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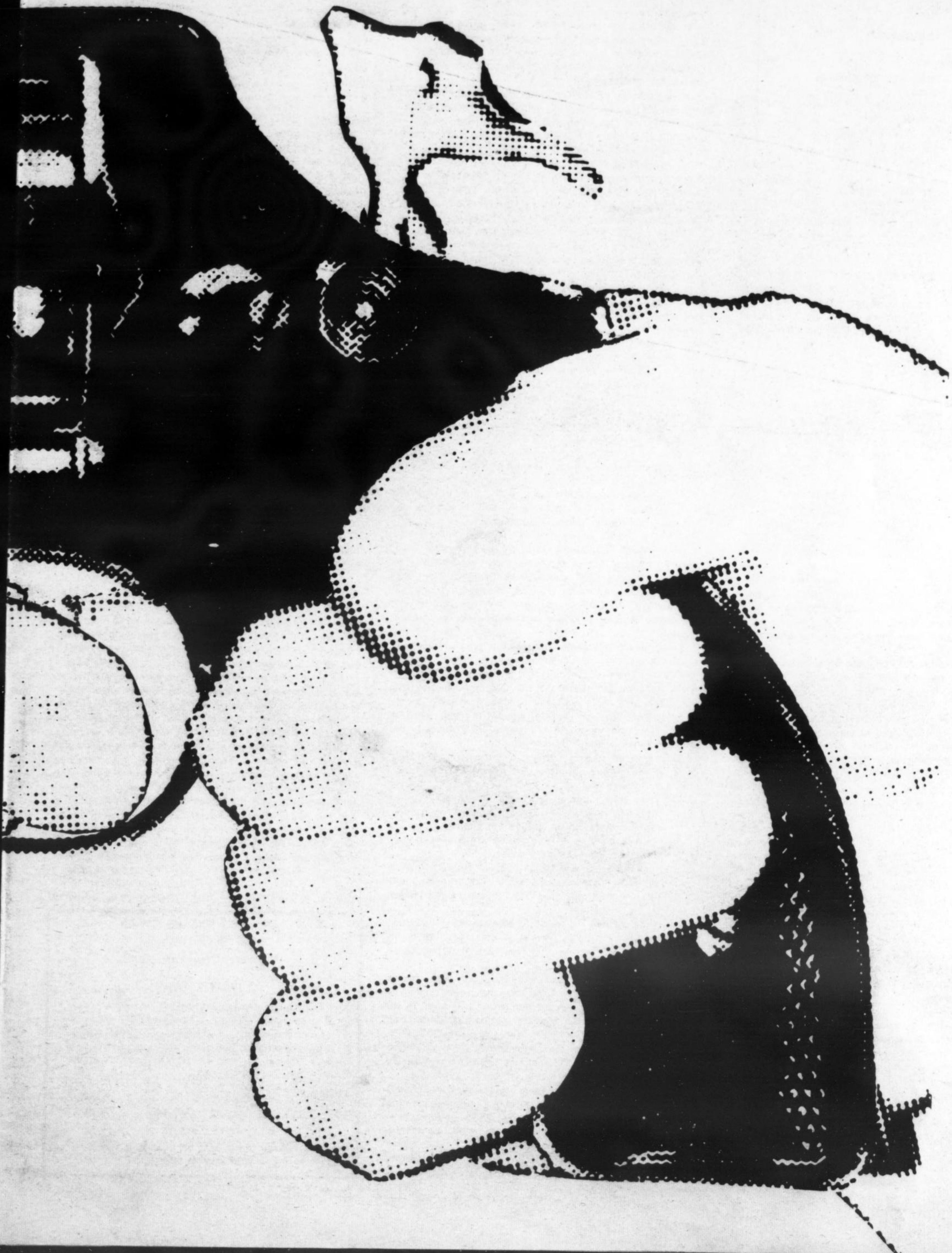


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LETTERS

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Dear EVO:

We the undersigned being of sound mind and body are declaring ourselves from now until eternity forever free from the tyrannical rule of the government of the United States of America, for we feel it has been doing a lot of mean no-no's. The various no-no's are listed below:

1. Vietnam
2. The Draft
3. The Drug Laws
4. Johnson
5. Barbers
6. Establishment Schools
7. Monetary System

We the undersigned of ROACH INC. feel that seceding is the only way. Goodbye forever.

Love,

MARC SPECTOR, President, Roach Inc.
 LARRY COLANGELO, Vice President, Roach Inc.
 BRUCE KWEK, Business Manager, Roach Inc.

Dear EVO:

Katzman's story on home grown pot is a gas. However, there are one or two things I would like to add.

The seeds can be sprouted much faster (for either inside or outside growth) by placing them in a damp (not soaking) paper towel. Most seeds will sprout in three days, though I have had some sprout within twenty-four hours.

I question Katzman's soil recommendations. Since the best pot in the US and Mexico grows in hot dry areas where low moisture keeps the resin content of the plant high, I have found that semi-sand soil plus light watering (though don't let the plants wilt) produces good pot. I must add, however, this was for indoor grown plants.

To cut the cost of growing pot indoors I have found that two 40 watt fluorescent lights (four feet long) work very well. The physical size of the plants won't be super-size, but they are just as powerful as "excellent" grass. A self-starting 4 foot fixture with two bulbs (one "cool" white, the other a Gro-Lux lamp) costs about ten dollars. It is worth while to get a new one rather than a used one, as most of the used fixtures have loose plates in their transformers and make lots of noise. All fluorescent lights are for AC only.

The plants need, as Katzman said, at least 16 hours of light a day, though they can stand up to 20 hours. If you don't turn the lights off at all, the plants will grow like hell for about three days, turn yellow and die. The plants should be kept about an inch below the bulbs. If the leaves do touch the lights for a short time it won't hurt them because the bulbs are not hot enough to burn them. You can also get timers to turn the lights off and on if you dig automation.

As for harvesting I never had the patience to wait till the plants reached maturity. Instead, after the plants were 7 or 8 inches tall, I would cut the tops off and dry them. If this is done with 30 or 40 plants once every week and a half or two weeks, you should get about half an ounce or so each time. Each time you cut the top off a plant TWO new tops start to grow. You end up with wierd shaped plants after a while, but they are all tops.

Love,

STEPHEN
 Bleecker St.

Dear EVO:

Where I am now I am suppressed, quieted and coddled. I'm damn sick of being considered a child of perhaps 3 when I am more mature than most oldsters.

Your paper (praised be its name) is the only thing that keeps me going. Bless you. Till I bust out, you're my Savior.

Love,

W. L.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear EVO:

In the May 31 issue of EVO, there was a long and boring letter about the Student Mobilization Committee which I doubt many people read, but it contained a fantastic amount of bullshit and ape-turd, so we'd like to straighten things out.

We are a group of Independents who got together after we became sick and tired of watching one small group, the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA) — national membership 400 — try to control an organization which related to hundreds of thousands of students.

We, and many other people felt that the campus Independent represented the largest group of people in our organization. Independents were in the large majority at our last national conference. However, we realized that the Independents had the least to say about what Student Mobilization would be doing. We spent most of our time working out compromises between the political groups, mainly YSA and the Du Bois clubs.

YSA seemed to think it had a veto power over whatever the Student Mobilization Committee proposed. If something was not acceptable to YSA, it usually didn't get done. The YSA people on the staff would quietly sabotage anything that did not fit in with their rigid political ideology. YSA is the youth group of the Socialist Workers Party, a very small, old-left organization which pretends to be radical but isn't.

YSA doesn't dig draft resistance, so Student Mobilization could not have a draft counselling or draft resistance program. YSA also doesn't believe in campus organizing, so Student Mobilization had no campus organizers, until the staff was re-aligned.

As a result, the Student Mobilization Working Committee decided to fire Kipp Dawson and Syd Stapelton, the YSA'ers who had been most responsible for blocking programs they did not agree with. They were fired from the staff, but YSA still retains many places on all Student Mobilization policy making-bodies.

YSA has been screaming that Miss Dawson and Mr. Stapelton were "excluded" from the staff because they were Socialists. That is horseshit. They were kicked off the staff because they were SCUMBAGS. They were not acting in good faith with the rest of the staff and the organization. We later found out that they had stolen the entire Student Mobilization mailing and fundraising lists.

They have also tried to say our actions are part of a Communist-Pacifist conspiracy to get them. That is APETURD. There are pacifists and non-pacifists among the Independents. There are NO Communists, nor did we make any deals with them. Mainly, we are trying to effectively organize students, against the war, and the draft, and racial oppression. Frankly, YSA is beginning to sound like J. Edgar Douchebag.

This kind of faction fighting is ridiculous, but that is what the political groups, particularly YSA, are into. We want to organize!

We have four summer programs. These are:

- 1) Anti-Draft program — Setting up draft counseling centers on campuses across the country.
- 2) GI Organizing — Builing antiwar sentiment among GI's. Working near army bases.
- 3) Intensified Campus Organizing — Emphasizing on as many campuses as possible that the war is still on, and that shit man, YOU'VE got to, WE'VE got to do something.
- 4) White Racism — Trying to educate the white community with facts on life in the ghetto Picketing slumlords. Letting the Nat'l Guard know where things are at.

Who knows? If we freak enough people out, maybe there will be five or Six Columbias next year.

So, if you've heard enough bullshit, and want to do something, write to the Student Mobilization Committee at 17 E. 17 St., New York, N.Y. 10003 or call at 255-1075.

Oh yeah. We could use some bread. If you'd like to do something but can't, send us some money, so we can send people out who can.

AND, if you are a campus representative (of any group) AND if you want to attend a national meeting of Student Mobilization on June 29-30 here in New York, probably at Columbia, let us know. All representative of campus groups are invited.

ART GOLDBERG - JANE BAUM - JOSH BROWN
 Student Mobilization Staf and Independent Caucus

Dear EVO:

Attention Messrs. Rob Rudnick & Dennis Frawley: I dig your column every week. It — that is, the rock journalism published by EVO — is some of the (consistently) best stuff going down today. Especially when you read some of the nonsense being peddled in the name rock criticism on THIS coast.

BUT — you err in implying that Detroit has any kind of monopoly on the effort to fuse the New Jazz with the New Rock. For instance. A few months ago, before they cut their Columbia LP, Spirit used to do such Coltrane pieces as "Tunji" and "Expression" (I haven't heard them recently, so I don't know if they still do). Another band, Marmalade Ascension (the "Ascension" part of the name comes from Trane's record of the same name), has a very swinging version of "The Riff" portion of Pharaoh Sander's "Upper & Lower Egypt," from the "Tauhid" LP that you mention. Finally, the Outlaw Blues Band here is running down Trane's "Giant Steps," & may even get to a rendition of "Upper & Lower Egypt" that segues directly into Trane's "A Love Supreme." (Note that the rhythm of the two compositions is similar, so that in theory it should be possible to go right into "Love Supreme" from "Egypt," without any pause.) And so on & so forth. That's how Trane-Rock appears to be shaping up at this end of the continent.

Peace, love, war, hatred, death, doom, swine,

FRANK J. KOFSKY
 1636 Sargent Court
 Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

Dear EVO:

Reading Stanley Fisher's piece in EVO set me to thinking about the following problem in numerology:

There are some special number whose significance comes from considerations of geometry and symmetry—for example, polygons with 3, 4, 5, or 6 sides can be inscribed inside a circle with ruler and compass, a polygon of 7 sides cannot be inscribed with classical methods.

The number 111, it seems, is not of this class. Its special appearance results only from the choice of base 10 for our representational system — when written in binary it becomes 110111, which doesn't especially remind me of the Trinity or anything else. On the other hand, the series of digits 111 is just a binary representation for the number 7, which has some special meaning independent of representation.

It would be interesting to see how much one could pull out of numbers if the results were required to be independent of choice of base for the number system. I am not talking about tricks: (using binary notation)

(trinity) times (expanded trinity) equals trinity²
 111 x 1001001 111,111,111,

but relations between the regular solids, prime numbers, and other such things which have special meaning independent of representation.

Good luck to anyone who wants to play with this idea.

Yours truly, and cynically,

CHARLES P. COHEN

P.S. 1001001 (binary) is 73 — prime number and related to Fisher's "cyclic" number 37 — but only related to it in base 10.

Dear EVO:

I dropped some Ex-Lax a couple of hours ago and I began having these visions, in bed, alone or so I thought. Well everything was dark. I had my eyes closed when I heard these voices rapping. I got closed and I sensed that this big black empty space was my head. Like I asked them who they were and this guy goes I am you. And I go if you're me then who am I. And, man, everyone started arguing and I said Now everyone keep quiet. If it's true that God is within each one of us then we gotta have his help. So I go OK, God where are you. I know you're in here somewhere. Everything was quiet like I could hear my heart and breath and all those voices whispering in the background. And then on the ground I saw this stopper. I pulled it out and everything exploded. And then I heard this deep voice—Him, it really was God. He goes You idiot. I'm not in there. I'm out here and your rent on your hippie-crash pad-head body is years overdue. Like he was an absentee landlord and without a body we just all kind a died.

ULYSSES BLOOM

New York, N. Y.

