd missed my date for the park by two hours, and I was feeling kind of down. After moping around the house for a while, not knowing what to do, I decided to get stoned. So I was rolling a joint when the phone rang again.

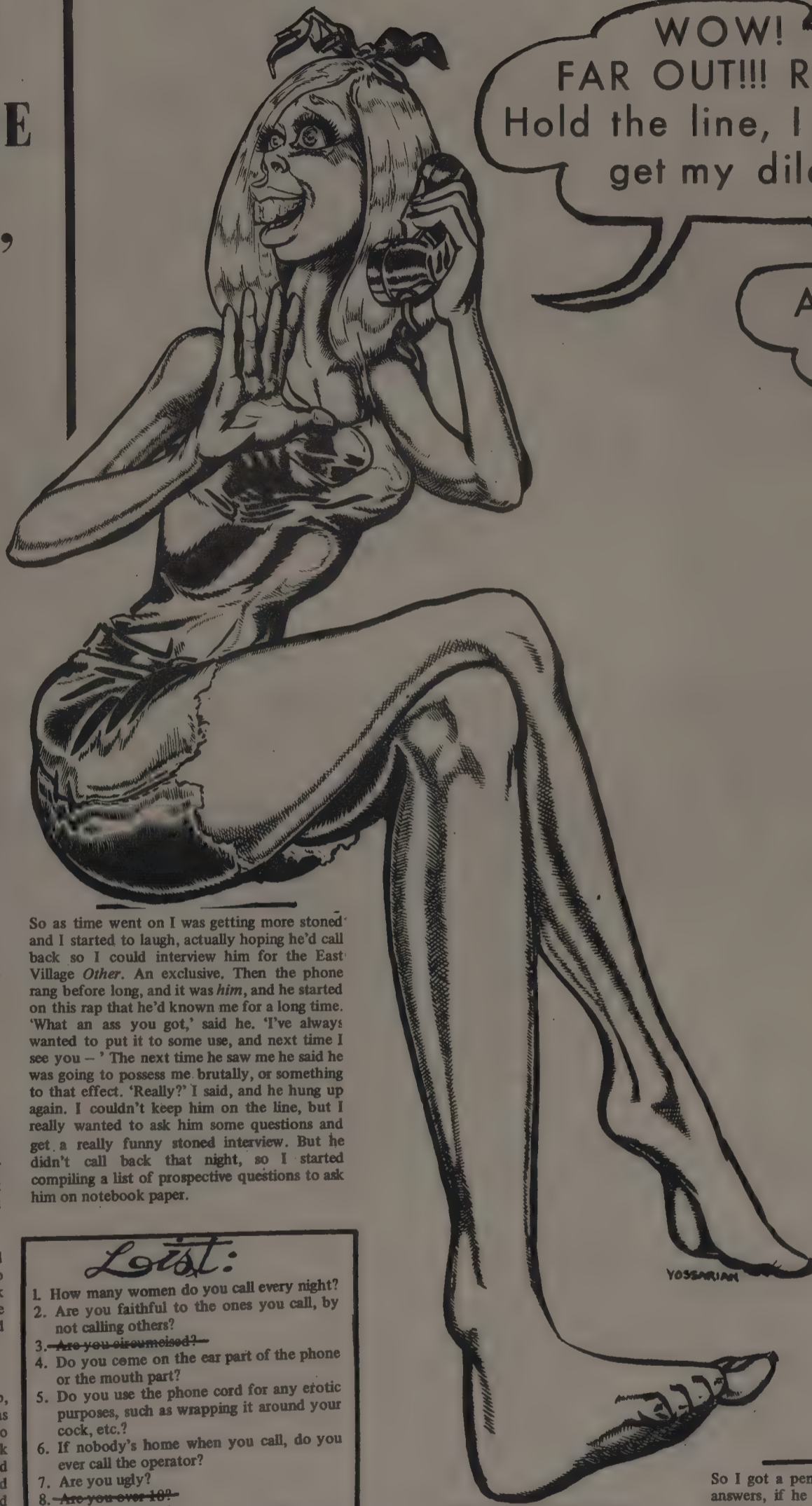
'Hello?' Nothing.

