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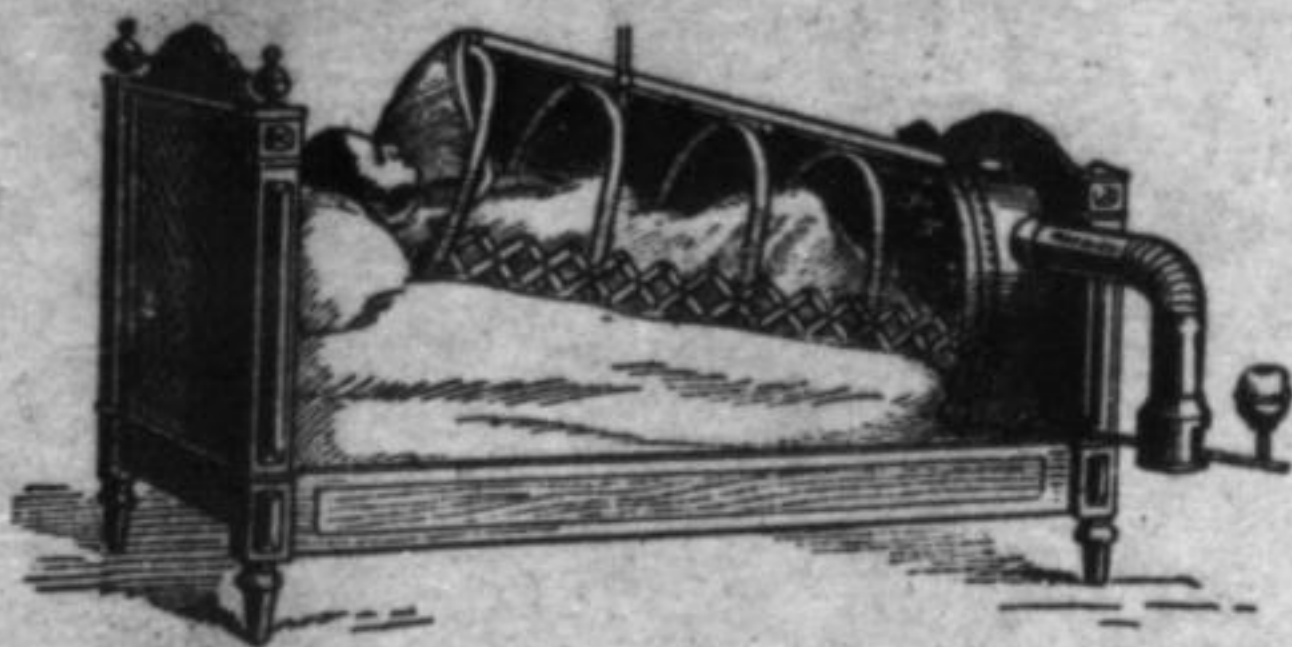


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NEW JERSEY: THE BLADE

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Dear EVO:

How can America be so conceited as to expect the world to be totally blind as to its hypocrisy concerning the war in Viet Nam? It is a war where millions of people are to be butchered in the glorious crusade for freedom. Innocent farmers who merely strive to feed their families are killed everyday, however inadvertently it may be. But here in America, murderers are being excused from the death penalty, because we are a "just and merciful" country. There are few states that even have the death penalty now, because we see that killing is wrong, and no man has the right to take the life of another human being.

But does this benevolent attitude apply only to Americans? Everyday we read about some righteous bureaucrat urging us to escalate in Viet Nam, and kill a few more Commies for Christ.

I guess that until America regains her sanity, we will all be partisans in the singing of the warmongers:

Kill one, You're a murdered
Kill many, you're a hero
sign me;
disgusted

(currently serving in the U.S. Army)

Dear EVO,

Concerning your article, Da-Yeh-Nu, in the paper . . . I really wish all the people who are against the happening in Chicago, (like Humphrey), and the Hippie and Yippie movements and communes, would read your article and think about its point of view.

As a senior in highschool, I have a whole life ahead of me, and a whole lot of decisions to make. I would like to tell you what questions your article brought about, and what it meant to me.

You say be revolutionary. But, isn't fighting what we're fighting against? How can we be sure if a post-revolutionary period would be better than now? Are we strong enough to fight against society and their police? I hope we can think of an easier way to get what we want, but I think we'll have to wait till the "straight generation" completely dies out. I don't think a revolution could ever happen with the right side to come out winning. And, of course, it can't happen with the "Flower Power" way, because, you were right in saying, "Flower Power died when it became a power!" I've seriously thought of "dropping-

LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS - LETTERS

out" so many times, but it involves hurting too many people I love. I will definitely not join "the trap of now!" I will try my best to fight it even if it's ever hopeless (which it is not and won't be!)

You're whole article is mainly what I believe, but am sometimes confused about some of it. I do believe, we must fight for a long time, no matter what the consequence.

PEACE. From an unestablished, confused, girl, Suzanne Faye, New York, New York

Dear EVO:

Calling the world unsteady is not just a political or moral judgement, it is an act of scientific accuracy. The earth is unsteady, it wobbles on its axis just like a spinning top. Unlike any top, however, the earth takes about 26 thousand years to complete one wobble. Now this is fairly ancient knowledge. It was discovered by the Greek astronomer Hippoclas, who lived in the Second Century B.C., and who noticed that the position of the stars and planets in his time was not exactly the same as had been reported a century earlier.

The phenomenon of the earth's slow shift in its angular relationship to the heavens was called precession, as it caused a change in the dates of such annual occurrences as the equinoxes of Spring and Fall. Modern scientists are still much interested in precession and in the wobble that causes it.

But there is another group of people interested in precession, or at least they should be interested in it—the astrologers. They have long been aware of the earth's wobble and its consequences. In fact, Hippoclas himself was an astrologer. But somehow they seem to ignore its significance. What precession means to astrology is this: the concept of the Zodiac was established about two or three thousand years ago. The idea that there is an area of the heavens through which the sun and the planets pass in their movements, and that the exact position of these bodies at the time of anyone's birth determine how they will effect that person's future life.

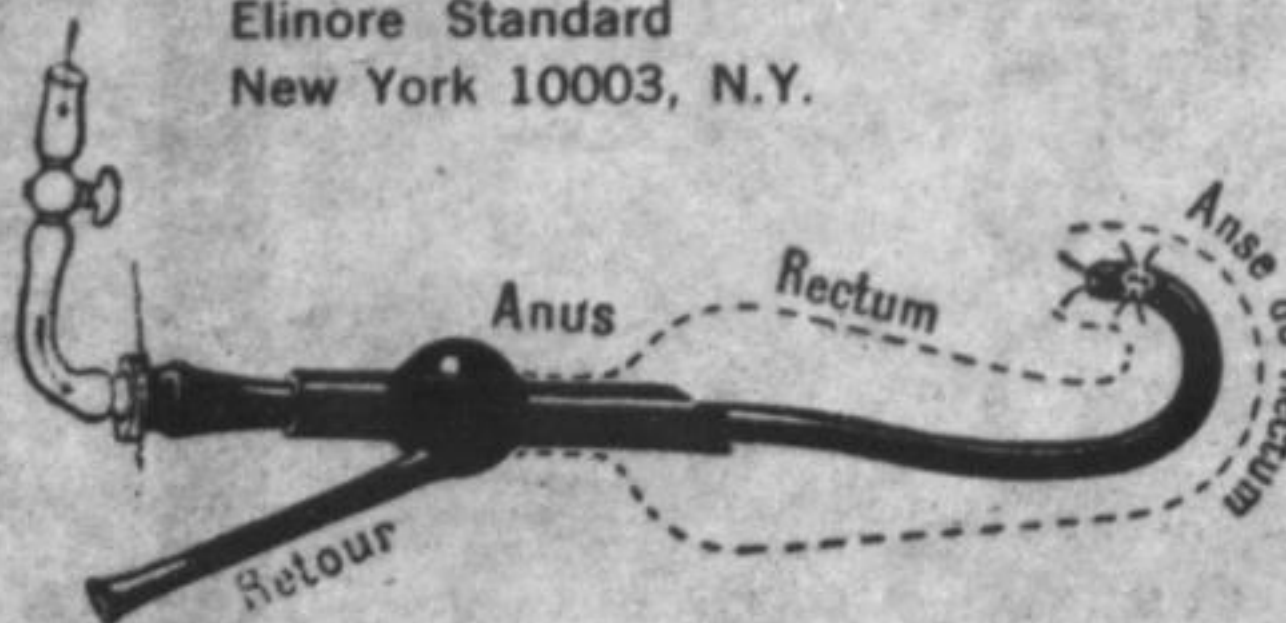
The relationship of the Zodiac to the stars was fixed according to the Spring Equinox. This means that the configuration of earth, sun and other planets, when appropriate to cause day and night of equal length, was said to occur in the zodiacal sign of Aries, The Ram. And then the other eleven signs followed in order from Taurus, the Bull, down to Pisces, the Fish.