(Continued on Page 13)

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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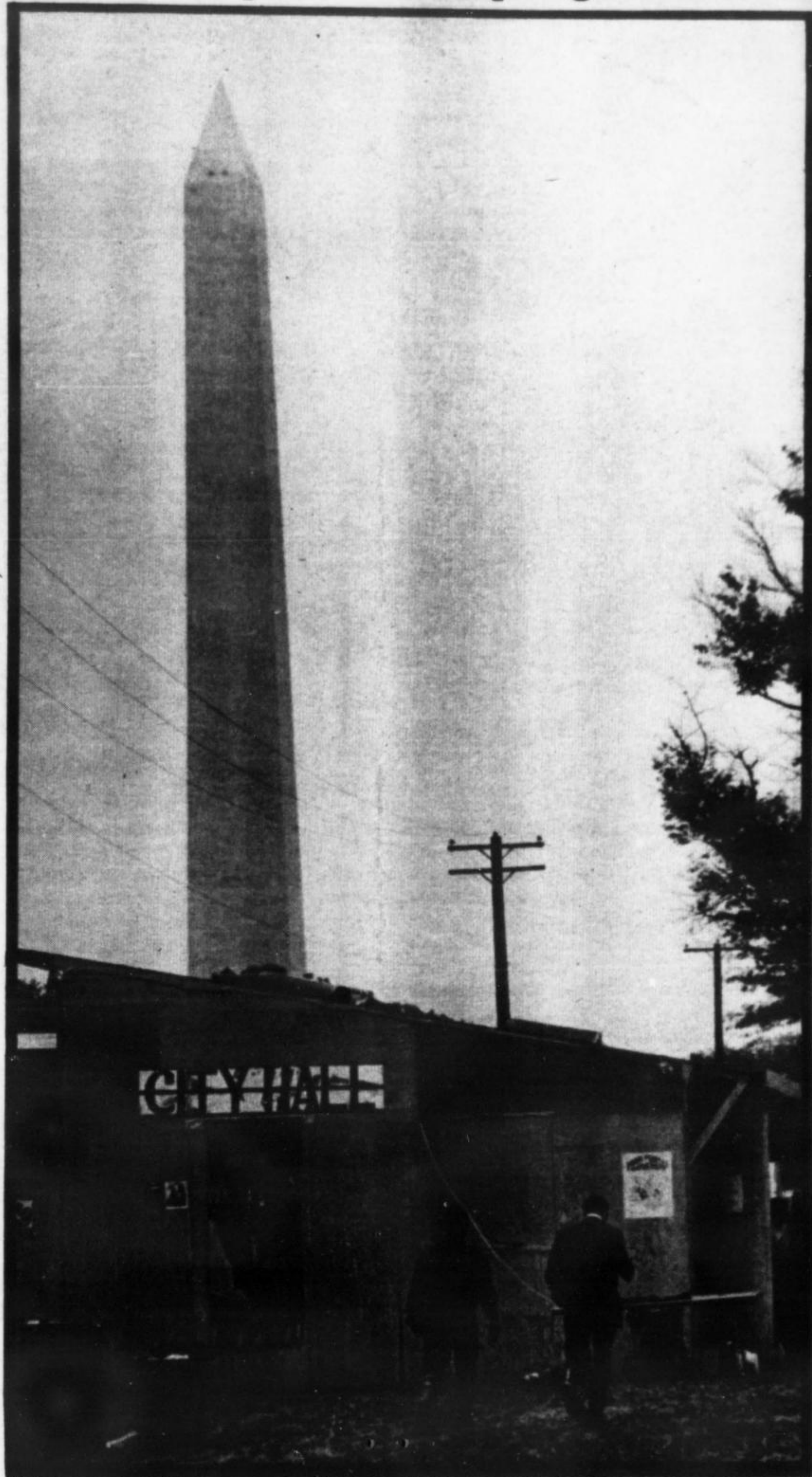
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TRAVELS IN RESSURRECTION

It is the mud, yes, still in loving cling to my toes & eyes, I SEE YOU MUD, I was afraid shudder-shudder pissing at noon your loving softness mud like 15 acres of pussy ready to paint the town red.

It is mud in sweetly painful ecstasy as the poor (AND WEREN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO INHERIT THE EARTH) trust once more in the forbidding illusions of wealth & manners & except someone proper & loving like Mr. Lyndon to sample the mud, mud, mud with them to sample it taste it, and praise it too. But nothing so improper happened on Memorial Day, my first hours in Resurrection City, alias City of Hope, Pig's Sty, Shanty Town Mr. Lyndon's backyard, Reconstruction City, Redemption City, The Camp, the Ethiopian Valley, or that place where nonviolence dries its eyes and takes a supposedly last stand in its continuing hypocrisy & fight with black power while refusing to come to grips realistically & clearly with honkeyism.

The mud is everywhere, and some people wear boots up to the elbow only to slip & fall in the mud.

I wanted to go, to see the mud; and Memorial Day at dark dawn the fog was out driving to the capitol. This was supposed to be THE BIG DAY time for massing the poor together into one thunderous FUCK YOU at the Jericho walls of government & rich, but everything went wrong. The President succumbed to majority pressure in the nation and agreed to retire to Texas at the end of his first term, then King himself was gunned down in Memphis and war continued in these tinder cities. Black power took the blame, nonviolence rode again shouting follow me for it is I who lead to the light, and got stuck in the mud, her toes are mighty.

First thing I did in Washington was stop at Pitts Motel, where lives Dr. Ralph Abernathy, maximum leader, when he is not walking thru the mud to his City Hall in the mud. Two jolly ministers of God were clity flirting with a maiden. "I can let you have what-ever you want, my dear. I will please you any-where" one said, his eyes ravenous, his fingers trembling. She said The Highlighters played there five

By Lennox Raphael

nights a week & people danced & laughed & had a good time after the mud, and some of them would leave their muddy shoes under the table and dance in their socks before returning to Resurrection City.

The mud was everywhere drawing feet to its lips, but some things you never get used to.

Then I went to Resurrection City.

It had been raining, and had poured 11 of the last 14 days. Children sang rain rain go to spain, but nobody listened. God was in so much pain & He was crying, or He had been drinking beer. Nature's backlash, said Howie Simmons, head of the Lower East Side Welfare in Action group, who was paying his third or fourth visit to the mud. Even the elements are uptight.

"Use your low gears," someone said, "It's all groovy, but it's mud."

"Don't worry about the mud, it's there."

"I hope one day we just forget and walk in the mud."

"Take off your shoes. Mud is nice & warm between your toes. Try it."

"Don't let this mud turn you around."

Rev. Abernathy was speaking at City Hall, said his thing was the "greatest thing happening in the country today," recorded by media in mud.

Plywood, canvas, and plastic are what you see, but look there are signs, SMILE MARGIE, GET REAL WORLD, MAY AND DORETHA ATE HERE YESTERDAY, I walked around mud covering my boots, planes buzzed the city again & again & again until the noise evened out slowly to flat indifference.

"Let's go downtown & show our love," someone was saying over the public address system, collecting residents for another restrained lunge at the ear drums of people who could do something right away, even if revolutionary, if they wanted, or cared, or felt that that was what the American people wanted to deal with the mud. Their love was smiling.

Decadence is the soil of rumor, and we are the

plants; all of us squirming privately in the mud that clings disturbingly to our fumbling consciences like barnacles of Gibraltar.

"We must stay here—even if its mad mad," said an old woman from Alabama who is prepared to stay past the November presidential election and long past into the next year, "and I want some heat for the winter days, boy. I don't want to die little by little here. I come to see Mr. Lyndon, and he sure is going to catch hell if he can't chat me a bit."

The wizard of mud behind the whole cure now is Bayard Rustin who successfully organized the 1963 March on Washington & the Memphis demonstration, on the day before King's funeral last April. He is directing & coordinating the June 19 Mobilization which will "re-emphasize & re-define these goals: That every able-bodied citizen has the right to a decently paid job which provides the opportunity for individual growth and advancement.

"And that all those who cannot work—because of age, ill health, or other reasons—have the right to a just and liveable income.

"But, mr. rustin says, the Mobilization will not confine itself to defining such goals. It will make specific demands which can and must be immediately translated into law by congressional action and executive order. We will insist that new initiatives be taken, here and now, to redeem the pledge which this nation solemnly adopted in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964:

"It is, therefore, the policy of the United States to eliminate the paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty . . ."

And in pursuance of this, we will invite the Congress of the United States to come and hear the poor and their allies describe how it can live up to the promise which it made four years ago," does it sound like mud? Behind this engaging rhetoric are the sly political considerations of promise, what promising means, the desirability & dis-advantages of this kind of thing in an uncertain election year, and the fact that Rustin is a Humphrey man.

"Perhaps, he said, this Mobilization is the last chance

(Continued on Page 15)

LONESOME COWBOY REEL 606

foto/story
by Diane
Dorr-Dorynek

It has been sunny, then yellow and rainy and cool. A weird beautiful light comes through the skylight. I've finished my day's routine and am ready to begin printing. It is 5:20 P.M. Bob calls me and says "Andy Warhol's been shot" . . . I'm to go and take pictures for EVO and write the story. I take the next cab.

SCENE 1 - 33 UNION SQUARE WEST, LOBBY — A crowd of passers by stands in front of the building. Inspector McGuire is giving a statement to the press. He leaves and we wait. Wait for the questioning of witnesses that is taking place upstairs. We wait for the police lab to come in, examine and photograph the scene. A girl reporter asks if Valerie was Andy's lover. The reporters want to know who Valerie is, what she looks like, and we get conflicting descriptions. No one can spell Solanis correctly, and every other detail of the shooting seems to have just as many variations. She shot him once. She might have shot two or three times. No, just once. She rang for the elevator and as it took time arriving, she turned around and shot again. It really sounds like a Western. The exchange of information dries up and the waiting seems endless. Rene Ricard swishes in and goes up to the factory and comes down again. Someone has made a sketch of the Factory from verbal descriptions — the waiting room, the door, the inner room where Andy was supposed to have been shot, the back area where the others were when it happened. The CBS man is planning his pan through the doorway. Billy Name slips out through the crowd and my state of mind is lame because I'm running after him asking him questions and calling him "Paul." A lady on the street asks if the girl who shot him was that lovely girl that's been in the hospital. A man on the street says "No one can escape assassination these days." Two young males come out with police escort looking uptight shook. They're hustled into a car and away. The photographers run after them and even I take a couple of pictures although I really don't know what to shoot or what I feel. I really feel like a fucking goop here to get all the titillating details of an event involving people I know. I'm half press, half friend of the Warhol entourage and half stone alien. The alien thing get stronger. But I figure I'll stick around anyway, even if I get no pictures and no article. Something is happening. A few more people move out from the elevator onto the sidewalk. I spot Ingrid Superstar looking drawn and walk down the street with her. She said it was dreadful and the cops were looking into drawers and at pictures and Paul asked them if they had a search warrant. She drops some tears on my shoulder and I tell her Andy's O.K., the last report from the cops was that he was in fair condition. She pulls me further down the street to show me pictures of her with Andy, of her with her tits showing and of her boyfriend.

SCENE 2 - FACTORY — I retrack to where the press is now taking pictures of the scene of the crime and getting statements from Paul Morrissey. What do you shoot? I shoot the bullet holes in the wall (documentary or circus photos . . . step up and see the real bulletholes, folks). I shoot Paul talking to reporters. I shoot a photographer shooting a picture because the press give their own show everywhere . . . it's part of what's happening. ABC zooms in on a picture of Viva hoping it is a picture of Valerie. What Valerie looks like is still a prime topic although Billy has made a glossy still for the cops from "I, A Man," the Warhol film in which Valerie is The Girl On The Stairs. The press is unhappy because there isn't really a good picture anywhere in the room. Just white walls, big windows, a couple of tables (this is where he sat), still photos of superstars on the wall, and yes the two bulletholes marked with arrows of masking tape.

There isn't any reception room or doorway, there wasn't any receptionist (read the Daily News). I walk over to Columbus Hospital with a Life reporter, believing Andy to be in a room by this time from the information we have. We're directed to the Emergency Room lobby.

SCENE 3 - COLUMBUS HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY — Jim Fouratt is there. He wears a new blonde moustache and a wrinkled black leather jacket and looks tense. I murmur remarks to him that later seem offensive because I've just come from the press frolic on Union Square and it will take me a few minutes to adjust to real people waiting to hear word about someone they know. Andy is still on the operating table. It's after seven o'clock. Taylor Mead, his hands grasping his jaw, long sculptured fingers, lidded eyes. Whither the young daffodil, and where are the lemon hearts? Ultraviolet, closeted in a booth with a newsman giving an interview in a self-possessed French accent. Leo Castelli, saying nothing, brooding. Ivan Karp silent. A couple of reporters from Life are talking. They just need a picture of Valerie to wrap up the story. I watch the heavy waiting silence raise and slowly move off. Brigid, in a dark red sweat-shirt and jeans, big and blonde, is putting Valerie down for an interviewer. Ultraviolet is giving her second interview in the little booth beneath the picture of a saint. The reporter phones it in . . . he says there is a small crowd of personal friends waiting . . . yes some of them are in normal dress and some of them hippie types. "Andy lived in a climate of violence and it shouldn't be surprising that . . ." says Ultraviolet. I don't recognize some of the people . . . I haven't been to the Factory in a long time. I stand. I sit. I walk to every corner of the room, hoping to smell the feelings of everyone there and to discover my own feeling, to become less alien. The Life photographer skillfully and barely noticeably moves about, taking almost noiseless pictures. Someone brings the latest edition of the Daily News. There are all the facts, each one of them wrong, because the reporter phoned in a story put together only from the lobby gossip in the Factory building before he'd had a chance to go upstairs to confirm it. Ultraviolet says for another tape machine "Andy is fantastic to work for, he's so creative (did she say 'was'?)." Andy's been on the operating table for four hours . . . it's serious enough for major coverage. Enter more interviewers with tape recorders. Enter flash bulbs. The media takes over and it is now a press event. Ivan is talking the beautiful, fluent art shop talk about Andy's art into a microphone. Castelli says a few words. He has elegant eyes, proud carriage.

