

I.E.

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To who it may concern:

I respectfully submit that the officers in charge not be condemned for their infamous roles in the murders at Song My, but rather that they should be acclaimed as international heroes. This indeed is a moral and humanitarian way to raise the level of education and per-capita income for the country of Vietnam. The murdering of these poor, uneducated, oriental humans will provide a good source of meat. This meat can be marketed rather than butchering innocent sheep and cows.

War, I respect you for being a savior rather than condemn you a murderer. The beast is not tame, and I, for one, will become a vegetarian.

*Peace,
Richard Nesin*

H.F.O.W. Gives You — PISSGUMS SPURTS
ON OR
THE MORE YOU CRAM IT
THE BETTER I RAM IT

Fatima: Some are judged by their rank,
but I judge you by the way you
move that crank.

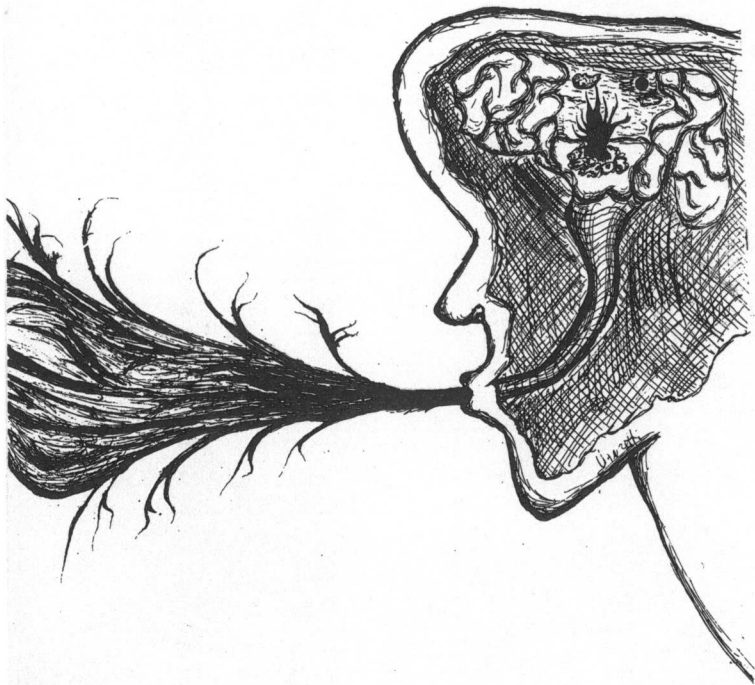
ATLANTA (AP)—An evening on the town with his boa constrictor cost Gregory Bernard \$131 in fines and a trip to jail. His snake ended up at the Humane Society.

Patrolman J.E. Witcher said he had received a complaint about a man with a snake in his shirt. He said he had found Mr. Bernard in a

but I judge you by the way you
move that crank.
it all started in school,
when I asked if I could fondle
your tool

Pissgums: It was so much fun
when you shot off my gun,
that I've got a little something,
'twill delight
when we work it all the God
damned night.
to the other ladies you would
boast
"my lover's crank is as warm as
toast!"
one thing that she sure could dole
was that spine-tingling
lip-smacking
jellyroll!

Jimie Reibel
Robin Blieir



snake in his shirt. He said he
had found Mr. Bernard in a
musical museum in under-
ground Atlanta, an old sec-
tion of the city that is being
restored.

When Mr. Bernard re-
fused to leave, Patrolman
Witcher said, he took into
custody both the man and the
snake, which kept poking its
head out from Mr. Bernard's
shirt. It took three policemen
to separate Mr. Bernard and
his companion.

Mr. Bernard was fined
for creating a turmoil, being
drunk and resisting arrest.

dear

MOTHER,

my most sincere apologies for not writing sooner. if you promise not to cut off my allowance, i'll write every tuesday morning.

i think maybe i'm beginning to get in the groove.

mommy, last night i was sitting in the recreation room smoking a cigarette, yes, it's the only way to get in the groove and oh mother i was horrified. the girl next door is not a virgin. don't worry, i won't associate with her.

i'm so confused. i keep hearing phrases like TOD, down the hill, supervised, and i don't know what it means.

do you know what. they put saltpeter in the potatoes. can you imagine?

Gosh, i am

Bewildered.

