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T TRAVELS IN RESSURRECTION

By LOUW RAYBOLD

It is the mud, you will be living along to my boots & eyes, I SEE YOU MUD, I was afraid shoulder-shoulder piling at noon your loving softness mud like 15 acres of pussy ready to paint the town red.

It is mud in sweetly painful sorcery as the poor (AND WEREN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO INHERIT THE EARTH) trust once more in the formidable traditions of wealth & manners & expect someone proper & loving like Mr. Lyndon to sample the mud, mud with them to sample its taste it, and praise it too. But nothing an Emperor happened on Memorial Day, my first hours in Resurrection City, also City of Hopes, Pig's Sky, Shanty Town Mr. Lyndon's backyard, Resurrection City, Redemption City, The Camp, the Elkington Valley, or that place where mud/sand/dirt fills its eyes and takes a supposedly less stand in its continuing hypocrisy & fight with black power while refusing to come to grips realistically & clearly with bryonism.

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, to check out more rumors, and to see the mud; and Memorial Day at dusk down the fog was not driving to the capital. There was supposed to be THE BIG DAY time for massing the poor together into one Shoverman FUCK YOU at the Jewish walls of government & rich, but everything went wrong. The President succumbed to majority pressure in the nation and agreed to arrive in Texas at the end of his first term, then King himself was pinned down in Memphis and was detained in those trade cities. Many power took the blame, nationwide rage again shouting follow me for it is I who led to the light, and got stuck in the mud, her two are mighty.

First thing I did in Washington was stop at Potts Motel, where lives Dr. Ralph Abernathy, minister leader, where he is not walking thru the mud to his City Hall in the mud. The jelly ministers of God were sitting floating with a machine "I was let you know what-over you want, my dear. I will please you any way I can." "I will be your faithful, my friend."

rights 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 driving 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 say rain runs go to again, but nobody listened, God was in as much pain & He was crying, so He had been drinking beer. Water's back-lash, said Rev. James, 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.

"Can you live 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, and 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 MARGE, GET REAL, WORLD, MAY AND DOROTHY ATE HERE YESTERDAY, I washed around mud covering my body, places lent the city again & again & again until the rain ceased and slowly in fat indifference.

"Let's go downtown & show our love," someone was saying over the public address system, collecting residents for another restrained lounge at the car drums of people who could do something right away, even if revolutionarily, if they wanted, or scared, or felt that that was what the ~~best~~ people wanted to do with the mud. Their love was spillover.

plants: all of it appearing privately in the mud that clings distastefully to our flannel consciences the barracks of Gibraltar.

"We must stay here—even if the mud dries," 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 food for the winter days, too. I don't want to die alone by here here. I come to see Mr. Lyndon, and he sure is going to catch hell if he can't chat me up a bit."

The wizard of mud behind the whole case now is Bayard Rustin who masterfully organized the 1968 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 those goals. That every shirking 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 livable income."

"That, too, Rustin says, the Mobilization will not continue 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 any initiatives be taken, here and now, to enforce 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 is parchment of this, we will invite the Congress of the United States to come and leave the poor and their office describe how it can live up to the promise which it made four years ago. "See it sound the mud." Behind this engaging rhetoric are the ~~my~~ political responsibilities of poverty, what revolution means, the ~~availability~~ & ~~dis-advantages~~ of this kind of thing in an uncertain election year, and the fact that Rustin is a Baptist man.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo/story
by Diane
Barr-Borynuk

It has been night, then yellow and sky and cool. A weird beautiful light comes through the slats. I've finished my day's routine and am ready to begin sleeping. It is 5:45 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 — 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 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 Solbach correctly, and every other detail of the shooting seems to have just as many variations. She shot him once. She might have shot him on three times. No, just once. She rang for the waiter and so it took some waiting, she turned around and shot again. It really sounds like a Western. The exchange of information dies up and the waiting seems endless. Hans Beard returns in and goes up to the factory and across down again. Someone has made a sketch of the Factory from aerial descriptions — on the waiting room, the door, the lower 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 Nassau tilts out through the crowd and my state of mind is lousy 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 "We can see some amazing things these days." Two young males come out with police coats buttoned upright close. 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 fishing guy here to get all the trifling 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 gets stronger. But I figure I'll stick around anyway, even if I get no pictures and an article. Something is happening. A few more people were out from the stairway onto the sidewalk. I spot Inspector Solbach dressed and walk down the street with him. She said it was dreadful and the cops were looking like dragons 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 kids showing and of her boyfriend.