SCENE 4 - COLUMBUS HOSPITAL - LOBBY — There is going to be a statement to the press in the main lobby. We file through corridors and I think if I were stoned this would be a wild trip and I'm glad I'm straight because it's already too strange. In the lobby they turn on the flood lamps. Photographers are falling over each other, pushing and shoving, shooting over the head of the crowd while one of the doctors gives a statement. Andy is still on the operating table. One bullet penetrated one lung and came out the other. They give him a fifty-fifty chance. Howard Smith walks in. A young male asks me who I'm shooting for and wonders if I want pictures of Viva taken only last week. Viva and Gerard Malanga come out from a private waiting room and the flood lamps go on again. Gerard is wearing all his pretty necklaces and Viva looks weak and pale. I'm not close enough to hear what they're saying but it doesn't matter. The room has become a Sokolov ballet, individuals moving through a choreography of private feeling and press curiosity that no longer seems real. Shit. Ingrid walks

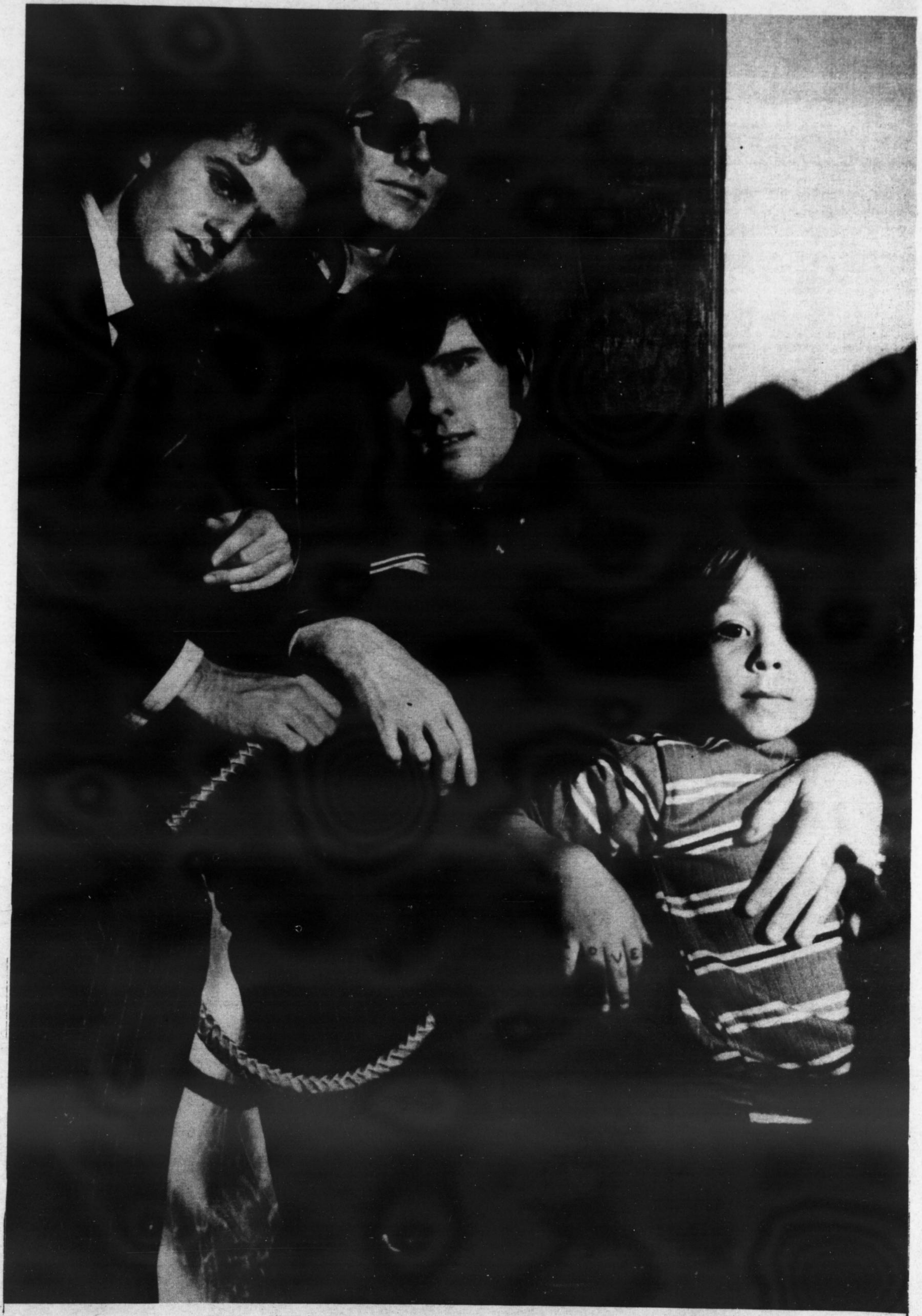
in and edges toward the floodlamps hoping to be interviewed, but they're interested in Gerard and Viva. How many tears, how many crocodiles? It's almost 10 o'clock. Andy's mother is still closeted in the private waiting room and under sedation. I'm tired and start to split to Max's. The photographers are clustering on the stairs, saying all they need is a picture of Mrs. Warhol, when she is led by Viva into the lobby. Flash! Flash! She is walking down the steps, crying and cringing back from the cameras. I snap two probably blurred shots and walk away disgusted. Gerard and Viva get her into a cab and take her home. I remember the interview she once gave to Esquire magazine. She's a sweet beautiful old lady and I feel for her, man. The paparazzi isn't really in my blood but I can't put it down because I've seen so many photos that transcend curiosity.

SCENE 5 - MAX'S KANSAS CITY — I look for Jim who left the lobby saying he was coming here for a bite to eat and then returning to the hospital. I can't find him. The juke box is honky tonk. It drives me back into the street, back to the hospital.

SCENE 6 - COLUMBUS HOSPITAL LOBBY — The lobby is almost empty. Paul comes in with a box of personal belongings for Andy. He says Andy is off the operating table so I start to head home and run into a photographer who is heading for the 13th precinct to photograph Valerie who has turned herself in. I follow him blindly into the lobby of a private building. I think maybe the precinct is disguised as an apartment building, but when I bring the matter to his attention it turns out he's made a mistake . . . the precinct is across the street.

SCENE 7 - 13TH PRECINCT — In the precinct lobby Howard sits with pen and pad. The photographers are jockeying for positions about ten feet from the door through which Valerie will come when they bring her to the desk to be booked. They trade corny jokes and shuffle and stamp so they won't be pushed off their spot. I'm thinking the best picture is from where I'm at, watching them do their thing. The door opens and shuts every few minutes, false alarms. I'm cracking up at the sideshow.

I dig the photographers' faces. I dig at the cops' faces. Incredibly interchangeable and impersonal. Suddenly the door springs open again and a female detective leads Valerie with her hands tied behind her back through the popping bulbs and the dance of the photographers toward the booking desk. I brush through several lookers on and shoot from the side. "This way, Valerie". She turns her head and pop goes the bulb. "This way, honey". Pop. "Where'd you get the gun, Valerie" shouts Howard over the crowd. "Vermont". The booking is apparently taking place throughout this confusion. Valerie makes a final statement: "My defense will explain who I am and what I believe". They lunge after her for final pictures as she is lead into the fingerprinting room where they pull all the shades down but one and I take a last look at a suspected "criminal". A girl in mild bitch. Sensual. Defiant. Poor mixed up chick. And underneath of all of it, she's beautiful. The reporters plead with the cops for a statement but they're hustled out of the lobby and one guy is complaining that they're lucky if they got one good picture apiece and another laughs and sings out I bet UPI will use my picture! It's after 11 p.m. Today's theatre of the absurd has come to a close. The principal actor still has not been seen or photographed. Pale, unconscious and unaware of his pain after 5½ hours of surgery and 12 transfusions, he's in the recovery room. Maybe he'll survive.



LOVE IS THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PROBLEMS. A family portrait by [unreadable] for [unreadable].

THEATRE ? THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSACRE

By Lita Eliscu

The significance of the word I-Thou is beyond emphasis, but the word It comes in handy, as in, "How do you like It so far?"—the first words of an LP called *The Medium is the Massage*. Also called on the cover, "the medium is the massage?" because maybe it isn't.

The record has been out since July, 1967, and is an excellent example of Columbia Records salesmanship: is a high-ranking VIP in Sales said there, (not unlike the one quoted by Zappa) "We know how to sell Streisand, but this . . . ??" This is not just a long-playing record, but a record of events, a miniature time-capsule of its own recreation. Like the movie, "2001," the record requires the patience and understanding of a 5-year-old child. As a matter of fact, there are 2 children on the record, who along with everyone else, were given scripts; the little boy, however, could not yet read, which meant that he had to have each line repeated to him before he said it. Oh well.

The record itself: is a cocktail party, and one of the guests is Marshall McLuhan, who is a rare adult indeed, having managed to retain most of the fluid intelligence and awareness generally given to 5-year-olds and spent by them by the time they are 10. Except he talks like an adult. McLuhan here is interrupted quite frequently, more truly reflecting the ideas embodied in the book, and with extravagant results. When he is first about to talk, there is a drummed-up introduction, and then a parrot who repeats "The medium is the massage! Arrkk!" a few times; an example of the juxtapositions which make this world such a funny place to be in and around. Like a cocktail party, the listener-in overhears everything, including the directions to tape that, and quick, now! which are part of any of the conversation being taped. The record itself: there are layers of dialogue and monologue, so that listening to it becomes a multi-experience. The first time, all I heard were the interruptions and the music; the next time, I heard all the intelligent interruptions—there are both kinds, although it is up to the individual to decide which are which. Finally, I listened to the record while I was just getting up (you have to try to image the scene: I wake up enough to turn on the record player, then fall back into bed), and this time I listened to Professor McLuhan, cheering for him all the way. Images flung around with word stimuli from the LP: "acoustic space is boundless, directionless, limitless, in the dark of the mind . . . prehistoric men lived in acoustic space, and now we are just getting there again . . ." the discovery of the alphabet creates forgetfulness because people will not use their memories . . . Do you like your job, Professor McLuhan? . . . the nun's costume bears structural similarities to Batman's . . . a phone rings . . . and I jump to get it, but it is the record . . . and the parrot and people remark that . . . "The medium is the message . . . the message . . . the mass age arrkkk! . . ."

The second side is more of the same: Art is anything you can get away with—and the sounds of an envelope opening, and a quiz program question read and answered correctly—great applause . . . silence is the un-

intended sounds of our environment . . . life isn't a fountain (note: after his recent brain operation, Professor McLuhan, while lying in the hospital bed re-awakening, decided: "The medium is the message?? No, it is a fountain!")

A child's voice: I knew who I was this morning, but I think I've changed several times since then . . . finally—a voice: OK, let's take it from the top, Professor McLuhan . . . Great!

The record is a little like Games People Play; there is the same realization that by now, conversation-as-art has ritualized the time sequences of saying 'Hello' etc. So that a good friend gets a certain space, and someone you don't like as much gets less . . . and the record plays upon this, filling up the spaces in the various conversations according to an inner logic all its own, much time is correct for the import of a particular phrase. So that a long and a heavy voice come out with "Should auld Acquinas be forgot!" and there is all the time to groan, while the idea that compartmentalization of jobs leads to compartmentalization of identities is simply ignored and other talk over it. Or that while McLuhan is deeply involved in an extension of a basic idea about anxiety, a voice in the background, wispy as it is, claims our attention: it is from a soap opera, and she is discussing . . . death . . . and horror . . . and love . . .

If you want a copy of the record—I don't really know who stocks it: Doubleday's, one block from Columbia's office, had one stereo copy, as of this past Monday.

My Own Personal Desire, more or less: I would like to see a semi-annual local competition, modeled after Cannes, in which young filmmakers would get to show their very best blue flicks. 42nd Street, pardon the expression, is getting to be drag lately. There is a great, great difference between public theatre fare on Broadway and a good stag movie a la blue flick. And if everyone wants to riot at the end of it, and proclaim revolution—fine. If they want to do so before, any flicks go on, that's OK too, so long as they promise to film whatever action takes place.

Even Tambellini's Gate, (even the Gate—of course, the Gate) isn't very titillating with this week's program orgy Erotica Festival. Everybody wears those spiky black boots, and spiky pink boobs, and maybe here the dull flicker of gray film is controlled to an aesthetic greige.

Monday mid-morning, I got a telegram from Miss Megan Terry who asks me two questions: DID YOU ACTUALLY ATTEND ANY PERFORMANCE OF RIOT OR CHANGES WOULD YOU HAVE THE HONESTY TO CITE THIS IN YOUR NEXT REVIEW.

OK. Yes, I have seen "Riot" although I pass on "Changes." My experience of the latter play is wholly secondhand: Michael Smith's review in the *Voice*; a conversation (short) with Tom O'Horgan—who explained what a multiple creation the play was—and some other conversations held with people who did

experience the play.

