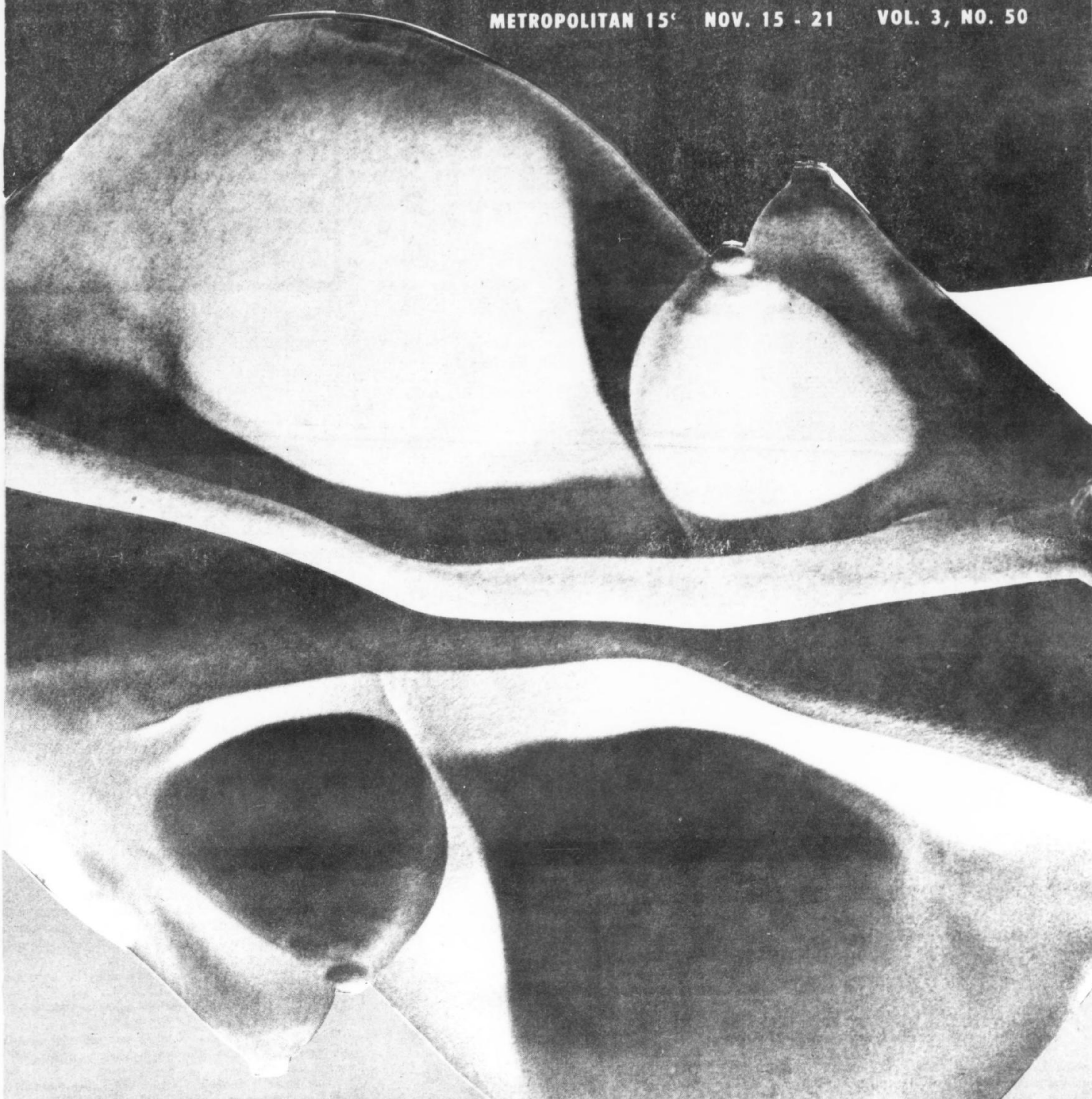


THE EAST VILLAGE ANTHROPOLOGICAL



METROPOLITAN 15¢ NOV. 15 - 21 VOL. 3, NO. 50



Not Architecture as all others are,
But the proud passion of an
Emperor's love,
Wrought into living stone, which
gleams and soars
With body of beauty, shining soul
and thought.

RENTAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL



AMERICA . . . FIRST WITH THE MOST
AMERICA . . . FIRST WITH THE BEST
LIKE IT . . . OR LEAVE IT

Mr. Walter Bowart
Publisher, Editor-in-Chief
EAST VILLAGE OTHER
105 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10009

Mr. Bowart and Staff:

I just read part of a copy your filthy commie rag that you dare to call a newspaper, and it make me God damned sicy to my stomach. I wanted to puke. I think people like you ought to be locked up and the key thrown away. Have you ever heard of treason during a time of war? You're just a bunch of punks, dirty commie punks.

Today is election day. Patriots and loyal Americans the world over will get out and vote for the candidate of their choice. I'll bet you don't even vote. You don't understand the American way of life. We are the greatest nation ever, ever, ever in the world! And if you don't like it here why don't you go to commie China or North Vietnam with all those slopeheads or Russia?!!! We don't want you here in America!!!

And another thing. When the Honorable George Corley Wallace is elected PRESIDENT today, and when that most patriotic of Americans General Curtis LeMay is elected VICE-PRESIDENT of the United States, well, then you better watch out and you better not say anything bad or degratory about either of them. If they are elected (and they WILL be), then you have to respect them and abide by their decisions because they will be the leaders of all Americans, even commie faggot queers like you. That's all you people are, friggin' homos. President Wallace isn't going to tolerate your kind. He'll have you locked up, where you belong, or shipped off to Cuba. That's the American way. And if you do say anything bad about them, then you might as well watch out, because there are people like us in New York who will get pretty damn mad. I'm not making any threats or anything, but they are people who will be mad, and they are people of ACTION.

Take my advice, fella, and shut your big yap and don't write any more of this trash and those filthy rotten lies about AMERICA and AMERICANS.

WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY!!!

Damn you all to hell forever.

JORGE M. HOFFSTEDDER, Colonel
Chief, North American Commandoes
Comander, 1st American Self-Defense Patriotic Brigade
Patriotic Army of the United States of America

Dear EVO:

In your Nov. 1 issue, you carried an article by A. J. Weberman about the Beatles' newest song "Hey Jude," in which he analysed the song line by line.

I would like to point out a gross error which led to an even grosser misrepresentation on Weberman's part. The last line in Verse 3, as Weberman has it, is: "By making his wealth a little golder," when in fact it is: "By making his world a little colder."

I believe that if, in the future, Mr. Weberman wishes to go through this type of analysis again, that he should invest in a copy of the sheet music instead of trusting his own, obviously, misguided ears.

Obtusely yours,
A. PICES

Dear Mr. Weberman:

For your message to Dylan, page 5, Oct. 30 issue of The East Village Other.

I would just like to say thank you since not enough attention is being placed on the artistry of Dylan or the Beatles.

I very much appreciated reading about them again and of course, the song.

Thank you again. A very ardent fan of both, rather all five of them.

Gentlemen:

Charles Munch is the greatest conductor of all time. That this is not well known is the result of various factors. Among them is the pedantry that supports and encourages the mediocre. Munch is the pinnacle of western music performance for any reasons. He is the product of a very special background and was the in-

CHEW

W
Wrigley's is as beneficial
as it is pleasant and lasting.

R
Regular use of it will aid the
teeth, appetite and digestion.

I
It cleanses the teeth, removing
food particles that cause decay.

G
Good gum is good for you -
doctors and dentists affirm this.

L
Let the children have Wrigley's
for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E
Eat wisely, chew your food well and
use Wrigley's - after every meal.

Y
You will note a marked improve-
ment in your health and spirits.

S
Smiles come easier, breath is
sweeter, the world is brighter with
Wrigley's.

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDNICK AND FRAWLEY

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candescence of the twilight of an epoch. The special aspect of Munch was his humanity. He has been called Apollonian in style. But more, his conducting was the manifestation of Eros in art. Munch is alive, as he always is. The pedants are dead and always are. Munch is Eros and they are Thanatos. The music and he were lovers and fulfilled communally. I feel that H. S. Sullivan and R. D. Laing would both agree that the present Sargasso of systematic musical archiving is constipated — neither art nor culture; that both are manifestations of man's divinity, not his self abrogation. Art is not a factory. Those who are capable of responding to great-



ness rarely stoop to being publicists. Those who run the great music factory are in fact threatened by true greatness — which is idiosyncratic and special. I have learned from my long-time contemplation of the general giggling response to Munch why the elite turn to aristocracy — it is the despair of sharing their responses with the community at large.

ROBERT FREEMAN CHADIS
505 West End Ave., Apt. 9C
c/o Stearns—N.Y., N.Y. 10024

Dear Editor:

An LNS story stated Cuban youth has been corrupted by the CIA. The story says, "rock music was broadcast along with encouragement to form small, clandestine groups to dance and listen to this music. Available only on the Voice of America."

Also, kids have long hair, don't study or work and even burned a Cuban flag and cut up a picture of Che. The story condemned them for being counter-revolutionaries.

Sound familiar? Cuban youth is also rebelling against the pigs. And Castro is as much a pig as Nixon, Mao and J. Edgar Hoover.

This letter is coming late because I just found this copy of EVO behind a bed.

Peace,
JAMES DAVIS
520 E. 14th Street
New York, New York 10001



Tougher than a
cross-word puzzle

Our cities are in trouble. This is the diagnosis of not only such eminent architects and scientists like R. Buckminster Fuller, but government officials as well.

The "Urban Crisis," brought about by problems of population explosion, mass-transportation tieups, pollution, wastage, the "where-were-you-when-the-lights-went-out" fiascos, and the recent earthquake tremors and disasters, has caused a general breakdown in our "land-cities" as supportive environments.

The breakdown has even filtered into our own genetic inheritance and caused a crisis in the future development of human beings as humanity.

As Dr. Benjamin Bloom, an educator from Chicago and author of the book, "Stability and Change in Human Characteristics," points out, "our genetic heritage, the various apprehending and coordinating capabilities of the brain — as scheduled and actuated in the children by the unique chromosomic "tickertapes" of each individual — is measurably affected by the environment of the individual. And the unfavorable environments we are now living in, are greatly impairing the functioning of these innate faculties."

Every day, more and more people are realizing that our cities are outmoded because, as a design system, they can no longer support successfully "operated life sustaining and omnivantaging systems for swiftly emerging and integrating World Man" brought about by the large masses of people who now flock to these urban areas to live.

The basic trend in society today, in basic drives of human consciousness, is towards the swiftest corrections which will not be too disruptive of the "total welfareing of all humanity." And the understanding that the ability of man to use his highest faculties to cope with his environment is more favorably affected by design science reformation of the inanimate environment than by direct legalistic, punitive, physiological or psychological attempts to reform human beings.

This understanding is accelerating in society today but it is being compounded and confused by, what Buckminster Fuller calls, "politically enacted — and only federally to be afforded — but equally chaotic process of pulling down individual, old buildings and their replacement by pseudo private property 'redevelopments' in the form of vertically expanded, concrete and steel permanetized, geometrical enlargements of the same obsolete building concepts which therefore multifoldedly aggravate the traffic stoppage and other social dilemmas."

To correct this situation, the Department of Housing and Urban Development has just completed a study, conducted by the Triton Foundation of Cambridge, Mass. and directed by R. Buckminster Fuller, on the feasibility of permanently housing 30,000 urban dwellers in floating communities near major coastal cities.

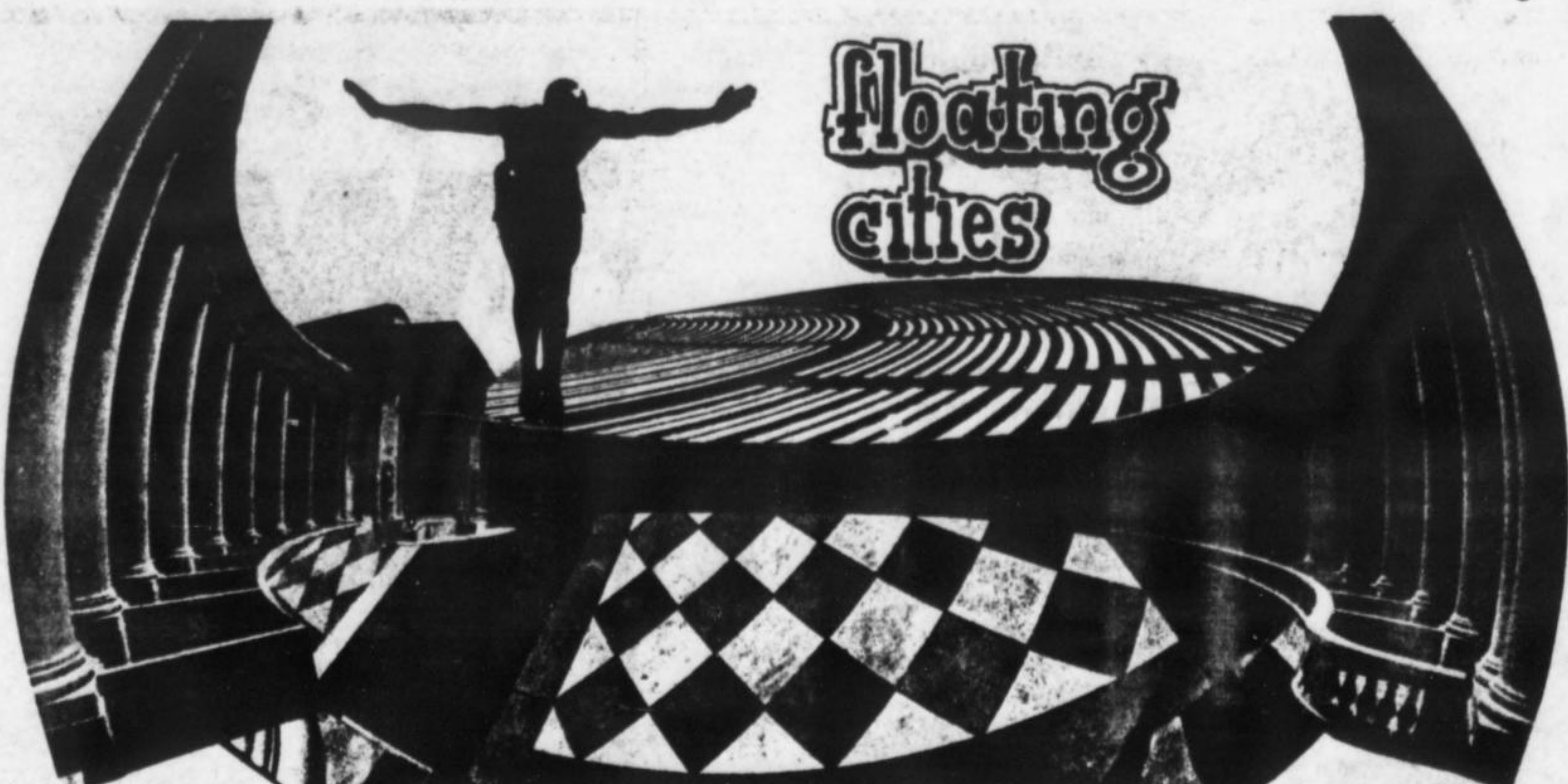
The study suggests that entire cities may be built in a shipyard and towed to coastal moorings adjacent to some metropolitan areas.

The objective of H. U. D. in financing the Triton study was to investigate the technical and economic feasibility of developing the water areas adjacent to cities by floating entirely new communities upon them.

According to Charles M. Haar, H. U. D.'s Assistant Secretary for Metropolitan Development, the Triton floating city offers an interesting possibility for permanently relocating people, facilities and services when core area renewal is in progress.

The Triton study originally grew out of a similar project, that Fuller had done for the city of Tokyo, which was privately financed by a Japanese Industrialist. Most of these ideas were written down in an essay by Fuller entitled "Age of the Dome" and from which I quote extensively:

"In contradistinction to the disorderly, random, diseaselike growth of land fixed cities, we have the concept of the great mobile cities, developed organically as ocean steamships such as the 'Queen Mary.' Those neat mobile cities



BY ALLAN KATZMAN

are superbly designed as comprehensively anticipatory scientific systems with each technical and social function solution as economically, efficiently and regeneratively interrelated with the others as are the human organism's parts.

Naval and land architecture are highly divergent arts. Because ships must float and land skyscrapers need not do so successful ship designing involves realization of ever more useful performance with ever less weight per each included function while on the other hand, land buildings — which have evolved from the fortress and castle building arts in which personal and community security was seemingly enhanced by ever higher, thicker and heavier walls — are not even thought of in terms of performance per pound. No one in the building industry or the public in general thinks or speaks of land buildings in the terms of performance per pound — as for instance New York City's Americana Hotel is not spoken of as a 'neat, million and one-half ton hotel' whereas society does speak of the S. S. Queen Mary as a 'sleek, eighty-five thousand ton ocean gray hound.'