Now, what has happened is that because of the earth's wobble, which remember, takes 26 thousand years to complete, our planet has shifted its angle of rotation since the zodiac was established. In fact, it shifted about 30 degrees, just enough to put the whole zodiac arrangements out by exactly one sign. So the Spring equinox no longer occurs in Aries, the Ram, it takes place in Pisces, the Fish. This means that because astrological calculations are all based on conditions as they were over two thousand years ago, all these calculations are out by one sign.

For example, if you were born in the middle of August, you believe you were born under the sign of Leo, the Lion. But actually, you were born under the sign of Cancer, the Crab. Now, this means that you are ruled, not by the sun as you have always thought, but by the moon.

Anyway, next time you look up your horoscope, ignore what it says for your particular sign and look instead at the preceding sign. That is really the message for you and I hope it is a happy one.

Sincerely yours,
Elinore Standard
New York 10003, N.Y.



Dear EVO:

During the last two months, over 500 Mexican students have been killed, over 2,000 wounded, and more than 5,000 jailed because of their participation in the National Student Strike. The strike was called to protest government interference with the autonomy of the National University and the National Polytechnic Institute. The students' only aim was to protect their right to free speech. The strike was brutally suppressed by the government.

The first victims—high school students—were killed at the Alameda when riot police (the granaderos) smashed in their skulls with billy clubs; 26 high school students were killed when an army battalion bazooka'd the door of their school; students holding a non-violent vigil at the Zocalo were bayoneted and run over by army tanks. The next day, students fleeing from advancing army forces were machine-gunned down on Madero St. In the latest confrontation, Wed. Oct. 2, over 27 persons (including bystander) were killed by army and police forces, hundreds were wounded, and 1000-1500 were arrested.

Throughout, the government has attempted to cover up the facts to the extent of denying, until recently, that any persons at all were killed. Bodies of dead students were either burned in the public crematorium or buried in unmarked graves; the wounded who could not escape were immediately picked up by army hospital ambulances and denied any other medical assistance; persons arrested were held incommunicado. Army troops and police deliberately destroyed equipment of reporters and photographers. Government officials effected press censorship by threatening to withhold supplies of printing paper from offending newspapers. A typical example of army and police action is described by a Mexican soldier in a letter to a friend:

. . . what I thought would be a gang of snot-nosed kids has become a revolt and maybe a revolution now that the famous order to destroy a door with a bazooka shell was given, and you know what force they have, caused many deaths and injuries. Of those that I could count there were 19, some of which were unrecognizable since they were blow to pieces.

One of them impressed me so much that I was sick at my stomach and wanted to throw up since his entire stomach was destroyed, his leg was missing and he was screaming for his mother and said that he hadn't done anything and Lieutenant Reyes . . . gave the order to shoot him to finish him off.

This is only a brief account of what's happening in Mexico. Mexican students desperately need money for care of the wounded and for students in hiding who have been forced to leave their jobs. Since the government censorship of the press and radio grows worse as the Oct. 12 opening date of the Olympic Games approaches, the students need money to inform the public of the conditions of increasing government repression.

We are trying to raise funds to send to the National Student Strike Council (Consejo Nacional de Huelga) If you can help us, please send donations, checks or money, checks made payable to Mrs. Darel Swan of the Committee for Support to Mexican Students. (Checks made out to the Consejo Nacional de

Huelga are not negotiable, since the government considers the organization illegal.) All money we receive will be forwarded immediately to the leaders and medical corps of the Student Strike (CNH).

We also need people to help make this into a nation-wide appeal—fundraising, gathering and publishing information, and generally organizing support for the Mexican Student Strike. IF YOU WOULD LIKE MORE INFORMATION OR IF YOU CAN HELP, PLEASE WRITE OR CALL US.

Edward Kissam
Darel Swan
Annex B
SUNYAB
Buffalo, N.Y. 14214
Phones: 884-2175, 837-6530

Dear EVO:

Because we live on Earth—

The Yippies paid high for their freedom and it was all false. They did not love or rationalize. They were raw radicalism and it had to be. What is done is done. The challenge is in meeting changes of the future. We must have organized power and distribution of it. It's a beginning. The Kennedy's were self destructing.

On Earth as it was in heaven
Remember the Alamo and Change!
A Voice in the Wilderness
One goofed up divorce (Chicago style)
I really don't give a damn but I am,
I think, I will —
I am immoral
I am selfish

I felt the rumble of the underground & have true hope for the 1st time. My faith is only copper and my fortress was made in rocks & mud. I hate bigotry!!

Renaissance?

JEANNE COX
Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED

To pose for bizarre (but not embarrassing) photo in men's room of Kennedy Airport toilet, at 1 a.m. next Friday. Free transportation, \$10 payment. For publication in Avant-Garde Magazine. Wear suit. Call: Jeff Stein. BR 9-1500.

Dear EVO:

Fans, I Elvin Bishop, wherever he may be—so, nowhere is a Temple to be found that could channel the prayer of all combined pretenders to the troll booth—the robots in dark blue (their suits should be green, they vegetarians, mandatorily)—posing as altar boys—object—the most functional event of the past half-decade-pol-itics in search of their own soul . . . assuming they have one—like a proctor once instructed our class—on a deserted island a tree falls, did it make a sound; and so I ask, did it really fall?

Kevin Favour

Dear EVO:

This city is sinking in a sea of dog shit.

Your truly,
"Stinky Foot"

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
105 Second Avenue
New York, New York 10003

