

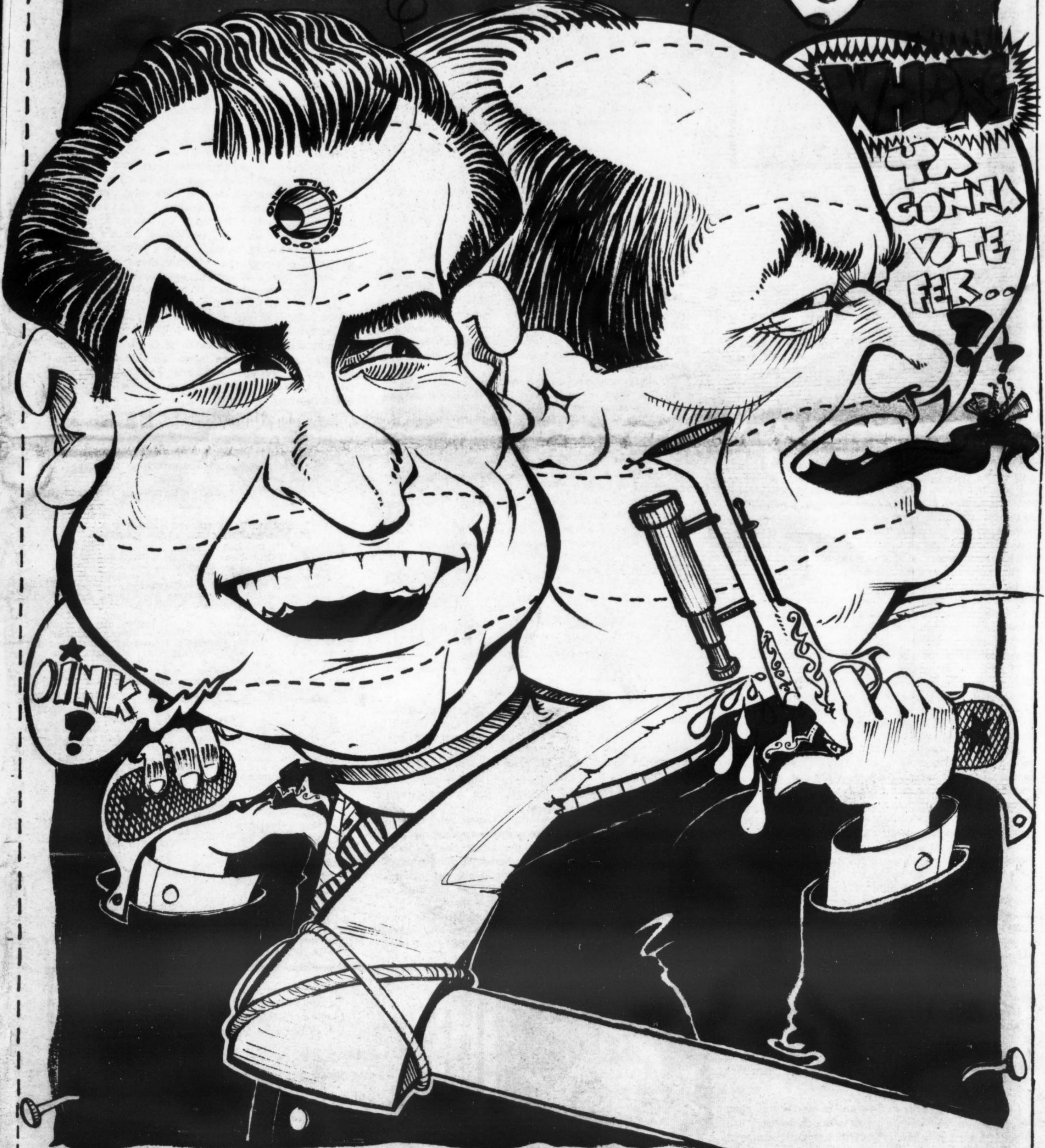
WEST VILLAGE

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BABY

NOVEMBER 8, 1968

JERRY

LETTERS

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 TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY
 NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

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Dear EVO:

We're leaving the country right after election day. Please stop sending EVO. Sorry,

GEORGE NAVE
 Roselle, N. J.

Dear EVO:

(Re: "Up Against The Wall / Bill Graham." Vol. 3, No. 47) . . .

Why don't these Motherfucker schmucks just go over to the Free Store and do their own thing instead of trying to take over Bill Graham's Fillmore East?

I've been showing films at the Free Store every Wednesday at midnight for 2 months. Let someone else stage a regular open poetry reading or an open folk sing.

They can get it listed under "HAPPENINGS," right?

Best,
 MARSHALL ANKER

Dear EVO:

David Bodie (NYU Debate, EVO, 25 Oct.) is full of shit. Understand from the beginning Hatchett was placed into nearly impossible role: the blacks on campus and the whites/administration DO NOT harmonize; Hatchett was hired to harmonize but found himself IN BETWEEN the administration and the blacks. To harmonize, by being "patient" and by parroting administration (liberal) gestures, would have been to compromise what blackness is all about. He was forced to make a choice: represent the administration's "gratuitous" point of view to his fellow blacks; or, to represent the black point of view to the whites/administration. He made his choice, and the whites/administration—if they were sincerely interested in harmonizing — should have had the patience to try to learn what "black consciousness" and the black point of view are.

Whether whites agree or not that Humphrey and Shanker are "racist bastards" is irrelevant. What does count is that that statement accurately reflects the black point of view; and the reasons why that is the black point of view are obvious, if not sociologically documented long ago . . .

Bodie says Hatchett didn't get to the "roots of racism" which are "man's fear of the unknown." Not unknown, Bodie, misknown—misrepresented. There is a white vision of blackness, it exists, and it is false and predominantly racist. Only blacks can tell us what blackness really is. Bodie, unbelievably, castigates a black man for not being "patient." Shades of good old southern Paternalism (spelled r-a-c-i-s-m . . . Bodie remonstrates Hatchett for "failing to teach his academic peers what he and the blacks are all about." Hatchett told it the way it is, plain and straight in his kind of language, and whites like Bodie would be better off if they tried to learn that language.

NYU and the country won't ever be able to harmonize until they can understand what men like John Hatchett are talking about.

EERGOG AAMT

Dear EVO:

I went to the great UFT rally at City Hall and told a cop, "I want to join the counter demonstrators."

"I don't know of any. You can go in there with them if you want to," he said, gesturing at the marching franks behind the barricades. He smiled; "They'll tear you apart."

I laughed: "They're teachers."

I went ahead. Directly in their line of march, I stopped and lofted my sign, one of their placards which I had found and amended: RESTORE ORDER IN OUR SCHOOLS was the printed slogan, atop which I'd written SHANKER BUTCHERS EDUCATION, and over the union identification below, I'd pasted P.S. 7-8 PARENTS BACK OCEAN HILL—WE WANT COMMUNITY CONTROL, TOO.

"Look at the pig," a young female teacher yelled, and

soon a large group of teachers was chanting at me, "Pig, pig." Another woman sneered, "You should go to Brownsville, Pig. That's where you belong."

"That's right, Shanker's a butcher," another woman announced proudly, "Shanker'll butcher fuckin pigs like you." Another female shrieked, "We're gonna get rid of your shitty kind."

"People like you should be killed," a man muttered indignantly.

"Exterminated," a lady agreed.

"Is that what you teach?" I asked them.

The woman who had told me to go to Brownsville taunted, "You should live with THEM." Another said with smirking sarcasm, "You should teach there. They NEED you." Others chorused: "They NEED you."

It didn't make any sense to me, the peculiar sneering stress on NEED: "Why is that supposed to be an insult?"

"Try teaching the little punks in Brownsville, you Bastard. You'll find out."

"This is the only moment in my life that I've seriously considered becoming a teacher," I told them, wondering if the "unwanted personnel" at Ocean Hill was like them.

"You're a real McCoy under the skin," a male voice called.

They shouted: "Racist! . . . Racist bastard! . . . Black Racist!" (I am white). During the course of the demonstration I heard many other insults of racial character from those who bore such standards as END RACISM IN OUR SCHOOLS.

The police ordered me to move from my original position on Park Row near the City Hall driveway, so I went to the Municipal Building in search of counter demonstrators.

There was also a woman passing out the reports of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Public Education Agency. She gave me an armful to distribute. With my sign tucked under my arm, I was mistaken for a UFT official, and many teachers lined up to receive the literature.

My supply was quickly exhausted. As no counter demonstrators were in evidence, I went to the Broadway and re-entered the UFT line. It was an all-too interesting study of mob psychology:

For minutes at a time, there would be no trouble; the marchers would pass with only some dirty looks and scattered boos; then someone would begin to heckle me, and a snarling pack would quickly gather around me.

A marching Queens mother prophesied, "You'll wind up in a concentration camp."

"Well, what do you think of this intimidation?" I asked the man who was outraged at the intimidation of UFT members.

"They're just angry," he explained soothingly. "They are just talking."

Another Queens matron berated me: "No, they don't."

"Don't what?"

"They don't believe that," she insisted, and pointed to my sign. "The parents—"

"Lady, you don't know my neighborhood. The parents in Brooklyn Heights voted to keep the schools open and oppose the strike."

"No, they didn't."

A man lectured me solemnly: "Fifty thousand teachers can't be wrong."

"Would you say that fifty million Germans can't be wrong?"

Although the other unions marching with the teachers were notorious for their exclusion of Negroes and Puerto Ricans, I had no trouble with any except a gang of foul-mouth plumbers.

When I was standing amid the picketers at Park Row and Broadway, a young male teacher grabbed my arm, tried to pull me away from the picket line. "There's going to be violence if you stay here," he snarled, making it sound like a promise. A cop intervened, shoving him away. The UFTer loudly argued that I should be removed — arrested maybe. "Arrest him!" the mob shouted. The cop kept telling the demonstrators to move on. They didn't. A hefty middle-aged female teacher jumped on my back, nearly knocking me down, then

tried to yank away my placard; tore it; other hands reached for it. A plumber, wearing a Wallace button and a red white and blue hat, rushed up, waving his fists, vowed, "I'd like to break every bone in your body." The policeman stopped him. "Get him!" the pack howled, surging around us, "Get him!" The woman who had jumped me kept screaming at me, "You oughta be ashamed of yourself!"

In order to prevent more trouble, the cop ordered me to leave but he had been friendly, determined to keep anyone from pushing me around.

As I walked away, I couldn't help wondering at the irony of threats and violence from those who self-righteously condemn the anger at Ocean Hill where there has been far more provocation than one quiet protest.

HARRY SMITH

Dear EVO:

We have the distinguished honor of being members of the Committee to raise \$30,000 to be used for the placing of statue of John V. Lindsay in New York. The committee was in a quandary over the site of the statue. We thought it was not wise to place it beside that of George Washington who never told a lie, nor beside that of F.D.R. who never told the truth, for John V. Lindsay doesn't know the difference. After some careful consideration, we decided that it should be placed beside that of Christopher Columbus, the greatest frontiersman of them all. He started out not knowing where he was going or where he was when he got there and upon returning, did not know where he had been — and he did it all on borrowed money.

The inscription will read, "I pledge allegiance to John V. Lindsay and to the City Department for which he stands, one man expendable with socialism and taxes for all, unless on relief."

As Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, and mount your asses and camels and I will lead you to the Promised Land." Nearly 6,000 years later, F.D.R. said "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light up a Camel, this is the Promised Land." Now John V. Lindsay is stealing yours shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of Camels and taking over the Promised Land.

If you are one of the few people who have some money left after taxes, we expect a contribution from you.

Yours very truly,

COMMITTEE TO ERECT A STATUE OF OUR MAYOR

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By mail, carrier or other means	500	500
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CYBERNATION AND HUMAN RIGHTS

by Robert Theobald

MY USE OF the word cybernation instead of automation does not stem from a desire to *seem* to be saying something new. On the contrary, I use the word cybernation because it represents something quite different from automation. Automation was the process by which you could take a block of metal, put it in at one end of a series of machines and it would come out at the other, as a finished engine block, without the need for human intervention. Automated machinery could do some things fast and well; nevertheless, its potential to organize people out of work was limited because it was inflexible.

Cybernation, however, is highly flexible and will become more so as time passes. Cybernation is the process of linking a computer, which is effectively a machine which will make decisions, and using it to control automated machinery. These interlocking machine-systems can often be controlled by a few people sitting at computers, while the requirements for other workers are very small, for not only will the machines do all the work but the latest ones are being built practically to repair themselves. The potential to organize human beings out of work in order to increase the efficiency of machine-systems is already large and rapidly growing. In other words, the present type of change in technology cannot be considered merely a continuation of the organizational process of the last one hundred and fifty years—it means something completely new which is quietly taking place all around us. Cybernation involves a production revolution which has two major consequences. First, in the field of production it is challenging and will increasingly challenge the supremacy of man's mind, and it will do this just as surely as the industrial revolution challenged and overcame the supremacy of man's muscle. In the relatively near future the machine-systems will take over all repetitive physical and mental production tasks and huge numbers of people will be thrown out of work. It has been estimated by some authorities that as little as 10% or even 2% of the labor force will be required for conventional work in the future.

The idea that we can continue to aim at finding a job for everybody is obsolete. A large proportion of those born in the fifties and sixties have no prospect of ever holding an ordinary job. There is no role in today's economy for those teen-agers who are high-school dropouts and there is increasingly little place for those over fifty-five.

Such a picture seems bleak to many: they seem afraid that there will not be enough toil to go round. To me, on the other hand, it appears like the lifting of the curse of Adam for it will no longer be necessary for man to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. Machines could perform the productive toil and men could receive the resulting abundance, for machines would not only take over all the toil, they would also make it possible to turn out effectively unlimited quantities of both goods and services. U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, has expressed it in the following terms:

The truth, the central stupendous truth, about developed countries today is that they can have—in anything but the shortest run—the kind and scale of resources they decide to have . . . It is no longer resources that limit decisions. It is the decision that makes the resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change—perhaps the most revolutionary mankind has ever known.

There is no need—and no excuse—for poverty in the America of the second half of the twentieth century. Why then, does it exist, and what can be done? Before I discuss this I want to present a few figures which will show that there is already too much unemployment, that there is the ability to produce more goods and services, and that we will have more unemployment and more ability to produce additional goods and services in coming years.

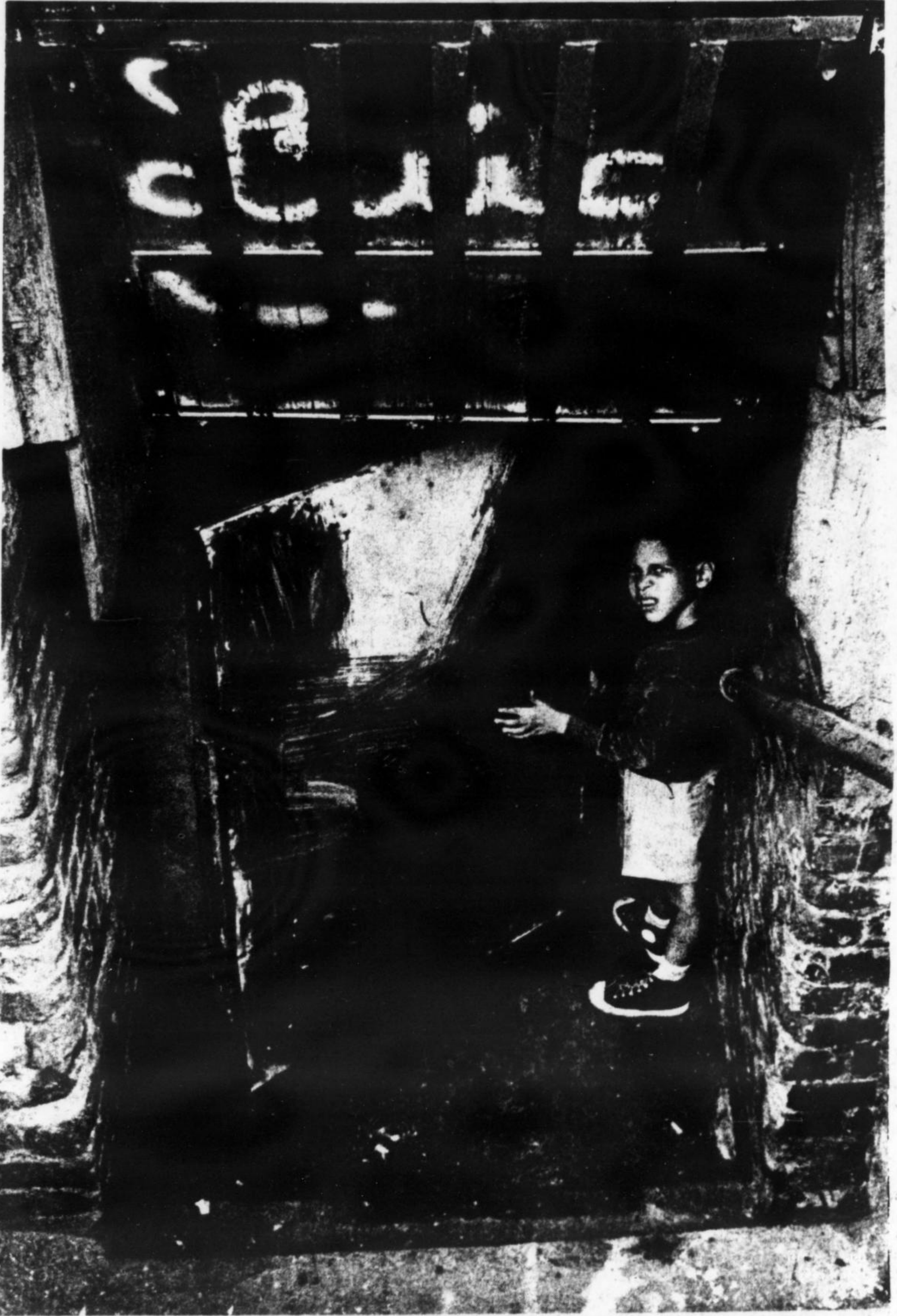


photo: Walter Breidel

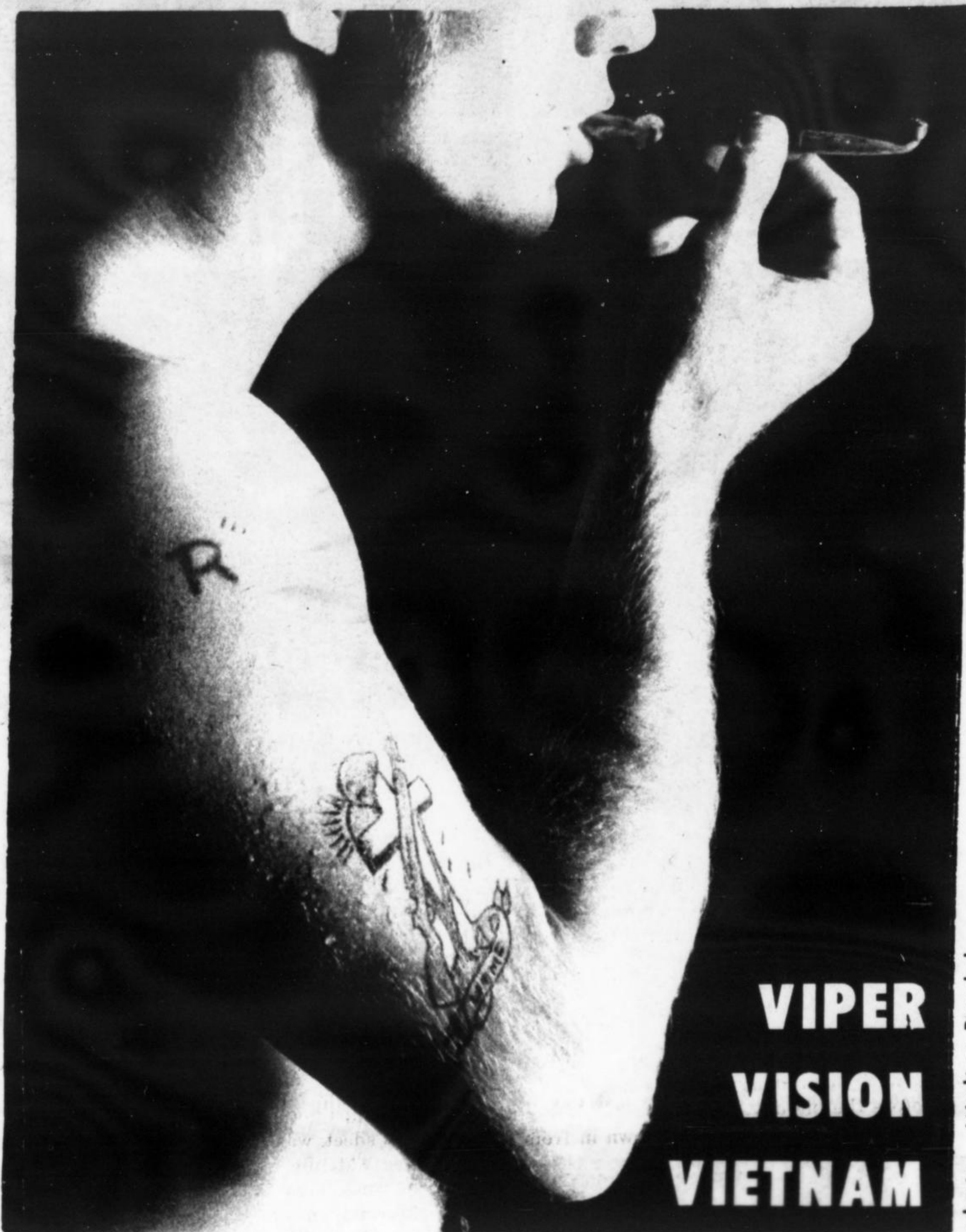
First, unemployment rates have remained around or above the excessive rate of 5.5% during the sixties. (The last few months have seen a decline to 5.1%.) The unemployment rate for teenagers has been rising steadily, reaching 17% in 1963; the unemployment rate for Negro teenagers was 27% in 1963, while the unemployment rate for teenagers in minority ghettos often exceeds 50%. Unemployment rates for Negroes are regularly above twice those for whites, whatever their occupation, educational level, age or sex. The unemployment position for other racial minorities is also unfavorable.

These official figures seriously underestimate the true extent of the unemployment problem. In 1962, in addition to the percentage of the labor force who were officially unemployed, nearly 4% of the labor force wanted full-time work but could only find part-time jobs. Methods of calculating unemployment rates—a person is only unemployed if he has actively sought a job recently—ignore the existence of a large group who would like to find jobs but who have

not looked for them because they know there are no employment opportunities. Underestimation for this reason is particularly severe for people in groups whose unemployment rates are high—the young, the old and racial minorities. Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor, has stated that at least 350,000 young men between 14 and 24 have stopped looking for work. Many people in the depressed agricultural, mining and industrial areas, who officially hold jobs but who are actually grossly under-employed, would move if there were real prospects of finding work elsewhere. It is therefore reasonable to estimate that around eight million people are looking for jobs today as compared to the 3.6 million shown in the official statistics.

Even more serious is the fact that the number of people who have voluntarily removed themselves from the labor force is not static but increases continually. For these people the decision to stop looking for employment and to accept the fact that they will never hold a job or will not hold a job again is

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Weaver: Now, we're gonna talk to an ex-marine, a veteran of the Vietnamese — ah — police action (giggles) about the use of narcotics by the serviceman in Vietnam.

Now, how long were you in Vietnam?

A — About two years.

W — Did you use any drugs like marijuana and so forth, before you went into the service?

A — Yes, since I was fourteen.

W — And you're now how old?

A — Twentytwo.

W — Okay, now . . . Ever since John Steinbeck Jr. went to Vietnam and made a big report, and subsequently a big stink, and he said like something like ninety percent, 75 percent, of the servicemen in Vietnam smoke grass. Kin you tell how many guys, to your knowledge, use narcotics?