As a consequence of the prime attention given to performance per-pound by Naval Architecture the Queen Mary accommodates her 'guests' with only one-sixteenth as much weight of building steel and interior structure and machinery per each cubic foot of private end public guest space than does the Americana. This is all the more surprising when we consider that in their respectively divergent phases of the hostelry service it is necessary that the ocean traversing 'Queen Mary' Hotel be capable at the same time of being propelled efficiently over the seas at thirty-knot speeds which induces super earthquake stresses which would devastate the inert Americana. To make this contrast even more astounding we must consider that the Queen Mary must, for safety factor, carry provisions for 30 days while also generating all her own power and light. The ocean liner must also desalinate her own water supply. None of these heavy machinery involving functions are included in the static, land anchored Americana's capabilities despite its sixteen-fold overweight design as rated by the mobile ocean traversing hotels.

When the Queen Mary becomes inadequate — because obsoleted by ever accelerating technological evolution — real estaters do not open up new sub-divisions of the ocean around her by freezing the water into ice cubicles indiscriminantly appended to the exterior of her hull while independently rebuilding and enlarging separate internal parts of the ship so that she could become an immobilized monster of asymmetric protrusions. What happens with the obsolescence of mobile ocean cities is that engineer scientists — Naval Architects — design and build a more adequate, mobile floating and travelling city whereafter they melt up the replaced old ship whose metals are then reprocessed to produce other technology which is twice as effective as when previously employed."

Fuller, through his many various research computer projects and applied design ideas, has

found that the most sound stable structure in nature, economy-wise also, is the regular or equilateral tetrahedron. What is known to most laymen as the basic ingredient of his "Geodesic Dome."

"Following that design science clue," Fuller goes on to state, "we find that a tetrahedral city, to house a million people, is both technologically and economically feasible. Such a vertical-tetrahedral-city can be constructed with all of its three hundred thousand families each having balconied 'outside' apartments of two thousand square feet, i. e., two hundred square meters, of floor space each. All of the organic machinery necessary to its operation will be housed inside the tetrahedron. It is found that such a one-million passenger tetrahedral city is so structurally efficient, and therefore so relatively light, that together with its hollow box sectioned reinforced concrete foundations it can float."

Such tetrahedral floating cities would measure two miles to an edge. That is, each of the three base legs will be two miles long. This means that their reinforced concrete, box sectioned, and frequently partitioned bottom foundations will be 200 feet in depth and several hundreds of feet wide. Such a tetrahedral floating city can be floated in a triangularly patterned canal. The structure can be assembled on the floating foundations. This will make the whole structure earthquake-proof. The whole city can be floated out into the ocean to any point and anchored. The depth of its foundation will go below the turbulence level of the seas so that the floating tetrahedral island will be, in effect, a floating triangular atoll. Its two mile long "boat" foundation, on each of its three bottom edges will constitute landing strips for jet airplanes. Its interior two mile harbor will provide refuge for the largest and smallest ocean vessels. The total structure and mechanical materials involved in production of a number of such one million inhabitant tetrahedral cities are within feasibility magnitude of the already operating steel and other metals manufacturing capabilities of any one company of the several major industrial nations around the earth.

Tetrahedra are geometrically unique in that they may be added to on any one of their four surfaces while increasing symmetrically in size. The tetrahedron city may grow symmetrically by adding to any one of its faces. Tetrahedral cities will be symmetrically growable as are biological systems. They may start with a thousand occupants and grow to hold millions without changing overall shape though always providing each family with 200 square feet of floor space.

Withdrawal of materials from obsolete building on the land will permit the production of enough of these floating cities to support frequently spaced floating cities of various sizes around the oceans of the earth at distances negotiable by relatively small boats such as operate safely between Miami, Florida and Nassau on the Bahamma Islands.

At the present time, ocean cargos must go from one country to another, e. g., from Buenos Aires to London because ships cannot dock be-

(Continued on Page 19)

"It works. Scientology is guaranteed to work," the young Auditor told me. And she smiled.

"They're all so happy. So confident. But its brainwashing and I don't want to be brainwashed," the young man said. He quit taking Scientology courses last summer, but gets calls inviting him back ("Don't you want to be happy, Steve?") at least once a month.

And that in essence is the controversy which surrounds the bubbling growth of Scientology in the United States.

The young lady auditor, Diane, told this writer, "We are going to clear the planet . . . that's the goal of Scientology."

Just what is Scientology, a movement which claims tens of thousands of followers in 22 countries including the United States which has Church of Scientology centers scattered throughout the nation — five in New York alone.

Founded by Lafayette Ronald Hubbard in 1952, the organization (called the Org) is headquartered in Saint Hill Manor in East Grinstead, just outside of London.

But Hubbard, an American engineer, explorer, science fiction and Hollywood script writer, started his work in 1950 when he published a best-selling book, "Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health."

"Dianetics" is the basic book of Scientologists, and followers of the Org are repeatedly encouraged to buy and read it along with dozens of other publications. (The Org asks people to purchase at least the basic collection of books for \$18.)

In brief, this is what the basic book, "Dianetics," says:

"The creation of dianetics is a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his inventions of the wheel and arch."

"Dianetics (Gr. dianoua-thought) is the science of mind. Far simpler than physics or chemistry, it compares with them in the exactness of its axioms and is on a considerably higher echelon of usefulness. The hidden source of all psycho-somatic ills and human aberration has been discovered and skills have been developed for their invariable cure."

Creating a new vocabulary to explain his discovery, Hubbard asserts that all evil and neurosis in the world comes from engrams — impressions recorded on a person's cells at the time of an unpleasant or painful experience.

The engrams, which are stored in memory banks in the reactive mind (analogous to the sub-conscious), cause people to be aberrated and act irrationally even despite the fact they are aware of the irrationality.

But the engrams can be rooted out, the theory says, by sending a patient back along his time track to the moment the engram occurred.

By repeatedly taking the person back to the engram while he is in a state of reverie (something like but not exactly a trance), it becomes possible, Hubbard says, to have the person fully recall and reexperience the painful experience — in terms of the actual pain, sounds, smells and tactile phenomenon.

Hubbard reported that once the analytical mind (conscious mind) proceeds through this process, it is forever cleared of the aberration, and the painful experience is then simply recorded in the standard memory where it never can do harm again.

And the object of Scientology is to be a Clear. That process of being cleared is achieved by following a carefully prescribed series of courses which lead to various releases (of engrams) and it usually costs about \$2100 for the complete set of courses.

The root of all engrams, Dianetics holds, is the basic-basic engram, the first one experienced by the person. And the basic-basic frequently is found to be at the time of conception or soon after it (when the parents have intercourse again and the zygote-fetus is poked around a bit).

Scientology under Hubbard's direction has created a step-by-step-process, which demands

adherence to four axioms called dynamics, but the essential dynamic is to survive. And at one point in the process, followers are asked to pledge that they will work "for Ron" — as Hubbard is always called — to help clear the planet of all aberrated people.

How fantastic! How fantastic to presume to clear the planet—at \$2100 per clearing.

Yet the easiest thing to do is to knock Scientology as a new kind of totalitarianism or even subliminal brainwashing. For the problem is that much of what Scientology describes seems true or at least useful in helping people to grab ahold of meaningful life.

As C. H. Rolph put it in the British leftist publication *New Statesman*, "Scientology could be defined as that information about life which in this period of earth it is no longer the least bit safe to try to get along without."

Rolph compared Scientology to osteopathy, homeopathic medicine and the Salvation Army and said it was a refuge from Adler, Jung and Freud and at least as effective as the Maharishi's without the giggling.

Hubbard himself recently was banned from England. One unconfirmed report asserts that Hubbard sailed his enormous yacht to South Africa with the intention of heading for Rhodesia to get rid of Ian Smith and the white regime now in power, and that he was later refused entry into UK when he returned. He now stays in international waters off England and invites aboard Scientologists who are Clears and who have spent a minimum of \$5000 in Scientology courses.

And many bits of information gleaned by this writer leads to the direct implication that Hubbard, who initially stated that any two reasonable intelligent people could audit each other to gain releases, later saw the enormous financial possibilities for himself and pursued this. But later turned his thing into a power trip with himself as the radiating source of power omnipotence.

But so what?

If Hubbard got himself hung up on his own thing, that's his problem.

The important issue is what does Scientology do to your mind?

The idea of engrams sounds fine and fits right in with ideas of cell wisdom as Tim Leary calls it and leads to the same conclusions — via a different path — about the eternity of man.

For Hubbard says that events are recorded in protoplasm. Part of this protoplasm is carried in sperm and it meets with other protoplasm in a woman's egg and the fertilized egg, zygote, combines the two and this new cell—fulfilling the cycle of life—is then subject to engrams, the painful experiences of life.

But Hubbards' idea that the basic-basic engram comes at conception or shortly thereafter when coitus happens because the new kid gets bounced around, is silly.

"Every coital experience is an engram in the child during pregnancy," Hubbard states.

So ok. That basic-basic idea is an engram because there simply isn't any evidence—either scientific or spiritual—that it exists. But Hubbard has sometimes backed off from this basic-basic concept and then later adopted it again, justifying the changing attitude on the grounds that Scientology is a self-correcting philosophy. But the essential concept of engrams is meaningful on the face of it.

Aside from engrams, Scientology offers other ideas.

Give the premise that the regime dynamic is to survive, Scientology postulates that the first element of survival is learning how to communicate, and you are not known to anyone unless you communicate.

Every day the Church of Scientology of New York, The Hubbard Scientology Organization in New York City, Hubbard Guidance Center (in the Hotel Martinique) offers an introductory lecture followed by the administering of test, the American Personality Analysis. A film of Ron also is included in the presentation.

Auditor Ted Herh told one recent audience that one must proceed thru a triangle of expe-

rience to achieve understanding: affinity which leads to reality which takes you to communication.

"Man is hypnotized and has no awareness," Hersh said. "He must wake up, get un hypnotized — without drugs." (Scientology is down on drugs and says that if you become a clear you will never again get a cold — or asthma, arthritis, allergies, eye trouble, ulcers, migraine headaches, or have sex deviations — in short, anything which might now be handled by drugs).

So to get to understanding, you first must make up, "be there," right now, feel and think yourself in the exact present, and the one you are trying to communicate with also must be in the same state. That's affinity.

Next there must be an agreement that you are in the same reality so you pay attention to each other, address each other. Then you are displaying intention, intention to communicate.

Then communication happens, but the communication is not concluded until it is acknowledged. So Scientology people always make it a point to respond to whatever is said to them, and that is a very nice thing.

How many times have you said something to someone and they simply ignore what you said and go on with whatever they wanted to say?

So Scientology has worked out a system for teaching people to communicate, and once they learn how to communicate they can learn to work with an auditor, to listen to what he says and what they themselves say to him, thus going after the troublesome engrams (hang ups), routing them out of the reactive mind, and finally putting them to rest in memory.

But what in fact happens under the system is another thing.

"You know, like I heard about Scientology, so I went up and it was beautiful," Steve said. "The people were so happy, so confident. Everybody was so nice. So I signed up for a \$25.00 course and they told me that the money was worth it because it would change my whole life.

"When I finished the course—we'd stare at a partner's face for hours and wait until we had something to say, and feel, or, I guess, vibrations and it was wild—I was all turned on. I laughed all the time.

"So they asked me to sign up for the \$800 course and told me I could become an auditor of the communications course (the first course) and I could become a staff member and earn money with them.

"But I was just about to sign up, I read the piece of paper that I would have to sign. A pledge "to help Ron" and clear the planet. Wow. I started to run around the room looking behind the pictures on the wall to see if there were swastikas.

"It was brainwashing. They were too happy. They were freaks, they turned into freaks with all their happy smiles."

Steve said he frequently gets phone calls from the Org and that they keep a record of everything he says.

"The last call I got the guy said, "Steve, it says here that you said you don't want to be happy. Don't you want to be happy?"

"I told the bastard to go fuck himself."

Another guy who started into Scientology told me that a friend, who had spent \$4800 on courses and was a clear, wanted him to join the Org and admitted that he would receive 5 per cent of the money spent by the initiate pre-clear for getting cleared.

Which reminds me of a friend of mine who sold a \$350 vacuum cleaners for a summer job. The deal was that nobody paid. If a customer wanted the vacuum cleaner, he could get it free if the customer got five other people to buy. Those five in turn could get five others, and of course no one paid. Yeath.

Or in other view signing up for the system of Scientology is like the GI who is told first thing that his M16 is like a wife, keep her clean. So every day thousands of GIs spend hours cleaning guns (getting clear), because

SCIENTOLOGY



one day they may shoot the gun and go bang.

The paraphernalia which accompanies the practise of Scientology includes B-meters which act to record electrical impulses, and analysis of the impulses is meant to reveal hidden engrams. An auditor asks questions and measures the changes in frequency the moment the question is finished being asked. Olin-Mathieson used to produce E-meters (which are used in lie-detecting machines) but the Org frowns on their use, and wants adherents to use only their equipment which costs far more money.

But money is not a problem to Scientologists for the Org is willing to give you a money-back guarantee that the system works and will lead you to far greater success (monely) in this world.

The people in Scientology display great confidence and conviction, but if you've ever been to a pot party, you'd find the atmosphere is somewhat similar. Everyone is turned on, and floating around on some high ground and they beckon you to fly with them.

That's fine if that's the trip for you. It seems to be a permanent trip, like LSD forever. But Leary says one should operate in a cycle—turn in, turn on, drop out . . . but then drop in again with your new insights, raise your consciousness, and then go through the cycle again.

Scientology right now seems to be one way trip up.

"I have trouble (with dianetics) only when I have doubts. The main thing is for the auditor to subject himself to a thorough indoctrination which amounts to sublime faith," psychologist Jean Bordeaux said back in 1950 when Hubbard's work was all the rage. And that's pretty much were it's at today.

Hubbard's "Dianetics" generated enormous hostility among psychiatrists and psychologists when it was published by Hermitage Press in 1950. This was partly the result of Hubbard first publishing the ideas for dianetics in "Astounding Science Fiction," a magazine.

Rollo May wrote the review of "Dianetics" for the New York Times, July 2, 1950 and Time Magazine and Newsreel carried articles describing the instant fadism created by the book which stayed on the bestseller lists for several months.

"Books like this do harm by their grandiose promises to troubled persons and by their oversimplification of human psychological problems," May wrote.

The reaction of the British government has been much the same during the current controversy over Scientology, the system Hubbard devised to carry out dianetics.

The Minister of Health, Kenneth Robinson, a strong advocate of effective mental hygiene, prevented 62 American Scientologists from entering England by getting the Immigration Department to cancel their visas which permitted the group to be students at the college for scientology.

The classification of college was withdrawn from the Scientologists and Robinson publicly asserted that Scientology was "potentially harmful to its adherents." He said the philosophy-religion "alienates members of families from each other and attributes squalid and disgraceful motives to all who oppose it."

The American Psychiatric Association based in Washington, D.C., this week issued a statement about Scientology in response to several inquiries from the media, including EVO.