WEEKLY RATES

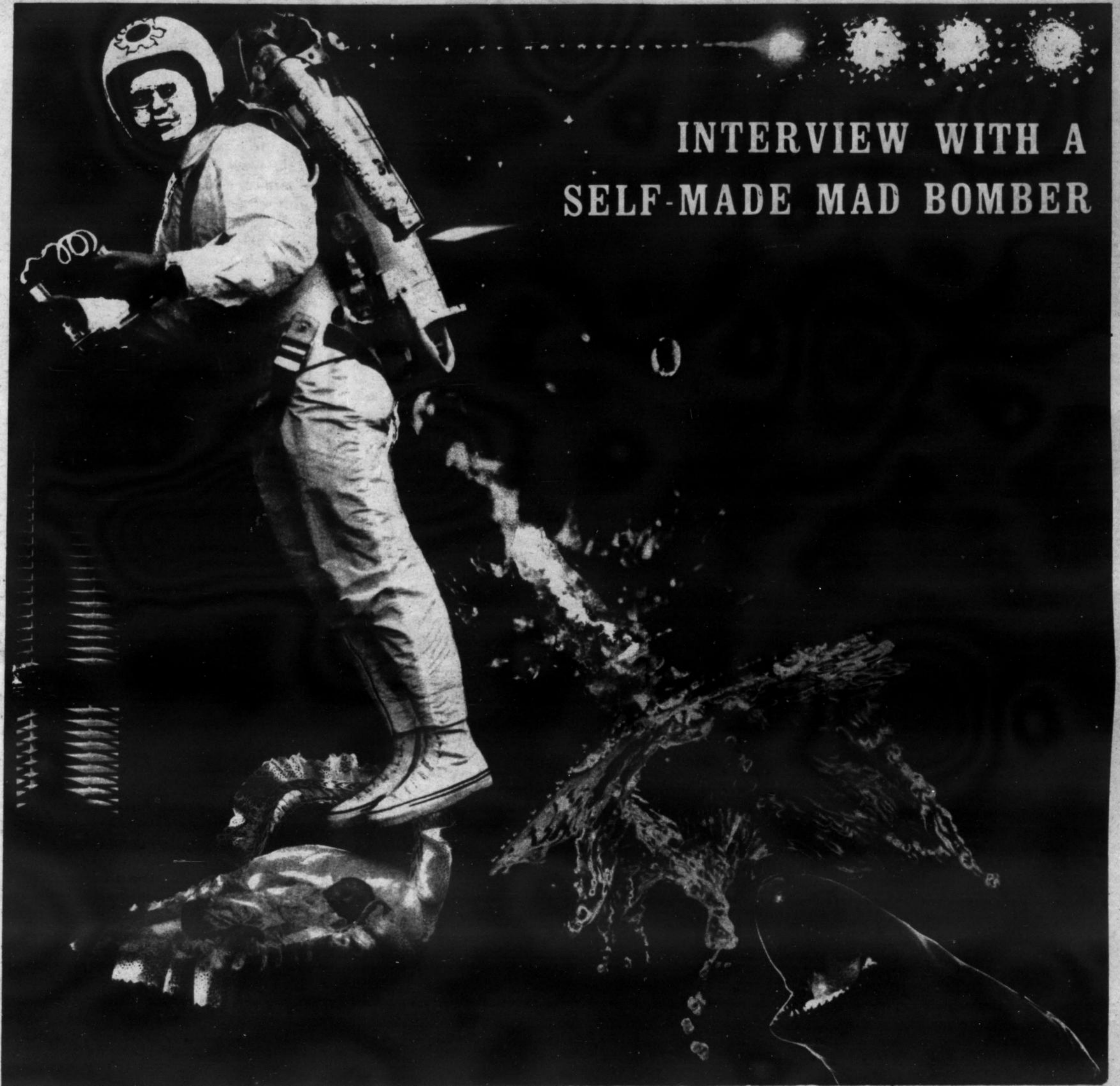
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- I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.
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If you want back copies of EVO, write to: Serial Publications, University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

The CIA office in Ann Arbor was blown up Sunday, as the seventh in a series of bombings by "Joshua Newton." Other buildings bombed in the five weeks since Chicago are: 1. a building in Roseville, Mich., Detroit suburb; 2. a school board in nearby Macomb County; 3. 13th Precinct Police Station in Detroit, near Wayne State University; 4. 10th Precinct, (site of some of last summer's riots); 5. 13th Precinct again, this time across the street, blowing out some windows. 6. Army Recruiting Station. Wowee zoweee!



INTERVIEW WITH A SELF-MADE MAD BOMBER

By ANN ARBOR ANONYMOUS
LIBERATION News Service

Here it is folks, an interview with Joshua Newton, demolitions expert for the Rebel Army.

Q. — Well, Josh, I guess we'll get started with a little background; how old are you?

J. — Twenty-one.

Q. — So much for the background; how did you get started in this, I mean blowing up police cars and CIA offices—is a pretty big step, I mean its the real thing?

J. — Yeah, it sure is.

Q. — What I meant was what is your political background? What brought you to the state of consciousness where you feel the only way to bring about change is by blowing up police cars and CIA offices?

J. — Well, I don't know man, it seems you'd have to go all the way back to when I was born, but that's all bullshit, but it's all real too. I don't know man, I'd much rather tell people how to blow things up than talking about all this bullshit.

Q. — OK, tell us about your latest exploit, the CIA office in Ann Arbor.

J. — Oh yeah, that was a groove. The whole thing about bombing places and espionage and sabotage, is that it's like all out of the movies and cloak and dagger shit, it's all that, but then it's real too, I mean you really are riding on the back of a motorcycle at 100

mph with 20 sticks of dynamite to go blow something up, you know. And so it gets pretty funny sometimes when you try to do things the way they are in the movies and then you get stuck with some reality, sometime they both aren't the same. Like when I was going to blow up the CIA, well first I had to go to Detroit to get the dynamite, it was supposed to be stashed in this alley, and I got to Detroit and drove around to be sure I wasn't followed, you know, all that movie stuff, I drove by the stash to make sure there were no FBI dudes running about, you have to remember that this is after Emmett and I blew up a whole shit load of stuff, in Detroit and the FBI and CIA and the pigs were thicker than flies on shit in that neighborhood, in fact a few of our brothers were being followed by the FBI at all times. Anyway, I drove down the alley real slow, I got to the stash and turned off the car and just sat there to make sure I wasn't followed and man I was scared, you know, I mean this is the shit you get shot for, but anyway I got out and walked over to the garbage cans where the dynamite was supposed to be, but I couldn't find it, I looked in all the garbage cans and all the sacks, but it wasn't there. I was pretty pissed off but I was pretty scared too, so I got back in the car and split. Then I made up my mind that it had to be there, so I went back and I was going to take all the garbage cans, man that was about 6 or 8, I picked up this

sack of garbage and put it in the car but it stunk so bad I had to get rid of it, when I lifted it out of the back seat the damn sack broke and bottles and cans and all this rank shit garbage went all over and there I was trying to be real James Bond like, knee deep in garbage and bottles clanging up and down the alley. So I just got pissed off and split.

Q. — So you never did get the stuff?

J. — Oh, yeah, we got it, we finally got it the next night.

Q. — Tell us about the night of the bombing.

J. — Well, Emmett and I just smoked alot of dope and made up the bomb.

Q. — How did you make up the bomb?

J. — Ah, I'm glad we're getting to something real. Well, you have 3 parts to the bomb. Fuse, blasting cap and sticks. 3 feet of fuse will burn for 2 minutes. You take the fuse and fray the ends, you stick one end in the blasting cap and tape it there, adhesive tape is the best or plastic tape, you know that black shit, then you just tape on as many sticks as you want. Then you tape the blasting cap to 2 sticks of dynamite keeping the blasting cap in the middle of the bomb.

Q. — How do you place the charge?

J. — Well mostly it depends on how scared you are. Sometimes you just light it and throw it, but this is bad because you have to be sure the fuse is

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SPROCKETS

BY BABY JERRY

Notice: two important, as well as interesting events/benefits will pass us by if we're asleep! 1) The Fillmore, as has been advertized, is holding a benefit with the combined show of Up Against The Wall Theater and the Living Theater from which the proceeds shall go to the Columbia Defense Fund and Ben Morea's Defense Fund. 2) The Bleeker St. Cinema will be the site for a film benefit that shall present, on Oct. 23rd, unseen footage of the Haight Ashbury and Berkeley riots as well as the premiere of a Newsreel film of the Black Panthers! These proceeds shall also affect Ben Morea's health for 10 years . . .

Ben Morea, one of the originators and perpetrators of UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS, now faces charges in Boston that promise him ten years of joy in jail should the "puritan's railroad express" succeed. Legal railroad-ing is but a symptom of the general politics of freak and hippie hate being practised in Boston by the general power and media structure according to Ben. The mayor of Boston has achieved such popularity amongst the young, the long hairs, the outcats, etc., that once, when he tried take a stroll on the Boston Common with his family, he was booed and hissed and pointed at so much that a police escort was needed to get him out safely. Obviously this is the thanks he gets for stro-o-o-ng civic pride and city-cleansing of minorities this summer.

The incident that put Ben in this position is, according to him, as follows:

He and three other friends, on a weekend afternoon, happen to be on the Common at the same time when a "common cleanup" is being carried out by the pigs (a foot on the grass is sufficient for arrest depending on your appearance and group identity); and so they split from the park to avoid arrest. Approximately ten minutes later they find themselves confronted by 15 to 20 straights, Veterans, etc. with bricks, sticks, club, and a lead pipe looking for trouble. With need for defense, Ben and the others pull out knives or grab whatever they can and in the shuffle one of the straights gets stabbed ending up on the hospital critical list (which he is off now). Ben says he stabbed nobody and just kept the creeps at bay.