A — Well, I didn't have many friends that didn't smoke, and those who didn't smoke, weren't friends . . . They were mostly lifers. You know, tramps.

W — What's a tramp?

A — A tramp is a man who can not hack it on the outside, cannot survive in civilian life and has to mooch off the government. You know, a career serviceman. And they are about the only ones who don't smoke.

W — What about officers?

A — A lot of younger officers smoke. And it takes a while to find out who they are, but after a while they come out in the open just like everybody else.

W — Here in the U.S. you hear a lot about opium houses in Vietnam.

A — Well, when you first get there, you don't know anything, and you're afraid to find out who the heads are, because you do have the rats, you know. Well, once you get to know the score, if you're like that, if you dig the opium scene and all, and you want to go risk

your fuckin' neck to get it there's some out-asight opium houses. You have to sneak through MP's, mine fields . . . One you get in town you have to evade the VC . . . But once you get through all that shit, you get to the opium house. Which is usually in a long, dark alley, and there's a big, heavy thing to get to it . . . But once you get to it, it's out of sight. And if you can take twentyone hits off the opium pipé, you don't have to pay. Three hits for a buck. You go in there, and there's an old mama-san sitting there on the bed, always high . . . Always high. Never any expression on her face at all. Just lays on her side with the opium pipe next to her, and you go in there and lay down there facing her on your side, and she offers you the pipe, and you don't touch it except for your mouth.

W — What does she do?

A — She drops a little black bead in this pipe, and takes an eyedropper with some clear liquid, and puts a drop on this little bead and lights it. Don't know what that stuff is. And you take one big hit . . . One big hit, and that's it . . . And then she loads it again . . . (giggles) And if you can take twentytwo of those, you don't have to pay. And nobody thinks you're great if you can take twentytwo hits, nobody even raises an eyebrow, because you know . . . It's been done, it's their thing. So, there's Vietnamese in there, VC in there. VC walk in there that are known VC and get high, and it's a big happy thing.

W — You smoke right along with the VC?

A — Guys walk in there that are known VC, you can tell, you know, because the civilians don't carry machine guns and things. . . And they get high right along with us, and nobody talks but we talk with our eyes. And it's just an understood thing that we're like a different bunch of people than everybody else in the

by Ken Weaver

world because we're just there to get high, we're not there to fight. Nobody puts nobody uptight.

W — Like, being a veteran marijuana addict, you've smoked lots of grass — like, Acapulco Gold, Redondo Red, New Jersey mauve . . . How does the best grass in the U.S. compare with the Vietnamese Venusian, or whatever it is? How does it stand up?

A — Well, Vietnamese gass is the best I ever hope to have. The only thing better is the stuff from Bangkok.

W — Ahem?

Guys that pull R&R, rest and recuperation, five days. . . Guys that suck enough ass get to for five days. And you get your choice of Bangkok, Hong Kong, Japan. . . Thailand. . . But you can't go to Australia because they don't like niggers. Niggers are not allowed in Australia, that's why it's not on the R&R list. Anyway, the best grass I've ever had comes from Bangkok, and it comes in cigarette packages, sealed, cellophane, the whole bit, and they have their brand names. . . Heavenly Skies is one, five bucks a pack. And a half a joint will just, I mean. . . You don't even want to smoke the rest. Super dynamite grass.

W — What about hash.

— I've never seen it in the Far East. I dunno why. I mean, the grass is so great and outasight. . .

W — Did you ever hear about anyone getting catnipped, burned?

A — Definitely. My first tour over there, you bought grass and that was it. The second time they got wise, and unless you knew what was going on you could buy a hundred joints for ten bucks, and half of them wouldn't even be grass at all. Just some kind of tobacco. Those people are justgetting hip to what we've been doing for a long time.

W — Did you ever smoke with officers?

A — I smoked with one officer, from Jersey. He had long hair, moustache, and didn't give a fuck, he'd just button his tie, and he was a great guy. . . But when it came right down to it, . . . He'd fuck you in a second. Because that was more important to him than the head thing.

W — What about MP's, you ever smoke with MP's?

A — Most MP's are cool. But it takes you a long time to realise it because first thing you think is cops, law, and order, and you steer clear of them because they are the Law, for the military. So you don't fuck with them, and you don't talk to them, and you don't get buddy with them. . . But most of them are just regular guys, they got sucked into that job — or heads, you know, and no matter how you look at it they're straight guys, most of them.

W — How does a new guy to Vietnam make friends, meet heads?

A — Well, it's so obvious, because if you've ever smoked at all you know the smell of burning grass and it's everywhere. You can tell a head; one head knows another head no matter what the fuck. And the guys that don't smoke are the minority. They're mostly afraid to say anything because the majority smokes, and that is the thing. And the guys that don't smoke are in their own little fucked up bag, don't know nothin, don't do nothin. don't fuckin' nothin but suck ass, to make a career out of their life in the military. If you get over there, and you've smoked before, you know a head immediately. I mean, anybody that walks guard at night with shades on for Christ sake. . . (giggles)

W — Now, in the Air force there's the OSI, the Air Force gestapo, and in the Army there's the CID. I was wondering, do they utilise informers, cats that come on like heads to entrap you? You know, 'Heymanyouwanna-buysomegrass', and the bust you. Do they have guys like than in Vietnam.

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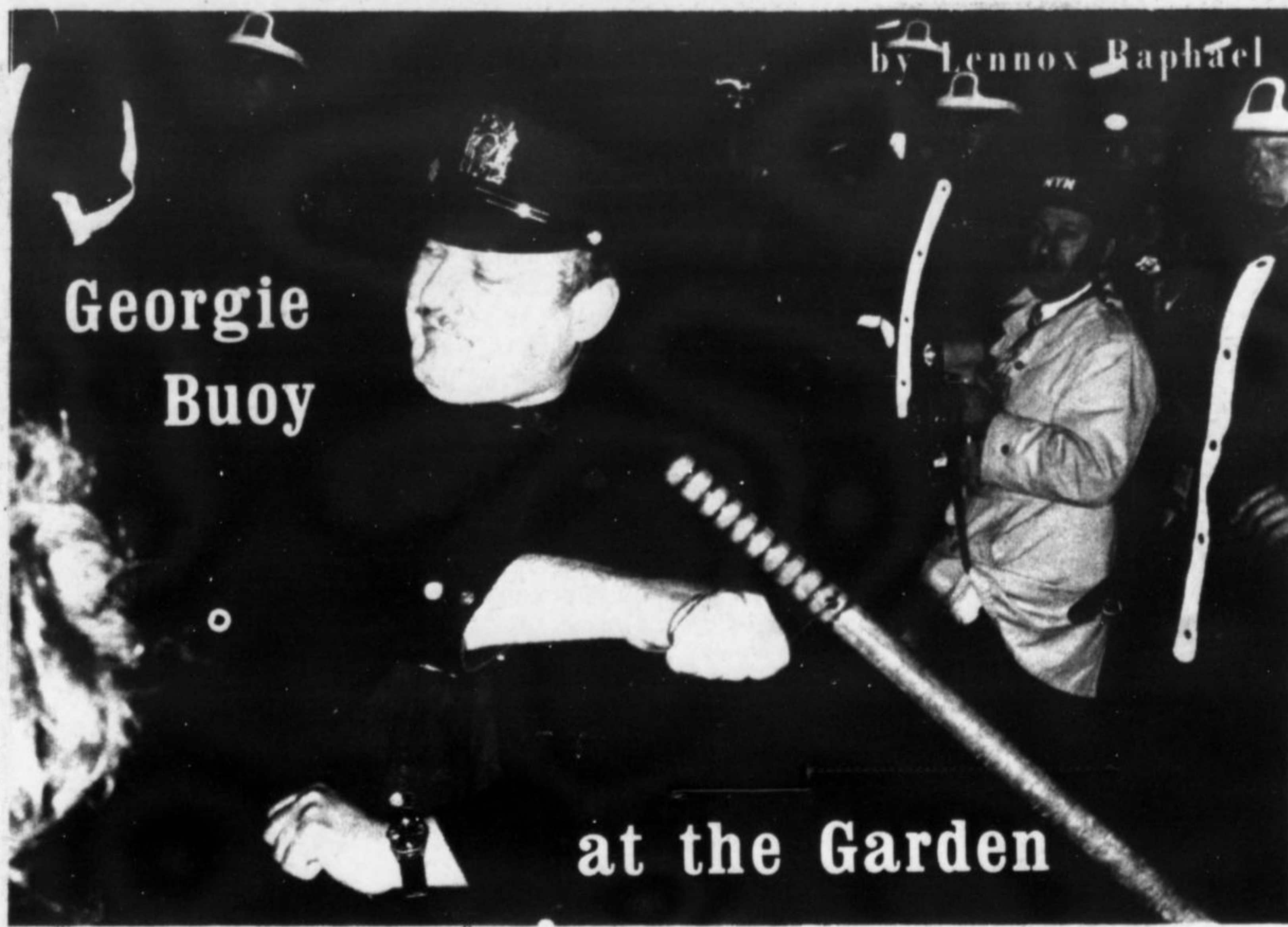
"I've been wanting to fight the main event in the Garden for a long time," George Corley said to the thousands of voices seeming million★ loves for his daring sweet unjealous madness, the promise the promise of his righteous balls.

"Baby, baby, baby — y'all are my sunshine," Curtis said. And he would kill the first sinner who called him Coitus.

"Hey there, sweetie," George Corley said. This woman, more beautiful than y'all who'd come & gone. "Hey there, sweetie," he insisted. The Governor thought of Lurleen. Cancer took her. And Ja-Neen. By impatience. George Corley felt good, his ribs tickled; he felt like flying. He was seeing the dream. He was blowing kisses to Halloween & they were raining down on frozen lips of overejaculated fantasies. George Corley was gooooooood. George Corley would have this one. Corley was hard & hot for this one (the shoving flesh & sweat) his Confederate BVDs, Cochise necklace & erect smile lashing out like acid indigestion after a very good night, now; and Madison Square Garden was brand new & wide open for that Thursday night orgy of left & right & spite inbetween, and George Corley saying, "Give it to me, sweetie," moving up with a rounding interest, "all over you," he coooood, "come all over you, baby!"

"Give it to her!"

Fifteen thousand lovers were shouting their loins hoarse. "Move it this way," Corley said; "—and that!" He was the Midnight Mover. "Yes. My power & magic is great enough to drive you back to the Stone Age of fumbling idiocy," he whispered. "I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR ANARCHY, but it won't do you any good." He had been saying it all week in all the unbelievable minutes & places where, suddenly, Hope (?) seemed restless and threatened the peace and security of the Great Society (of nightmares), to be followed perhaps by a Greater Society (of nightmares without dreams). Well, George Corley's last Thursday in Manhattan was those hours in love with fire like a 100% fresh chicken delight. Brand new dream &



nightmare of Forgotten Men & Disenchanted Idealists. Right on! And sometimes during the main event he would begin to wave; and he would stop. He would wave & wave & hold up his hands to wave, and when tired THEY (his 15,000 lovers) would hold up his hands to wave back to them; and they would go soft on themselves & scream & laugh back screaming as he stood for 20 minutes in the light of their love. He would be President. His mind was in a rage of honey. Such a hard week of longing eyes that took him thru into the Midwest & Southern border states to New York, his city of Eastern sin. And on that Sunday he would return to Montgomery for his last day of rest before the big day.

All 5★foot★7 of him was flown in from Dur-

ham, N. C. Thursday afternoon. At last, he was in New Yawk, and the Anarchists couldn't stop him. "Nobody could," he said, at the airport press conference. And he had "more support in New York State than most political observers would admit. I think you'll find that most of the people of New York, whether they vote for me or not, will agree with what I have to say."

What does the fifth day say?

And then all (or almost) his boys in blue were there, welcoming him, protecting him; emerged triumphantly from that Hong Kong flu with pumping hearts & cold stares. He drove on their lips. He danced in their cheeks. He was their lips and cheeks. He made them shudder. His sheet was not showing. The whole world was watching, but it was their world, the one he would create for them. He embraced them & kissed them and danced with their lies in the moonlight. They sat on God.

"I'm kinda like what you've been feeling all your life," he knew their number. The day was partly cloudy, windy & cool, and the candidate was flushed. Tonight was his New York night & he would give it to them, all of them — Anarchists & Forgotten Men. And his Forgotten Men were screaming love right up to his big, beautiful, bold & dreamy eyes at a little 25 a plate party for him. Him, Him. And he touched them. He touched them again, and when they weren't looking, or while they were making their love, he would return; the voice, the eyes, the smile & halo would touch them, flush them, make them shudder like first love. They couldn't stop coming. Then his Secret Men & his Service Men took him up as though he was little Lucinda & put him on the magic carpet. His voice became wind, and wind beauty.

And everyone was waiting for him, inside, outside. The Garden was hot. The Anarchists were calling on his name outside, while his men in blue & running nose hid their free Wallace tie-clasps, and shoved the Anarchists around, and if you were only looking on, well they shoved you to their anarchism; their eyes throw daggers, flesh trembles; don't fence us in, they were saying, and looked it.

OUTSIDE: Wallace is pig meat, no Hong Kong flu tonight, FREE HUEY! SMASH WALLACE!, the faggots are guarding the fascists, the fascists are guarding the faggots, the pigs are guarding the pigs.

"Don't run, don't run. If they tell you to move, MOVE, but don't run. They want us to panic. Did you see how they were running down the street beating people left & right?"

... one, two, three bottles at several points & the Kong Boys deal out a few more whippings to a lull, breaking up groups, street warfare & isolationary tactics, plainclothesmen are in the

(Continued on Page 19)



Photos: Winston Vargas

It feels so long since I have actually written a column, the kind which flashes horizontally instead of doing a nosedive spiral . . . First of all, a RE-TRACTION: I did not write that review of *Barbarella* last week and have no (printable) idea who did. There is no use going through the godawful, ridiculous review which appeared, so I'll pretend it wasn't there . . . *Barbarella* is a —nice—film, and that is its whole problem. Instead of soothing any outstanding kinky twists the audience might favor, it just pours syrup over the whole vanilla fudge sundae goopiness and lets everyone titter and ache. Jane Fonda is marvelous as a big-eyed all-american country ass, all long legs and honey hair and smile; still, she possesses no mystery and no allure. She comes too easily and cheaply for any sense of chase or satisfaction. Somewhere in the middle of the fantastic, even the early Terry Southern dirty jokes seem to fade. Hopes quicken with the pinnacle balloons which drive the copulating Jane and friend over the frozen pond in their ice craft; hopes droop along with the fast-fading balloon as they drop their heads. The mechanical doll sequence has possibilities; Vadim always likes to destroy his women visually and cruelly (remember BB. Catherine De-neuve indirectly . . . ?) and after gently disrobing *Barbarella* for the first scene, a space tease stripping, he turns a little vicious. But it is petty viciousness, and like petty larceny, the crime is too common. After the dolls with their horrendous shark bites, little else fascinates. (Note: It is impossible to "emasculate" Jane Fonda unless last week's reviewer knows more about her hermpathrotic possibilities than anyone else would lay claim to). The Black Queen, played by an uncredited Anita Pallenberg (why? wasn't she supposed to be in the movie?) had great touches and lines: "Come, my pretty, prrr-etty, purr-etty" reaching out with a long-black claw to touch the covered but un'plastic breast standing so perkily.

There is an angel, a long-lost species of birdmen, who gets crucified, decrucified ("Decrucify that angel!"—it may become a new slogan) and also gets one of the greatest lines. The City of Night where the Black Queen reigns has been destroyed, and Tovar escapes, carrying off *Barbarella* and the Queen, flying away, away . . . *Barbarella* indignantly looks at him, asks why he saved *her*, the wicked one, and he blindly gazes out to us, smiling, "An

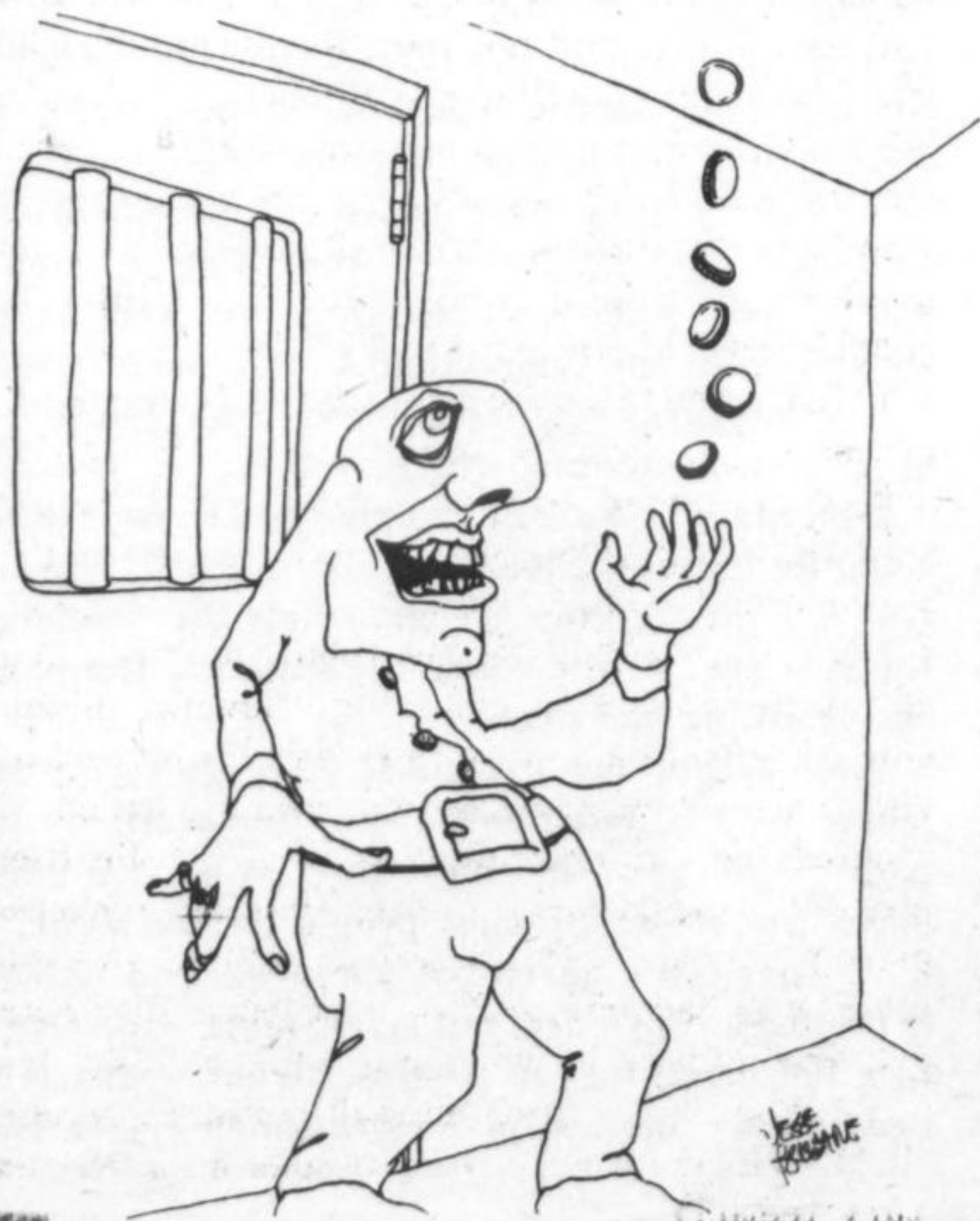
angel has no memory." *Barbarella* and angel are at the Forum, 47th & Bway.

EARTH opened last week, spun around, went crazy and maybe even ended up with reversed poles; it's hard to say. Earth is on East 49th Street which is a microcosm of natural activity at any time, a combination of West 4th, Park Avenue and Times Square. (All you have to know is who to ask where to go). At any rate, the invitation to this new discotheque had no time on it, so 10 seemed a good idea, until we got there. There was a line out on the street, and when you could believe it, the line went up the stairs inside. Vision: everyone was trying to make it to a Noah's Ark on the top floor, and in typical human fashion, couldn't believe there was enough room for all. There wasn't, so for once a lot of humans were right; Earth has four floors (the elements?) and on the lowest was lots of food, including ham hocks and black-eyed peas, fruit punch and roast beef and a few bare breasts which were not too appetizing, but were pink at any rate . . . Going up on high, one came across rock bands, then a bar floor with psychedelic wall equipment but no liquor yet (Once, before Earth, there was a private gay club in this same building; and the authorities were just not handling out liquor licenses that fast to such nonreputable addresses. Ha.) After the bar which served club soda and grenadine with brave smiles and hopeful eyes, there was a groovy black-light hallway—the best thing of all—and then 2 more floors. For a change of pace from Arthur, Earth should do it, especially if it gets a liquor license.

Dionysus in 69 has opened again, and the Performance Group has a few new members, and a rather new production, or version, one which is high-powered, concentrated, and quite beautifully executed. Over the summer, the performers obviously went through many changes, and now succeed in revealing their heads as well as their bodies. Several overlong passages have been cut, and various other scenes worked out to potential visibility, such as the death of Pentheus, he who flouted the presence of Dionysus. The play deserves a column, so next week will be a full discussion. Meanwhile, it is presented Thurs-Sun., 8:30 p.m. 33 Wooster, the Performance Garage. Tel: 925-8712. The ga-

Chilm

by Lita Eliscu

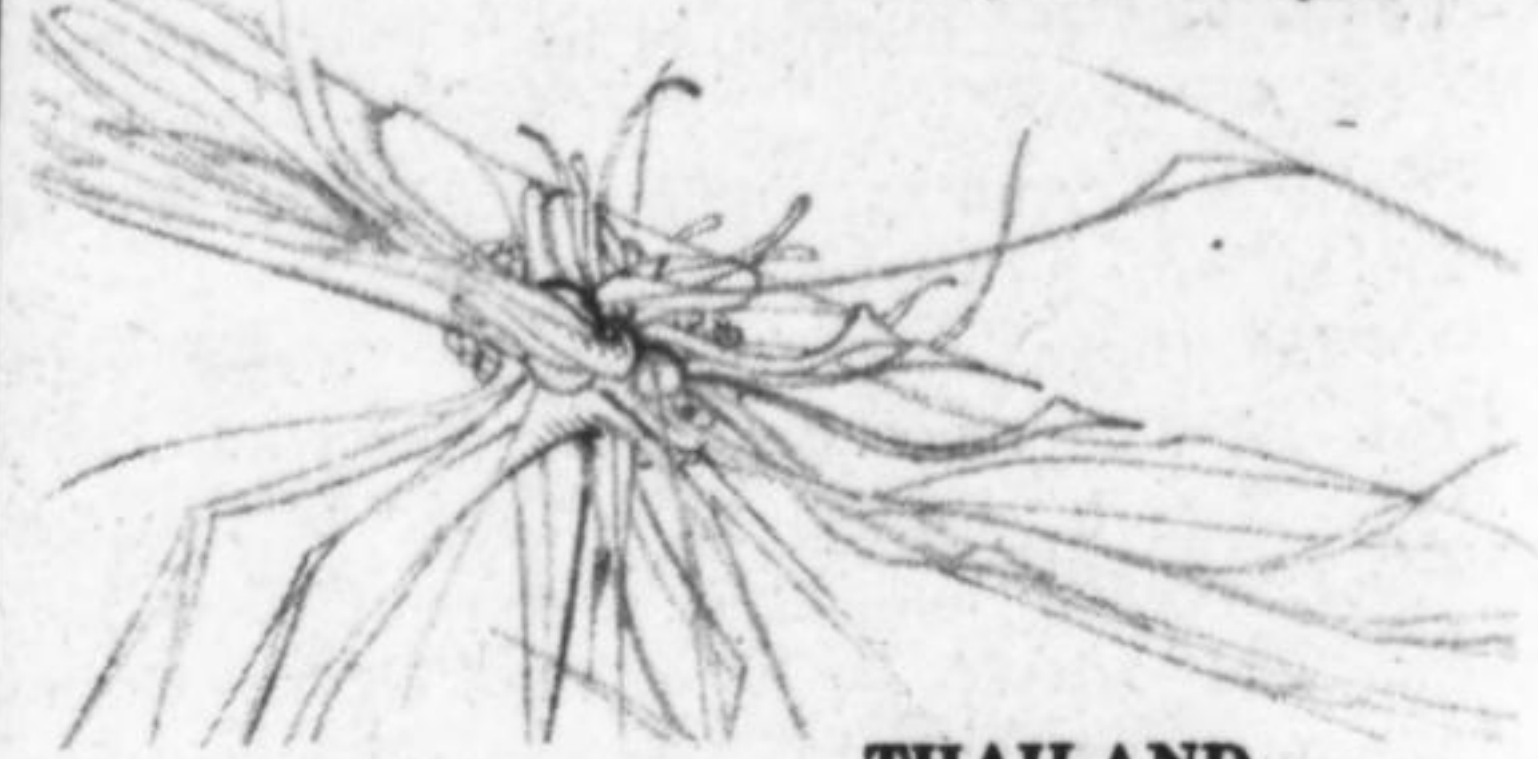


rage, by the way, is one of the most, beautiful spaces in this city and ought to give many people a rethink on how space can be used informatively and expressively.

