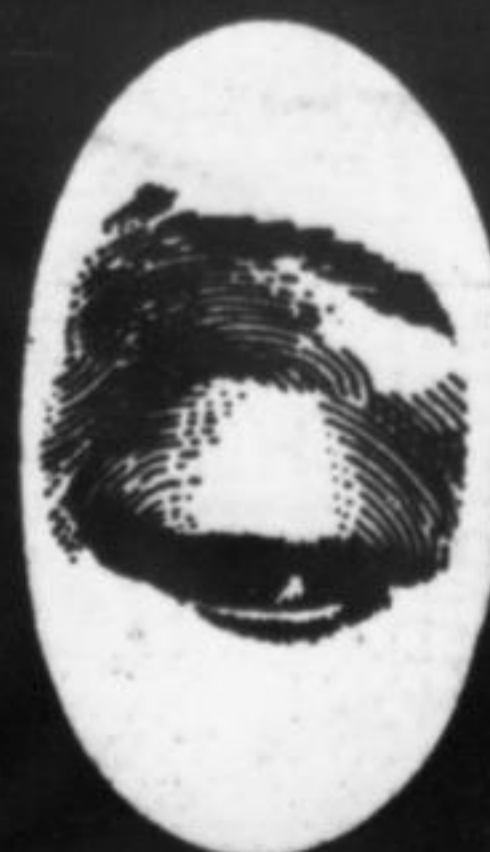


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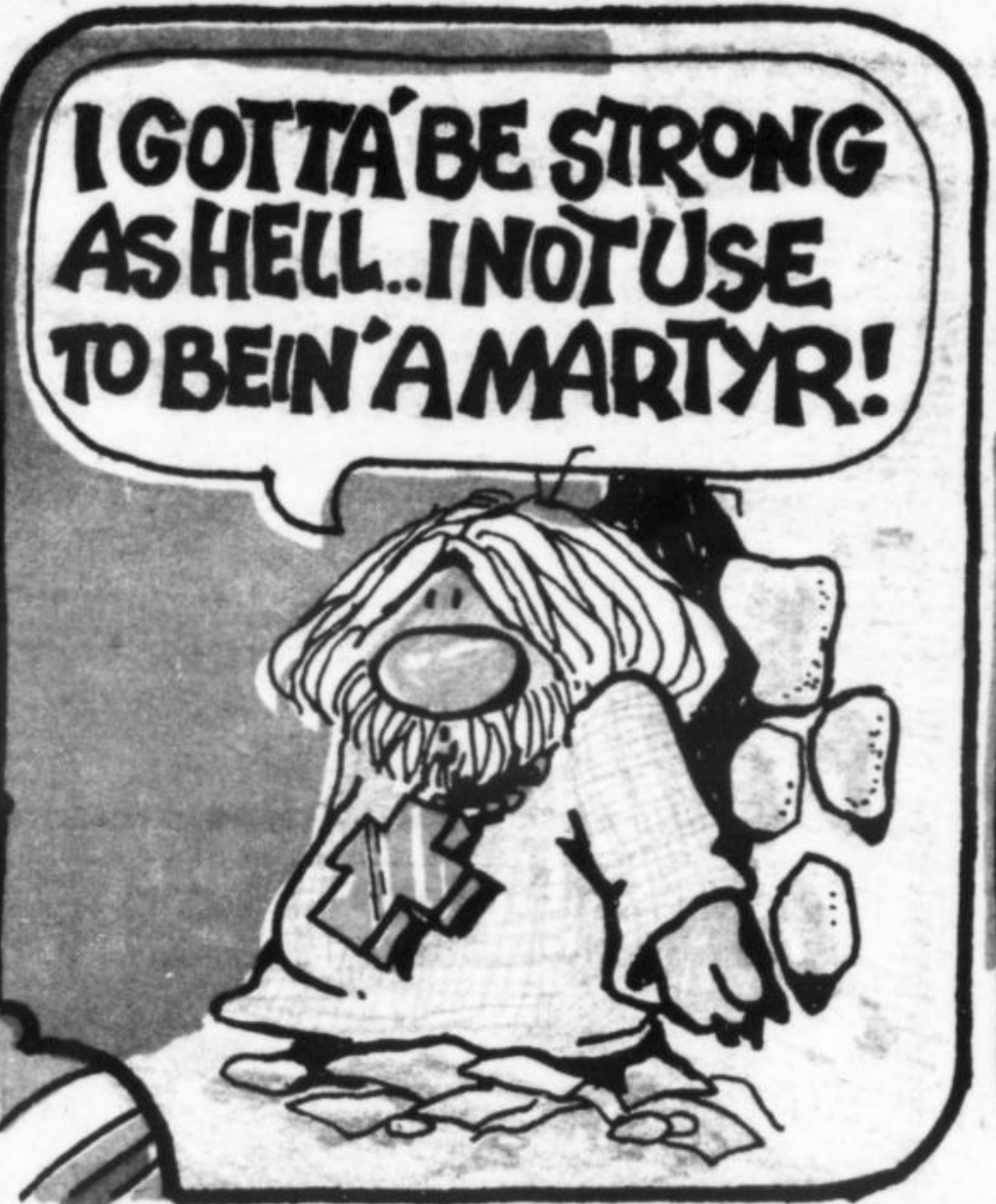


MARTIN

VOL. 3, NO. 51

NOVEMBER 22, 1968

METROPOLITAN 15¢





By ALEX GROSS

D. LEWIS

The electronic geisha house is here, combining sound, light, love, and a controlled sort of communal nakedness. It is potentially America's finest contribution to civilization so far, provided it sticks to its principles and does not go the way of all slickness. It is perhaps symptomatic of the atmosphere of puritanism in which we are all still groping that the organizers of this unique institution would rather not have it referred to as a geisha house lest the fuzz intervene. And they are right—Ruffin Cooper calls it a studio for self-realization, which is probably a fairer description. And it must be stressed beyond all shadow of a doubt that absolutely no sex takes place, which is perhaps a pity. But the important thing is the overall direction opened by the advent of CEREBRUM, the new happening-environment at the corner of Broome and Crosby Streets.

Those who come prepared for an out-and-out orgy—or possibly fearing one—will be disappointed (or find they have nothing to fear). Cerebrum is sensual, extremely so, without ever once becoming truly erotic. But even in Japan the Geisha house is there for more than genital friction—music, dance, food, drink, conversation, artful play, flirtation and finally, as a mere detail, fucking are combined under one roof for the edification and relief of the customer. We should probably be grateful for what Ruffin has been able to give us, as various antiquated city laws had already knocked out the eating, drinking, and fucking functions long before Cerebrum

opened. It probably would never have been able to open at all were it not for its legal classification as a studio, where lessons in mixed-media contemplation are given on a per-hour basis. This legal opening is in itself a step forward—so far the police have respected the studio classification, and if they continue to do so, it may provide a precedent for other avant-garde experimenters to get their projects off the ground.

The overall effect presented by Cerebrum is positively stunning. You arrive in a dark doorway—there is wild, exotic music somewhere in the background, but you are still fumbling in the darkness, hemmed in by a door behind you and an indefinable enclosure in front of you. You ring a bell and nothing happens. The darkness grows menacing. You ring the bell again and still nothing happens. Suddenly a voice is heard demanding your name. You give it, and after a pause a panel slides smoothly open and you are confronted by a pair of chicks dressed in black who smilingly persuade you to remove your coat, jacket, and shoes.

A bearded young prophet clad in a white toga appears and is told to escort you to Platform Number Three. You follow him down a corridor in the direction of the music, suddenly turn a corner and are face to face with one of the most mind-blowing scenes yet contrived by man, god's own loony-bin, a McLuhanist playground, and a Huxleyan feely theatre all in one. It is populated by innumerable white-

togaed Romans, alive with light, color, and sound, and fully upholstered.

At this point the nudity is dealt with, in a manner that will disappoint purists but will probably calm the more timorous. Newcomers are helped into the same toga-like white coveralls worn by the attendants and all the other guests, and bade to take off as much as they feel like. Underneath the togas. Some strip completely, some peel to their underwear, other more uptown types keep on everything except their jackets.

Simultaneously with the undressing a pair of stereo earphones are lowered over your head, and you are given the first of a series of small projectors and light-reflecting toys. Music is continuous, both from amplifiers and the earphones, and a light show crew of eight keep images changing around the room, mainly tourist scenes and the insides of factories. Attendants come and anoint you with various oils, play pat-a-cake with you, and offer mints, marshmallows, and a glowing transparent substance which turns out to be water.

This is it, this is what it's about. They haven't got the projections completely worked out yet, and it would be easy to pick petty points of criticism that occur to you after the initial effect wears off, but these are not important. What Ruffin has done with Cerebrum is to create a prototype, capable of great further development and certain to have an influence and inspire imitation. The real question is where and how far it is likely to go in the predictable future. This will largely be determined by plain old-fashioned money, for the place has a staff of twenty (whose esprit de corps is magnificent) and a great deal of expensive equipment to pay off, even though much of this was the gift of interested corporations in the hope that the idea will go somewhere commercially. The organizers imagine even more complicated and expensive pleasure palaces for the future and vow that they will not be swayed by mere considerations of profit.

It will be interesting to see if they succeed or whether the whole isn't finally swiped and bastardized by the uptown crowd at uptown prices. Probably the best way of running this sort of place would be to have the whole thing push-button automated, a Cerebrum on every block, where everyone could look in and alternate playing guests and attendants for each other. I hear an uptown voice asking who would make, install, and repair the equipment and am obliged to reply for now that this idea belongs to a better-tempered society than ours, though not necessarily a distant one. In the meantime EVO readers are warned to attend on Sunday or Monday, when prices are one and two dollars an hour respectively. Address, 429 Broome Street, phone CA 6-0021. Prices rise by a dollar a day during the week to seven dollars an hour for a richer crowd on Saturday night. Geisha houses are expensive too. An unfortunate system, but perhaps the best that can be done in society as it is.

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Justice weighs heavy

at COLUMBIA

Columbia University radicals won some skirmishes and a battle this week, but they seem to be losing the war.

The first major session of a disciplinary tribunal trying a student accused of law-breaking during the demonstrations at Morningside Heights last spring and this fall was abruptly adjourned when a striped-pants radical leaped onto the five-man tribunal's desk and kicked the prepared briefs on it to the floor. The tribunal chairman called the session adjourned.

Then the defendant, Gus Reichbach, a law student, took over the podium with a group of colleagues and attempted to conduct a hearing on the "crimes of the university."

But Reichbach was shouted down by a small group of law students who successfully thwarted his efforts.

Meanwhile, a knot of black law students stayed at the back of the filled-to-capacity auditorium observing the action.

"They blew it, man," said one black. "They made it a cartoon."

And maybe the radicals did. For Reichbach came to the tribunal accompanied by two attorneys, Dave Lubell (represents the Panthers, Mark Rudd, among others) and Gerald Lefcourt, as well as a precisely detailed brief, supported by a friend-of-the-court brief from an alumni association, and about 200 to 300 student supporters.

(An equal number of non-supporters, primarily law students who gave every appearance of neutrality, also were in the audience of 500 to 600.)

And Reichbach, after hearing the two charges against him—blocking the way into Columbia's gym at registration this fall and assaulting a campus cop—submitted a series of motions to have the tribunal dismiss both the case and themselves on the face of the issues since both were illegal.

At the outset, Reichbach was given an hour and one-half for his initial arguments. He used one hour and 25 minutes and concluded his often poignant and stirring thoughts, facts and opinions with the accusation that it is the university which is guilty, not he.

But soon as Reichbach, a prominent SDS leader who now lectures on radicalism at other schools, finished the radicals took over.

A toy soldier's helmet was thrown at the tribunal, wads of paper were lofted, shoes were pounded on desk (Khrushchev Revisionists?), and finally the highjumper who stomped on the briefs.

By DAVID BODIE



The university officials and their attorneys were never allowed to present their rebuttal to Reichbach's charges and motions, but the tribunal later reported it will reconvene Dec. 9, but the form of the next session is yet to be determined.

But the radicals had significant justification for much of what they did.

In the last of Reichbach's motions for dismissal of the hearing that the three faculty members sitting on the tribunal were among the signers of the law faculty resolutions promulgated last spring which condemned the student rebels as "resolute trespassers" and "lawless intruders."

In essence, the judges were being the judges in their own cause for they publicly had already taken the position of defending the university.

An anguished cry from the spectators breached the auditorium when Reichbach revealed three-fifths of the tribunal's background. It was then that the disruption began in earnest.

The two students who sat on the tribunal, both senior law students, took their roles very seriously.

Ronald Shiftan, from Scarsdale, N. Y., who intends to go into investment banking, had become chairman of the tribunal after a faculty member, Law Professor Young relinquished the job.

Young told EVO he left the chairman's job because he merely accepted it on an interim basis until the tribunal organized itself. Yet he earlier told Columbia SDS people that he felt it unfair for him to be chairman since he knew Gus Reichbach and had signed the spring resolution.

"But I didn't leave the tribunal because I'm not acting as a judge," Young told EVO the day before the hearing/trial. "If I were a judge, I could be disqualified on many grounds."

Yet Prof. Gardener, who now teaches international law but formerly was assistant secretary of state for international affairs (liaison to the UN, etc.), told EVO, "I am a judge in this case, and I cannot allow it to be ligated in the press prior to the hearing, so I shall make no comment."

Gardener was then told that a colleague on the tribunal had minutes before asserted that they were NOT judges.

"Now don't get into a semantic argument with me," Gardener said Monday afternoon. "So we are not judges, but we will be making judgments."

When the tribunal abruptly adjourned on Tuesday evening, Gardener was asked for a comment. He sneered and walked away.

The other two tribunal members were Professor Hazard (Soviet law) and Ken Kimerling, from Rye, N. Y., who intends to continue his civil rights work when he finishes Columbia Law next June.

The tribunal was due to begin in a room normally used for moot court — with the jury box left empty, but the large size of the audience forced a transfer to the wood paneled auditorium. The session began an hour behind schedule.

"Up the ass of the ruined class," "We're the People's Court," "Work, study, get ahead, kill," "What kind of law and order do you want? . . . Socialist law and People's order!"

The chanting set the initial atmosphere before the trial began.

"Free Gus" buttons were sold or given away, and two boards behind the podium had the handwriting on the wall: "Free Gus."

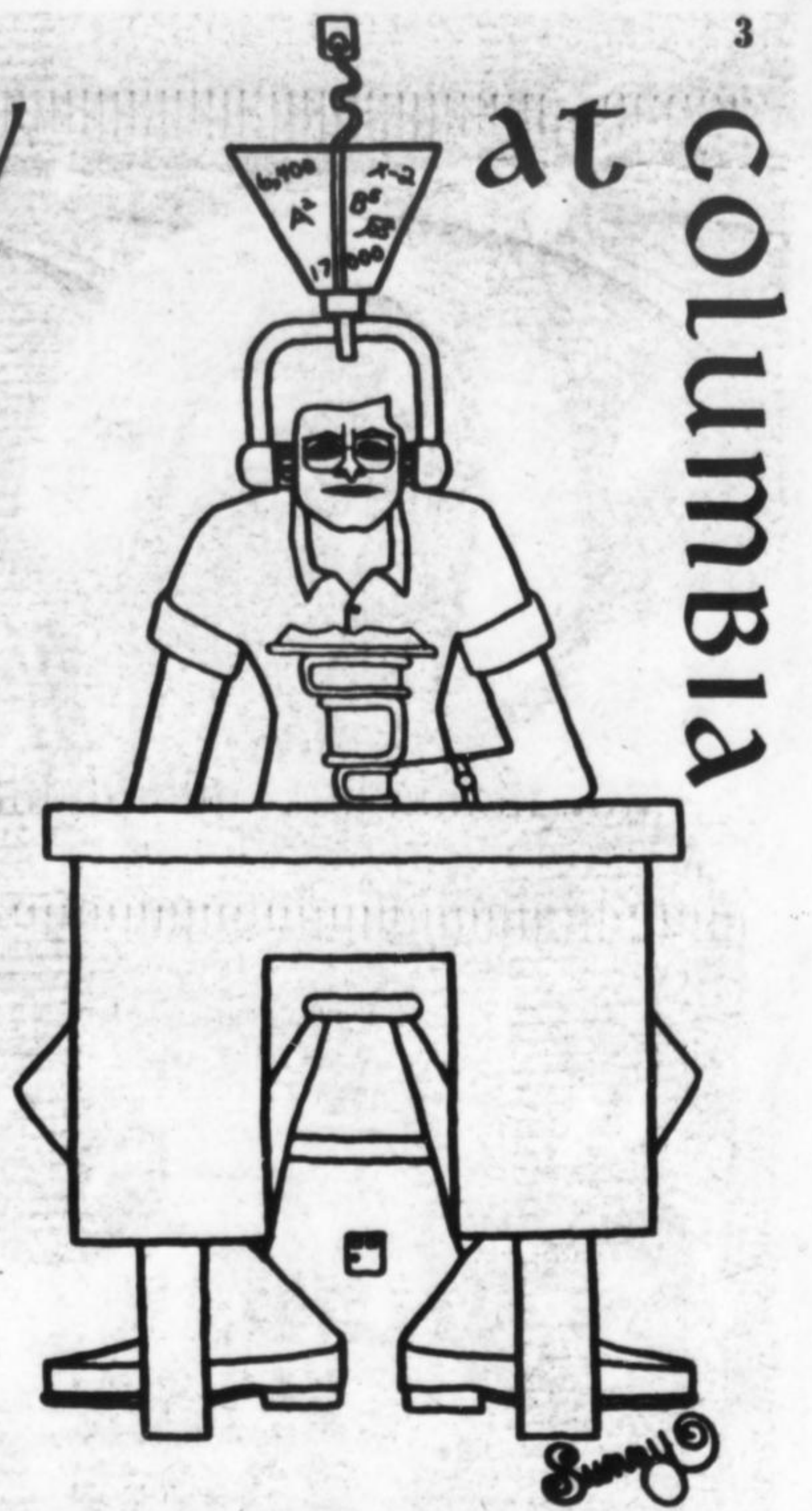
But the spectators settled into quietness as they listened to the proceedings with obvious and deep interest.

Shiftan asked the university's delegate, Proctor William Kahn, to read the charges, and Reichbach was asked to state whether he was guilty, not guilty, or if he failed to respond, the tribunal would list him as pleading not guilty.

Reichbach, dressed in denim, told the tribunal that they were not to construe his acceptance of their summoning him as confidence in their justice, for he has confidence "in the justice of the people who offer no equal or better hope."

He then called upon the tribunal to pay his lawyer fees since he has no funds to do so and the Interim Rules which govern the tribunal allow defendants to have legal help.

Reichbach, Lubell and Lefcourt—to the periodic, but essentially civilized cheering of the audience—offered several motions to the tribunal which is empowered to make up rules as it goes along.



First they asked for a collective trial. Reichbach is one of eleven law students who have been charged with offenses, and all of the alleged offenses occurred last spring—except Reichbach's (Sept. 18). The trial of the other ten is to held some time after this one is concluded.

"This is a political trial about a continuing incident' which started last spring . . . one man can't occupy five buildings, one man can't stop registration . . . if you have a policy of mass arrest, then there must be a mass defense since all the students offer the same defense . . . this trial is an attempt to single out the leaders and behead a movement . . ." the argument ran.

The defense called for the mass trial of not only the ten others at the law school (each sector of the University has its own disciplinary tribunal), but all 700 students who are facing trials.

Then it was pointed out that the charter of Columbia prohibits the university from instituting any regulation which conflict with the United States Constitution and the New York State Constitution.

And accepting that information, it was noted that the Interim Rules were drawn up by a committee appointed by Grayson Kirk while Kirk was still president. Hence, there was a violation of the concept of separation of powers (in this case the executive and legislative).

Moreover, it is the administration which is making the charges, and it is the administration's arm (the tribunal) which is acting as judge (violating the concept of a separate judiciary.).

"This is like the American Revolution when the issue was taxation without representation," Lubell said.

Moreover, the defense argued that Reichbach was denied equal protection under law. Calling Reichbach's trial an attempt to castrate the Left at Columbia, it was noted that only 13 out of more than 200 students were "recognized" at the registration confrontation by university officials, and the 13 happened to be leaders. When 400 occupied buildings, only seven were "recognized."

No one from the Majority Coalition (jocks and like minded anti-strike students) was arrested when they pelted buildings with eggs, surrounded those buildings and blocked others from entering (to get in food, etc.).

On top of that, no faculty were arrested when they stood in front of buildings in a feeble attempt to prevent the police from charging in.

The tribunal asked whether the Interim Rules—which now govern the conduct on campus—are applicable to faculty.