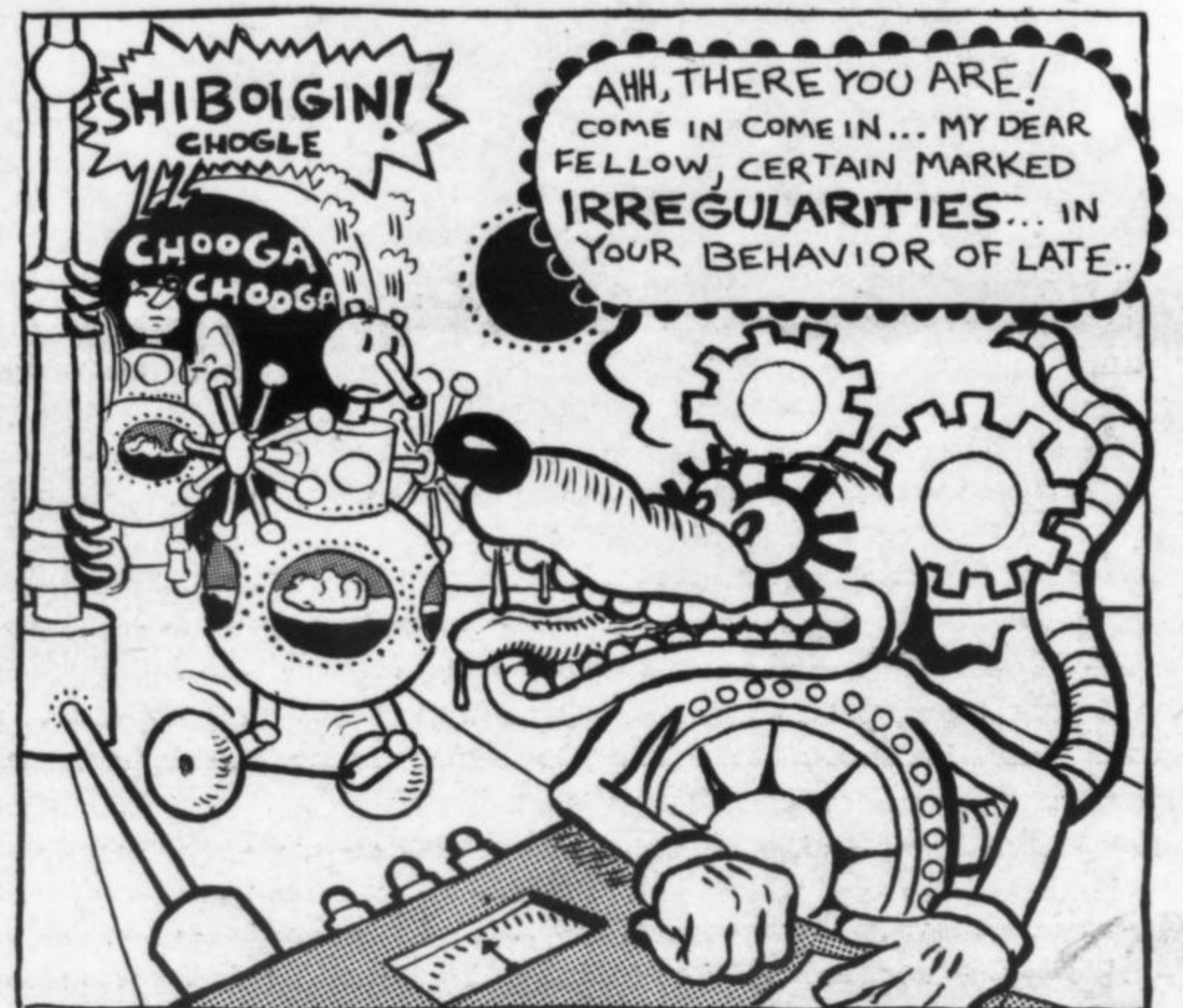
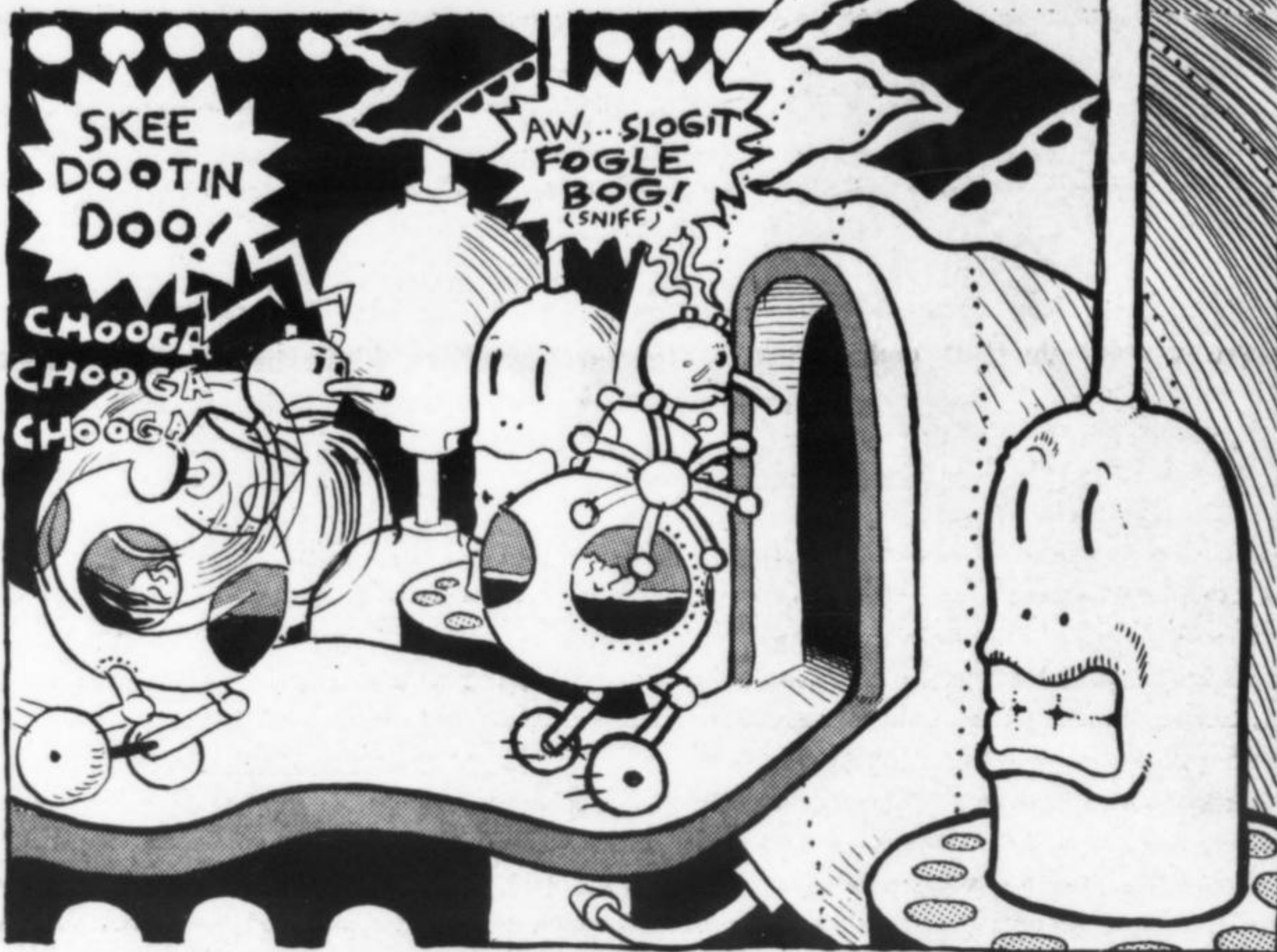
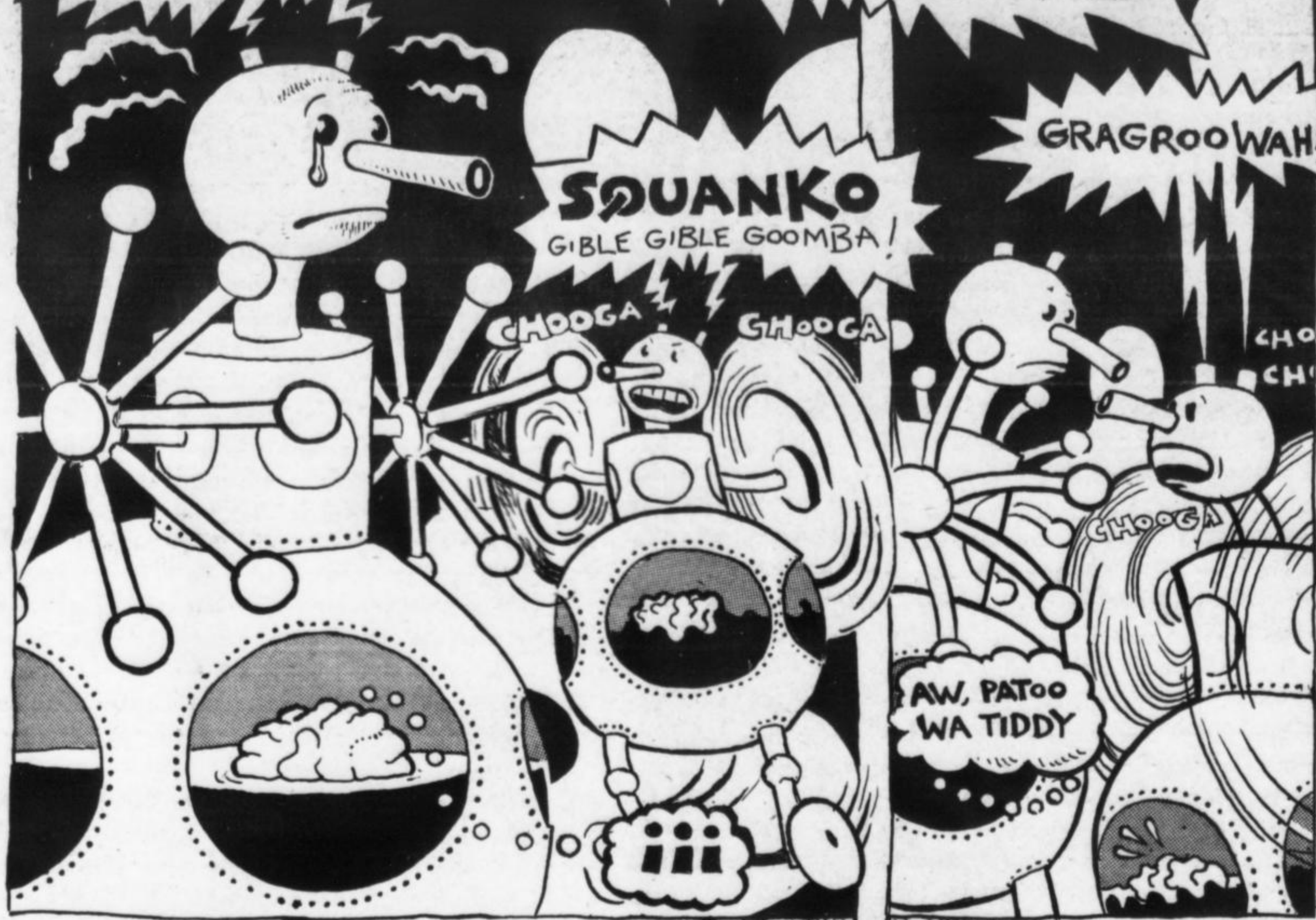
The statement said that the APA will not attack any method of psychological investigation because it is not their job to do so. But it said that no material or data of Scientology reveals any basis of scientific research, and that they recommend that any person seeking psychological help should first go to their family doctor or the regional medical association who in turn can recommend competent specialists.

When the rage over dianetics died out, Hubbard revived it with the name of Scientology, and started to make more money from it. But his recent kick now seems to be power—for after all, he has money enough now to keep his yacht afloat.

(Continued on Page 17)

SPEEYONK!

BY OOBLECK SMITH!



After having been invited by the student body of the small catholic Spring Hill College, in Mobile, Alabama, Timothy Leary was suddenly informed by the administration that his lecture would be cancelled. The reason given was that the uproar his appearance might cause would deliver a sharp blow to the colleges fund raising drive. The students were naturally unwilling to accept such a copout and promptly put the issue to vote. In spite of the administration's strenuous efforts to the contrary, 99% of the students voted to renew their invitation.

Faced with the distinct possibility of a student revolt, the administrators insisted on a similar invitation being extended to Dr. Sydney Cohen, Chief of U.S. Center for the Study of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, a man who over the past several years has managed to make a pretty penny from debating Tim. This the students agreed to do too, and suddenly it became evident that the aid of the loving people of Alabama would have to be summoned to prevent their possible exposure to the perfidious views of Tim Leary. Promptly a batch of written threats against his life was dispatched.

Upon Tim's request to Chief Outlaw, Police Commissioner of Mobile, to provide police protection, a swift denial of such a request was issued. The college was simultaneously advised that if it wishes, it could hire off duty patrolman at the usual time and a half pay. For some absurd reason, those approached refused the job.

After telegrams to Governor Brewer of Alabama and US Attorney General Ramsey Clark were dispatched, the Alabama State Police suddenly offered Dr. Leary its dubious protective shield.

Being the gentleman he is and evidently not wishing to put those involved through any further difficulties, Tim choose to cancel the lecture. Perhaps one day Alabama will have a second chance. Everyone deserves at least that.

Poor Spiro T. Agnew, things just haven't turned out for him the way they were supposed to, or rather the way he wanted them to turn out. What should have been a joint victory celebration with his illustrious running mate turned out to be a tedious day of desk clearing in Annapolis. The least he expected was a phone call and even that came only after the press pointed to its absence. When he was finally summoned to the Key Biscayne beach house, he was received by a minor attachment and had to cool his heel for several hours until being allowed to break bread with the Prezelect (LBJIANA).

At that table the ax fell. No staff, no separate office and, evidently to keep an eye on the irascible Spiro, the BIG foot in the mouther, Nixon was persuaded to move him to the southwest corner office in the White House. Poor boy, even that supposedly choice piece of White House real estate was subdivided during the eight subversive democratic years. Now just three tiny cubbyholes are available for the many and far-flung vice presidential chores so lovingly doled out to the big grocery clerk from Baltimore by the son of a grocer from Whittier,

Adding insult to already so cruelly inflicted injury, even the Gods, in their infinite goodness couldn't resist having a go at poor Spiro. After he finally managed to get away from it all on a Puerto Rico bound plane, he was struck twice by severe lightning bolts.

Good sport to the last, he had the press be informed that due to "an impromptu 50th birthday party thrown by" family and friends, he was completely unaware of the hits.

One might suspect that the fruitful years ahead will have repetitions of situations where poor ole Spiro will be unaware of whatever the goings on might be.

It must have been a groovy feeling for Richard Nixon to get his first glimpse of the White House living quarters, where Ike never let him in. It should groove him too when he will

BY JAAKOV KOHN



get hold of the groovy wheels that await him in the White House garage.

As a matter of fact, in his legendary thoughtfulness, our illustrious lame duck saw to it some surprises will be in store for the new man. One of these is a long, glass roofed Lincoln with the newest and supposedly best in bomb and bullet proofing. In addition to that, it has all the necessary provisions should the new man feel a bit uptight and choose to address his minions from the security of the limousine. For that purpose, a sophisticated long range public address system is a part of the car. On the other hand, should he feel daring and have the balls to mix with the crowd, he can use a pocket size transmitter that operates through the car's system and one which would give him a chance to prove that he is lion hearted indeed.

If the desire to expose his physiognomy is beating hard in the man's heart he can remove part of the glass roof and stand up. Who knows, perhaps, De Gaulle wil clondescend to visit him one day.

Just in order to uphold some of the traditional pomp and circumstance, the designers of the car choose to preserve the rear bumper that folds down to form a platform for the Secret Service men to stand on. In a typical James Bond fashion, handrails are provided from somewhere in the back of the car.

With Detroit's great concern for the streamlined design and the Secret Service's great affinity for the practical, one might wonder why these great geniuses haven't as yet realized that a poor cat hanging on to a speeding car is totally helpless in the face of one single sniper. Handrail or not.

The religious background of the medical student turns out to be single most important factor in his choice of a career specialty. A study conducted by the Havard sociologist Kosa is based upon a survey of over 2000 premed students in eight different medical schools throughout the country.

The breakdown is as follows:

—Fifty-one percent of Protestants prefer

general practice. This field appeals to 41 percent of Catholics, only 20 percent of Jews and 23 percent of students with no religious affiliation.

—Thirty seven percent of Jewish students enter internal medicine, and 28 percent of nonchurch-affiliated students. Internal medicine attracts only 22 percent of Catholics and 19 percent of Protestants surveyed.

CLOSE DIVISION

—Psychiatry attracts 25 percent of nonchurch students, 11 percent of Jews, and only five percent of Protestants and four percent of Catholics.

—Surgery attracts more Catholics — 23 percent — than it does any of the other groups. But the division is very close. Twenty-two percent of Jews, 20 percent of unaffiliated and 16 percent of Protestant students prefer surgery.

It was found, Kosa said, that Jewish students and nonchurch students are much more interested in medical research and teaching than are Catholics and Protestants. For research, the figures are: Nonchurch, 32 percent; Jews 25 percent; Catholic 16 percent and Protestants 15 percent.

Percentages for interest in teaching are: Jews, 48; nonchurch, 43; Catholics 35; and Protestants 29.

Kosa said the combinations of preferences make up meaningful patterns. "The Protestants are most likely to select general practice and least likely to select any of the academic activities.

"Surgery attracts many Catholics. Jews show a marked preference for internal medicine and teaching and unaffiliated students for psychiatry and research. Each religious group seems to have its model pattern of career plans and aspirations."

If nothing else, it might help us to understand our healers just a little bit better.

Saying of the week:

"There is nothing wrong with this country that a good election can't fix."

Richard M. Nixon

TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE... *Th...tion!