Now, he is hung with a ten year bum rap if the puritan-railroad-express goes through, and it's up to us to help him to derail it! How many can remember Ben and his people doing the food in the streets thing while the summer was beginning. Abbey Hoffman, except for passing the word and buck, did little till the end of the summer. The food thing at St. Mark's (a measly once a week) was carried by myself and Allan Rausnitz (non-organization men) with the joyous assistance of Yippie elf-power, not head-power. Ben and UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS were virtually alone all summer trying to maintain several crash-pads for the strung out and transient as well as trying to feed them. Does theatrical Jerry Rubin (with so many hands to assist with his dope bust that is was like shaking hands) remember that he was virtually handless in the nitty-gritty of help in the lower east side all summer while indecisively shaking his head over the democratic convention. Hoffman and Rubin, rip off your Yippie Union card and help! Don't let Newsreel and the Black Panthers be the only ones! I hope I'm not being presumptuous in believing we're all friends and lovers beneath the skin! God-damn.

I shall for now leave Ben's cine-non-event-of-the-year and pause for a station break to tell you that my follow-up criticism of the N. Y. Film Festival must be for next week. The following is a reprint of last week's printing fuck-up with hope the eye-strain did not blind you. 'Luego, amigos . . .

An approximate interview with Ben Barenholtz, owner-manager of the Elgin theatre, 8th Ave. & 19 St. BEN—"I've been in this biz awhile, even before moving here, of course I'm not the only one . . . there is the Thalia which was first in succeeding in the commercial revival business, and the first to stagnate into a repetitive cycle of films, then there's the New Yorker . . . nice . . . and the Bleeker Street Cinema . . . for awhile repetitious but now okay . . . and the Pocket Theatre . . . somewhat confused till they found a niche with Bogart . . . and so on . . . where film libraries are as of yet non-existent for the public, there is a need for the commercial middle man.

BJ—you could expand your empire and teach as the Buddah would about film! in Little Rock! your Captain Marvel series with its modern counterpart is a start in the direction of feather-dusting not only the antiques but also the modern orphans . . . though a drop in the bucket it's still a good sign for future film repertoire, although in this, the New Yorker and the Bleeker preceeded you, if I remember right, with independent films like *Echos of Silence*, etc.

BEN—still, three straws are better than one, and it's not so easy surviving on a purely commercial basis, no grants, foundations, etc. where one needs to compromise rhythmically to keep alive! without being an egoist, I've also learned the necessity of developing one's film tastes in order to justly and

(Continued on Page 18)



BY LITA ELISCU

The Moke-Eater will move to Howie Solomon's Cafe Au Go Go starting this next weekend. Previews will be October 15 and 16, the play will open on the 17th, Thursday, and will run nightly at 8:30 p.m., except Mondays. Call 254-9461 for further information.

INTERVIEW BECKS —

Judith Malina and Julian Beck are giving an interview, another one in a long, long line. Judith starts off, explaining that no, the French are not inventing a new kind of demonstration; the word "manifestation" means demonstration in French — "and 'la revolution' means revolution . . . those kids over there are really serious, really aware," Judith continues, eyes big, little-girl-head of long hair shaking in emphasis "We're back here because . . . yes—because so many people asked us, said it would be good, said they were glad we were coming." She breaks off and looks at the girl taking notes. "Don't take down everything I say, take what's important . . . You're not a compulsive note-taker. You wanna see what compulsive notetaking is — look!" She pulls out countless small notebooks covered everywhere with hieroglyphicized lists of words, all over written in tiny undecipherable letters, "That is compulsive — you're scribbling." Things are smoothed over, the girl stops taking notes, awed by the threat "I won't talk to you if you try write." She listens. Judith continues, "The only important thing is contact between human beings. Interaction, yes! Alan Ginsberg says if nothing else works, try saying OM until the other person understands . . ." Julian wants to order; they are vegetarians, a minor consultation ensues: mango juice, coconut soup (pronounced "very strange — but good") and a vegetable curry with rice, Judith continues, "We are revolutionary, of course, but we're revolutionary theatre. That means, when it comes time to decide if we should perform down South, we have to decide if it's worth it, if that's our part of the struggle, or if we might not be better off to use our energy elsewhere and leave that particular fight for others. After all, if we can't put on plays, can't perform, it's empty, frustrating. You have to decide what limits there are — we're a troupe, not just individuals . . . It's hard, living a life as unrigid as possible. If you know there's something you must be absolutely rigid about — for me, I know I'll never hurt anyone else, kill anyone else, for any reason, even to save the revolution — of you know you have certain unalterable conditions in your life, then you have to try to be as free as possible on all the other counts, open to as much as there is."

Julian agrees, and the subject turned to astrology. "Of course, all the various levels and possibilities of vibrations are important, so many things influence us during our lives, at birth. If you are born in a certain month, during a rainy time, you have to be different from one born in a hot, dry period, and your life cycle is different, maybe more ups and downs, less sameness. This just keeps on getting more complicated, the more factors brought to bear on the person and in his environment . . . I think the I Ching provides one of the best guides, as it is based on highly intelligent sources of psychic, social learning which require the individual person to interpret his particular casting, given his own particular situation. Attention turns to the curry, brought with a 'medium' sauce and very hot onion spice. Everyone ladles rice and curry on the plate. The girl forgets the Becks are vegetarians and offers them some meat curry: refused.

Judith takes a breath. 'It's so hard to keep going all the time — there is never any way of knowing if you're right or not, but sometimes it's so hard to even guess, to keep wanting to go on. The most important thing is that everyone must realize that the revolution is a personal happening, a non-violent one, a change in each person's modes of perception. All this talk in New York about violence! Don't they realize that violence will only bring more repressive measures, and be totally selfdefeating; that you can't get peace through more violence . . . The pressure here has been horrible. France right now is terrible — very Fascistic — but I don't remember America ever this bad. If it gets to be too much, we'll leave," Julian grinned, his whole face suffused with a sudden amusement. "People think, 'oh, poor people, having to move so much' — the self-imposed exile routine, you know; well. We enjoy moving around we like to travel, we don't want a house somewhere with taxes and insurance and no, we would not like to live in

(Continued on Page 25)

THE

OCTOBER SECOND NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT, A.D.

DUCHAMP DIED.

DADA LIVES!

Still

the fragmented nude walks,
down,
down,
the winding stairs
in the inevitable descent of the age,
down to a page,
of the New York Times magazine
where all the ladies,
with wings,
and wigs,
wag their fragmented faces
relatively.

Mon pere Marcel,
we do not speak
your stiff upper lipped language,
let out the nose.
Only five year old kiddies,
playing in the shadows
of the Metropolitan Museum
speak your tongue,
better than their own;
just like
the children of the Czar,
before
the Russian regurgitation.
We are SNOBS,
Pere Marcel,
as were you,
reducing art,
like that,
to chess.
You were old,
and caught in the clutches of wealth,
fame,
and grandeur;
and could not hear
just last year,
our screaming in the streets
beneath your window,
"Pere Marcel,
come out to play!"
You were busy with the board,
moving black
then white,
in your ivory tower
mind game.