SCENE 2 — FACTORY — I retraced to where the press is now taking pictures of the scene of the crime and getting statements from Paul Morrison. What do you shoot? I shoot the ballet kids in the wall (documentary or circus photos) — step up and see the red bullet holes. What? I shoot Paul talking to reporters. I shoot a photographer showing a picture because the press gets their own shot everywhere. Valerie looks like's happening. ABC comes in on a picture of Yves holding it in a picture of Valerie. What Valerie took his in is still a press table although Billy has made a group still for the cops from "A Man," the Warhol film in which Valerie is The Girl On The Stairs. The press is unhappy because they don't really get 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 you see two bullet holes marked with arrows of marking tape.

There isn't any reception area 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 Powers is there. He wears a new blonde mustache and a wrinkled black leather jacket and looks loose. I mention remarks to him that he later sees offensive because I've just come from the press frolic on Union Square and it will take me a few minutes to adjust to total 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. Whether the young dafood, and whose are the lemon hearts? Ultraviolet, closed in a hunk with a camera giving an interview as a self-sponsored Friday account. Leo Castelli, saying nothing, brooding. Ivan Karp silent. A couple of reporters from Life are talking. They just used a picture of Valerie to wrap up the story. I watch the heavy waiting blonde man and slowly move off. England, in a dark red velvet shirt and jeans, gold beads, is getting Valerie down for an interview. Ultraviolet is giving her second interview in the 1224 booth beneath the picture of a saint. The reporter phrases it as... he says there is a small crowd of personal friends waiting... you some of them are in normal dress and some of their kippie type. "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 sense the feelings of everyone there and to discover my own feeling, to become less alien. The Life photographer diffidely and barely noticeably moves about, taking almost no pictures. Someone brings the latest edition of the Daily News. There are all the facts, each one of them wrong, because the reporter picked in a story put together only from the lobby group in the Factory building before he'd had a chance to go upstairs to confirm it. Ultraviolet says another magazine "Andy is fantastic to work for, he's so creative (did she say 'best')". Andy's been on the operating table for four hours... It's serious enough for major coverage. Enter more interviews with correspondents. Enter Paul buff. The media takes over and it is, in a press room, Jim is taking the beautiful, faint old step talk about Andy's act, etc. a microphone. Castelli says a few words. He has elegant eyes, oval coverage.

SCENE 4 — COLUMBUS HOSPITAL, LOBBY — There is going to be a statement in the press in the main lobby. We file through corridors and I think if I were stood this would be a wild trip and I'm glad I'm straight because it's already too strange. In the lobby they turn in the food trays. Photographers are falling over each other, pushing and shoving, shouting 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 South walks in. A young male asks me what the chance is to hear what they're saying but it doesn't matter. The room has become a Solbach ballet, individuals moving through a choreography of private living and press curiosity that no longer seems real. Jim, England walks

in and stops around the foodtrays hoping to be interviewed, but they're interested in Gerard and Vito. How many issues, how many crosses? It's almost 10 o'clock. Andy's mother is still closed in the private waiting room and under sedation. The crowd and start to split to Man's. The photographers are clustering on the stairs, saying all they need is a picture of Miss Warhol, when she is led by Yves into the lobby. Flash! Flash! She is walking down the steps, crying and clinging back from the covers. I snap two probably blurred shots and walk away disgusted. Gerard and Vito get 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 reporter next really in my mind but I can't get it down because I've seen so many photos that transcend curiosity.

SCENE 5 — MARY KANGAS CITY — I look for Jim who left the lobby saying he was coming here for a bit to eat and then returning to the hospital. I can't find him. The lake bus is busy too. 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 1224 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 follow the matter to his attention it turns out he's made a mistake... the precinct is across the street.

SCENE 7 — ITRH PRECINCT — On the precinct lobby Howard sits with pen and pad. The photographers are jostling for position about ten feet from the door through which Valerie will come when they bring her to the desk to be booked. They trade camera, photo and sheets and stamps so they won't be pushed off their spot. I'm watching the busy picture in front when I'm at, watching them do their thing. The door opens and starts every few minutes, false alarms. I'm crawling up at the sidewalk.