'Hello,' I said.

'Hmhmhmhm - Guess who *this* is?'

Ah, I'm so dumb I forgot all about the obscene phone caller, and for a moment I actually thought the voice sounded like David, one of my friends. So I started rapping, how are you, what have you been doing, like that - and he didn't respond at all. He hung up.

Oh, it's *him*!



So as time went on I was getting more stoned and I started to laugh, actually hoping he'd call back so I could interview him for the *East Village Other*. An exclusive. Then the phone rang before long, and it was *him*, and he started on this rap that he'd known me for a long time. 'What an ass you got,' said he. 'I've always wanted to put it to some use, and next time I see you -' The next time he saw me he said he was going to possess me brutally, or something to that effect. 'Really?' I said, and he hung up again. I couldn't keep him on the line, but I really wanted to ask him some questions and get a really funny stoned interview. But he didn't call back that night, so I started compiling a list of prospective questions to ask him on notebook paper.

List:

1. How many women do you call every night?
2. Are you faithful to the ones you call, by not calling others?
3. ~~Are you circumcised?~~
4. Do you come on the ear part of the phone or the mouth part?
5. Do you use the phone cord for any erotic purposes, such as wrapping it around your cock, etc.?
6. If nobody's home when you call, do you ever call the operator?
7. Are you ugly?
8. ~~Are you over 10?~~
9. Are you over 30?
10. What did you do before you had a phone?
11. ~~Would you agree to bombing BelleTelephone?~~
12. What would you do if you found out that your phone was tapped?

And so it was the next evening that I was not so reluctant to leave the bathtub, into which I had just dunked myself, all warm and quivery, and go answer the phone, when it rang. 'Hello I'm naked,' I said.

'Oh baby, I got seven inches of throbbing meat here I'm gonna -'

'Excuse me,' I cut in. 'I gotta go get my dildo.' Swiping the list of questions and a pre-rolled joint from the kitchen table, I returned to the

phone, sat on the floor and lit up. 'Go on now,' said I.

'You really got a dildo?' he asked in a hurt little voice.

'Oh, I do this over the phone all the time,' I lied. 'I'm glad you called. I want to compare notes.'

'Duhhh-notes?'

'Yes, for instance, do you call many women a night?'

'What?'

'Are you faithful to the ones you call, or -'

'Is that *you*?' he asked.

I was pretty stoned, and that question threw me off guard. 'Just a minute,' I said, 'I gotta go put some new batteries in my vibrator.'

So I got a pen, with which to write down his answers, if he ever gave me any answers, and came back. The line was dead.

It looked like I'd really blown it, and probably he was now calling up some teenage Catholic virgin, so I eased myself back into the warm tub, and - the phone rang again. Water dripping, I tripped back to the phone: 'Hi, I got new batteries,' I said brightly.

It was my mother.

STAY TUNED TO
EVO FOR THE
CONTINUING
MISADVENTURES
OF
COCA-CRYSTAL

Birds are no longer singing but the first cry of the Revolution is growing like a prophecy in the turquoise forests...

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD

Robots & jukeboxes... the poets' role is not too different from the role of a terrorist... the poet must destroy society, give God an enema, *make shit* as the children say... but things turn sour when Shiva vandalizes her own cafeteria & advances in heaven with her broken arm... but it is written in the sky: *poets are always right*... But the poets of today, in France, write for the middle class & no one dare contest their horrible good faith...

We must attack on all fronts... Woodstock is more important than the Spanish Civil War... how should we attack?... in a Marxist way? anyhow, like the Liberal Banana Scribe?... asshole conspiracy out the door and up your asses?... Enough! The French poets are capable of fucking up the Western Hemisphere for 1000 years... We're free under surveillance, heads of families haul in the royalties... the poet's asshole shines on his face... look at him wiggling in front of his fans, in the halls of the Embassy... the jerk minces & impales himself on the tricolored dildo like an incestuous chick, so comrades, it's either you or me, but certainly not us... hand yr religious pictures out to German tourists... they've never been able to kill the image of their past... straddling their computers they classify their good consciences in the audio-visual crappers... the proof of the shit pudding is the Festival at Le Bourget... So comrades we'll come in when the faggots have gone and we'll shit on the French carpets, standing in the wind, pricks like prows, and we'll throw shit pie at the cops & the mob... that way they can scream anarchy, and puke on the Champs Elysees...