Last week, I said thus:

This (*Dionysus in 69*) is the first play in which everyone is required to act, although there have been plays such as *Riot* or Megan Terry's *Changes* which required the audience to become direct participants. Time has grown faster, however, and those plays were not created this year, 1968. "*Dionysus*" was, and the conscious framework controlling it proves this.

The italics are mine, and I think they are partially the cause of the telegram . . . I did not mean to imply that *Dionysus* was the first play to have so directly involved the audience. In an effort not to disclose the play, I was avoiding any discussion of the ensuing action. "*Riot*" and "*Changes*" deal with (successful) attempts to shock the audience out of their normal sensory boundaries. *Dionysus* attempts to cajole them, entice them, into leaving those barriers behind.

Last Monday night at the Electric Circus, several announcements were made and created and produced: Jerry Brandt and Stanton J. Freeman announced (with Denis Wright) the Formation of

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS FOUNDATION the St. Mark's contributory to the arts, and the very first act of the Foundation was the "Electric Ear," a program of electronic music and mixed media, also known as *Reunion* because John Cage (in person) was there along with Eric Salzman and friends, patrons, press, Merce Cunningham, and friends and patrons, and visuals by Stan Vanderbeek, who was unable to be there. The patterns of light and sound were produced by random moves on a chess board played at by Mr. Cage and friends. Each move determined the resulting form of the media which followed until interference got in through another move on the chess board. "It didn't have to be a chess board, it could have been a wired toad," in case you are wondering. That was told to me by one of the en passant electronic engineer-multi media people present.

About *Reunion*: at first, there is irritation, noise, or indiscriminate sound which is not enjoyable; then, a reflective pause, and the lights and screens and strobes and . . . noise . . . suddenly harmonize or perhaps cacophonize—any way, they all work out. Further reflections: I retreat in ignorance, and run to the Think Tank, where the same intensity and frequency are present (the speakers reach everywhere) but the underlying hum of people-vibrations is gone; in the comparative stillness, I decide I like it. I hold up my press kit to the blacklight, and barely make out a sentence by Eric Salzman from a piece called "The Electric Ear": . . . Can music ever be the same again? Can we ever be the same again?"

So I decide to face the horrible people-vibrations—that gummy, grotty gallery crowd of sub-humans dressed in as little as possible (including taste) but they are part of the scene, too. Like the poison ivy is at one with the squirrels . . .

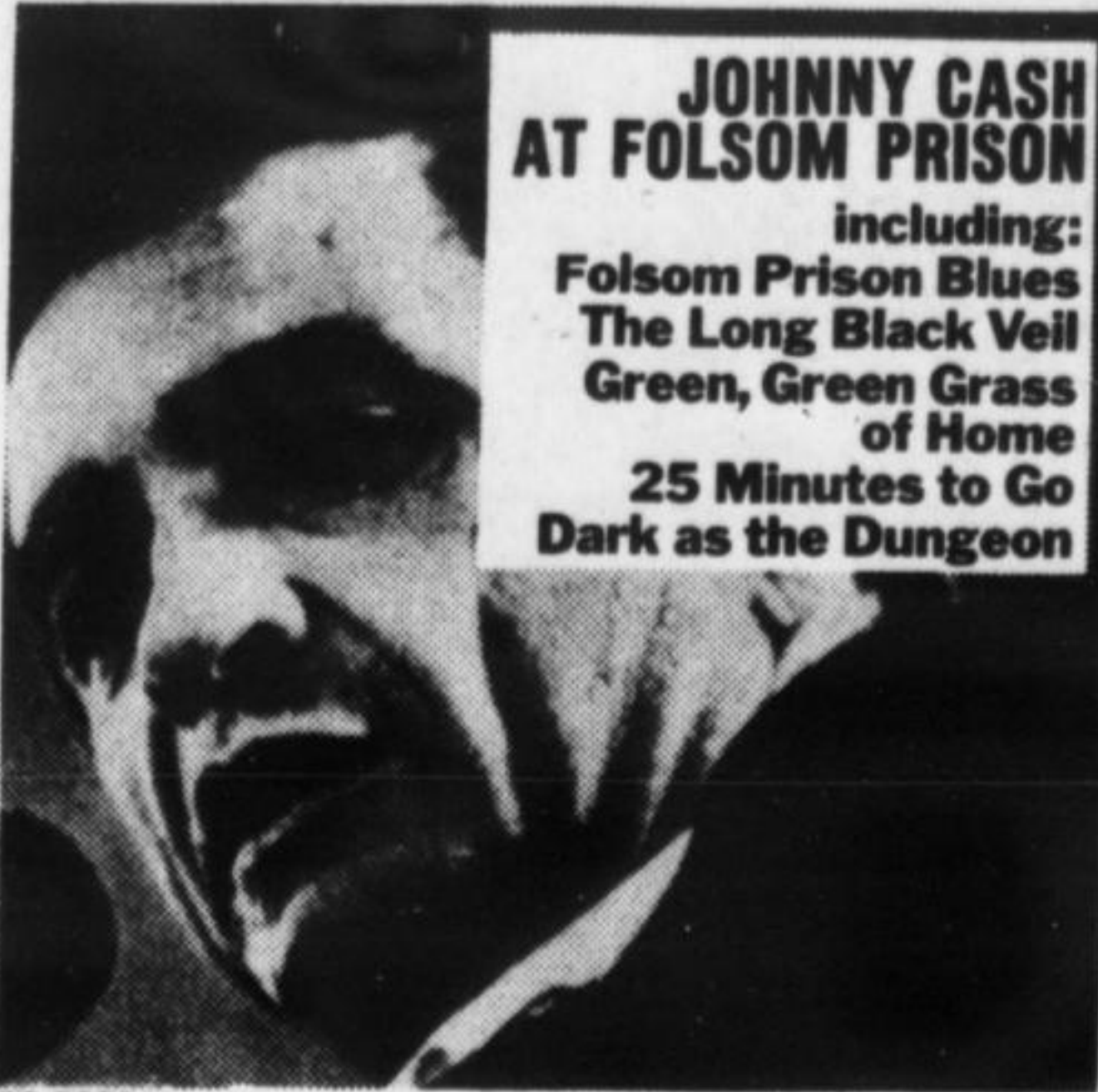
The Electric Circus, as previously noted, is busy

(Continued on Page 12)





Some people may buy it just to hear the audience.



JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON

including:
Folsom Prison Blues
The Long Black Veil
Green, Green Grass
of Home
25 Minutes to Go
Dark as the Dungeon

CS 9639*

The audience is convicts. They can't leave when the show's over. Some of them know what it means when the song talks about killing a man. The atmosphere is electric. Really electric. When you listen close, you hear clanging doors, whistles, shouts. Responses that aren't the same as yours. Because they're not walking around like you are.

You'll probably never know what it's really like. Johnny Cash does. He's been inside prisons before. Not always on a visit. This time he went back to record an album of his original songs—mostly prison songs—in front of the inmates of Folsom Prison, California. No one knew exactly what would happen. But the mikes were there, and it happened.

Listen to this album and try to get some feeling of what was happening. And know that this is probably as close as you'll ever get to being inside.

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridge.



Johnny Cash on COLUMBIA RECORDS

COLUMBIA RECORDS
ad to appear in
Underground Papers
Page—B/W

8-1575—Ira/Jean

COLUMBIA RECORDS PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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'the ringing of revolution'

"The ringing of revolution . . .", a phrase from songwriter Phil Ochs adequately describes the massive student-worker attempt to remove the hangnail which has been growing on the thumb of the French government for the past ten years. The Populace has forgotten the unknown brigadier general who fled France to England to establish the Free French and now only sees the senile megalomaniac who has christened himself the male Joan of Arc. Though they have not forgotten the manner, though, in which he has been brainwashing them for the past decade. He has extended his puritanical ideals to such a degree that LUI, France's reply to PLAYBOY, has been prohibited from featuring nude photographs of women that display an uncovered nipple. This alone should anger the average man to within three inches of rebellion. But, nothing can go unchanged for the inner sanctum of a society must not run amiss of its population for as Machiavelli explains in "The Prince," nothing can defeat the desires of the masses if those desires are strong enough, and I feel that the desire is damn strong in France.

The students and workers are no longer content to remain vassals and serfs in servitude to a heartless bastard of a landlord such as De Gaulle. "La Chienlit" (He who lies in his own shit) should be stuffed and placed in a glass cage in a museum." This was told to me by a swarthy old dockworker from Marseilles who was marching in the massive manifestation on the day of the General Strike. And wasn't it long overdue?

Now the students all of which are offsprings of the war years where American stupidity shoved down their mothers and fathers throats turn the French heart to rock, have grasped the virginal opportunity to revolt and are instrumental in influencing others in many other countries to seize the Establishment by the balls and administer such a tourniquette that it will stop the flow of the Capitalistic sperm that causes vegetablesque offspring thereby presenting another vagina from which may be born the youth who will alter the decadent and puritanical bullshit philosophies that were used as teething rings by their and our ancestors. It is only in a very short time that the people of France will stuff De Gaulle but first they want him to sweat and taste the bone that they have thrown him.

Such an offspring is Daniel Cohn-Bendit, radical leftwing student-leader, who was instrumental in the upheavals at Nanterre. Nicknamed "Danny the Red," he unleashed a bombardment of tongue-lashings that demanded massive retaliations by both the students and the workers. Thus through his primary action, the point to hoist the red and black flags of rebellion became apparent. He urged that the bomb must be the ultimate goal of the student if all other facets of revolution fail. "It was not by sitting idle, with fingers

up their ass, that our ancestors fought in the Revolution of 1846 or the Paris Commune of 1871," said a young member of the JCR. Another student, a french-girl told me, "We can no longer be the marionettes in a Punch and Judy show whose strings are controlled by De Gaulle. We must propell with vigorous force the spirit of freedom into the blackened heart of the bastard machine of the Establishment causing incestral hemorrhagings which will eventually result in total collapse opening the door to reconstruction."

From spirit like the above, developed the many tribes of Trotskyists, Maoists, Leninists, Anarchists, and all other practical Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

A demonstration was conducted at the Sorbonne to confront the Rector Jean Roche to declare amnesty for Daniel Cohn-Bendit. This resulted in a demonstration for other reasons, also. An alteration of the rigorous examinations by which final grades are determined; for the government to subsidize funds with which to assist French students who are too poor to buy books (a French student in four years spends over \$1,000 for books), to establish better student-professor relationships, instead of sitting in a huge lecture hall amidst 300 to 1000 other students and attempt to listen to a lecture conducted by mumbling professors who speak very briefly and then split and do not even permit the students to ask questions or secure private tutoring after classes, and last the students want more say so in the rule making bodies of the universities. These and another issues are the reasons that the Educational Revolution is happening not only in France but all throughout the world.

It was at this demonstration that Roche telephoned Minister of Education Alain Peyrefitte seeking his permission to use "firmer measures" against the "handful of mad dogs who are attempting to destroy the Sorbonne complex and toss the country in Civil War." Peyrefitte immediately advised him to proceed in the best manner he envisioned but to make damn sure that he didn't outstep the "existing regulations." Within hours the CRS (the gestapo-prima donnas) was summoned to seal off the Sorbonne and to forcibly remove any "agitators." The agitators were said to have numbered only one or two dozen, but upon the appearance of the CRS, there was soon discovered that their count were closer to one or two thousand, who were not agitators at all, but students who were willing to take, by force if necessary, the right to an education without having to undergo all the puritanical antiquities that are governing the institutions of learning at the present. A society subject to no change is a fungus upon the fingertips of freedom.

Not long after the arrival of the CRS, I watched the massing of hundreds and hundreds of students and others interested in the fight for freedom. They commenced to chant, "De Gaulle Assassin" and "Le Figaro

is facist" with an occasional "Sieg Heil" directed at the battle-garbed goon squad of the Elysees. The branding of the paper, "Le Figaro" as facist was a direct result of the press suppressing the truth behind the Nanterre incident. "Le Internationaille," the anthem of the underground resisters of World War II echoed throughout the Left Bank of the Seine, as the lid that had so tightly imprisoned the evils of the French Pandora was about to be blown to hell, as students from Lyons to Marseilles organized simultaneously to once and for all fight for their freedom, and for the resolvment of the De Gaulle-Pompidou Regime. At last the students jeerings and tauntings at the CRS became the nude with the nipple showing, and the police acted in mass force to conceal the barren titty. They, first, advanced slowly into the crowd, then they began running with their truncheons raised to strike any available head as they shouted, "We'll show you if we're the SS!" With that, I watched as they swung their billyclubs at any and every skull in sight, as teargas hazed the area around the Sorbonne, I listened to concussion and fire grenades being exploded, and felt the stinging nozzle-spray of water cannon. This was the students Battle of Concord, their seizure of the General Post Office, and their rejuvenation of the storming of the Bastille. The students had only the cobblestones of Paris' historical streets and boulevards with which to launch their counter-attack, but they had the most important weapon of all . . . the desire to be free.