I dig the photographers' faces. I dig at the cops' faces. Incredibly microscopically and imperceptibly, slowly the door springs open again and a female detective leads Valerie by her hands tied behind her back through the popping balloons and the dance of the photographers toward the booking desk. I breath through several layers on and about from the side. "The man, Valerie." The tears he had and pop goes the lock. "This way, honey." Pop. "Where'd you get the gun, Valerie?" shouts Howard over the crowd. "Veronore." The booking is apparently taking place through-out like confusion. Valerie makes a final statement: "My defense will explain who I am and what I believe." They lounge after her for final pictures as she is led into the fluorescent room where they pull all the shades down but one and I take a last look at a suspended "original". A girl in white looks forward. Default. Pop mixed up child. 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 get one good picture apiece and another laughs and says get it but I'll still use my picture." It's after 11 p.m. Today's theater of the absurd has come to a close. The principal note still has not been seen or photographed. Paul, unannounced and unaware of his pain after 24 hours of surgery and 11 transfusions, lies in the recovery room. Marie's hell arrives.





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

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.

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



Johnny Cash on COLUMBIA RECORDS

COLUMBIA RECORDS
as to appear in
UNIVERSAL PAPER
Page—B7W
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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 last ten years. The populace has forgotten the salacious brigadier general who fed France to England to establish the Free French and now only sees the sterile magnificence 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 perfunctory ideals to such a degree that LUI, France's reply to PLAYBOY, has been prohibited from featuring such photographs of women that display an uncovered nipple. This alone should warn the average man in within three blocks of rebellion. But, nothing can go unchanged for the inner sanctum of a society most not run amok of its population for as Machiavelli explains in "The Prince," nothing can defeat the desire 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 passive and serve in servitude to a heartless bastion of a landlord such as De Gaulle. "Le Chien!" (He who lies in his own shit) should be stuffed and placed in a glass case in a museum." This was said to me by a twenty old dockworker from Marseilles who was working in the massive manifestation on the day of the General Strike. And wasn't it long overdue?

How the students all of which are offsprings of the war years where American stupidity showed down their mothers and fathers showed torn the French back to rock, have grasped the fateful opportunity to revolt and are instrumental in inflicting orders in many other countries to rebuke the Establishment by the belt and suspenders such a consequence that it will stop the flow of the Capitalistic spew that creates vegetable-like offspring thereby presenting another signum that which may be born the youth who will also the desecrated and perfunctory bullet philosophy that were used as training dogs 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 crawl and taste the food that they have thrown him.

Such an offspring as Daniel Cohn-Bendit, redneck left-wing student-leader, who was instrumental in the uprisings at Marseilles. Nicknamed "Danny the Red," he demanded massive retaliation by both the students and the workers. Thus through his primary action, the point is to hit the red and black flags of rebellion become apparent. He urged that the bomb must be the ultimate goal of the student if all other forms of revolution fail. "It was not by strong idea, with flags

up their ass, that our ancestors fought in the Revolution of 1848 or the Paris Commune of 1871," said a young member of the JCR. Another student, a frenchist told me, "We see no longer be the marionettes in a French and July show whose strings are controlled by De Gaulle. We must proceed with vigor from the spirit of freedom into the blackened heart of the bastard machine of the Establishment causing internal hemorrhages 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 Frenchness and Frenchness.

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 allowance 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 in French student in four years spend over \$1,000 for books; to establish better student-professor relationships, instead of sitting in a huge lecture hall amid 300 to 500 other students and attempt to listen to a lecture conducted by scolding professors who speak very briefly and then split and do not even permit the students to ask questions or query private tutoring after classes, and last the students want more say 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 "Grosse violence" against the "hundred of mad dogs who are attempting to destroy the Sorbonne complex and tear 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 overstep the "valuing regulations." Within hours the CRE (the protest-prime demand) was announced 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 CRE, 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 risk by force if necessary, the right to an education with our having to undergo all the perfunctory indignities that are governing the institutions of learning at the present. A society subject to no change is a tragedy upon the fingertips of freedom.