I am reported to student court. for having a boy in my room.

the president said that i'll be castrated, and that they'll hang my genitals from the fluorescent lights in the library. it seems that they want to make an example of me.

there are always meetings of
B.S.A.

some say it means

bullshit artists

some say.

black students association
i say.

bobbi socks again.

oh mommie, please call the headmaster and beg him not to let them castrate me.

i'm scared.

mother, i am

BEWILDERED.

Mother, i have to close.

please call the headmaster. And don't let me be castrated.

mother, i want to come home

REVIEW

ALICE'S RESTAURANT

We all went to see ourselves, our movement, and expected to find that we are offering some alternative to the desperation around us. We saw our representatives, familiar faces, and familiar scenery and laughed appreciatively.

But why did we need the approbation of commercial culture? Because, finally, our desperation that oppresses us in the movement only partakes of a different deform of resignation to impotence. Ours is the desperation of being hip, or rather, of doing hip things: eg, living in churches, smoking dope, and other forms of make believe. And the menu of Alice's Restaurant only gives us palitives for that desperation.

It is the failure to deal with the lurking desperation behind the church family which dooms the film to irrelevance. All we get is that glossy print of ourselves, frivolously gaming our mod lives away while real hearts break under the strain.

The film is frivolous. How can we get agitated against illegitimate authority in the preposterous garbage incident? Officer Obie's action was the first legitimate arrest I've seen in years, because the boys were polluting the environment. And is it funny to follow the garbage van into the Sanitation Department plant and then watch the garbage taken out to sea in a scow? And what of the drug addiction of Shelley or the breakup of Ray and Alice's marriage? These were sloughed off in the slick commercialism of the movie.

Billing itself as anti-establishment achievement (read Penn in the *Newsweek* review) the film has done more to cash in on what, after all, is in fashion. If the movie told it like it is, as the script co-author confided at last year's commencement, we are in

Risk Yourself!

It is more difficult to be honest and trusting than it is to give in to anger and mistrust. We all take certain risks when we commit ourselves to living here and to assuming that we can trust and be trusted. Not everyone is disposed to trust everyone, or anyone for that matter, since we've all had our trust broken and even broken someone else's trust. Yet if we determine that the risk is worth taking, that it is better to live in an amosphere of mutual trust, of warmth and cooperatives, then we have to go all the way. Such a belief is of no value if it's only good to say it; if we withdraw our commitment to making a decent society here, because we have been hurt ourselves, (someone stole from you, or lied to you, or was cruel or thoughtless or teased you, etc.) we are being dishonest. Obviously our beliefs are going to be challenged all the time, obviously not everyone is at the same stage of readiness to live that way, but if they're even to change the rest of us have to make a real commitment and live up to it no matter what.

You cannot teach someone to be kind by being cruel or even merely being indifferent. You can't prevent stealing or anti-social behavior by locking doors, or tacitly accusing everyone of stealing by searching their rooms. You can't teach people to be strong by picking on their obvious weaknesses. You can't make someone happy by caring only about yourself. You can't change the world unless you can change yourself.

We must understand that our society will never be perfect and not let this understanding prevent us from trying to make it that way. Nevermind, for the moment, about tutoring in Pittsfield, or helping foster children or stopping the war in Vietnam. How much time do you spend being friendly or helpful to your roommate or the kid in front of you in the dinner line? How aware are you of someone else's unhappiness or loneliness? How often do you show off your material well being without noticing its effects

mother, i am
 BEWILDERED.
 Mother, i have to close.
 please call the headmaster. And
 don't let me be castrated.
 mother, i want to come home.
 mother you thought i would
 learn to be a proper young lady, but i haven't.
 and you said that there would
 be people i could talk to and that would un-
 derstand me, but there's not.
 please let me come home.
 oh mother please.
 i want to be your little girl again.
 hippies are violent.
 i don't want to be castrated.
 Please i am BEWILDERED.
 i remain your loving daughter,
 samantha

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 what, after all, is in fashion. If the movie
 told it like it is, as the script co-author con-
 fided at last year's commencement, we are in
 serious trouble indeed. For with the possible
 exception of Ray as he rambles at the end,
 everyone has begun to parody themselves:
 our alternatives are frivolities.

What of our common desperation? It
 is too serious to be sloughed off, let alone be
 made a commercial project. We fall into the
 familiar American trap of living life second
 hand. That is why we go to see movies of
 ourselves.

We don't get anything we want at *Alice's
 Restaurant*.