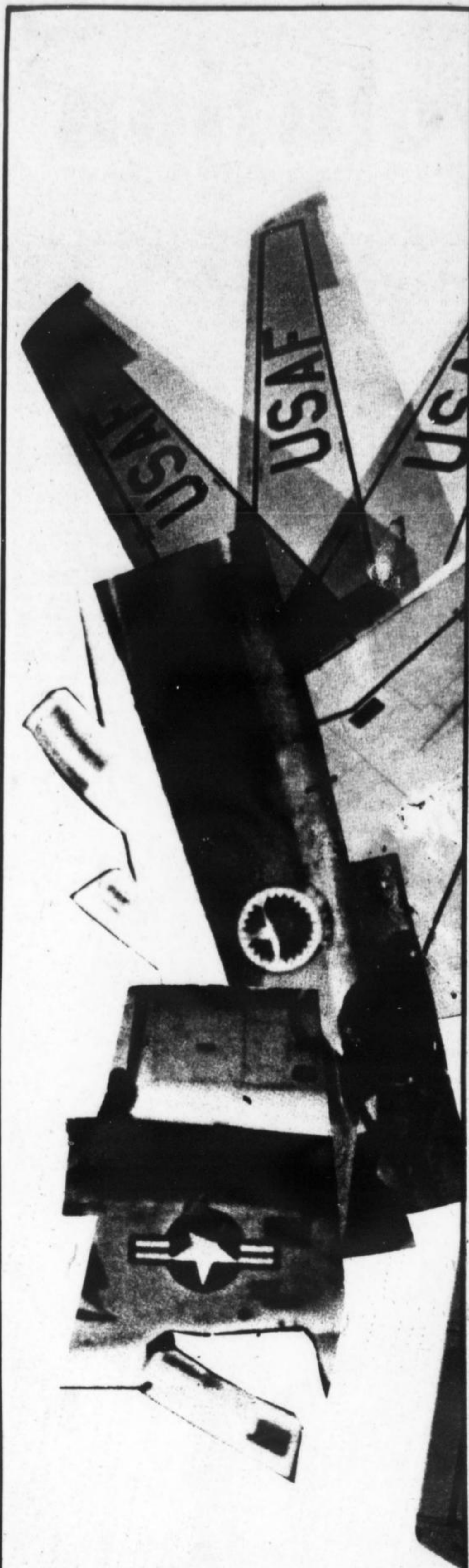
It was this blood-bathed volley, where I witnessed countless of acts of outright sadistic police brutalities.

De Gaulle, safe behind his desk writing his speech to be delivered at his official state visit to Rumania could not have cared less about what the hell was happening. My lips trembled as I watched showers of cobblestones fall from the blanket of teargas. I shivered with the delight of real revolution and was compelled by some force twice as strong as any I had ever felt before to participate. I began throwing cobblestones, yelling, "Fucking Facist Cocksuckers!" though I knew that no one could understand me. I could have cared less. My blood was boiling with the heat of pure revolution, not a puny peaceful march on a Pentagon or an induction center. At last one of my stones hit its mark, and I became terrified as about fifteen ranting lunatics rushed toward me yelling and shooting teargas grenades. With my eyes burning, I stumble through the rubble, over barricades of cars, and into the sanctuary of a nearby cafe. But to my dismay, the police bombarded it with teargas, and advanced upon it, swinging their wild shillelaghs caring not who the fuck got in the way or what the fuck happened if they did. I received a blow in the small of my back and fell to the ground, where I received a couple of vicious clots with the toe of a

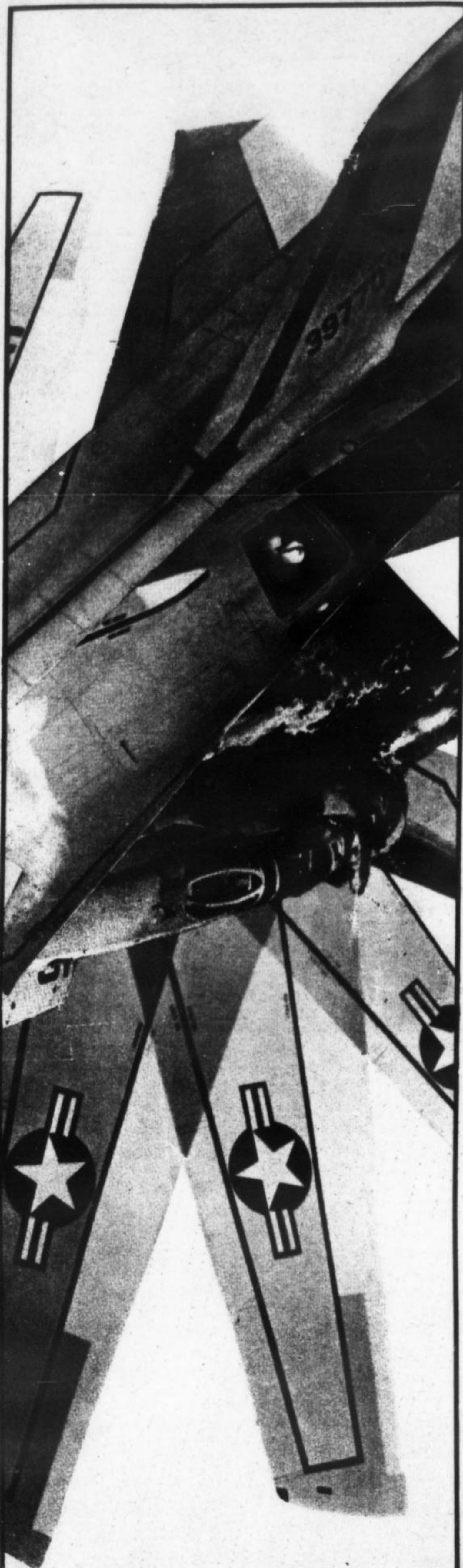
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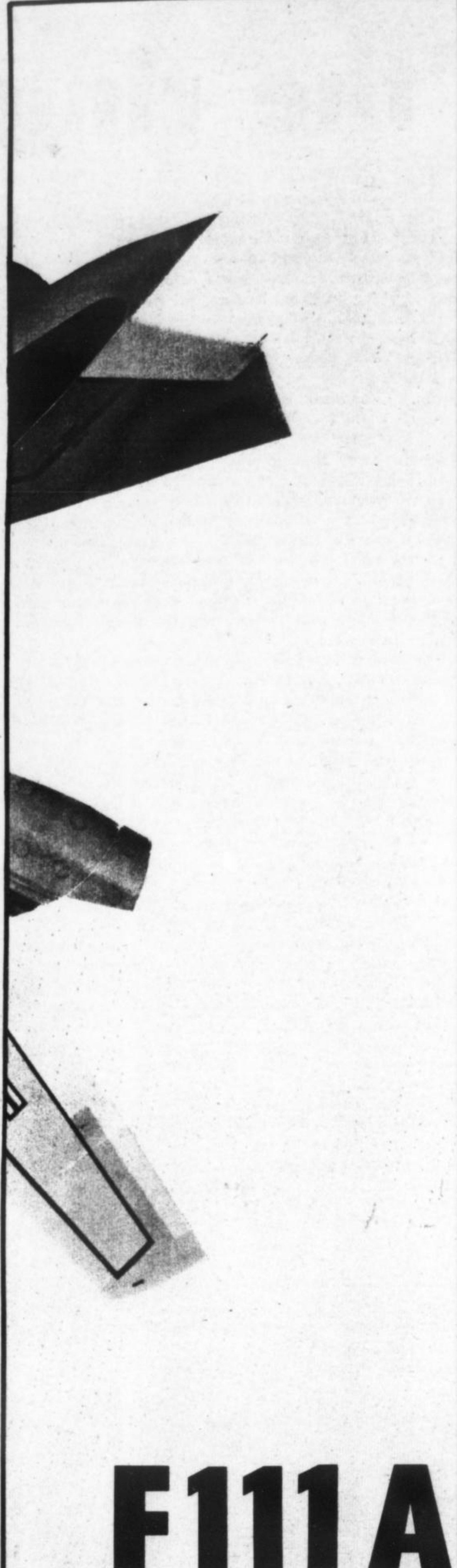
By Rex Baker Coile



In my first article, A Numerological Analysis of the Space Signals, I mentioned that the sum of the repetition rate of Pulsar I time three equals 111, the number of the Holy Trinity. I failed to mention a fact even more startling, namely that the sum of the repetition rates of the four Pulsar signals add up to 111. Pulsar rate 1=37, Pulsar rate 2=29, Pulsar rate 3=20, and Pulsar rate 4=25. ($37 + 29 + 20 + 25$ equals 111) The mystic number 111 stands not only for the number of the Holy Trinity, of Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, but refers to the Hindu Trimurti of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva which is a depiction of the three different forms, the Creator (positive), the Preserver (neutral), and the Destroyer (negative) descending from and manifesting as one in the unified Godhead Substance (the Absolute) dreaming the fiction of reality. The three divine forces must be used in a harmonious manner for the betterment of mankind or the experimenters in excess are destroyed after ample warning. No example of this abuse of power can be discovered in recent times to parallel the creation of the Air Force's Frankensteinian folly, the swing wing fighter-bomber, the F-111A. In unconscious irony, the expensive blitz-blight was dubbed and baptized with the holy number 111. The frustrated and the fulsome in the Air Force could not help but preempt a bit of the esoteric in a vain attempt to gratify their gnawing and empty plastic souls. But they gave the show away by standing the name on its head, perhaps in a pre-conscious premonition as to how many of the



F-111As would fare in meeting the ground (i.e. head on). In a project without any deep subliminal guilt, the A would appear before the numbers, for the A stands for the Absolute, in which desire, goal and action are in a state of unified consciousness. The three forces descend from the absolute in a divine act of will to constitute the Galactic Worlds of the Fifth Dimension, the F standing for five or fifth, the dimension of the super-evolved beings who have been sending the 'spooky' signals across inter-galactic space. The lords of the fifth dimension (whose time dimension is the sixth: accessibility to the past and future) having the responsibility of not allowing earthlings to incinerate themselves, have played the prime role behind the so-called 'accidental' and 'mysterious' crashes that have grounded all of the F-111As. The Air Force war lords and their industrial and technological serfs are in a profound state of embarrassment and have been tinkering in a random way with various parts of the plane in a comedy situation somewhat analogous to the banging of an alarm clock with a computer when the clock fails to ring. A recent N.Y. Post dispatch from Thailand, where the F-111A squadrons are based, ends its stewed comments with this diagnostic flourish, "No one in the Air Force, however, is *breathing easy*. The real cause of the F-111A crashes may not have been found yet." Since March 25, when the F-111As began their combat missions, four of the F-111As have been lost in crashes. Although there have been three crashes prior to their use in combat, the four crashes after



F111A

March 25 happened in quick succession. The first occurred on March 28, the second March 30, the third April 23 and the fourth May 8th. Adding those four numbers gives the sum 89, which is 22 short of 111. No doubt, if we dare send the planes back into combat, the next crash will be on the 22nd of that month. If surviving pilots of the crashes could be found, they probably would be as mystified as to what happened to them as was Graham Hill, the great British driver, who in referring to what had happened to him on the track in the recent five hundred mile race at Indianapolis, could only say that he hit the wall and spun out on lap 111 when "something" gave way in the car. Hill lost control and he knew not why. Nor did anyone else in authority. Hill, who was riding one of Andy Granatelli's three turbine-powered cars which were expected to run all the others off the track (all three cars flamed out), was Granatelli's best chauffeur. As for Granatelli, all he could say was, "I don't know. Maybe somebody up there doesn't want me to win." Perhaps now, it is time for our leaders, who have been using the shiva force to excess in their destructive and futile attempts to prevent the birth of new Buddha (buddy) forms (budding communalities) on our planet, to read the five-fingered flaming hand on the wall of their rabid willfulness, and say, "I don't know. Maybe somebody up there doesn't want us to win. I guess we can't be all that right."

Stanley Fisher
Astropsychologist
June 3, 1968.



Tiny Tim is dying. Pork Chop, perfumed hands are suffocating him in the cheap haze of non Havana cigars, unlimited scotch ("booze is free, help yourself"), and the sour smelling sluts that suck around the big chief money moguls in the motel rooms when the prey is "happening" and bucks flow like warm champagne down the powdered tits that burst from the skinny too-tight 1950's Hollywood-style deers.

In their push to promote a pop commodity, the naivety of a friend, the warmth, the personal pure-deal conversation of Tiny Tim is locked behind blocked doorways, shifting hotel rooms, and a battallion of bodyguards to keep old friends apart. Extended visits are scheduled to the west coast so that he doesn't see his people; and his parents are allowed to visit him less than once a month. "Always stay close to Mother", Tiny would say confidentially, "she knows what's best." But the corporation has become mother to the man, and Mr. Tim has always been an obedient, cooperative son.

During his three years at the eighth avenue cellar nightspot Tiny Tim wouldn't drink so much as a coke. His health food diet of sunflower seeds, nuts, and organic fruits and vegetables is being washed away now in the grease of motel-snack-bar carryout bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwiches, room service steaks, beer and wine. Tiny Tim at 18 is drinking for the first time in his life. His figure and sprightly carriage, which denied his age by 20 years has become paunchy; his face pallid and drawn.

He calls his friends late at night raving, drunk, and cursing, "I'm unhappy Miss Lynn". But big business, skill peddlers are certainly happy with their "hot property". Full page coverage in Newsweek and Time, an article in the New York Times, the cover of the upcoming September issue of Harper's Bizarre, a top

10 single, a best selling album and sold out concerts (10,000 turned out in Richmond, Virginia for a Tiny performance last weekend). Mr. Tim, a captive in the historic political definition of the word, begged a former employer and friend to become his road manager traveling companion. But when the conversation ended, a mafia sounding voice called the ex-boss informing him to "forget about the job, its been taken; but we'll keep you in mind."