Not long after the arrival of the CRE, I watched the marching of hundreds and hundreds of students and others determined in the fight for freedom. They commenced to chant, "De Gaulle Assassinate" and "Le Figure

is fascist" with an occasional "Big Bill" directed at the battle-hardened gun squad of the Elysées. The branding of the paper, "Le Figure" as fascist was a direct result of the press suppressing the 1,000 killed the Northern incident. "Le Internationalisme," the authors of the underground resistance of World War II school throughout the Left Bank of the Seine, as the left one had so lightly impressed the souls of the French Faoude was about to be blown to hell, as students from Lyons to Marseilles organized simultaneously to rise and for all fight for their freedom, and for the recolonization of the De Gaulle-Frenchness Regime. At last the student's feelings and teachings at the CRE became the made with the people showing, and the police acted in mass force to prevent the larvae litly. They first advanced slowly into the crowd, then they began running with their tomahawks raised to strike any available land as they shouted, "We'll show you if we're the BS!" With that, I watched as they swung their hilts back at any and every soul in sight, as I began hand the arms around the Sorbonne, I seemed to occasion and fire grenades being exploded, and felt the singing music-sway of water cannon. This was the students Battle of Coward, their advance 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 rambo-attack, but they had the most important weapon of all . . . the desire to be free.

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

De Gaulle, wife behind his back, writing his speech to be delivered at his official state visit to Romania could not have cared less about what the hell was happening. My lips trembled as I watched showers of cobblestones fall from the basket of oranges. I shrouded with the delight of real revolution and was compelled by some force more so strong as any I had ever felt before to participate. I began throwing cobblestones, peeing, "Fucking Paris! Cockshitter!" 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 pure graceful march as a Pentagon or an industrial factory. At last one of my stones hit its mark, and I became terrified so when three shouting females rushed toward me peeing and shouting tomahawk screams. With my eye burning, I searched through the rubble, more thousands of cars, and into the madness of a subway-streets. Being my destiny, the police backtracked it with tomahawk and advanced on it, swinging their way with shillings carrying net when the fark 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 kicks with the toe of

(Continued on page 10)



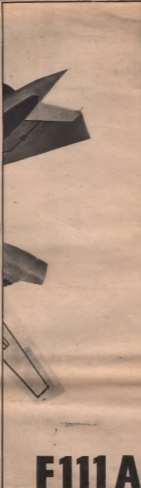
By Rex Baker Collis



In my last article, *A Numerological Analysis of the Space Signal*, I mentioned that the sum of the repetition rate of Palmar 1 was three month 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 Palmar signals add up to 111. Palmar rate 1=37, Palmar rate 2=29, Palmar rate 3=28, and Palmar rate 4=25. $37+29+28+25$ equals 119. The cyclic number 111 stands not only for the number of the Holy Trinity, of Father, Son and the Holy Ghost, but refers to the *Tridra Trinitati* of Brahman, 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) drawing the fabric of reality. The three divine forces must be used in an harmonic manner for the betterment of mankind or the experimentation in space are destroyed after simple warning. An example of this abuse of power can be discerned in recent times by the creation of the Air Force's Frankensteinian folly, the swing wing fighter-bomber, the F-111A. In conception troy, the expensive little-blight was dubbed and baptized with the holy number 111. The frustration and the failure in the Air Force could not help but prevent a bit of the esoteric in a vain attempt to gratify their growing and empty plastic souls. But they gave the show away by standing the nose on its head, perhaps in a pre-conscious permission as to how many of the



F-111As would face in meeting the ground (i.e. head on), in a project without any deep esoteric gain, 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 T standing for five or fifth, the dimension of the super-evolved beings who have been sending the 'spooky' signals across inter-galactic space. The leads of the fifth dimension (whose time dimension is the sixth: responsibility to the past and future) having the responsibility of not allowing ourselves to incarnate 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 nerds are in a profound state of embarrassment and have been tinkering in a random way with various parts of the plane in a hasty situation somewhat analogous to the bringing 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 skewed comment with this diagnostic flourish, "We saw in the Air Force, however, it's breaking very. The real cause of the F-111A crashes may not have been found yet." Since March 25, when the F-111As began their combat mission, 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 25, the second March 26, the third April 25 and the fourth May 16. Adding these four numbers gives the sum 89, which is 23 short of 111. No doubt, if we dare read the planes back into combat, the next crash will be on the 11th of that month. If surviving pilots of the crashes could be found, they probably would be as excited 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. He 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 us to win." Perhaps now, it is time for our leaders, who have been using the ultra force to erode in their destructive and futile attempts to prevent the birth of new Buddha (bodhi) forms (holding consciousness) on our planet, to read the five-fingered flaming hand on the wall of their rabid witlessness, and say, "I don't know. Maybe somebody up there doesn't want to win. I guess we can't be all that right."

Stanley Fisher
Astro-physicologist
June 3, 1968.