In France, the cop, the technician and the specialist are straddling the pigs, singing the International & the Hymn to the Sausage... the Demokratik elektronik waltz of the robots... and all the imported fiction transforms nature's space and bigotry... finally, the

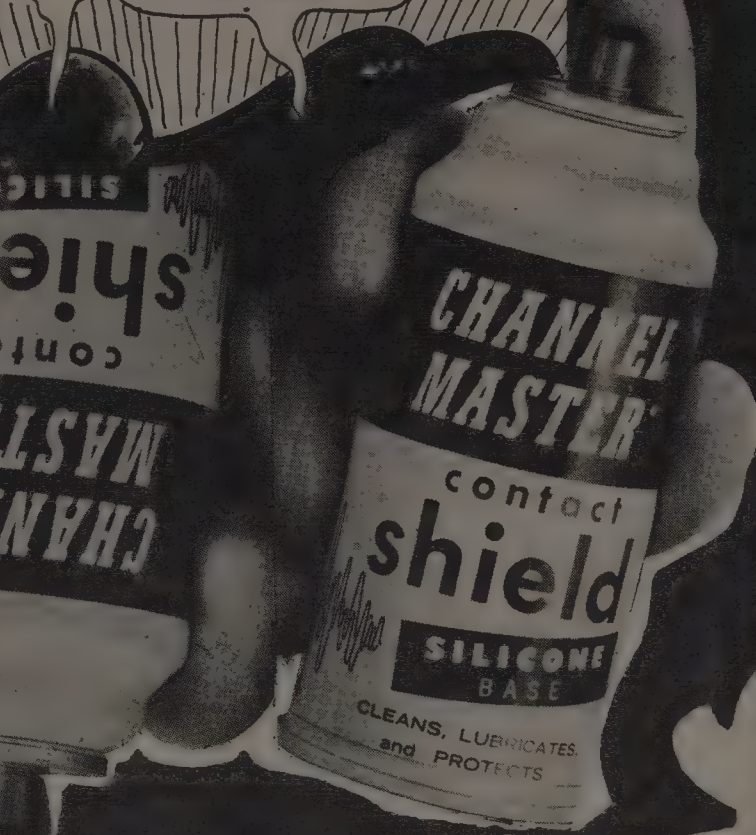
surrealized, encouraged, shit, applauded, noticed, bared, published, bartered, buried, proposed, caressed, etc... an alarm bell on the fucking-board... a heart attack in the carburetor... Clito-Rooter!... the news is healthy & French ideas are hanging on the twilight of things... What do the goats think about it? They nibble at the old tampax & the Fascist words of the Planet land on the President of the Republic's filthy fly...

I tell you it's the end... the French have signed a treaty with the Villains of Space & the Weather Bureau... the secrets of Gaullism's old skin have been carried away in polluted waters... the past has been mailed to General Delivery... & they think kulture is eaten cold like salad... they think ignorance & chauvinism are virtues... Frenchmen, you love yr chains, dig 'em!... you can't help yourself, you come in the 'oubliettes', one finger up your asses, the other one on yr hare lips... Everything is forbidden for yr body (& you suffer as you can) yr asses in the sawdust of the Death Palladium or at the last drug store... the Invisibles have brain-washed them & the new Fascist order & Catholic Way Of Life shimmers through their Psychedelic Industry... they go into the streets with their prayer books & their white canes... they're blind, assless, carved in shit... every year they salute their victims with *les sanglots longs des violons*... And, Pompidou, do ya think I'm gonna play with yr beliefs, or with yr filthy ass... I slobber on what you use as an anus... the Opera-Bouffe of yr Republic is sprawled on the VD screen of yr Soupe & Loisirs universe... yesterday, a few courageous cats demonstrated with a sign: "Pompidou Eats Shit"... It happened on the 1st of May... the Red & Black May... I switched channels & I bombed the consular angel hanging on yr ass... & I wrote "Down with France" on yr huge pale buttocks... and a long red

DO YOU EVER DREAM, GREAT STATUE?