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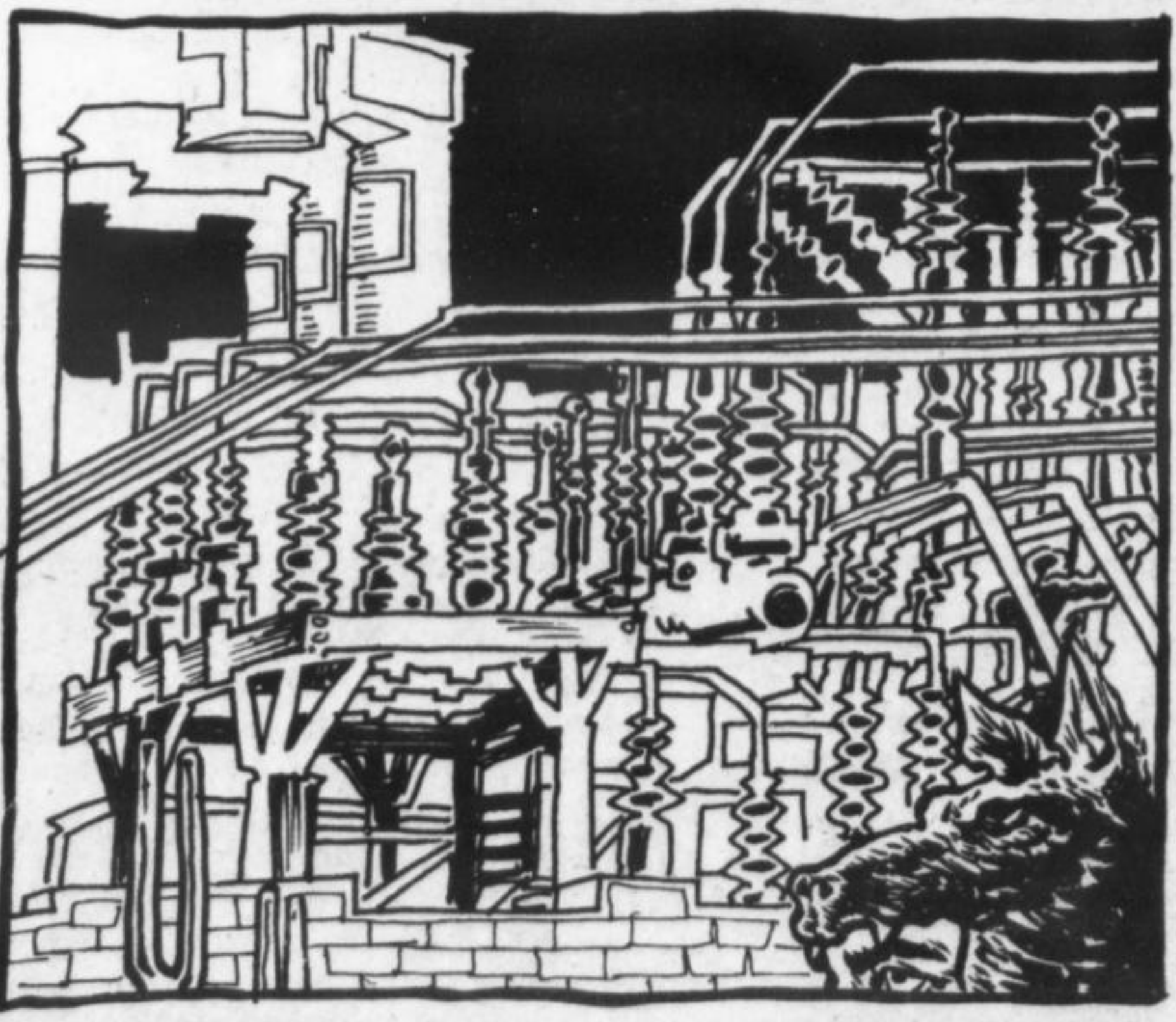
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OK! MEN HERES THE PLAN

MEANWHILE **TRASHMAN** AND HIS COMPANIONS WITNESS A BIZZARE SCENE



SUDENLY



BY MITRAS FIRE! AN UNBELIEVER OBSERVES

OCCULT

BY ELFRIDA RIVERS

OCCULT QUESTION & ANSWERS

In this column, questions will be answered concerning all matters of occultism, witchcraft, astrology, spiritualism, and related subjects. Questions not considered suitable for answer in the column will receive a personal answer if the writer will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Q. — I live in a very old house, and almost every night after I have gone to bed, I hear footsteps on the stairs (there are no tenants upstairs) and over my head. There are also other funny noises, and the house has a funny feeling. My father said I was crazy when I told him I thought the house was haunted; that there was no such thing as a haunted house. But twice I have seen someone standing on the stairs and when I went down there was nobody there. Could this house be haunted, or should I see a psychiatrist?

A. — Once you have ruled out ordinary old-house noises, boughs banging the windows, furnace noises (if you don't know the sounds made by a hot-air furnace they make very promising ghosts) and shadows cast by street lights and neon signs at odd angles, you might try investigating the history of the house. If everyone who ever lived there lived a quiet uneventful life and is lying peaceful in his local graveyard, chances are that your imagination is playing tricks. But if the history of the house is obscure, or eventful, if local gossip considers the place strange in any way, and especially if you are not normally a nervous or imaginative person, then it is possible that you may be living in a house which is indeed "haunted."

Does this mean there is necessarily a ghost? By no means. Some houses simply retain an atmosphere of psychic stress, based on the emotions of those who have lived there, which can affect a sensitive person, while less sensitive people wonder what all the fuss is about. Very few so-called haunted houses ever have any "ghosts" — i. e. disembodied earthbound spirits of the dead — in them. And of those which do actually house ghosts, very few are malevolent in any way; they are no more harmful than stray reflections in a mirror.

What to do about it? First of all, avoid getting nerved-up or overtired—or drunk; all of these will make you more sensitive and vulnerable to the atmosphere. Next, arm yourself with the knowledge that most haunted houses are harmless; noises, even when no visible agency makes them, never hurt anyone, and even a ghost can't hurt you unless you panic and break your leg — or your neck — running away from it. After all, a ghost is, by definition, disembodied, and before it can do any harm to a person on the mundane plane, it would have to have a mundane body to work with. So you may as well sit back and watch it with curiosity and interest; not everybody has a chance to observe these things at first hand, and a lot of people would enjoy the opportunity. On the other hand, I know a family who lived for two years in a thoroughly haunted house in Berkeley, and found it, first, as annoying as a thunderstorm, and then, after many months, simply a bore. Even the impressionable teen-age son would wake up at night to a furious barrage of knocks and bangs, grumble "That damned poltergeist," pull up the blankets and go back to sleep.

If the ghost is really making life miserable for everyone, there's always exorcism — but in this case, you say other members of your family are unaffected, or bothered enough even to believe anything is wrong. So be glad you are sensitive, but resolve not to let it bother you. As the old saying says, if haunting is inevitable, relax and enjoy it.

Q. — I am interested in occultism, but all the books I see on the subject are so full of strange technical terms that I can't understand them. I've seen a couple of popular books, but they're so crackpot that I get discouraged. Are there any books which can give me a good idea of the whole subject?

A. — First of all, strange technical terms in themselves shouldn't bother you. After all, if you were learning to play the guitar, you'd have to learn to read music, wouldn't you?

The first book I'd suggest is Dion Fortune's "Practical Occultism in Daily Life." It's just been reprinted (every bookstore which stocks any occult books at all, and some which don't, carry it) is not expensive, and will tell you just what occultism is all about without trying to sell you a line of rubbish or high-flown theories. Dion Fortune (real name Violet Firth) started out as a clinical psychologist/therapist, which is to say she was no fluttery Little Old Lady, full of sweet spiritual thoughts, but a hard-gutted, intelligent skeptic. You can read all her books and never find a single line of sweetness-and-light; "Psychic Self-Defense" gives a funny, yet hard-headed account of the life of a practicing occultist, and "The Training and Work of an Initiate" or "The Esoteric Orders and Their Work," are fine "seconds" books to read when you know the language. Stay away from her other books until you're a fairly advanced student.

If you're interested in the Qabalah, you can read either Dion Fortune's "The Mystical Qabalah," or — if you can afford two volumes and don't mind a little hard reading — A Practical Introduction to Quabalistic Symbolism, by Gareth Knight. Probably the simplest book on the Tarot is A. E. Waite's An Illustrated Key to the Tarot; if you can't afford \$6 at a crack (the outfit called Builders of the Adytum put a pamphlet for about a dollar which tells enough about the Tarot that you can tell whether or not you want any of the advanced books. And if what you're interested in is psychic phenomena, the best book is Louisa Rhine's Hidden Channels of the Mind. Don't bother with the books of J. B. Rhine at first; they'll just foul you up in a lot of mathematic probabilities.

Q. — I would like to attend a seance. Do you know where I can find a reliable medium?

A. — No, I don't. I haven't been in this part of the country very long, and mediums come and go. But there are a few fairly simple rules for finding a reliable one on your own. (They are not listed in the telephone book yellow pages. I looked, too).

Most spiritualist churches have some names and addresses. Occult bookshops usually know of a few others. Now to pick and chose?

One of the major occult laws says that anyone accepting large amounts of money for the practice of his art is put beyond the pale. In the old days, occultists and spiritual teachers were sworn never to accept money for their arts; it was the equivalent of their Hippocratic oath. Nowadays, when people can't exist with a Buddhist begging-bowl, or with a patron it's a little different but even so, a genuine, non-fake occultist, spiritualist or magician will never charge money for the practice of his art! People who sell correspondence lessons may charge modestly for paper and postage, but anyone who wants \$1 up for a ten page booklet is probably a crook; a reputable astrologer will probably charge you \$5 or a bit more for the two or three hours he spends doing the tough mathematical calculations he has to make, but the one who charges you an arm and a leg for a lot of fortune-telling should be forgotten right away; and a sensitive medium, who may have nerves to frail to work in a factory for his bread and butter,

(Continued on Page 15)





thilm

BY LITA ELISCU

Shalako, *Yellow Submarine*, *Future Tense*, and *La Guerre Est Finie* are all movies, indisputably; i.e., in the words of a famous producer: "Moo-vees! not film!" Whatever film is, movies are more for romanticism, entertainment, the positive values of childhood and popcorn. *Shalako* for openers, stars Brigitte Bardot and Sean Connery in the Great American Desert fondly referred to as 'Italy' or 'Spain,' where the extras laugh all day all the way to the bank . . . It is a blood-and-guts, and breasty western whose sensibilities have been unfortunately intellectualized, created by a cinematic Modigliani instead of Reubens or Renoir. Gone are the old-fashioned beady-eyed, black hats; gone are the pouting, coy batted eyes. Instead, everyone has a problem: Brigitte (A French countess) cannot screw with Sean (a typical 1968 Western hero: lives out West but somewhere, sometime, got a Yale education. Of course.) because he is below her in class. Instead she writes a little whenever Frederick her Germanic-Prussian love interest; also a count) kisses her hands or clicks his heels. There are other subsidiary complications: Jack Hawkins' wife, Honor Blackman, is a hot little bitch who runs away with an outlaw, and so forth. Blood is around, Indians, too (Plot: the European hunting party is illegally on a Apache reservation and don't intend to move "simply because of some savages") and sex, but all is subdued, cooled, chic or hip. Sean and Brigitte in the moonlight, he kisses her face, she explains in lots of 'zees' and 'zats' zat she cannot sleep wiz heem because of all sorts of external pressures: class, Frederick, her own unsurety . . . Needless to say, go see the movie to see what does happen.

Shalako has two incredible features: song (remember the early Shane?) one, a matter of early hope, is the theme while Sean goes galloping over the cliffs and ridges off the horizon in polarized golds and deep blues, horse's mane flying; a Marlboro silhouette for the ages. The other is a cinematic parable on the unhappiness riches can cause, involving Honor Blackman again. The movie is playing at various theatres.

Future Tense is a serial planned, directed, written and general responsibility going to John Rapoport. The first installment, which has played at the Elgin and the Gate, lasts about 20 minutes, and involves Taylor Mead and a whole gang of lovable idiots in a semi-constructed plot about a Mad Scientist (Taylor) who is going to Take Over the World. Shot in black-and-white, the moments when Taylor Mead is on screen are of course funny—does he ever make wrong moves? faces? take bad breaths?—and the rest of the movie is silly enough, in a positive vein, to make me hope that John Rapoport is able to raise enough money soon to do another installment — and then another one . . . Louis Abolafia and the Police; a Girl, Some Hippie Crash Pad people, and the customary Gem's Spalovers are all there.

John is trying to fund the rest of the films through his own powers; i.e., without going to a large distributor in order to get the available markets. As the large distributors have a benevolent monopoly on the short-film market, and the college market, it is not easy. Anyone interested in showing this first installment is advised to contact John at: 877-0483, or write to him: 46 West 75th Street, NYC. Please do so soon, so that he can start on the next installment.

Yellow Submarine is the full-length cartoon made on the basis of the Beatle's Sgt. Peppers' album, and as the story goes, the Beatles wanted nothing to do with it at first, then grudgingly agreed to see rushes, loved it, and eventually wrote some more

songs for it, even allowing their own label, Apple, to be placed in conjunction with the original produce, King Features. It is wonderful, a beautifully realized animation flick, and although the voices are not those of the real Beatles, the sentiments and puns could belong only to them, Ringo saving the Nobody Man from his nothing-world at the last minute; George lost behind a door within, without . . . The film is it can use the extra boost even in print, all about love, or Love, or maybe LOVE and how love saves all, all you need is love. Some of the scenes are going to be favorites, although each person will probably have his own: the song "Nowhere Man" is given a whole visualization: the Beatles softly singing as they approach the little Nowhere Man, and wherever they have stepped, or passed through, instantly rainbows into life, paisleyed, Irientealized, shellacked hues following them and empty shapes being given life. As they step back, to leave him crying over his typewriter, (where he composes both plays and their reviews) they take with them all the color of their minds, all the freshness of the whole world, and leave him again stranded in a blank screen, until Ringo takes pity and runs back to get him. Or the scene where they have returned to Pepperland, now ruled by the Blue Meanies, and the Magic Glove is sent to kill them . . . If these scenes sound corny, or childish, perhaps they are; certainly they are not meant to be a down trip, or a sophisticated, glossy retort to the newly reawakened interest in simple pleasures. Still, the Meanies are notable for their laugh which is not a huling Boris Karloff chill, but a more temperate, Madison Avenue wheezing, by far more horrible.

The movie is at the Forum, 47th and Bway, and Loew's Tower East, 3rd Avenue and 72nd St.

La Guerre Est Finie, shot in black & white 3 years ago, deals with a vastly more serious subject than Pepperland: Spain 25 years after the Civil War, but it is not one bit more seriously conceived than *The Yellow Submarine*. It is a romanticized, pop-cartoon view of the Brave Revolutionary and the Women In His Life—who wait for him, to hold him in their arms once more and console him for believing in a dream. (Maybe it's more realistic than I know). The obvious spoofing is carried out sardonically, juxtaposed with the black/white newsprint quality of the film, the slow-motion, misty love sequences—just the way they *should* be, every time—and the weatherworn qualities of the different people's faces. They could so easily be you or I, walking down the street, life committed to the impossible realization of a dream.

It just depends if you like your dreams musical and colorful, or for 2c plain.

Turds in Hell opened at the Gate, another midnight show in the tradition of *Whores of Babylon*, again directed by Charles Ludlam, of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, in conjunction with Bill Vehr. Somehow, 'Whores' seemed to have more going for it, in it, or maybe just more things, taken any you want. Opening night, the star was over a ½ hour late, which didn't improve the performance, but still, having said that, the level was below even bedroom fare; more like a living room spontaneous combustion affair, friends entertaining friends, and thilly at that. The audience needed credentials, not just of being 'in' and knowing just who in the cast is who and they all are somebody) but of having a certain taste, on beyond camp, on beyond obscene, past boredom and maybe around the corner from college-fraternity. What should have been shocking was boring; what should have been funny—and the play does have funny moments—was lost in a sea of flat, dead

(Continued on Page 14)

kokaine karma

by BOB RUDNICK / DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York:

Fillmore: Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, Youngbloods

Village Gate: Lown-Irwin Corey, Miles

Lavis, Up-Les McCann

Village Vanguard: Herbie Hancock

Slugs: Pharoah Sanders

Cafe Au Go Go: Ian & Sylvia through Sat.

Gaslight: Tom Willis

Scene: John Jenkins

Apollo: Joe Tex, Johnny Taylor, Laura Lee, Adam's Disciples

Today's popular music more and more reflects our life's action and thoughts. Lyrics explore contemporary problems and ideals while the power of the music reflects the emotional involvement, the passion of our feelings and actions. During an age of involvement and concern, music is the idiological and spiritual communicator for a global village.

Music is an integral part of revolutionary change. It is carrying the message of the future and the truth of today. Rock musicians are guerillas destroying the law and order of establishment bullshit while carrying hope and giving spiritual encouragement to the widely separated creative fun-loving radical freaks.

The following statement was written by poet, ex-convict John Sinclair, manager of the MC-5 (a guerilla rock band from Michigan) and founder of Trans Love Energies, an artists' commune. Sinclair is a cunt-lapping revolutionary freak whose way of living is indicative of the creative energy exploding involvement and action of our age. He is also the Minister of Information for the recently formed White Panther party.