When it was ascertained that they do not, Prof. Young volunteered that he would petition to redress

(Continued on Page 21)

Emile De Antonio has co-produced and directed two films: "Point of Order," a documentary about the McCarthy era; and "Rush to Judgment," with Mark Lane, a film concerning the assassination of John F. Kennedy. His latest film, "In The Year of the Pig," was made as an "historical documentary" about Vietnam. It has not been released as yet and will be discussed in Part II of this interview. I spoke with DeAntonio on a rainy Tuesday afternoon after seeing his latest venture.

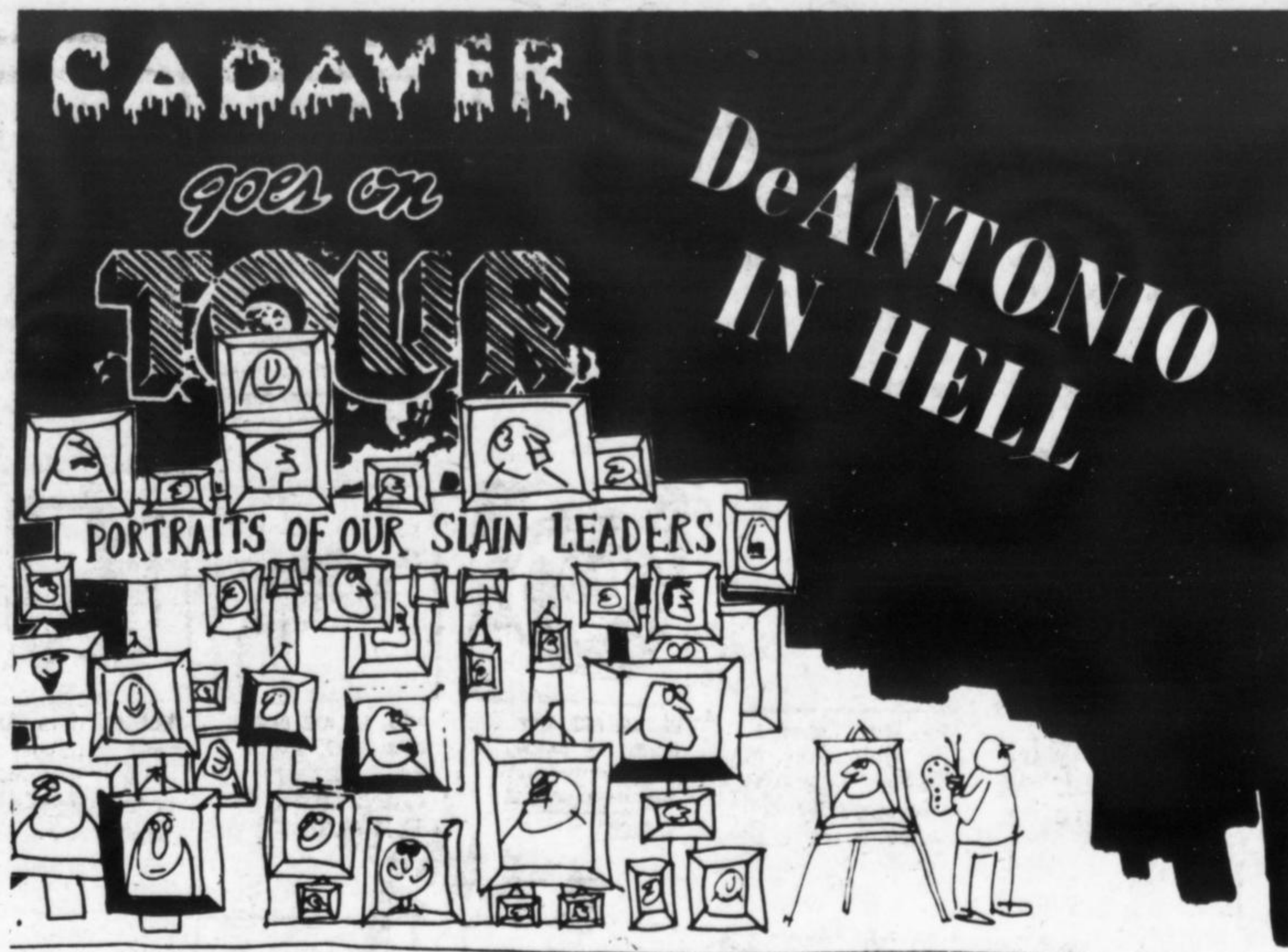
EVO: Your last picture, "Rush to Judgment" was based on the book by Mark Lane.

What incited you to do the movie?

DeAntonio: To begin with, it was based on Mark's book and not based on it because so many things happened in Dallas when we were down there that one could actually say that the book even got some material from the film. The material we taped and shot in Dallas was done before the book came out. The picture "Rush to Judgment" had its beginnings in my meeting with Lane early on in the investigation of the death of President Kennedy and at the time we both decided that a film would be a way to reach a maximum public in many parts of the world. But of course the film couldn't be made until the Warren Report was issued so we agreed to do the film and went about our business. Lane to write the book and I to do a film for the BBC about politics in America. It was about the time that I was finished with that that the Report came out and then Lane and I started on the film.

EVO: Were there any political restraints holding you back from doing the movie?

DeAntonio: The restraints were enormous. To begin with there was the reluctance of the networks to cooperate in providing material and one of the most extraordinary incidents of research in my own film crew took place at CBS when CBS called me and said "Would you like to see all the outtakes of our 90 minute show on the assassination: 50 hrs. of outtakes," and I said certainly, it would be absolutely great, and I asked if they were for sale. And they said "Absolutely, that's why we're inviting you." So I went that night and screened for six hours and ordered absolutely extraordinary material which nobody will ever have now. The material included a long interview with Watley the cab driver who allegedly drove Oswald from the assassination to the rooming house. Watley's now dead. It included substantial interviews with the people in the shooting gallery where the pseudo Oswald was alleged to have practiced rifle shooting and shot out the other person's targets. These are people who are no longer available. I, with great anticipation, filled out a purchase order for the film. The next day CBS call and said it was all a mistake, that the footage wasn't for sale, and in fact it was going to be thrown away. The same thing happened when I was down in Dallas alone researching for material. There I was told by one of the TV stations that they would refuse to allow anybody from the outside, anybody who wasn't a police official or a member of the secret police of the United States, that is, the FBI, to examine any of their material. For instance, Dr. Malcom Perry who was one of the people who examined Kennedy's body in Dallas the day he was killed. The main part of his now famous interview on television and with the press no longer exists anywhere. It doesn't even exist on audio tape let alone film. The real restraints though were actually on the part of the police in Dallas. We always knew our phone was tapped there. And it was the funniest thing. I had an apartment on 57th Street and I let Lane go and live in it. The phone bill hadn't been paid and it was obvious that people wanted to know what Lane and I were saying on that phone, so the phone company never cut off the phone service for the two months that Lane lived there. They never even sent a bill. The phone just stayed on and to this day I don't know who paid that phone bill. And I've never had a bill. But the real restraints came actually in Dallas. The first night I was in Dallas I was briefing the film crew in a motel where we were living. I was briefing them about what we were going to do the next day, the kind of shooting . . . they had just come in from the cast. I had never met them before. There was a knock on the door. Two tough looking, good looking young men came in, both dressed in cowboy hats and civilian suits and started asking us about what we were doing there. You know, it's curious that they even knew that we were in Dallas. These were the local police and they were attached to the homicide squad and I said, "If you're here to inves-



tigate what we're doing here as film makers, why are you here from the homicide squad?" And they said, "Anything to do with the death of Officer Tippett has to do with the homicide squad." They said "I hear you're going to interview this boy tomorrow, Benevedes," and I said that's right. Now, Benevedes is one of the key people to the whole assassination. He was a witness to the slaying of Officer Tippett and he refused to identify Oswald in the police lineup. The next morning Benevedes did not show up, nor did he ever, because he'd been warned off by the police, and in fact, Benevedes' brother, who looked similar to him, was shot through the head and killed six months later. Benevedes' father in law tried to get the Dallas police to investigate this and they just laughed it off and told him to forget about it, he'd get into trouble. One of the people in my film is a black woman called Mrs. Clemens who was a maid in a house on the street where Tippett was killed. The Warren Report said there was no witness to the slaying of Officer Tippett except Mr. Helen Markham. The FBI could find no other witness. We found Mrs. Clemens and we filmed her and interviewed her and she concludes her interview with us by saying that shortly after the assassination a man with a gun came and said he was from the police and if she knew what was good for her she would keep her mouth shut, which she did until the time we got to her. And there was throughout what I would call short circuiting, that is, we would find the witness, we would have the witness agree to be filmed, then somebody would get to them and the witness would be blacked out. This happened on numerous occasions, not only in Texas but in Washington and New York. One of the outstanding examples is a reporter who is now the chief Washington reporter of the Scripps-Howard press, who was assigned to Dallas before the assassination, and who kept a painstakingly complete record of all the events of the day of the assassination. He said, for instance, that he saw and spoke to Jack Ruby at the hospital right after Kennedy was brought in. The Commission denied that this was possible and dropped the subject. This man in his notebook also had other information of a nature which contradicted the conclusions of the Commission. I called him up in Washington and said that I had made a film called "Point Of Order." He said "Oh, great. Its a terrific film." I asked if I could come down over the weekend and film him and he said, "Certainly." Then I went out to dinner. When I got back, there were six calls from my answering service from him, trying to get hold of me, and he was hysterical practically, and he said, "Look, I've made a terrible mistake, my wife is having a luncheon party and we can't do it tomorrow, and by the way, who are you? Do you mind sending me a letter explaining what it is you want to do?" Well, I knew it was hopeless, but I did send him a letter telling him what we were going to do, and of course I never got an answer. We lost a lot of people that way, but on the other hand, we still have in the film all these interviews with people the Warren Commission seemed unable to find.

By ALAN ASNEN

EVO: Mr. Lane's theories are well known because of his book. What is your general theory about the assassination?

DeAntonio: Well, since I've been working in another area now for over a year and a half, I have no general theories. My primary motivation in making the film, and it's still a concern of mine, that the government suppressed evidence, that the Warren commission issued a fake report, that the police in Dallas and the FBI conspired to hide evidence, that very obvious witnesses were never questioned and my reason for getting involved in all this was a big WHY? WHY did all this happen? And I think, if you even imply that the governmental structure you're dealing with is a democratic structure the people have a right to ask these questions and get answers and the Warren Commission was a cover up. Most of the people in the United States believes this now. As you may know the last Harris Poll on the Warren report was 67% of the people in the U.S. no longer accept the conclusions of the Warren Commission. I think that it's become more and more obvious that Lee Harvey Oswald alone did not kill the President of the United States and the real scandal is the cover up that took place right after November 22nd, and from there (and this is the real thrust of the film) Why did it happen? As one of the people—it was a Texas Newspaper publisher—said in our film, "Something is wrong in the Land." And that's really what the picture is about . . . Something IS wrong in the land, when witnesses are slurred over, ignored, when the whole thing is a hasty cover up which is really what the Warren Report turned out to be and each day that passes, each year that passes makes it harder to ascertain what the truth might be because many more people have died.

I might say that Lane I were in New Orleans long before Garrison began his investigation. We drove there overnight from Dallas to New Orleans and in New Orleans we tried to find some people. One is a lawyer in New Orleans called Dean Adams Andrews, Jr. who has been indicted by Garrison for perjury Dean Adams Andrew, Jr. KNEW Oswald, was Oswald's attorney, is a lawyer for homosexuals, what he called the gay boys and the Warren Commission lawyer interrogating him said "Gay boys? What does that mean?" He said "You know, queers, homosexuals," Adams had a very colorful language and he said "You know the FBI was down man, they're like death, the plague, once they're on they never let go." So when I talked to him over the phone I was excited because he not only knew Oswald in New Orleans and had some idea what Oswald was doing in New Orleans, but even more, he knew the legendary Clay Bertrand, who was the nexus who was the very center of Garrison's case, who it turns out may or many not be Clay Shaw, that's of course Garrison's contention. But we were down there looking for that a year before Garrison began his case because if you followed all the threads they DID lead to

(Continued on Page 6)

heaven

(Continued from Page 4)

of him. The last time was Recent Time. Spell ran into him in the Fields of Choice. I am ready to kill myself, Ari said. Don't do anything that you can pay to have done, Spell said."

"He did?"

"Yes. A bit too immoral on the outside for a Cardinal, but shyly perceptive and cunning. Pope John calls him the Gillette Wunderkind."

"What does Bobby think?"

"Bobby I do not see. He is the evil incarnate of Hope. I have disowned him as a brother and condemned him as a friend."

"Your inflexibility is daring." I said.

"I'm reaching out of the darkness," he said.

"Yes," I had to agree, "illumination is responsibility and burden." The proof of the pudding is in the blood."

"Tell that to Bobby. He'd better not return to the Fields of Choice. Everyone is up in arms against him. He did a fraudulent thing."

"I know. Lee told me."

"You know nothing." K said. "Lee told you nothing."

"Well, it was off the record, of course."

"Off course!"

"You are a heavy."

"I am a sinner enraged by the sins of the liberators. I want men to know their greatness. Bobby covets the greatness of men."

"Well put, Jack Kennedy."

"Without Mr. Sorensen's help!"

"Oh you're a tough cookie."

"As tough as they come."

"But Bobby rules your mind."

"He does not. Here is his record: Let me read you this: **BK — that's Bobby! — BK went from bad to worse. Love became an addiction to death. What is this?**"

"Put the scroll away & tell it like it is. Was." I said.

"Well, to make a long story short. He kidnapped the Erection Machine and transported it across consciousness lines."

"Where's the EM now?"

"How do I know? Look at me. Yellow eyes hold me tight."

"Well, how did it happen? The kidnapping?"

"He tried to be Bobby Louis Stevenson. He backfired on gratitude."

"I understand."

"Do you?"

"You were the one who set him up."

"I even paid for his spiritprints. But his vindictiveness enslaved him. He lost weight. Took to meditating. Then sometime ago, we were planning this night's Fifth Anniversary Fete and Marilyn was there."

"The Munroe?"

"Yes. And when Bobby came in and he saw the Munroe he wanted her immediately. I told him he couldn't have her on such short notice. He refused to consider my predicament."

"Your predicament?"

"Yeah! Marilyn was the keeper of the Erection Machine. She was the only one found pure, clean, and reasonably crazy enough to guard EM. All the other guards were failures. We couldn't trust them. Their passion exhausted my patience. They were running down the Erection Machine with their demands. So we had special Most Honest & Clean elections and Marilyn was elected official Keeper of the Electric Machine."

"And she signed the pledge of glorious abstinence?"

"She did more than that. She put out her eyes in order that she shouldn't see it. She had her hands tied behind her back. She wore a muzzle. Which, no doubt, brought the animal out in my brother."

"And then?"

"I said he couldn't have her. Her purity must remain inviolable."

"And he disagreed."

"No, he agreed with my assessment of the flesh. I mean, he put that much trust in me. But never enough to go to my head."

"Your good humor tastes good."

"And Bobby sneaked back on me. He tried

to bring down the Committee. Kidnapped EM and tried to bargain. He took our energy. We're nothing without EM. EM is God. Pride keeps us alive."

"And Marilyn? How did he get past her?"

"She was laided & raided. Bob took Machine and muzzle. She's with him now. Buddy-buddy bitches brew in their witches."

"And her breasts?"

"Secure in that desk over there. Consciousness collateral."

"You have it down to a system. RCC should be pleased."

"Whatever pleases me, pleases RCC. We work together. The Committee is my father, biff of a bastard, but okay. Anyhow, Bobby kidnapped EM. But that wasn't enough. He's insatiable. So he played on the weaknesses of the female society."

"Female Society?"

"Yes. Directly related to the Erection Machine in the Fields of Choice."

"This machine sounds great. I'm sorry he took it."

"We're trying to get along on natural steam now," K said. He spoke softly. Words appeared before him, danced around; he read them, they disappeared. "Bobby has the Machine, the power and the glory of our essentialism. He has used it to throw fear into the hearts of men and an overcharge of courage into the dreams of the female society. They feel they can pressure us into bowing to their demands."

"What are they demanding?"

"The vote."

"Well, that sounds pretty reasonable."

"But you don't understand. They don't know better. They are being used. Not having the vote protects them from male shysters like Bobby. Also cuts down competition with the Male Society. I want you to write capital M(ale) and capital S(ociety). We refused to be intimidated. To fall down on our feces. Our impotence is sacred. An erection is the finest prize in our region. Erection Saves."

IS IT ALL IN YOUR MIND?

And the Anniversary Fete. K was in fine juice. He hoped for a rapprochement with the Female Society. He knew they were having trouble with Bobby. Bobby was too ambitious. His insane moments were furious and deceit. The Female Society was disappointed in him. He was wrecking the Erection Machine. He held mass rapes in the Clouds. He became insanely jealous of the machine. As untogether as a banana split. He started hearing voices. They upset his game. So the Female Society was flying in with a huge cake. They wanted K's friendship. "They are hip," he said. "My spirit is all powerful and devious."

The fete was held in the grand floating ballroom at the southern extremity of the Fields of Choice. The floating ballroom would lessen the chance of a surprise mind attack by Bobby & his savagely deranged cowhoses. We floated in the air, we danced in the wind. Our K was happy. The Female Society was with him. Bobby was alone. Stranded in his ego. Pick those friends who know how to pick their problems. The wind was early leaves of spring feared innocent. K was very happy.

"You need a wife now," someone said.

"Like I needed a hole in the head," K said. He cut the cake. This huge frosted iceberg. We ate the cake. The Female Society danced in the wind. The insanities were gifted.

OUR ANNIVERSARY WISH

WE HOPE THAT YOU FEEL AS YOUNG, PROGRESSIVE AND VITAL AS WE DO

"Oh, my God," K shouted. "It's the machine. E. M!"

"Where? Where? Where?"

"Under the cake. Move the cake. Chop off the *h38#cung cake," K said.

"Cool it," Lee tried to soothe him. "There's enough energy for everyone here."

"Me first!"

They lunged at the cake. They kicked the candles. They foamed & frothed. They fussed.

"And look who's here!"

"BOBBY!"

"Yes," he said. "I've come to administer an overdose."

"WHAT?"

"Joking."

"O.K.," K said, "let's celebrate the return of energy Hail holy Machine of mercy!"

The Catholic Church has said it cannot recognize the marriage because Onassis has been married before, and Jackie Kennedy Onassis can no longer receive the Sacraments of the Church. Do you feel the Catholic Church was right or wrong to take this stand on the marriage?"

CHURCH STAND ON THE MARRIAGE

	Right	Wrong	Unsure
NATIONWIDE	52%	25%	23%
White Protestant	47	25	28
Negro Protestant	39	38	23
Catholic	74	11	15
Jewish	33	35	32

"At last," K said, "I've come of age." Nothing could change the shape of his face. "Ask not what the Erection Machine can do for you!"

"Right!"

"I know," he said, "I'm yet to show you around. Well —"

"I'm next in line."

"Bless 'em!"

hell

(Continued from Page 5)

New Orleans. In New Orleans a guy called me up, he asked me never to use his name so I won't, but he's a TV reporter there. He told me, "You know, Oswald had eight different jobs in New Orleans and all of his applications for work have been seized by somebody and they no longer exist." This is the kind of harrasment you get—it isn't that anybody held a gun up to us, it's simply that all the areas of evidence have been tampered with and now of course, as I say each day that goes by, each month that goes by it gets harder and harder to get to all those original sources of evidence.

EVO: After all these complaints came out, all these books about the Warren report being false, many people in government, involved with the Warren commission came out and openly said, "We may have suppressed information, but it was for the good of the people." Now, what is your con (smile) sider (chuckle) ation about this.

DeAntonio: Well, to begin with I categorically reject the concept that truth can be suppressed for the good of the people. Our politicians are men not gods and in a democratic structure truth is for everybody and the supression of truth, the supression of facts, is simply wrong and a violation of the covenant that exists between the government and the people. If democratic structures are to work and they don't work so well anymore here, they can only work the supplying of an enormous amount of information about any given political event. The beauty of the Warren Commission, of course, is that it was a self-liquidating organization. It went out of business Sept. 24, 1964, and there was no one you could address a complaint to, I mean its evidence had been suppressed, EVEN if you had found the real murderer, where was the Warren Commission? It was completely dissolved, it wasn't there. And this was a brilliant tactic to create a Commission that was self-liquidating which would issue a report and hastily dissolve itself so there could be no questions addressed to it. As soon as the book came out, they were out. So anybody that had a question could only address it to the wind, namely the media. So all the reports, all the attacks could never be addressed to the government but again only in books, films, articles, etc.