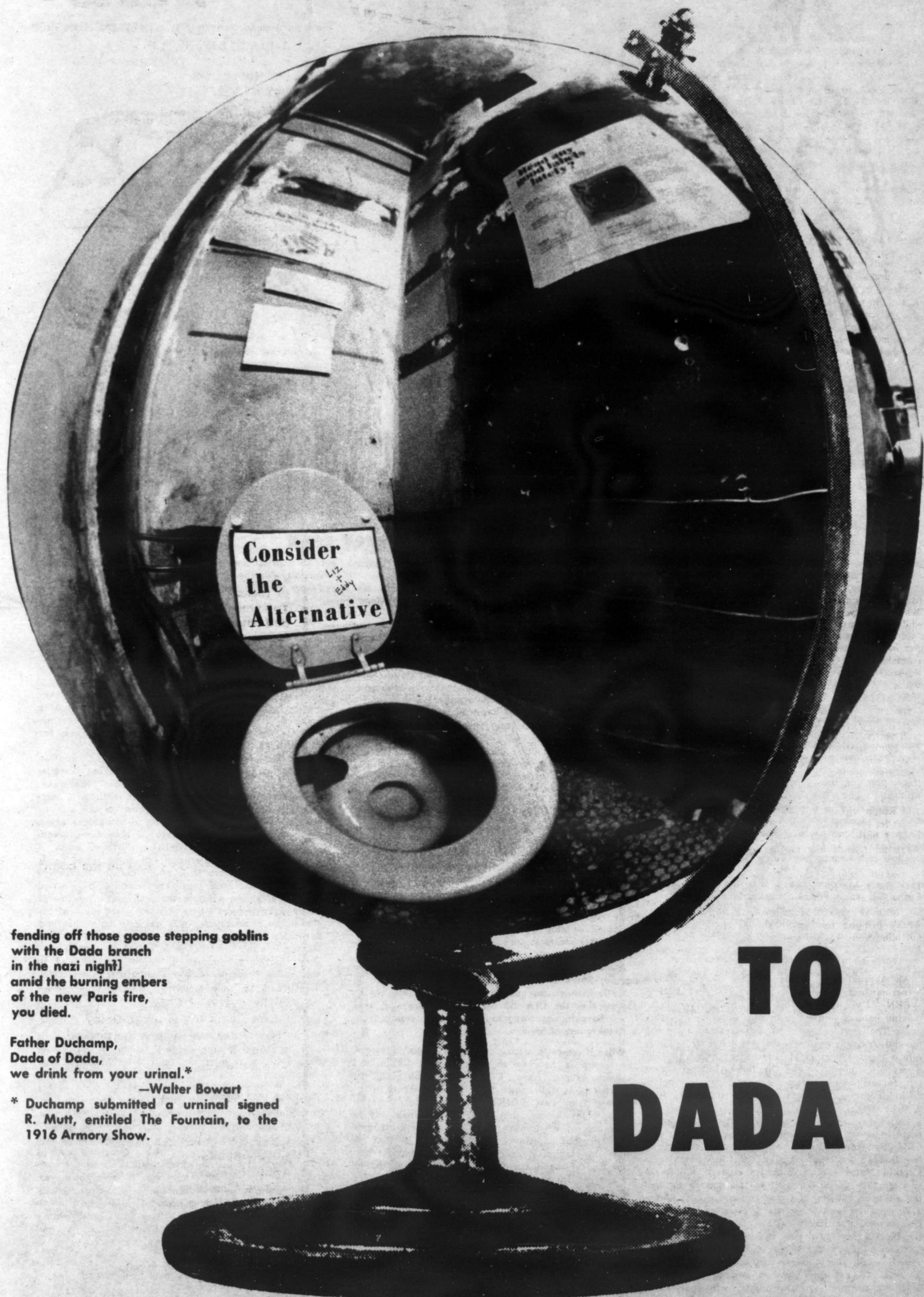
Yet,
somehow,
as you moved the pieces on the board,
in your bohemian,
black,
apartment,
or your death-bed, Paris;
you were moving us.
Pawn to queen three,
at the steps of the Pentagon.
Rook to knight four,
in the streets of Chicago,
where Dada and you and Daley
are still playing before the packed,
stacked house
Un - American.

As you liked it,
alone,
old,
lou died, without knowing
Jerry Rubin,
Abby Hoffman,
George Metesky.
You died after dinner,
at the table,
a belly full,
suddenly.
Dropped your paltry torch,
[which all,
even you,
had forgotten you'd carried
like a caveman

WORLD

BELONGS

5



fending off those goose stepping goblins
with the Dada branch
in the nazi night]
amid the burning embers
of the new Paris fire,
you died.

Father Duchamp,
Dada of Dada,
we drink from your urinal.*

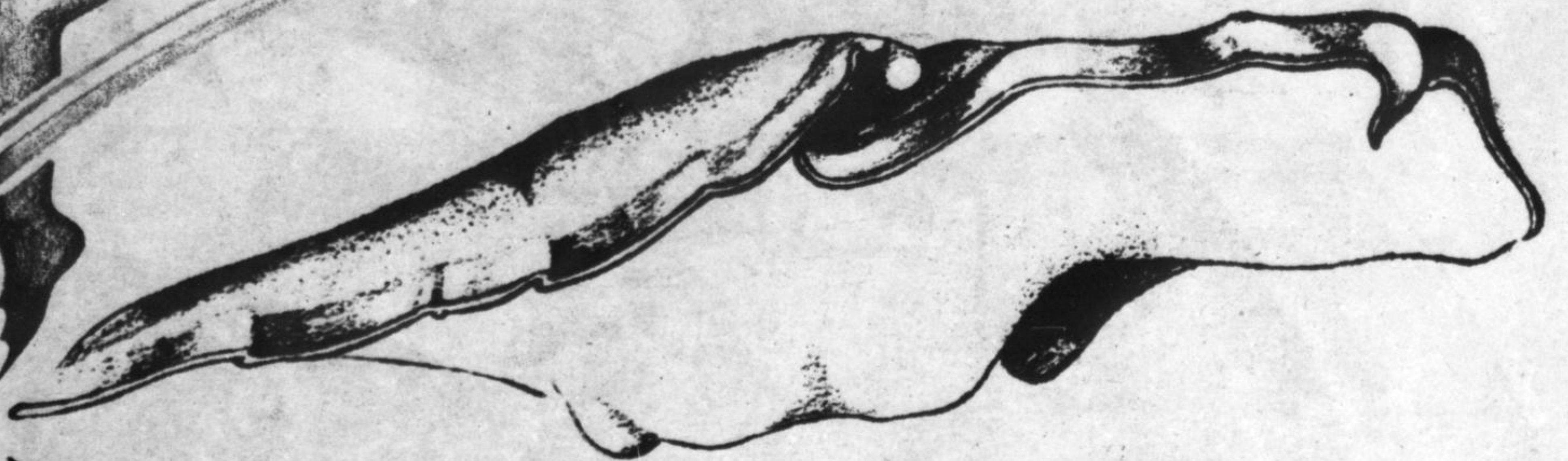
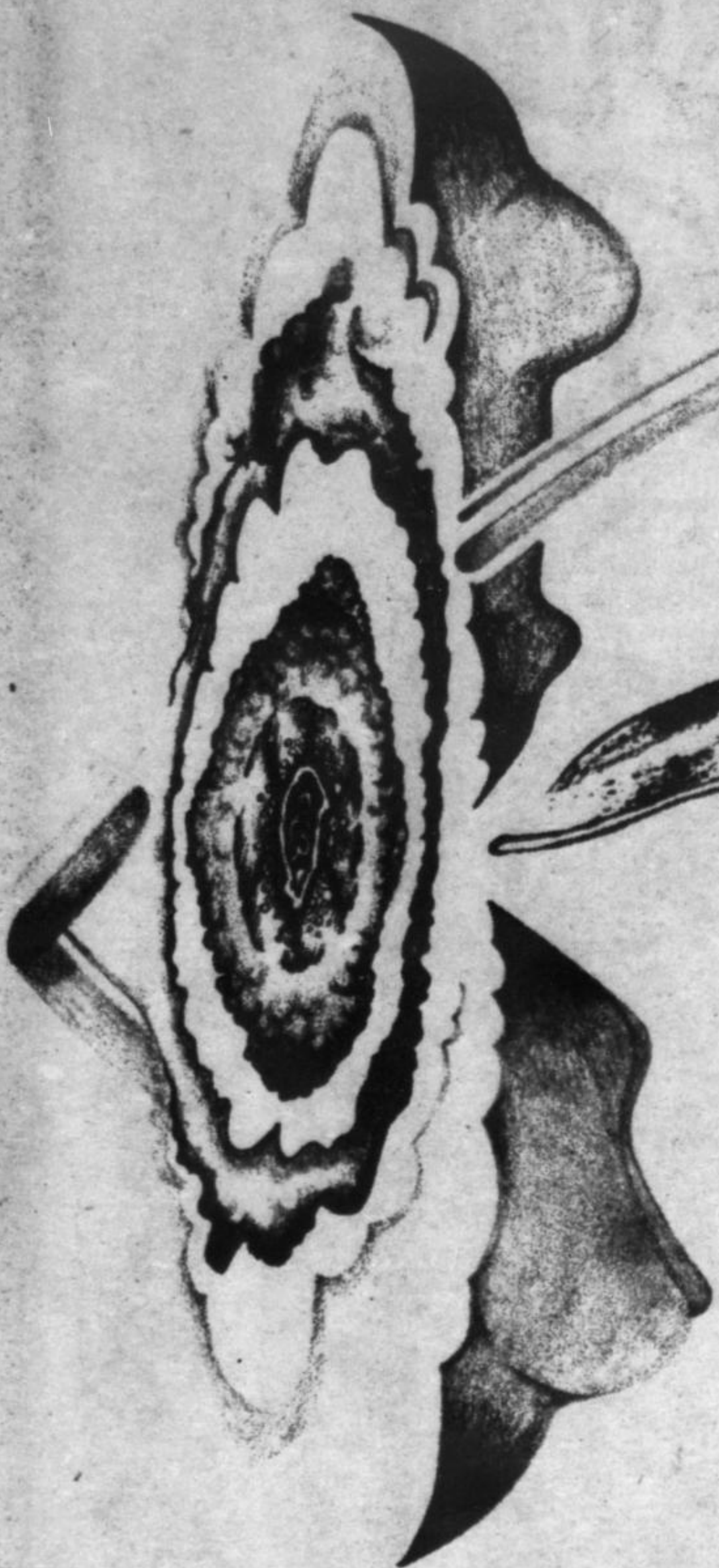
—Walter Bowart