STATE/MEANT FOR THE WHITE PANTHER ARM OF THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY

First I must say that this statement, like all statements is bullshit without an active program to back it up. We have a program which is on-going and total and which must not be confused with anything that is said or written about it. Our program is cultural revolution through a total assault on the culture which makes use of every tool, every energy and every media we can get our collective hands on. We take our program with us everywhere we go and use any means necessary to expose people to it. Our culture, our art, the music, newspapers, books, posters, our clothing, our homes, the way we walk and talk, the way our hair grows, the way we smoke dope and fuck and eat and sleep (it is all one message, and the message is FREEDOM . . . We are free mother country madmen in charge of our own lives and we are taking this freedom to the kids of America in the streets, in ballrooms and teenclub, in their front rooms watching tv, in their bedrooms reading the Fifth Estate or the Sun, or jacking off or ending secret dope in their schools where we come and talk to them or make our music in their weird gymnasiums—they love it—we represent the only contemporary life-style in America for its kids and it should be known that these kids are READY! They're ready to move but they don't know how, and all we do is show them that they can get away with it. BE FREE, goddammit, and fuck all them old dudes, is what we tell them, and they can see that we mean it. The only influence we have, the only thing that touches them, is that we are for real. We are FREE, we are a bunch of arrogant motherfuckers and we don't give a damn for any cop or any kind of phony-ass authority control-addict creep who wants to put us down. I heard Stokely Carmichael in 1966 call for "20 million arrogant black men" as America's salvation, and there are a lot of arrogant black motherfuckers in the streets to-

day—for the first time in America—and (for the first time in America there are a generation of visionary maniac white mother country dope fiend rock and roll freaks who are ready to get down and kick out the jams—ALL THE JAMS— break everything loose and free everybody from their very real and imaginary prisons) even the chumps and punks and honkles who are always fucking with us. We demand total freedom for everybody! And we will not be stopped until we get it. We are bad. We will not be fucked with. Like Hassan I Sabbah The Old Man of the Mountain we initiate no hostile moves, but when moved against every day of our lives in this weirdo country, and we are moving now to overturn this motherfucker, (scrape the shit off it and turn it back over to all the people.) All power to the people! Black power to black people! As Brother Eldridge Cleaver says, the shit is going going down and there's only two kinds of people on the planet: those who make up the problem, and those who make up the solution. WE ARE THE SOLUTION. We have no "problems." Everything is free for every body. Money sucks. Leaders suck. Underwear sucks. School sucks. The white honkie culture that has handed us on a silver plastic platter is meaningless to us! We don't want it! Fuck God in the ass. Fuck your woman until she can't stand up. Fuck everybody you can get your hands on. Our program of rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets is a program of total freedom for everyone. And we are totally committed to carrying out our program. We breathe revolution. (We are LSD-driven total maniacs in the universe).

We will do anything we can to drive people crazy out of their heads and into their bodies. (Rock and roll music is the spearhead of our attack because it's so effective and so much fun). We have developed organic high-energy guerilla bands who are infiltrating the popular culture and destroying millions of minds in the process. The MC5 is the most beautiful example. The MC5 is totally committed to the revolution. With our music and our economic genius we plunder the unsuspecting straight world for money and the means to carry out our program, and revolutionize its children at the same time. And with our entrance into the straight media we have demonstrated to the honkies that anything they do to fuck with us will be exposed to their children. You don't need to get rid of all the honkies, you just rob them of their replacements and let the breed atrophy and die out, with its heirs cheering triumphantly all around it. We don't have guns yet—not all of us anyway—because we have more powerful weapons— direct access to millions of teenagers is one of our most potent, and their belief in us is another. But we will use guns if we to—we will do anything—if we have to. We have no illusions.

Knowing the power of symbols in the abstract world of Americans we have taken the White Panther as our mark to symbolize our strength and arrogance and to demonstrate our commitment to the program of the Black Panther Party as well as to our own—indeed, the two programs are the same. The actions of the Black Panthers in America have inspired us and given us strength, as has the music of black America, and we are moving to reflect that strength in our daily activity just as our music contains and extends the power and feeling of the black magic music that originally informed our bodies and told us that we could be free. I might mention Brother James Brwn in this connection, as well as John Coltrane and Archie Shepp. Sun-Ra. LeRoi Jones. Malcolm X. Huey P. Newton, Bobby Seale, Eldridge

(Continued on Page 16)



EGO - ART ART

BY LIL PICARD

F . . . Art . . . A coat of many colors.

Use your imagination and find out which words are starting with F . . . and just add the three letters A R T. That's it. That's the situation of art in the 1968 starting Art—season, which shoot up like a new powerful weapon Bang Bang Bang . . . here we are: Fine Art, Future Art, Frontier Art, Forward Art, Fart Art, Fantastic Art, Fabulous Art, Family Art, Fresco Art, Fornication Art, Flip Art, Flag Art, Fire Art, Filth Art, Final Art, Forever, forthcoming, finance, faggot, fame, fancy, fabricated, fad, fact, fable fanciful, fashion, fraught, fetid, flux, flop, found, freak, free-load, funk, futz, and last not least fuck . . . ART ART ART . . . Art in multiple versions, forms, colors, Art our religion, downfall, uprising, saviour, benefactor, undoing, sin, Art the massmovement, the new God, the everything that makes us tick.

I am all for Art and love it . . . sometimes I call it something else. But whatever it is, I find it more so in New York than in any other city of the world, I was able to visit.

After having been away for over four months I found four months of invitations for Art shows assembled in my apartment. My T.V. had been stolen,—but the Art they left, the pictures on the walls were all there, the invitations, a mountain of them waited to be opened, But I was deprived of my Art—Box . . . my mechanical bride. I wept, bought a new one and after having studied the summer scene I found out I hadn't missed much. Everything that belongs to the "Great American F . . . Art scene had been in Europe this last year, . . . and so I carried all the many colorful pictures and booklets and postcards to the incinerator . . . I should have made a work of Art out of them,—put them in a clear heavy Plexiglas—Box, a tremendous one, in layers and layers to preserve the output of 5 months of Art as a 1968 Documentation for future generation to see. I could have sent the Box of invitations to the Library of Congress, so that there would be a true trace left, What the artists of New York did before the months of the Vote . . . Nov. 1968. The Art is gone, the votes are gone and now there we have it all again, the same thing, Art Art Art . . . F . . . Art.

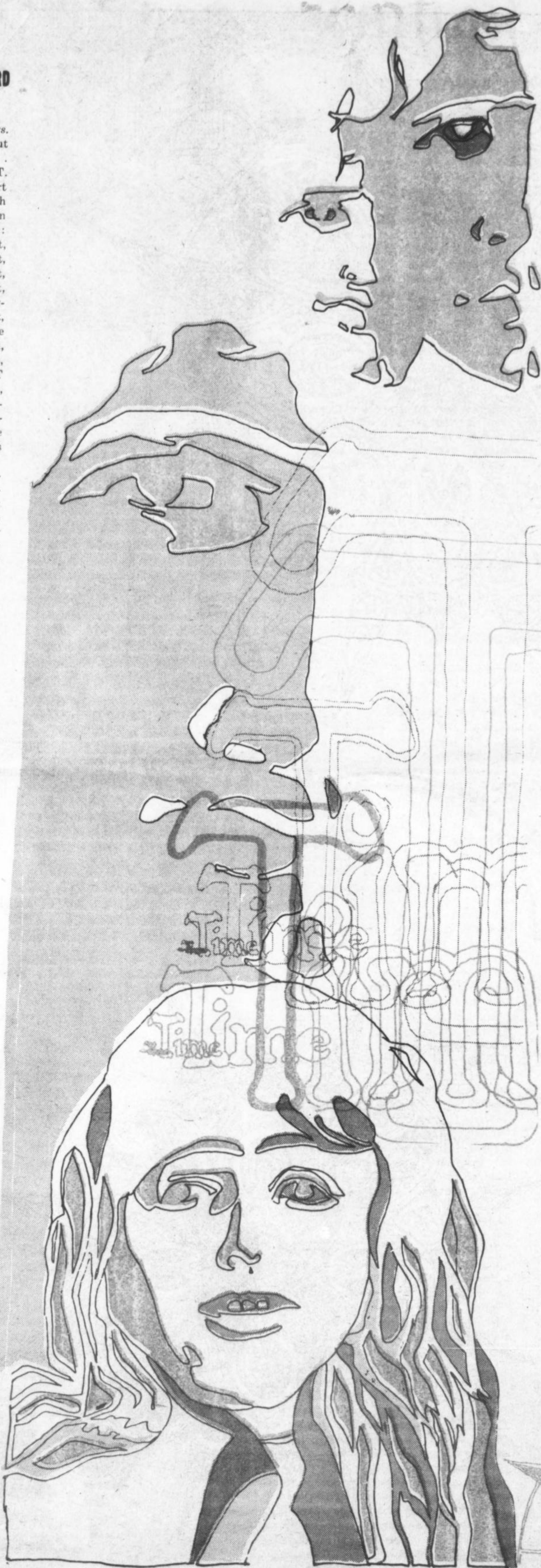
And what are the changes?

Everything has changed in four months. So many girls left their boys, so many men their wives, so many artists their galleries, and so many artists do something unexpected NEW. Some tell me, they hate the whole goddammm thing in New York, and they stopped doing anything, and they cut their beards of, other, grew large whiskers and let their hair grow on the back of the head, other, grow even bigger and bushier beards, the whole beard and hair scene has changed and I must say, that's an Art I admire very much. I got a new idea . . . this time, after I had buried all the Art invitations in the incinerator I thought about to open a Beard-Cutting-Boutique and dedicate it to Michael McClure, having the Beard facsimile enlarged as a Wallpaper all over the place, floor, ceiling, walls . . . and all the guys sit in plastic chairs, and plastic girls trained by myself will cut the beards and shave the hair or fit the wigs, and it will be the NEWEST ART PLACE in New York and I will finally make money with ART, which I never was able to do . . .

I have always good ideas, but I need an F . . . ART Promoter, Finance Art, I mean, a Finance Art guy, to back the BEARD® ART® Place up.

Now what happens now in New York's Art Scene?

There was EARTH at Dwan, I saw the show before it closed and I must say it startled me really earthy posi-



ART

tive, and I liked this Earth—idea very much. Especially I found the young Earth—mover Michael Heizer moving, great, inventive and worth to live on Earth. Michael Heizer tells me:

I make New York Art in the Desert, I fly there with a Helicopter, I did my patterns in the Earth, . . . it's very hard work, painful." . . . the whole landscape expansion, the earth itself, the caked, dry, cracked desert is Heizer's canvas,—he really gave up ART in the old traditional sense, and he did something,—and with him a whole group of artists try to do the same,—that is equivalent to the Space—Age vistas, the feelings and views we have flying 30,000 feet up over the Earth, . . . looking down . . . The names of artists connected with the :EARTH-MOVEMENT" are Karl Andre (he cut his beard I was told) Herbert Bayer, Walter de Maria, Robert Morris, (he had a giant hill of brown Earth in the middle of the Gallery, Earth polluted and contaminated with plastic Jello, metal pieces and steel rods as an ART® PIECE exhibited, City-Earth as an Ikon of our times of change. Claes Oldenburgs Color-Film of Gravedigging behind the Metropolitan Museum could be seen, Dennis Oppenheim, Sol Lewitt, Robert Smithson (Rocks in Boxes) and Stephan Kaltenbach. The latest breakthrough of Art on Earth, Earth in Art, Earthwork, Earthart . . . In February 1969 this kind of Extension of Art into a new Dimension, which is really our Return to Nature of the 1970—Art, Super - Landscape - Art . . . will be in the Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. as an Earth Show arranged and compiled by Willoughby Sharp. Earthworks by Karl Andre, Jean Dupuy, Hans Haacke, Michael Heizer, Neil Jenny Preston McClannahan, David Medalla, Robert Smithson, Takis and Guenther Uecker are now prepared.

From Earth to light is only a fraction of a jump for the Dwan gallery. What would Earth be without light. Dan Flavin lights up the Gallery—space in his very own special unearthly F . . . Art absolute-cool-acid-architectural way. Coming into the large white space of the Gallery one is en-lighted by one, just one object filling the right hand corner: A pink-yellowish-white glowing triangle, a light-booth to pray in, if you want to . . . but exploring the pure empty room one finds a barrier of mine metal structures, like a gate dividing the second rear gallery from the first open gallery space. This Flavin piece is titled: "The empty room" (to Dorothy and Roy Lichtenstein) on not seeing anyone in the room." The white immaculate room is the Work of Art, filled with the cool white light of nine fluorescent light fixtures. In the office space where John Weber resides, four blue and ultra violet fluorescent light-pieces give us the cool-shivers . . . This is the real cool place for light—transactions . . . Office—Art to count by . . . and cash in . . . one gets blinded . . .

At the Castelli Gallery a very strange phenomena occurred. Here Larry Poons, the dot and eggman, changed his image so drastically that the "in" people stood in awe before the beautiful colored (orange, green, yellow apricot) canvasses, the honest to goodness painted painterly paintings of Poons, who made a turnabout, which will have an impact on the Art—people of this city. He dared to show feeling, emotion, he had the guts to change his style, to enlarge the forms of eggshaped dots and—they became leaves, small flying saucers, huddled together like lovers, trailing down the canvas, which poetic expressionally painted forms. Poons wrote a song to Fall . . . a delight in light and rhythm . . . beautiful.

Another artist changed his image for the new post—documenta season in New York: AL HELD. He surprised

COMICS



photo: Raeanne Rubinstein

BY DA LATIMER

1st panel

'Hi, Mutt.'

'Hi, Jeff.'

2nd panel

'Hey Jeff. . . Does a dog have Buddha nature?'

3rd panel

'Mu,' grins Jeff enthusiastically, while Mutt gives him a long evil-eye glare.

4th panel

Stuffed arse-first into a crowded dustbin, his top hat caved in about his whiskers, Jeff peers bewilderedly out of a black eye at a departing Mutt.

(star)*

Ed Sanders has Artie Speigelman's Mutt & Jeff cartoon hanging on the wall in the Peace Eye along with lots of others, for the time being you can go down there and view it free. It may be Sanders' doom, some day, to be remembered not as a Fug or a poet, but mainly as a Patron of the Arts. Around himself lately Sanders has gathered the finest — what shall we call them? — bizzartists in the local head community, who are themselves in close touch, through unmentionable channels, with others of their ilk all over the Milky Way. Sanders has

Speigelman under his arm, and Spain Rodriguez and Kim Deitch and Trina and even Vaughn Bode's been skulking around — and R. Crumb is a tangible presence in the Peace Eye, no matter if he's way to hell and San Francisco, you can fairly smell his chilly soul wraithing all up and down Avenue A.

Crumb stayed over until Thursday last week so he could be on hand for the opening of Sanders' comic strip exhibition in the Peace Eye. A good portion of the display was in fact provided by Crumb himself — fifty-odd pages from his New York sketchbook, never before offered to the viewing public. Crumb's pitiless rapidograph had caught, on these innocent, fine-blue-ruled Spiral notebook pages, the ubiquitous, inadvertent reaction of Everyman to his first weeks in Old Manhattan: Sex! Florid, horrible priapic fantasies of unrelieved rut, that's what it's like the first few weeks in New York, that's what it's like in Crumb's notebook: new screwing positions, such as the girl bent over backwards, her head between her knees, snatch drooling aloft begging for it; sex fantasy #2684, where you ball the little six-year-old redhead from behind, her crinoline petticoats bunched around her shoulders, while she licks strawberry jam off her chubby fingers;

paranoiac lust-frenzies brought on by New York's immaculate, untouchable women — the scrawny anthropologist wrestling with the brawny Amazon woman for dominance over the whole sorority-tribe.

Later on, one assumes Crumb started getting laid, if only by the flocks of patently precocious adolescent groupies that already cluster panting around New York's bizzartists, now that Rock Faves are Out with the In-Crowd. It is perchance some of these who summoned forth the cosmic strains of Crumb's infinite nihilism that surface visibly toward the end of the notebook: naked emaciated old men falling listlessly through bottomless space, emptily dreaming of the endless nothing, the hopeless nowhere. . .

Finally, at the very end, one finds in Crumb's New York notebook several charming studies of his friends and colleagues — Spain Rodriguez appears, stalking intensely down the cluttered slum streets like a veteran linebacker gone to hairy seed, restlessly inspecting both tenement architecture and teenage snatch with the impartial eye of a maniac Rembrandt. In another place Sapin ignominiously reappears, or his arse does, cucooned into an amniotic mattress while his old lady bitches at him. In a way, these glimpses of Actual Bloody Life are the best things in Crumb's notebook, which makes them some of the finest shit ever slung on any wall anywhere.

And they're in excellent company. With them about the walls in the back room of the Peace Eye were hung last Thursday night a profuse selection of the work of Spain Rodriguez and Kim Deitch — original paste-up pages of Trashman and Sunshine Girl respectively. Follow the genesis of Trashman from the mumbling beginnings with Nihilus Necrophile, Big Don Pernil, and insert girl's name the tender debutante! Watch shuddering as Zoroaster the Mad Mouse threatens Sunshine Girl, Waldo, and Uncle Ed with hideous everlasting midnight necrotic epileptic convulsions of terminal cerebral palsy; Laf along with Art Speigelman and discover, in an epiphany beyond Zen, the secret of Joshu's Mu and what to do with it.

These are the bizzartists. Nothing before has ever been done, anywhere, that was quite like this stuff. Imagine Lewis Carroll, magically uninhibited, choreographing for the Grand Guignol, and you might grasp an inkling of its effect. God damn! These fellows warrant a vehicle of their very own, a showcase through which they can ooze out pure and clear, untrammled by the scribbings of such as I, unconstricted by the dubious judgement of such as the EVO brass.

Well, ole Ed Sanders is getting into the publishing racket again, and a fur piece up this time from the mimeographed spewlings of linear-oriented word-freak poets. (In the beginning was the Icon, of which the Word is a perversion as natural as masturbation.) Mark my words, not for nothing has Sanders clustered all these rapidograph fiends around himself. R. Crumb's **Head Comix** is selling like a son-of-a-bitch, just ask at the Peace Eye — and Sanders is just another Viking down deep, so lest I let slip any word of a forthcoming illustrated monthly tentatively titled **Captian Crunch Strikes Back**, I shall here bite my tongue and get back to my own cruddy drawing board.