If you haven't . . . seep? caught . . . ? grabbed . . . ? Flesh at the Garrick, then by all means go, no matter what your private interests are. It is funny, and all that, and a celebration of one of the basic sources of pleasure; human flesh . . . A review comes soon. Garrick is next to the Cafe Au Go Go.

The Lion in Winter, starring Katherine Hepburn and Peter O'Toole is fantastic. By all means see this impossible, vast, amorphous film, a panoramic wide-as-America view of King Henry and his queen, Eleanor, and what can happen to a simple family when only one (of 3) sons can be King of England. The color is off; the cameraman seems to only know two shots: either a zoom of the whole coast of France or a closeup of Hepburn's face. Still, the movie has grandeur, drama, and a ridiculous power to impossibly convey what a family can be like. It is playing at the 57th St. Lincoln Art Theatre.

ROACHES



THAILAND

LIBERATION News Service

The political situation continues to worsen in Thailand.

* The country's railroads have been put on a military footing. Train personnel now carry shoulder firearms and grenades and wear steel helmets.

* Praset Rutchi Ravong, the regiemn's Chief of Police, communicated to the forces under his command that all vacation leaves were being canceled. It was officially announced that the United States has trained thirty 50-man Special Police groups.

* Results of a survey carried out by the United States Operations Mission (USOM) in a number of provinces in the interior to find out the opinions of the rural population about the United States are being kept strictly secret.

* Regional chiefs have been authorized to arrest all persons suspected of being "Communists" and to detain them in special camps. The number of concentration camps and "strategic hamlets" has continually increased under the auspices of the "rural programs" — Thai version of the military-civic action prescribed by the Pentagon.

There has been an intensification of a systematic policy aimed against the Mong, Meo, Dao and other national minorities. They are being evicted from their lands in order to make room for the building of huge concentration camps, such as the Mewai, located in the province of Chiang Rei. This action is being taken against the minorities on the pretext that they constitute a social base for the guerillas.

There is serious debate within SEATO now about Thailand. Jesus Vargas, Secretary General of SEATO is busily trying to promote military support for the Thnam-Prphas regime, which rules Thailand.

There have also been conversations and agreements with the governments of Burma and Vientiane about strengthening the defense and repression apparatus on the borders to fight "infiltration."

The United States is continuing to maintain a heavy military presence in Thailand. The U.S. Air Force keeps 58,000 men in South Vietnam, and 45,000 men in Thailand. The United States gives the Thai generals generous material help: 15 transport planes equipped for shortspace landing and one and a half million tons in modern weapons. The U.S. has also set up an anti-guerrilla warfare school in Kanchanaburi Province (160 kilometers northeast of Bangkok); it is presently staffed with 1000 American instructors.

The step-up in counter-insurgency is the result of an upsurge in revolutionary armed struggle in Thailand. The fighting has spread to 30 of the country's 71 provinces. The Thai Army's losses are already being counted in the dozen, and are even being officially acknowledged by the Thai Government. The executions of puppet officials and informers have become everyday occurrences. Ambushes and annihilation actions are becoming more frequent.

The annihilation of the garrison at Huey Koo in Chiang Rai Province marked the beginning of a new operational stage. It is sure to register a substantial increase in guerrilla actions led by the Communist Party and the Patriotic Front of Thailand.

(from TRICONTINENTAL, the theoretical organ of the Secretariat of OSPAAAL — the Organization of Solidarity of th Peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America)

High in a round tower suite of the Ansonia Hotel, a relic of architecture's creative days, the Reverend Rose Ann Erickson presides over services of the Chapel Eternal Star. Reverend Erickson is an ordained minister of the General Assembly of Spirituists, "an ecclesiastical governing body, incorporated by special act of legislature of the State of New York, Laws of 1914. . . ." Among the precepts of Spiritualism is adherence to the "American principle of separation of Church and State," opposition to all wars, and "the recognition and demonstration of the gift of prophecy, clairvoyance, clair-audience, trance and other forms of mediumship." The General Assembly of Spirituists deplore "all base use" of the powers of Spiritualism and clearly distinguishes itself from "tricky imitations" and "fortune telling."

The Declaration of Principles of this group reads much like that of any non-denominational organization, except for the fourth and fifth statements, which reveal the particular bent of Spiritualism and perhaps the prime lure for many of its followers:

We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

We believe that the phenomena of nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.

We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion.

We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.

We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys nature's physical and spiritual laws.

We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

Spiritualism is defined in a pamphlet issued by the General Assembly of Spirituists as "the Science, Philosophy and Religion of continuous life, based on the demonstrated fact of a communication, by means of mediumship, with those who live in the Spirit World." It further defines a medium as "one whose organism is sensitive to vibrations from the Spirit World, and through whose instrumentality, Intelligences in that World are able to convey messages and produce the phenomena of Spiritualism."

In the chapel, on a Sunday meeting, initial homage was paid to Jesus by a Connie Francis and Co.-type recording of "How Great Thou Art." Rev. Erickson must be a religious woman, and while apparently not captive to any One Path, she seems to respond both intellectually and psychically, to what textbooks and manifestos on the Occult refer to as Ageless Wisdom, boosted by some oldtime Christian religion.

After she entered the room (where the Silence sign was acknowledged only peripherally by the whisperers) in a blue choir robe with a white collar, she took her seat behind a Byzantine lecturn-cum-altar and the company quieted immediately. The Rev. Erickson is a most usual looking woman, exhibiting no outward evidence of her spiritual powers. She is gray-to-white haired, wears 1950's-type "cat's-eye" glasses, and speaks in a clear voice, occasionally betraying an Irish inflection. She reminded me of a cross between an Irish saleslady in the corset department and a psychotherapist in a Bellevue clinic.

Rev. Erickson seemed absorbed by her congregation. After reading the Declaration of Principles to us, she concerned herself in her brief introductory talk with imprinting on our minds the importance of blessing others, of wishing them well, of giving out only what we would be happy to go back. She reminded us



A Message from the MEDIUM

by Betsy Klein

that there was no "sin" as such, only error, but that by doing right by ourselves, doing what we wanted (is she into 'her own thing' too?) was all that mattered, as long as we hurt no one, disturbed no one else's karma by so doing.

Although specific questions were written inside each piece of folded paper she held, with the initials of the querent on the front, Rev. Erickson more often gave a reading for the person before opening the paper. Just in terms of effect, this facet of her readings seemed to me the most eloquent, perhaps convincing evidence of her powers. Showmanship would be a shallow word to describe her style. . . I did not at any time feel that the Rev. was doing this routine to elicit an audience response. With each reading she gave she seemed to become intensely, albeit briefly, involved with the person whose initials she read. This involvement took on the nature of her revelations: she heard spirit voices from the "other side," she shared the pain of the physically ill, she saw auras of color above the head of one woman who, she claimed, has latent psychic powers, and she smiled or frowned when she sensed the psychical inner state of the members of her congregation.

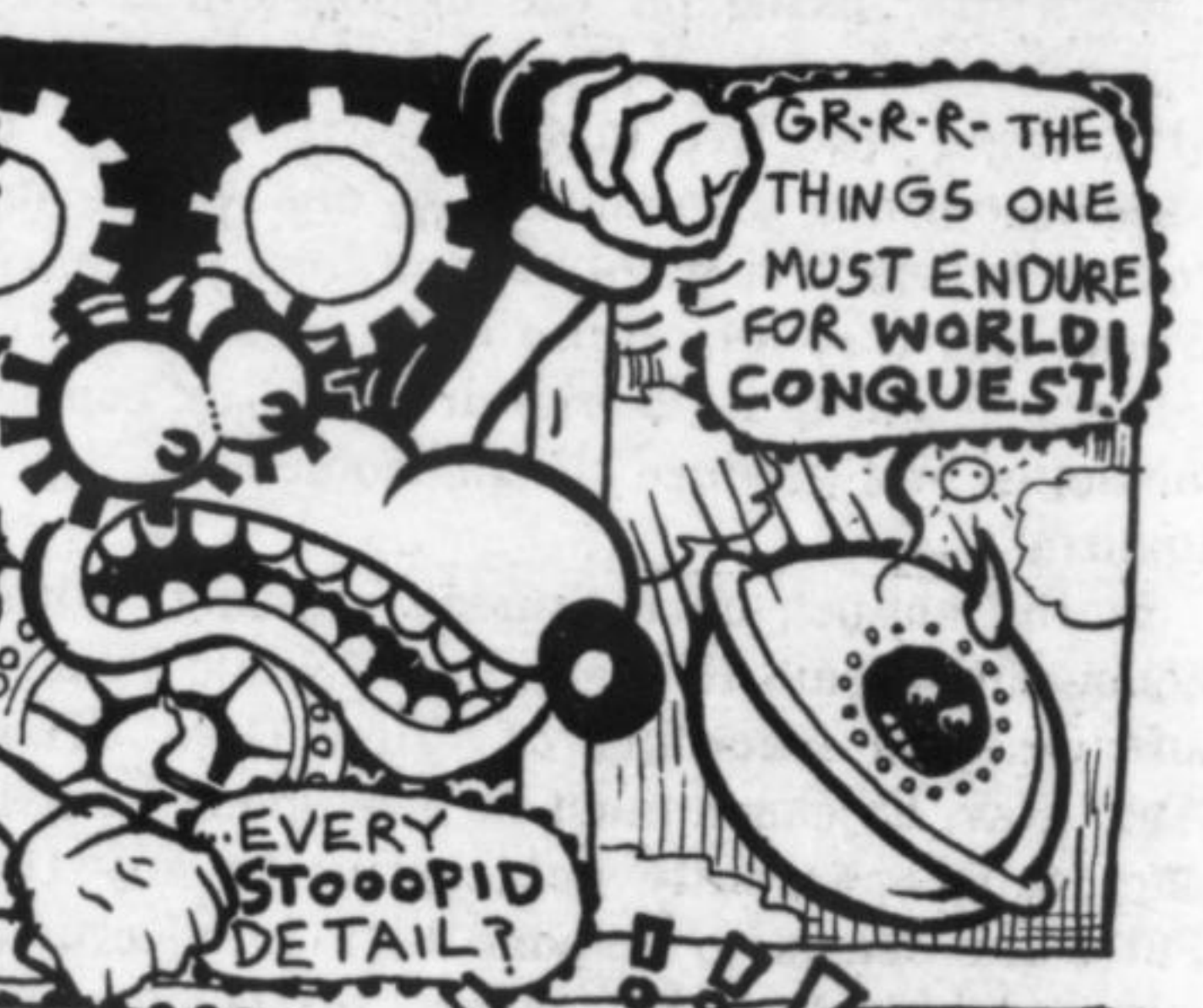
Before reading or answering the questions explicitly, she seemed to hit upon one or another area of great sensitivity to the querents. She was especially concerned with those whom she felt were being dominated by the will of another soul. She then reiterated her statements on man's individuality, and urged those in question to live for themselves, to let their own inner souls manifest. Many of the people present seemed to radiate an insecurity, the type of insecurity, perhaps, that leads many to seek

the advice of a spiritualist, a psychiatrist, an astrologer. Reverend Erickson was particularly hip to these souls, and sure to offer them assurance and strength through prayer.

When my turn came for a reading I was quite surprised when she immediately said "Indians," holding aloft in her hand my still-folded questions. She hadn't even opened the piece of paper to see what I had asked. . . she was reading the vibes, perhaps, or whatever it was that went from my hand to the paper she clutched. She closed her eyes, then looking directly at me, said something about powwows and picnics, no LSD. . . I only know one Indian of the powwow variety, and he had not been in my mind at all that day. Still holding the unopened paper in her hand, she somehow answered the questions written on it, all specifically. (Several people who have visited Rev. Erickson have agreed that there is not time before her entrance into the chapel to read the questions.)

I felt then that my queries had been unnecessary — I really didn't have anything to ask of her: just wanted her to psych me out a little, identify my individual character in a room full of people. She did.

The other people in the room, maybe 25 in all, were constantly changing, flowing in and out as questions were answered and chairs vacated. All had an air expectancy which, it seemed, was individually gratified by the Reverend's revelations. Some, having entered merely curious, left mystified. (When she told me I was "an old soul" — at least 800 years old, she said — I wondered who, in 1168, had worked out my first mortal personality conflicts. Did she (he?) wear braces on 12th century teeth?)



Kim Deitch 68

PATAREALIST PAPERS

General Eisenhower's glorious career is in retrospect but a diminutive spot when compared to one single prophetic utterance he made in his farewell address as president "beware of the industrial military complex". In his senility good ole Ike has gone to ridiculous lengths in his denunciations of the very few positive actions he has taken during his term. (The Warren appointment—"The most God damn foolish thing I ever did").

I don't know if he repudiated his farewell address too but he might have just as well done so. Like any other peasant he possesses a unique unawareness of the positive in his past. In any case, his prophecy regarding that unholy alliance between the saber wavers and the death tool merchants is blooming way and beyond anybody's wildest imagination.

The following is just a partial list of contracts awarded by the military within the last few days:

Colt's Inc.—Hartford Conn received a \$12 million contract for M16 Rifle components.

McDonnell-Douglas Corp. of St. Louis received a \$11,500,000 contract for a variety items on the Air Force's shopping list.

Z. D. Products, Los Angeles, Calif. received a \$5.2 million Army contract for metal parts for artillery fuse delay plungers.

General Electric Co. was awarded Navy contracts totaling \$3.7 million. The items on their shopping list included gun and guided missile directors for Tartar weapons systems.

The Hughes Aircraft Co. of Culver City, Calif. received a \$3.3 million contract for repair and modification of aircraft fire control components. All this just goes to show us all that at one time good old Ike wasn't such an old fool after all.

Short political memory has in many cases been synonymous with the patterns of political life in many of the newly independent African states.

Many veteran advocates of independence and many of the most militant opponents of the former imperialist regimes, have fallen into political disgrace. In many cases this meant death or long incarceration, at best.

To the Dini-Ya-Msambwa it meant banishment from the religious scene of Kenya.

The Dini-Ya-Msambwa-Religion of the Good Spirits, a religious society around which the most vehement of anti-imperialists rallied and which was to the British a religion non-grata, has been forced to reassume its previous clandestine status. Under a legal notice in the official Kenya Gazette, The Honorable M. Njonjo, the Attorney General issued a legal ban on any further activity by the society. "Its further existence is dangerous to the good government of the Republic. It obstructed government officials and preached not the word of God, but sedition and civil disobedience."

The tragi-comic aspect of it all is that the Good Attorney General hasn't even bothered to tamper with the wording of the original ban against the society issued by the erstwhile British Governor. The only difference between the two proclamations is the supposed objective of the society's supposed subversion.

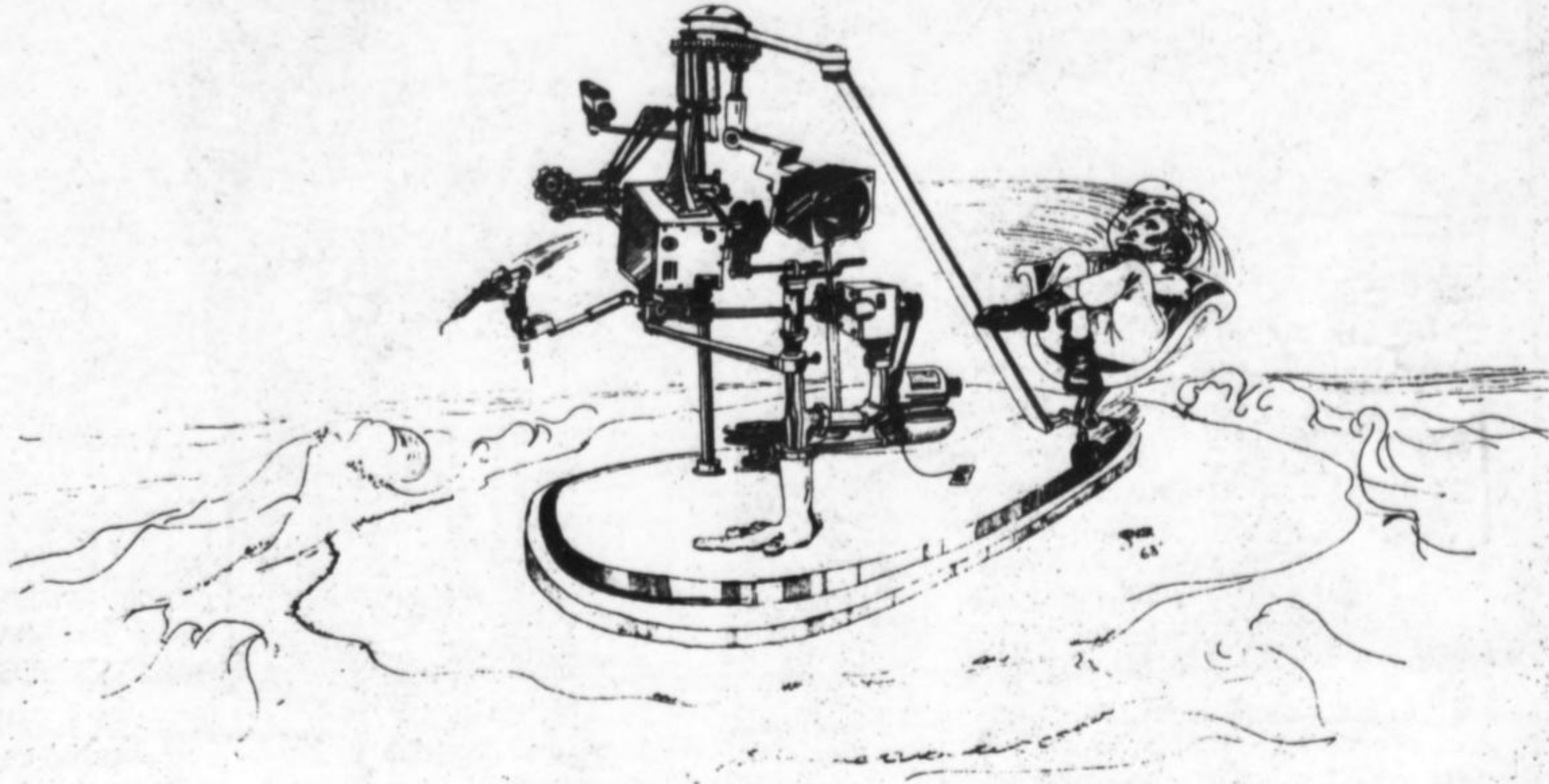
The Crown then—the Republic now.

The difference between the two turns out to be invisible, all the sloganeering and pretty words notwithstanding. The seductive smell of power, or the delusion thereof, tends to tamper with people's heads in no uncertain term. Often, hopefully, against their eventual better judgement.

It is perhaps one of the more encouraging signs of the times when one notes the emergence of humor among the otherwise dense ranks of rightnut propagandists. Among the wide assortment of Wallace wares it promotes, THE COUNCILOR of Shreveport, La. ("A little Newspaper for People that Think* A Responsible Voice from Middle Class America") came up with a real lulu. An ad displayed prominently on page 2 of its most recent issue reads as follows:

**DUMP THE HUMP
YOU LOOT—WE SHOOT
POVERTY IS WHERE THE MONEY IS**
bumper and window stickers
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING—

Give him a copy of that hilarious photograph of a Selma rioter taken by an Alabama State Trooper. Suitable for framing. Not obscene—just nauseating.



by Jaakov Kohn

Send a copy to friend or foe. Money refunded if you don't agree this is one of the most revolting, laugh-provoking photographs you have ever seen.

Not retouched. Absolutely authentic.

Also an assortment of humorous cards and bumper stickers, ribbing the leftwing and leftwingers. **USE HUMOR TO HELP RETURN AMERICA TO AMERICANS.**

HONKY - Shreveport, La.

Wow, they said it themselves; revolting and laugh-provoking. Who knows, perhaps there is hope as yet for the poor shmucks.

The eternal rightist complaint that the ascension of the Left to the councils of government entails an automatic resurgence of the bureaucrat, was again proven correct.

In answer to an inquiry in the House of Commons, the Secretary of the Treasury disclosed that since the Labour Party came to power in October 1964, the already dense ranks of civil servants in Great Britain have been swollen by 57,020.

In face of such figures, the claim that the Left (that's what the British call the most bourgeois of Social Democrats) has the solution to the chronic ailment of unemployment, is justified—even in a small measure.

The depressing thing about Biafra is the cynical priority of the mechanics of war over the humane trauma it entails. The "missions of mercy" are weapons and munitions transports and the moneys collected for the "starving children of Biafra" are cynically divided among the promoters and the weapons merchants.

One of the main obstacles to the "relief" airlift was the lack of suitable airstrips. It seems that the ingenuity of the weapons dealers has prevailed again and out of the mothballs of World War II came the old portable airstrip.

With the aid of perforated aluminium strips that eliminate the necessity of concrete runways, the Biafrans have tripled the amount of weapons and munitions available to them.

The ratio of children dying from starvation has not been reduced but otherwise things seem to be looking up for Col. Ojukwu. Perhaps the assumption that monetary incentive tends to cure all ills is perhaps not erroneous after all. Evidently there ain't a problem that cash can't solve.

There was a time when the mere mention of the name KRUPP sent shudders down the collective spine of Europe. It was the Krupps and their products that embodied the essence of the teutonic con-

cepts of existence—"Lebensraum" and "Butter for Guns". Eventually history has proven these notions to be false and erroneous, but the glory of the Krupps has not vanished. Their existence was contrary to the conditions of Versailles, yet their initial support of Hitler virtually assured his eventual powergrab. After VE day the Allies went through the motions of retribution and put Herr Alfred von Krupp in the dock at Nuremberg. He served some time and in no time was again at the helm of his empire. Again history dictated some sort of meaningless gesture and the Western Powers advised the Bonn Government that Herr von Krupp would have to dispose of his coal and steel interests. The anachronism of it was obvious and the commission that was set up to exercise the directive was an powerless as its objective was meaningless. Year after year the commission went through the motions of extending grace to Krupp, who prospered at an unprecedented ratio. No serious bidder ever came forth and the whole thing became a joke.

It was no surprise when, after Herr von Krupp's death the final solution to the whole problem was found. Give the whole thing the mantle of foundation respectability and thus get everyone concerned off the hook.