* Duchamp submitted a urinal signed
R. Mutt, entitled The Fountain, to the
1916 Armory Show.

TO DADA

photo: Walter Bredel

developing one's own taste in order to resist and... and resistance and not, we would not like to live in... (Continued on Page 18)



PATA REALIST PAPERS

BY JAAKOV KOHN

The Fugs have had their London debut and to commemorate that most memorable occasion in the annals of the Anglo-American interhangups, some interesting things were said about our apostles of saranwrap.

"The Fugs stand in the main tradition of Athenian comedy and Elizabethan theatre — savage, and uncompromising satirists, comedians, philosophers and tragedians. Their music has a historic pessimism which is gentle but insistent.

"However the adulatory fervor with which the COGNOSCENTI greet their every dropping, makes a proper understanding and acceptance of them almost impossible. But acceptance which might dampen their revolutionary spirit, is probably the one quality that they most fear."

Hey fellow cognoscenti, dug Tuli's latest dropping?

There is more to Spiro Agnew than his affinity to, calla Spade Nigger, a Polack Polack and a Jap JAP. He even calls the Greek colonel's junta "champions of democracy" and their opponents "totally identified with the Communist movement, which gives their cause a lot less sanctity in our eyes."

In the confusion of his tinsel suited emergence on the American political scene and his chronic habit of firmly imbedding his feet in his mouth, nobody really bothered to look into the mechanism commonly called "meteoric rise" that spiralled Spiro Theodore Anagnostopoulos from the obscurity of a super market clerk to the thing he is doing now.

On the surface it all looks simple enough. Job, Army, night school, lawyer's shingle and a few shady deals with that mysterious breed of finaglers — land developers; the county seat and perhaps least but not last — the Governors mansion in Annapolis.

What career could more properly reflect the glorious American dream? None, except that the dream has some foreign overtones. Nothing red, God forbid. Just a bit of Greek veneer added.

Mr. Tom Pappas, a Boston based millionaire with financial interests that range from groceries in Boston to steel and chemical plants, oil refineries and an import-export operation in Greece, has never resided in the state of Maryland. This did not prevent him from footing the major expenses occurred in the course of Spiro's gubernatorial campaign. The naive assumed it to be just a simple case of Greek landmanship. The one's that weren't that naive, never spoke about it. As a matter of fact nobody ever did. The mysterious Mr. Pappas, a man of vast ambitions and talents, put these to use in many areas. He is not only the Republi-

can finance chairman in Massachusetts but Nixon's man there too.

Mr. Pappas is a philanthropist too. (Aren't all American millionaires philanthropists of one sort or another?) Mr. Pappas's philanthropy is somewhat unique. He is a CIA philanthropist. His Pappas Foundation is and has always been the conduit through which CIA funds are channeled to Greece. In view of all this one might venture to assume that Mr. Pappas played no minor part in the to the colonels' coup d'etat and as such enjoyed unlimited access to the high and mighty on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Pappas' loyalty and devotion to the old country did not end there. After the junta's woeful beginnings with idiotic decrees against miniskirts and "immorality", the need for a PR job in the United States became more and more evident. What better man to get behind it than good old Tom. The only hitch was the price tag involved — \$250,000 and before long the colonels felt the pinch. Again the call went out from Athens to Pappas to do something about it. That's where Greek ingenuity came in. Being a Nixon man and an acute observer of the domestic scene, Tom Pappas realized that in a year when Tricky Dicky chose to become a "statesman", a vacancy occurred in the low blow department of election shit fanning. Who else could fill that vacancy but Supermarket Spiro, the slicked down image of LAW and ORDER who so truly represents the suburban lumpenbourgeoisie? To top it all — what better spokesman for the Athenian colonels for whom Pappas is so desperately trying to trim expenditures?

As it turned out the thing worked. Nixon naturally agreed, Spiro was breathlessly flabbergasted and the colonels save a neat quarter of a million. One has to assume that the CIA did not shed any tears. A real Greek bargain, any way you look at it. Especially from a Greek point of view.

When it comes to setting a price on a man's services, the tossup is between the Electrician's Union and Madison Avenue. Harry Van Arsdale, who heads the electricians, is well known for his achievements in the contract derby (his WOIKERS are the highest paid). The incidental power that has fallen Harry's way in the course of his glorious part in the class struggle is nothing but a pittance when compared to that attained by Marion Harper, Jr., former President and Chairman of the Board of the gargantuan Interpublic ad agency. Harper, whose employment contract called for an annual salary of \$245,000 plus a percentage of the profits, was fired from his job last year. Nothing peculiar or extraordinary about it. Happens almost every day on the Avenue. What is different is the price tag Harper managed to attach to his willingness to step down.

By some weird and as yet unexplained top level arm twisting, the giant corporation (\$668 million annual billings) was forced to purchase from Harper his 109,325 shares in the company at \$21 per share

(\$2.3 million) and, in addition, pay the man \$100,000 annually for the next eight years.

Goes to show you — it pays to be fired.

In the marble orchards of all governments, statistics will command a stone on the hill. It staggers the imagination to think of the travesty of fact and justice being perpetrated in its name.

To the statistics slingers, dope in general and grass in particular, have been gifts from heaven.

We are flooded daily with stacks of statistical breakdowns trying to prove how well the government is doing in its anti-dope drive and at the same time offer us, the suckers, some dreamfigures (20 keys for \$20 million).

The Bureau of Customs, evidently not wanting to be left out in the cold, produced Assistant Commissioner Lawrence Fleischman as its own spokesman. This esteemed gentlemen came forth with an admirable pile of figures intended to prove to one and all that his Bureau had no intention to be outdone again by its brother in the Treasury, the Narcotics Bureau.

According to the "Commissioner" (Fleischman is not officially a commissioner but that's what he is called) his inspectors have really outdone themselves during the past fiscal year. They claim to have seized 70 tons of grass, a figure that can make any one of us drool in despair. Being attuned to the mood of the times, the commissioner was quick to point out how favorably this compares with the past. In 1964 they managed to lay their hands on only 7000 lbs. In 1966 they reported an increase to 10,000 lbs, followed by the sturdy figure of 26,000 lbs in the fiscal year 1966-67. Then, in 1968, the astronomical figure of 70,000 lbs was reached.

The seizure of so much grass can be explained in two ways: (1) There are more people smoking more pot in more places and (2) perhaps the connections have lost some of their professionalism, which is only natural when the luxury of the few becomes a national pastime.