* * *

"OH! OW! Stop!" She Said.

There's a college in Poughkeepsie called Marist College, and on its campus is a former SDS chapter calling itself TAC — Thought, Action, Communication. Having been nearly dead for some time, TAC is striving for resurrection through an Angry Arts Festival from 22 November to 24 November.

"It involves sales and exhibitions of paintings and sculpture," writes TAC spokesman Steve Johnson, "poetry reading, plays, music (lots of folk) and weird tapes."

TAC needs people to participate — anyone with the bus fare will find Poughkeepsie has a different variety of fog from New York.

(Continued on Page 19)



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—Renata Adler, New York Times

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thilm (Continued from Page 10)

moments. An angel saying, “I’m not an angel, I’m a fairy;” Mario Montez being Mario Montez, or, Carla the Gypsy, tambourine and bee-stung lips and all; the sight gag of Arthur Kraft as Orgone, a hunchbacked, satiric sex himself. . . I honestly thought Intermission was the end of the play (it was by then 2:30, 2:45 AM) and I left.

Riot will be presented by the OM Theatre Workshop of Boston this Friday and Saturday, at 8 and 10 PM, at Fordham University. Call WE-3-2233 ext. 500 for reservations. Tickets are \$2.75.

The Bleecker St. will be running *Les Carabiniers* and *La Chinoise* for a look at Godard in black/white and color, through next Tuesday.

Next Tuesday, the Jewish Museum will present Harry Smith’s *Early Abstractions* and *Late Superimpositions* in the series sponsored by the Filmmaker’s Cinematheque. Call 925-2250/around noon for further information.

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occult (Continued from Page 9)

may have to charge a few bucks for a sitting, but the one who demands \$20 a seance from each of the ten people attending is probably more interested in the money than the messages. Many fine mediums make no charge for their services at all, and sit only for their friends and relatives. If you can get in with one of this kind, you needs have no more fears; he may not be a very good medium, but at least he won't be under compulsion to get you a message, or fake you one, just to separate you from your hard-earned cash.

A good medium doesn't have to put on a show. Beware of the one with a lavishly decorated seance room, elaborate cabinet, bells, trumpets, voices, spirit paintings and the like. Some mediums like music, some want to hold hands, quite a few prefer not to be in too brightly-lighted a room. However, the best mediums sit down without a lot of fuss and do their thing. A lot of elaborate patter may be like the patter of the sleight-of-hand magician, and for the same purposes — to distract your attention from some preparation for elaborate fakery.

If you are satisfied that the medium is not trying to make a good living off the suckers, then talk to some people who know him or her. No spiritualist is going to live a respectable type of life which will satisfy all the squares in suburbia, so don't be put off if you hear that the medium is an oddball; but if he or she seeks publicity, tries to run other people's lives, hunts for the spotlight, or is always talk-

ing to the uninformed about his or her great psychic gifts, **STAY CLEAR!** Occultism is like sex — the people who can do it best, don't go around bragging about it all the time. (Incidentally, the name on this column is a pseudonym).

And remember; even if you find an honest medium, it doesn't mean the messages you'll get can be trusted, and it may not be the medium's fault. A medium is just a telephone — not responsible for who uses it. A good one is likely to attract good spirits, but not every spirit who claims to be Napoleon, Nefertiti or Nostradamus is who he claims. It may be the late Norman Nogoodnik, finally getting his chance to impress somebody. Just because a person is disembodied doesn't mean he is either trustworthy or wise; to say nothing of spiritual. There are fakes and plan crackpots on the so-called Other Side, too.

READERS are invited to submit their questions on any subject of general interest to Elfrida Rivers, c/o this paper. If a personal answer is desired, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If Miss Rivers cannot answer your question, she will find someone else who can.

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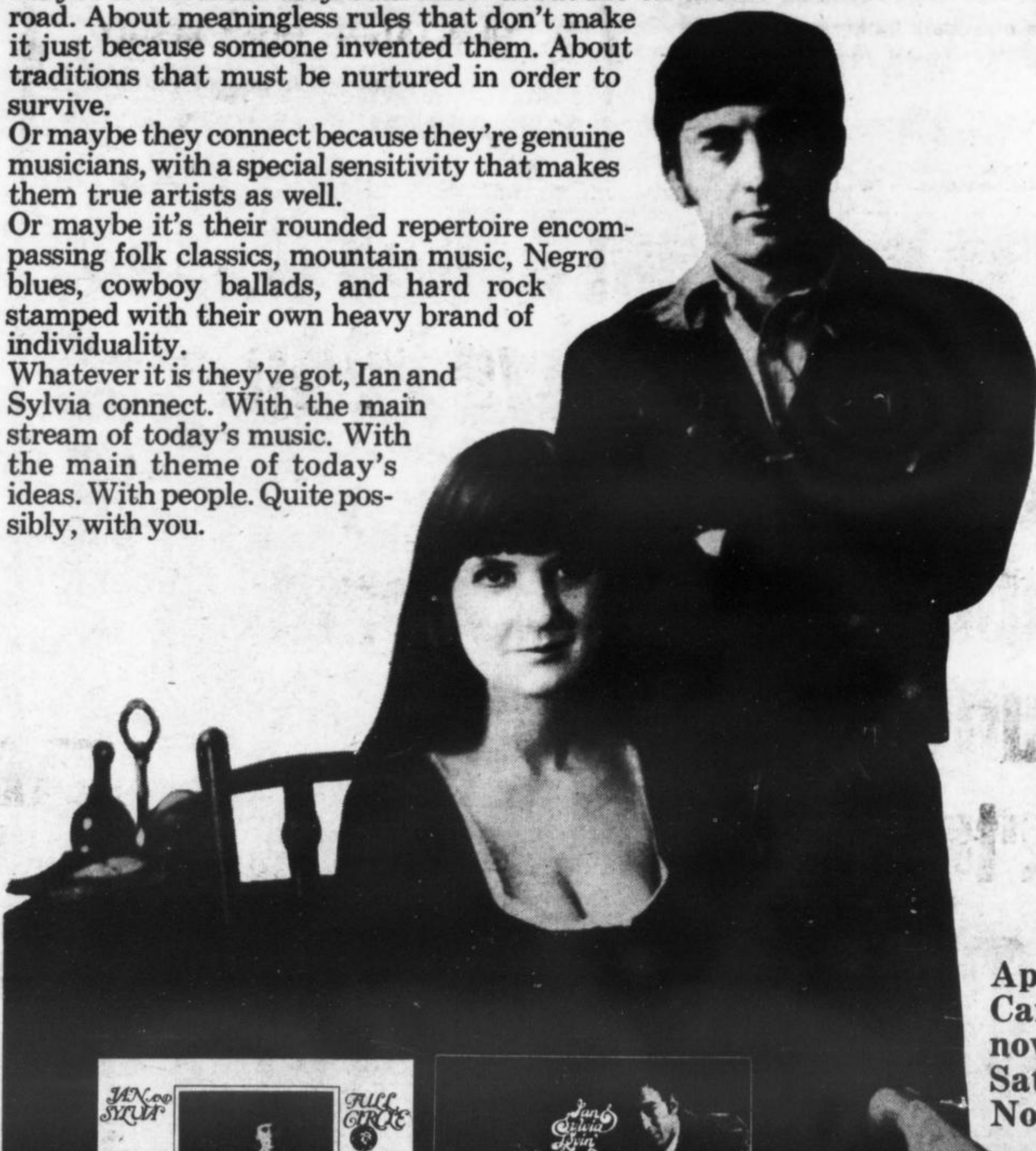
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(Continued from Page 10)

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karma (Continued from Page 11)

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JERRY TALLMER, POST

"FILTHY!"

JAMES DAVIS, DAILY NEWS

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(Continued from Page 5)



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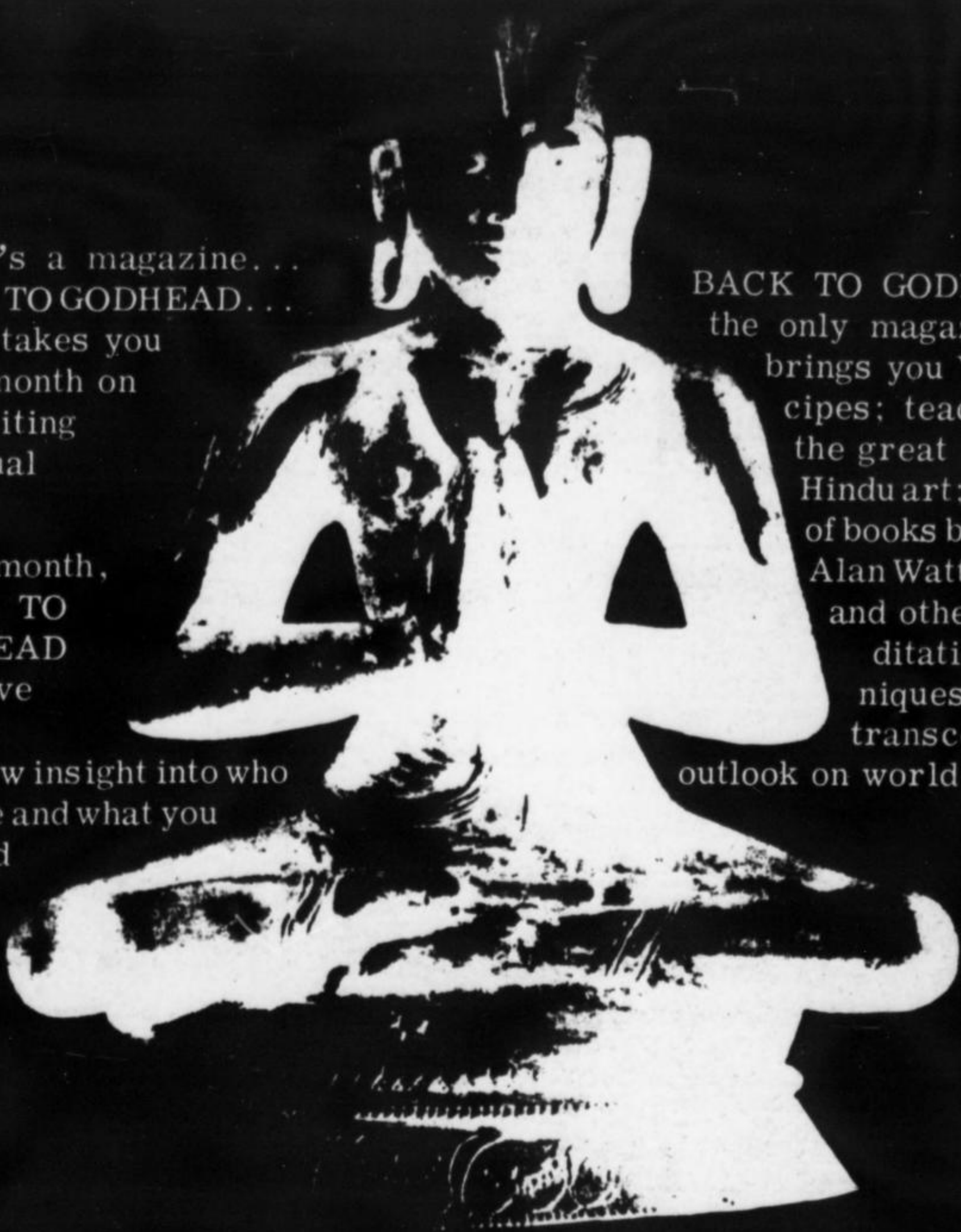
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art

everybody. Here it is at the Emmerich Gallery: a new Held... a new Hero... black and white, linear lean, architectural, without texture and heavy laid on Acrylic... just down to the essentials of searching for a new truth of lines and how they meet in space. I remember that "once upon a time," when Al Held had been one of my good friends, he told me, that what interested him most, was the space of edges meeting... how edges were cut between the walls of the big buildings which he faced as a compact entity when looking out of his studio window on the Westside, I think it was on 16th street. At that time Al had no found the image of the large powerful geometrical forms, which made him later **THE AL HELD**, — and which culminated in the biggest canvas ever shipped to Europe, shown at the Documenta: in Germany; A Triangle, a Sphere, a Square. But here he is now... in a new cloth of color and line... a changed man... he is black and white.

The most extraordinary sight are the Italian Frescos in the Metropolitan Museum. The show ends November 19th. Evo — readers should see them. Especially the "Synopias," the sketches to the frescoes are appealing to our 1968 sensibility... they are GREAT. On November 26 the Machine-Show will open in the Museum of Modern Art. This is an Evo-Commercial I can't help doing. Alone the Title of this gigantic show is intriguing: It has a Marat/Sade quality; "**The Machine as seen at the End of the Mechanical Age.**" It will be the History of Machine-Art... from early cartoons, prints, drawings of the 19th Century, and comprising all the Machine-influenced Art-works of the 20th Century... Futurists, Surrealists, Dadaists, Bauhaus, they all had been turned on by the machines... by the beginnings of the technical-Art, by Technology as an Art form. Simultaneously the Brooklyn Museum will show 150 Works done by contemporary artist, sponsored by Experiments in Art and Technology (EAT). In the Moma only nine of the contemporary Artists are included. The Brooklyn Show is called "**Some more Beginnings.**"

From a Piece by Pierre — Droz done 1770 called "Young Write," to the work by Jean Dupuy (Artist) and Ralph Martel (engineer and Harris Hyman (engineer)... "Heart Beats Dust 1968) Moma will give us an insight of man's inventive urges...

The newest Artbooks to be recommended are: No. 1: "The Machine as seen at the End of the Mechanical age by K. G. Pontus Hulton (He selected the Moma Show) \$6.95.

Minimal Art, A critical Anthology, edited by Gregory Battcock A Dutton Paperback \$3.95.

Silver Flower Cool by Charles Henry Ford published by Kulchur Press Paperback \$2.00, Limited Edition, \$4). This Language-picture-book of Charles Henry Ford is like the Sears Roebuck Catalogue of the American Language 1968, it reads like a long interlocking Poem, maybe it's even a Play, it surely is a play on words, our words of today, the F... Art Words we are all so fond of, because they tell the truth of things, the truth of the matter, the truth of life... and that's what I believe in.

The New York Art Scene as seen by Alex Katz and displayed in the Fischbach Gallery culminates in the work "One Flight Up." It shows painters Lois Dodd, George Wilson; Poet Ron Padget, wife and child; and all the other joiners. This is the IN Place where everybody meets everybody who belongs to Alex's world. They are all flat metal and oil painted-sharp and definitely New York Scene people, F... Art people.

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comics

(Continued from Page 13)

CO-AXING FINGERTIPS

In about two weeks Eldridge Cleaver will be back in jail. He's charged with violation of parole, having been apprehended by the Oakland pigs in the company of Bobby Hutton the night Hutton was gunned down, murdered, naked. Cleaver spent two months in jail without so much as a hearing to determine the facts in the case, and was finally released in September on a writ of habeas corpus by Judge Raymond Sherwin of Solano County Superior Court. Judge Sherwin's findings — that Cleaver had been jailed because of "his undue eloquence in pursuing political goals" — was contravened on 27 September by the State Court of Appeals, at the behest of Governor Reagan's hand-picked Adult Authority. Cleaver is due for reimprisonment on 27 November, unless the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver can muster sufficient support to defend him successfully.

Led by Robert Scheer of *Ramparts* and Carlos Aponte of the Black Panthers, the International Committee consists of several hundred eminent people, among whom are Bertrand Russell, Norman Mailer, Emile Copouya, Jean Paul Sartre, Jules Feiffer, Hans Koningberger, Ashley Montagu, Noam Chomsky, Ron Karenga, Richard Seaver and Herbert Gold. The Committee is circulating several petitions of support for Cleaver, and collecting money to establish a defense fund. Pledges of support and donations to the fund should be sent to the International Committee to Defend Eldridge Cleaver, 495 Beach Street, San Francisco, California 94133. Checks should be made out to the Committee.

MINI-SKIRT REBELLION

Jesus! Bad enough these long-haired Kid Kommies gotta sit-in and love-in and demonstrate, and the Coloureds too, gets so it's not safe on the streets any more, but now the women gonna raise hell too! "The Young, the Black, and the Beautiful" they self-style themselves, a new coalition to make waves and disturb the peace. Flo Kennedy's behind it, you can be sure of that. The National Organization for Women wasn't good enough for such as Flo, her and Ti-Grace Atkinson and Carol Goodman and like-minded militant feminists. They say they want to "remake the world so that it is relevant to women," and we all know that means! The Young, the Black and the Beautiful plan to demonstrate on Monday, 4 at the Massachusetts Court Building in Pemberton Square, Cambridge, to protest against the conviction of Bill Baird for disseminating (no pun intended) birth control pornography. Guerilla theatre, street rally, soapbox oratory and other perversion will be featured on this occasion. Christ! Gets so it's not safe in bed any more!

STINGING MARTINET

Confidential to John C. in Biloxi: If you don't know by now, baby, don't mess with it.

FISH-AND-FINGER-PIE FOR EVERYONE!