EVO: You mentioned Jim Garrison and having been in New Orleans before his investigation started. It's been written that his whole indictment was purely a publicity stunt but you were there and trying to get in touch with the same people he was indicting. What do you feel about Jim Garrison??

DeAntonio: Well, it's impossible to have a complete opinion about Garrison without having access to his case which you can't have because it's being tried, but Garrison has opened up enough leads and enough people have tampered with him, and enough people have made his life difficult in the federal government and in the local courts so that again one has to ask the question. "Why is this being done?" If Garrison has no case, lets let him try it and make a fool out of himself. And I notice the media treat

(Continued on Page 27)



D. LEVIS

By DON KATZMAN

One of the primary arguments against Nixon's stand on the economic realities of the times was that he was ill-equipped to understand the delicate nuances of today's economics with its accents on growth and production. The democratic forces claimed that he would throw the country into a severe deflationary cycle with his emphasis on increasing unemployment as a step towards curing the inflationary spiral of prices and wages. Of course, most experts were not fooled by this argument realizing that the economy of the United States was a lumbering giant, taking a good deal of time to push in one direction or another, but pushed too hard would topple over and cause great disruption. Nixon, if elected, would not push too hard, one way or another, the experts conjectured, taking time out to at least understand the mood of the legislative branch and the country and in getting the feel of the helm of government.

Up till now, Nixon's election to the presidency has not caused that much of an adverse ripple in the economy. If anything there is more of a feeling of security among Wall Streeters now that the election has been decided and more of a positive attitude on the side of the consumers, retailers and manufacturers alike. There is no doubt the experts were right, but like the democrats, they too were taken unawares by Nixon's attitude toward the growth of the Economy. Nixon, unlike the democrats or most experts, favored the dropping of the sur-tax later on in 1969 and once again lifting the restraints off the economy to give it a speed up in growth. This attitude of Nixon's must be tempered by the fact that the Viet-Nam war must end in 1969 or otherwise a lifting of the restraints would cause a severe runaway inflation.

It is hard to understand not only Nixon's positive attitude toward the economy and the ending of the war but also the country's attitude. It is one of the few times in modern American presidential politics that a country has elected a man who, along with not meaning what he said or saying what he meant, was saying very little of anything on the prime issues and problems that lay ahead of us in 1969. The only explanations that may be relevant to all this is that:

1) One year ago the experts would have scoffed at a positive attitude on the economic future of the United States because of the deficit of 30 billion dollars along with a slow down in the rate of growth and a speed-up in the cost of living. One year later, the deficit had been cut down below the 5 billion mark, lower than the deficits of 1966, 1964, and 1962. The growth of business and capital expenditures had outdistanced all expectations and cost of living had begun to slow.

2) The nation had forgotten an old political axiom of the two party system in this country: A change in attitude does not always bring with it a

change in government and a change in government does not always bring with it a change in attitude.

In gathering a positive attitude quickly to our bosom, it would do well to remember that the complexities of our economic system are even more heightened by the complexities of foreign and domestic affairs especially to a country like ours which supports the rest of the world by the strength of its dollar and its military might. The naivete of groups to end the war immediately in Viet-Nam shows their lack of understanding of this fundamental point. It is not so much a question of how our allies would react to an immediate pull out (After all, in this war, we have very few allies), but the fact that, at least, 25 cities or more in the country would have to fold their tents and silently disappear from the face of the United State's map because of their heavy dependency on government defense contracts. The economic disruption would be quite visible. It reminds one of the historical incident when Pope Gregory decided to change the Solar Calendar that then existed in the Christian world by declaring that the day that followed October 4th would become October 15th in order to correct the 11 day deviation caused by the Solar Calendar then in use. The result was actual riots in many cities. Landlords claimed they were losing rent; workmen, eleven days' pay; money-lenders, eleven days interest.

If we must speak of positive attitudes towards our economy, it is not so much because of the men who will lead this nation and the world, but because of what this country has to work with now and in the future and the course it must follow as prescribed by the mechanics already laid down by a need for global partnership. The estimations of the future already stagger the imagination. The gross national product of this country, already reaching the 900 billion mark, is expected to climb to 1.2 trillion by 1980. This means the United States' economy will grow faster in the next 15 years than anytime in the last half century with government spending increasing by 85%, state and local expenditures by 131%, consumer spending up 83% and business spending increasing by 76%. There will also be more availability of leisure time along with an average work week of 35 hours and a greater productivity due to automation and technology. The 1930 income tax pyramid will, by 1980, be almost totally inverted with the tax responsibility falling heaviest upon the shoulders of the \$10,000 or more income bracket. There is also the prediction of a 95% increase in consumer spending on hardgoods (almost as much as the increase on spending in the services category) due to the fact that the lower income groups will be brought, more and more, into the mass market.

Along with these estimations is also a growing concern and change in attitude as to how this enormous wealth can and will be applied to the social ills of the world. This attitude will not be based merely on humanitarianism, but also on the premise

that a world economy flourishes best in the atmosphere of world stability. The 20 million poor in the United States today can more than double by 1980 and the possibility of a world 85% in poverty is no longer unimaginable. On the contrary, it is a fact that has become a challenge to all our estimations and desires for peace and prosperity. Not only has the wealth of the United States been applied in solving this problem, but such established organizations as The World Bank group consisting of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, the International Finance Corporation and the International Development Association have already applied themselves to providing external capital on a global basis to help finance the development of underdeveloped nations.

In the sphere of stability and world trade, the International Monetary Fund has tried to foster trade based upon a sounder and more viable economic instrument such as the international drawing rights and to suppress the speculation in gold which plays havoc with such stability. Nationals from East and West have gotten together to hammer out a general agreement on tariff and trade and to bring down the curtain on protective tariffs and, all in all, promote freer and freer trade in the world economy. The United Nations and its organizations are endeavoring to seek solutions to solving the world population explosion and other related problems such as poverty, famine and disease.

Nations and International organizations are not the only ones that have gotten into the act of helping the underdeveloped peoples of the world. Private capital and charitable foundations have begun to realize their roles in solving social ills by contributing their time, energy and capital assistance where it is most needed — in the areas of poverty.

If the mechanics for world stability have already been determined by such organizations previously described, there is still a need to understand what the attitudes of leaders are or should be towards each other and their own places in the world economy. Unlike the Romans, the United States can no longer afford to protect its economic advantages by military might and intervention. Nor can the United States allow itself to economically supplant European, African and Asian industry with American ownership. Already there has been a cry against such impositions. Bonn has already considered combining some of its industry into one formidable giant in order to ward off American economic intervention. The Dutch have cautioned their people in investing in American industry and instead have deliberately tried to persuade their people to invest in local ventures. If we are to make use of all the mechanics of global partnership then the United States must deal with every nation on its own terms according to the principle that cooperation is imperative to world order. We must trust that all other nations have the same positive attitude toward the future of their economy and the desire for the technological pursuit of the better life.



By JAAKOV KOHN

For a nation that has made the militaristic thing its national hangup, the ever increasing number of conscientious objectors among West Germany's conscripts is a paradoxical phenomena indeed.

Even during the most depressing demoralizing day of the Allied occupation, when German morale reached a probable all time low, nobody would have even dared to dream about such a dilemma ever besetting any future German Government. The concept of conscientious objection to military service simply wasn't within the German frame of references. From time immemorial the national goals and ideals of Germany were presented in a net package that spelled LEBENSRAUM, militarism and a lot of nonsense about FATHERLAND and HONOR thrown in for good measure. To conceive of a Germany without goosestepping and perpetual saber waving was simply deemed inconceivable.

With that in mind let us consider the fact that during the first ten months of this year more than 2500 conscripts declared their conscientious objection to military service. Considering that this has occurred while the conscripts were already undergoing their 18 months National Service, perhaps the notion that one day we may have a Germany without uniforms and nailed boots is not so far fetched after all. The way things have been going, the final figure of CO's for 1968 is expected to reach 3500, which is more than three times the number of those that have declared their objection during the first ten years of National Service (1955-65).

In 1966, the figure was 417 and in 1967 it was 871. In an effort to shed their previous image, the Germans went out of their way to insure the rights of objectors. Unlike most others, the Germans allow their conscripts to register their objection not only before being called up but at any time during their service. Unlike most other armies the Germans allow only ethical rather than political grounds for release from service. All this taken into consideration, perhaps there is hope as yet for the retarded dream that one day perhaps even the Teutonic anachronism called Germany will come to its senses. If that ever happens there is hope for us all.

In an effort to stem the galloping threat of starvation facing an ever increasing number of human beings, the labs have of late yielded some pretty interesting items.

According to Dr. K.P.N. Rao, an official of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, he has had the privilege to enjoy steak made from petroleum and edible protein extracted from grass and leaves. On a recent visit to an Italian Nutritional Laboratory he was privy to an excellent meal whose main features were biscuits made of protein from petroleum based products.

The Doctor seems to have enjoyed his meals since he joyfully predicted that these and similar not as

yet discovered items will be, within our lifetime, largely responsible for the world's nourishment. In any case, Bon Appetit.

Never mind their single-minded dedication to productive industriousness. Never mind their zest for an ever increasing economy. Never mind the passion of their ambitions that will, at times, drive them to excesses far beyond their momentary capabilities. The full scope of the Japanese affinity for industrial supremacy can be properly adjudged by their sheer genius for emulation and adaptability, a talent largely responsible for whatever happened in and to Japan since 1945. It is probably the most prominent component in the complicated mechanism that makes the Japanese economy tick. And tick it does indeed. A perfect example to illustrate this point is the case of an electronics component manufacturer who was chronically beset with staff shortages. Probably taking a cue from the famous case of Braniff Airlines, that with the aid of a fashion designer succeeded in turning its sagging fortunes into a goldmine, our Japanese friends set their hopes on Haute Couture and promptly contracted the services of Pierre Cardin.

The new uniforms he designed for the 700 girls employed by the concern have not only put a prompt end to the large turnover but have produced a tide of job application hitherto unexperienced by the company.

The assembly lines of the company are a glitter with a dash of high fashion and the only complaint that management was left with was that of the company's male employees who felt left out.

Hail to Mary Wells, that MADAVGAL par excellence that dreamt the whole scheme up. The results of her face lifting scheme were so stupendous that they netted her that plum of them all—the TWA advertising account.

It is becoming more and more difficult to reconcile the revolutionary opium dreams of Maoism with the banal reality of the hardening of the revolutionary arteries that has put China on the sickbed since the Old Man tried to swim the Yangtze.

With the ever increasing appetite of the rampaging Red Guard, the old revolutionary neanderthals have suddenly found themselves in dire need of additional sacrificial lambs to feed their smokescreen with. After the ever diminishing silhouette of Liu Shao Chi was finally put to final pasture the vacuum was evident. Imperialism, Khrushchevism, Revisionism and every other possibility that they could come up with. HAMLET. Hamlet? Yeah, Hamlet. The one that agitates in favor of personal revenge and whitewashes the interests of Royalty. As such he was designated a "Poisonous Plant" and will therefore be

banned forever and ever from any and all Chinese stages and screens.

With the poor old Squire of Elsinore Castle, the Three Musketeers got the ax for "glorifying emperors and military Leaders and were thus devoid of class content."

Along with these old reliables, a number of Russian films received their forty whacks.

"The Cranes are Flying" was deemed to be "one of the principal revisionist films advocating bourgeois pacifism" and Smoktunovsky's "Othello" was put down for "advocating bourgeois humanism".

Phooy. Just imagine "BOURGEOIS Pacifism" and "Bourgeois humanism". Wonder what they would call Snow White and the seven dwarves. Bourgeois EXPLOTATION, no doubt.

The paradox called Switzerland can best be defined as an accident of triplicity.

First there are the Germans, the French, and the Italians that form the ethnic background.

Then those three mainstays of Swiss life—The Alps, The Banks and last but not least the outer idyllic surface of calm and tranquility that lends a mantle of respectability to just about everything Swiss, even though beneath it harbors one of the world's most teeming hotbeds of intrigue and crime.

The Swiss government has a very smooth and efficient way of dealing with these three.

The Alps have been taken care of a long time ago with every possible luxury hard cash could buy.

That legendary flexible banking system has been lovingly tolerated to the ever ringing Swiss cash register.

The Other world,—it certainly couldn't be called UNDER world since it seems to float permanently on the surface, is dignified with an occasional bust that is expected to keep the status quo Quo.

One such occasional occurrence took place last week, when amidst great fanfare one Turkish national was busted in Basle with 15 lbs. of raw opium stashed in his car. This one rather insignificant bust was supposed to have broken up one major international dope smuggling ring operating between the source in Istanbul, Turkey and that old center of middle, European smuggling operations — Basle, Switzerland. The whole thing was accompanied by an endless flow of high sell publicity singing the high bride-to-be. And there are no plans for the two to praises of international police cooperation. The Swiss Police, the Turkish Police and that eternal scourge of the international crime conspiracy—Interpol. Now that all this has been done, peace, quiet and tranquility were again restored to the pastoral pastures of Switzerland and with it that steady ringading of of the Swiss gold coffers.

This past weekend has been a sad one for a pair of would be lovers whose rhythm and vibrations evidently failed to produce the blessed event that was so meticulously planned and which transcended even the worst east-west political barriers. Every zoologist's hope was pinned on it. It was a time for a sad goodbye or who knows, perhaps a relief from the tensions only known to those who can't make it together.

An-An, Russia's giant panda who miserably failed to prove his manhood, is going home. He leaves behind in London Zoo Chi-Chi, his spurned mate again.

An-An will travel in the special crate that has now been used four times to transport the furry giants between London and Moscow.

"If nothing else has happened, we are at least becoming experts in this operation," said a Zoo spokesman.

Zoologists will argue for a long time about the reasons for the no-romance. Some will mutter dark rumours about An-An's masculinity.

Another puzzle is the unaccountable reason why Chi Chi failed to come into season at the right time. London Zoo chiefs wanted An-An to stay until next spring, when she was due to be in the mood again. But the Russians said "nyet."

Hopefully in the future "make love-not war" will prevail among the pandas, too.

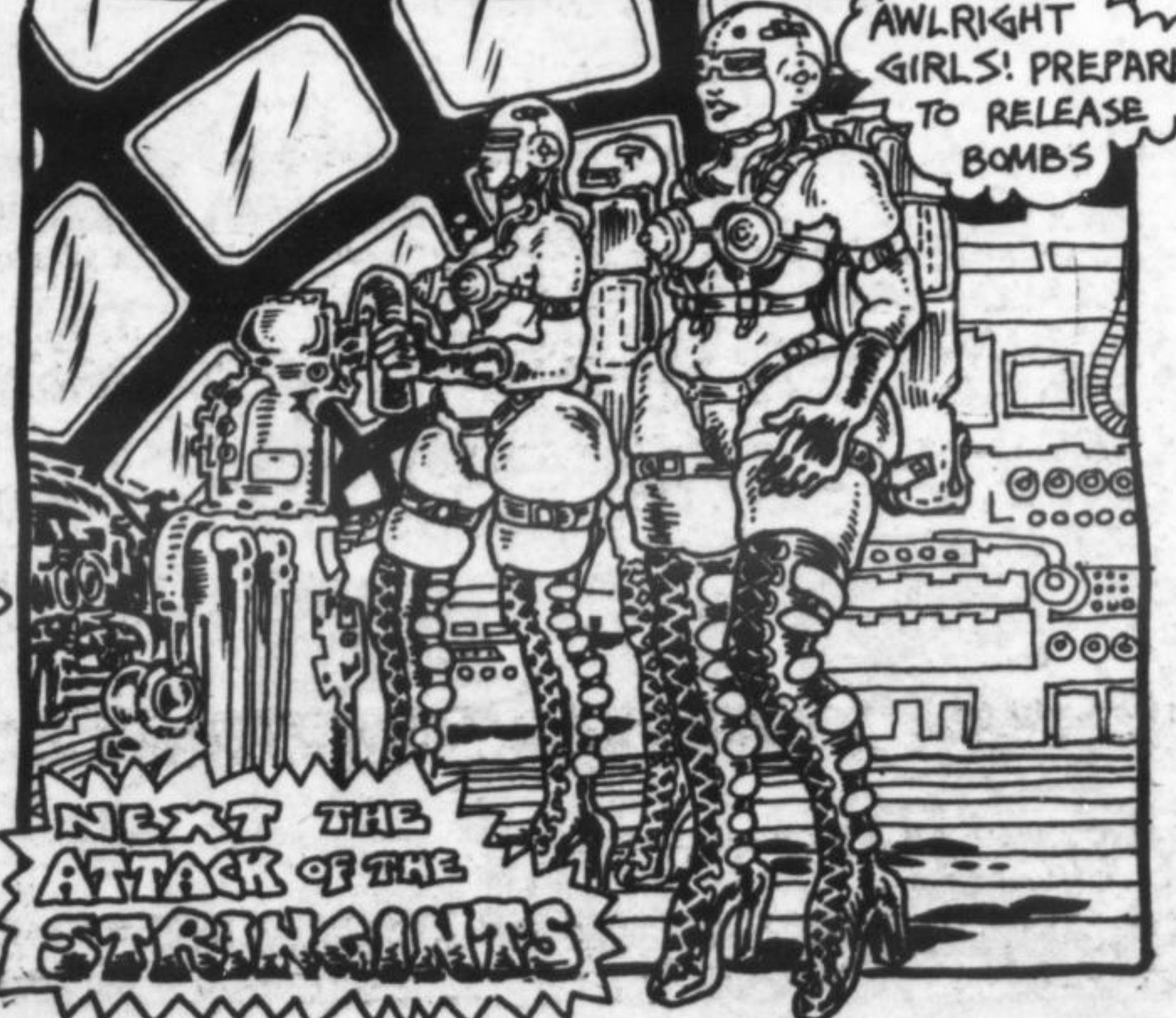
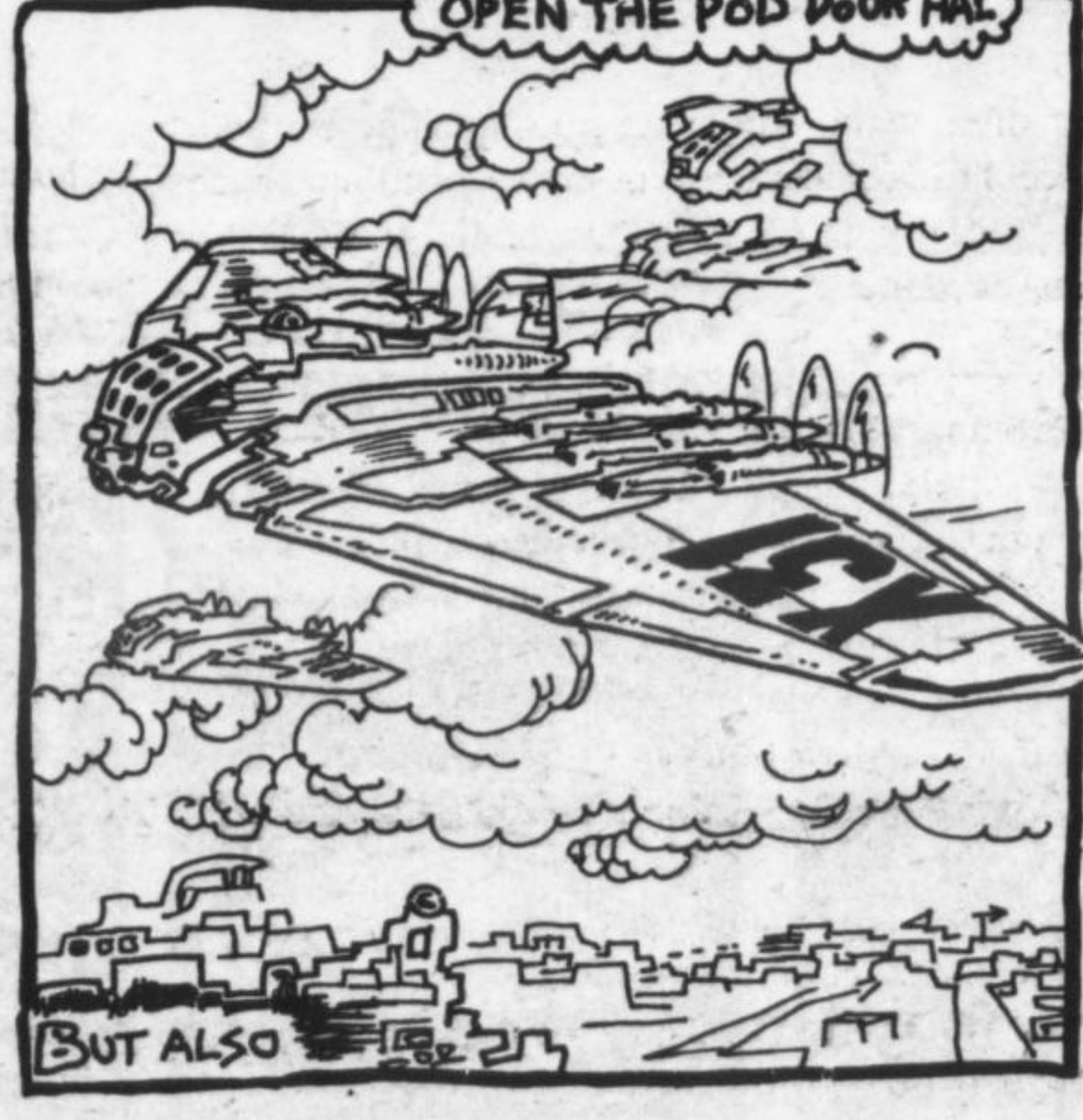
Saying of the week:

"It is sobering, but not surprising that of the 60-odd nations that have come into existence since 1945, not one has adopted the American form of government."