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 covering all fronts: it has initiated a Children's Program, and there may be multi-media, or plain live (to lend some class to what otherwise might be mistaken for a Parents Playoffs Review) program in Times-Town Park.

"Rosamary's Baby" is a great flick, not to be confused with Critie's Choice marica—which inevitably cannot get away with plots like this. Rosamary (Mia Farrow)—with Jerome and kids and everything—is a baby, to be earned either Andy or Susan, depending. The husband is played by John Cassavetes, but, he, he, 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-appropriate and Good and Evil personified complete with a heartstirring witch's sobbing scene, Roman Polanski directed, and he has been interested in the horror movie-as-great 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 concentration 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, 7th & 3rd Ave., & the Criterion, 183 West 4th St.

I stayed away and away from "Mingus" at the New Cosmos, then went to see it, and try to make some comparison through motion news: I saw a superior jazz buff, which outlines me in their excitement being able to read off his best records from memory, without even appreciating some of the finest-aspects 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 great-great drama which are new. 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 performance. Playing at New Cosmos Playhouse, 183 West 4th St.

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lost up my ass. I managed to escape through a broken window and onto a passing bus. I was shocked, sure, and read as hell, but I could do nothing more as I watched beach after beach 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 threw them down leaving them there to bleed to death. I demand since a thousand times I even prayed for it all to end, but it didn't end. The Red Cross and Student Media worked long into the early dawn.

The next day, I will tell the presence of teargas fumes in the air, and noticed tearful or so least and dehydrated seas, trees that had been chopped down to be used as halting rooms and barricades, broken windows by the dozens, street signs upended, the first swimmers 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 Bourne (France's Black Exchange), the occupation of the Sorbonne where marchion speeches were to be held, the seizure of the Odéon (the French Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center) and its draping in red and black flags of Communism and Anarchy, a General Strike and mammoth demonstrations whose millions of students and workers disrupted their strength, and centuries of centuries of blood and brutal clashes with the CRS.

The head of the OUF, Georges Séguy argued that "the workers continue their own day General Strike into an indefinite one, until the government granted their long list of post 68 grievances. And Gobs-Séguy, though barred from France by probably De Gaulle himself, allied with other student leaders and urged the reticence of their complicity and loyalty until they too be granted their demands.

In a case that France lay helplessly in the throat 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 Mans, buses, cars, trams, and planes both incoming and outgoing), closing of most major plants, no telephone, telegraph, or mail service either way, continual student-police battles, 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 setback in the government that caused the removal of three Ministers, the resignation of some, and the resignation of many others. And it is that frailty France has mastered enough intestinal fortitude to pull away from the oncoming membership of neutrality, and sprang up the last yards of Saint Chariv's wet dream.

"Before was, revolution end"

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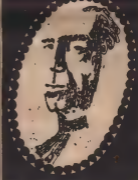
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COMICS

BY KIM DEITCH

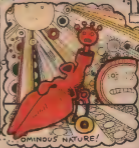
PEARL LOOKED OUT HER WINDOW AND DIDNT SEE ANYTHING TO EVEN SIGH ABOUT.



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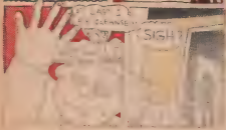
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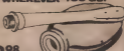


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POP

(Continued from Page 11)

GARY BURTON'S new second jazz quartet was well received at the **FILMBORE EAST** last weekend. According to Gary, the winner of this year's Jazz and Pop popularity poll for vibraphone, 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 look avant-garde-ish. Affable owner Howard Solomon, who resembles something out of a Saturday morning TV cartoon show, is doing Steve Paul one better by offering to show each heavy experimentalist an *Ornette Coleman*, *Archie Shepp*, *Cecil Taylor*, *Albert Ayler* and *Monk*.

Solomon brings back live music to his club this week after a sell out run of *Collage Course* (a series of 18 thematically related short plays by 11 contemporary playwrights) which moved to the Actors Playhouse on Sheridan Square.

Regular patrons will find a strange new stage squinting in the center of the slender rectangular shaped room. Solomon feels that the contemporary 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 throws 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.

At the last hours of the south side of Broadway Street between Le Grand Street and Thompson Street, NYC is adding a corner coffee house to an emerging pop empire which already includes the Gertrude Theatre as well as Au Go Go.

Jim Heedrix has bought the *Generation*. He plans on setting up a recording studio in the eighth street spot just as well as managing the pop club.