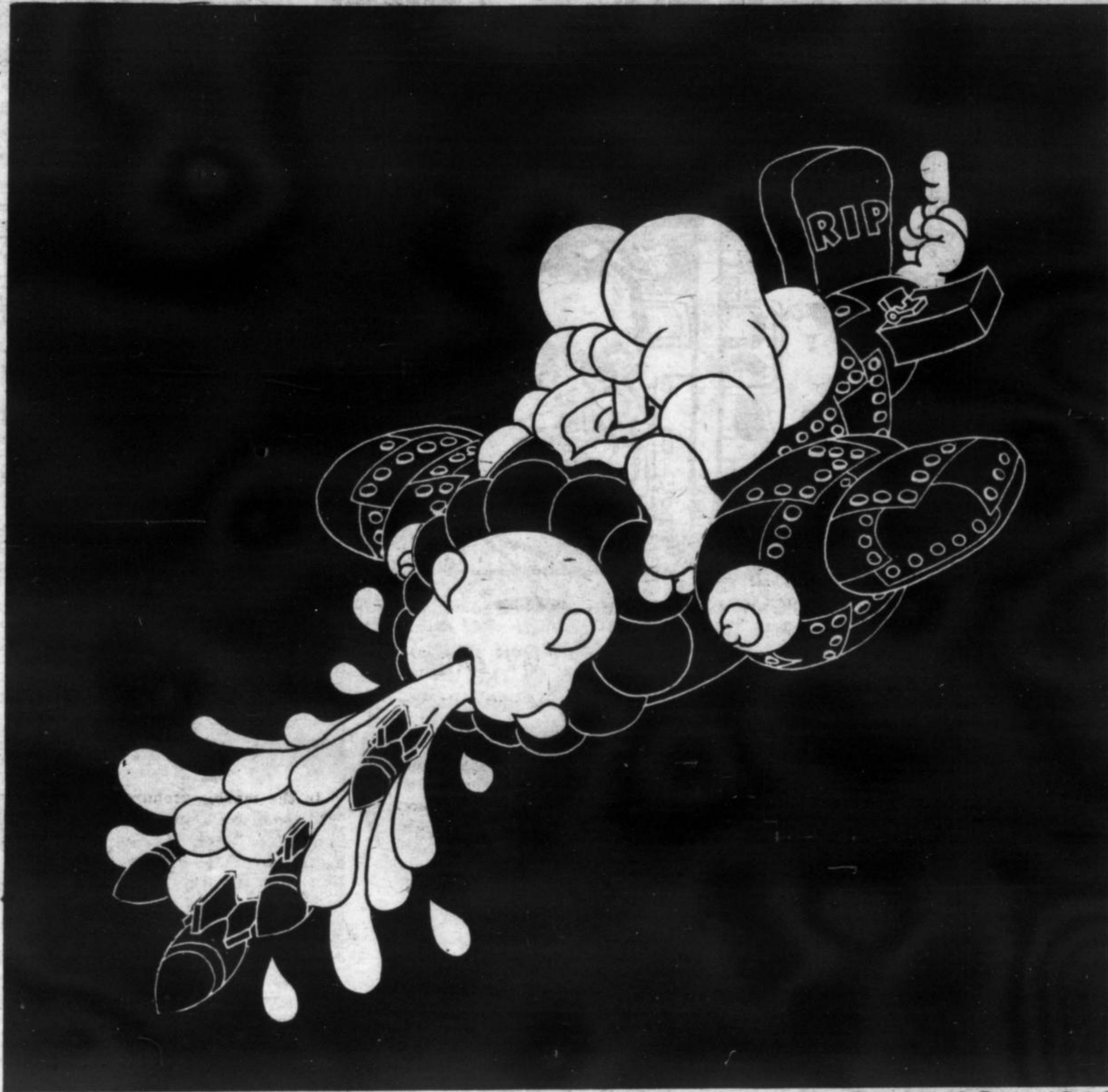
The Bureaus hash busting records seem to be the source of Mr. Friedman's pride. In one year (1967-68) they claim to have gotten more contraband hash than in the preceding twenty: 191 lbs. The sociological factor, which never eludes the keen bureaucrat, caused Mr. Fleishman to provide us with a composite portrait of the typical dope smuggler against whom the awesome machinery of the government is so ably deployed.

Our vicious composite criminal is American, young, white, well educated and from late high school to college age. A far cry from Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet, not to mention Charlie Chan's eternal foe — that sloe eyed Chingjapook.

Saying of the week:
"Novels, except as aids to masturbation, play no part in contemporary life."

—GORE VIDAL

KOZAIKE BARMA



MAJOR LABIA, USAF

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York:

Fillmore: Fri. Beach Boys, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Sat.; Turtles, New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Scene: Rhinoceros through Sun., Muddy Waters Sat. Mon., Albert King Tues.-Thurs.

Slugs: Rufus Harely through Sun. night, Robin Kenyatta opens Tues. Sat. aft. — Giuseppe Logan Quar., Sun. aft. — Substructure featuring Howard Johnson with 5 tubas, Mon. night — jazz vocalists — Lou Mims.

Au Go Go: Moby Grape Oct. 12-17.

Village Gate: Mort Sahl, Thelouious Monk.

Village Vanguard: DMZ (political cabaret),

Pharoah Sanders — Sonny Green Quar.

Jazz Interactions: Sun. aft. 5-9 at The Scene featuring Chico Hamilton this week.

Bitter End: Janis Ian, Andy Robimson.

As progressive rock progresses out of the reach of its listeners, the rock-is-art schmucks try to turn their audiences into boring symphonic turds with tightly crossed legs and a polite handclap. The question of the music's validity is being raised with an academic smugness that pigeonholes the sound into a dusty textbook.

It is the academic rock critics who are imposing systemization, law and order, and a pretentious bourgeois respect for the mad house music that pierced through us with its raunchy beats and D.A. hairstyles, then educated us with acid explosions and even longer hair. But the restrictions and limits imposed by categorizing critiques are being pummeled, skewered and bent asunder by a barnstorming tribe of energienriched Turtles who would rather entertain screaming freaks bringing them to their feet than play the quiet halls of acceptability.

While many so called progressive rock groups are losing their spirit, following a path of pompous over-

arrangements, unnecessarily complex studio work, and eclecticism-for-its-own-sake, the Turtles eschew cerebral cornholing to epitomize the sound and purpose of rock and roll — to entertain and physically move the audience with the positive, happy, basic beat of the music and non-pretentious good-time lyrics.

The Turtles don't deny their heritage or environment to nomic the style and soul of the current hip minority. They capitalize on their character adding dimension to the image of B'nai Brith youth group graduates until they parody themselves. Infusing this with an archetypal vaudeville bawdiness, the Los Angeles based group display on stage a disciplined pandemonium with a solid rock beat that lifts you off your ass laughing and dancing.

Commercialism in rock-n-roll has diluted but not eliminated the raw, vulgar origin of rhythm and blues. The very fact of commercialization does not leave the Turtle sound stillborn. It enhances by a clever characterization of the medium itself, manifesting this band as satirists of a musical generation. Their next album, "Battle of the Bands," has the group parodying 12 bands of rock's golden era including themselves. With their outrageous burlesque humor, the Galapagos group bounce fun from the stage directly to the audience, overwhelming us with slap stick antics until we are psychically and physically sucked into their joyous mood.

This exuberant style has given the Turtles prolonged success with almost no publicity or promotion by the small time White Whale label. At Steve Paul's "The Scene," this supposedly non-hip group blew plastic pop sophisticates against the wall, overcoming an advance wave of ridicule and pop music exclusion. This Saturday night they take on the cultist, trend following audience at the Fillmore East. The tortoise will win again with his steadfast pace of positive vibrations, joyful music, outrageous humor and a contingent of luscious teenage girls stripping to the sounds of "the big beat."

Record company executives are usually exposed for their flesh peddling and exploitation of the artist. Let us not forget that these money grubbing scum will stop at nothing to screw the record buyer as well. The latest foul smelling promotional scheme comes from Buddah Records, who have announced that October will be "Betty Buddah Month." Their scheme is as follows:

"The impending arrival of "Betty Buddah," a "secret shopper," will be announced to retail stores by the label's local distributors. A local girl unknown to anyone but the distributor will be selected in each market to be "Betty Buddah" and will make the rounds of retail outlets.