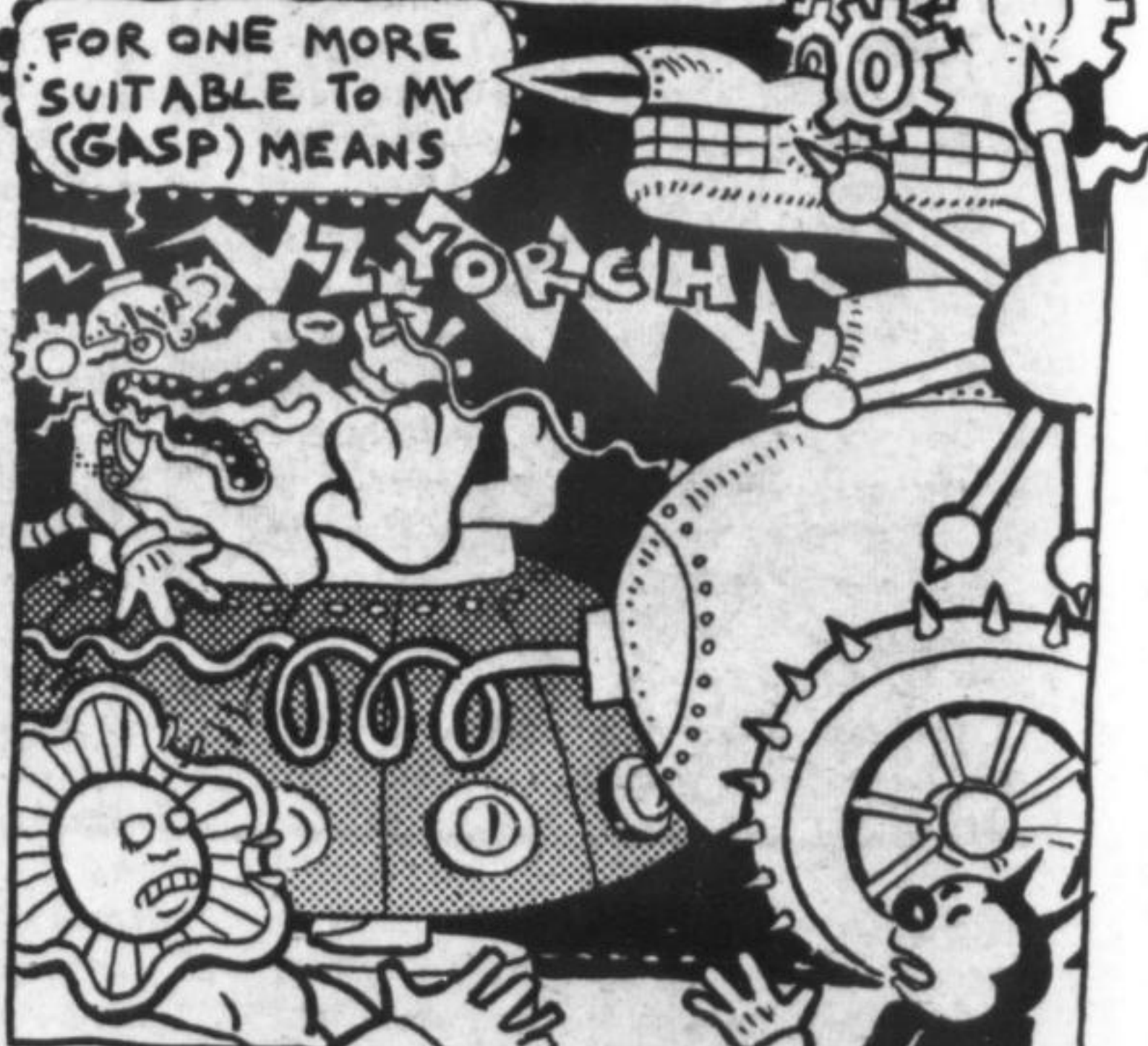
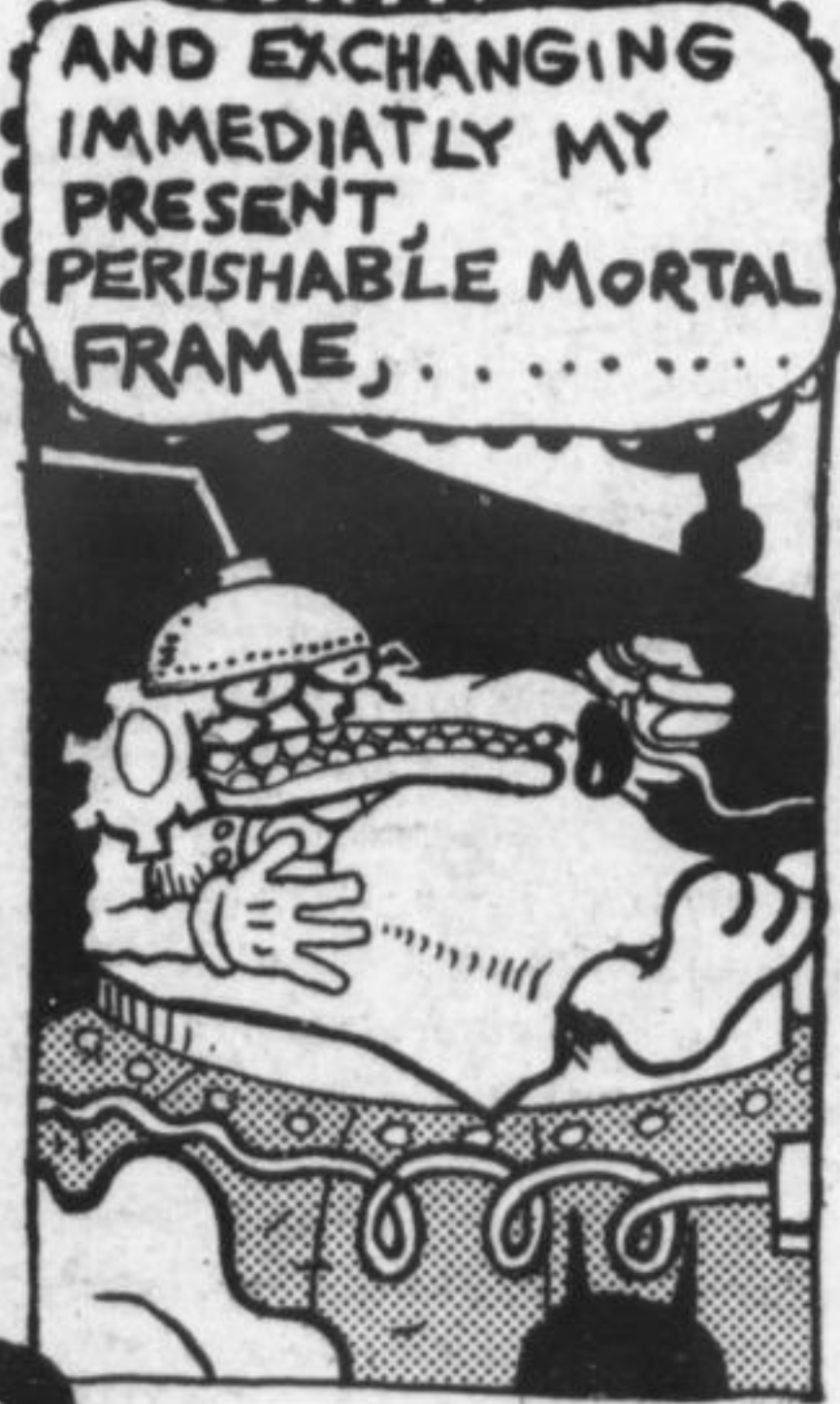
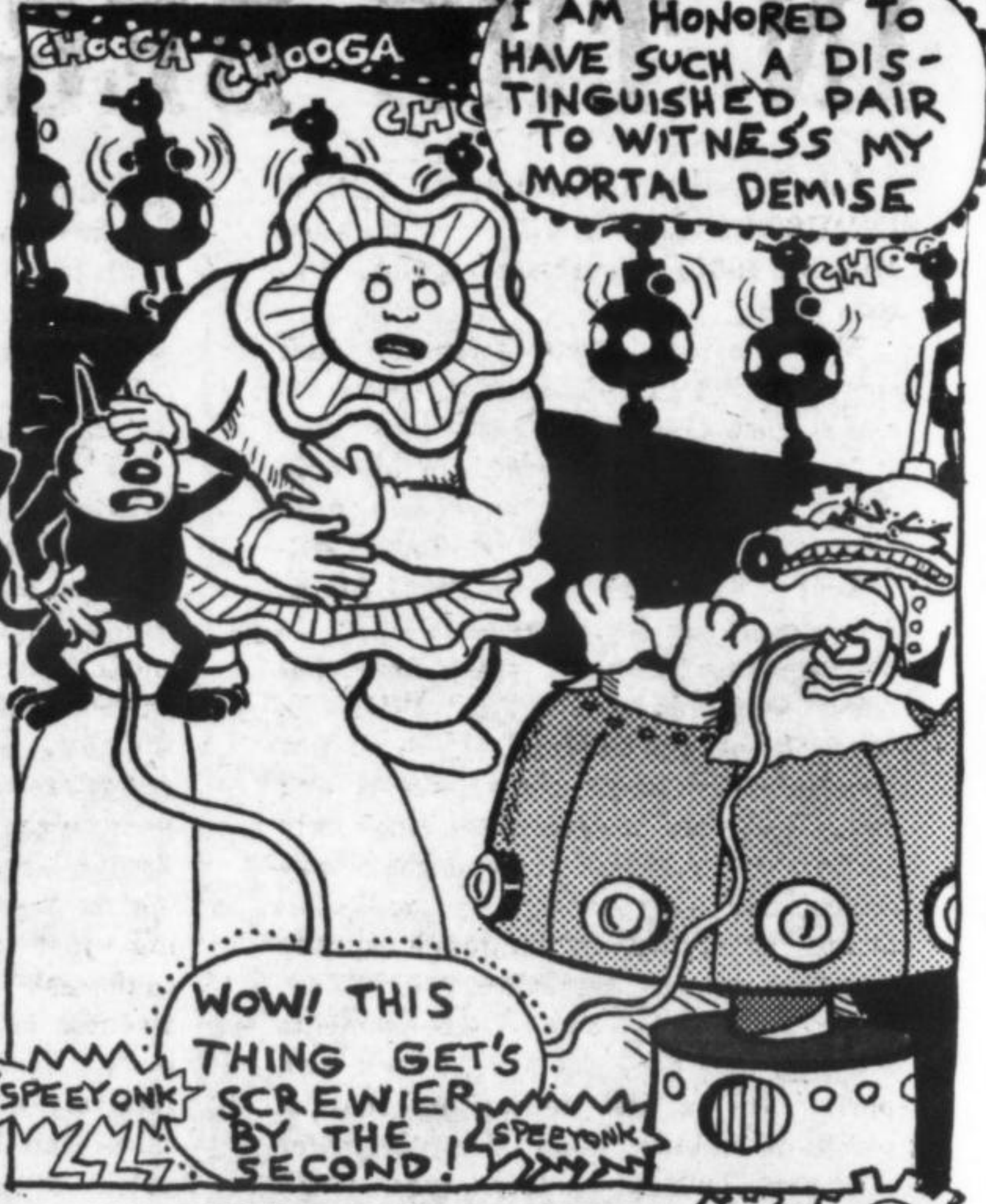
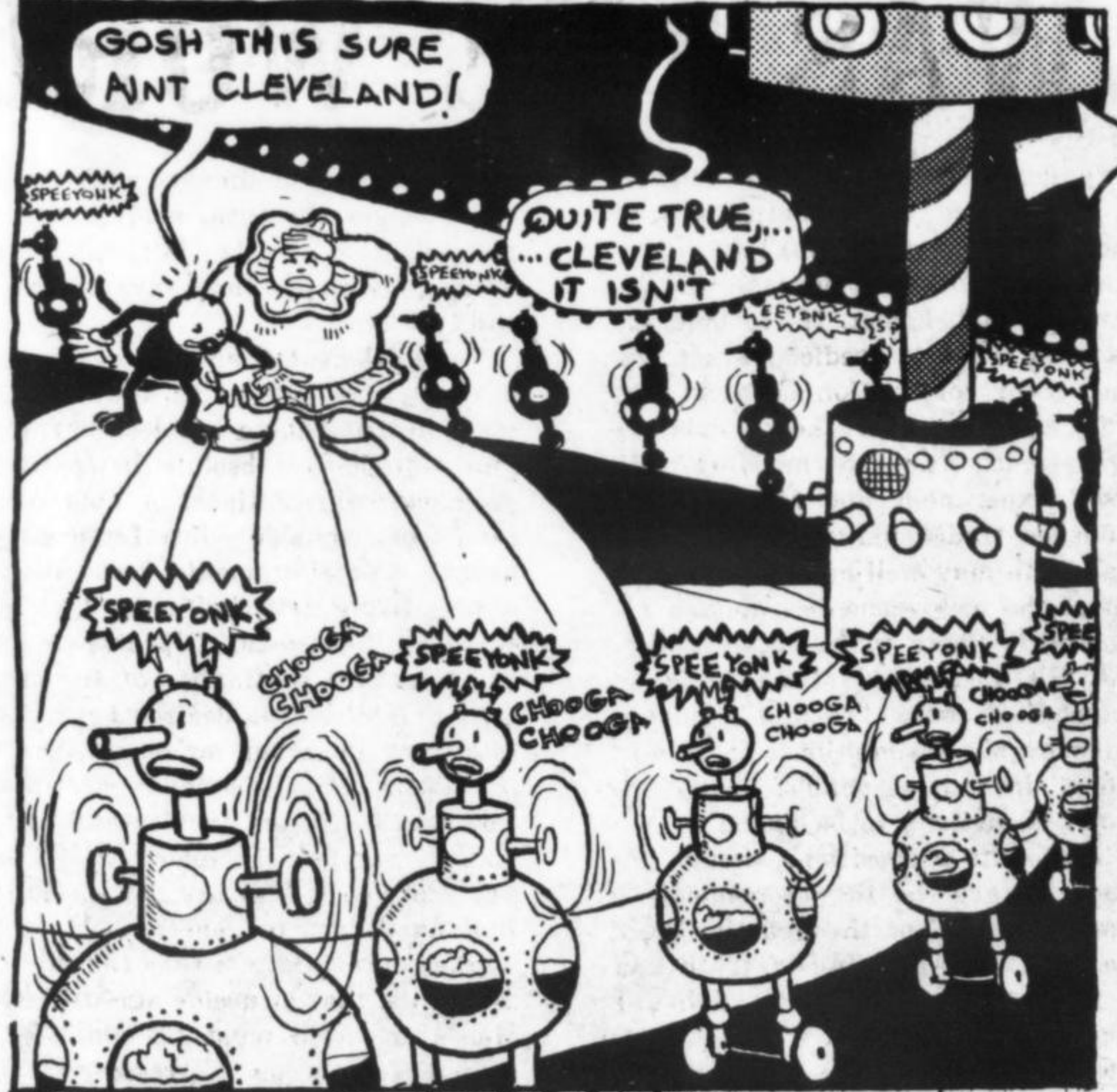
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IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD

By WALTER BREEN

John Kenneth Galbraith, *THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE*. Houghton, Mifflin, 1967; paperback reprint, Signet, 1968.

The title is no preparation for what one will find in this instantaneous social-science classic. To get across what it is really about, Galbraith or his publisher should perhaps have named it something like *THE ESTABLISHMENT: THEORY AND PRACTICE*. Its long range importance is likely to be somewhat ahead of its nearest parallel — Machiavelli's *THE PRINCE*. Machiavelli was saying: "Here is how successful heads of state behave, and you, Sire, may violate these rules only at your peril, no matter what the clergy or the common people may say." Galbraith is saying, in language equally unveiled though somewhat more complex, "Here is how Establishments operate, and they deviate at their own peril." He is also telling us that if we want to know about the real power structure in any modern state—ideology aside, it's much the same here or in Russia—here is where we find out. How it got there, what are its real goals and methods, its strengths and weaknesses, its hopes and fears.

We learn along the way why motivating commercials are so ubiquitous, why urban renewal and efficient mass transit are so bitterly and successfully opposed, why Establishment language is tactfully veiled and confined so often to specious generalities making McLuhan seem as transparent as Eric Hoffer, why the arms race continues regardless of the real dangers of accidental Atomageddon, why wage-price spirals are part of the game, why automation has become at once necessary to the Establishment and the only weapon likely to succeed against certain types of union interference, despite the human misery resulting; why public health plans and natural resource conservation are quiet-

ly ignored. We even learn—for what I believe is the first time—why industrial monoliths and the hierarchy in Washington, D.C., are coming to resemble each other as fraternal twins.

Such a seemingly heterogeneous wealth of material is in fact all part of a vast historical/logical argument. Previous critics of the Establishment have attempted less and accomplished far less, at most identifying a few sore points; and without prejudice to them, one must confess to finding the comparison with Galbraith rather uncomfortable. Here, is nontechnical language free of even the demand that one have already read a lot of economic theory or of Galbraith's earlier writing, is a systematic exposition answering just about every question one could ask on the subject. Comprehensiveness is the reason for length; without it, Galbraith could have been effectively attacked for not proving his case. And he will be attacked, though not so successfully now, as what he has done is, no less, to demolish the whole crumbling slum of traditional economic theory—and in one swell foop to render obsolete the lifework of several thousand professionals in that line, much as Galileo did for the professors of "Natural Philosophy" with his pamphlets and his telescope.

Economics, justly called "the dismal science," has till now consisted of a group of traditional beliefs uncritically accepted as axioms. We all learned in school to parrot generalities about the law of supply and demand, in a free market, governing price on the one hand and availability in the other. We learned that the consumer was the ultimate source of power in the market; that the entrepreneur or individual corporation head was the prime mover, the source of goods to satisfy consumer needs, and that he was motivated primarily by the wish to maximize profits. The only trouble, as Galbraith has bril-

liantly demonstrated, is that none of this holds true for modern "techno-structures"—his name for the interlocking units of what we call the Industrial Establishment. If economic axioms have failed to predict market performance or corporation behavior any morer, clearly a new theory must be sought—much as when the Morley-Michelson experiment and its followups demolished traditional physics.

Galbraith may well be, then, the Einstein of the new economics, though his language is likely to be better understood. His theoretical structure is, in the technical sense, "elegant," making no unprovable assumptions; it is also "strong" in that it enables many additional deductions to be made.

A few of its propositions, though entirely contrary to the economics we learned in school or through the Daily News, will have the ring of truth and the feel of "Obvious! Why didn't I think of that?" Others will be startlingly new, but they are logical deductions from documented data. An Establishment is not a product of ideology, but of the combination of urban technological level and enormous populations. It develops in response to needs of mass production/consumption. Its structure policy, and enormous size did not just happen, nor are they merely adjuncts to monopolistic avarice or power-lust (paradoxically enough), but have the function of enabling successful planning for circumventing market uncertainties. There are three ways of doing the latter, all regularly in use: (1) "vertical integration," which is taking over supply sources; (2) controlling amounts bought/sold and prices; (3) suspending market fluctuations by relying instead on sales contracts—with other Establishment firms and with franchised dealers and installment buying public. This type of planning, which incidentally insures against loss, demands size and diversity; be-

low a certain minimum—a few thousand people per firm, several millions capitalization—it is impossible, but there is no upper limit save by federal intervention.