The scene he is subjected to is the antithesis of what Tiny Tim stands for. He is at his best singing to a group of people crowded around him. His gaiety, love of life flows from him, ukalalee strumming, blowing kisses—two shopping bags at his side, giving conscientious advice on the joy of living to all those who have become, while listening to his music, intimate friends.

Reprise records has reassured us that Tiny Tim will be well taken care of. His financial affairs are supposedly in good hands. But Tiny, who has earned little money, much abuse, and an enormous amount of love through the years, isn't in it for the money. He wants to reach people, make friends through his art—strum out old yardville tunes, obscure show songs, early rock and roll reissues, pop hits, duets and freaky bits etc.

By Bob Rudnick/Denis Frawley

TINY TIM IS DYING

"I sing for three reasons, to thank God for the gift he gave me, and number two to cheer people whether they are old or young with a song of the past or of the present, and number three, perhaps above all—because of the beautiful woman that my heart sings to."

In the pop star syndrome, the entertainer loses personal contact with his fans. They become a howling mob surging toward the stage, an ocean of chattering gums yapping at their hero. The celebrity quickly learns to loathe this following; he only sees them across the footlights as managers manipulate for big bucks, one nighters and soon the relatively low paying clubs which foster a rapper if only because of the nearness of artist and audience. The psychedelic super stars are groomed to accept their role as freak gods, distant and aloof from their disciples. But Tiny's riff as always involved close contact for better communication with the people who would listen to him.

I've sung everywhere you can think of almost, I've sang on subway trains, just to sing whatever they asked, I always bring my little ukelele along in my little shopping bag which my dear sweet father bought me. After all, you just never know when a song might come along.

But at his most recent TV appearance on the Johnny Carson Show, Tiny Tim didn't have his tattered shopping bag with his uke, the latest sports results of the Toronto Maple Leafs or the Dodgers, his notebook of lyrics, and perhaps some health food snack; and the ukelele was used in only one of three songs. Also since he has become "the hottest property in show business", his handlers won't allow him to just sing or talk closely with some friends. They only let him out of the impersonal hotel and motel rooms that are now his home to do his act before the bright, harsh spot lights, fifty feet from the nearest heart.

(Continued on Page 16)

12 theatre?

(Continued from Page 6)

covering all fronts: it has initiated a Children's Program, and there may be a multi-media, en plein air (to lend some class to what otherwise might be mistaken for a Pageant Players Revue) program in Tompkins Park.

"Rosemary's Baby" is a great flick, not to be confused with Critic's Choice movies—which inevitably cannot get away with plots like this. Rosemary (Mia Farrow—with breasts and skin and everything) has a baby, to be named either Andy or Susan, depending. The husband is played by John Cassavetes, but, ho ho, he may not be the father. As a matter of fact, the baby turns out not to be named either Andy or Susan; it already has a name.

All this to say that this is a modern, age-old allegory on Good and Evil personified complete with a heartstirring witches' sabbath scene. Roman Polanski directed, and he has been interested in the horror movie-as-genre since "Repulsion." The movie has impact, even if you never studied witchcraft, or believed in them—good or bad variety. There is something about a filmed confrontation of the Devil and You which may be presented in technicolor but has the starkness of black-and-white. The movie opens June 12 at the Tower East, 72nd & 3rd Ave., & the Criterion, B'way & 45th St.

I stayed away and away from "Mingus" at the New Cinema, then went to see it, and try to make some reparation through mention now: I am an amateur jazz buff, which entitles me to 'love' Mingus without being able to reel off his best records from memory; without always appreciating some of the fantastic-ness of the sounds he made, just loving the beauty of it all. The movie will be on through next Wednesday, June 14th, and is playing with two avant-garde shorts which are nice. The movie might have been called "The Two of Us" as it stars Mingus and child—although not even his own kid, steals the show from this truly fine performer. Playing at New Cinema Playhouse, 120 West b2nd.

paris

(Continued from Page 9)

boot up my ass. I managed to escape through a broken window and onto a passing bus. I was shocked, sore, and mad as hell, but I could do nothing more as I watched heads after heads turned to jelly and heard screams after screams of girls and women pleading for mercy. I watched policemen dragging girls by their hair to the curbs and throw them down leaving them there to bleed to death. I damned them a thousand times. I even prayed for it all to end. But it didn't and the Red Cross and Student medics worked long into the early dawn.

The next day, I still felt the presence of teargas fumes in the air, and noticed twenty or so burnt and demolished cars, trees that had been chopped down to be used as battering rams and barricades, broken windows by the dozens, street signs uprooted, the iron gratings at the foot of trees were lying about everywhere, and countless grenade cartridges covered the streets. I was soon to witness the attempted burning of the Bourse (France's Stock Exchange), the occupation of the Sorbonne where marathon speeches were to be held, the seizure of the Odeon (the French Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center) and its draping in red and black flags of Communism and Anarchy, a General Strike and mammoth manifestation where millions of students and workers displayed their strength, and countless numbers of blood and brutal clashes with the CRS.

The head of the CGT, Georges Sequy urged that the workers continue their one day General Strike into an indefinite one, until the government granted their long list of past due grievances. And Cohn-Bendit, though barred from France by probably De Gaulle himself, affiliated with other student leaders and urged the continuance of their occupations and boycotts until they too are granted their demands.

So it came that France lay hopelessly in the throes of a civil war. It has produced many deaths though only one has been released by the press, a complete halt in all city and country transportation (Le Metro, buses, cars, trains, and plains both incoming and outgoing), closing of most major plants, no telephone, telegraph, or mail service either way, continual student-police battlings, a reform program issued by De Gaulle in a seven minute radio broadcast was rejected for offering "too little, too late," but his June referendum was widely cheered, a major shakeup in the government that caused the removal of three Ministers, the resignation of one, and the reappointment of many others. And it is that finally France has mustered enough intestinal fortitude to pull away from the confining masturbation of senility, and sponge up the last pools of Saint Charlie's wet dream.

"Reform non, revolution oui."

A LECTURE ON Transcendental Meditation

as taught by
Maharishi Mahesh Yogi



SUNDAY, JUNE 9 at 3:00

IN
The Fillmore East
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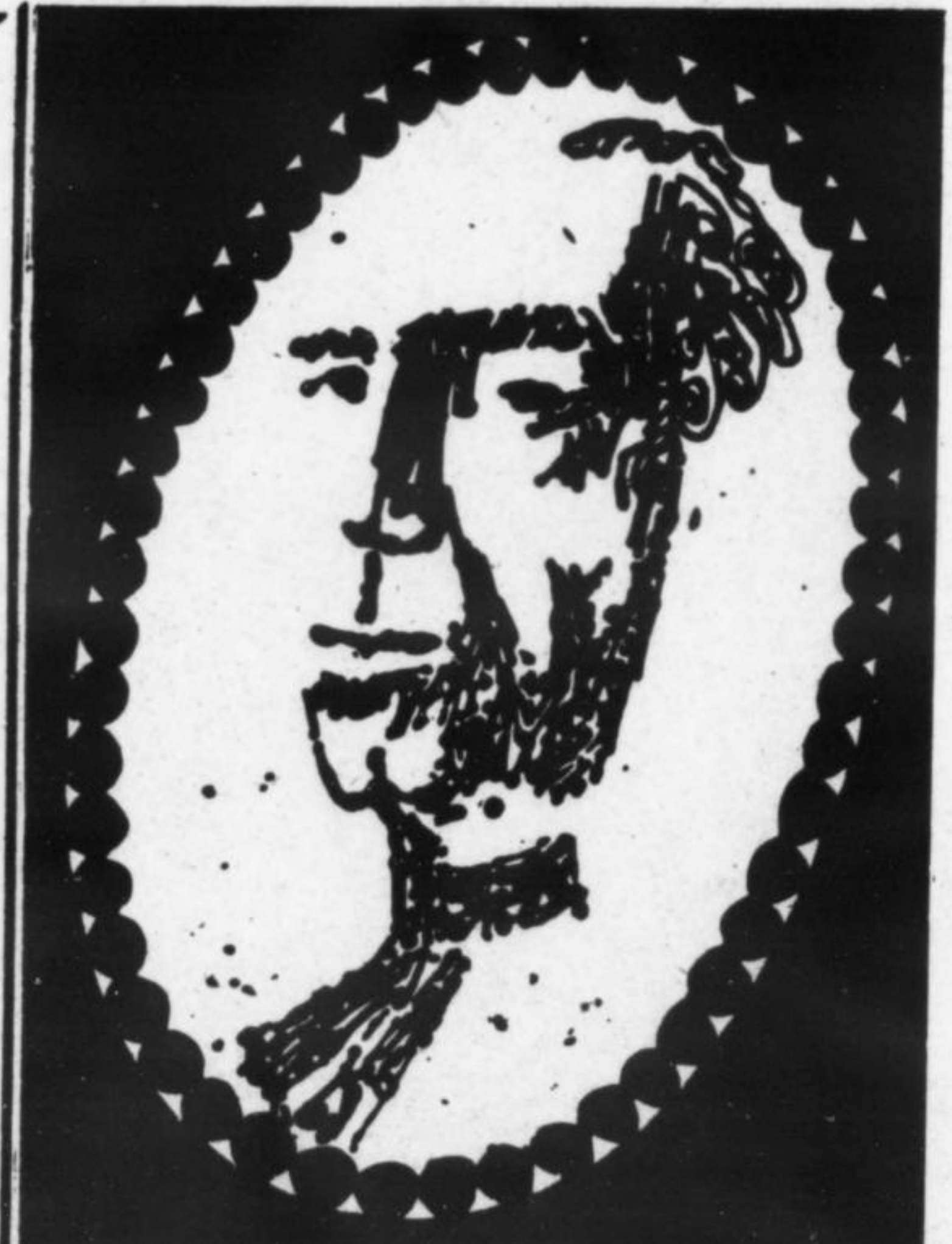
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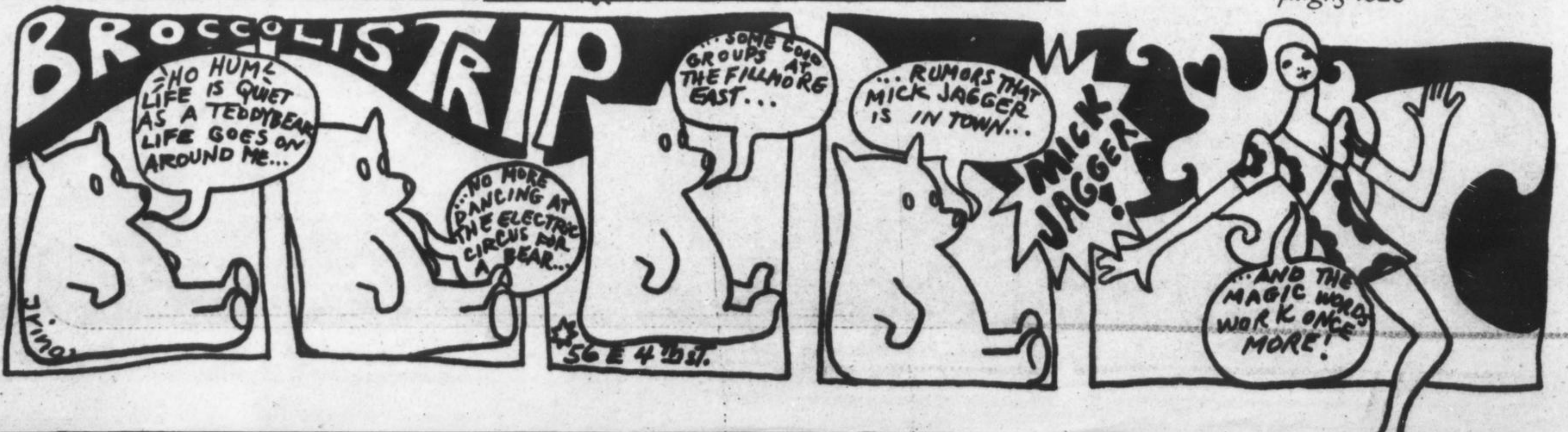
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letters

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

Find enclosed check for a renewal. Can't miss a copy. Am going to get my niece to try to get her liberal minded college friends to subscribe and find out when and where it all is if more people knew the TRUTH there would be more freedom, or "know the truth and it will make you free."

Peace and truth and plain words you really got. Love you for it. Never had a chance to try pot or LSD so on them I have no opinion one way or another. I became a complete alcoholic but for past 9 years not a drop. They legalize it and to my kind nothing could be more damaging. Since the doctors think one or two more years will get me gone, I'd give pot one try at least, even at my age, if I had a chance and a teacher.

As you can see by the WWII pic in Pacific atolls, I was a "hippie" when present hipies were only a gleam in their parents eyes. I have stayed married, am 57 and still able to get a charge out of your personal ads as well as some commercial ones.

Will send a recent snap to show the damaging effects of the ravages of time.

Yes, and keep telling of the police brutalities and of sex the way they are.

Feel free to quote me in whole or in part for I feel LOVE is the last and only chance humanity has to free itself from oblivion.