Steve Crafts

helpful to your roommate or the kid in front
 of you in the dinner line? How aware are
 you of someone else's unhappiness or lonli-
 ness? How often do you show off your ma-
 terial well being without noticing its effects
 on those less well off (a well being you didn't
 earn, by the way). How much do you really
 give of yourself or your things. How often
 do you reject people because they're not
 "cool," or not "straight," or not "black," or
 not "white." How often do you really listen
 to someone else, really hear another voice or
 idea not your own.

It is not enough to go to your classes and
 let everyone else alone to do his or her
 "thing." We are together because there is
 no other way and it is here that we've got to
 make it work, whatever the risks. It is a
 risk to reach out to someone, to love someone,
 to help someone, to trust someone, but it is
 the most worthwhile risk you can ever take
 because the reward is someone else's happi-
 ness. Expose yourself and make it possible
 to live positively here.

Maurice Eldridge

Confessions of a Black Girl

Black I am Black, I am proud of my color,
 but I had to learn that it was beautiful. I
 know now, what it is to be Black and I know
 that different people are different colors. But
 what did I know or what did I think I was
 before I realized the color difference? I
 thought I was me a person who had different
 characterizations, and different likes as every-
 one else. But I thought I was human and
 that I was equal and didn't have to prove it
 to anyone it was a fact. I wasn't afraid that
 people were against me because I was darker
 than anyone or in some cases lighter. There
 were some people I didn't like and then there
 were some that didn't like me and I didn't
 feel compelled to like them because they
 happened to be of the same race as I was.

Now how do I feel, now that I have been
 presented with the fact that the Black race
 and the white race are for all intents and
 purposes sworn enemies and that all they do
 is try to destroy each other because of skin
 pigmentation and backgrounds. Well I am
 naturally (or as some would say unnaturally)
 confused. Because during the time I was a
 person living in a colorful world with people
 who were brown. yellow. red. pink. grey.

now that there is a race problem the black
 and white race get the biggest superiority
 complex, I have imagined. They don't even
 stop to think about the Mexicans or Spanish
 people, Puerto Rican, Panamanian, Indians,
 Jews (who by the way are black or should be
 included in the black race.) Africans, Arabs,
 so so many people with so many different
 skins and here the black and white people
 think that there is only two races or can
 only be bothered with these two races. What
 shall we call these other people? Aren't they
 human, what of the little babies brought in
 the world with the only instinct to be fed and
 loved? What of these white and black babies,
 shall they be taught to hate because their
 parents hate? Why should they even learn to
 hate anything but hate, malice and destruc-
 tion? These children will be poisoned with
 the venom that destroyed their ancestors? Is
 that fair to brain wash an infant? NO!! Let
 him decide who his friends are and let him
 have the whole world to choose from. Is that
 only fair, I think so.

But I think I got off on to a tangent, I
 was speaking of being black well that ties in,
 a child should be taught that his color is

color and my background, I also respect some-
 one else's skin pigmentation. I might hate
 his philosophy of life and his backwardness
 and his ignorance and hate. But I don't think
 his skin genes had too much to do with his
 stupidity. Because he too was once an infant
 that only wanted to be fed and loved, but
 was taught to hate.

The question I want to ask all of you
 people in the world of color or in the dismal
 world of black and white are you going to
 deprive your children of their choice of
 friends and are you going to deprive them of
 leading a healthy and happy life free of hate
 and other horrid diseases? Well are you?!
 Or are you going to pass on the disease of
 ages that gets worse with the years and gen-
 erations. I ask you Are you going to do this
 to your own children because they are sup-
 posed to be our second chance for immor-
 tality our flesh and blood reborn to some-
 thing better.

SO THINK ABOUT IT, It's up to us
 whether or not the human race will survive

who were brown, yellow, red, pink, grey, bronze and dark chocolate brown. I really didn't see any black and white people. But

beautiful and every other color under the sun is just as beautiful as another. I love my

and be beautiful and not ugly.

Beverly Sotter

As I am shook
 Like a bag of gold
 I begin to think of an orange
 moon and a yellow rose
 My skin turns metallic
 My ring becomes lost
 Richness and beauty rise up from
 the lakes gray pebbles
 I am born out of a pebble in the
 sky
 And we are both meet on the surface
 of our nature

Matthew Lesser

Cry a lonely night
 when icy winter walks
 hide your eyes
 fly to darkness
 wrap yourself in
 sleep.