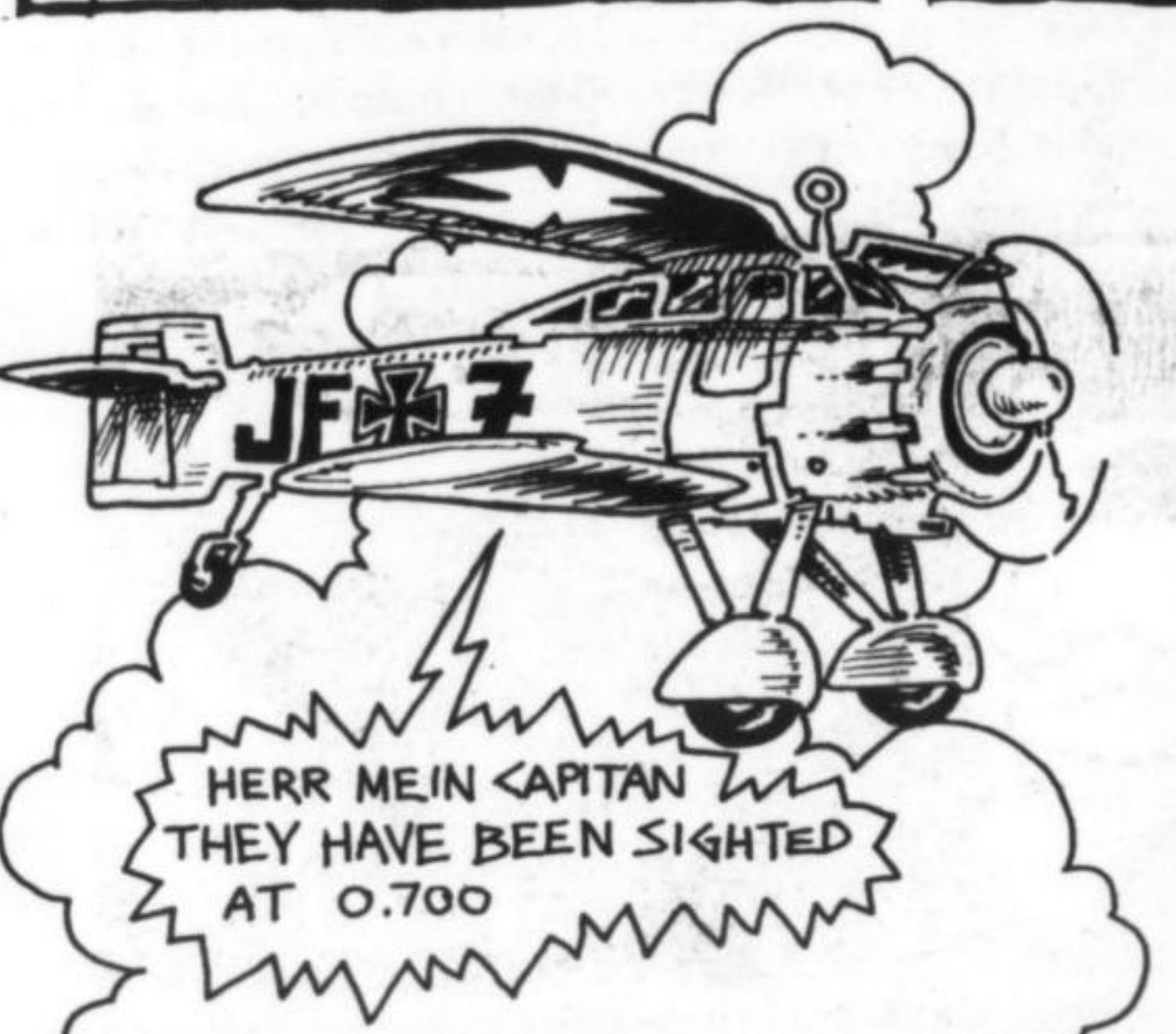
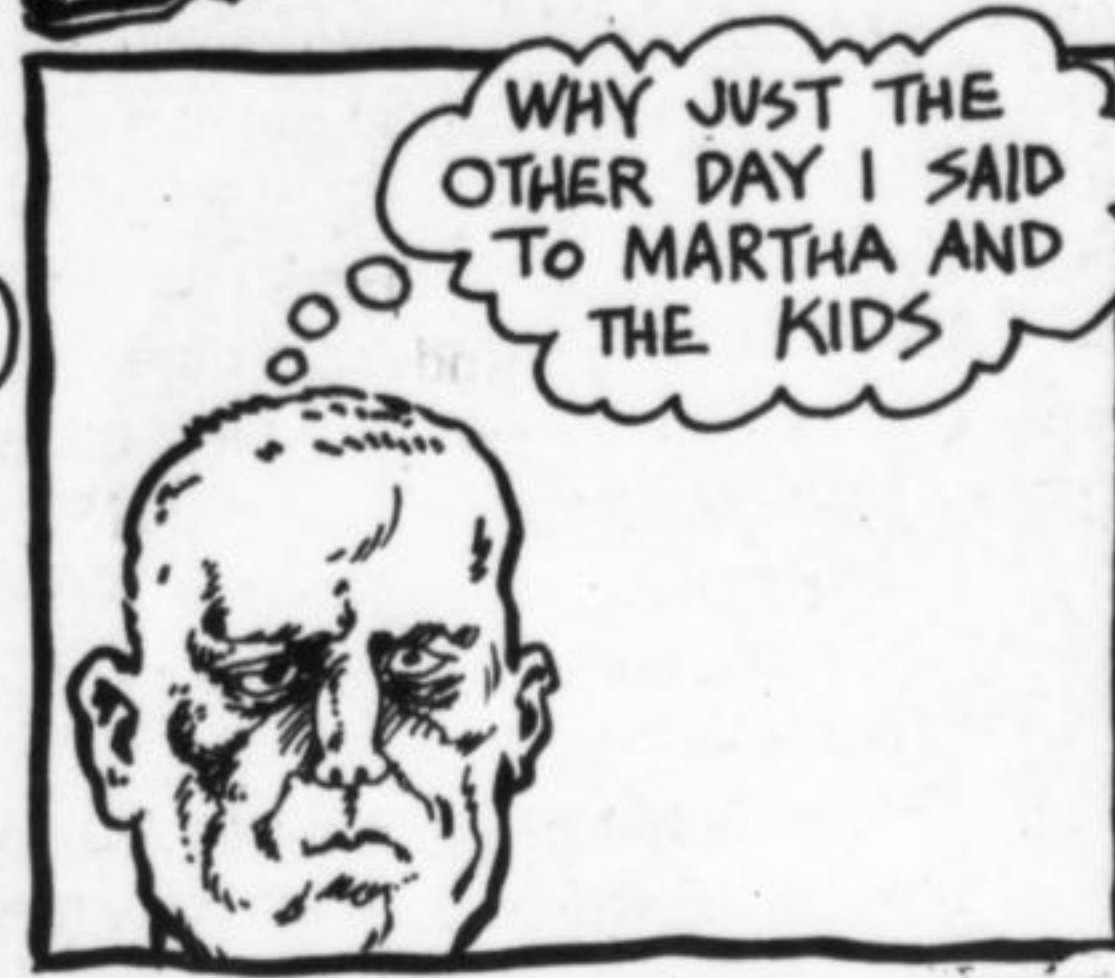
The United States, The United Kingdom and France were therefore delighted to advise the West German Government that it was "free of the obligation to dismantle Krupp Empire". Poor Alfred's demise evidently scraped the sore off the Teutonic hide of democratic respectability with which Germany has of late enshrined herself. **DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES**, after all.

In spite of the bleak aura of banal futility hovering over the present there are some areas in our future that show great promise. In Blackburn, England someone invented a radar device, not bigger than a matchbox, that, when fitted into a reflector unit, can record the speed of passing traffic. Without identifying any possible violator, the information thus obtained will be relayed to a central traffic light system. Upon further processing, the data arrived at will be the final factor to control the entire traffic control system. The inventors of the device hope that their thing bring final salvation to that poor miserable victim of the twentieth century—the cat stuck in a traffic jam.

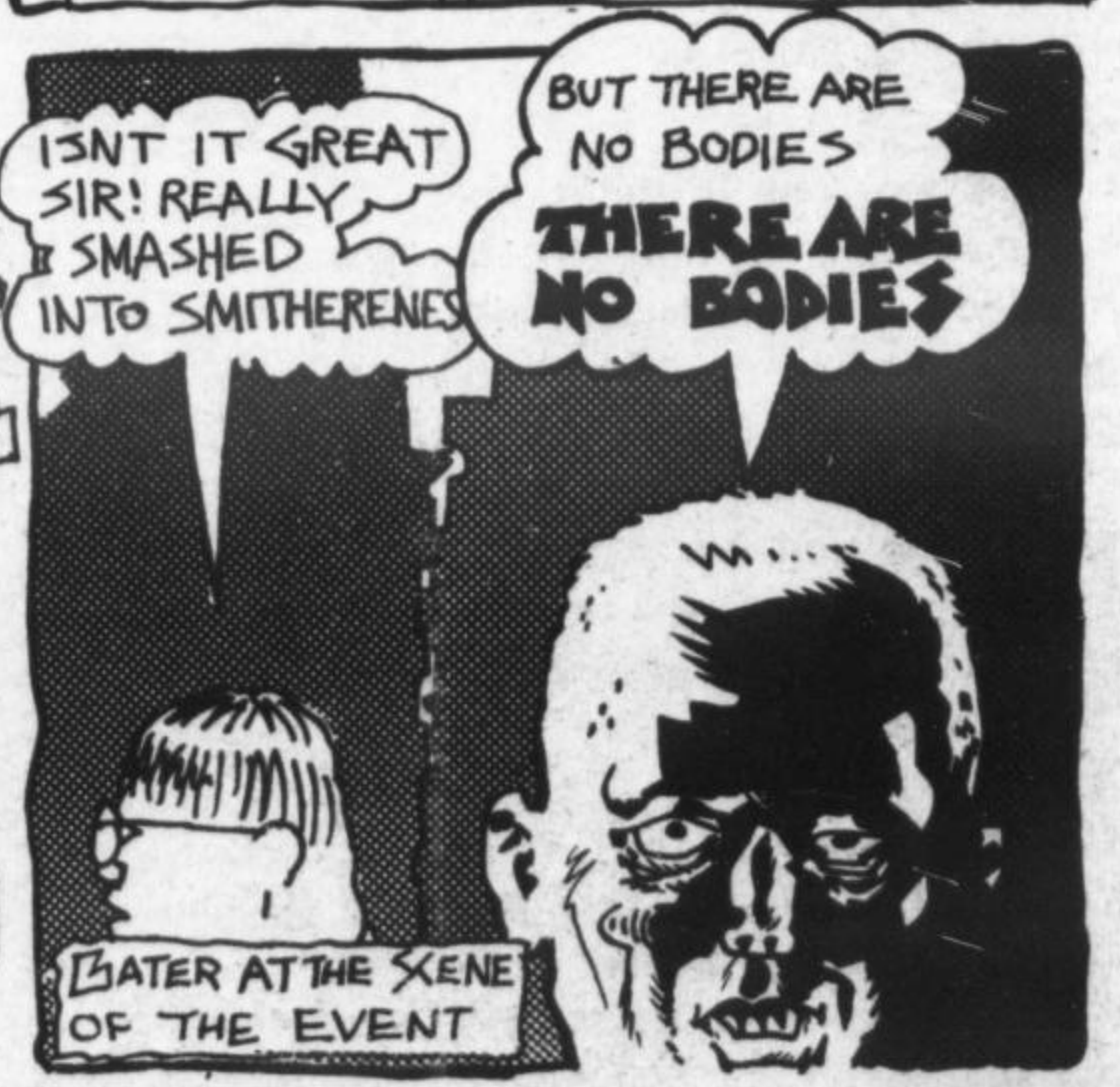
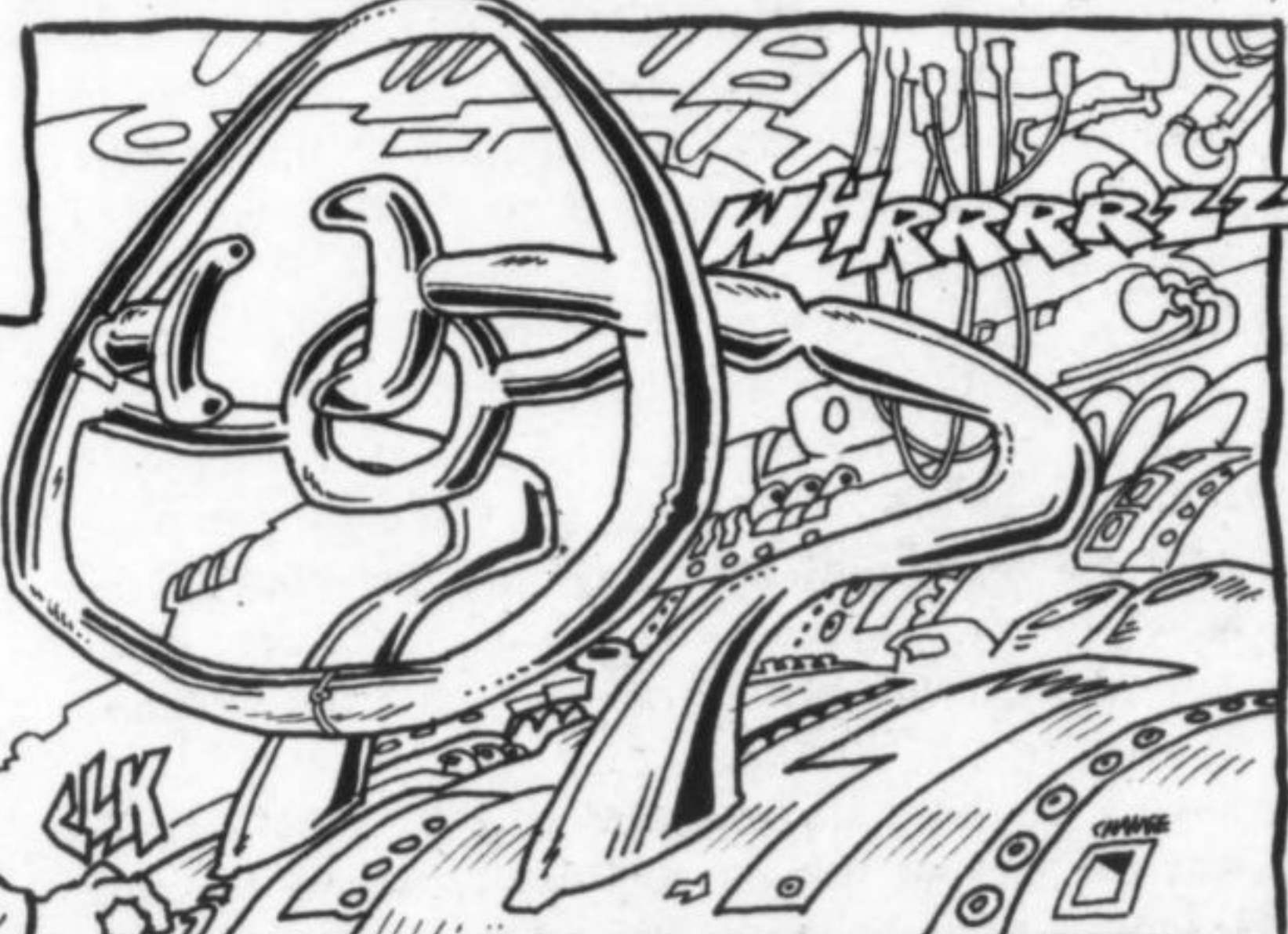
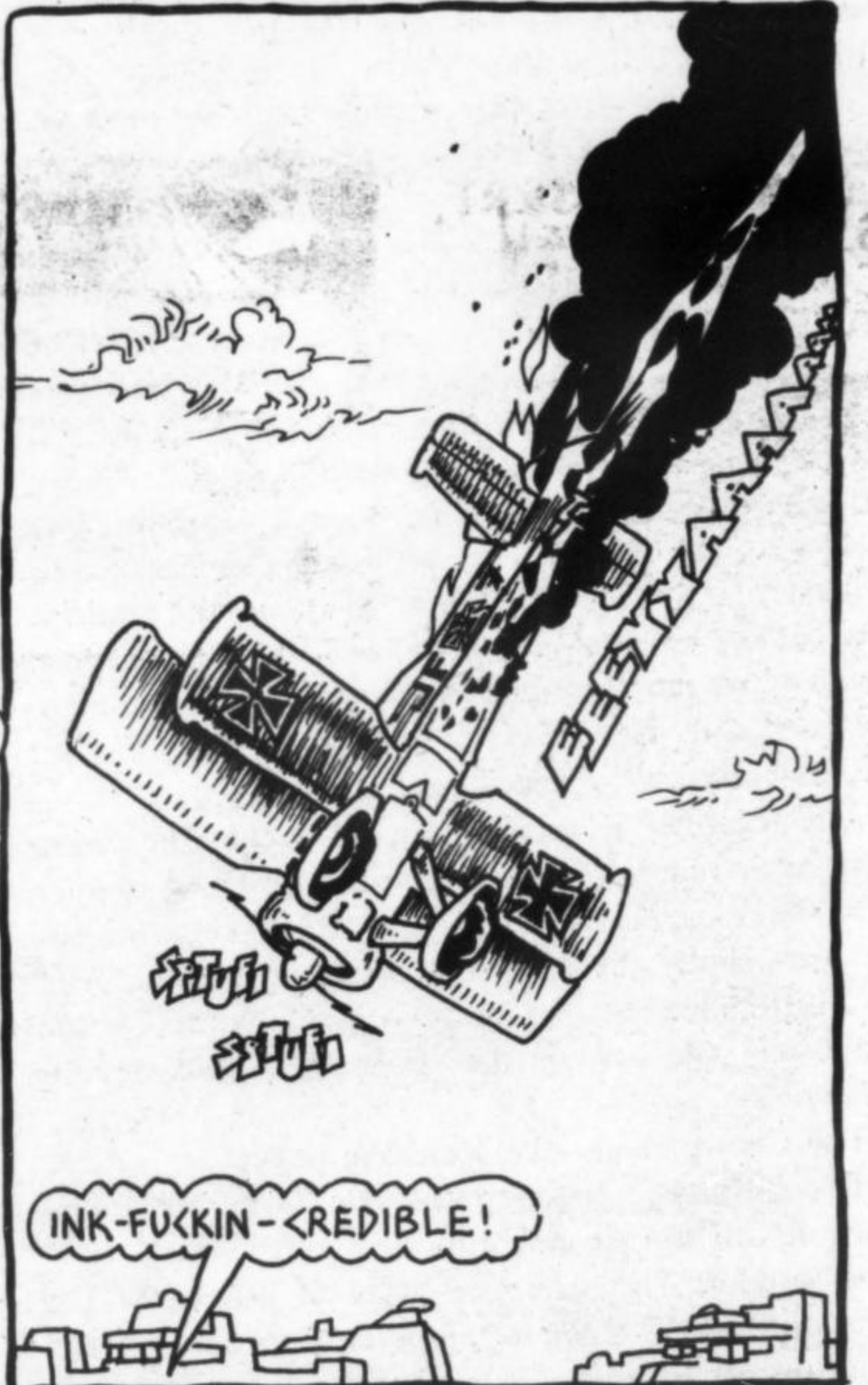
Saying of the week:

This is the first civilization capable of conquering the entire planet, but not of inventing its own temples or its own tombs.

Andre Malraux



NOTE: MARKING INDIKATES THAT THIS AIRCRAFT IS ONE OF A SQUADRON OF WEST GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANES SENT ALONG WITH TECHNICAL ADVISORS



BOB AINE BARMA

by Bob Rudnick
Dennis Frawley

Fillmore: Riche Havens, Quicksilver Messenger Service, McCoys

Village Vanguard: Larry Coryell, DMZ

Village Gate: Upstairs-Bill Evans Down—Dick Gregory, Modern Jazz Quartet

Slugs: Joe Lee Wilson

Bitter End: Bunky & Jake, Dave Kaplin

Au Go Go: Dino Valenti, David Ray, Danny Kalb

Folk City: John Ammond, Liz Corrigan

"When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake." The music of people is universal communication that has transcended the stilted world of polemics, diplomatic nontalk, and distorted news that permeates this age of instant contact throughout the limited sphere of earth and totalitarian propaganda space stunt dialectics.

Sun Ra has been traveling the space waves for years with a transcendent sound that liberated music for hundreds of his disciples. Lyrics of Dylan and Hank Williams had been heard, felt, understood, and have provided an instant awareness to a massive multitude that are bored by sour psychological treatises. The sounds of a thousand musical freaks are news bulletins of a youth revolution. It is the voice of change—the creator of our myths. Stand back, molloch, keep your papers, schools, decaying institutions, we have transcended them in a joyous high of fucking-dancing-laughing-eating come together music. Its our world that constricted sphincters, uptight girdled dudes can't see.

Record companies are getting hip to the changes in music. But do they really know what's going down? Do they hear the force of change in the sound? Can they feel the non ordered beauty in the growing swell of free form music (jazz, electronic,

rock)? Can they understand the personal involvement, the cries of anguish, the laughter of primitive rock?

The music establishment is aware of the phenomena of the sound revolution. We turned away from their perversion of our rock 'n' roll roots to provide our own environment for creativity. Now they are coming to us, stepping softly, humble and masochistic, with many green dollars in their pudgy hands. But in the process of profit, even they are hearing the sound. And record companies are producing music even though they know not from whence it came or where it is going.

People in the music business grab at trends, scraping only the superficial surface of the phenomena. The bourgeoisie can only see the symptoms—they have no idea as to what the problem/force is. Governments and Western medicine suppress the symptoms—shoot to kill and deaden the pain. Capitalists exploit the symbol, with no care or insight into the real meaning.

The recording industry tried to kill rock with formula music and twice-removed meaningless lyrics. Old men tried to program pop music while hack writers tried to duplicate simple lyrics. Now again they're trying to prepackage our music and huck it to us with enormous hypes geared to the independent, underground collective unconscious. Their outrageous shams border on the ridiculous. Their whole view of the music scene is a tremendous hype perpetrated by themselves on themselves. It's analogous to Americans really believing that this country stands for freedom and democracy. Poet John Sinclair, manager of the MC-5, ran it down in a recent article in The Detroit Fifth Estate stating

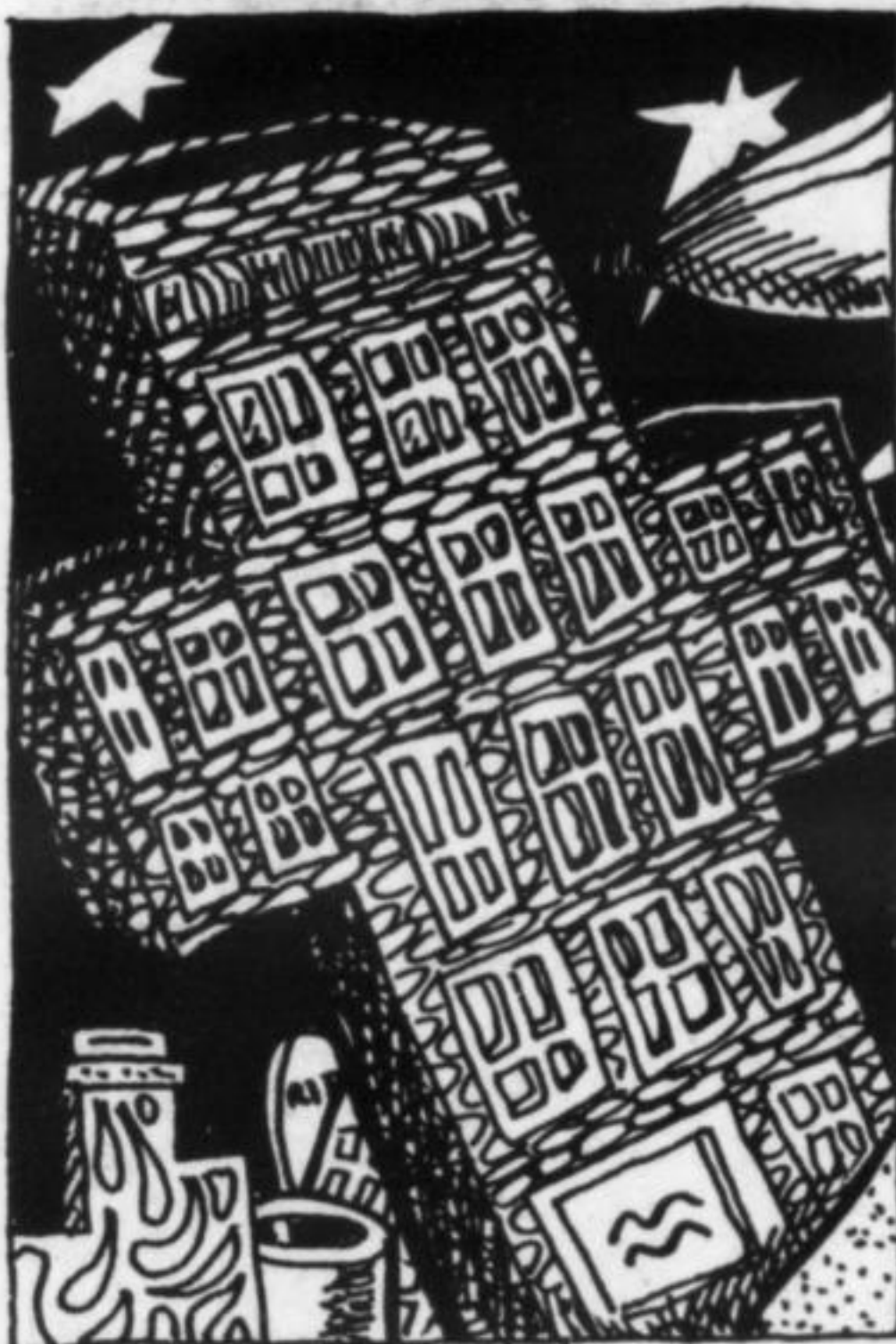
that "People should realize by now that the American (and to a worse degree the British) rock and roll scene is an enormous hype created by greedy personal managers, clubowners, record company executives, producers, public relations men and (for the most part) innocent or ignorant young musicians who go along with the program because they don't know any better."