NO, AHZID, I DO NOT DREAM. THERE WAS A TIME, LONG AGO, AND FAR AWAY WHEN I DID. BUT NOW THAT I AM TURNED TO STONE, I DO NOT. YOU MAY TELL ME OF YOUR DREAMS, THOUGH. I WILL LISTEN.

BY CLAUDIA PELIEU



dog with its ass stuffed with hemorrhoids will go to yr national funeral... My vision has a heavenly hardon, Pompidou!... My name is Johnny Pissoff... God gave me back my bones & my nerves... I gouge yr eyes out and all the rags you call flags start to yell... here's my passport & all the faces washed in piss walk in the streets of Paris... the party is in full swing... it's the reign of the cops and squares... the West's Christian crematories are working... Jean Genet screamed: *Up FRANCE'S ASS!*... he's the only writer we love... Pompidou I'm gonna dye yr piss-green aura blue & I'm gonna put acid in yr breakfast & examine yr wounds & then tenderly I'm gonna hunghole you, I'll put Brillo around my cock & I'll make you come like hell & you'll puke yr spare ovaries...

Really, sometimes acid makes you crazy...

Horrible customs... Scientology... the new socio-kultural structures have been vomitted into the urns by vultures & vampires... filthy rubbery creatures invade this planet... France is their base... "Almost human slaves" said the representative of an under-developed country (*over-exploited*, is what I mean)...

The population explosion? We were brought up in the cauldron of Fascist sounds... the Extraterrestrials, for who ordinary & every day noises are unknown could be annihilated beyond 120 decibels... even terror, in that case, is nothing...

Stereo channels broadcast R'n R endlessly, French sounds immediately changed into moans, groans, whines, laughter, screams, NOISES - the Invisibles & Dwarfs of Space are caught by earthly mouths - and they hand over India, Africa, China & all the starving countries...

and the reports from Wall Street accompany the horrible music of the white flash at Hiroshima... Woodstock in Paris - the great cities that have enslaved millions, children are rising up - But the financial silhouettes & the great inhuman sounds of the consumer society order the ballet with nothing and no one... the foreman's excuses are worthless... the Whorehouse... that is how the French get the best out of their crossword puzzles that are half empty...

Thousands of young people are stuck in the mosaic of French idiocy... Pioneers or rebels? we'll never know... From Montparnasse you can hear the unintelligible cackling of the Tibetan tadpoles... the bulldozer from the Paris Police Headquarters goes into its dance... the Narks study in the U.S.A... & Mr. Suburbia (no matter where) symbolizes the perfect jerk... *Cheese Isolates Us* said our Minister of Kulture who was inaugurating the first French Psychedelic Supermarket in Saint Germain des Pres...

So we have tested, charmed, scented, advised, cooked, complete emptiness of a world that has lasted too long and eaten too much... must we must go further... in the abominable kulture fluid... with the false hopes of the *seen & thought*... with the happiness pushers... with the rich & the poor... with delusion & hate... with proof... truths & scream-minutes... with the CIA dogs... we must fill their mugs with shit... and all the old Nazi French newspapers groan... filthy smells deliver kids to the spies who breathe in the judicial jukeboxes... chance resists collective unawareness... they demand the death penalty for pot smokers... and the police-magic-eye devours all travelers daring to ply in space... life is denied... you must either crawl in that tomb or get the hell out forever...

The carrion-man Philips-Hachette with the Stereo-eyes is a cop... you'll dive in flesh & violence, with the tears of others and the blood of statues... insensitive you'll recoil in front of credit cards... without blushing silence will go to yr funeral... the Algebra of Baseness will guide you... You neglected the soul (right or wrong) who cares today... the air filled w/ screams will show you the impenetrable rites of those you called primitives or drug addicts... The sparkling visions bathed in life on earth... general paralysis is striking the country that was the subject of reflection & soliloquy... Electrified minutes devoted to tears... to screams... to black-orange orgasms... in the pink halls of the Snow Subway a great devilish mouth dreamed of devouring space... An old Western we imitate as well as we can...