Establishment goals are, again paradoxically, not power lust and not maximum profits. These are less important than autonomy—absolute independence of market fluctuations, of human factors, of outside interference—and growth. Establishments come to resemble living artificial organisms, governed by "homeostatic" processes tending to assure continuance of the status quo. Establishment decisions are made internally by group action on the part of teams of professional specialists. For which reason, incidentally, stockholders are politely tolerated but lack any real voice; they are not specialists. Individuals are in general part of the market uncertainties: they can buy this as against that or decide against either. Hence they too must be subjected to demand-controlling procedures, of which the notorious commercials and motivational - research - inspired inducements are only a part. Cynical? Realistic—not that there is much difference at this level.

People go to work for Establishments partly for money, partly for fancied similarity of goals, partly in the belief that they can eventually manipulate policy as they rise in the hierarchy. The money is forthcoming, all right, but the rest is part of the complex of images and illusions projected by Establishment public relations; once inside, an individual counts for little, his value consisting entirely of reliable performance as part of a team of like-oriented specialists. Power originally was vested in land ownership (e.g. medieval fief-holding with its obligations to the King or the Church, the real owners); later, in capital; now increasingly in specialized trained skills; in short, in that factor of production

(Continued on Page 20)

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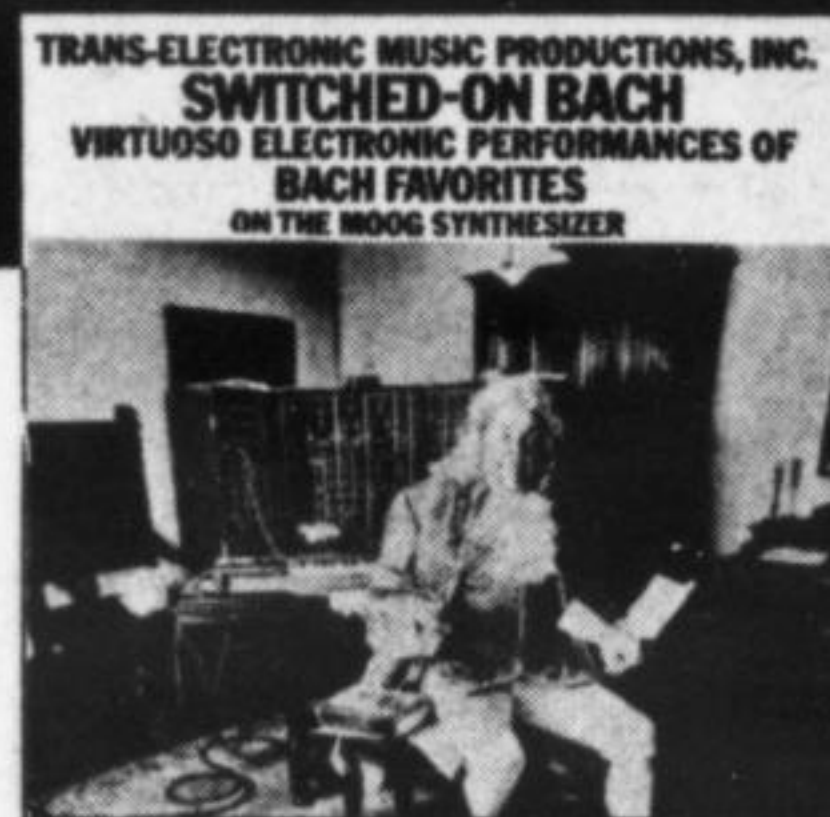
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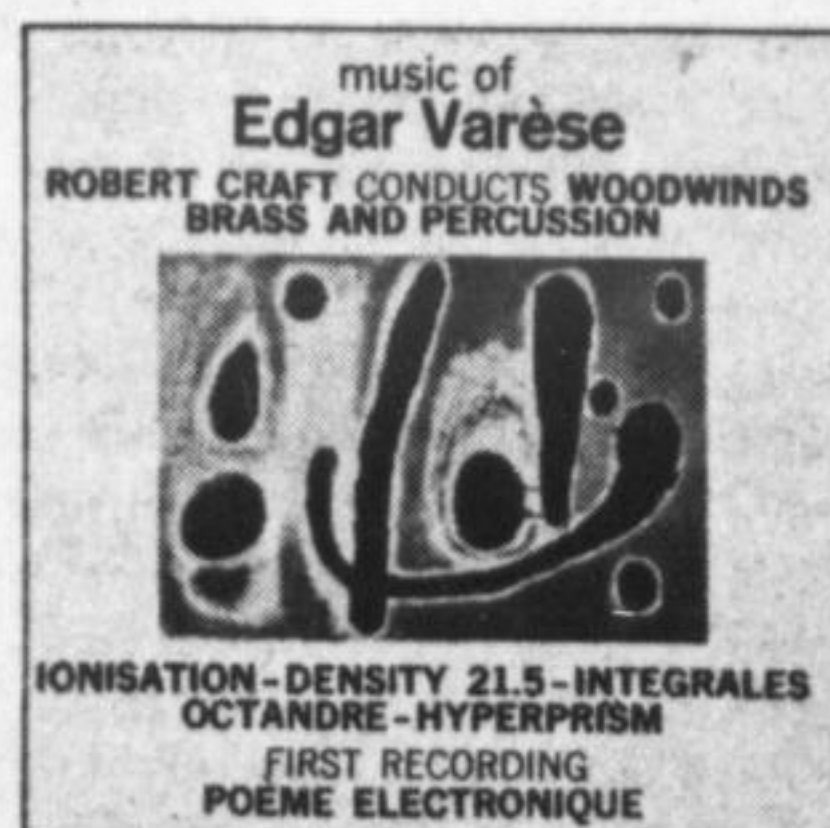
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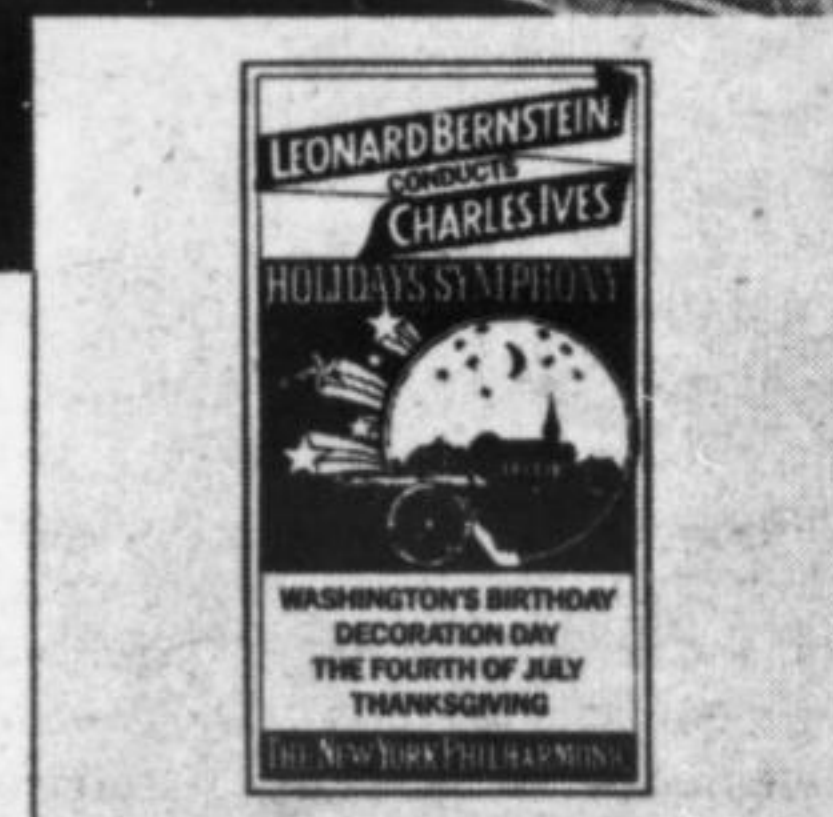
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emanations

BY ELFRIDA RIVERS

...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. Write to Elfrida Rivers, c/o EVO, 105 2nd Ave., New York 10003.

Q. — *I am a Gemini and my boy friend is a Sagittarius. Will we be compatible?*

A. — Not even the best astrologer in the world could answer that question with no more data than that. The little character-profiles based on the Sun-sign alone, published in tabloid newspapers and astrology magazines, do sometimes seem to hit amazingly close to the truth, but that is because the writers are highly trained people who know how to make sweeping generalities which will hit nearly everyone "on the nose." For advice on highly personal problems, however, they're about as much use as tea-leaf reading by your maiden aunt, or tossing a coin.

In the first place, the position of the sun alone does *not* determine your character. In a female horoscope, the position of the Moon is almost as important in describing your personality. Character is also affected — in all horoscopes — by the ascendant, or rising point. This is the sign which is rising on the Eastern horizon at the moment of your birth — for instance, if you are a Gemini and were born at sunrise, you will have Gemini rising (or, on the ascendant); if you were born two hours after sunrise, you will have Cancer rising; if you were born at noon you will probably have Virgo rising; and so forth and so on. This means that if, for instance, you are a Gemini with Virgo rising, your Mercurial changeable dual-personality Gemini traits will be modified by the perfectionist, down-to-Earth Virgo characteristics.

So that if you were a Gemini with Gemini rising — all changeable, air-sign impracticability and intellect — and your boy friend were Sagittarius with Sagittarius rising, all fire and dominance and personality — then you two might have the attraction of opposites, but would have so little in common that life would be one conflict after another. This is my own interpretation; a few authorities believe that such astrological opposites are perfect soul-mates because each has exactly what the other lacks. However, a Sagittarius with Aquarius rising, and a Gemini with a fire-sign such as Aries rising, might be extremely well matched, because each would be equally compounded of air and fire elements. Or if both of you had a strong Earth-sign rising, and the moon of each of you was in a sign compatible with the other's sun.

It's a difficult question to answer, and, as I say, authorities disagree. But at least it can't be answered by a Sun-sign alone. If you want to seek a mate by Astrology, the only thing to do is to get a complete chart on your would-be lover, and compare his chart with yours, planet by planet. The study of Astrology is practically a lifetime business, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing (because it leads people to jump to hasty conclusions) and you can't go around asking every man you meet for his birth date and time, then retire for three or four hours while you cast complete charts for the pair of you.

However, if you are contemplating a long-term relationship, business partnership or marriage, you could do worse than look at a pair of comparison charts. The study of astrology is a lifetime business, yes — but you can

learn enough about it to make better forecasts than the Astrology magazines, in four or five hours of study. Get a good basic text, learn to use an ephemeris, and if you can do simple arithmetic, you can cast your own horoscope accurately and make predictions which will work for you better than anything written for the masses.

Q. — *Is there anything to what Lobsang Rampa has been writing about Tibet?*

A. — In a word, I'd say no. Not unless all the books written about Tibet by everyone else are unmitigated bunk and I just don't believe it.

Of course, Lobsang Rampa has a very clever way of disarming his critics. He simply says that all books by Westerners are false because they don't understand the spiritual side of Tibet, and that all books by Eastern authorities are false because they want to mislead Westerners who are not fit to know these secret things. Which is a very neat way of eluding questions, but sounds like the doting mother, watching an army parade, who whispered, "Just look, Pa, they're all out of step but our Johnnie."

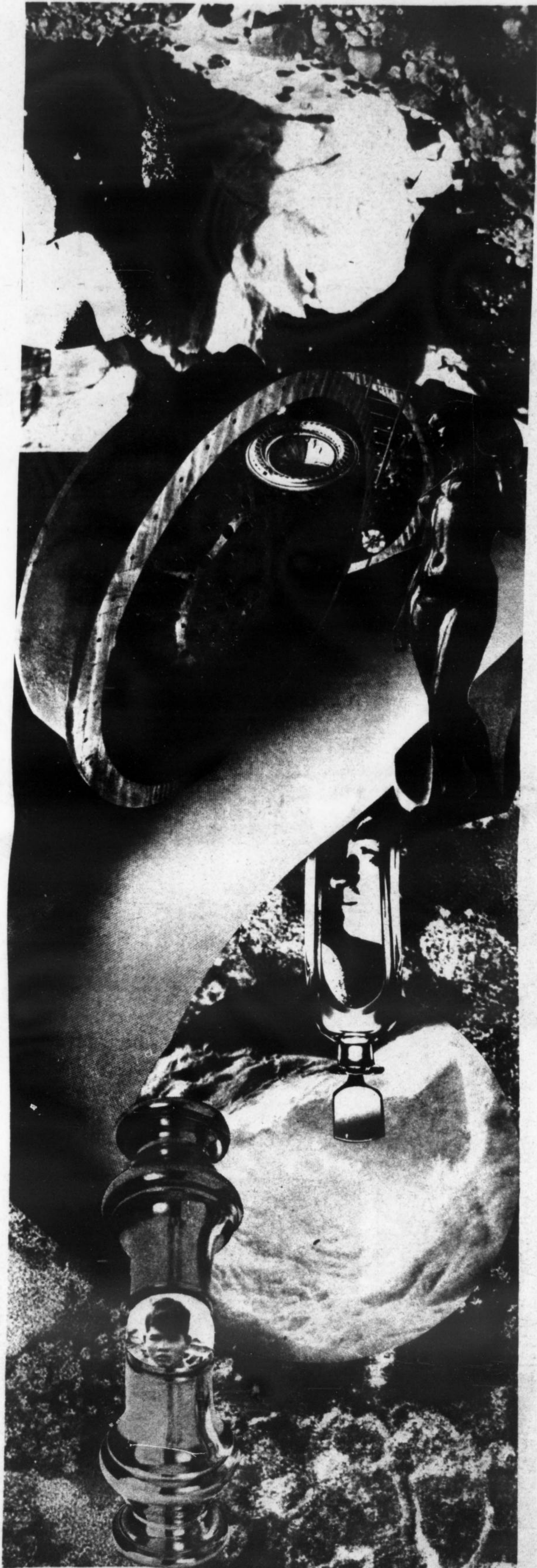
Admittedly, I can't read Tibetan, and I haven't even read the *Book of the Dead* in translation. But whatever the spiritual properties of Tibet, a competent Western observer such as Lowell Thomas, or Edmund Hillary, can see and photograph the geography of the country, and Lobsang Rampa's geography is filled with the old misconceptions which got written into "occult" novels about Tibet by such writers as L. Adams and Talbot Mundy. As for the spiritual side of the books, I prefer to take, as my authority, the Frenchwoman Alexandra David-Neel. Now there is someone who has been there — and saw Tibet in the raw, as it were. Around the turn of the century, she found that Tibet was closed to almost all Westerners, and a dozen times over closed to a Western woman. So she disguised herself as an elderly Chinese woman (she spoke Chinese like a native) and, with a young Tibetan, her adopted son, travelled the whole length and breadth of the country: not with a Western-type caravan and rich provisions, but with a couple of bags of rice and a Buddhist's begging-bowl.

She found her way to Lhasa, was admitted to a Buddhist nunnery as a guest, and in general saw things which no Westerner could ever see. I have no reason to believe that she invented anything; her travel books are not sensational enough for that. If she was making up tall tales, she could have made up much taller stories than these. (Lobsang Rampa, so-called, did so). She has also written several books on Tibetan Buddhism. I find them far too abstruse for comprehension; which convinces me that Tibetan Buddhism is much more complex than the standard old mishmash which, according to Lobsang Rampa, is the "real Tibetan spiritual religion." He makes it sound simple — and simply ridiculous.

"Lobsang Rampa," so called, seems to have been an Englishman or Irishman — the story is told in *The Third Eye*, but my copy seems to have disappeared off the shelves — who suddenly, one day, realized that he had somehow exchanged personalities, or something, with a lama from Tibet who wanted his life story told, and his spiritual principles adopted, by Western Civilization. I don't know (and it doesn't really matter) whether this man is a very clever person who used this tactic as a way of getting extra publicity for his books and gaining additional belief from the credulous, or whether he is an honest, though weak-brained character who has read so many books on Tibet that, like Don Quixote, his brain became addled and he managed to delude himself that his daydreams and fantasies of living as a Tibetan monk were real memories. It is even vaguely possible that he may have had some out-to-the-body

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D. LEWIS

Touchables

By LITA ELISCU

Following an introduction like, "And here they are, *The Touchables!*" it's more or less fortunate that they enter one at a time, totally unaware of what has been said, or everyone would have been uncomfortable. As it was, the four girls playing the title roles in the movie happen to be cool, alive, and just a little more clearheaded than the average girls-put-into-movie-leads . . . They're fun. When they're in the room, all of them finally, legs everywhere, black stockings, bare, no skirts really, just more legs and masses of hair, talk turns to 2001, grass, theories on sickness in New York, and 20th Century-Fox—mad movie mogul personified: "2001 positively enraptured my boyfriend! he just sat all hunched up, staring; or, 20th Century are being positively bahstids (bastards) about everything; no clothes—and they promised, no money—we had to really carry on for it!" and grass of course, Highs We Have Known and Loved . . .

They all give an impression of thinness, not skinniness, as though there is nervous energy charging through, elongating them, even the floppy hair and fingers. In the movie, they all seem to have descended one energy level. There is no need to really act; *The Touchables* as movie is a series of special effects, including the girls as part of the effect. To tell the plot is to stop all the fun; instead, it's much more viable to talk about particular scenes. There is a pleasure dome, a translucent bubble in which the girls play with the pop singer they have captured, tying him to the revolving bed; there is soft dawn playing off the plastic-y bubble, rose pinks shooting off and competing with silvered green and milky blues; there are marvelous wrestling sequences featuring Ricki Starr on points and various opponents at his mercy. Everything is subordinate to the camera's eye performances, scenes, the plot. Plot . . .? well, the hindsight view of the movie's roundabout circumlocutionary story, told in fits and jerks on film as a child might tell his own made-up fairy tale—high disregard for the plausible.

It's a silly film, and the pop star idol is almost disturbingly girlish, the girls rather disturbingly girlish, and the general tone high-jinks. It is perfect entertainment on those nights when you want exterior visual stimuli along with the popcorn and the pot, a fantasy full of non-meaning, frippery and teeniebopper dream fantasies; pearl-and-lace ribbons on a built-up gossamer wig covering an empty head.

Daytop Village is not only for drug addicts, but for anyone who would like to try a crash program of clearing his head of all sorts of addictions, including the more abstract notion that he's socially misfit. *The Concept* is a visual dramatization of the customary routine at Daytop Village, concentrating on the problems facing people trying to exist not only without physical drugs, but the lies and hypocrisies of a way of life. The play is composed of scenes, improvisations taken from daily routines: confrontations 'encounters' and long-run marathons lasting up to 40 hours, in which everyone in a particular group reveals his angers, fears, needs . . . needless to say, reality is often not quite so well-planned as theatre. Actions are often ungraceful, speeches sentimental and mawkish, for the 'performers' are simple people trying to reach out to others and ask for help, reaching out in fear, hatred, envy and turning it to respect, trust and love, reaching out to find themselves waiting on the other end of their own outstretched hands. The people involved are not interested in theatre, but essential human drama arising from repeated, honest interaction, not only among themselves but shared with you; certainly not always a graceful

act to accomplish, people being unwilling to receive.

Until the very end, the play confines itself to the central stage area, allowing the audience to acquire an indirect knowledge of the cast; after the last encounter, there is an improvised round-robin confrontation during which several people turn to others and ask them for love. The cast members then turn out towards the audience and ask them the same question, "Will you try to love me?" meeting with varying responses from hugs to refusal.

The Concept is one of those achievements helping to obscure the boundary between 'inlet' and 'performance' because it is essentially a performance only on a certain level: a group of people committing certain actions (and thoughts too). This is hardly a troupe of actors attempting to three-dimensionalize somebody's abstract vision, much more a religious-oriented experience aimed primarily at the participants. For most of the play, therefore, the most insight is gained by the members of the cast. The rituals used during the performance are most recently created and then aimed at the needs of a particular group, not the basic human needs—if indeed these exist. The socio-political-moral framework, however, excludes many of the audience by reflecting only a certain limited viewpoint, one which puts down "fags and ding-dongs" and literacy suspected of being a defensive wall. People here are for open, direct communication, immediate confrontations using words to bridge the mistrust and self-induced hypocrisies we all live by. The methods are often rude and crude: getting someone to scream for help as loud as he can, with no particular stimuli except the given assumption that we are all screaming for help, too.

One wonders what would happen to someone with a background different from those revealed; probably he would have to go through an incredible soul-searching to discover why he likes certain activities: reading, sewing—the lone-actor sports. If he did decide that he liked them because he liked them, not because he was afraid really to have to talk with others, then maybe the group would accept that evaluation. I don't know because the possibility didn't present itself the night I was there. (The play uses three revolving casts, so the possibility is at least inherent in the situation at 3-1 odds). It is certainly a nonplus to talk to someone beautiful and sensitive, full of those insights one associates with the enlightened (like oneself), and then run into incredible stone walls of values and concepts . . .