But if the recording industry is the executive branch, maintaining law and order in music, policing their products, jailing the rowdy artist with contract and clause, placing him in solitary confinement with unreleased or nonpromoted works, the pervasive legislators are the pop music writers. Most of these linear stratifiers who do have legions of faithful followers, are entrenched pen popping groupies content to produce obsequious copy about groo-ooovy idols, cultural hobbyists on an academic music trip, press release rewriters, or after the fact reviewers whose major recurring contributions are superlatives about the Fillmore concerts. As John Gabree puts it in his book, "The World of Rock", "... from prepubescent 16 Magazine to megacephalic Crawdaddy, pop critics seem to feel compelled either to trivialize the music or to smother it under a blanket of pedestrianism."

They categorize, idolize and legalize their bag of music, condemning the rest as heretical or nonsensical. Like a Congress, they filibuster endlessly discussing the obvious stars and what's happening now just as pompous legislators rant about black power advocates, rebellious youth and riots. But neither gets to the roots of what's really going down. With the few notable exceptions (Chrisgau, Goltein, Kofsky, Landau, Sinclair) the "ride-whores" have no grasp

(Continued on Page 23)

THE BARON DESERT PASSES THROUGH THE CROWDS OF GRAVEYARD CITY...



AND PEERS INTO A SHUTTERED FRUIT STORE

TO GET A GLIMPSE OF REAL LIFE.



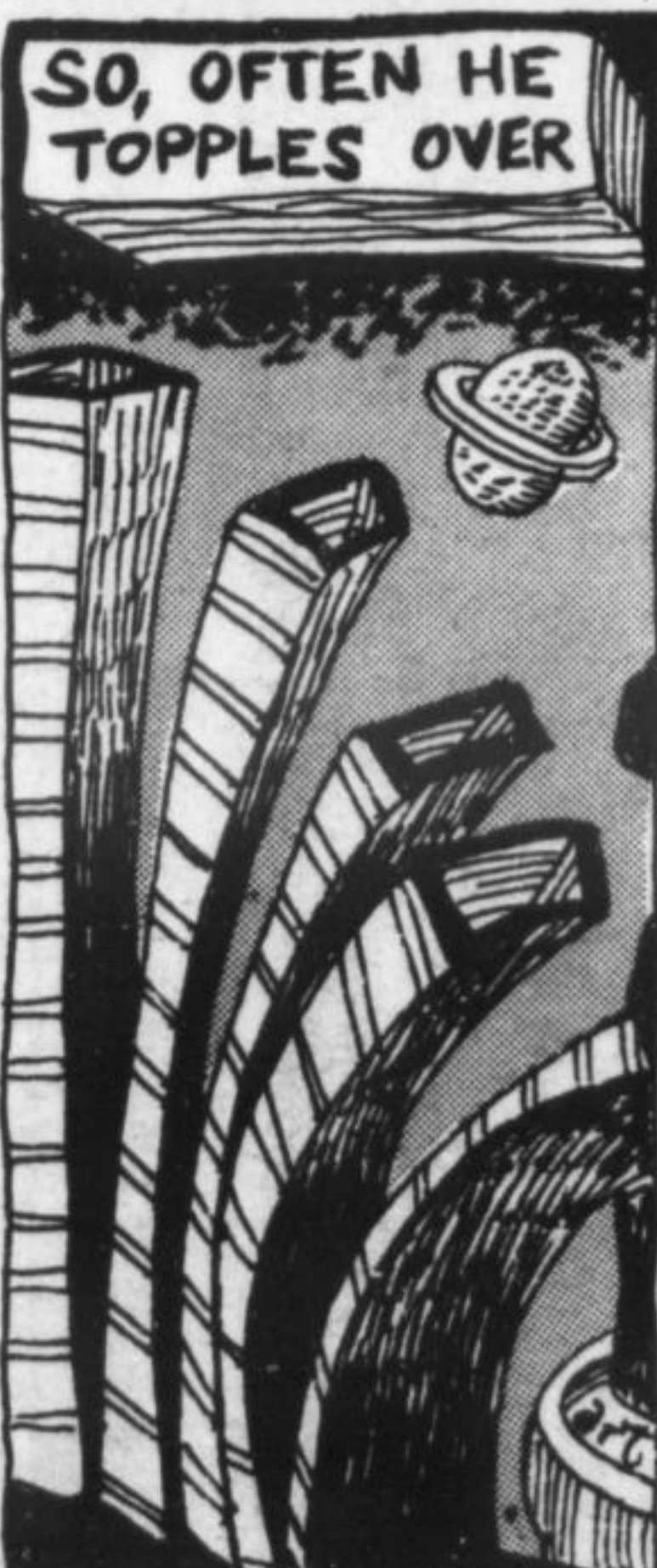
A PEDDLER ON A CYCLE PEDDLES BY...

BUT HE DOESN'T USE HIS HANDS...

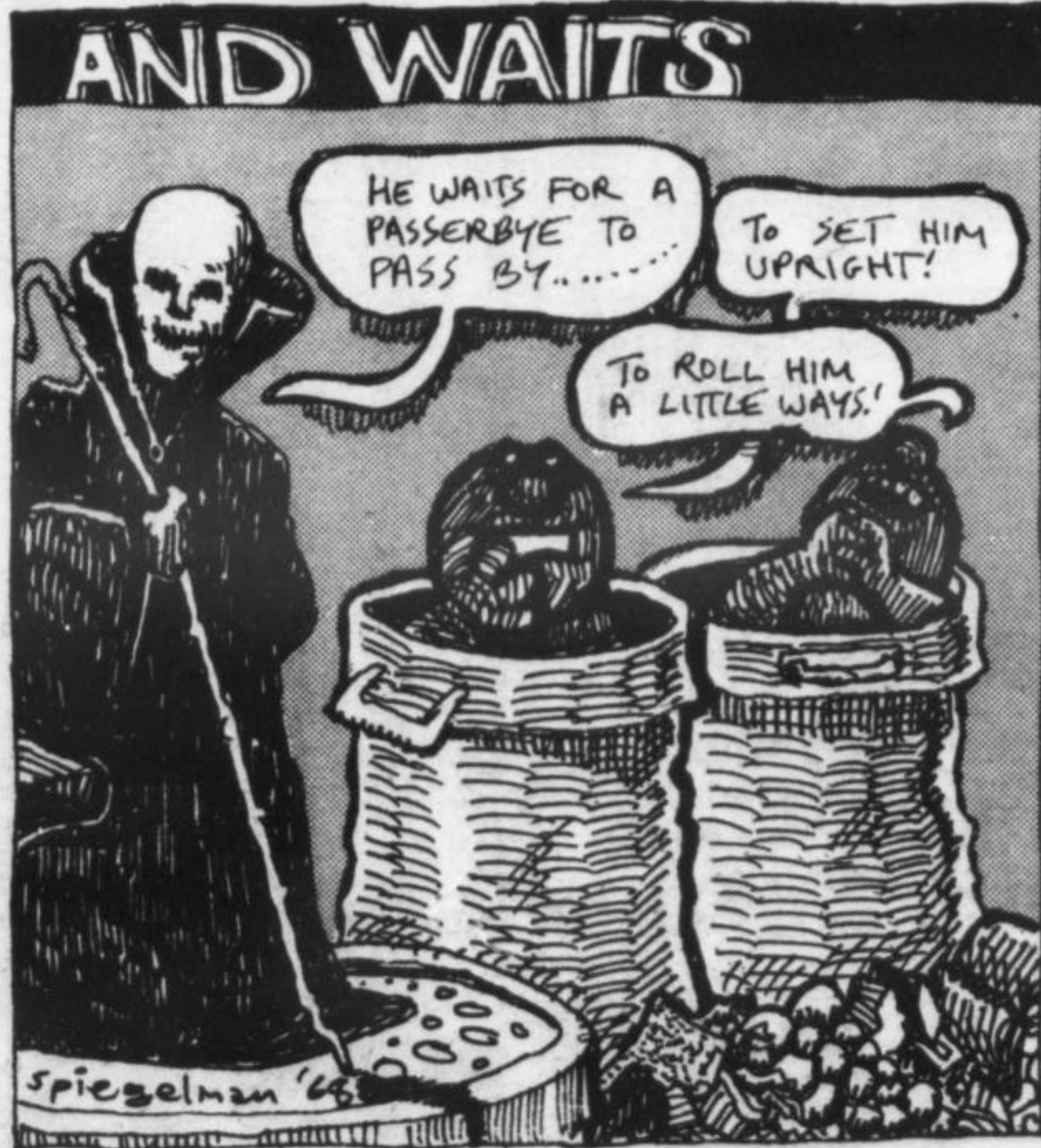


FOR HE LOST THEM IN THE WAR.

HE LOST HIS LEGS THERE TOO...



SO, OFTEN HE TOPPLES OVER



AND WAITS

HE WAITS FOR A PASSERBY TO PASS BY.....

TO SET HIM UPRIGHT!

TO ROLL HIM A LITTLE WAY!

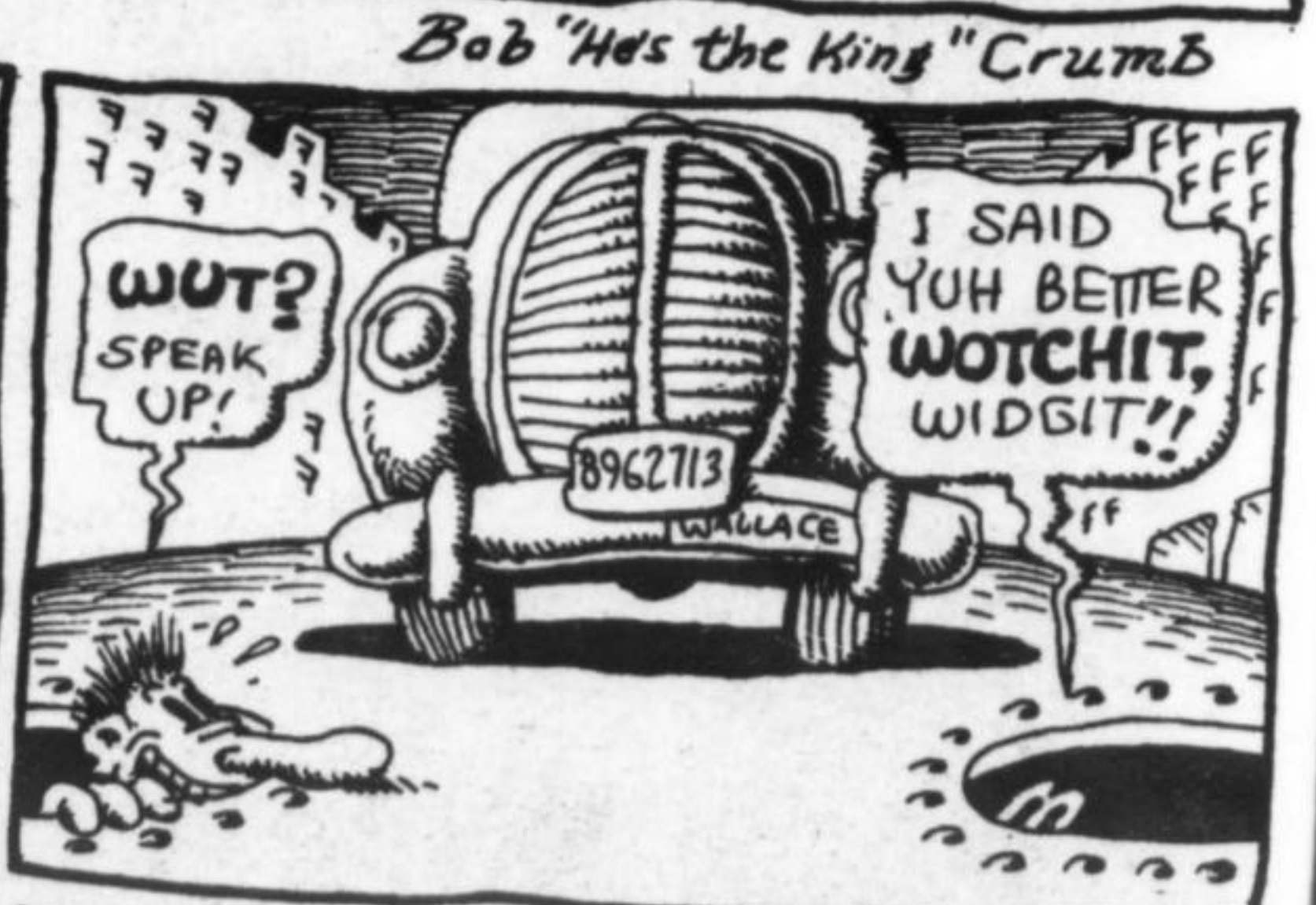
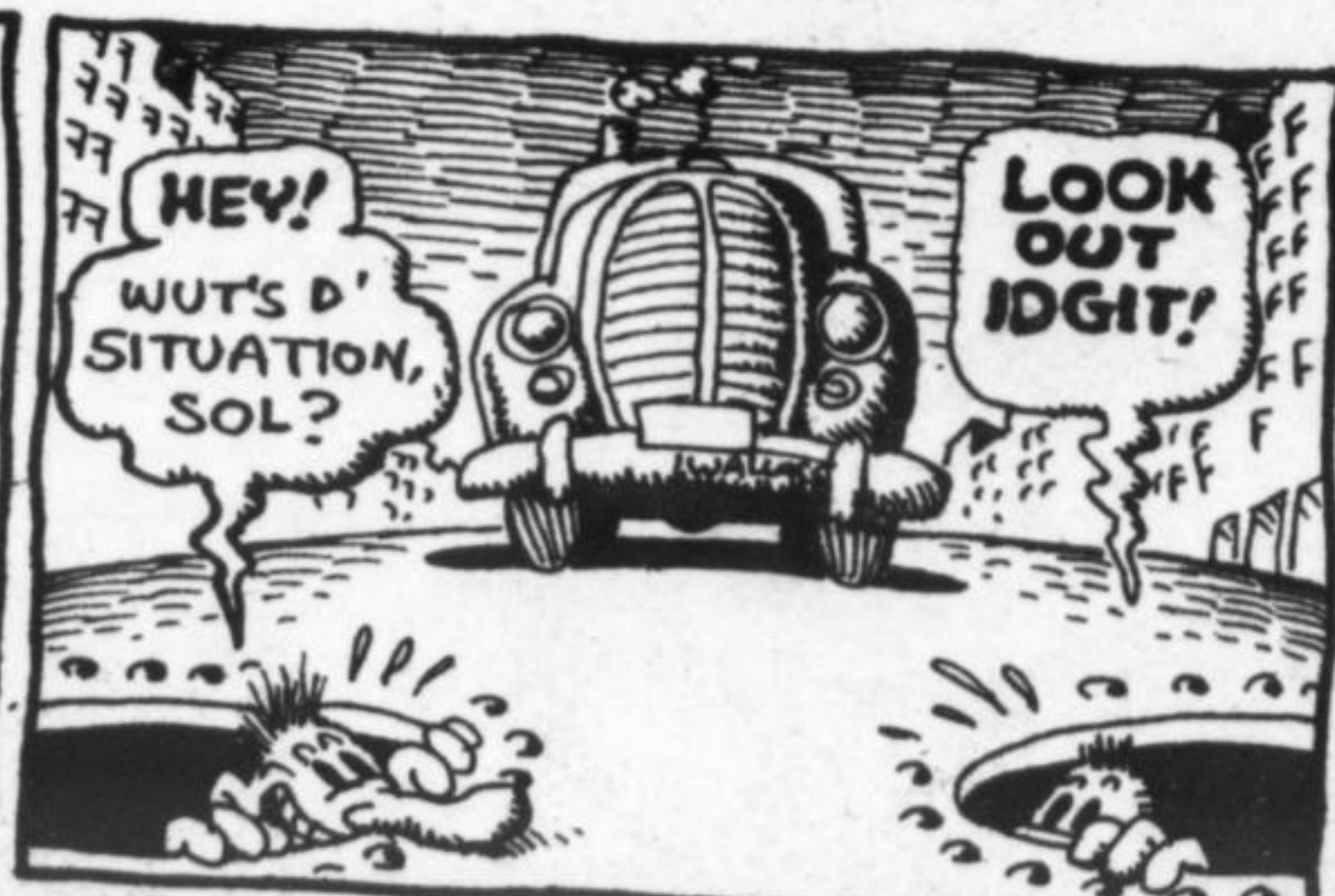


HE NEVER GETS VERY FAR...

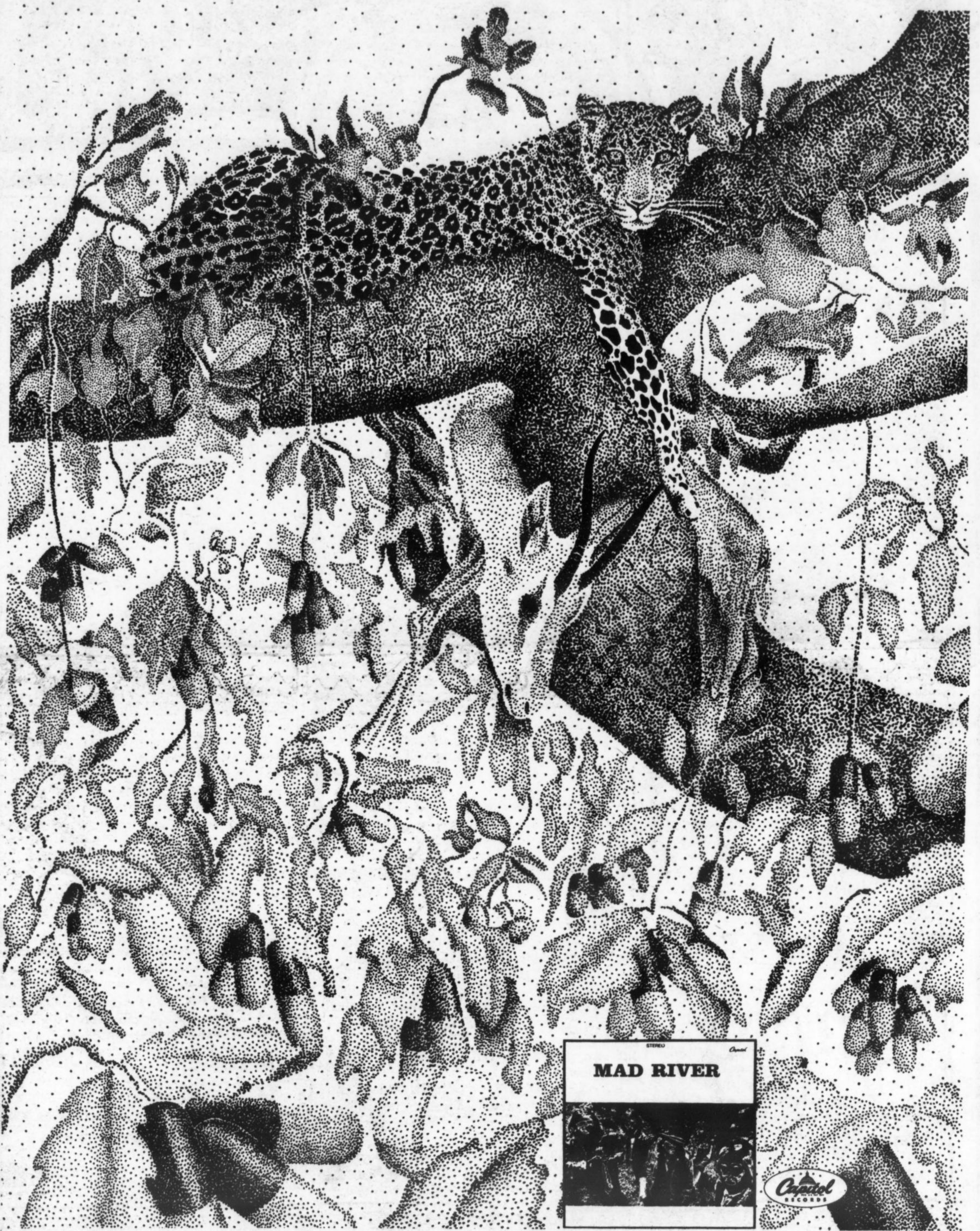


BUT HE MEETS A LOT OF PEOPLE!

end



Bob "Has the King" Crumb



AMPHETAMINE GAZELLE
(Mad River 1:3)

BOOKING INFORMATION:
Harry Sobol • P.O. Box 3256 • Berkeley, California 94781
(415) 235-9842

BOB COME TO STATION

by D A Latimer

photo: Raeanne Rubinstein

ALL FALL DOWN

Bingadinggggalingalingggdingg!!

'Excuse me, sir, you're standing in the bell.' Just stepping into Infernal Light can bring down the wrath of modern technology onto your oafish head. Brrrrringalingalingding! About the height of your groin, as you stand dumbfounded in the doorway, a photoelectric beam crosses from right to left, originating from a bulb inset in the doorpost and broken by your body from a tiny pistol apparatus at your left hip. It is this that rings the bell, until you move out of it or fall senseless to the floor. Because just beyond this beam, the large Multiplexer has picked up the sound of the bell and is busy converting that into hectic patterns of coloured light; these patterns in turn have aroused the Electric Band on the yonder wall, which is screeching hideously in consonance with the Multiplexer, changing light into sound; and the screeching of the Electric Band throws the Rainbow Infinity contraption into rhythmic convulsions of stabbing lights, which feeds back into the Band, which irritates the Multiplex all over again, and you stand there transfixed in the photoelectric beam, you're standing in the bell. . . Bringalingalingding!

At this point, Jerry Simon or Bob Perrell will take you gently by the elbow and haul you into the store while things subside somewhat. 'Actually, this is just the display room,' Simon says. 'When we get the cellar altered, we'll move our backroom workshop down there and use the place for a real environment chamber.' Yes, the Harry Haller Memorial Synesthesiac Ward.