—
 Four O'clock A.M.
 Four o'clock a.m.
 listen to the ticking
 of the clock
 the radiator
 is frozen
 the noise
 must stop
 Dreams are crushed.
 Eyes won't close
 the ringing
 is getting louder
 the creature cries out
 Something escaped
 stop!
 four o'clock a.m.
 help &
 let it out.

THE TREES

bony arms lifted upward,
 praying perhaps for a sweater to warm their
 sapless limbs.
 Blue chips of ice

The (H)earth Bomb

Special sunrise in the slope of my
 headland

about a second since
 you spat a blinding tongue of fire
 Gloriously Grotesque
 Oddly Olympian
 beaming and reluming the
 farthest and uppermost
 mountains of my memory
 Surmounting the
 starting streaks

of my
 wak ing eyes
 A ruptured ringing supervened
 Your (H)earth bomb incinerated
 for the
 infinity of an instant
 ignited by your ignorant
 knowledge.

You've brought your nightmare
 into being

You've given birth to a
 creatural crash!

You've crushed life's drum.

Look what your head's done to your
 heart

Must your methods always end
 themselves?!

Could you not have ended them
 and shattered your synthesis
 yourself?

Or would that be like killing
 yourself?

What warrent can harness
 manlike meditation
 from shadowing any stream it
 has plunged into and
 taken ship.

To steer or not to steer.

To hold or to be held.

To be controlled or to bridle.

To rule or to be ruled.

This is what sees through

This force of fear.

O politics-reach earth!

Yours disfigured earth

In Search of God and Self

by David Smith

Now the frontier is gone and where can
 a young man turn? Life is growing long, the
 world is tied together by a thousand red and
 blue lines; flight paths that get you there in
 six hours with cocktails and a couple of mov-
 ies. No longer can the young man look to the
 forest and set off with his buckskins and axe.
 Today we have lost the frontier. Either we
 will stifle in a seething pot of neon, synthet-
 ics and cars, or mentally we will create a fron-
 tier of fantasia and wander freely at our of-
 fices, in our cars, or in subway stations, not
 caring about the world of "reality."

At the age of ten I put down my gun and
 uniform and had a life to start. Hitting the
 concrete with the velocity of any adult, I
 realized that something was wrong . . . some-
 thing was lost. My friends grew cold as I
 indeed did. The trees did not speak to me
 anymore, I knew in my heart that those long
 hours of imagination were no longer to be
 my pastime. Life frightened me, it threw
 away my dreams and my friends. It reduced
 me to a small boy standing by a road with
 grey people, even my father walking to work.
 There was no colour, no voices in the wind.
 My education was a bore. My school work
 and attitude were listless. School to me was
 a place to go to be bored, the true nature of
 the lessons was how to tolerate boredom—
 ultimately a valuable course to know when
 living. Life was something wrong, something
 dead, something lost.

While teaching sixth grade Sunday school
 last year, I observed students of that age
 when I lost my childhood. I learned that my
 students were quite bitter towards the adult
 world. They all had opinions and arguments
 against life. The change from my state of not
 caring at that age was quite envigorating.
 They were no part of their parents' blunders,
 their concepts were beautiful with the freed-
 om of childhood. They planted a definite
 thought in my mind; they will not let go of
 the ideals that they have, they also will know
 more than their parents when they are twenty
 considering the rate of education. In my class

praying perhaps for a sweater to warm their
sapless limbs.
Blue chips of ice
in the black of a godless sky
waver off, on
no answer.

Leslie Bergner

NOV 7 — 2 STAGES

1

3RD EYE

I am the world's eye
Open to my lover
Seeing men flash across my face
When I look into my
Mirror.
The lids rise and rise
A wider vision triggers thought
On thought. I see my face,
and try to scrape the mud to
Dust to death—
I, illumined orb,
Telling hectic stories to be
Translated by the brain.

2

52-PICKUP

Someone came last time I lay
Upon my back outside my door
Her eyes saw me spin
Ears verge on hearing
Mouths taste mouths on mouths
Senses stacked
shuffled
Someone's hands shuffle
shuffle
cut

Around and around
i'm hitting all the cards
Her palms crash on my back
Press me to other backs
My face gazes into my neighbor's
Blurred mosaic—Her name
Is QUEEN DIAMONDS and she can't see me
But as we're cut towards the middle at
Monster speed, we play
52 Pickup.