Paris... I just came back... a clandestine, flash-visit...

Walls, more walls, and cops, & the control towers, radar, vultures vaporizing paranoia... pollution-colored eyes... Paris... mini-America & huge pilot devices that keep thousands of people in prison, people who believe they're happy and free... only the high-school kids know how to rebel... avenues chock-a-block with neon lights & billboards... the technocratic bum has his hands free, he's living in an elektronick democracy, dreaming of vacations in Kalifornia... and vultures patrol the Paris sky... we are watched technically, as if we were identical tools...

Back in New York... fantastic arabesques... inaudible sounds liquidating Cherokee legends... temples & bunkers built by the financiers of the Ireality Planet... Aquarius Express... thousands of slaves, neutral spectators and consumers... the night flowers of the imagination are fading, smothered by suffering, boredom & mental deficiency... blinding secrets incrustated in flesh poisoned by TV commercials... at the end of the day, maybe, we'll realize that we're completely dead...

UP AGAINST THE WALL POMPIDOU AND YOUR GODDAM FASCIST LAW AND ORDER!

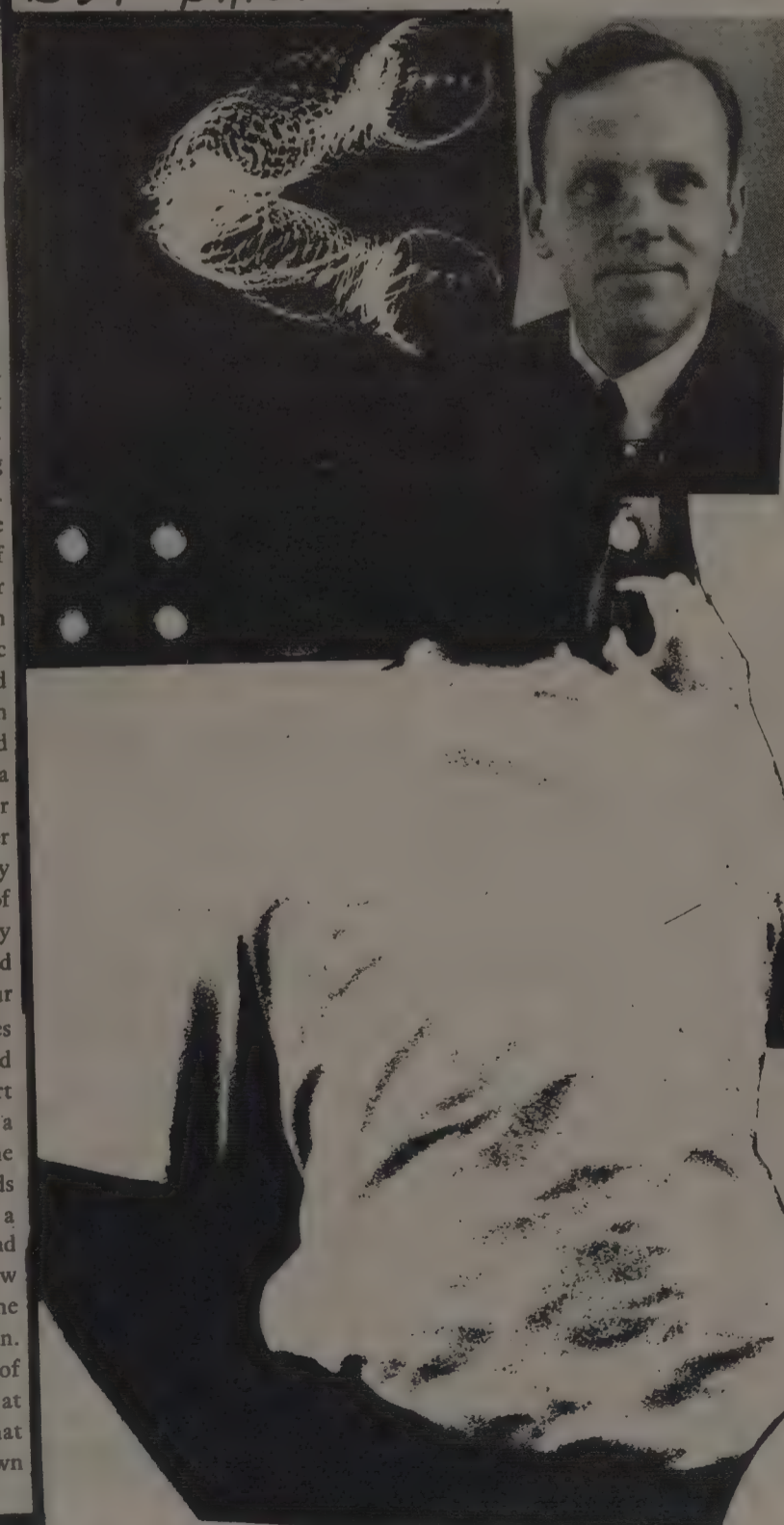
there is now in the atmosphere of the earth manifestations of psychic energy of an unparalleled nature, perhaps unequalled in the history of life on this planet. we are the ones who must manifest the light of life in the darkness of time and space. and give birth to the Cosmic Egg and thru pure Soul and Spirit connect living man and woman to the immortality of life. and the birth of a new light in the universe of time and space: the virtual Population explosion is at hand. ecologically the earth itself is in a state of decomposition. pollution and radioactive contamination is spreading at an alarming speed. and we are suffocating from our own excrement. conditions grow worse every day bringing about the necessary momentum for the evolutionary forces. and for the dawn of a new day. the Human Species now evolving on the planet Earth can look at the universe thru the perfect microscope.. which is ourselves. and it is in this microcosm or union of mind and body by which we can bring about the biological time bomb. and the beginning of our shining light in the