There are people like Jerry Simon all over, and if we don't watch out they may inherit the earth. 'This whole electronics business really came home to me about a year ago,' explains Simon. 'It was at the Palm Gardens, I was watching the Group Image there one night. Now, they had this enormous strobe light, a real monster strobe, and I watched what it did and it really blew my mind. People were freaking all over the place, just freaking. This chick was having epileptic convulsions right there on the floor. And I'm dancing with my wife, Nina, and all of a sudden I'm starting to hallucinate, really hallucinate like crazy. Out of sight. So I got a strobe of my own, a little one, and I'm throwing this party a few days later, really dull party, and then I turned the strobe on. And people start freaking there, they really start freaking. . .'

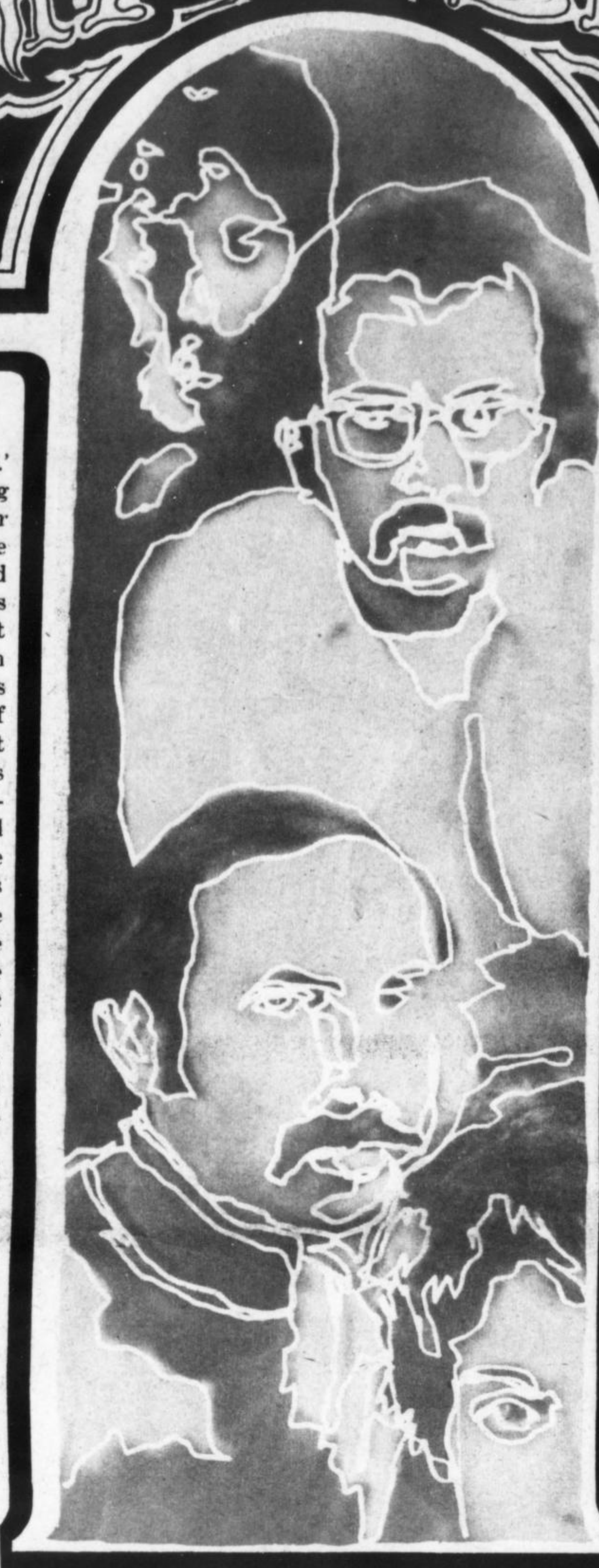
Crazy Andy the Physicist, a friend of mine, remembers with relish an incident in Laredo, Texas, a couple years ago, that centered around a strobe. The greasers were pissed at the Laredo hippies for something, so they wheeled this aircraft carrier strobe into a local rock fest one evening. It was pretty dark in there, and they plugged the strobe in and set it going gently — PAF! PAF! PAF! PAF! — three times a second, Alpha rhythm, and everybody in the place fell down onto the floor. Everybody. The lead guitarist fell off the stage five feet onto his face; he was still playing when he hit the floor because he hadn't noticed he was falling. Crazy Andy would like to do this to you, if he had anything more powerful than a camera strobe to play with.

Infernal Light would be happy to sell Crazy Andy a strobe. If he could design anything even

more hideous, they would put it together for him and sell it in their store, sending him royalties. 'We're really into electronics,' says Simon. 'There's a lot of junk going around now, psychedelic lighting, and we'd like to start putting out some really good technical stuff. None of this liquid junk — and we want to do better stuff with slides, too. Right now we're working on a slide collage machine, a special screen that'll pick up ten, twenty different slides from different angles and reflect them all at the same time.'

Infernal Light will very shortly have its own inexpensive lumier gadgets: two bulbs, very cheap, pulsing through a rotating disc that throws multicoloured light patterns around the room. Strobes for everybody. In the works is a faceted crystal ball that will turn in the air from a string, throwing brilliant dabs of colour about the walls and ceiling of the shop from any number of different sources. Right now, for less than fifteen dollars, you can pick up a rotating silver faceted globe from Infernal Light that will cast light from two sources. Or if you have a couple thousand to play with, a Rainbow Infinity machine would look striking on your kitchen wall.

Infernal Light has been dragging people off Second Avenue since early September. Situated between ninth and tenth streets, it casts a window display that hypnotises passersby. The front window strobes turn the staid Chelsea



Memorial Chapel across the street into something quite remarkable: the red and green strobes flash off the plate glass, suggesting that a miracle may be in the making. At night, when Simon turns on the great demonstration strobe, the entire block flutters electric blue. It's an arresting place.

A lot of people drift in off the streets. Simon & Perrell do business with hotel owners, nightclub managers, rock people, and wealthy hip playboy types. They do an awful lot of business with the Mafia. It's something else again to drop into the flashing, screeching havoc and find standing there, zonked out, a Rocky Graziano character with pot belly, sport coat, brown loafers and white sweat socks. Simon shrugs it off: 'The only trouble with the Mafia is they don't really know what they're handling. We rented our \$2000 strobe to one of those guys for three days on a fifty dollar deposit, and when we came to get it, they didn't have it. No place around. The guy couldn't understand why I was so excited: "Just a flashing light," he says, "what's the fuss?" We got it back, finally.'

Simon's pet project is something he calls the Universe Box, which has been under construction since September '67. 'You go into the box,' he says, 'and the whole universe is in there. Galaxies, nebulae, the whole bit. I got one planet that's having a war, and it's flashing away like mad. There are a hundred motors working the box, about a thousand spheres. When I get it done, I'm moving it into the back here. . .'

Bringadingalingalingding! This stuff is going to catch on. Someday soon Times Square will be all strobes, enormous strobes, and light-to-sound gear. . . And then Crazy Andy will come along for a prank and rig up all the strobes to flash at Alpha rhythm the minute somebody says boo into the Coca-Cola sign. And it'll happen, and then everybody will all fall down. . .

WEIRD CONTORTIONS

The prettiest voice on the EVO phone all week came out of the mouth of miss Elene Feuerstein, who with Shelly Speiser is arranging for a Dramatic Therapy program on Staten Island. The chicks expect a hall to be donated to them very shortly, where they will set up a Creative Workshop and hold regular courses in Rhythm and Movement. Call 727-5725 for details.

NEWSSPURTS

Typhoon-in-a-teacup Dept:

So His Holiness Cardinal Cushing is all in a flit and prone to dump his chalice for good and all because the Vatican Brass is calling Jackie O. a public sinner, hey? The good man hardly even raised a whimper over the Birth Control dictum. . . This is ridiculous. . . Walter Winchell grimly reports that a friend of his is going grimly about in a black funk, muttering: "The country's not going to the dogs; it's going to the kids." As spokesman for the kids, I apologize to Mr. Winchell — old people die, young people take over, that's the way it has to be, we're sorry, if it weren't the way it is, it would certainly be otherwise. . . Mr. Winchell should also be informed that on election night, as the Big Dixon watches the returns in the Waldorf



MAGIC MOMENTS PLANTING SEEDS AND GATHERING FRUIT

Dr. Allan Watts is a foremost scholar of Eastern philosophies and author of such prominent volumes as THE WAY OF ZEN, MAN AND WOMAN and THE BOOK. The following is excerpted from a seminar Dr. Watts held for the Society for Comparative Philosophy. Dr. Watts lives in Sausalito.

Every project for self-transformation is a vicious circle. Dogen, a Zen master of the 13th century, said that spring does not become summer and, in the same way, firewood does not become ashes: there is spring, and then there is summer; there is firewood, and then there are ashes. By the same argument, a living being does not become a corpse, and an unenlightened person does not become a Buddha. Monday does not become Tuesday; one o'clock does not become four o'clock. Thus to try to become a Buddha, to attain enlightenment or liberation or supreme unselfishness, is like trying to wash off blood with blood, or polishing a brick to make a mirror. As Chuang-tzu said, "You see your egg and expect it to crow."

The selfishness of a selfish person is precisely that he is trying to become happier, stronger, wiser, braver, kindlier, and, in short, unselfish. "Is not your elimination of self," said Chuang-tzu, "a positive manifestation of self?" And again, "Those who say that they would have right without its correlate, wrong, or good government without its correlate, misrule, do not apprehend the great principles of the universe, nor the nature of all creation. One might as well talk of the existence of heaven without that of earth, or of the negative principle (yin) without the positive (yang), which is clearly impossible. Yet

people keep on discussing it incessantly." This comment applies equally to all projects for self-improvement through gurus, meditations, yoga-practice, self-acceptance, psychotherapy, and even total living-in-the-present. From such disciplines one can learn only that they are self-contradictory, like lifting both feet off the floor by pulling the ankles. And in this there is, perhaps, some value, for it releases our psychic and physical energy from impossible tasks for the possible: we can indeed plant seeds, gather fruit, build houses, sing songs, make love, and go on living until we stop.

Am I pointing this out to improve the state of mankind, and so contradicting myself? No, I am saying it so that we can be free to plant seeds and gather fruit. This has nothing to do with better or worse, progress or regress. These are judgements, and it is well said, "Judge not, that you be not judged; for with what judgement you judge, you shall be judge, and with what measure you measure, you shall be measured." And if you say, "But that is itself a judgement!" you are still judging. Is it better not to judge? No, it is simply living-and-dying, day-and-night, coming-and-going, a state of affairs in which there is neither the good by itself nor the bad by itself.

The perfect Way is without difficulty,
Save that it avoids picking and choosing.
Only when you stop liking and disliking
Will all be clearly understood.
Be not concerned with right and wrong.
The conflict between right and wrong
Is the sickness of the mind.

True, while we remain in the sickness of the mind, the "sickness" is "wrong," and the (wrong) conflict persists. But this is still judging the judgement, and judging the judgement of the judgement—the vicious circle and the infinite regression which Buddhists call *saṃsāra*, the squirrel-cage situation of trying to have life without death and right without wrong. Such vicious circles cannot be stopped by preparations or methods or spiritual disciplines. These are all postponements. The only way to stop is to stop—instantly, now—by action, not thought. This stopping can happen, just as we can plant seeds and gather fruit—though no real action is something "done" by a conceptual "me." The division between doer and deed, knower and known, is a division of words, not of nature.

Suffering alone exists, none who suffer;
The deed there is, but no doer thereof;
Nirvana is, but no one seeking it;
The path there is, but none who travel it.

In short, the point is that every project for righting the world or oneself is a conceptual fantasy, because, while we remain in the world of concepts, we cannot identify right without the contrast of left or wrong. This is as true politically as it is psychologically, for the following of right- or left-wing ideologies diverts our attention from specific problems, just as projects for world-improvement divert us from planting seeds and gathering fruit. In the name of such projects we obliterate whole populations for their own liberation, crowd criminals together in prisons for their rehabilitation, and isolate crazy people in asylums in the desperate hope that this will somehow make them sane.

Thus so-called black people have a thing against so-called white people (I prefer the contrast of colored and discolored) because the Judaeo-Christian whites equate black with evil and crusade for a preposterous cosmos in which there will be right without left. Unhappily, the colored people have been infected with this religion, and are crusading (understandably enough) for something more than equal rights. But the more we become involved in possible debates between the rights and wrongs of these problems, the more we shall destroy each other for our own good, and neglect the planting of seeds and the gathering of fruit.

The "sickness of the mind" is the confusion of what can be said, or thought, with what can be done and with what actually happens. Release from this confusion comes with awareness, not thinking, but is frustrated by projects to be aware and not to think or, rather, to suspend thought. The idea that it is better, or "the goal," to be rid of this confusion is still confusion, and is called the stink of Zen. The concepts of health and sickness, good and evil, better and worse, have the same use and relation to life as those of long and short, high and low to carpentry: even a short piece of wood can be three inches long. Even cancer is called a growth, and when Ramana Maharshi was dying of cancer he resisted the doctors saying, "It wants to grow, too. Let it." This is, perhaps, an extreme example of renunciation—not of love or energy—but of willing right as against wrong, and thus of renouncing one's own separateness from everything that happens, which is what Tillich called "the courage to be."

This attitude might be called a fatalism in which, however, there is no one fated: one's own subjective reactions are all-of-a-piece with what, objectively goes on—and therefore you do not intrude yourself upon the world. This is the Taoist attitude of *wu-wei*, of non-interference with the *Tao*, the Course of Nature. However, *wu-wei* is not a precept or a method to be followed or not followed: it is the realization that you yourself are not something apart from the *Tao* which can, or cannot, interfere with it. Experience your own decision as an event which happens like the opening of a bud.

Such a sudden flip of consciousness is rather like looking at non-objective or abstract paintings as if they were colored photographs—it might be of markings in marble or of microscopic plants. Instantly, the whole quality of the painting changes: it becomes three-dimensional and vividly articulate. Even more remarkable is the change when subjective experience is taken as something happening of itself, like the wind, or—what comes to the same thing—when objective experience is taken as something which you are doing, like breathing.

Reprinted from *The Bulletin Of The Society For Comparative Philosophy*.

cybernation

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largely irreversible, not only in economic but also in social and psychological terms. The older worker calls himself "retired": he cannot accept work without affecting his social security status. The worker in prime years is forced onto relief: in most states the requirements for becoming a relief recipient bring about such fundamental alterations in an individual's total material situation that a reversal of the process is always difficult and often totally infeasible. The teenager knows that here is no place for him in the labor force but at the same time is unaware of any realistic alternative avenue for self-fulfillment.

Statistical evidence of these trends appears in the decline in the proportion of people claiming to be in the labor force. The recent apparent stabilization, and indeed decline, of the unemployment rate is therefore misleading: it is primarily a reflection of the discouragement and defeat of people who cannot find employment rather than a measure of the economy's success in creating enough jobs for all those who want to find a place in the labor force.

Second, we could produce far more goods and services if we would only find more ways to allow people to buy them—for the past eight years there has been the potential to produce some sixty billion dollars of additional goods and services. We are able every year to produce at least another thirty billion dollars of additional goods and services; this will rise to forty billion dollars per year before the end of the sixties, fifty billion dollars during the first half of the seventies, and at least 60 billion well before the end of the seventies. We will be able to produce an additional one hundred and fifty billion dollars of extra goods and services every year by the end of the century. The children born in 1964 will only be about half way through their lives at this time. I should add that these estimates are certainly conservative.

Third, the forward movement of cybernation is raising the skill level of the machine. If a human-being is to compete with such machines, he must at least possess a high school diploma. The Department of Labor has estimated, however, that on the basis of present trends as many as thirty per cent of all students will be high school drop-outs in this decade.

Fourth, a permanently depressed class is developing in the United States. Scattered throughout the land, some thirty-eight million Americans, or almost one-fifth of the population, are living in a condition of chronic poverty which is daily becoming more evident to the rest of the nation. The percentage of total income received by the poorest 20% of the population has fallen from 4.9% to 4.7% since 1944. Movement out of the ranks of the poor is increasingly difficult for it depends on an adequate education, while conscription of new and apparently permanent recruits continues.

The best summary of the effects of these trends was perhaps made by the Secretary of Labor at the beginning of 1964:

The confluence of surging population and driving technology is splitting the American labor force into tens of millions of "have's" and millions of "have-not's." In our economy of sixty-nine million jobs those with wanted skills enjoy opportunity and earning power. But the others face a new and stark problem—exclusion on a permanent basis, both as producers and consumers, from economic life. This division of people threatens to create a human slag-heap. We cannot tolerate the development of a separate nation of the poor, the unskilled, the jobless, living within another nation of the well-off, the trained and the employed.

Is it surprising that the news media are full of reports of violence? There is no need to remind you of these reports nor of the climate which has created them—we all live too close to these problems. But I want to discuss with you the response, or rather the reaction, which is growing among many people. I will quote from the police chief, William H. Parker in Los Angeles. This report appeared in the magazine *U. S. News and World Report* in April, in the form of a question and answer interview.

Question: Has the crime picture changed much in (the last 37 years)?

Answer: Not only has the crime picture changed, but the entire attitude of the American people toward crime, I think, has undergone quite a definite change. I think there is a tendency to accept crime as part of the American scene, and to tolerate it.

Question: Do you mean that people now feel that wrong-doing is normal?

Answer: More than that—they seem to drink that we must have a certain amount of crime not only because of man's inherent weakness, but because we are enlarging upon the scope of individual liberty.

Question: America might have a choice, eventually, between a criminal state and a police state.

Answer: I believe that will become the option before us if crime becomes so troublesome that we are no longer able to control it.

But Chief Parker did not mention what is to me the most serious aspect of the present situation. He did not deal with the passive apathy of individuals recently demonstrated in several notorious cases in the New York area. In one of these, at least 38 people failed to call the police although they became progressively more aware that a woman was being murdered in the street below their windows. He did not deal with the fact that there is now a desire to witness violence, to participate vicariously, as when a crowd of forty interested spectators remained indifferent to the appeals of an 18-year-old bruised and bloodied office worker as she tried to escape from a rapist. (Only the accidental arrival of two policemen eventually resulted in her rescue.)

It is understandable, if regrettable, when those accidentally present at the scene of a crime or disaster flee through fear. It is incomprehensible as rational behavior when they remain as interested spectators or even active participants. During an attempted suicide which took place in Albany recently, numerous spectators participated in this novel type of sports-event, urging the mentally-disturbed youth to jump to his death and betting on the outcome. Two comments reported in the *New York Times* are hardly believable: "I wish he'd do it and get is to over with. If he doesn't hurry up we're going to miss our last bus." And another: "I hope he jumps on this side. We couldn't see him if he jumped over there."

I believe this indifference to violence, and indeed increasing encouragement of it, are products of a society which is rapidly coming to regard inter-race conflict as inevitable; a society which fails to challenge the individuals to anything more than economic goals and responsibilities and which has now deprived many people of even an opportunity to achieve the self-respect which would result from reaching these economic goals. Although we are confronted with the symptoms of incipient total breakdown in our society, we are unwilling to face reality. We refuse to recognize that the survival of American values depends on fundamental changes which will reverse the process toward alienation. We refuse to recognize that the economically poor and the culturally alienated, who are the young and the minorities, have and should have little interest in the goals our society presently espouses. Instead of looking for the new and better society that cybernation makes possible we continue the drift into a worse society: we then propose that the way to arrest this drift is through measures which must necessarily be categorized as movements toward a centralized authoritarian state: teen-age curfews and all-day seven-day-a-week retention of children within the confines of the school plant.

SOME PROPOSALS

Now I want to set out a program which might suffice to reverse the drift toward a centralized authoritarian state.

The first necessity is to guarantee every individual within the United States a decent standard of living whether he can find work or not. We should provide every individual with an absolute constitutional right to an income adequate to allow him to live with dignity. No governmental agency, judicial body or other organization whatsoever should have the power to suspend or limit any payments by this guarantee. Such an absolute constitutional right to an income will recognize that in an economy where many jobs already represent make-work in any social, and indeed economic, sense and where the requirement for workers will decrease in coming years, it is nonsensical to base the right to an income on an ability to find a job.

Many people have attacked this proposal, but their arguments have failed to convince me. I remain quite sure that the guaranteed income is the first necessary step if we are to achieve the new and better society made possible by cybernation, that it is the only practical means of preserving our fundamental goal of individual freedom, the only method

of allowing the individual to make his own decisions and pursue his own interests. The guaranteed income is not one of many solutions to the problems of cybernation: on the contrary it is the economic prerequisite for the solution of the real problems of the second half of the twentieth century, many of which have not yet even begun to be discussed in realistic terms.

The first of these problems is education. One of the key principles of the cybernated era is that society must make an unlimited commitment to produce the conditions in which every individual can develop his full intellectual potential. The acceptance of this principle would make me highly optimistic for the long-run. I believe that we have so far developed only a tiny proportion of the potential of most human-beings. I believe that acceptance of an absolute right to an income and complete education would allow a flowering of the spirit and mind whose dimensions cannot even be guessed today.

If we are to achieve the complete education of every individual, we must recognize that the student is "working" at least as relevantly as the man in the factory. The time has come when we must introduce the concept of a student salary, starting possibly at 14 and increasing with age, payable to all students attending school or university. This salary would be tangible proof of the recognition by society of the value of this young individual and its acceptance by the child would be a recognition by him of his obligation to the society which has accorded him this right.

Society must not only be concerned with the individual's mental abilities but also with his physical health. We must develop a system which will ensure that everybody can obtain the best medical care—both preventive and curative. Income levels should be seen as totally irrelevant to rights to health and life.

Rights to an income sufficient to live with dignity, to the opportunity to develop oneself fully and to obtain meaningful activity are only extensions of present values, although many people will be shocked by the directions of the proposed extension. However, the coming of the cybernated society not only forces us to live up to past ideals but it also requires the development of new human rights. I want to talk about the need for three rights which seem highly important to me. (There are others which should be mentioned if space permitted.)

The first of these new human rights is for the individual to be provided with guarantees about the quality of all the goods he purchases. It has always been a fundamental principle of marketing in the Western world that the purchaser should discover the quality, condition and quantity of the goods he is purchasing. The seller simply offers a product and it is held to be the responsibility of the purchaser to inform himself as to whether it is satisfactory. This is the famous legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware).

Today, the consumer cannot reasonably be expected to examine a television set or any other complex product to discover if it is well made: the makers of many types of goods have recognized this fact and have steadily lengthened their periods of guarantee. We now need to take the next step and acknowledge that the total responsibility for determining whether a product is satisfactory lies with the seller and not with the buyer. Each seller should become responsible for the claims made on behalf of his product and should be forced to refund some multiple of the purchase price if the product does not meet his claims. In some cases, when injury to the purchaser results, the seller should be liable for damages. The manufacturer will therefore have a direct financial interest in living up to the claims made for his product.

In upper Manhattan, we are all used to the shoddy-goods salesman with the foot in the door on a Sunday afternoon or late on a weekday evening. We fail to translate our momentary irritation into terms of national waste. The proposed human right would not only minimize the time wasted by the individual in purchasing repair or replacement: it would also meet desirable social criteria. The time and money the manufacturer saves by selling unsatisfactory products is wasted many times over by the troubles of the user. We need a productive system which will turn out goods which will render the services for which they were designed with the minimum possible number of breakdowns.

In addition, the long-run necessity, if mankind is

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cybernation

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to survive on this planet, is maximum economy in the use of raw materials. Every pressure should therefore be placed on the manufacturer to maximize the life of the product. This measure would be a first step in this direction.