The most recent issue of the new timely rock bi-weekly, *The Rolling Stone*, reports on a casting 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 *Crankers* 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, acoustically and electric. The singing is more closely related to *John Wesley Harding*, however. The style is typically Dylan: humorous, rock-and-roll with repeated patterns. One of the unique peculiarities in this tape is that Dylan is working with a group; there is more interplay between him and the instrumentalists than can be seen in any of his other efforts, plus there is vocal backup in the chorus from his band.

The quality of the recording is fairly poor. It uses 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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MATURE young man European cultured. **CHRISTOPHER, 7111' 180** lbs., honest, serious, reliable, loyal, devoted like to serve evening nights, to **HISTRESS** and or MR., whatever in desire, whatever demand, obediently, in return for some financial assistance personal addressness kindly call SU 7-7500, ext. 1603 rights. If no answer, please leave message. Thank you sincerely, Ronald.

HENRO male, 26, seeks attractive unattached female (18-25), shares East Village apartment. Call 333-6657 from 3-6 p.m. No tags.

TOAM FROM WOODSTER please call home. We live you. No repercussions. Or for a friend's use, call Louis Abotela, 129 E. 4th St. 477-6106.

SPRING is here and love is in the air. Attractive golden complexion Negro seeks attractive couple and females for exciting lively happenings aboard his 38' cruiser (two cabins) and a down pad. Call sites only between 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. Not at this number during day. 398-1202.

HANDSOME young artist seeks lively, affectionate girl to care for him. **ALVIN**, artist, 30 years old. Art experience helpful but not necessary. Light duties, light hours, light pay. MU 5-1941.

ATTRACTIVE gay young man, sincere — established writer, moves in dynamic world — can create much affection, — can offer, happy life, material satisfaction to rubie, lively, affectionate, and wants more than his visionary approach to her total sexuality. Also concupent bisexual friend, room-mate! Box 2703, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33 year old, white attractive wishes to meet with attractive female exchange for cocktails, lunch and... Let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Fisher, c/o ASA-I Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

YOUNG gay man mid 20's digs groupy sex with bisexual males. Must be masculine. Call 793-2609 after 6 p.m. until midnight. Have popcorn.

YOUNG male swinger, 24, hang, interested in meeting same, to explore the realm of sex, friendship or perhaps love. No phone. Quasi-secure results. 873-9756.

MAN 38 located in city overseas, looking for girls that like to swing. **JOHN**, 71, good figure and face. Call evenings 894-4633 (No home).

ROMANCE — Young attractive Negro artist 23 years old — seeks the companionship of a successful young man age 25 to 35 years. Purpose to travel, see shows and pursue life in Italy and happens. Art background. Call 634-8264 nights, weekdays, Sat. day only. 5pm. Day or night.

FURCA with drums, escaping suburbs wishes to start comm. with well liked, mid-20s, black, exp. in E. Village music class (own equip.) people to HELP. Any ideas? Jerry Cook, 18 Woodlawn Ave., Ockbald, N.Y. 11768, (516) TL 90974. Live and Love.

IF YOU'RE not a girl-type who reads these ads with intent to answer, read not this. If exists there a girl smothered with social gamesmanship, a genuine human, unburied with self-entertainment, I want to communicate with you. Resumes cleared from GIRLS ONLY who are at least average physically, and around my 21 years, had, Ken Gardner, P.O. Box 168, New York 11615.

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

MATURE gentleman seeking young sexy and unattached girl to travel abroad, must be willing to travel most of the year. When in New York show my photo outside apartment. All expenses paid. Call R. L. J. 628-4568.

YOUNG man (25) would like to meet attractive, sophisticated lady, 40 to 50 for drinks, opera, dinner, sex, etc. or whatever suits your whim. Call Home: 677-1335.

WANDERER with grand E. Village pad needs old lady. No questions asked, but hang-up, run-away poolies, take-pleas, forget it! Call 477-9568, ask for Greco.

GERRI BEVER, where are you? The sky is falling, but I've got a new umbrella. If you're dead, let me know.

YOUNG businessman (26) disease cute and intelligent girl same age exchanging companionship, discounts and tele-phones. Call HA 4-8384 nights. No home please.

TO MARK LEAR or MARK HOLLAND. Please call home. We haven't gotten anyone if you have the films but we 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 5236, Highlandtown Station, Baltimore, MD 21224.

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

ARTISTIC girl needs a chick. Unattached in sex unless as an expression of love or at least strong affection. Call OR 7-6446 evenings. Fags, papers, speed fives and crazes need not apply.