Cosmic Universe. the materialistic empire is collapsing and decaying. just as pollution and contamination grows more critical everyday masses of people are suffering from mental psychosis directly related to sulphur dioxide now in the atmosphere. many are unable to relate to or comprehend their existence. since in fact they are mutations of their own creation. we ourselves are mutations of the Atomic Electron Age. the energy or radiation now in the atmosphere around the Earth penetrates the physical body and is indeed the light we feel within our soul and spirit; adjusting the physical body to the speed of light and the opening of the solar system to time and motion is what we can bring about at such a gathering as the unplanned Peace Festival of life. We represent the energies of the planets, and it is the energy we must use to bring about asmosis in the Earth's atmosphere. A gathering of the great souls at such a festival would generate the energy to set off an electro-magnetic discharge. Somewhat like a nuclear trigger setting off kinetic vibrations in the ionosphere. The ensuing flash would set off wave motions throughout the atmosphere of the Earth by creating a nuclear force or fusion of elements resulting in an ecological balance. Pollutants and toxic poisons harmful to human beings would be washed to the ground by precipitation and back into the Earth. The result would be a human awakening to the dawn of a new day. And a new age and our movement thru time and space on Mother Earth on thru our own creations by which we can travel thru the womb of time. Those of us who are already functioning in the 4th dimension and holding together should relate our knowledge to all the people of the planes and thru the most spiritual and technological way that the Earth is part of the universe and that there is a structure in the material universe. The earth itself must be reborn and the seeds of this rebirth is now taking place on a massive scale all over the earth. Mankind is returning to the Earth, and the new species are the beginners and the forerunners of the golden age of man. Man is awakening after a long night of sleep to the reality that he is traveling at the speed of light and the possibility that he will be able to be conscious of his own creations.