Romeo and Juliet is unspeakable; words only tear away at the incredible beauty of the film. Like a rare jewel whose brilliance includes a flaw to make it believable, real, this movie has flaws. Without them—without a musical score which at times impedes the action, or a faithful rendition of the original script which requires an anticlimactic last scene—without these the film would not be a human creation . . . This does seem to be the year for beauty unpardoned and uncompromised, for the simple, clear and justice-loving values of childhood in which pleasure deserves and gets thanks. So thanks to Zefferelli and all the others for bundling this artwork. The movie is at the Paris, 58h off Fifth Avenue.

City Center is hosting an international animated film festival, November 26 through 30. Tickets are on sale at the box office, 131 W. 35 St.

Nov. 27, next Wednesday, *Girl On a Motorcycle* open at a moviehouse not yet named. The movie stars Marianne Faithfull and Alain Delon, and if it is anything like the book, should start a few trends, including lovers giving mo-

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hat do you want with me," asked Scrooge. "Much," replied Marley in a voice that was anything but friendly. Scrooge refilled his pipe from the baggie he kept hidden in the hem of his nightshirt.

"You're such a bringdown Jacob," he said. Marley frowned. Suddenly Scrooge laughed.

"Look here Jacob, let's forget our past mistakes, it's Christmas. Let's be friends." Marley thought for a long time.

"Agreed," he said at last. Scrooge was beside himself. "What would you like to hear? Electric Truth from Jeff Beck? Heavy blues from Fleetwood Mac? Gentleness from Donovan? DinoValente's mind tales? Hard-driving Terry Reid? Life from Sly and the Family Stone?" Marley thought for another moment.

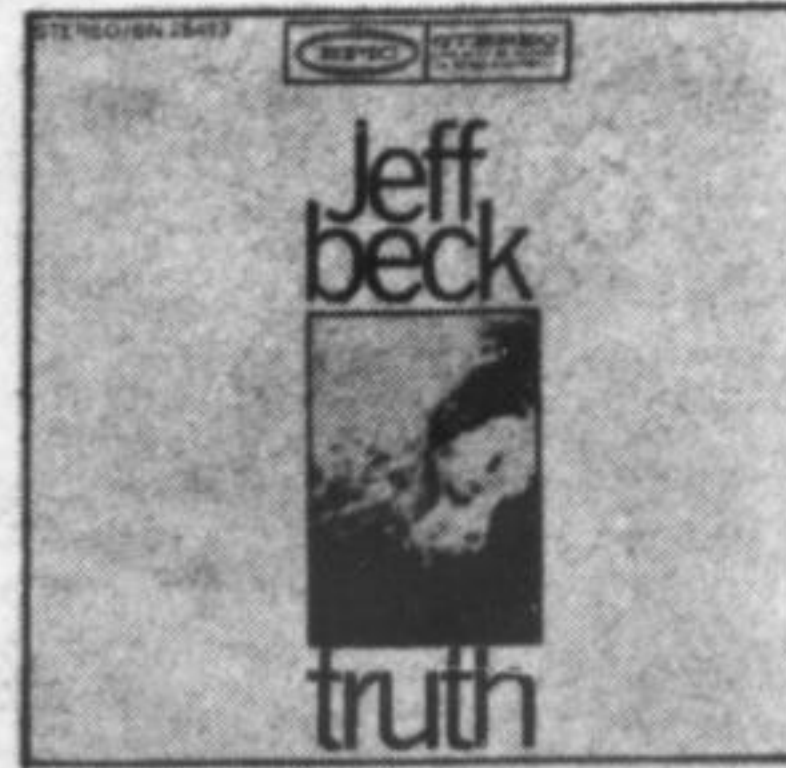
"Life," said the ghost with a smile.



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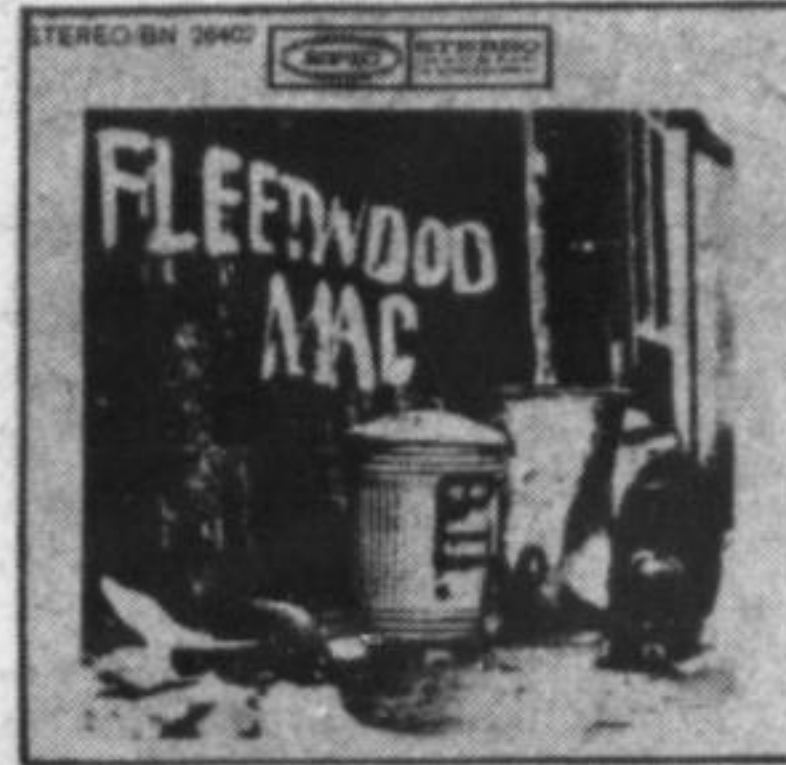
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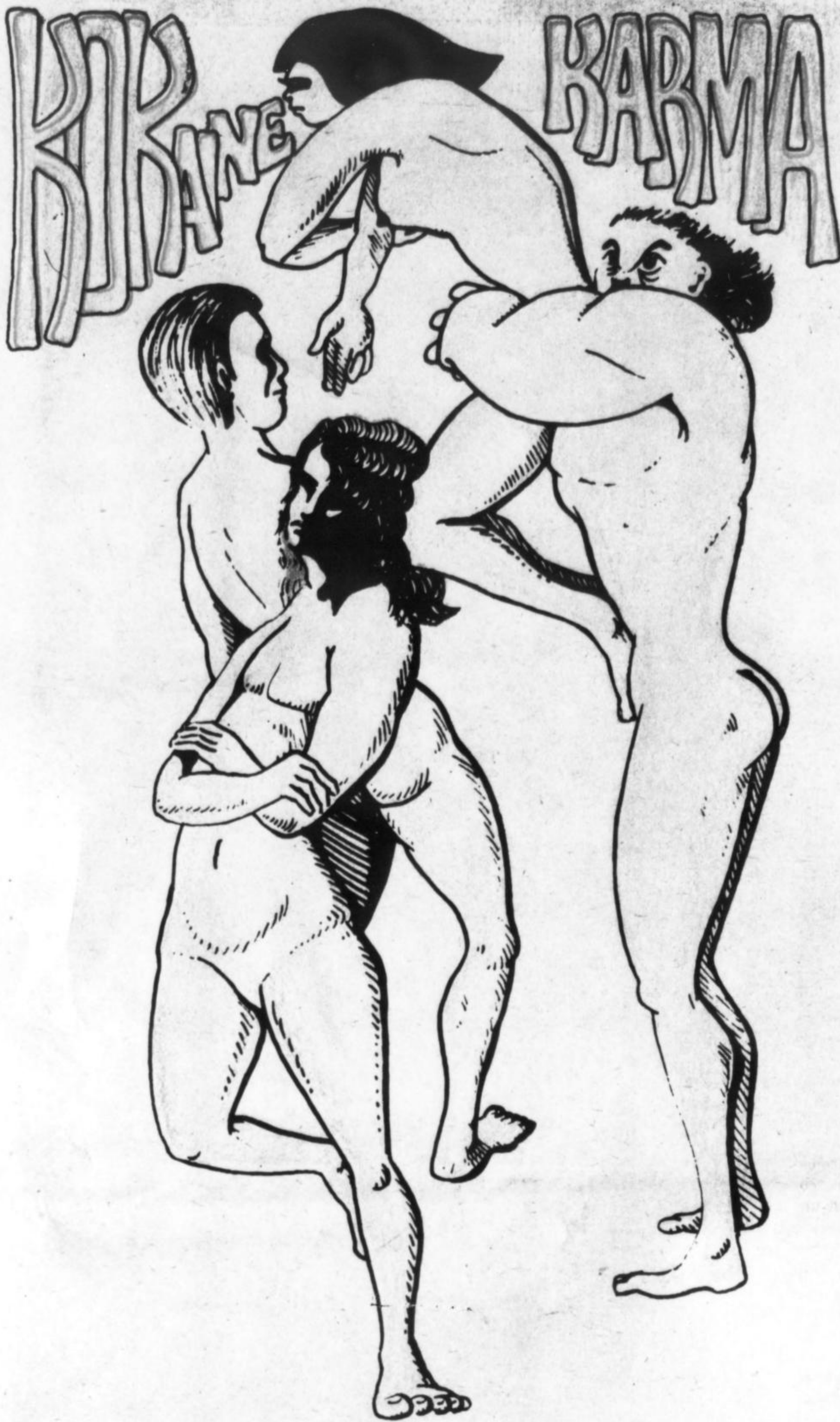
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COMING ATTRACTIONS

This Week in New York:
APOLLO: Martha and the Vandellas, Sand Pebbles, Willie Tyler, Constellations, Soul Children, Ollie & the Nightingales, Tony Fox
AU GO GO: Tues. Nov. 26-Dec. 1, Blues Bag — Butterfield Blues Band, Colwell-Winfield Blues Band, Pacific Gas and Electric, Big Joe Williams with guest artists, Richie Havens, Danny Kalb, Dave Van Ronk, Pat Sky, Street, Ultimate Spinach, Howard Tate, and added attraction the Mike Bloomfield band with Al Kooper
FILLMORE: Canned Heat, Youngbloods, Iron Butterfly, Weds. Incredible String Band, Next Thursday-Saturday—Jefferson Airplane, Buddy Guy
VILLAGE GATE: Down-Miles Davis, Irvin Corey, Up-Junior Mance, Tashiko
VILLAGE VANGUARD: Herbie Hancock, Tues., Gabor Szabo
BITTER END: Jerry Jeff Walker, Bunky N Jake
SCENE: Steve Baron Quartet, Van Morrison, Hal Waters, Nov. 24-26 —Youngbloods
SLUGS: McCoy Tyner, Tues., Lee Morgan
GASLIGHT: Tom Willis, Jerry & January
FOLK CITY: Maxine Taylor, Split Level

Record manufacturers have been coasting along with freedom of lyrics and music as long as the profits pour in. But the confrontation between artist and pimp has finally arrived over the taste in the visual album cover. After two rounds, the fight remains even with the Rolling Stones losing to London Records while the Lennon-Ono nude wins in the U.S. with Bill Cosby's progressive record company, Tetragrammaton announcing plans to release the poorly hung duo intact au naturel in the U. S.

In Britain, the decision on The Beatles' (John Lennon) genitals remains hanging. The Stone's Beggar's Banquet album cover will be in a plain white cover with a simply lettered statement of artist and title. However, the Rolling Stones will make the original, a photo of a graffitied bathroom wall and toilet, available to anyone on mailed request. Details not yet available.

For years record companies have been releasing album jackets featuring bare tits or soft core pornography. "Music from Port Said" and its ilk featured bare breasted, sweating harem perspectives being auctioned off by swarthy, beefy, oily, middle eastern flesh peddlers. These perverted scenes decorated records for the middle class American, I suppose, while the new covers will fall in the hands of kids.

Anyway the album cover controversy gave the music moguls something to rap about. Since they obviously don't know anything about the music they sell, the music business establishment is certainly being consistent by talking about taste in album cover art while knowing nothing about it. It's difficult to believe their outrageous, sanctimonious attitude.

Trade paper, Billboard, editorialized that "progress" toward elimination of genital prejudices "must necessarily be slow and extremely careful. A sudden and complete relaxation of all censorship could have chaotic consequences."

"It is up to the music industry to monitor the speed at which the public at large is moving toward greater freedom and to keep just one step ahead. It is also up to the industry to protect the public from artless and witless salacity and vulgarity. Moral standards may change, but standards of good taste should be inflexible."

More Bullshit comes from the president of Britain's Music Trades Association—"I can understand unknown talent exploiting covers like "Two Virgins," but for famous artists there is no justification for resorting to pornography, because their records will sell anyway."

Imagine all these old cats so uptight. Lennon and Ono ain't even fucking.

Album cover art was a big breakthrough after years of ugly record jackets. The packages are becoming beautiful extensions of the material recorded. Some reviewers even comment on exciting, interesting covers. However, the music may be in the hands of the people, but the business remains in the greasy palms of uptight schmucks.

Fleetwood Mac, one of the better British Blues group since they concentrate on interpreting their musical idiom rather than depending on jive showmanship, will be returning to New York in early December for appearances at the Fillmore and Steve Paul's Scene.

Their new Epic Album, English Rose, features drummer Mick Fleetwood on the cover with only a rose hiding his cock.

Dave Crosby, Steve Stills and Graham Nash are forming a new super group. They will fly to England to record.

Graham Parsons, who left the Byrds when they willingly performed for South African audiences, is forming a new group with Chris Hillman. Others in the group include a steel guitarist named Sneaky Pete. Their album will be produced in England by Keith Richards.

Listener sponsored WBAI (99.5) is in serious financial trouble. It seems that many contributors financially supported McCarthy and O'Dwyer leaving a vacuum of donations for the community involved Pacifica Station. WBAI has even been forced to reduce staff so please give whatever shekels you can to WBAI-FM, 30 East 39 st., New York 10016.

NBC television has announced December 3 for its Elvis Presley special.

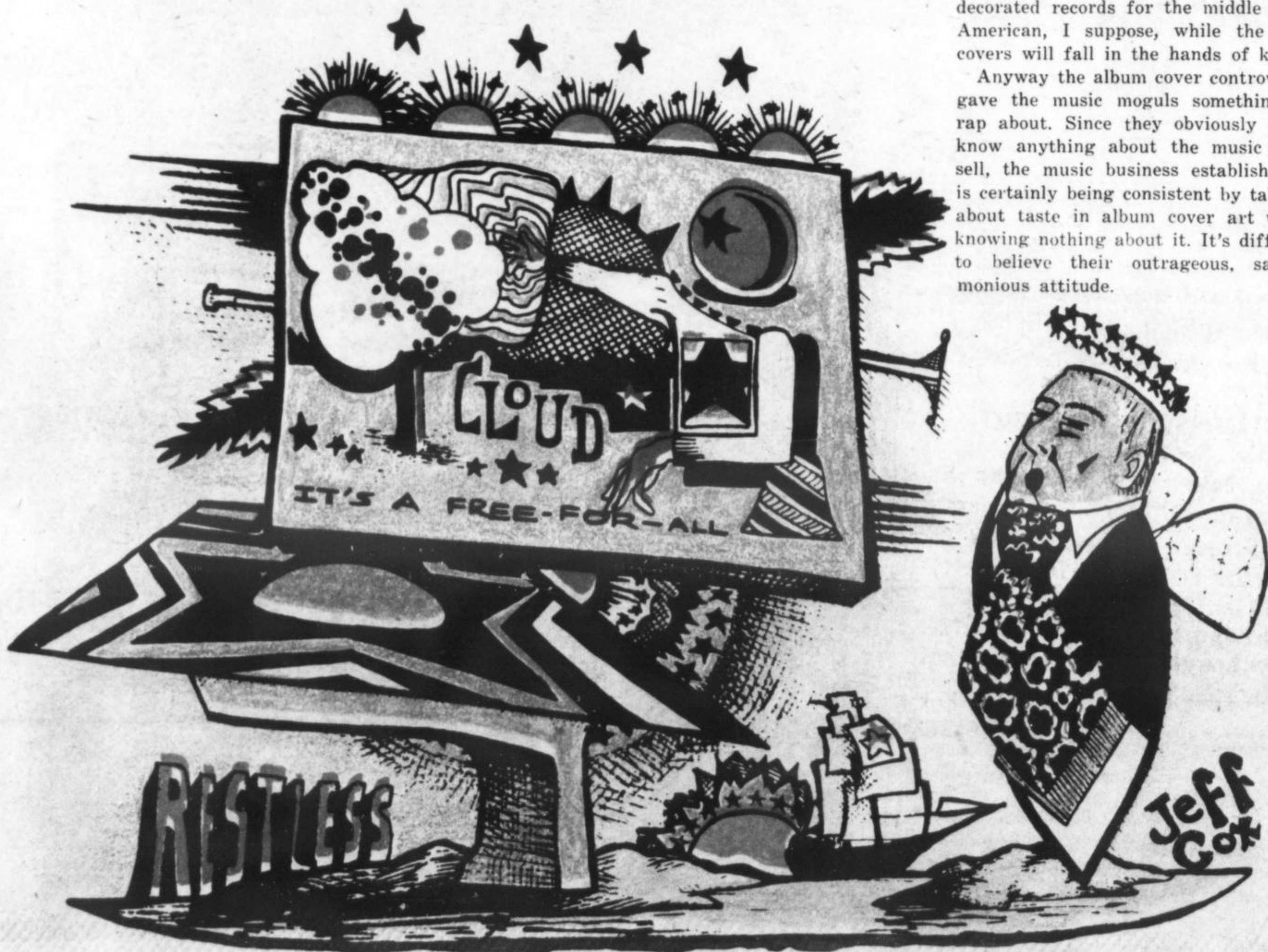
The fifth annual Blues Bag (Nov. 26-Dec. 1) at Howard Solomon's Cafe Au Go Go will feature the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Colwell-Winfield Blues Band, Pacific Gas and Electric, Big Joe Williams, the great Howard Tate, Dave Van Ronk, Richie Havens, Pat Sky, Lanny Kalb, Street, Ultimate Spinach and extra added attraction, The Mike Bloomfield Band with Al Kooper.

If you're wondering what the hell the Ultimate Spinach and others are doing in the Blues Bag, it can be explained by the fact that MGM Verve is recording and partially sponsoring the event.

The Avalon Ballroom is losing its dance permit. San Francisco has refused to renew the license for Chet Helms' Family Dog Productions and the Avalon's owners have asked them to vacate the building by Nov. 30. This will leave San Francisco with only one regularly operating major ballroom—Bill Graham's Fillmore West. With businessman Graham now setting up a booking agency, he will have a virtual monopoly over bay area rock shows.

Reviews in the trades often point up the act that the writers have no

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By DEAN LATIMER

Nick Fury, trapped in an invisible force beam, floats helplessly to the floor of a hidden nuclear arsenal somewhere in the south Pacific, floats in fact to the very boottips of Adolph Hitler himself, or a convincing travesty thereof. Some incredible raillery is then inspired:

Hitler: Yes, Nick Fury . . . From my fourth Reich headquarters below the Earth's surface . . . You will be privileged to view the obliteration of all mankind!

Fury, in midflight: It seems to me I heard that song before, Chuckles! The least ya could do's come up with some new lyrics!

H.: I was born to overcome the ignorant masses-and to lead the master race to supremacy! Now, with the mere touch of a tiny button—all that can be achieved!

F.: Come off it, Curley! You been feedin' me the same hogwash since the war!

H.: Guard! Take him to the brain bank (with his friends)! Until the day they die—they will be forever battling the non-existing horrors of . . . the Psychotron!

F.: Breaking into a thick sweat: The Psycho—Oh Lord—NO!

THE IN THING?

Oh, to say that comic books are the In Thing among the post-acid set, that would probably be wrong, it might be an incriminating lapse of professional integrity for even an Underground journalist. Howsomever, I really dig comics myself, and I've noticed that an awful lot of really wasted-out nothing-heads, like me, share my affections toward such as Nick Fury, Archie Andrews, Angel and the Ape, reprints of vintage Donald Duck . . . So I write about comics frequently, and sure enough, somebody calls me the Richard Goldstein of the comic books: Gem's Spa starts reordering the good titles at an alarming rate, people are reading THOR on the Eighth Street but, and just, goddammit, there's a mini-cult gets formed. It could be worse . . . I might start writing about lesbian photomagazines.