Sincerely,
FRED B. DURHAM
Ft. Payne, Alabama 35967

Dear EVO:
I must say one thing about The East Village Other, it don't bullshit so I won't pull my words to save feelings of people who read it.

I read everything I can about (The Grass) and find that a lot of people feel the wrong way toward the stuff.

They say, like grass is bad for you, but beer and whiskey are great. Bullshit. I'd rather blow a joint any-time before I'd drink beer.

I am spending my time trying to understand these misfit and misted people.

I feel, it's not the stuff you take to get high, but the way you act.

I've seen people so drunk they couldn't walk to save their ass, but I've yet to see someone smoke so much they couldn't function. I think everyone should try it about once or twice and then be a judge.

Like I told a fag once, "You eat what you want and I'll eat what I want." I feel the same way about most things and I never have trouble keeping a smile.

I just thought all the heads would like to know that there's about 75 per cent of my company that feel this way. You have our support.

If anyone would care to let me know how things are in the States for the next six months I would like to have them write.

I am sure you'll keep up the good work and if you ever want to hear of some of our parties let me know, maybe some of the fellow heads can try them.

You would be surprised at some of the things we do just to pass the time. I would really like to correspond with girls and anyone else that feels the same way as myself.

Write and break down your problems or your happiness. I'll listen to anyone or anything that has to do with being free and having freedom like we were meant to have.

Yours truly,
G. E. RICE
APO San Francisco, Calif.

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BY KIM DEITCH

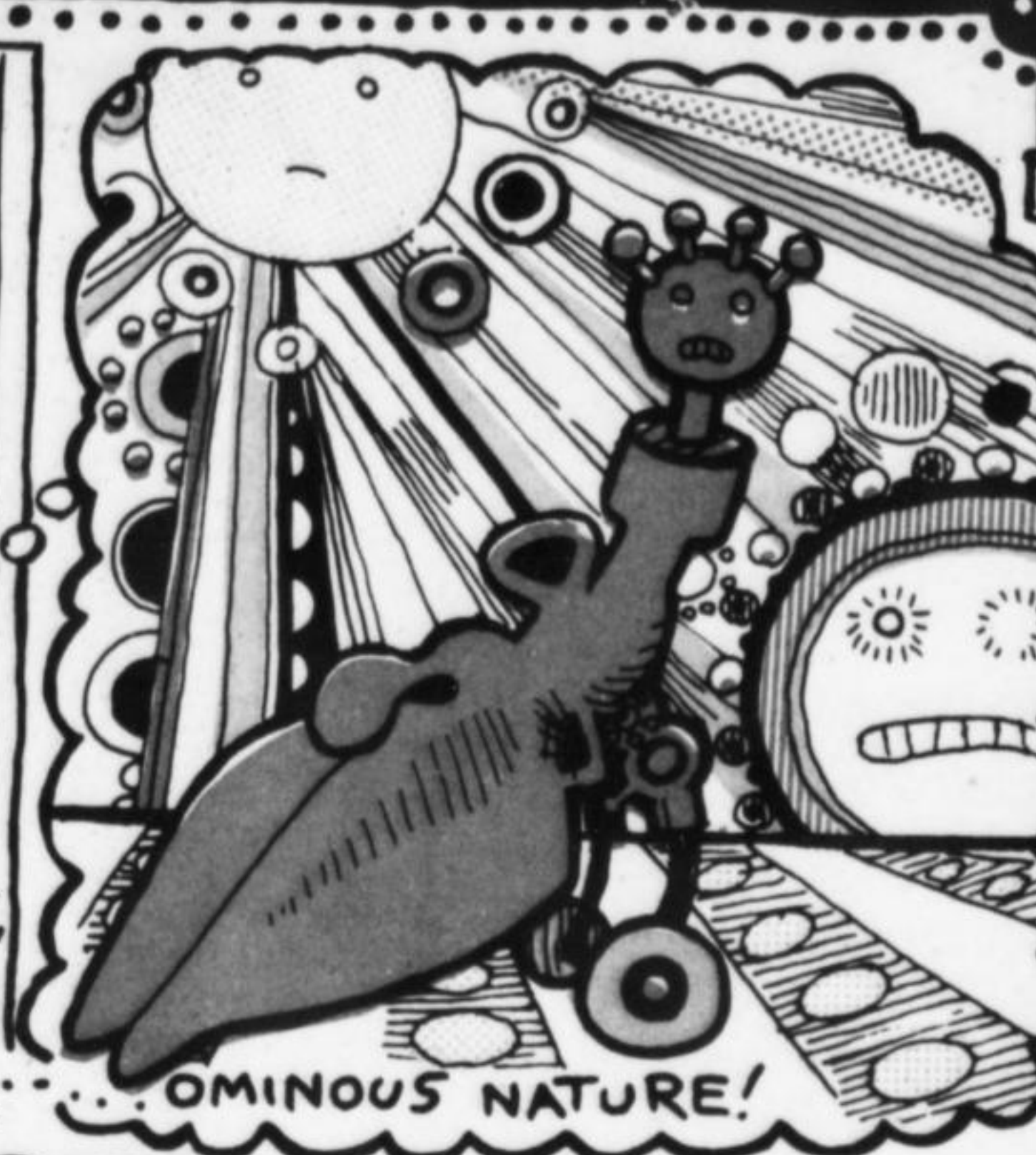
PEARL LOOKED OUT HER WINDOW AND DIDNT SEE ANYTHING TO EVEN SIGH ABOUT;



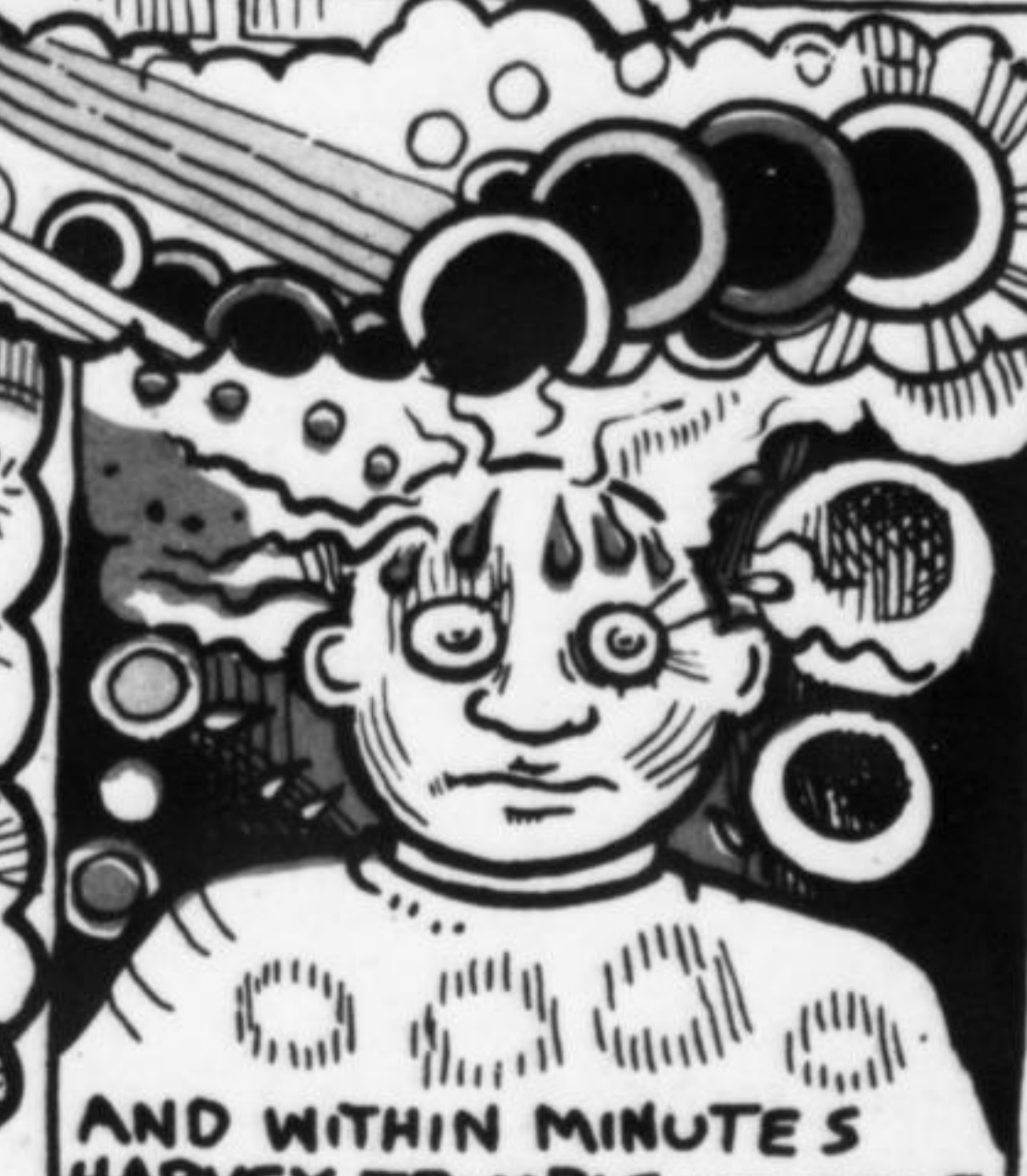
BESIDES HER MIND WAS A MILLION MILES AWAY



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ENOUGH!



HARVEY TRIMBLE!!

EH?



HNNNGH!

YOU SCUM!



AT LAST I AM CLEANSED

SIGH

HAOOOOOOOW!!

ressurrection

(Continued from Page 3)

America will have to make an effective choice for non-violence, for democracy and for the integration of our national institutions," which is construed by some who smell the 69 commandments of reality as a poor reason for staying in the mud. Anyhow, I don't want to get bogged down in this. It's a bitch when you have to write a mud story. To escape facing what one felt & touched, there is a tendency to loadup with statistics & promises, stalling tactics & lies peddled by people who have been lied to; and one outlet is to balance shuttleheadedly on the ropes of impersonal subjectivity.

So I thought of the different ways of seeing this city and the march and the people here in the open air mud bathed by the phallic symbolism of the Washington Monument; and I wanted to do a story that would show the 69 different ways, the Washington police muzzled & waiting how they glare at the city & are suspected by some residents of shooting it up at night. (There were shots Friday morning after the rock concert near the reflecting pool) how the militants see it (not standing in the way but watching closely the hunger) how the President would have held his Memorial Day press conference in City Hall standing kneedeep in mud with the poor instead of nice & charming at the LBJ Ranch for briefings by General Westmoreland & the Prime Minister of Australia which (like Russia) considers itself an Asian country, and I wanted to write the story in 69 sentences, but I dropped asleep last night & when I got up I couldn't deal with the mud.

So I shuffled my notes. On Friday Dr. John McIntosh, of the Society of the Dimensional Brothers (est. 1926 "to eliminate fear of the unknown") announced that Jesus was an Arab slave, and "There is no Sky, no Heaven, no Up, no Down. We are in a centrifugal force held to planet earth by its magnetic core. The planet is suspended in space. Therefore only space or outerspace is comprehensible. But the Popes have created a living Hell here on Earth for Black, Brown and Poor White People and citizens of this nation and the world." And he called for a better GOD SYSTEM.

Then Washington. I ate. About 100 citizens were in the main tent when God came, He rushed in with rain, thunder, and lightning mixed with the deadly roar of planes & voices as most sang We Shall Overcome (or tried) and this was interpreted as a sign from heaven, the elements were against the city, God was against the city, God was blessing the city & cursing the viperbeasts caged in molten spittle, people were crying ooooooohOO-ah struggling to hold on to some tender touch of illusion. Then it cleared, and I opened the door of Howie's car, sat down with my feet out, and, cursing the mud, took off my boots and placed them under the car. Then I tried to sleep, but those planes. Some people everyone dancing in the mud, covered by mud, not wanting it, but walking out with it, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME on the radio. The sky is clear at ten to three. In the tent an old woman was proudly remembering the young man who saw it worse in Vietnam with the mud up to his bong navel & the Vietcong watching, everyone in the mud. People see one another laugh at one another. Fun & games of reality.

The young people complain. There are not too many ways for them to love this mud. A boy from Detroit said there was a girl from St. Louis who could take on ten guys at the same time. He was bitching about hot meals. He was tired of cans, cold, & leftovers the 14 days he had been resurrected. People complain about insufficient waterpipes, stink toilets, lack of drainage, no place to bathe, & must be bussed to another city. A man from somewhere hauled off his clothes & stood in the rain laughing happy while the mud turned to porridge, long worms near the outdoor toilets in the mud. The women are fat & beautiful with shooting eyes.

So back to the car, I sat there, & at twenty to five Mrs. King paid her visit to the city, she came thru the mud with a circle of protectors, with Abernathy by her side, & she said she loved them, warmed to their courage, she had seen them on television & heard about them how bad they were how their optimistic subversion would save this nation from jaws & nightmares. Then I spread the Washington Post on the floor, took in my boots & Howie drove to the edge of the mud where I stepped out with my boots, and washed my feet in the reflecting pool. Then back to Pitts at 8:30. There was dancing & dirty boots, and a man from the South looked me fiercely in the eyes & said, "Do pigs have pork pussies?"