Together in union we are one. We have the technological means of access to flash the Electronic media which is now wired up and reach everyone. In the May edition of the Village Voice a half page was published relating to the Hexagon Mind and the Einsteinian theory of the use of nuclear energy and the peaceful use of such energy in evolving mankind to a higher plane of wisdom to create on the Earth a paradise of creation ushering in the aquarian age. This communication spread around the freaks, and through together a nucleus of chemical and metaphysical energy which is the science of Nucleonics. The symbolism of the six sided triangle relates to the cosmology of energy and structure in the universe and is the basis of the Hexagrams in the Book of Changes or man's highest wisdom on the tree of life.

I would enjoy others whose energies may fuse the nucleus to connect to the cosmic wave, so we may use the energies of the earth which we must equally apply to the mechanics of technology since it is an extension of man and therefore will serve man. The world is ready for an economic philosophy of transcendent technology based on the principles of universal law whose own equation can transmit where energies only then the mind of man who has achieved self-realization of his own cellular and genetic structure. Mars factor as the nearest planetary body is now very strong and will soon become the balance of force as the Earth goes thru changes and it is the martian influence which will polarize the earth on the people living on that body. These energies are available to us thru our own anatomical structure. Union or polarization of the mass

consciousness can be brought about by a change in the atmosphere. So the air we breathe will be pure and free of half a million chemicals and toxic poisons which is now in what we breathe every second thru a chemical metaphysical structure which is incorporated thru the existing energy system can we incorporate everything in the material world by means of creativity and such a structure can be plugged into the existing system and registered thru the economics of creation rather than the economics of destruction which is what is now happening. Mankind is coming back to this Earth by means of our own anatomical radiation and is already well manifested in the Human condition. To middle America this slogan might apply (evolve or dissolve). O M day is coming soon.

There was a monster holding up the world
 Only the traffic helicopters or people in planes
 could see it. They say the monster was holding
 the world up with his mouth. Other people say he
 was holding it up with his hands. The monster was
 speaking to a pilot. The pilot said the monster
 said he was hungry and wanted to eat the plane
 but pilot said no. We don't know so we can't say.



A FABLE
 by Vincent Titus

Once a camel was traveling through the desert and he met an Arab. He asked the Arab for a drink of water. The Arab wouldn't give it to him. Later, the Arab was lost in the desert and he saw the camel. He grabbed the camel's tail and the camel kicked him in the face and ran away. The moral of the story is: Be kind to camels, or you may get a load of camel shit.

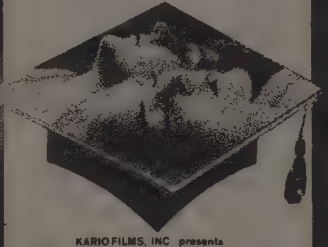
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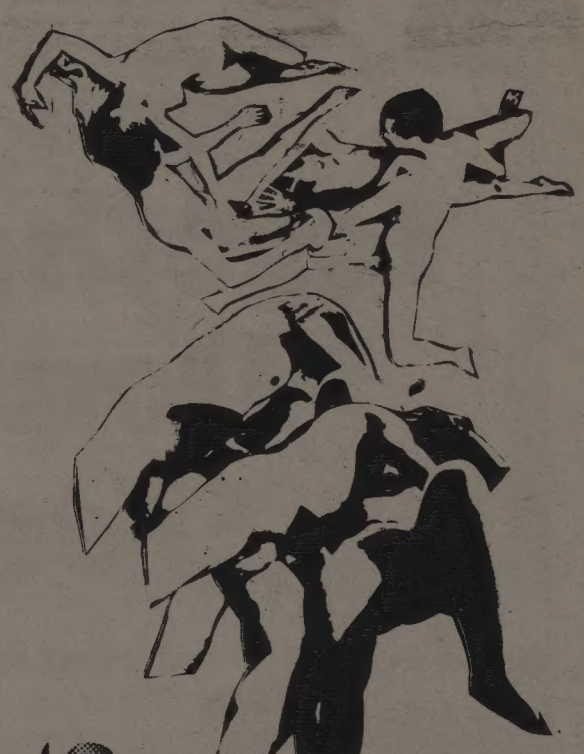
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Young man, 28, alienated, nihilist, good looking, fed up with my superficial, arid existence. Wants to meet attractive, intelligent female who cares enough to teach him to be more sociably outward, aware, and a more meaningful orientation of life. call Chuck at 499-1711.