Comic books are a force for good in our world today. They are like no other literature around, with the possible exception of John Lennon's two books, and — just conceivably — the works of Richard Brautigan. They're enjoyable, nearly enlightening sometimes, and they can knit up that ole raveled sleeve of care with a dispatch that Librium must envy. Today the finest minds in our Academies will tell you the only way to reach an understanding of Man in Late-Century Civilization is to sieve your mind bubbling and squeaking through such as Stern, Herzog, All The Little Live Things and other type hopelessness; and then you will go to the Student Union, and lo! is Iron Man and Captain Marvel lying all around, crinkled brown with coffeestains and illuminated with clever notes in the margins. You see, comic books don't obligate tse reader to level any ole nasty moral judgments, extract any consistent underlying philosophy, appreciate any breathtaking aesthetic. They just lie there, they're very Cool — they do it all for you, you just drop in the dime and go for the ride. Of course, it must be admitted that superhero comics — Marvel and DC shit — do have definite moral emphasis and philosophies and aesthetics and all manner of clumsy shit like that there; and the morality is good and evil, black and white, up and down with no intermediate shading; the aesthetic is WASP middleclass with an escapist futuristic verneer; and the philosophy is pure proto-Birch Hail Columbia Fascist Clean America-uber-alles, and nothing else, absolutely nothing at all! It's incredible.

But now hold onto your eyes, they are liable to drop out of your head with the magnitude of the next disclosure. It is just this banality in fact,

monplaceness, the nearly psychopathic monplaceness, the nearby psychopathic simplicity, the totally outdated, primitive and irrelevant zeitgeist that informs these comics, that accounts for the grave popularity they enjoy from such as me and my friends. In fact, the comicsmongers may be making a mistake by trying to upgrade their quality in some titles — the new complexity of characters like Bat Lash and Spider-Man may only succeed eventually in making them nearly believable, and therewith almost human, and hence worthy of some real empathy, and thus a chore to read about.

WHY READ?

Why read comics at all, then, if they don't elicit your sympathies or turn on your intellect? Well, dig it—what better culture hero for the alienated clot-head of today than a superhero? They're out of it, those Marvel freaks, like beyond the very pale! So perhaps this lad stopped dropping acid about a year ago because it was putting the same clouds in his head that his really fucked-up buddies didn't even know they had, they were so far gone; since then he's fucked with transcendental meditation, and a few other things, and they all flopped, and now frankly he doesn't give a shit where it's all at or what it's all about — and he's a nice guy, very amiable, and he still buys Dr. Strange every month the very day it comes out. Or maybe this chick was big in WIN, fine campus radical with great blistering social commitment, gonna be a Harlem caseworker when she graduated; and then McCarthy came along, and after this great orgasmic fury there's horrible case of the post-coitum tristes, and Mark Rodd's really kind of strange, isn't he, fucked up, I mean — so now she's in Anthropology, getting swell grades, and she's turned her roommate and her boyfriend both onto the incredible Hulk.

This is the sort of mental atmosphere most receptive Marvel-type comics; this kind of pervasive, not-unpleasant greyness capable of being scurred by nothing blunter than the sharpest irony; this weird subterranean looking-glass amusement with just everything, because nothing is any more quite what it seems, nor ever was — a ghetto humor of the mind, when the mind is its own ghetto. And there are worse places to live than a ghetto...

So here's Nick Fury rapping with Adolph Hitler like a couple dogfaces in opposing trenches, trading glib insults across the mud and barbed wire in the finest B-grade 1944 Hollywood tradition. Hitler in 1968 where we have Vietnam and Biafra and Prague and Chicago and Johnson and Nixon and Brezhnev, and Nuygen Cao Ky . . . "The invincible imagination of the Aryan mind," and we have the police departments of Chicago and Oakland, we have Albert Shanker and the Daily News, we have pretty girls cheerleading at Wallace rallies, we have Black Panthers and Anthony Imperiale and hippies patrolling the East Village looking for incidents of police brutality. Nick Fury calling Hitler "Chuckles" when we have Rowan & Martin, for chrissake! There's a humor in all this that you don't find anywhere else — a kind of humor in fact inaccessible to those people who have not yet seen it and done it and been it and clipped the blop and circumnavigated the poles and given up at last when the same things happened all over again for the fourth time in a row.

AXIOM:

'Twas ever thus, and even if 'twere not, 'twould in any case be always otherwise.

NOT ENOUGH

But this is not enough, the total charm of Superhero Comix has yet to be revealed. Because you don't just idly read them and chortle smugly at the unintentional ironies. No, you embrace them, you dote on them, you play favorites among them and have intellectual arguments about them with

(Continued on Page 18)



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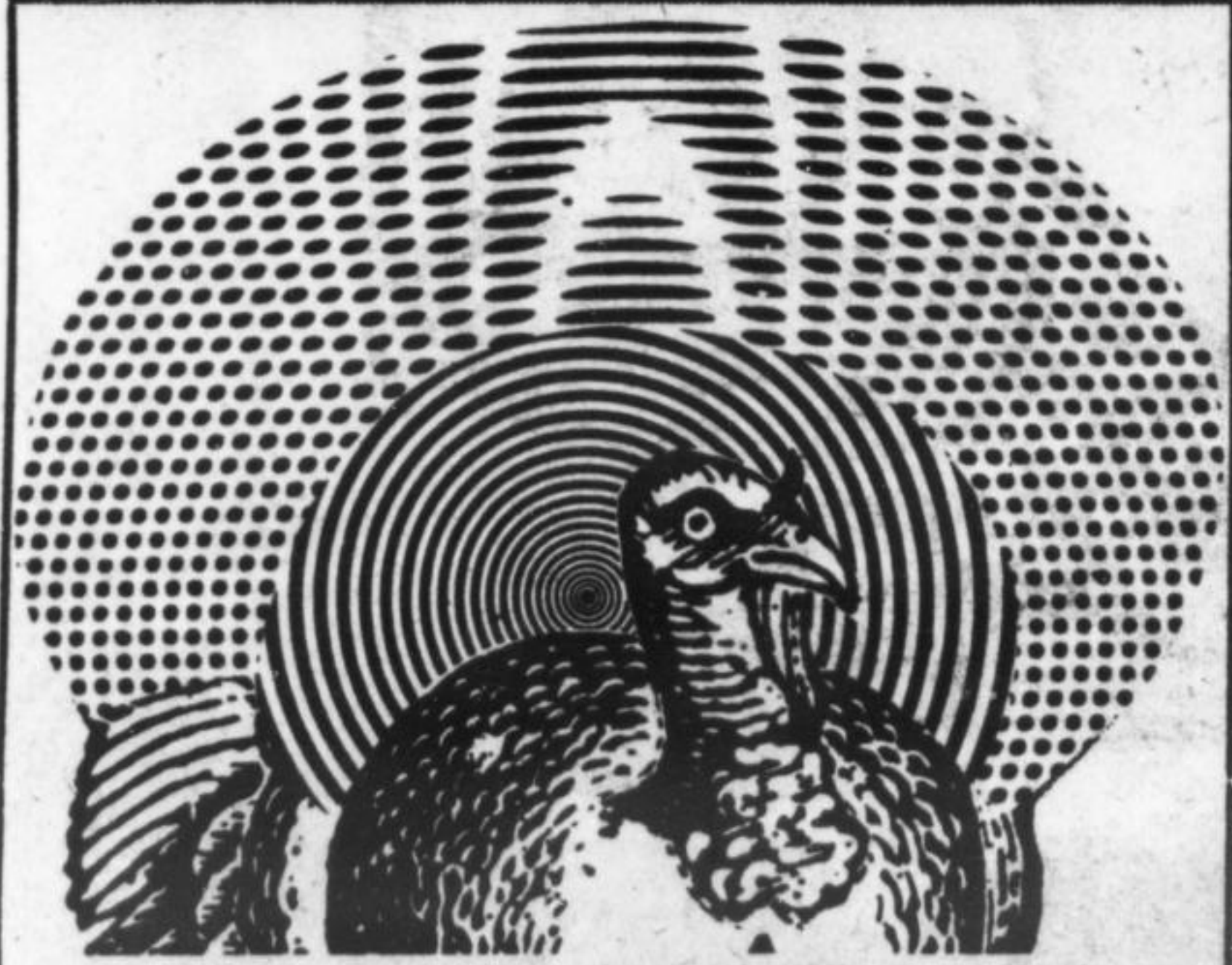
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comics

(Continued from Page 17)

your googer guddies. You worry about them when they're in trouble, sympathise with their domestic travails, share their little joys and sorrows and enmities. So what if Captain America's still all wrought up with guilt and remorse over the death of his teenage sidekick Bucky, over twenty years ago now? (Think of Bobby and John, of Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers, Che Guevara, Bobby Hutton, Patrice Lumumba. . .) Captain America risks his life for us against bad evil people, that's what counts, because he's in love and he's frustrated and inhibited and sometimes he just wonders if it's worth it. . . There follows below a precis of a few Marvel superheroes, their gimmicks, their situations, and their secret heartaches.

Captain America, in real life, is Steve Rogers. His story is a strange one. During World War II, Captain America — with his teenage sidekick Bucky — was something of a folk hero, both Over There and Back On The Home Front. His personal arch-enemy was the Red Skull, and they had a great noisy time of it together until the end of the War, and even for a while afterwards. Then, for immaterial reasons, it was decided to kill off the whole Captain America concept: Cap wound up full fathom five below the Arctic Ocean, and Bucky perished most convincingly in a flaming airplane. Later, just a few years ago, Cap reappeared with the Avengers, a Marvel superhero gestalt. Sure enough, it turned out he'd been frozen all that time in an iceberg, and — much to the delight of the Cryonics people — rethawed as fresh and blonde as ever. Eventually, he proved so popular that he got his own title, working on co-contract with Nick Fury's SHIELD outfit — and most important, his own chick. The girl is Sharon Tate, a fellow SHIELD operative, and she's as tall and blonde

and healthy as he is. But he won't marry her, even after twenty years of chilly continence, because he's afraid he'll have to watch her die someday just as he watched Bucky die. This is not a sickness, not by Middleclass Marvel standards — it's called tragedy, and Captain America is a Tragic Hero.

Nick Fury used to be one cool cookie. That was while Jim Steranko, Marvel's finest artist-draughtsman, was drawing the strip and writing his own continuity, some months ago. Fury is at the top of the greasy Marvel pole, he's Commander-in-Chief of SHIELD, which sort of presides over all the other superheroes, with the possible exception of Dr. Strange. He too is a relic of the second world war, from the Pacific theatre — Sgt. Fury and the Howling Commandoes, I believe it was. Now Fury is balding sternly about the temples, he wears a sexy eyepatch and a black leather suit wired like a James Bond Ferrari with deadly transistorised doom weapons. Steranko would really put Fury through his paces when he had him: gigantic panoramas, two complete facing comics pages devoted to a single picture of tier upon tier of evil super-fanatics ambushing a lonesome Nick Fury. But he also let Fury relax afterwards, and I mean really relax—Steranko had a willowy brunette SHIELD agent staying in Fury's pad, and what went on between them tested the extreme limits of the Comics Code, I needn't tell you. But now all that is changed: Frank Springer, he who drew Phoebe Zeitgeist, is doing a mediocre job on Fury, and Steranko has been given to the X-Men — and the X-Men are still to fucking lame to warrant mention even here.

Dr. Strange is an interesting case, and my personal favorite above all other. Master of the Mystic Arts is he, a footloose one and fancy-free, or he was up until just lately. Used to be he just rammed around with his aged mentor, a nameless old Inscrutable called the Ancient One, possessed of

(Continued on Page 19)

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obscure and Godlike powers. Like Spider-Man's Aunt May, though, the Ancient One was forever on the verge of sudden necrosis, and he proved to be a terrible burden to poor Strange. Off he'd go, though, Strange, zapping through the ether to battle Dormammu or Baron Mordo, often as not in his ectoplasmic longjohns. 'By

the Rings of Raggador!' he'd curse, and the firmament would yawn asunder and inhale his foes by the legion! 'By the Hoary Hosts of Hoggoth!' Vap! No more Satannish! Oh, he's no a one to meddle with, that Strange, eldritch and unco'. . . Lately, though, he's gotten terribly involved with this Clea woman, a witchy albino thing in a fishnet outfit. Her own magical powers have been usurped by some evil being or another, and Strange has to nurse her through an Infinity of bum trips. The Ancient One is nowhere around, oh sob. This infatuation of Strange's could get to be a drag, unless Clea remains the excellent jerk-off material she has been the last four issues.

And finally, for the purposes of this article, there's Spider-Man, poor Peter Parker of Forest Hills. There is not a more tormented soul in the whole Marvel lexicon than Peter Parker, alias Spider-Man, alias Peter Parker, alias Spider-Man. . . Yeah, this kid's really on the schitz. In his private life, Peter Parker is totally dominated by women, so thoroughly emasculated he comes off sexy, in a City-College-Sophomore way. At home he has Aunt May, or rather she has him — an extraordinarily ancient, withered, perpetually dying old crone who throws a coronary every time a fart comes crosswise, who can't get out of bed or even sit up for her gruel without young Peter personally helping her. At school, two girls vie amiably for his affections — Mary Jane, a smouldering redheaded go-go-go nymphette (too old to be a nymphet, too young to be a nympho), and a staggering ice-blond shicksa called Gwen, daughter of the local benevolent Police Commissioner: between them, although Gwen owns his typical teenage heart, they keep him pretty ectomorphic. (Drawn by John Buscema and Johnny Romita — who are very good indeed — the chicks could be twins, except for the hair.) Now, Spider-Man is a whole different matter. No woman uses him, nobody uses him, not even Nick Fury. He's a total loner, nobody knows who he is or what he's up to. Amazing transformation. The index of Spider-Man's schizophrenia is the way Peter Parker can one moment suck up to his boss, the despicable newspaper editor J. J. Jameson, and

(Continued on Page 22)

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Richard Goldstein recently wrote in *NEW YORK Magazine*:

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GETS 8-YEAR-OLD PREGNANT

The bubble didn't burst, it just rotted away. Paul McCartney came to New York last week, and he couldn't leave without leaving a trail of gossip in his wake. What Big Name Show Biz Personality was seen at the Dalton school, picking up what Wealthy Divorced Socialite's daughter to take them both off to old Liverpool for a Roman Holiday? What ever happened to Jane Asher? Who's in charge here?



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book rev. (Continued from Page 11)
in shortest supply. The consequences of Establishment pressure on nationwide education are already being felt parallel with automation. All subserves these self-perpetuating bureaucracies, or else it is elbowed out in the competition for available funds.

If we really want to use such things as TV sets, hi-fi's, automobiles, or for that matter jet planes, something like present Establishments remain necessary. If we want to replace or destroy the latter, we must be prepared to give up the named product.

Galbraith is not a doom-crier, despite the dismal sound of this last conclusion. His last five chapters contain constructive suggestions and recommendations, mainly involving educational changes in the light of the new awareness of what is going on behind the scenes, federal intervention to correct some longterm abuses, and part of the direction behind-the-scenes summit conferences will have to take if there is to be a shift of Western/Soviet competition from missile systems to other fields (outer space?).

Galbraith does not say so, but one can correctly conclude from his theoretical material that any such changes are unlikely on the part of LBJ and his successors. For after all, the Establishment — without the cruder form of bribery or park-barrel stuff — is now a kind of interlocking directorate with government, and the latter is the chief customer/beneficiary of many Establishment projects. It is barely possible that as the incredible advances in knowledge provided by this book become assimilated, there may be eventual social changes justifying a more optimistic view than now seems possible.

The book stands as a fundamental contribution to human knowledge. One would wish it to become an equal contribution to human wisdom in action.

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columbia

(Continued from Page 3)

this inequality.

And beyond this, it was noted that the Interim Rules are ex-post facto as far as the law school is concerned since the law students only last week accepted them in a student vote—136 for, 8 for with changes, 33 against out of a total enrollment 900.

The others did not choose to vote. Reichbach's incident was Sept. 18.

Failure to have a trial by a jury of his peers is another indication that Columbia is not a democracy, the defense said. And, the defense said, it did not have the effective power to subpoena witnesses and the accusers (Acting President Cordier, Kirk and six others officials refused to appear unless the tribunal specifically deemed it necessary).

And if these arguments were not enough, it was pointed out that the Interim Rules called for the tribunal to have two faculty members, two students and one administration representative. Yet the tribunal broke its own rules by not seating an administration official.

"We, too, are forced to break rules for the higher concepts of justice," Reichbach said after noting that the administration saw the innate inequity of placing one of their men as a judge in their own cause.

Then in the final argument calling for the tribunal to disband itself because it lacked jurisdiction for tribunal to have two faculty members, two students faculty were leveled, and pandemonium exploded.

It was evident that Reichbach and his attorneys, and the ten other law students facing charges who sat next to them, were dismayed at the fracas.

Reichbach had signalled to the audience several times throughout the trial for his followers to quiet themselves for obviously they had solid arguments and he was following the game's rules.

So the university did not have the chance to even see if it could answer the arguments, much less get into the evidence that it says it has that Reichbach broke the rules.

(The SDS people assert that they did not attempt to block the registration for they were attempting to enter the building in order to register both themselves and eight students who had been suspended. As for the assault, they say Reichbach was assaulted by a club-swinging cop — remember the photo in the newspapers? — not the other way around.)

Reichbach's professional career is at stake — as his lawyers frequently stated. But so is the career of SDS at Columbia at stake.

More than a dozen students from both the law school and other parts of the university told EVO that while they had been with SDS in fact or in sympathy. Tuesday's "cartoon" wasn't very funny.

"Responsibility is an alien concept here," one said. "These people who did this today want to be leaders — so they play half a game by letting Gus speak, and then quit. Bullshit."

Later in the evening Reichbach went to another university building where Cordier was to attend a meeting in order to have him "stand trial for the crimes of the university — its racist policies, its connections with the war machine."

Cordier did not appear as scheduled and the handful (perhaps 20 students) who stuck with him after the fiasco trial headed for Low Library to see if something was happening there.

"Gus, what do you personally think of what happened this afternoon?" he was asked by EVO.

"Well, I can understand the frustration which made it happen," he said.

"Jeez," one nearby admirer said. "You sound like a politician."

He did.

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comics

(Continued from Page 19)

the next moment, in comweb mufti, insult him horribly. The community at large is ambivalent on the subject of Spider-Man: some think he's a criminal and should be jailed, others credit him with preserving the whole town from crime in the streets. Spider-Man himself is working off a guilty conscience — as a youth he saw his foster parents die before his very eyes, and he never forgave himself for that — and frankly, he's just not altogether stable in the head. He could blow up some day and kill us all, that's what I'm waiting for, that's why I read his book.

HOW LOVE?

This is how I love superhero comics, how we love them. Lately, presumably aware of their new college-educated readership, Stan Lee and his friends have been using a lot of token Negroes, hippie-revolutionist types, like that. Spider-Man is presently fiddling with a campus revolt, led by honestly militant-looking spade kids, and treating them half sympathetically. This too is fun, for a while, but there exists the horrible possibility that true topicality, in the sententious, Comics-Coded hands of the Marvel crew, could become a really overwhelming bore. And then where would we be? Next week, space permitting, I shall take up a consideration of the new DC satire comics (and Marvel's self-satire, *Not Brand Ecceh*) which personify the healthiest — and funniest — trend comics have taken since the old *Mad* comics.

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thilm

(Continued from Page 14)

torcycles as presents to their women, and perhaps even black leather jumpsuits lined in black fur. . .

The Bleecker Street will be playing a marvelous, 'in', double feature through Tuesday: **Unstrap Me** — the story of Walter Gutman as seen and understood by George Kuchar — and **Pull My Daisy**, some of the flowers in the underground bouquet as seen and narrated by Jack Kerouac.

Daytop Village is now undergoing an incredibly violent change, externally influenced. The board of directors, headed by Monsignor William B. O'Brien, has split with a differing group of the direct executive staff members headed by Dave Deitch, the executive director of the center. The main underlying basic issue which caused the split: Choice #1: power play — Daytop Village centers receive over \$500,000 in government aid every year and both the amount and number of centers is expanding. Corollary: the realization that Msgr. O'Brien and Dave Deitch have very different views on how best to run the centers; to include various secular notions such as Che Guevara and Black Panthers or to concentrate more on

just working with the residents in non-political, non-societal areas, leaving it to the individual to resocialize according to his own wishes; to promote a general interest in the outside world and subscribe to the view that sick addicts are produced by a sick society, or to adhere more closely to the view that the addict exists from more internal motivation. . .