Adam 5 Thielker

This is what sees through
This force of fear.
O politics-reach earth!
You've disfigured earth
by breeding bloodshed!
You've made us mislay
ourselves as wayfarers in your
cut off
bastard
train

Ah- but your cars mismate
A fresh feel of force engines your
train-

like the ecstasy of spouting
out of your-
self as a gorged throb grasps your
throat.

O You Genius who brought the
kindling of fire to light.

And You
who break in animals
discipline light
curb the wind
bind electricity
master food.

You lined up the streams
tidied the trees
gashed the grass

But you have not transformed
life's omnipotence

You are not Artists
Your productions are but (A) rt Bombs
But

Your (H) eart Bomb
is

a monument

Be careful it is autumn!
That's when things fall.

George Grauer

To Karen

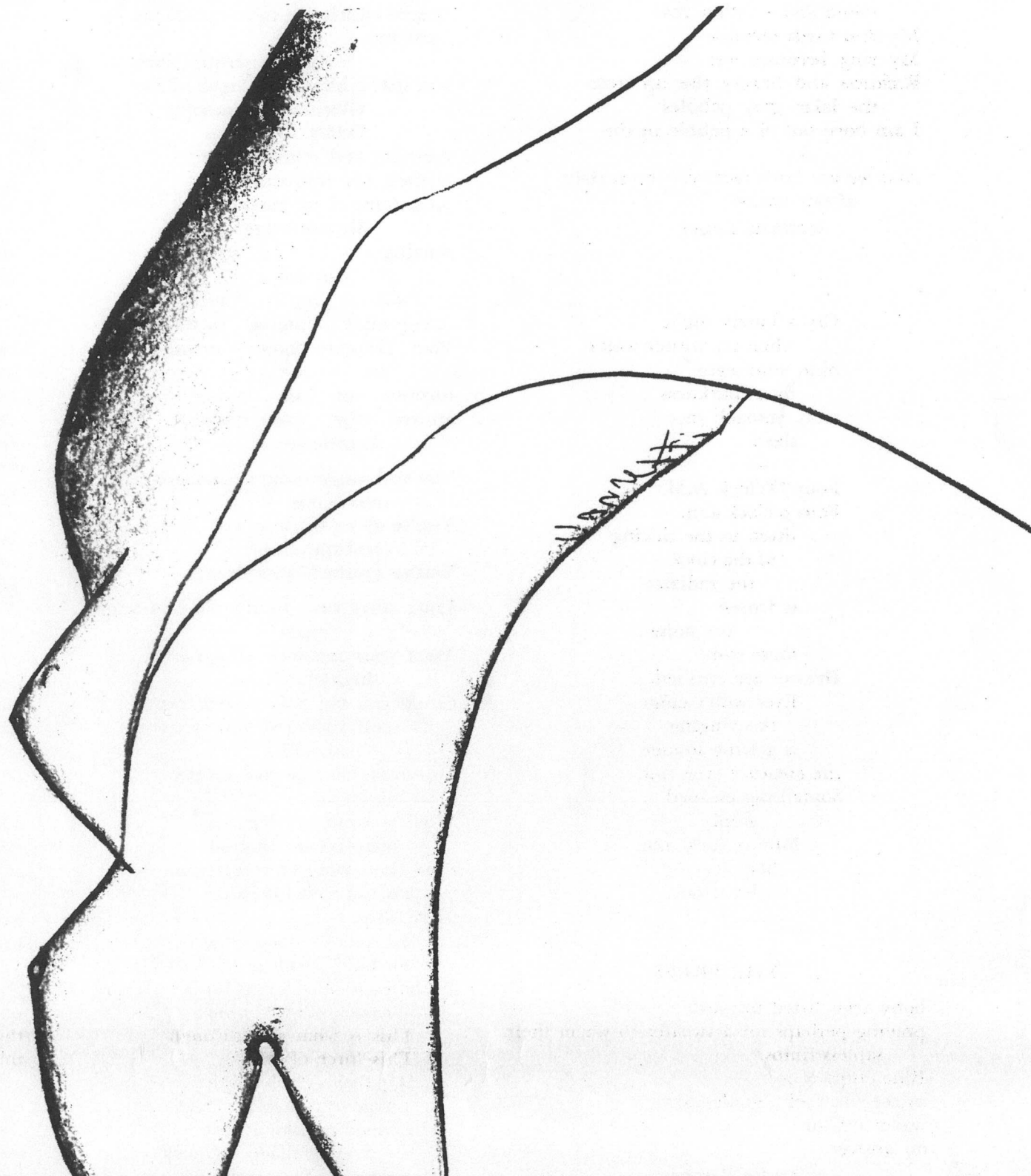
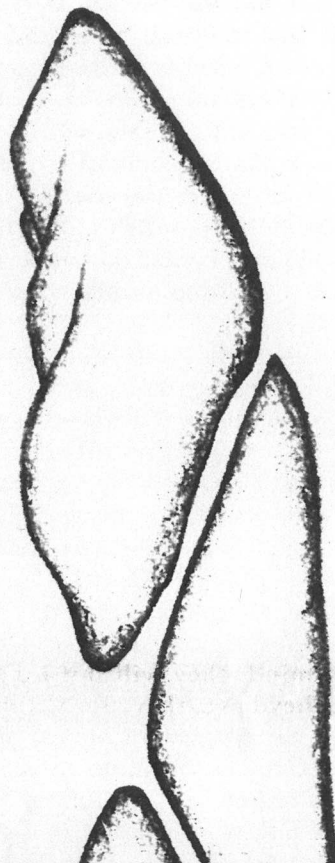
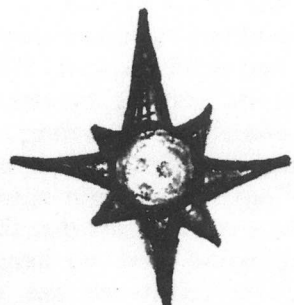
Old friends, downtown.
French bread, and cheese,
Sharing the warmth of a winter alley.
Pines on a hill and a red sun,
Pass it here quick, there isn't much.