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Captain Snaps needs Contact Machine or proof-sheet maker. Contact Joseph Stevens, ace EVO photographer at EVO, 255-2130.

Nancy "candy" Dallin — happy belated birthday. please pick up your mail at the Village Project, 88 2nd Avenue, N.Y. please write, as I miss you & lawyer has some more money for you. Daddy.

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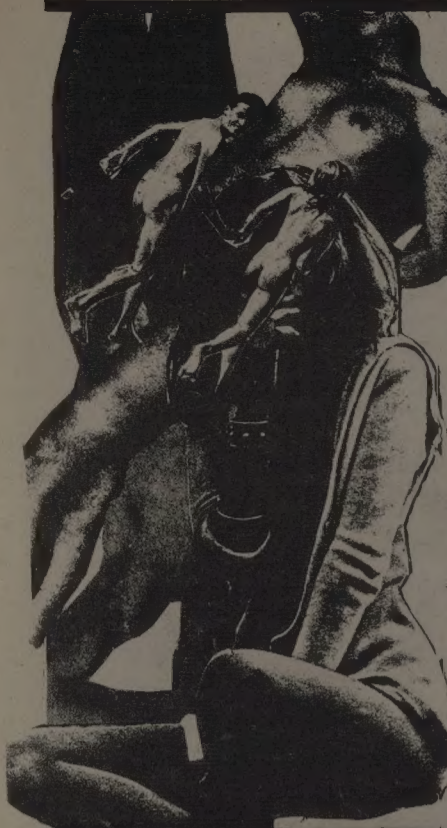
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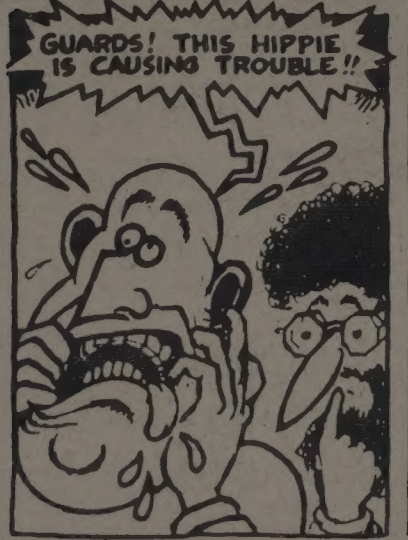
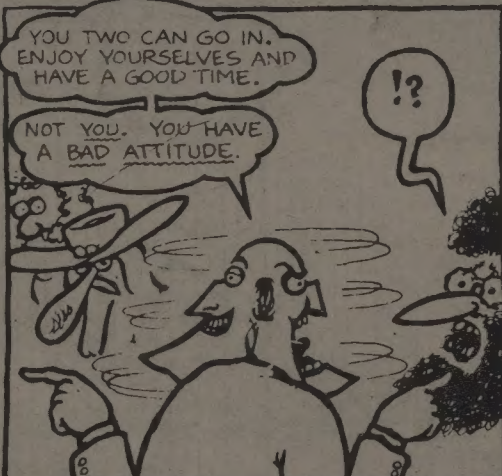
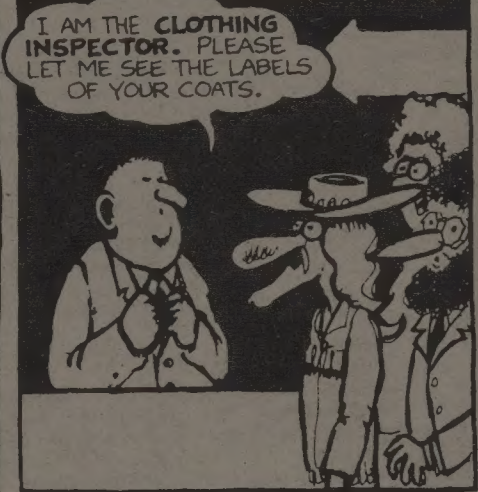
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