The second new human right is the right to buy from any seller. Originally the buyer and seller were in close human contact and they naturally wished to choose to whom they would sell and from whom they would buy. Today, business desires to move goods and services at a profit without entangling social problems. As a result it is not only desirable but also necessary for society to state that in return for the right granted the businessman to sell goods and services, he has the obligation to serve all comers. Those who do not want to accept the obligation to sell to all comers should not be granted the right to sell at all.

It is, of course, *only* the establishment of such a principle in law which will provide a completely satisfactory answer to present discrimination practices. It is an answer which must be eventually passed as a constitutional amendment: it must be clearly recognized that private property ceases to be private *just as soon as* the individual or company makes the decision to sell to the public.

It would be naive, of course, to expect that these new rights, and many others, could be effectively established without a major reform in our legal system. Today, the government has all the resources in a criminal case: the private individual, unless he is wealthy, has no opportunity to hire legal talent of comparable skill. In a civil case, the large corporation controls enough funds to hire a battery of lawyers; the private individual rarely has enough resources to match this ability to spend. We require a new institution: the public defender. Public defenders would be paid by the government and would have the power of government officials but their responsibility would be to take the cases of the private individual whose interests they felt had been unjustly damaged by the use of private and governmental power. They would possess enough resources to challenge the large institution effectively. A system similar to this has already been established in Scandinavia, and Justice Goldberg of the Supreme Court has proposed it be introduced into the United States.

The third new human right is that every individual should have the right to receive information undistorted by desires to mislead for the purposes of private gain. This is, in today's world, a very novel proposal for it means that society must develop effective sanctions against individuals and groups who distort information deliberately. That such a proposal seems novel is perhaps a good measure of the degree of malfunction in our society. The framers of the American constitution intended a method of achieving free debate, not a justification of deliberate distortion with consequent fragmentation of the society.

What types of distortion am I condemning? I condemn the advertisers who play on the weakness of the individual in order to increase their sales. I condemn the propagandist of any country who unhesitatingly distort the unfavorable and bury the undesirable news. I condemn the academics who distort the truth as they see it in order to gain reputations or power. On the other hand, I do not condemn but resolutely uphold the right of the individual to put forward all the truth as he sees it, however unpalatable it may be. I believe, indeed, that we must smooth the path of individuals who are willing to dissent for the costs of disagreement with existing social norms are always high. The granting of an absolute constitutional right to an income will be helpful here.

Indeed, I go further. The existence of lively controversy which allows the discovery of the truth in constantly changing circumstances is one of the prime necessities of today. Only a lively democracy can lead to the adoption of appropriate policies to deal with changing situations. Concentration of power in the hands of a few not only is against our past ideals but also fails to meet present necessities.

I would like to suggest that this is, in fact the major role which has been played by the civil rights movement in recent years, and particularly in recent months. The attention of the civil rights groups themselves, and of outside ob-

servers, as been concentrated on the degree of success or failure achieved in striving for stated goals. There is a considerable feeling that they have consistently fallen short of their goals and this has been called failure. This is an excessively naive view of social change. Very few commentators discuss the real success of the civil-rights movement—the fact that it has, almost single-handed, wrested America out of the apathy of unemployment and inadequate education, the problems of poverty, and the long-run dangers of cybernation. The drive of the civil-rights movement is forcing America to re-examine itself and to recognize that the rights of the Negro cannot be achieved without fundamental social and economic change. The civil rights movement has provided America with another chance, and possibly its last one, to recognize that in conditions, of abundance every citizen both can and should be provided with the means to obtain enough food, clothing, shelter, education and health care: in effect to be first class citizen.

Martin Luther King has taken this theme and proposed in his new book “. . . that the United States launch a broad-based and gigantic Bill of Rights for the Disadvantaged.” He adds: “It is a matter of simple justice that the United States, in dealing creatively with the task of raising the Negro from backwardness, should also be rescuing a large stratum of the forgotten white poor. A Bill of Rights for the Disadvantaged could mark the rise of a new era, in which the full resources of the society could be used to attack the tenacious poverty which so paradoxically exists in the midst of plenty.”

How can this goal be achieved? Clearly the civil-rights movement must be joined by other supporting groups. Only if all those who are concerned with the improvement of our society unite to bring about major change will it be possible to achieve the pace of development in social values which will allow us to benefit from technology and consequent abundance rather than be destroyed by it.

The civil-rights and labor movements stand, indeed, at a crossroads. They can become the rallying point for true social change, for demands which in any other period of history would clearly have been Utopian but which are today completely practical and indeed essential. The decision to take the route proposed would deprive the civil-rights movement of the support of some sections. It would alienate those who are only concerned with obtaining justice for the Negro, who refused to recognize that justice for the Negro cannot be secured in a society which does not secure justice for all its citizens; in the same way that present injustice to the Negro is progressively involving injustice to others. In addition, this decision would deprive the unions of the support of those who are concerned solely with people who still are, or might become, union members.

If we plan and carry out the necessary action our common future has a brighter aspect but we must face up to the unkind fact that much of the potential benefit from cybernation and abundance will be reaped not by us but by our children. We are in many ways the truly lost generation: we are torn adrift from the certainties by which our parents still lived and we will never fully understand the new set of apparent certainties which will seem totally natural to the children growing up today. These children, in their turn, will never understand how we could have allowed our defunct concepts of economics to prevent us from providing everybody with food, clothing, shelter, education, and health care.

In one sense, we will remain chained to our past, unable to enter the promised land. But our generation, and *only* our generation, can bring humanity to this promised land. The challenge is uniquely ours: if we fail to rise to it we will destroy our values, the values of our children and very possibly the whole world. If we succeed we have laid the groundwork for the Great Society. ■

viper

(Continued from Page 4)

A — The last duty station I had was in Georgia. . . (giggles) I mean, Georgia, and we had the CID, Criminal Investigation Department. . . We call it El Cid. . . (giggles). These guys come into bars with levis and teeshirts with their eyes half-shut, trying to make like they're high. But they still have their short haircuts, and you know, they might as well hold up a sign saying 'I'm a nark!' It's like a big joke. But you have to take precautions, because there are ones that do grow long hair and hang around. But mostly it's just a joke, and they have a very difficult time busting anyone.

W — Besides smoking with them, did you ever talk to any VC?

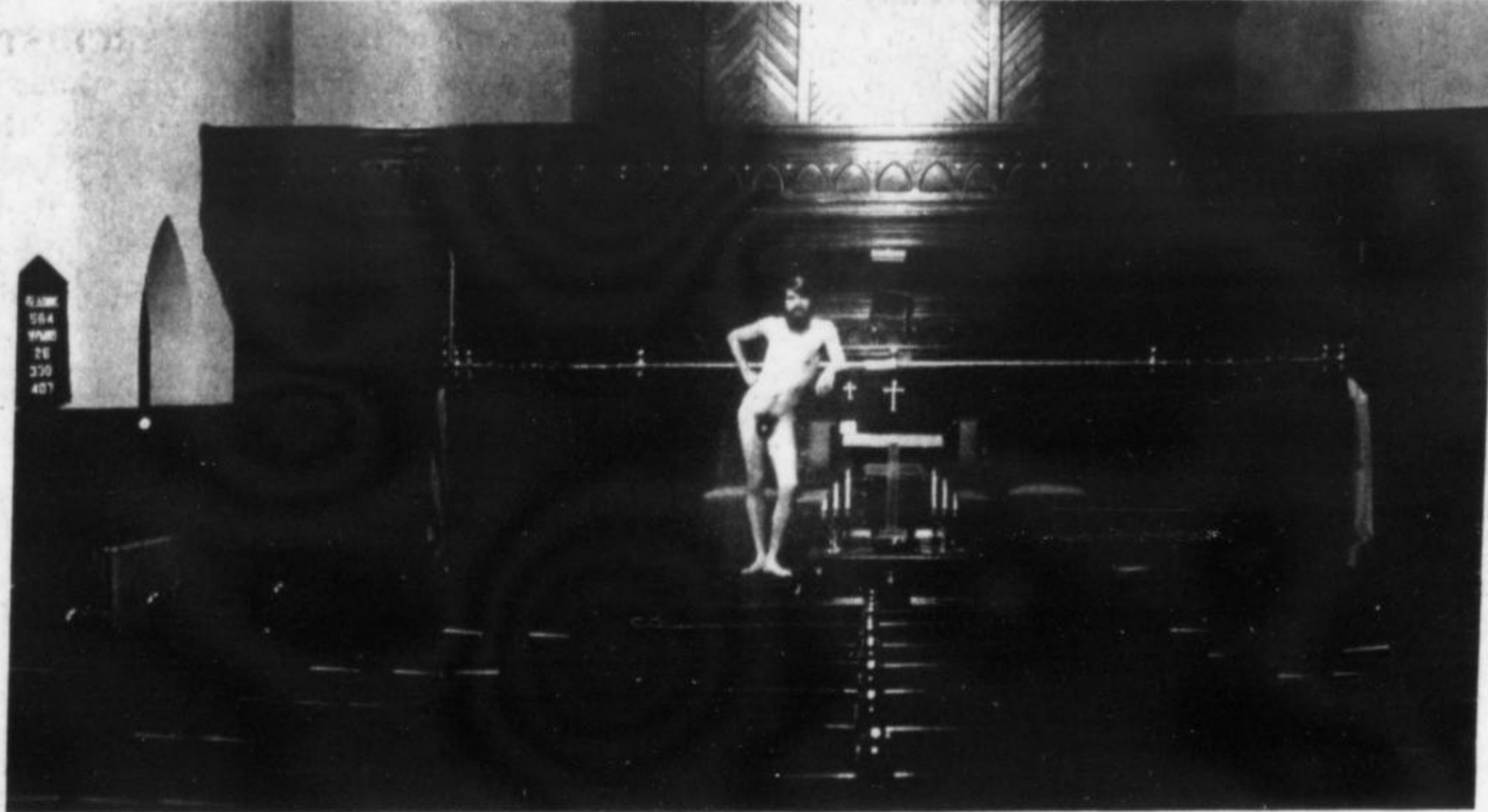
A — Well, I was in a whorehouse one night in a little village we called Dogpatch. Which is the name we gave that village, and uh. . . There's some chicks in there that I would bounce a basketball through a mine field just to lick their ass. . . You get so horny you'll risk your life just to get out there and lay some pipe. . . And so I'm out there, and some confirmed VC tells me I'm fucking his broad. And I handed him a joint, and we talk about it, and it came to a point where he had his rifle up my throat ready to blow me away. And nobody would know 'cause I was in their land. I was — I was the gook, then. I'm the gook, right. And the word gook is in the dictionary, and the word gook means anything strange or unusual or whatever. And we are actually the gooks, not them. And he would have had all the right in the world just to blow me away right there on the spot without nobody knowing. But we talked it over and I handed him a joint, and we smoked together and talked about it, and wound up being friends. He was a good guy.

Betsy — What was it like for the guys who turned on for the first time when they net their first battle scenes? Did they freak out?

A — Well. . . There are a few guys that when they first turn on, it makes them violent. But for the rest of us normal cats it's just a groovy thing and violence is the farthest thing from our heads. And there was a tank crew, four men, and these cats were completely all the way crazy, out of their skulls, and these cats were in charge of this tank. And this tank had written on its side 'colour me bad.' These guys would start at one end of a village and run over the roofs all the way down to the other end, and crush every man, woman, child, chicken, cat, dog, everything. Dead. Then they'd cross the street and go down over the roofs on the other side, kill every man, woman, child, chicken, dog, cat. And when everything stopped moving, they'd take the machine gun. . . Which is mounted conveniently on the tank. . . These cats are you know, different. . . fucked up. . . These guys turn on, but they've got war in their hearts. That's them — they're war people. John Wayne freaks. Like, me, man, whenever we got attacked. . . My outfit has been hit by mortars more times than I like to think about. . . But that's *nothing*, man, cause my tent is right next to a fuckin ditch, cause they dug ditches—trenches—(giggles) like five feet away from their tents, so when mortar comes they can drive right in. Now, the first thing I'd grab was my pipe, and my partner would grab his bag of grass, and we'd dive through the tent and wait it out. The green guys that just got over there, the first thing they'd grab was their helmets, flack jacket, rifle, bullets, hand grenades, flares, everything. And we'd just lay in the ditch and wait out the attack and dig on the blasts, shrapnel and all that shit, and you know, no big thing. And we'd go back in the tent after the all-clear call was sounded and stay up the rest of the night smoking. Talking about it. But the higher-ups are the most fucked up people in the world, you know, on our side and on their side. They're the ones that call the shots, and we're just puppets. And it's just a thing you have

(Continued on Page 19)

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Hip- pocrates



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QUESTION: As a relatively straight guy who showers every day and keeps his hair short, I've never been a great admirer of hippies. But lately I've begun to wonder. With a receding hairline I have become quite conscious of the scalps of others and yet have seen few bald spots among the hippie population.

Does keeping one's hair long and allowing the natural oils to gather by not washing slow down the fall-out rate of hair? I'll do anything to save myself from becoming bald.

ANSWER: Anything? When I read your letter I immediately thought of two hippies you may not have seen. One is Bob Ockene, a New York Bobbs-Merrill editor and Yippee whose cherubic face seems to be enhanced by his shiny head. Bob's beautiful wife is apparently not turned off by baldness.

The other is Max Scherr, editor of the Berkeley *Barb*, who seems to have hair growing everywhere except the top of his head. Max's beard reaches to his waist. Sometimes he stuffs part of it under his peaked cap.

The length of one's hair does not hasten or retard normal male pattern baldness so I imagine most of the hippies you have seen are of an area when baldness is rare. And, contrary to popular belief, hippies who long forego bathing are shunned by their fellows, not because of conventional upright sterility standards, but due to that erotic sense organ, the nose.

Hair grows from structures in the skin called follicles. Each tiny follicle contains an oil or sebaceous gland and an involuntary muscle. "Gooseflesh", a reaction to cold, fear or other stimuli, occurs when the involuntary *arrector pili* muscles contract and move hair vertically, lift the region around each hair and depress the surrounding skin.

The rate of hair growth varies from one individual to the next and may be slower or faster at times even for one person. But in general hair grows 1.5 millimeters to 2 millimeters per week (approximately 1/25th of an inch). All of the hair except for a small part beneath the skin is "dead" material. If you think you can spare one, pluck a hair from your head and look at the bottom of the hair shaft—that's the only live part. The rest, in effect, is pushed out or grows from this base.

Recently, I received a letter from a fellow in Los Angeles who had heard that bull sperm could increase the rate of hair growth. I told him it was a lot of bull. No known food or shampoo can increase the speed at which hair grows.

The length to which hair will grow also varies greatly from one individual to another. I've been writing mainly about head hair, but, of course, hair grows all over the body on everyone. Even people who seem relatively hairless have fine hairs which may be seen on close examination under a strong light. The hairs on an individual body may vary in length from a few millimeters to almost five feet. Life expectancy for an individual hair varies from 3 to 5 months for the eyebrows to 2 to 4 years for head hair.

Hair becomes more lustrous and fluffy after washing because soaps and shampoos remove oil and dirt particles which coat the hairs and cause them to stick together. The oil is usually secreted from the sebaceous glands of the hair follicles while dirt particles may come from the polluted air of cities or even from rooms densely filled with cigarette smoke. I know of one Berkeley co-ed whose roommates share a common smoking pastime. Her boyfriend claimed he could get stoned just by smelling her hair.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94719.

viper

(Continued from Page 17)

to do, whether we like it or not. But you don't have to aim at their hearts, you don't have to aim anywhere but over their heads. That's where it's at, you know. (giggles.)

W — Why'd you take a second tour?
A — 'Cause I went over from '64 to '65, and when I got back I got into so much trouble I had to volunteer for another tour to keep out of the brig. After ten months. Just unnecessary horseshit from the lifers. Career servicemen, ha ha. And I got there the second time, and these people were hip to conniving us. And you can't blame 'em cause they're starving to death. They'd sell us what was supposed to be grass, and it'd turn out to be nothing. Because those people over there, they're just starving, and they'll do anything to make money off you, which I can't blame them for, one bit. Not one bit at all. It doesn't get me uptight when they burn me, they're starving. I mean, suppose you were starving, and picking garbage piles just to feed your family, you would try every way just to connive every dollar out of every American you could. Like, one time, f'rinstance, I found a kid about nine years old eating styrofoam. Styrofoam. Because he thought it was food, he was starving to death. I said, you know, 'Man, quit eatin' that styrofoam, and have some C-rations.' Which was all I had, so I gave him all the C-rations I had, plus chocolate, and coffee and sugar and all this shit, and I laid it all on this cat. Which in return I got the whole family, plus all their friends, charging me like a fuckin' good will man, begging for anything. And it just put me so uptight, man, because I didn't have any more to give them. I just gave the little kid all I had, and he went and told his family and the whole family came up there, man. So what can you do? So I had some P's on me — P's equals piasters — and I laid a lot of piasters on the people and split. That's all I had. When payday rolls around in Vietnam you make out a little slip showing

how much you want in MPC, which is Military Payment Certificates — which is funny money — like monopoly money, you know? You don't get greenbacks in Vietnam. And if you want so many dollars in piasters, you tell them. But there's still the black market, where for ten dollars in greenback you can get twenty dollars in piasters. Which is as much equal to ten dollars greenback as anything, but these people pay twice the amount for a greenback as they pay for a piaster. And if you're a black-market type guy you can make out, because you can get much grass for a fin in greenback. And in case you're wondering who deals in black market, it's not just the peons — it's high-ranking officers who have more access to things like jeeps, trucks, stuff like that. Done all the time. No one asks questions.

W — You have any suggestions for future draftees?

A — If anyone is unfortunate enough to go to Vietnam, there are some things that can make it a little more bearable. First thing you do is write to someone in the States for a little battery-powered record player, tape recorder, anything. Stuff like that just eases your head. Plus the fact of being high as much as possible makes it all right man, because I mean, you're there, you know. You can't just snap your fingers and be gone. So when you're digging sounds and turning on it's a lot groovier than laying on your cot and listening to mortars blasting off and airplanes going over. Much better listening to Lightning Hopkins, Jimmy Reed. Also, if you have somebody in the states to write to, it's cool to let them know what kind of scoffs to send you — Potato chips, you know? Gold, man. Just little secret things that you dig nibbling on. A big box things packed with little goodies over there is just really out of sight. Potatoe chips, pretzles, animal crackers, cheese nibbles. . .
W — Shit, let's go eat.
A — Yeah.

georgie

(Continued from Page 5)

thick of it, and some of them are ANARCHISTS with swivel*hips & swollen lips; sometimes a little skirmish between the Anarchists & the Forgotten Men & their lifesize George Corley buttons. Sometimes the Anarchists took their confederate flags to burn the chill air away. They were behaving like children. Somebody comes, "Hey, did you hear that? A Wallace man stabbed by a Negro!" The autumn of their madness. Twenty-five arrests, a few busted heads taken to private nursing, anger!

Coitus Le May Today, up against the wall, JACKIE RECEIVES MILLION & GEMS, Wallace is Rosemary's fifth Thalidomide baby, AND INSIDE he's the Yankee*Doodle*Dandy*Dixie *Cup Baby & he has been standing 20 minutes. There would be no show without the Anarchists, and THEY were baiting the Anarchists (whom they had welcomed with open arms as part of the show) & the Anarchists were baiting back & digging the bites and the Forgotten Men were screaming love comes, "Hey, niggers, get out of here, niggers. Get out!" LET THIS BE a PRIVATE AMERICAN SCREW.

"Come on home," George Corley said. "Give it to me, sweetie!" The sweetest kisses. George Corley moved into the heckler's navel.

"Fight back," the heckler said. "Like THIS!" Like panthers & tigers & squirrels & lions & roaches, together.

"Hold on," George Corley said, "hold on please. People get ready. There's a train a-comin'."

"We don't need no ticket to hell," his lovers screamed.

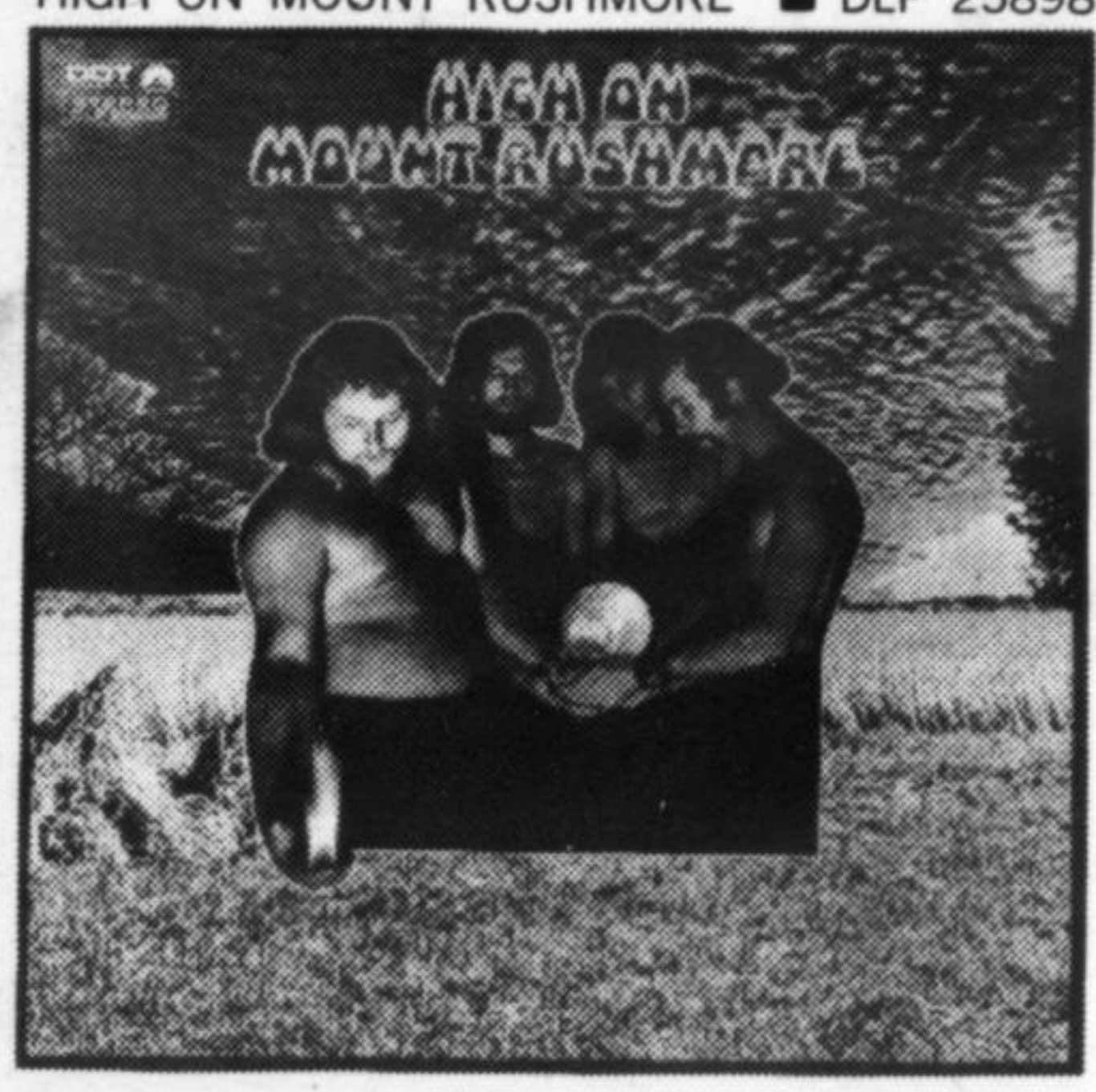
"Hey there, sweetiepie," George Corley said to the lovely stranger, "let me doodle your dandy and yank your yankee, please." He felt so inspired. Soo-O good! "They just don't want the people to know what kind of support we have."

But there was something that the Forgotten Men just had to say. "No, George Corley. No!"