J.D. Sandler

the ideals that they have, they also will know
more than their parents when they are twenty
considering the rate of education. In my class
they wanted to search for something more
meaningful, something mature. Something
that they could identify with. We found a
Twentieth Century God that dug our hang-
ups. My students are a small segment of a
growing generation that will not cop out be-
cause their ideals are stronger than any other
previous generation. My point is that the
restlessness is growing with an increasing pas-
sion. The student unrest shall continue until
education and life can offer them more stim-
ulating subjects; sensuality, religious phil-
osophy, observation of thought, mental pow-
ers and perhaps talking to trees. Consequent-
ly, the grey suit jobs will die and man shall
be employed to be himself.

The philosophy of the United States will
change to be a more liberal, artistic, com-
municative way of life. My explanation is that
there is a search for God and self here and
we will see it through. An effort is being
made to associate with the emotions, im-
pulses and intuitive feelings that will discard
total intellectualization. Today we lean on
Science, dissection, reason, logic and object-
iveness. In our striving for technology, we are
growing cold and detached for ourselves. The
result is that the people of this land are in a
hypnotic-like state termed pre-suggestion.
This is a state where the mind awaits outside
stimulus to activate the mental process. Look
at the people driving in their cars, the per-
son sitting next to you, check the blank ex-
pressions in this country. My own friends I
have seen in this frame of mind. Look at all
the people who plug their heads into tele-
vision every night . . . it is disgusting! These
people are media zombies . . . they are dead.

It is now time to conclude my lovely
attack and let you fall back asleep. We must
search, we must want to search, and the stim-
ulation must within yourself. Give your ego a
chance, ego trip but do not be self conscious
. . . trip out on yourself. You may find that
you are a beautiful person. When you do
this then we can love each other.





THESIS ON THE USE OF LSD

by David R. Smith

With some fear of exposure and a sense of reluctance, I begin to record my personal observations on the drug known as LSD or Lysergic Acid. I have withheld the names of my associates and friends who aided me by spiritual and material means. Realizing the delicacy with which my topic must be dealt, I may incriminate myself but I shall avoid the incrimination of those who have worked with me.

The way I was introduced to LSD is immaterial, I feel now that my work is important as to expose the finding of my research and to state the Truth about my topic as it appeared to me. The fact remains that a lot of false literature has been distributed in this country (USA) and the people have received many contrary and distorted accounts of the mental and physical effects of LSD. I state my own opinion of the topic in the hope that whoever reads this thesis will understand the possible jeopardy in which I put myself. I do so in Faith and Trust.

Some years ago I turned on to acid and it was not until about two years later that I even considered doing research on the drug. I found that acid was not a "recreational" drug. It is, in fact, a rather serious psychological drug producing certain psychological changes. I must confess that acid has changed my outlook on life considerably.