Nobody is right and no one is wrong, as usual. Meanwhile, side effects include a backlash effect in the centers where younger and more recent residents are unable to believe that they can find any more trust and security in Daytop than existed outside of it. In any struggle, there will always be casualties, always be the fallen. . . It's just such a pity that this particular fight is getting so ugly. The New York Times carried an article Sunday which managed to state non-informational facts. The fact that a struggle was somehow conveyed without giving any idea of the sentiment within the centers pro and con, or the real nature of the reasons given for its existence. . . So residents within attempt to carry out coups; those siding with Deitch refuse to leave the centers physically; those siding with the

board of directors try to make them leave. . . and so it goes. **The Concept**, as always whenever people affect an absolute, is getting multi-directional.

kokaine

karma

(Continued from Page 16)

idea about the music they are talking about. Evidence of their disinterest in pop music, seeing it only as a job, is supported by eye witness information that the reviewer of the Johnny Jenkins Blues Revival at The Scene, spent the entire set at the bar asking the genial pourer nonsense questions about the musicians' history. He didn't even care enough to listen to Jenkin's music as his Record World review obviously reveals.

Pop concerts are often too expensive to attend, but a benefit at Town Hall for Free Form Radio is priced from \$1.50 to \$3.50. It is being presented on Friday night, November 29, and will feature Earth Opera, Group Image, Buzz Linhart with P. F. Sloane, Billy Mitchell, and the Morning Light Show.

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nals carried a paper of an unusual accidental death of a woman following coital foreplay.

Her lover had an impulse to blow air into her vagina which he proceeded to do vigorously. She had just stopped menstruating and her vascular system was therefore directly vulnerable. She complained of pain immediately and died within a few minutes — a rather gruesome outcome to what began as an erotic whim."

COMMENT: Or as a well-known Berkeley backgammon expert said, "No, no baby, blow is just a figure of speech!"

QUESTION: Could you please tell me if there is any other word for "clitoris"? That's just too scientifically proper for bedroom talk, but neither my boyfriend nor any of my other friends have been able to find one that seems natural to say.

We agreed that "clit" from Candy was only a little bit better so your suggestions really will be appreciated.

ANSWER: Three syllables does seem out of proportion but I've never heard another word for this unique organ which has pleasure as its only known function. Perhaps there are readers with other suggestions.

QUESTION: I am a single girl of 23 who has a most frustrating problem — I am unable to reach climax (except through cunnilingus or

masturbation) because I have a hooded clitoris.

I know there is an operation to remove the hood, but I am also sure I could not afford it. Therefore, I write to you to ask if you might know of any positions that would help he reach a climax.

I have tried all the well-known positions (and other types too) but I'll be damned if I can ever climax through intercourse!

ANSWER: I doubt that a "hooded" clitoris is the cause of your complaint and surgical procedures seldom are the cure.

Sexology Magazine (a useful source of information — don't be put off by the lurid covers) recently featured an article claiming a useful treatment for this very common problem.

If a woman can reach a climax through masturbation or manipulation by her partner, she is gradually trained to reach orgasm through intercourse. A kind of conditioning takes place. The climax is achieved first when penetration begins and eventually during complete intercourse. (A female's orgasm is almost always caused by clitoral stimulation, direct or indirect).

Patience and perfect frankness between partners is required if this treatment is to be effective.

QUESTION: Your recent remarks on the function of the scrotum have stimulated me to ask for your comments on a related personal problem.

Normally my scrotum is completely relaxed, causing my testicles to dangle in an unsightly manner. Occasionally (and unpredictably) it tightens but usually not at an appropriate time, as when on view prior to intercourse.

Although this has vexed me since adolescence, I have never felt it was a great problem. This past summer, however, I had a couple of really great free beach experiences, during one of which I miraculously managed to keep a tight scrotum most of the time.

Since I now feel the free beach scene is the only beach scene worth making, I am writing in hopes you can suggest some treatment or exercise that would enable me to step onto a free beach next summer with a self-assurance I now lack.

ANSWER: The cremasteric muscles controlling the scrotum are not voluntarily activated so unless you can gain this control through yoga:

1) While lying in the sand have a friend run up, shriek loudly and throw ice water on your abdomen. When this has been done five or six times unexpectedly you'll be ready for the next step which is:

2) While lying in the sun have a friend run up and shriek loudly, this time omitting the ice water. The desired reaction will be the same.

3) With a little imagination you can work out variations of this reflex conditioning so that even the thought of being on a beach can put you up tight. Or you can allow your body to do its thing, relax, dig the free beach scene and hang loose.

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

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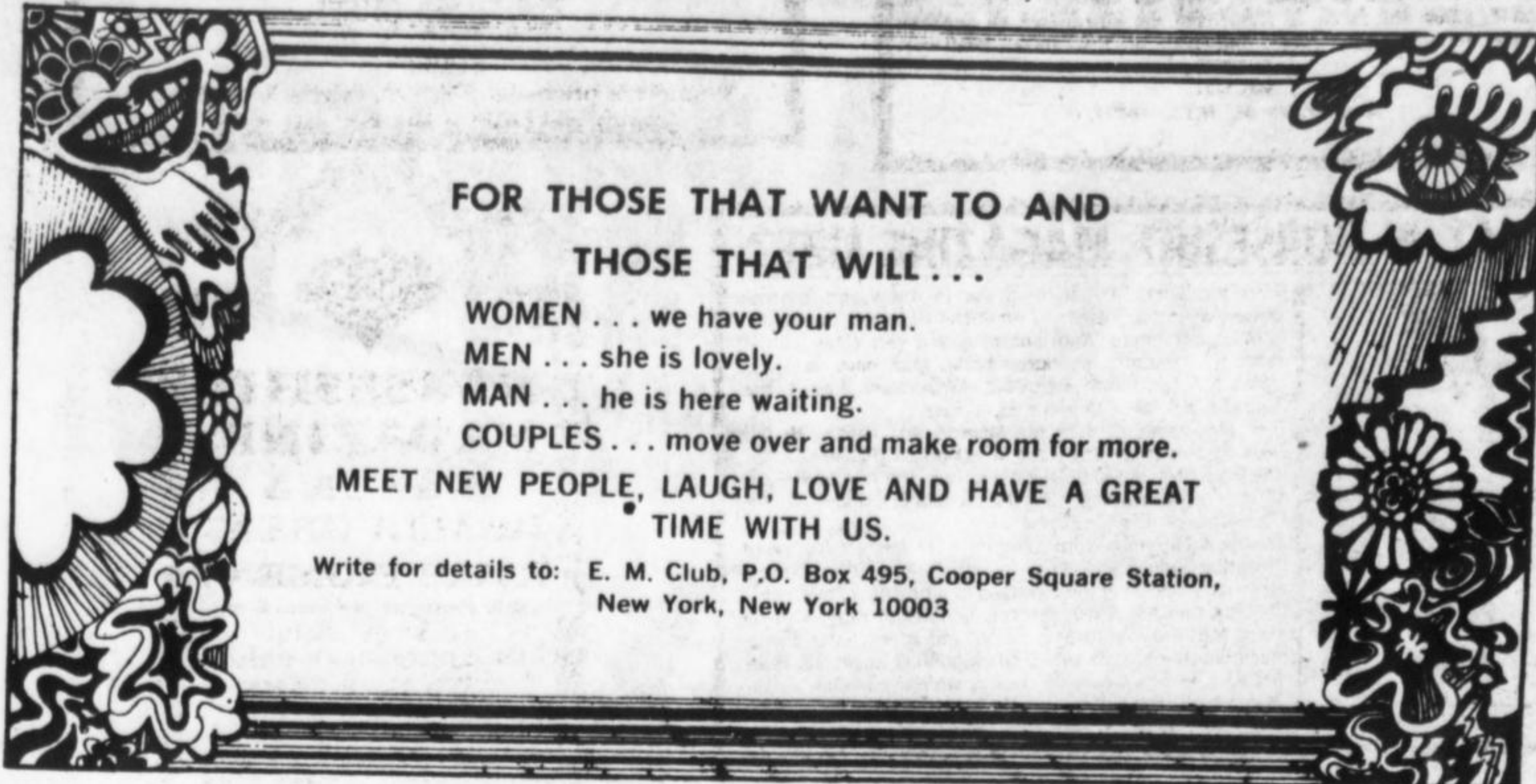
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emanations

clairvoyant contact with a Tibetan monk, and that his memories of these experiences are honest and

real, but so fragmentary that he has had to pad them out somewhat — and yet he insists on calling the whole thing real, instead of admitting that some of it is memory and the rest his own invention.



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The
Games
Begin**

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The Lobsang Rampa books are, at best, fourth-rate occult novels — except that had they been put forth as novels, they are so badly written that no one would read them. The claim of complete truth probably deceives a lot of people, and because of that, I consider the books to be *worse* than worthless.

Q. I have been invited to attend a Black Mass. Should I go?

A. Unless you are a devout Catholic and don't want to lend color to blasphemy, why not? Chances are overwhelmingly large that it's just a show put on for tourists, and won't do any more harm than going to see *Rosemary's Baby*. As for the real thing — well, a real black adept is as hard to get chummy with as the Dalai Lama, and the average person is no more likely to be invited to a *real* Black Mass than to be invited to have breakfast with the Pope. By the time you get to that point, you'll know enough about it — the ones who invite you will see that you do — that you won't need to ask anyone whether or not you should go; you'll either yell "Hooray" and plunge in, or start running like hell.

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(Continued from Page 5)

him in the same way. One day I caught Garrison on an NBC show and he spent 25 minutes of the 30 minutes talking the possibility of the CIA implication in the death of the president and he spoke 5 minutes in a very peripheral way about Jack Ruby's brother's lawyer in Detroit. And the New York Times carried the story the next day and there was not one mention of the CIA. Now, this is supposed to be a news report. You could say Garrison was a fool, a liar, and idiot, whatever you want, but a news report would have mention of the fact the Garrison said something about the CIA. Instead the news report talked only about Ruby's lawyer. You know, this is patently ridiculous.

End Part I

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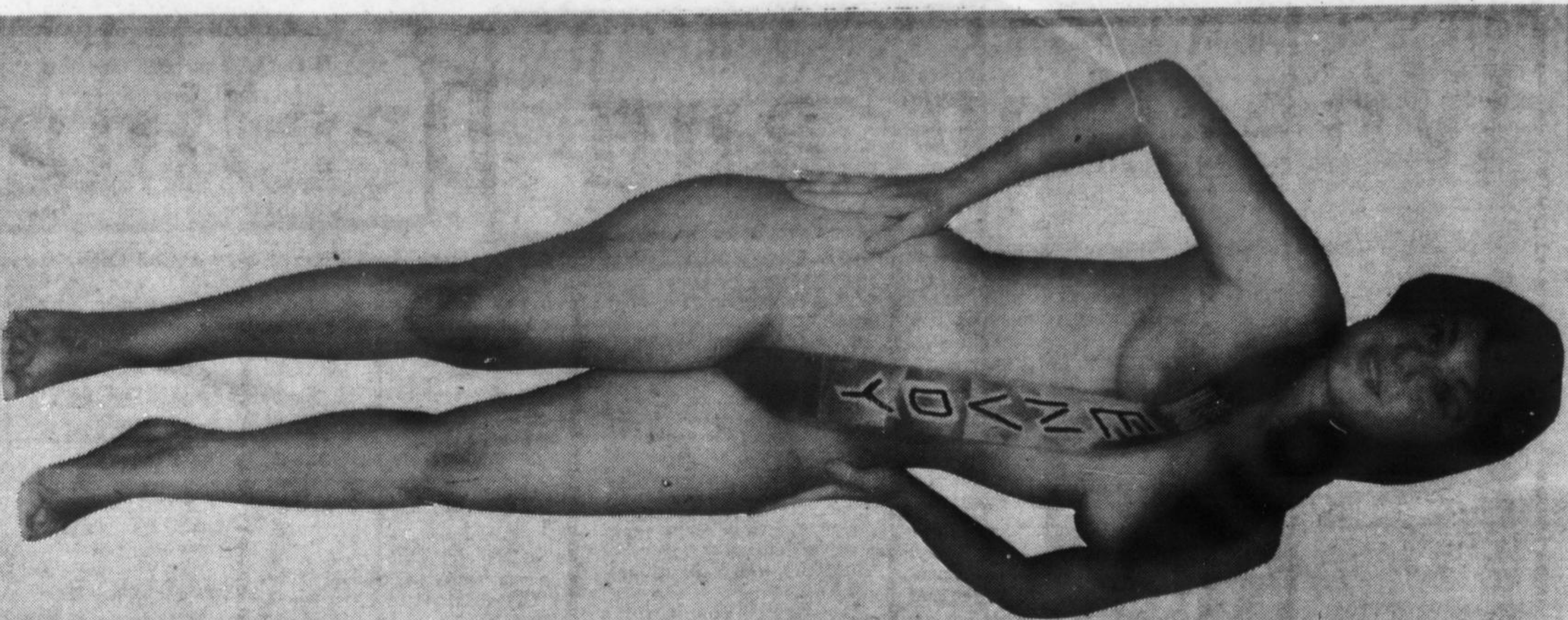
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when the mirror forgets a flower
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ALLENTOWN, PA. chick. Met at Fillmore Fri. nite Oct. 18. Call Elliot at 212-EX 2-2752. Leave phone number. Let us continue our rap about blue eyes . . . green eyes. We both have green eyes . . . therefore . . . LOVE.

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Hear My Heart
when variation extends into shame
and yesterday distorts a flame
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URGENT!!! Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Tom Conroy please tell him to contact Cam Watson, 3641 Ella Lee Lane, Houston, Texas 77027. **URGENT!!!**

BUNEE · CHECK for other MESSAGE.

APARTMENTS, PEOPLE, wanted for social functions. For new social club, apts. Prefer Manhattan or one fare locations in other boroughs. Lou Liberman, 4 W. 31st St., N.Y., N.Y. JE 6-5386, 9 p.m. · 12 a.m.

BIG time Buck White cast of seven just in from Watts sick for days of mid town hotels. Quick need pads in Village where vibrations are together. Can you help us find lofts, 2½ to 3½ room apartments near Village South theatre, 15 Van Dam Street, Address: Big Time Buck White Stranded Room 518, 1472 Broadway, New York, 10036.

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HAPPENINGS

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
 310 Riverside Drive

NOW THRU NOV. 17:
 Craft Tools and Kitchen Utensils
 from Colonial Period through Federalist and pre-Civil War to turn of Century
 NYU - Loeb Student Center (Free)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOW THRU JAN. 26:
 Rauschenberg—"Soundings"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

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

NOV. 27 THRU FEB.:
 "The Machine As Seen At The End of the Mechanical Age"
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM
 "NonViolent Revolution in South America" by Dr. Hildegard Gross-Mayr
 Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church
 921 Madison Avenue

MONDAY, NOV. 25:
 10:30 AM
 Survey of the Collections—
 "Romanesque Art"
 By Linda J. Lovell
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM
 "Violence and Hate"
 By Emanuel K. Schwartz
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, NOV. 26:
 2:00 PM
 Slide Talk: "Indians of the Northwest Coast"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27:
 11:00 AM
 "American Portrait Painting"
 By Linda J. Lovell
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

POETRY READING

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27:
 8:30
 Sam Delany & Tom Disch
 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
 "Arenas of Lutetia"
 By Ronald Tavel
 Judson Poets' Theatre
 55 Washington Square South

MUSIC

FRIDAY, NOV. 22:
 8:30 PM
 Classic Guitar Concert
 Rodrigo Riera
 Cooper Union Forum
 8th Street and 4th Avenue

SATURDAY NOV. 23:
 8:30 PM — \$2.50
 "New Lost City Ramblers"
 McMillan Theater
 Columbia University

SUNDAY, NOV. 24:
 2:00 PM
 Folk Concert—Pat Sky and the Smith Brothers
 YMCA—23rd St. and 7th Ave.

SUNDAY, NOV. 24:
 A concert of Contemporary American Music presented by Group for Country Music from Columbia University
 Town Hall
 113 West 43rd Street

MONDAY, NOV. 25:
 8:30 PM
 The Pennywhistlers
 Folklore Center Folk Festival
 Wash Square Methodist Church
 135 West 4th Street

TALKS

FRIDAY, NOV. 22:
 2:30 PM
 "Master Draftsmen: Callot"
 By Angela B. Watson
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

SUNDAY, NOV. 24:
 10:45 PM
 "Riches and Poverty in America: Where do we Stand"
 By Algernon D. Black
 N. Y. Society for Ethical Culture
 2 West 64th Street

—3:00 PM
 Two lectures: "Western Islamic Art"
 by Ernst J. Grube and Don Ananiv
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

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

FILMS

FRIDAY, NOV. 22:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "If I Had A Million" (1932)
 By Ernst Lubitsch
 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," "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Movies," "Red Light," "The World of Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Flamenco"
 Maurice Amar Studio
 61 East 11th St. — 982-6688—\$1.50

—8:30 PM
 "Awake and Aware"
 Childbirth Seen on Film
 American Society for Psycho-Prophylaxis in Obstetrics Inc.
 36 W. 96th Street — 81.00

SATURDAY, NOV. 23:
 11:30 PM
 "Spione" (The Spies) (1928)
 By Fritz Lang
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—3:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Angel" (1937) by Ernst Lubitsch
 with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvin Douglas
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 PM
 "Hedy" by Andy Warhol,
 with Mario Montez
 90 and 9 Coffee House
 99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

—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," "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Movies," "Red Light," "The World of Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Flamenco"
 Maurice Amar Studio
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 — \$1.50

SUNDAY, NOV. 24:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
 By Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette Colbert, David Niven and Gary Cooper
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—8:00 and 10:00 PM
 Maurice Amar's "Americana," "Raga Doll," "Love at Chrystie Street," "Yellow Alley," "Three Instant Movies," "Red Light," "The World of Guillermo Nunez," "Concerto Flamenco"
 Maurice Lamar Studio
 61 E. 11th St. — 982-6688 (\$1.50)

MONDAY, NOV. 25:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "The Shop Around The Corner"
 (1940) by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullivan, Frank Morgan and James Stewart
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

TUESDAY, NOV. 26:
 2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941)
 By Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon, Melvin Douglas and Burgess Meredith
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27:
 2:00 PM
 "The Mighty Western Forest,"
 "Wild Rivers"
 Museum of Natural History
 79th Street and CPW

—2:00 and 5:30 PM
 "Hell's Hinges"
 By William S. Hart
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

THURSDAY, NOV. 28:
 2:00, 5:30 and 8:00 PM
 "Heaven Can Wait" (1943)
 By Ernst Lubitsch, with Don Ameche, Marjorie Main, Spring Byington and Charles Coburn
 Museum of Modern Art
 11 West 53rd Street

—7:30 PM
 Film—Saroyan's "The Beautiful People" and Talk by Alice Smith: "The Prayer of Thanksgiving"
 A.R.I. New York Center
 31 West 35th Street

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HUM?... NO! DOUGLAS RECORDS, MAN! YOU BEEN DOIN' OUR JIVY, FUN ADS REMEMBER?....

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THA' CATS NAME IS BRUCE, LENNY BRUCE... BRUCE AS IN SPRUCE... LENNY AS IN PENNY... ..UM?... ..WHAT?..

NO, HE DOESN'T PLAY THE ELECTRIC JUICE HARP... ..HE'S A FANTASTIC SATIREST... I SAID... ..SATIREST, NOT SADEST!! ...YES... UMMUM.....

I WOULDN'T CALL HIM ORAL... HE'S VERBAL, YOU'RE VISUAL... ..NO HE'S NOT ENCROACHING ON YOUR MEDIUM... WELL I SAID THAT....

WHAT DO YA' MEAN, 'IS IT FUNNY?..' IT'LL RUPTURE YER DAMNED NAVAL!....

...YOU... DON'T... HAVE A BELLY... BUTTON.....

WELL OKAY, I BITE HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR ENTRAILS IN?...

....A CORK.....

BODÉ, WHATTA' CHRISTARE YOU DOING!?... ..OH... WELL STOP PLAYING WITH IT....

NO THIS ISN'T A CRANK CALL!! THIS IS DOUGLAS RECORDS, WE WANT ANOTHER AD, MAN!..

THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE ☆ POLITICS ☆

I ALWAYS... YEAH... I ALWAYS SAY IT WITH STARS BECAUSE THAT'S HOW IT APPEARS ON THE ALBUM JACKET...

THE ALBUM! THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE ☆ POLITICS ☆ YOU IDIOT!!

OKAY... I'M SORRY!! I'M SORRY I CALLED YOU THAT... REALLY... I AM... ..YES, FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART... NOW, WILL YOU PLE... LOOK, I SAID I'M SORRY GOD DAMN IT!!

...HELLO?... BODÉ?...

douglas