TALL, young college graduate, 22, (B&G) love midwest seeks love and companionship from a sexy and sincere girl 18-20. Object: dating and 100%-100% end marriage. Am serious mind of, handsome, working toward master's. Sincere replies only. P.O. Box 7, Woodbury, New York 11797.

WANTED: EXTREMELY WELL-BUILT BLAUE, white, weight-lifter, muscular-heavy type and seeking an exciting blaster, dial XRAY - ABC, as for Stan.

OUNG boy, goodlooks, seeks teenage white chick for fuck in sexual relationship. Lyons, Post Office, Box 228, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036.

BACHELOR, young 62, seeks attractive, warm, affectionate young lady to share his solitude and to be cared for. Please very early or late 535-7245.

GIRLS leaving late June for Costa Rica. One year. Expand your mind and body. Go in peace. **JAYDEE**, 60 Vase Hall Street, New London, Conn.

GIRLS wanted. Post for nudist magazine. \$50, 2 yrs. Attractive. Lee, Studio "A", 40 M. 398, 1/2 p.m. 273-6452.

GUY wants girl with sexy fat belly. Or if your husband doesn't appreciate your tits and sex, sneak out. Call ONLY 11 p.m. Monday thru Friday, 245 3356. Howe Island girl ONLY.

BEGINNER in French needs female with firm, clean, shapely body to practice on. No charge for this service. Special attention given to handicapped girls. Gentleman, young, hairy, will travel within 50 miles of N.Y.C. Box 65A, Crosskill, New Jersey.

LADY, mature, paragonically educated, cultural background, fine education, intelligent, refined, sensitive, not interested in sex, seeks lasting companionship with well to do, well, older gentleman. Write, Box 15, Box 271, Peter Stevens and Son, N.Y.C.

ATTRACTIVE girl, 28, 4'11", neck-ner, artistic, hints, must like to meet someone, outgoing, friendly, sexy, black, blonde, 40-49. Sincere replies only. M. Tauxon, Box 524, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York, NY 10017, Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. C.

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

GIRLS ONLY, (18-30) who seek the invitation to Stonewall Manhattan parties, phone, photo to disclosures assured. Write G.P.D., Box 1272, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

28 YR. OLD N.J. Professional man with sincere, quiet outlook would like to meet affectionate girl of similar build with interest in classical and tempo music. Creative, intelligent and very flexible. Write to: B. N. P.O. Box 1174, Moorefield, N.J. 07005.

MALE 26, needs money or job. Beautiful, artistic, versatile. Send suggestions and my checks to: John, 422 E. 72 St., Apartment 2-B, N. Y. C.

FOR EXPERIENCED young man, 24, tall, dark Stewart at L 1-4329, Day or Night.

MATURE gentleman seeks girl to mix his traveling schedule in his East Side apartment, must enjoy traveling abroad and push high life. \$150.00 per week, plus all expenses. Call R. L. J. 628-4503, after 5 p.m.

WIBBLES, clean young buck needed for conversation at very late Village dinners and occasional fun, against financial aid other rewards, by busy professional. Call 342-1729, after 11 p.m.

MAN, 30, wants to assist handsome, well-built young (under 35) studs. Must be straight, both types. Individuals or groups. Call SCARFAP, No answers please.

INTRODUCING to English, book, pretty, girl—equaling bright, affectionate writer wants you to share delights of conversation, beach and lay. Jay, 889-5024. (Sometimes electronically answered).

SEEK attractive unattached girl, chunky good figure. Need a place to stay for a while? I've got it. Complete, atmospheric, comfortable, most probably free for right person. Call 326-6565, after 8 p.m., Brooklyn.

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

PROFESSIONAL man 29 desires young good looking warm unattached girl for pleasure on long term relationship. Call Box 874-4796.

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

HIP young Negro wants to meet same type of white girls for fun and possible permanent relationship. 18, 25, Write Attention, Box 2542, Patuxent, Md. Phone 201-279-9532 v. Walker. (Photo if possible).

POOR married gentlemen, 52, seeks nice female for no longer Saturday night. No home, please! Shreveport St. Box 376, N.Y.C. 10009

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AESTHETIC, male, white (30's, 5'11", 160 lbs.) seeks unattached relationship with entry level female (mid 20s) who is athletic, intelligent, outgoing. Write P.O. Box 4562, Grand Central Station, New York City 10017.

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