This thesis is my personal work on the subject, therefore it is not an objective point of view. I feel that since LSD is a psychological drug it is a different experience for everyone. With this in mind I will not generalize or categorize the effects. No subject dealing with the psychology should ever be generalized in respect to the intricacies of the individual mind.

Before embarking on my research, I had tripped quite a few times. It was not until I ingested LSD-25 that I even considered re-

I on Earth, one small man . . . and there are they, the stars, suns as big if not larger than our own sun. They have been there for eternity and we are but small beings on a small planet within an obscure solar system. What makes man think he is so important? He may blow the world up tomorrow and the stars shall still shine.

The new objective point of view on the world fascinated and intrigued me so much that I began philosophizing on the being of man and the mental make up of man. My first thoughts were on the division of the conscious and subconscious minds. I wondered why. It was at this time that I wrote my first paper on the nature of man in relation to the Universe.

The format for my research was not organized in any sense. It was a series of LSD experiences that I observed in an educated manner. The conscious effort on my part I am afraid impeded my mind so that it did not perform at its full capacity. Realizing this, I relaxed my views and efforts and the results were considerably improved. During this time I was under hypnotic treatment to learn how to discipline my mind. This was a great help to me and enabled me to be a little more rational with my research. I found that I could organize my thoughts more as to facilitate my observations of my own mind under the influence of LSD.

My first work started on the psychology and progressed to the religious aspects of the drug. I had noticed that my mind would present problems to my consciousness while I was under the influence of LSD. I felt that since I had attained a certain rationality to my mind that these presentations of problems were not exaggerated or out of proportion. Had I not achieved this objectivity I feel that the mind would have presented the problems in a more imposing and symbolic manner. I feel that this sort of mental confrontation

saw nature and all of God's Earthly creations. At the end of the day we watched the sun set and night fell upon the Earth. From that day on we were bound together in a teacher-student relationship. Many of my teachings involved staying down at the beach throughout the night to watch the sun rise, the miracle that begins each day. At sun rise we would play music and speak poetry. During these times I was deeply moved both spiritually and emotionally.

As time went on I began to feel that acid might help one attain the Astral Plane or Light. This I thought could be done by ingesting enough acid as to transcend the physical plane. I tried different quantities but could not reach any significant point. Oslie produces an "explorer" trip consisting of 3500 mc of pharmacological acid. Because of mishap, I was unable to take that trip. I am still unsure as to whether or not any amount of acid will take one's mind to the Astral Light.

I did have a rather significant experience while listening to "Switched on Bach" in which I experienced after a length of time a feeling that I can only term as an orgasm of the soul or a pouring out of the soul into the body. I cannot describe this feeling in words as they are inadequate and cumbersome in dealing with such a phenomenal experience.

I feel somewhat incomplete in closing my paper yet I know that there will be more experiences and more to say at a later date. LSD is no escape drug as many are inclined to believe. It enhances the mind to present and point out problems that occur between the two minds. For those who are serious about life and would like to know more about the meaning of being, LSD may answer some of the questions. But for those who are frivolous and insincere, LSD will kill those. I feel strongly about LSD as a therapeutic

one. The mind I will not generalize or categorize the effects. No subject dealing with the psychology should ever be generalized in respect to the intricacies of the individual mind.

Before embarking on my research, I had tripped quite a few times. It was not until I ingested LSD-25 that I even considered research. I had ingested acid previous to this point just to get "high." At these times no really profound experiences had made themselves apparent. When I did ingest pharmaceutical acid I experienced the most profound loss of respect for materiality that had ever taken over my thoughts. This loss of respect for money and time came as the first psychological change to take place while using acid.

The night that this happened I ingested "Strawberry Bazooka," LSD-25. It was the first time I had ingested pure Lysergic Acid. The hallucinations were much more intense and the physical effects were stronger. I experienced a psychological change that led me to scream at my friends that materiality was not real. I took change out of my pockets and threw it about the room. I then took dollar bills out of my wallet and gave it to the people that were there inviting them to play the foolish game of life. Virtually all of the things that surround me were man's creations: houses, cars, time, money, the United States and other devices that were once thoughts that had materialized through man's ingenuity and handicraft to build his thoughts. Materialized thoughts were reality to man and he was king of the world. My mind was working at an extremely high rate of speed, thoughts flashed through my mind. I could not contain myself and my friends were all thinking that I had gone crazy. I ran outside, it was cold and there was snow on the ground. My hallucinations quelled and I became more relaxed. I looked up to the stars and it came within me . . . a warmth filled my body and for once in my life I could feel my soul inside me, alive and breathing, my maker was within me.