(Continued on Page 20)

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georgie

(Continued from Page 19)

And George Corley said, "Oh, 'xcuse me. I thought you were a girl!" But he was up, and they were up & everybody UP & couldn't stop & the bands were playing musicians dancing in their strings, and George Corley doing the monkey. They were driving him to the furious intensity of loneliness. He knew there had to be a trap somewhere, but he wasn't waiting for its embrace. "You better have your say now, I can tell you that," & more he said, "After November 5, you Anarchists are through in this country!" He will destroy them. He will set their loins adrift. He will autograph their sandals, sleep with Bob Hope, do it with a Texas cow, anything. But he won't let them run wild in the streets of his fondest dream.

"It took courage for you to come," Mrs. Le May said, and then he was going, going, and the Anarchists outside were screaming for his loving, beautiful, bedeviled presence of no return, perhaps. And he was riding the carpet and waving his arms. He dipped & shouted at the Anarchists, the roaring, he could piss on them, "I'll send the Anarchists over there to fight the war in the Vietnams, and I will bring our boys home. Let the Anarchists suffer!"

Lovely, lovely on his Alexander's little magic flying carpet, George Corley loved the cool air. Then a gush of wind like of olden times & the Anarchists were diving out of the clouds on their **FREEDOM*RIGHT*NOW*JET-KITES** & shooting those poison darts for which they were already so famous. Well, the Kong Boys were enraged, their foreheads trembled, enormous disturbances howled in their fingertips. They were crying, screaming, lost in the chaos of love, ecstasy & revenge, the trinity of regret. And these Kong Boys were chasing the Anarchists thru the movie district, past **If He Hollers, let him Go, Kill Baby, Kill, Enemy Country,**

(Continued on Page 21)

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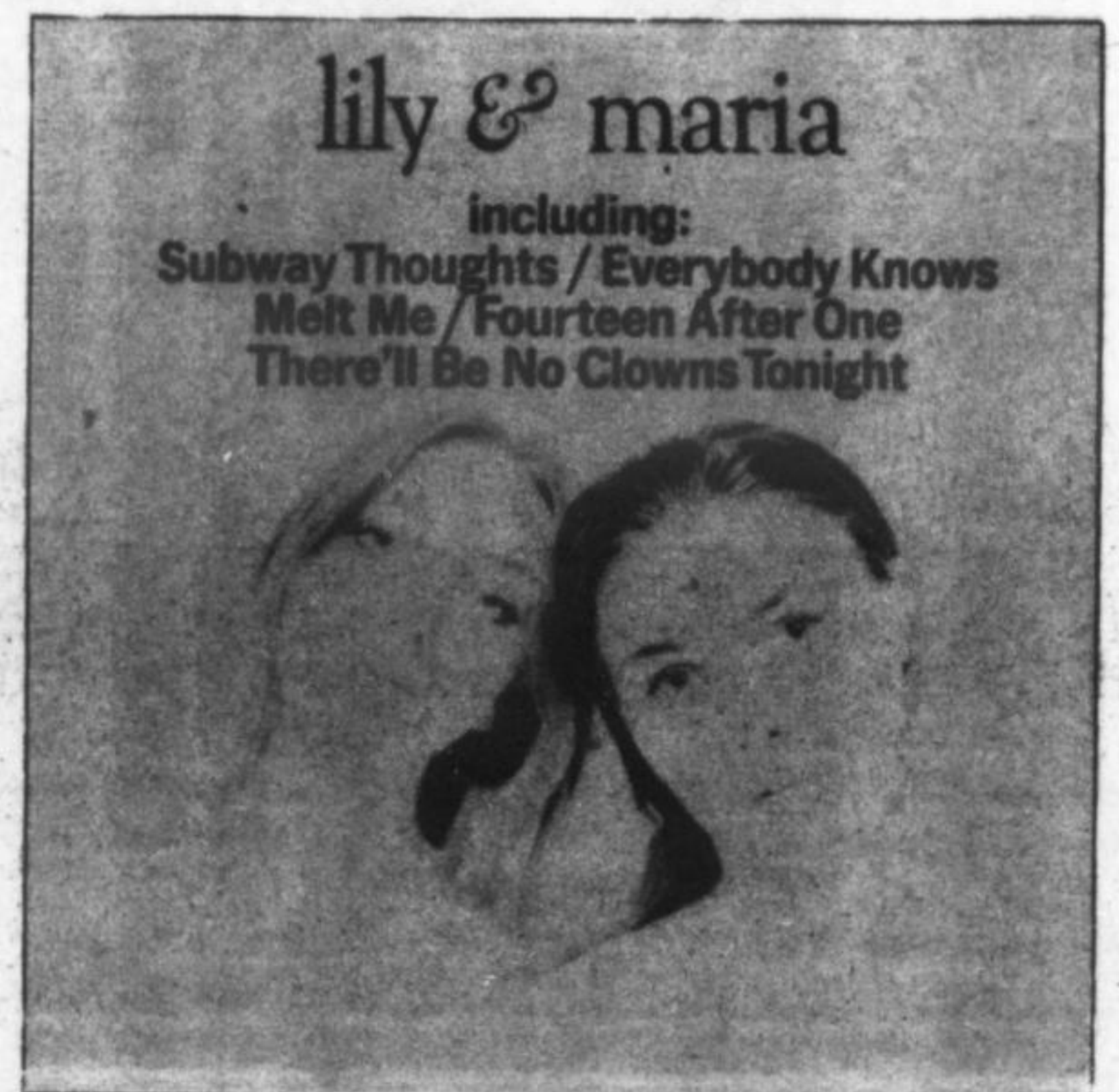
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georgie

(Continued from Page 21)

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"NO."

"I wish they would, God damn!"

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karma

(Continued from Page 11)

of the music, its social context, its sound, and importance to the past and future. The pop critic has himself become a celebrity, but most are riding the coattails of the superstar. Merely trend followers, they have no imagination or real feeling for music and no excitement or creativity in their written droppings. For them, rock became respected and legitimized with the Beatles and they feared taking interest in the music prior to then. The rock preceding the Beatles was to them nigger music or considered ugly and obscene. The Village Voice's Anne Fisher admits to first tuning in with the Jefferson Airplane. Alas though, they are working to rediscover the great beginnings of this generation's music. Fats is back; Little Richard is here; Chuck Berry is getting old; Jerry Lee is on the way back with country music, but why is early Elvis (the main man) being ignored?

The academic rock critic is a cultist, laboring the reader with adulatory, pretentious, boring copy about the overarranged second-rate symphonic rock being produced by a handful of "bag geniuses" and a rotten barrelful of eclectic producers. It's a mirror of nonexcitement—the dull copy reflecting the dull music reflecting . . .

The critic should offset advertising hype, but most support and even endorse it. Many of the self-styled authoritarian pop writers have relegated live music as second to recorded music, or come to live music explosions as a critic, an observer rather than a participant. They are viewers, lookers to be entertained, titillated, not wanting to become involved in the drama, excitement, action, life of the music. Man cannot stand apart from the revolutionary change of life, he must dive into the experience of living, feeling exchanging, fucking, hearing, moving to the sounds of our time.

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PERSONAL

"ATTENTION BI-SEXUALS, both sexes, couples for enjoyable lipservice, fun, games my place or yours. Photo, phone, ideas essential for meets. L. Service c/o Box 168, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

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TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me, include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.

GENTLE experienced bachelor, 39, seeks bright gal or threesome oriented couple 21-50 for stimulating, uninhibited mutually satisfying exciting experiences. Mornings, afternoons, evenings. — Frank, Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

YOU ARE YOUNG, pretty, white and straight (almost). It's hard to live on your salary. I'm 40 and square (almost). Spend a loveable evening with me each week and pick up an extra quarter you need so badly. Picture welcome. No hookers please. W. W., Box 40, 1 Bark Street, N.Y.C.

HANDSOME, SOPHISTICATED, world travelled young man with Ivy League degree seeks help with career from wealthy and generous man or woman. In return, I offer companionship and friendship. Let's meet soon. Please send phone number or relevant information to . . . Box 94, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009. Discretion assured.

HIP MALE, 27, photographer, desire female roommate 18 to 25 to share midtown apt. Rent free. Call late 565-6338.

HANDSOME white male, 26, will work for good fast cash. Call Phil at 684-5468 from 7-11 PM.

AM GAY. Happy only when being taught to please. Submissive to tall whites 30-45. Please send name and address or phone J. Wendell B. 200 W. 50th Street #509, New York City.

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MAN, 36, white, handsome, continental type would like to meet shapely sophisticated type of woman 18-30 to fulfill their desires. Am an expert on oral stimulation. Everything kept extremely confidential. Write Box 4092, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

NEGRO 6 ft. 6 in., 28, would like to meet white female 18 to 30. Send phone and photo to W. Clark, 711 Park Place, Brooklyn.

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A FAIRLY good-looking, swinging and sincere fellow, wants very much to meet girl 18-32, for meaningful sex relationship. I enjoy good times and spending "bread" on someone who'll treat me right. Call Mort. Collect (201) 542-9483.

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MAN, 28, would like to meet good looking masculine men to age 30. Call 737-2609, after 6 P.M.

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YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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decomp

(Continued from Page 14)

Astoria ballroom, a few thousand punknick kids will be following them outside on the sidewalk: depending on the final outcome, we shall either riot or go home larfing. . . Another odd thing last week was the way the Daily News spoke of the demonstrations in Prague: "The celebration of Czechoslovakia's founding was marred," they said, "by bands of hooting, jeering youths". . . Lissen, News, just whose side are you on, anyhow? . . . Mickey Mouse is forty years old this November-Eldridge Cleaver should switch his candidacy at the last minute to a guy who's really qualified. . . But Mickey's clearly an Uncle Tom, he wears white gloves all the time. . . Rumour has it that George Wallace is going to marry Ethel Kennedy and reap a bi-lateral sympathy vote

HIDDEN IN THE HAREM

Bizzare Records, headed by Frank Zappa, is pleased to announce that Wild Man Fisher's new single, Circle, will shortly be on the stands. Hear it and freak.

MOANED IN COMPLETION

God is back on our side for good this time. American International Pictures has definitely signed up John Huston to play the Abbe in the multi-million extravaganza "De Sade," the life story of that all-time rakehell, libertine, good-guy intellectual *philosoph*/geurilla. Count Donatien Alphonse Marie De Sade. Kier Dullea will do Sade himself, with Senta Berger and Lilli Palmer suffering in supporting chains. The flick is currently filming in Berlin, and will be released next July.

WANTED FOR MOVIE ATTRACTIVE MALES AND FEMALES UNUSUAL FILM FOR THEATRICAL RELEASE SOME NUDITY REQUIRED FOR INTERVIEW CALL 247-5450 FROM 1 TO 5 P.M. ONLY

NUDE MALE FILM CLUB

CINEMA 7 is now offering membership in a private film club devoted to the male and the male body. We will be presenting experimental films, premieres of male nudes, and revivals of films of interest to our members. Most of our programs cannot and will not be shown in public theatres.

There will be continuous screenings nightly; admission is \$2.00 and open only to those displaying a CINEMA 7 membership card. To join, please fill out the coupon below and send with a \$1.00 membership fee to:

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GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find \$1.00; please send me a membership card and further information about CINEMA 7.

NAME

ADDRESS

I am over 21 years of age.

Signature

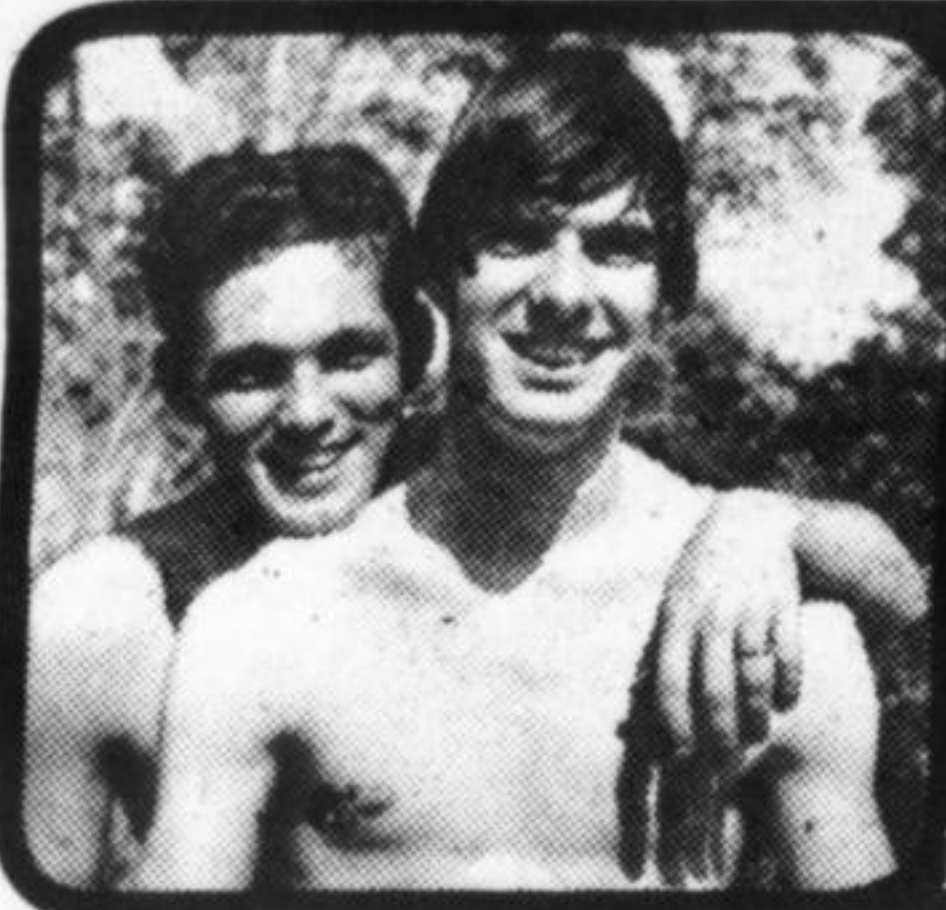
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COLLEGE STUDENTS AND SIMILAR TYPES MAKE EXTRA CASH. Young professional photographer needs young/hung models for nude publication. Legit business. Confidential. \$10.00 hr. Don't just be tempted: WRITE. Mr. Frank, Box 258, Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011.
PHOTO STUDIO. We need young male models to 20. Parents' inquiries welcome. GR 5-4787.
FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photogra-

phic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.
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day-break return to your bloom when yearning revives the tomb with a forgotten light of death and the consuming secret of breath
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HIP STOCK BROKER, willing to rap. Call Jaakov, 228-8640.
TO MY EXPERIMENTAL GARDEN
though my verse be mist & enticement
the txture of earth & measurement
is a conjuration of blood & rarity
for your lingering dawn of liberty
that envisions a strange innocence of adoration
with a bewildering intimacy of equation
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

HAPPENINGS

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:
 Medieval Art from Private Collections
 The Cloisters
 Ft. Tyron Park

NOV. 6 THRU. JAN. 1:
 "The Career of an Actor: Anthony Quinn"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 3:
 Exhibition in Honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 3:
 "The Door" co-sponsored by U. S. Plywood
 Museum of Contemp. Arts & Crafts
 Main Gallery of Museum
 (29 W. 53rd St. and U. S. Plywood Showroom)

NOW THRU NOV. 3:
 "Mezzotints"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd St. and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 5:
 "Royal Worcester Porcelain Doughty Birds"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

NOW THRU NOV. 7:
 2 Paintings by Larry Rivers
 Vivian Beaumont Theatre
 Lincoln Center

NOW THRU NOV. 12:
 Craft Tools and Kitchen Utensils from Colonial Period through Federalist and pre-Civil War to turn of Century
 NYU - Loeb Student Center (Free)

NOW THRU NOV. 11:
 "Architecture of Museums"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU NOV. 17:
 Wallace Bearman: Verifax Collages
 The Jewish Museum
 109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 19:
 "The Great of Fresco: Giotto to Pontormo"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 24:
 Franz Kline
 Whitney Museum American Art
 945 Madison Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 25:
 Sky Show: "The Legend of the Flying Horse"
 Hayden Planetarium
 81st Street and CPW

NOW THRU NOV. 27:
 Light and Sound Show from Howard Wise Gallery
 Contemporary Arts Gallery
 NYU—Loeb Student Center

NOW THRU DEC. 8:
 Paul Caponigro: Recent Photographs
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Ingathering: Ceremony and Tradition in N. Y. Public Collections
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Brassai—Photographs
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU JAN. 5:
 Robert Whitman's "Pond"
 The Jewish Museum
 1109 Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 19:
 "Maya Art from Guatemala"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

NO THRU JAN. 26:
 Rauschenberg—"Soundings"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

NOW THRU FEB. 2:
 Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
 "Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
 88th Street and Fifth Avenue

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:
 "The Hunter" by Murray Mednick
 Theatre Genesis
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

—"The Concept"
 Sheridan Square Playhouse
 CH 2-3432

—Sherriff's "Journey's End"
 Roundabout Theatre — WA 4-7161

FRIDAY, NOV. 1
 8:30 PM
 "Peace" by Aristophanes, adapted by Timothy Reynolds
 Judson Poet's Theatre
 55 Washington Square South

SATURDAY, NOV. 2:
 11:00 PM
 "The Expressway," a political vaudeville by Bob Nichols
 Presented by The Other Stage of the N. Y. Shakespeare Festival
 Sheridan Square

—8:30 PM
 "By George" with Max Adrian
 Comic Portrait of George Bernard Shaw
 Educational Theatre Program
 NYU—35 W. 4th St. (\$2.50)

SUNDAY, NOV. 3:
 1:00 PM
 "The Expressway"
 425 Lafayette St. (near Astor Pl.)

—3:00 PM
 "No Bra Co-op" by Meredith Monk
 NYU—Eisner & Lubin Auditorium

—4:00 PM
 "The Expressway"
 Broome and Mulberry Streets

TUESDAY, NOV. 5:
 8:30 PM—"Peace"
 Judson Poet's Theatre
 55 Washington Square South

MUSIC

THIS WEEK:
 ...Fillmore: Richie Havens, Quicksilver
 Messenger Service, McCoys
 Village Vanguard: Larry Coryell, DMZ
 Village Gate: Upstairs, Bill Evans; Downstairs, Dick Gregory
 Modern Jazz Quartet
 Slugs: Joe Lee Wilson
 Bitter End: Bunky and Jake, Dane Kaplin
 Au Go Go: Dino Valenti, David Ray, Danny Kalb
 Folk City: John Hammond, Liz Corrigan

FRIDAY, NOV. 1:
 8:30 PM
 The Asaman Byron Dance Theatre
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

MONDAY, NOV. 4:
 8:30 PM
 Emmy Lou Harris
 Folklore Center Folk Festival
 Washington Square Methodist Church
 135 West 4th Street (\$2.00)

POETRY READING

SUNDAY, NOV. 3:
 8:30 PM—Daniel Cassidy
 Folklore Center
 321 Sixth Avenue (50c)

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6:
 8:00 PM—Open Poetry Reading
 St. Johns in the Village
 224 Waverly Place (Cont.)

8:30 PM
 Dick Gallup and Tom Veitch
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 2nd Avenue and 10th Street

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, NOV. 1:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Ron Padgett
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

SATURDAY, NOV. 2:
 4:00 PM
 Poetry — Joel Oppenheimer
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

MONDAY, NOV. 4:
 8:30 PM
 Prose — Bart Gerald, Seymour Krim
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

TUESDAY, NOV. 5:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Peter Schjeldahl
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

THURSDAY, NOV. 7:
 8:30 PM
 Poetry — Sam Abrams
 St. Marks Church in the Bowery
 Second Avenue and 10th Street

TALKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 1:
 2:30 PM
 Artists and Animals—"Cats"
 by Margaret V. Hartt
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—3:30 PM
 "The Painting of Matisse"
 by Sylvia Milgram
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

SATURDAY, NOV. 2:
 1:00 PM
 "Recent Trends" by Sylvia Milgram
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

MONDAY, NOV. 4:
 10:30 AM
 Survey of the Collections
 "Greek Bronzes" by Allen Rosenbaum
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—5:30 PM
 "Painting in the Royal Courts of Europe" by Michael Levy
 Sponsored by NYU Institute of Fine Arts
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue
 (Tickets available free by mail from museum)

—8:30 PM
 "The Big Blast—The Presidency"
 by Carey McWilliams
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6:
 11:00 AM
 Gallery Talk — "Porcelain Decorated Furniture" by Linda J. Lovell
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM
 "Middle Class Sexual Taboos"
 by Harold Greenwald
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, NOV. 7:
 2:00 PM
 Gallery Talk—"North American Birds"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

—2:00 PM
 Survey of the Collections
 "Greek Bronzes" by Allen Rosenbaum
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—5:30 PM
 "Painting in the Royal Courts of Europe," by Michael Levy
 Sponsored by N.Y.U. Institute of Fine Arts
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue
 (Tickets available free by mail from museum)

—6:00 PM
 "The Enigma of DeChirico"
 by Sylvia Milgram
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM
 "Carl Jung and Edgar Cayce: Their Dreams" by Bill Stevenson
 A.R.E. New York Center
 34 West 35th Street (\$1.00)

FILMS

FRIDAY, NOV. 1:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "The Marriage Circle" (1924)
 by Ernst Lubitsch
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 PM
 Open screening 16mm eperimental shorts
 U-U Film Group
 814 Broadway (11th St.) — Free

—8:00 PM
 Open screening. Bring 8 and/or 16mm film or footage to show and discuss
 Millenium Film Workshop
 2 East 2nd Street

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Experimental film and video tapes ("The Game," "The Collection," "Foundry Girl") by Terry
 315 Broadway — 233-4159 (\$1.50)

—8:30 PM
 Open Screening: Films by Frank Kuenstler and others.
 887 Union Street, Brooklyn (\$1.50)

SATURDAY, NOV. 2:
 2:00 PM
 "Destination South Pacific,"
 "Tasmanian Adventure,"
 "Hayman Island Caper" (Australia)
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

—3:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Three Women" (1924) by Ernst Lubitsch, with May McAvoy and Pauline Frederick
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 & 10:00 PM
 Experimental films and video tapes ("The Game," "The Collection," "Foundry Girl") by Terry
 315 Broadway — 233-4159

—8:00 PM
 Open Screening, 16mm Exper. shorts
 U-P Film Group
 814 Broadway (11th St.) — Free

—8:00 PM
 Maurice Amar's "Concerto Flamenco"
 "Yellow Alley," "Love on Christie Street," "Americana," "Ragadoll," "Be-In," "Red Light"
 90 & 9 Coffee House
 99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SUNDAY, NOV. 3:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "Das Weib des Pharos" (The Loves of the Pharaoh) with Emil Jannings by Ernst Lubitsch (1921)

—3:00 PM
 "Five British Sculptors Work and Talk," "Henry Moore, London 1940-42," "Reclining Figure"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:00 & 10:00 PM
 Experimental films and video tapes ("The Game," "The Collection," "Foundry Girl") by Terry
 315 Broadway — 233-4159 (\$1.50)

MONDAY, NOV. 4:
 2:00 & 5:30 PM
 "Lady Windermere's Fan" with May McAvoy and Irene Rich (1925)
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—3:30 PM
 "Fra Angelico at San Marco," "Siena and Simone Martini," "Romanesque Painters"
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—12:00
 "Musicals of the Thirties"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6:
 12:00 Noon
 "Musicals of the Thirties"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—2:00 PM
 "Come to Texas," "The Colonial Naturalist"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

—2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "I Walked With A Zombie" (1943)
 by Jacques Tourneur
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—12:00 Midnight
 "Summerhill," and "Allen Ginsberg and Lawrence Ferlinghetti"
 Free Store
 14 Cooper Square

THURSDAY, NOV. 7:
 2:00, 5:30 & 8:00 PM
 "Forbidden Paradise" by Ernst Lubitsch (1924)
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street



ABOLAFIA
for
VICE

W
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C
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WALLACE
DOUBLE
#127

WALLACE
DOUBLE
#896