More rain fell on the city & it was a sea of mud the following day after the dead had been honored & forgotten, and the rulers of the land were confused, as were the people, & I returned to the mud, boots in hand. Contact was cold but warmed comfortably as my toes sunk in lovingly, and I felt as one with the mud, & everything made sense; and someone, perhaps the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual gentleman of this generation, fell & said, "Oh, shit!" The boy from Detroit was still complaining. City Hall was busy. A loving wino from the decadent lower east side dragged a she-thing into a tent with promise of smokes & they tumble into fuck. There is isolation, & isolation, and the poor shall inherit the cemeteries of the rich. And on the way out I washed my feet

in the reflecting pool, one foot washing the other up & down rubbing across, & two hours after midnight I returned to Pitts & it was boogaloo to boogaloo black power at work in the natural thing as they went round & around in circles so happy I knew they cared continuously. Resurrection, Redemption, or Reconstruction, they were participating in history, doing something, even if having to "compromise" in a time when all life is a compromise with some other madness. And they were right to feel & know that violence could envelop the country if the federal government decided to beat them out of their symbolism into the real mud, but you cannot continue to rule "peacefully" with promises.

So I come to the end of the story without end, and a Child of Virtue slipped me a God-leaflet as I tightened up to leave:

TODAY WE MARCH on Washington, D.C., to protest injustice and inequality in our nation. We raise our voice in opposition to the poverty that exists in the wealthiest nation in the world. Much needs to be done, and much must be done to help those who suffer.

Hundreds of years ago there was another Poor People's March. It took place in Jerusalem, not in Washington, D.C. Instead of thousands of marchers thronging the streets, there were only a few who participated. Jesus Christ led the march.

At one time Jesus Christ was very rich in Heaven, but He gave up His riches and became poor. He gave up all the pleasures and privileges of His heavenly palace and came to earth to identify with poor people. He became poor—so poor that He really had no home. So poor that He didn't have money to pay His taxes. He suffered many times from the rich people and rulers of His day. They hated Him. They tormented Him. They refused to listen to His cries. They twisted the law and denied Him justice.

Finally they killed Him.

But that was why He came to earth. He came to die for you and me. He gave up His riches and became poor so that we might become rich.

Jesus Christ made it possible for you and me, who are poor, to become rich. Most of us in the march need economic help to raise our standard of living. Jesus Christ loves poor people and He sympathizes with the problem that exist, but He offers to you something far more valuable than just American dollars and cents. He is offering riches for the long life after death. You may live some years now being poor, but how terrible to keep your soul poor for millions of years in the life hereafter.

In order to bring true riches into your life forever, you must really believe that Jesus Christ died for you and you must ask Him to forgive your sins. Let Him take over your life and become your Lord and personal Savior. He wants to help you. He wants to give you eternal riches. He wants you to have peace in your heart, purpose in your life, and a home in Heaven when you die.

This is no phony offer. This is real. This is life from the Son of God, the Friend of friends, who will stand by you and give you joy through this march, through all your life, through eternity.

You can ask Jesus Christ to be your Lord and Savior now. Quietly pray, "Lord Jesus, I want you to forgive my sins. I want you to give me peace in my heart. I want you to give me a life that satisfies. I want you to be my Master and my Savior. I really mean it. Amen."

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Gate, Bleecker & Thompson Streets. The Scene, 301 West 46th Street, The Record Shack, 274 West 125th Street, or send a stamped self-addressed envelope to DAYTOP VILLAGE, 450 Bayview Avenue, Staten Island, N.Y. 10309. Check or money order payable to Festival-Daytop Village, Inc. For further information call 984-2789 or 984-2790.

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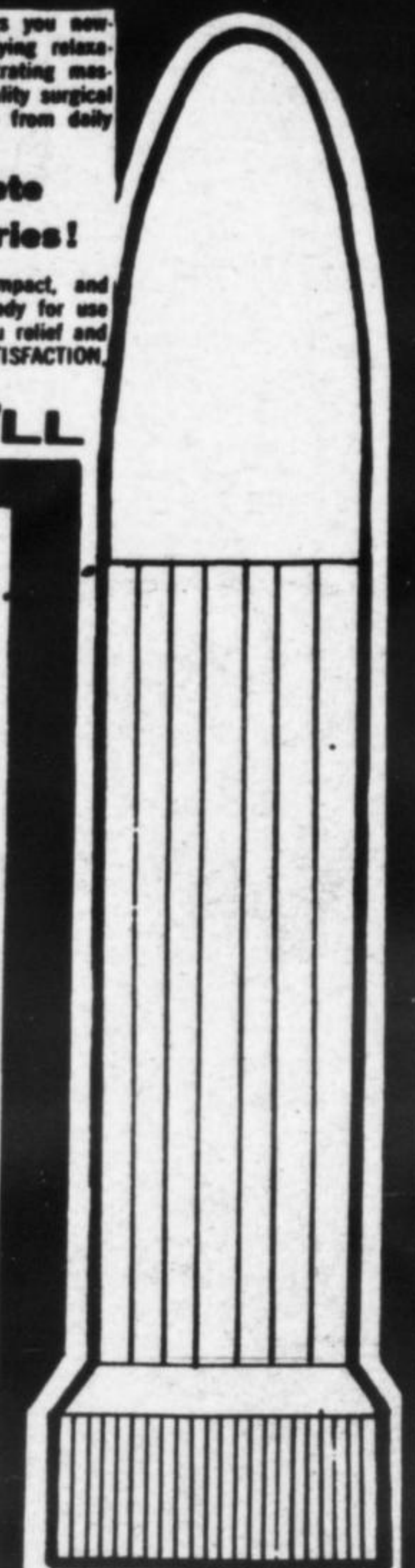
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POP

(Continued from Page 11)

GARY BURTON'S new sound jazz quartet was well received at the FILLMORE EAST last weekend. According to Gary, the winner of this year's Jazz and Pop popularity poll for vibists, the audience seemed much more into his music here in New York, than at the San Francisco Fillmore.

THE CAFE AU GO GO will probably become the second pop club this season to book avant-garde jazz. Affable owner Howard Soloman, who resembles something out of a Saturday morning TV cartoon show, is doing Steve Paul one better by offering to hire such heavy experimentalists as Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler and Monk.

Soloman brings back live music to his club this week after a sell out run of Collision Course (a series of 10 thematically related short plays by 11 contemporary playwrights) which mover to the Actors Playhouse on Sheridan Square.

Regular patrons will find a strange new stage squatting in the center of the slender rectangular shaped room. Soloman feels that the modernistic design will correct the major problem of the Au Go Go as a music room—that of groups playing toward a brick wall. The new staging thrusts the musicians into the audience while performing in the round. This new concept should create an even greater intimacy in the warm coffee house atmosphere of the club.

As the land baron of the south side of Bleeker Street between La Guardia Place and Thompson Street, Howard is adding a corner coffee house to an emerging pop empire which already includes the Garrick Theatre as well as Au Go Go.

Jimi Hendrix has bought the Generation. He plans on setting up a recording studio in the eighth street spot as well as managing the pop club.

The most recent issue of the new timely rock bi-weekly, The Rolling Stone, reports on an exciting tape made by Bob Dylan in the basement of his Woodstock home two months before the recording of "John Wesley Harding". He is backed by a group called the Crackers which live with Dylan and supported at the Woody Guthrie Memorial at Carnegie Hall.

"The instrumentation is closest to BLONDE ON BLONDE, including an organ, an electric bass, drums and two guitars, acoustic and electric. The singing is more closely related to John Wesley Harding, however. The style is typically Dylan: humorous, rock-and-rolly with repetitious patterns. One of the things peculiar to this tape is that Dylan is working with a group; there is more interaction between him and the instrumentalists than can be seen in any of his other efforts, plus there is vocal backup in the choruses from his band.

The quality of the recording is fairly poor, it was a one-track, one-take job with all the instruments recorded together. The highs and lows are missing, but Dylan's voice is clear and beautiful. Additionally the tape has probably gone through several dozen dubs, each one losing a little more quality."

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YOUNG man would like to meet female for sex and sex. Write Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019, Box 1076.

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YOUNG businessman (26) desires cute and intelligent girl same age exchanging companionship, discourse and intercourse. Call HA 4-5354 nights. No homos please.

TO MARK LEAR or MARK HOLLMAN. Please call home. We haven't notified anyone. If you have the films that were in the camera send them home. We miss you. Love, Mother and Dad.

YOUNG man with a dream. I need \$100,000. Fully secured. Can stand rigid investigation. Box 5224. Highlandtown Station, Baltimore, Md. 21224.

DESMOND FITZGERALD. Please call at the office of EVO and pick up a message.

ARTISTIC guy needs a chick. Uninterested in sex unless as an expression of love or at least sincere affection. Call OR 7-7444 evenings. Fags, junkies, speed freaks and crazies need not apply.

TALL, young college graduate, 23, (tchg.) from midwest seeks love and companionship from a warm and sincere girl 18-28. Object: Dating and sex—love and marriage. Am serious minded, handsome, working toward master's. Sincere replies only. P.O. Box 7, Woodbury, New York 11797.

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GIRLS! Leaving late June for Calif. One way. No expenses. Expand your mind and body. Go in peace. Lhayden, 60 Vauxhall Street, New London, Conn.

GIRLS wanted. Pose for nudist magazine. \$50, 2 hrs. Attractive. Lee, Studio "A", 68 W. 39th, 1-9 p.m. 279-6452.

GUY wants girl who enjoys fellatio. Or if your husband doesn't appreciate your tits and ass, sneak out. Call ONLY 11 p.m. Monday thru Friday, 245-3356. Rhode Island girl ONLY.

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ATTRACTIVE girl, 28, 4'11", red-hair, artistic, lively, would like to meet sensitive, outgoing theatre, arts, ballet. Likes children. Sincere replies only. M. Tuazon, Box 524, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York.

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

GIRLS ONLY, (18-35) who would like invitation to Groovy Manhattan parties phone, photo discretions assured. Write G.P.O. Box 1272, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

25 YR. OLD N.J. Professional man with sincere, quiet outlook would like to meet affectionate girl of small build with interest in classical and baroque music. All inquiries answered. Please reply to: B. K. P.O. Box 1174, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

MALE 28, needs money or job. Beautiful, artistic, versatile. Send suggestions and/or checks to: John, 402 E. 72 St., Apartment 3-B, N. Y. C.

FOR EXPERIENCED young man, 24, call Jack Stewart at LT 1-4319. Day or Night.

MATURE gentleman seeks gal to mix his evening cocktails in his East Side apartment, must enjoy traveling abroad and posh night life. \$150.00 per week, plus all expenses. Call R. L. J., 628-4583, after 5 p.m.

VIRILE, clean young buck wanted for conversation at very late Village dinners and occasional fun, against financial and other rewards, by busy professional. Call 242-1729, after 11 p.m.

MAN, 30, wants to satisfy handsome, well-built young (under 25) studs. Must be straight butch types. Individuals or groups. Call SEXAFUC. No queens please.

INTRIGUING for bright, quick, pretty girl—equally-bright, affectionate writer wants you to share delights of conversation, beach and hay. Jay, 989-5024, (sometimes electronically answered).

SEEK attractive uninhibited hip chick good figure. Need a place to stay for a while? I've got it, comfortable, atmospheric. Reasonable rent, possibly rent free for right person. Call 336-6165, after 8 p.m., Brooklyn.

FOR WOMAN ONLY — Three (GOOD) handsome MEN desire erotic pleasure seeking girls for eternal LOVE' INS. Switcheroo or trueblue, depends on you. Trix after six. Charged Charles, 35: WA 9-7522. Bombastic Brian, 27: 222-4987. Jiven Jeff, 24: 873-4697.

YOUNG man 34 seeks female 24 to 38, 5'4" or over good looker. Call Mark from 5-9 p.m. only please. 462-9745.

PROFESSIONAL man 29 desires young good looking warm uninhibited girl for pleasure on long term relationship. Call Bob 874-4398.

INTERESTING, tall, attractive white executive early 40's, discreet and generous seeks attractive and affectionate girl feminine enough to wear her hair waist length or longer. Box 97, 1 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. C.

HIP young Negro wants to meet some type of white guys for fun and possible permanent relationship. 18-25. Write Menalaus, Box 2142, Patterson, N.J. Phone 201-279-3532 c/o Walker. (Photo if possible.)

POOR married gentleman, 52, seeks hirsute female for get together Saturday night. No homos, please! Stuyvesant Sta. Box 375, N.Y.C. 10009.

WANTED Angel for everything. Looks very important. Marianne faithful type ideal. Interests should include modern music, cinema, theatre, eating, psychedelic events. Writer too busy to search but urgency makes advert necessary. Absolutely genuine. Positively suitable girls 18-22 only. YU 9-7836 evenings. John.

AESTHETE, male, white (30's, 5'11", 160 lbs.) Seeks uninhibited relationship with earthy Apollo (erotic not neurotic) photo helpful. Discretion assured. Write P.O. Box 4562, Grand Central Station, New York City 10017.

BUSINESSMAN from South America, 40, 5'11", presentable, seeking companionship, beautiful white girl, under 30, well built. Traveling invitation open. Call Selnick. PL 5-4000. Ext. 1244. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., 6-8 p.m.

WHITE male, handsome, 30's has services for discreet ladies, escort, companion etc. Expert at unusual requests. Contact Dave Leff, Box 32, Whitestone, N.Y. 11357.

GAY guy 21, looking for similar young attractive male for sincere, close relationship. Write. D.S. Box 4307, Long Island City, N.Y. 11104.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