After two and a half years in the stockade, Dennis Mora and James Johnson are back in New York, along with David Samas of Modesto, California — the Fort Hood Three are at large at last. These three gentlemen were the first draftees to disobey executive orders to go to Vietnam, for which they received nearly three years in jail and dishonorable discharges from the service. Parole was offered them during their imprisonment, but they refused to suck even that much ass. The Fort Hood Three Defense Committee had a welcome home concert and tribute for them on 11 November in the Hunter College Auditorium. Two and a half years in an Army jail, man . . . Welcome home, that's all, welcome fucking home.

FINE-VEINED BREASTS

Uncle Jauge Wallass lost last week, as who didn't?, but them court actions just keep sloggin' on. Anybody was beat by a cop at the Wallass rally, or was witness to such beating, harrassment, illegal arrest and whatnot, should

get in touch with the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee to augment their defense of the people arrested on that foul evening. Robert Yunhke, a Columbia graduate student, is coordinating the NECLC report, and may be reached at NECLC, 25 E. 26 St, Manhattan 688-8120. Incriminating photographs are particularly welcomed.

MINISTER EXPOSES GENITALS

On 20 January, J. Edgar Pigasus will be inaugurated President under the very snout of the Big Dixcon in Washington Town; the Yippie answer to the Vice President, the Pig Dauphin, will be hidden in a vat of treacle in the event that the candidate gets Nixed Out in the process. As a loyal American, you can beforehand support this event by buying a 'Year of the Pig' colour-in calendar from Hallucinations, Inc. 333 E Fifth St., NYC 10003. Pigtroller Abbie Hoffman and his tong are producing these items for \$2.95 each, plus Yippie buttons and Pig Inauguration (why no Pignauguration?) buttons for a quarter apiece. Live forever under the reign of Pigasus Rex!!

NYMPHET RAPES PRIEST

Ever talk to a serviceman? My cousin Eddie is on leave from Fort Ord right now, en route to "Nam," as he quaintly calls it. All he can talk about is guns and bombs. Last year it was football and Jefferson Airplane, now it's helicopters, flamethrowers and adhesive napalm. It's a phase they're putting him through. "I see these guys come back from Nam," he says in his refelctive moments, "and some of them are all racked up, and all of them talk about buddies that got blown away. And, well, it just makes me want to get over there. Get it over with, anyway — kill Charlie before he kills you, that's all. And the grass is cheap — stay stoned, kill Charlie, save up money and come back and loaf for a year. Wow, can you imagine loafing for a year in the Village?" And so on. It gives you the cold cobbles just to listen to him. But you're pleasant, he's a good kid and maybe he'll learn, and anyway you might never see him again.

SWEATY COUPLING

I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it. "The average GI lives in a distant world which is predicated on ignorance, fear and unquestioned obedience to authority," says Vietnam veteran Carl Rogers of Servicemen's LINK to Peace. "His opinions are neither valued nor sought, and his legal rights are violated often without his knowledge." Is the right to remain unbrainwashed a legal right? "By working with the Vietnam GI (a servicemen's underground anti-war newspaper, like *The Bond*), we expect to increase the number of men being reached through the mail, but to demonstrate more visible support for the men, LINK plans to open a number of information centers in the cities of Southeast Asia where servicemen take their Rest and Recuperation holidays from Vietnam." Yes, an anti-war pamphlet in every pack of Bangkok's infamous Heavenly Skies. Don't fink! Back LINK!

LOVE IN THE HAYLOFT

Abdul Sean De La Villeneuve, EVO's sometimes chartscaster, has been moonlighting down at Cape Kennedy lately, and has come up with some astounding statistics. Idly feeding various trivia into his stereolapidoscope, he retrieved the information that of all the two-thousand-odd space freaks working for NASA, only one is a solid Pisces, born March fifth; there are two other Pisces natives in the entire NASA operation, one tending wildly toward the cusp with Aquarius, the other veering sharply toward Aries. "This phenomenally sparse concentration of Pisces natives in NASA can be accounted for," quoth Mynheer Sean, 'by the militaristic aspect of the operation, which is still a Cold War-oriented affair.' According to Senor Villeneuve, Pisces natives are constitutionally anti-war. EVO's crack Stardrekker will now pack his 'scope, his opium pipe, and his pet skull and investigate the oceanography

racket, where he expects to find all sorts of Pisces people, if few Aries.

RAPES WIFE

To natives from all bands of the horoscopic spectru, Abdul Sean recommends Florida as a great place to abscond to with the company funds — there's been a little trouble with the alligators, but the barracuda are jumping, and the old ladies from Vermont may not look good in Bikinis but they pay well. 'Especially from 28 December you should be here,' he writes. 'Is growing forth for then a three-day pop festival, and to be playing is like Country Joe, Buffy St. Marie, Chuck Berry, Fleetwood Mac, Butterfield, Flatt & Scruggs, all them good ones. Richie Havens, Iron Butterfly, James Cotton, you ain't seen nothing like this. Zaks Mundt! There is being the too eve the International Walking Catfish Derby, m.t 20 Acres Hidden Suprises Beautiful Gardens in. All so Electornick Skydivers, Stratospheric Balloons and Kaleidoscopic Elephants!!' Write before 9 December to the Miami Pop Festival, Box 3900, Miami Florida 33101. Take money.

PSYCHO GARTERSNAPPER LOOSE AGAIN

Wringing yet more suprising goodies from its shoestring budget, Channel 13 has scheduled three programs dealing with Man and War in the Arts. Walter James Miller, author, John Moore, artist, and Leonard Altman, critic, will preside over the prospective evening. The first instalment, with Mr. Miller, will be broadcast tonight, Thursday, at 10 o'clock. The second will be broadcast a week later, 14 November, at the same time, with Moore participating. The third will be shown on 21 November, same time, with Altman in charge. 'A vast range of topics will be covered,' says Channel 13 director Seymour Siegal — 'from Monteverdi to Vietnam, protest songs from Homer to Mailer, etc.'

floating

(Continued from Page 3)

side one another on the ever-heaving ocean to transfer cargo. Because the depth of their "foundations" goes below wave turbulence, permitting dropped thresholds over which the deepest draft ship may pass, such floating tetrahedron cities will permit mid-ocean cargo transferring within their harbors and therewith extraordinarily increase efficiency of the inter-distribution of the world's raw and finished products as well as of the passenger traffic. Such tetrahedral cities floated upon the oceans will generate their own energy with atomic reactors whose by-product heat will be used to desalinate the city's water supply.

The Triton report, which is based on Fuller's ideas, is just that. Though the report differs in the size the structure might be and how many families it proposes to house, the Department of Housing and Urban Development holds no responsibility in seeing that these ideas are carried out or put into construction.

And why should they? No one person will be making any money off it. And this is what is essentially wrong with projects such as this one. There is no profit in it that one man can see. Foremost, such projects are against the basic tenet of capitalism; private property and enterprise.

The time has come therefore man not only must change his concepts of cities but profit as well. The profits must be to all mankind, otherwise the cost will be too great for humanity to behold.

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AMATEUR girl model (young), wanted for creative art studies of genital-anal forms. Detailed sketch & non-Commercial motion-picture studies. Model must be fully shaved, good muscle tone, be well formed anatomically & enjoy posing for serious artist. Call area code 203: to 9:8438 weekdays after 9:00 P.M. or anytime weekends.

YOUNG straight, average built guy 17-22, to be orally satisfy. Athletes and service-men and others. Discretion assured. Call Russ after six phone KAC-BUEF No. Hustlers.

SWING-IN "Couples and gals only. Swing with other groovy people. Turn yourself on. Do your own thing. Free. Call 246-8029 after 10 PM."

GIRLS want love, men want sex, we have both! Call for invitation, 675-5778 or BE 3-5949, Charles Hall.

16 GIRLS already told me; my dear fellow: You are the biggest, and sweetest lover in the west village; Every inch will give you deep happiness. I'll prove it to all girls married or single who desire visit my luxurious pad in fifth Av. WA-90919.

GIRLS to play "The rejection game" we need some witty, bright, and attractive girls to compete with the men at our Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday socials. Call 675-5778 or BE 3-5949 for invitation—Charles Hall.

Day-break returns to your bloom/
when yearning revives the tomb/
with a forgotten light of death/
and the consuming secret of breath/
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

The knife descends with a wave/
through a ghost of vibration/
when the rope of emanation/
prolongs an edge of the grave/
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

MAIL freak-digs unusual correspondence. All propositions, no matter how peculiar or outrageous will be considered. Any topic or scene discussed. Send mail to: D.J.B., 10139 Ronnie Rd. 45215.

WHITE male, 35, needs roommate, white female, 18-35. Rent free, pad Yorkville area. Phone after six or weekends, 628-4385. James Krusman, 204 7. 81st St., N.Y., N.Y.

YOUNG groovy guy loves sharing his non-hangup world with other groovy young guys. Fun and games in town during week; relaxation and fresh air at shore year around down country lane. Wanta ball? inspire me after 8 pm Mon-Thurs PL 5-2135.

EUROPEAN male, tall, good appearance, unconventional, sympathetic, masculine, intellec-

tually curious, artistically inclined, likes people, music, animals, wishes to know reasonably good looking and masculine, intelligent and emotive, unpretentious and easy going fellow with similar or compatible interests. Write P. O. Box 129, Cooper Station, N.Y., N.Y. or call 677-41-59 bet. 6-8 p.m.

TALL, well-built bachelor seeks well-built girl (age unimportant) for discreet get-togethers in his convenient midtown apartment. If interested, write: Box 5243, Grand Central Sta., NYC 10017

SEEKING interesting, attractive, personable, responsible Greek man only, 24-40, gay, with just basic English, any fulltime job, for friendship and mutual relationship with young, 30, American professional man on permanent basis. Discretion assured and required. Permanently move, share lovely apartment for right person. Should speak Greek. Serious replies only. Call nights-weekends. Nikos, EM 4-2028.

MALE, 25, quiet, masculine and well-built, seeks white male, 29-34 y/o, hairy, good-looking, well-built, for drinking and etc. at your place. Call Dirk at: FOX-KTIT, 7 - 9 p.m. until Nov. 22.

SINGLE white male of Phila. area seeks attractive career girls for private meetings of coitus and 69. Must be clean, honest, sincere, discreet and uninhibited. I am! Travels NYC often. Great Ray, 219 E. 5th St., 19013. Photo gets answers.

DELICIOUS Kosher salami attached to 32-yr-old handsome married me. If you're female, young, pretty and "hungry," lets meet for "something to eat." 685-1541, days.

MALE, 29, good-looking, clean cut and congenial, seeks attractive, mature thinking Miss or Mrs. for pleasant daytime get togethers. Have cozy mid-Manhattan Apt. Call Henry, 245-8656.

BACHELOR, upstate New York, seeks similar to share winter evenings and weekends roasting nuts before a roaring fire in secluded cabin. Phone (212) 637-9145, evenings.

TWO YOUNG Asian bachelors seek companionship with shapey females, 18-40. Full discretion assured. Write with phone, photo (if available), box 1410 G.P.O., N.Y. 10001.

VERY handsome, sincere, affectionate young man wants beautiful girl for newest, romantic love methods. All satisfied. Call 666-7497.

MALE 25, white, good looking seeks uninhibited female for mutual sexual satisfaction. Married woman welcome, descretion assured. Send phone No. mutual sexual satisfaction. Murrick Ave. East Meadow, New York 11554.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

"To my Experimental Garden" though my verse be mist and enticement/
the texture of earth and measurement/
is a conjuration of blood and 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.

ATTRACTIVE, marriage minded male. Seeks female 5'4"-5'7" 25-35, shapely and intelligent. Write to P.O. Box 29, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11203. No homos.

TIRED OF BARS etc. Very attractive white young male. Body and mind, masculine interested in meeting same. 32 or younger. For sincere, longtime relationship. NO swishes, etc. Box 12, 481 Hartford, Conn. 06112.

GENTLEMAN seeks attractive girl companion over 18 to share studio apartment, and sex. Ask for Al. Call after 6 p.m., LE 2-3181.

GAY social club, parties, over 150 members. 18-35 only. Call 532-1270. Monday 6-9, Friday 6-8, or Saturday 1-5 p.m.

BOY who doesn't turn on to girls but doesn't dig the "gay" scene would like to meet someone in similar situation. Box 833, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.

BUY AND SELL

BUGGED by your barren walls? Hippist selection of Day-Glo posters. Night Owl, 118 W. 3rd St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10012. Write for free catalogue.

INCENSE & OILS: Over 50 fragrances including Patchouly, Jan Jasmin, Almond, Orange and many other. Wholesale only, pricelist on request. Indiacrafts, P.O. Box 853, San Francisco, California.

"DRIVE CAREFULLY, Dr. Barnard is waiting" Buy this Bumpersticker and button. Also 290 other buttons, BUTTONS made to order. Free catalogue to all. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 st. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036. Tel. 581-4199.

NOW AVAILABLE—the Famous KAMA SUTRA calendar (size 11"x17"), embodying the SPIRIT of '69. Enjoy a DIFFERENT photograph for each month of one of RON BOISE'S erotic sculptures in metal. Same sculptures written-up and shown in EVERGREEN REVIEW. A GREAT GIFT!!! \$4.95 for one, \$12.95 for three, or send for free brochure. Dealers inquiries invited. Send check or M/O to BUTTON UP, Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46 St. NYC., N.Y. 10036. Tel.: (212) 581-4199 Order now!!!! Limited SUPPLY!!!!

SUN CHANGES

MOON CHANGES

HUNG ON YOUR WALL

Beautiful astrology chart tells what sign the sun & moon are in every day in 1969. With positions of planets for heaviest days each month; other secrets. \$1.00 to Perseverance Furthers Incorporated, 2528 Hillegass, Berkeley, Cal., 94704. Dealers please inquire.

"CONNOISSEURS OF THE UNUSUAL" UNITE \$1.00 for handling charges brings you copy of the correspondence medium devoted to the broad-minded. Write MANDY, c/o TRANSACTIONS UNLIMITED, G.P.O. BOX 1812, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11202.

"FUR COATS & JACKETS \$10 to \$25, Big Selection, 151 W.

28 St. store, Hours 8 to 5."

THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL

Includes complete instructions for buildings Strobes, Color Organs, Light Machines, etc. Send \$2 to Lightworks, 409 East 6th St., N.Y.C. 10009.

NUDE FIGURE STUDIES—You will like these beautiful nudes from a private collection which can now be sent thru mails by recent Supreme Court rulings. \$4 for set of 6, 4x5. Kathi, Box 1051, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

RUDNICK HEALS

PRIVATE collector wishes to purchase reg 8 mm movies of amateur females, college students, housewives etc. Not the professional type. 362-3449. Keep trying.

DICK 'N' JANE READER controversial reading on an involving subject \$1, Box 619-C Newark, New Jersey 07101.

CUSTOM MADE by NORMAN KNIGHT—Extraordinary Clothes for Extraordinary Men! 17 E. 13th St., 255-7390 Store Hours! Monday thru Saturday 12:00 noon to 7:00 p.m. except Thursday 12 noon to 5 p.m. — Nylon Underbriefs \$3.00 — Nylon Pouch Front undershorts \$4.00 — Nylon Lounging pants, Plain or Pouch front \$15.00—Choice of more than 30 colors. Low Rise Boxer Bikini Swimsuits from \$4.00 for the fall vacationer. Low Rise Snug fitting slacks, custom made from \$30. Genuine Deerskin "Loon" Boots \$10. 6 foot scarves and mufflers \$5.00. 5 inch ties—Exclusive Designs by Norman Knight for the unusual gift. Imported Silk Squares from India, Solids, Prints, Stripes and Checks—18" Square \$3.00—21" Square \$4.00—27" Square \$5.00—Leather Pants, Jackets, Vests, Jock Straps, Posing Straps from \$6.00 all Custom Made—All this and more too!

SPECIAL SERVICES

INCREDIBLE FREE OFFER

We start where all other offers end. If you are tired of being disappointed and want the wildest, most daring and erotic in books, magazines and films, and much, much more, send for our giant catalog which lists thousand of offers from all around the world. (Including free books, etc.) This offer is open to mature adults over 21. Greenwich Village Press, Dept. EV-149, Box 222, Cooper St., Station, New York, N.Y.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers fellas, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

NUDISCOVER

Meet interesting people who enjoy social nudism. Any age. Male / female, married / single. Send \$1.00. Alan Tuck Associates, Dept. E-6, P.O. Box 1532, Union, N.J. 07083.

BLOW YOUR MIND before it's too late

Supergrass is not illegal yet—however, it has been confiscated by police in the following places: Wash. D.C., San Francisco and Los Angeles. Why? Yet it's 100% legal substitute for pot. Supergrass looks like, smells and gets you there like the real thing. \$2.00 per lid. Send your bread to ON THE SPOT, 907 N. Harper, Box 3, Hollywood, Calif. 90046. (GUARANTEED)

LIGHT MOVING. 24 hour service wagon plus one men \$6.00. Two men \$9.00. 388-1954.