The stars gleamed and a feeling of well being came within me. For in the stars I saw

I had attained a certain rationality to my mind that these presentations of problems were not exaggerated or out of proportion. Had I not achieved this objectivity I feel that the mind would have presented the problems in a more imposing and symbolic manner. I feel that this sort of mental confrontation is termed a "bummer" or when the mind goes out of the realm of control to get across its point.

Instead of escaping these confrontations I let them occupy my thoughts. Gradually I gained a greater understanding of my mind and the problems were either overcome or a solution and understanding was arrived at by the two minds. I call this stage of my research the Psychological Evaluation Period. I noticed that during this period my hallucinations were less intense and less frequent. I felt that my mind was eliminating these effects so that I might concentrate on the work that was being done. As I became more sure of myself, my hallucinations increased and I was able to enjoy and appreciate them more.

The nature of my hallucinations should be gone into more as I feel that these have been the most inaccurately accounted aspects of LSD by other sources. I saw or hallucinated what I sensed to be vibrations of cosmic energy. These vibrations would appear around people similarly to auras that spiritualists see. Other forms of hallucinations were the intensification of colours and the acoustical dimensions one could hear. Even when I ingested over 1500 microgrammes of LSD, I did not experience the psychedelic trip that *Life* and *Time* magazines are so fond to describe. All they choose to write about are fictitious bums that make Boris Karloff look like a nursery rhyme writer. As I said before, each mind is different and they are dealing with concocted stereo-types.

After I had completed the Psychological Evaluation stage I began a second and inevitable stage which I shall call the Spiritual Development stage. This stage began when a friend and I did a trip in the country. Our entire being was uplifted and I found an

and point out problems that occur between the two minds. For those who are serious about life and would like to know more about the meaning of being, LSD may answer some of the questions. But for those who are frivolous and insincere, LSD will kill those. I feel strongly about LSD as a therapeutic drug. LSD can make you or break you, it all depends on how well you know yourself.

For those who are in search of God: LSD will help you in the sense that by knowing yourself, you know God in small dimension. Anywhere and anyway you seek, you shall find.

Lastly to those who know very little about LSD: please collect the facts and weigh them. Form opinions, but neither condemn nor condone, for each person is beautifully individual whether on the drug or off. I hope that you do not just listen to me alone or any other one source. If you desire research for yourself as I did.

God be with you all

Give a Cheer for Windsor Mountain

Give a cheer for Windsor Mountain

Fight for the co-op team

Educate yourselves, kids

Strive for the Bondy dream

On our two hundred acre campus

We will build a community

We will fight

We will grow

We will see

We will know


Yes, it's rah rah Windsor for me

the eyes of eternity and the omnipresence of God. The stars brought thoughts, here an

urge within me to teach him everything that I had learned. Together we discussed the meaning of being and walked the woods and

John Robertson





The nights in the city seem sort of long gone now. The "L" bus the subway's rumble, and stops that I never memorized for some reason. People on the subways seemed to know me, and where I was going and what I was doing that day. And one girl kept staring at me. Her body was melting into mine although she was across the car. Finally somehow I got the courage to go over and sort of babble that my name was me and what was hers. She didn't say anything but took my hand and pulled me down to the seat beside her. Then she said her name was I, and was like me. I thought to myself that if I were in a book by Saroyan I would say I want to go somewhere where there is a lawn and trees

and a blanket and love all afternoon. So I did. We got out at the Fairmount Park Station and walked up to the sunlight. We took a "C" bus to the art museum and walked until we found a place with grass, unkept, but there, and maples.

We had been holding hands so far and in a half turn our bodies were together. Our hips began to grind slowly in rhythm to our lips, and we took it from there.

Sometime late in the evening as it was getting cold and the wind came off the Skuyllkill River we walked into town, and had the wild urge to buy some food. We agreed on pizza, with pepperoni and extra cheese.

From there we went to the park and sat on a bench. We looked into each other's face and said that we weren't in love, but would spend nights together, and be friends for a long time, and never be tired of each other. Then we walked in opposite ways, and I wondered if she had happened. If she had existed at all or if I had dreamt her. One time again I saw her. She was walking along a railing next to the river. For some reason I suddenly didn't recognize her. She didn't recognize me, but said that she was being a pigeon. I guess she felt obligated to tell me because I was staring at her.

J.D. Sandler