"CLUB POM-POM" — Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communique \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

ESOTERIC INTEREST? Specializing in the unusual, we offer male or female contacts to suit your needs. Send detailed letter with \$3 (females free) to Underground Enterprises, 485 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

WE WILL MOVE anything (from a chair to a whole apt.) anytime (24hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates also. Long & short term storage also available Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Greenwich St., N.Y.C. 477-5626, 477-1767.

FOR THE ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

GAY social club. Men 18-35. Parties, make friends, over 150 members. Call 532-1270. Mon. or Fri. eve., or Sat. 1-5 p.m.

DIAL A ROCK at 753-8432. For stark drama, trenchant wisdom, chilling horror, unbridled passion, twinfisted action, raw violence, breathtaking suspense, call 753-8432.

A friend of the little match girl at 753-8432.

Make your contribution to building a strong, free, proud, passionate, hopeful, rockful world and call. 753-8432.

CHEMICALS!

The S. R. C. Company has a diversified stock of many hard to find reagents. Direct inquiries to S. R. C. Company, P. O. Box 284, East Detroit, Michigan.

IN COLLEBE, or college bound? Turn on in Free School Setting. Meet head-on academic, personal hang-ups during eight week summer afloat.

Schooner School, R.R.1, Site 14, Box 13, Fredericton, N.B., Canada.

"TIME fades Beauty" said Christy. "A Humming Bird is lovely to watch, for a while. If it perched on your nose all day you'd be bored stiff". ANARS FIND.

PUBLICATION

"BREAK-THROUGH — formerly Banned Books. Exciting, descriptive stories to keep you Spellbound. Sample \$3.00 cash. Adults ONLY. Bookmart, Box 175-EV, N.Y.C. 10019, New York."

COLLECTOR'S DECK 5x7 full color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11231.

"SIZZLING Adult Tabloid" New Bold, Daring! Broadminded news, Personals, sources, hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c. Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

PARTY cards ADULTS ONLY 52 lively playing cards plus jokes in gorgeous color \$3.00. (First 100 orders BONUS mini-deck FREE) Parisian c/o Box 68-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals— for those interested subject of discipline, TV, and other unusual diversions — Plus news worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues \$8.00 cash or M.O. — Justice, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

Sample copy \$1.00.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE. The BLACK BOOK (the Singles Dating Magazine) just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST & EASIEST WAY! The BLACK BOOK puts people together. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036 or ASK FOR FREE INFORMATION, or call (212) 581-4199.

"RESPONSE" Magazine! 400 ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to play. Sexciting photos. Current issue, \$2. (Mail only). REMSON, 116 W. 87 St., N.Y. 10024.

1969 GAY GUIDE for GAY Guys: baths, bars, gloryholes, restaurants etc. Mailed in plain envelope for \$2.00. J. Stuart, P.O. Box 136, Union City, N.J. EAVESDROP with transistors. Never get caught. Techniques, equipment, prices revealed in new 184-page copywrited handbook. \$3.95 postpaid. Brown, 5611 Middaugh, Downers Grove Ill. 60515.

POSITION, new Sexual Freedom League publication. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034 San Francisco 94114.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

M.E.R. II — WE LOVE YOU — Things can work out. Everything in S.A. is okay. Everyone and everything waiting for you. Your new white V.W. too. Please — Please call home collect. LOVE FOREVER AND ETERNITY — M.E.R. - F.J.R.

PRODUCE AND BE THE D. J. WITH YOUR OWN RADIO GIG ON N.Y. FM STATION. We need new ideas and voices, any age. Do your own show . . . music, news, reviews, comments or your own thing. No experience necessary. We'll train and assist if you have "IT." If you have a message, want to break into broadcasting, want exposure on radio or have groovy ideas, we want to talk to you. Serious people only, call (201) 867-6322. We also have new service for EVO readers, we'll list your classified ad on the air. We're experimenting with this idea . . . we're the only station in N.Y. doing it. If you want your ad on the air . . . call us for approval and details on time, etc. Phone: (201) 867-6322.

"BUNNE — We LOVE YOU — Check for MESSAGE

URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. URGENT!!!

WASHINGTON, D. C. Clothe Costumes to Color Cover the very pink of your existence and keep you dancing in the street. HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR. 1669 Wisconsin Avenue. Georgetown, Wash., D. C., 202-333-6126. Hours: Noon - 7 P.M.

IN ORDER to find one's place in the infinity of being, one must be able both to separate and unite.

WHO BUYS "BUGS"? Avis, Chevron, Chrysler, Coca Cola, Hertz, Philco, Prudential, Walt Disney — "Electronic Invasion." \$3.95 postpaid. Brown, 5611 Middaugh Ave., Downers Grove, Ill. 60515.

BUNEE — CHECK for other MESSAGE.

MODELS

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female

models for legitimate photographic 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.

GIRLS wanted to pose for nudist publication: \$50 per 2hs. session - cash call: Jay Monroe. 586-9205. Studio "J" 261 W. 54th St.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255-2711.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

GIRL wanted to pose for nudist publication \$50.00 per session - Cash. Call Jay Monroe, 586 9205. Studio Jay, 261 West 54 St.

3 PHOTOGRAPHERS Models immediately. Poses mostly swim suit and semi-nude. No "vulgarity." Top salary for those qualified. Inquire by calling. MORT collect — 201-542-9483.

PHOTOGRAPHER URGENTLY Needs attractive female teenage models for strictly legitimate work. Portrait, pin-up and figure jobs available. Parents welcome at interviews and shootings. John, 989-7836, after 6 p.m. or weekends.

FEMALE figure models wanted by professional photographer. \$40-75 per session. Many models needed now. Call 824-8412, weekdays after 6 p.m. Photo Fem Studios.

EMPLOYMENT

GO-GO DANCERS WANTED REGULAR & TOPLESS. EXCELLENT PAY YOUR CHOICE OF NIGHTS TO WORK. KATE SHEA, INC. 582-1734, 147 WEST 46 ST., 2nd FLOOR.

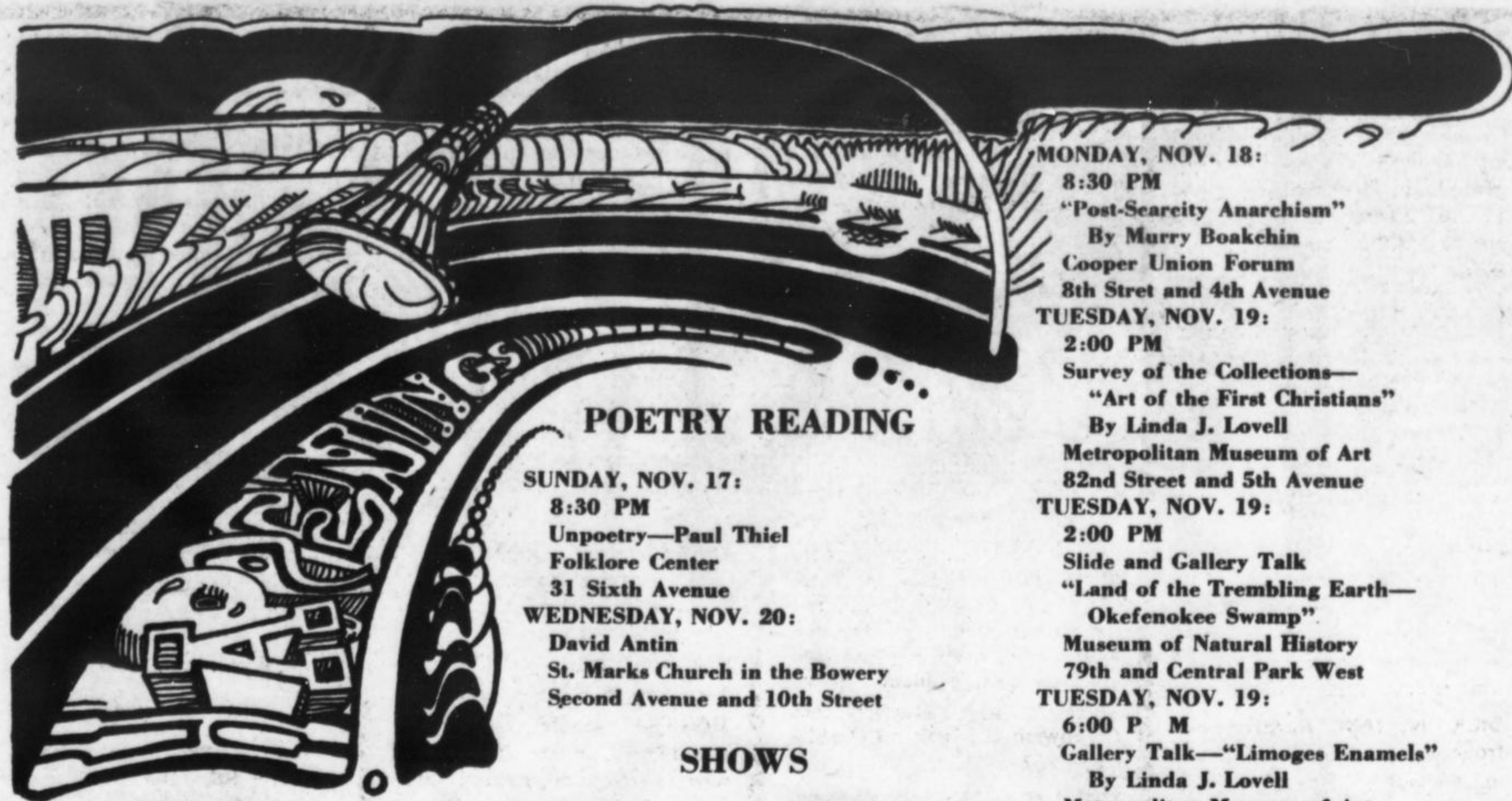
CASTING: Underground film. Attractive females, 18-26, some nudity. Virile males, muscular and hairy chested types. Non-sag. Send pics to: Adams, 6 Bank st., N.Y.C. 10014. Filming early December.

GO-GO GIRLS-MODELS wanted. Topless and regular dancers. Models fashion and figure. For appointment. Call Mr. Stone from 1 to 3 or Mr. Rodriguez in the evening 867-4515. Good pay. Immediate work.

WANTED — For serious theatrical project two black or Puerto Rican men 18-30 to assist young black director. Experience not important but applicants must be intelligent gay or bisexual, but very discreet and masculine. Many benefits including free acting classes but very little pay at this time. Send frank detailed letter and revealing photo if possible to Theatre, Box 979, NY.C 10027.

STUFF CIRCULARS IN ENVELOPES — Light filing - Saturdays only - 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. (5 hrs.) \$10. Send description to MOD Mailway, Box 439, Madison

ARTIST Photographer seeks Square Station, New York City wild chicks to model. SAYLOR STUDIO, 691-7387. 10010.



EXHIBITIONS

NOW:

Medieval Art from Private Collections
The Cloisters
Ft. Tyron Park

NOV. 10 THRU JAN. 12

"Typically American"—Photographs
by Burk Uzzle
Riverside Museum

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 53d Street

NOW THRU JAN. 1:

"The career of an Actor Anthony Quinn"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53d 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 53d 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
82d Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU JAN. 26:

Rauschembeg — "Soundings"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53d Street

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

NOW THRU FEB. 2:

"Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
88th Street and Fifth Avenue

POETRY READING

SUNDAY, NOV. 17:

8:30 PM
Unpoetry—Paul Thiel
Folklore Center
31 Sixth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20:

David Antin
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue and 10th Street

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING:

—"The Concept"
Sheridan Square Playhouse
CH 2-3432
—Sherriff's "Journey's End"
Roundabout Theatre — WA 4-7161

—"The David Show"
Players Theatre
115 McDougal — AL 4-5076

—"The Grab Bag"
Astor Place Theater
434 Lafayette — 254-4060

—"Dionysus in 69"
Performance Garage
33 Wooster Street — 925-8712

FRIDAY, NOV. 15:

The Visual Energy of Sound:
A Dance Concert by Jean Dupuy
Judson Memorial Church
55 Washington Square South
8:30 PM

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, NOV. 15:

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

SATURDAY, NOV. 16:

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

MONDAY, NOV. 18:

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

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

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

THURSDAY, NOV. 21:

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

TALKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 15:

2:30 PM
Artists and Animals—"Dogs"
by Margaret U. Hartt
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and 5th Avenue

SUNDAY, NOV. 17:

10:45 AM
"The Fine Art of Making Deisions"
By Roy R. Neuberger
N.Y. Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th St.

SUNDAY, NOV. 17:

3:00 PM
"Architectural Photography for
Traveler" by G. B. Kidder Smith
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and 5th Avenue

MONDAY, NOV. 18:

10:30 PM
Survey of the Collections—
"Art of the First Christian"
By Linda J. Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and 5th Avenue

MONDAY, NOV. 18:

8:30 PM
"Post-Scarcity Anarchism"
By Murry Boakchin
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

2:00 PM
Survey of the Collections—
"Art of the First Christians"
By Linda J. Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and 5th Avenue

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

2:00 PM
Slide and Gallery Talk
"Land of the Trembling Earth—
Okfenokee Swamp"
Museum of Natural History
79th and Central Park West

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

6:00 P M
Gallery Talk—"Limoges Enamels"
By Linda J. Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20:

—11:00 AM
Gallery Talk—"Meissen China"
By Alen Rosenbaum
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and 2nd Avenue

—3:80 PM
"The Psychology of Faling in Love"
By Martin S. Bergmann
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

THURSDAY, NOV. 21:

2:00 PM
Survey of the Collections—
"Art of the First Christians"
By Linda J. Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and 5th Avenue

—2:00 PM
Gallery Talk—Hall of the North
American Forests
Museum of Natural History
79th Street and Central Park West

MUSIC

THIS WEEK:

Fillmore: Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat,
Younbloods

Village Gate: Down-irwin Corey,
Miles Davis, Up-Les McCann

Village Vanguard: Herbie Hancock

Slugs: Pharoah Sanders

Cafe Au Go Go: Ian & Sylvia thru Sat.

Galight: Tom Willis

Scene: John Jenkins

Apollo: Joe Tex, Johnny Taylor,
Laura Lee, Adam's Disciples

FRIDAY, NOV. 15:

8:30 PM
"Cavalleria Rusticana" and
"I Pagliacci"

Ruffino Opera Association
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street and 4th Avenue

MONDAY, NOV. 18:

8:30 PM
The Young Tradition
Folklore Center Folk Festival
Washington Sq. Methodist Church
135 West 4th Street

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

Steve Gillette
Folklore Center
321 Sixth Avenue

FILMS

FRIDAY, NOV. 15:

2:00 and 5:30 PM
"The Man I Killed" (1932)
By Ernst Lubitsch with Lionel
Barrymore and Zasu Pitts
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

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

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"
"Yelow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
vies," "Red Light," "The World of
Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
menco"

Maurice Lamar Studio
61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

—8:00 PM
Open screening. Bring 8 and / or
16mm film or footage to show and
discuss.

Millenium Film Workshop.

SATURDAY, NOV. 16:

11:30 PM
"The Wind" (1928) by Victor
Sjostron, with Lillian Gish
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—3:00 and 5:30 PM
"Trouble in Paris" (1932)
by Ernest Lubitsch with Kay
Francis and Herbert Marshall
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—2:00 PM

"The Finger Lakes," "The Mountains
Are Smoking (Smokey Mountains)"
"Ever New New York"

Museum of Natural History

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

—8:00 and 10:00 PM

Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"
"Yelow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
vies," "Red Light," "The World of
Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
menco"

Maurice Amar Studio
61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

—8:00 PM

"Inauguration of the Pleasure
Dome: Sacred Mushroom Edition"
by Kenneth Anger
90 & 9 Coffee House
99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

SUNDAY, NOV. 17:

2:00 & 5:30 PM
"One Hour With You" (1932)
by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette
MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 and 10:00 PM

Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga
Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street,"
"Yelow Alley," "Three Instant Mo-
vies," "Red Light," "The World of
Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Fla-
menco"

Maurice Amar Studio
61 East 11th St. — 982-6688—\$1.50

MONDAY, NOV. 18:

2:00 PM
"Ninotchka" (1939) by Ernest
Lubitsch, with Billy Watlass,
Greta Garbo, Melvin Douglas
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—3:30 PM

"Michelangelo"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, NOV. 19:

2:00 and 5:30 PM
"Design For Living" (1933) by Ernst
Lubitsch, with Frederick March
Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20:

12:00
"St. Louis Blues" (1928) by
Dudley Murphy, with Bessie Smith,
"Land of White Alice" (1959)
by William Van Dyke
"Moment in Love" (1957)
by Shirley Clark

Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—2:00 PM

"Turn The Wheel West,"
"Beaver Valley"

Museum of Natural History
79th Street and CPW

—2:00 and 5:30 PM
"Hands Up" (1926) by Clarence
Badger, with Raymond Griffith and
Montague Love
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

THURSDAY, NOV. 21:

2:00, 5:30 and 8:00 PM
"The Merry Widow" (1934) by
Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Che-
valier, Jeanette MacDonald and
Edward Everett Horton
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM

Film: "LSD-25" and Panel Discussion
with John H. Mark, Lucille Kahn
and Judy Lethinen
A.R.E. New York Center
34 West 35th Street



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