The girl will first ask for a non-Buddah LP. If the sales clerk then tries to sell her a Buddah Album, she will identify herself and present the clerk with \$50. A similar prize will also be given to the distributor salesman who serviced the store. The girl will also identify herself if the salesclerk fails to suggest a Buddah LP.

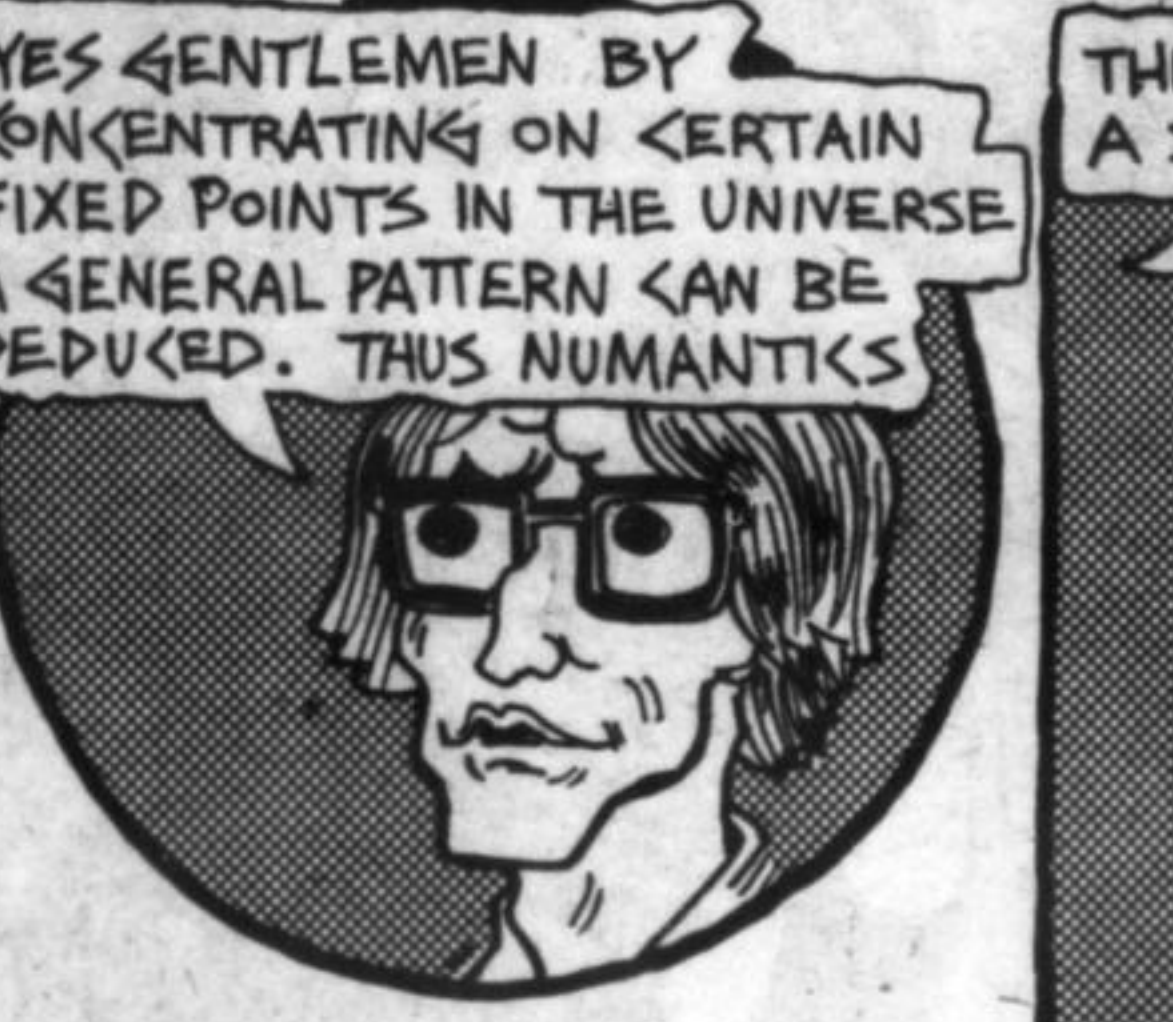
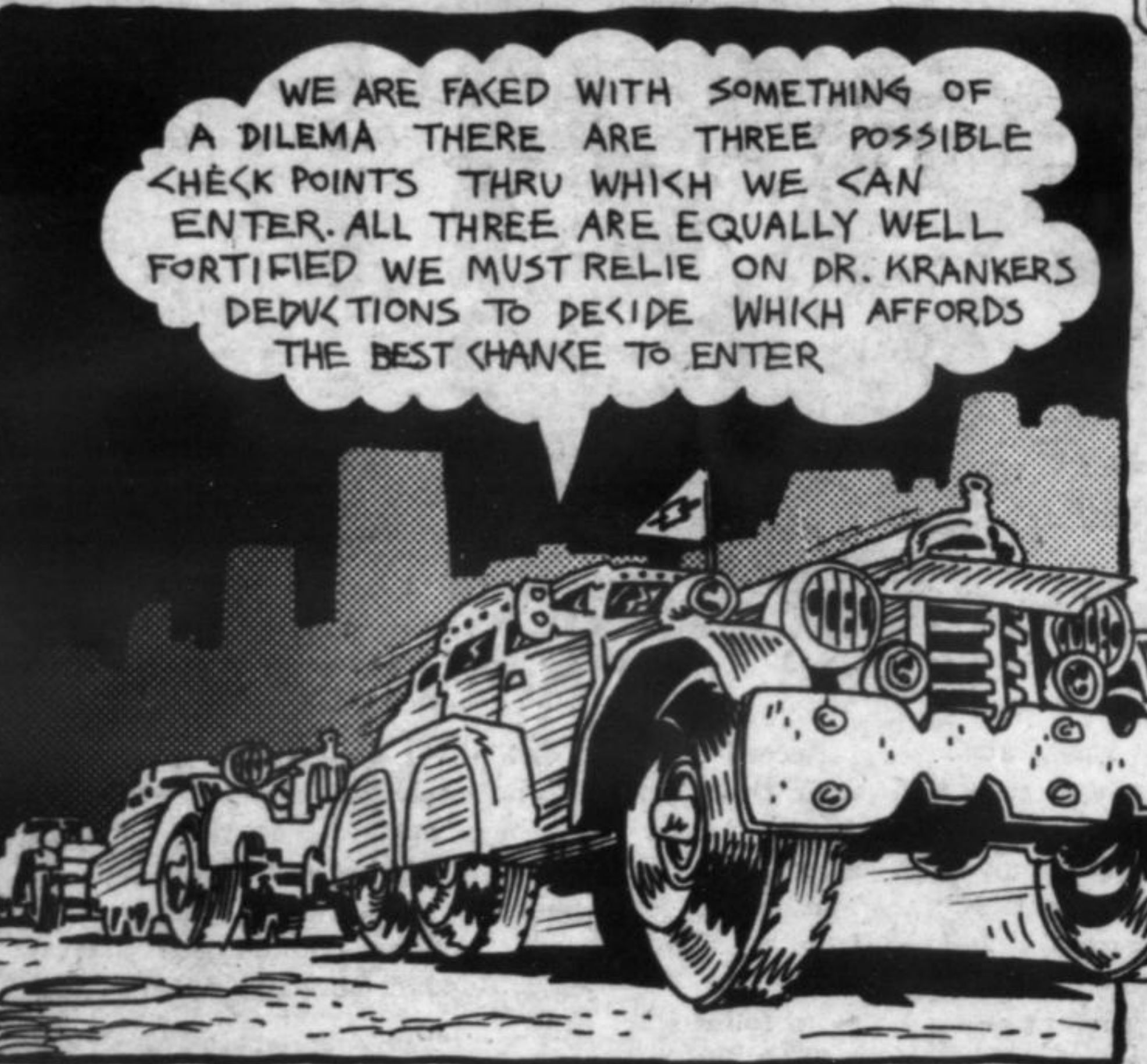
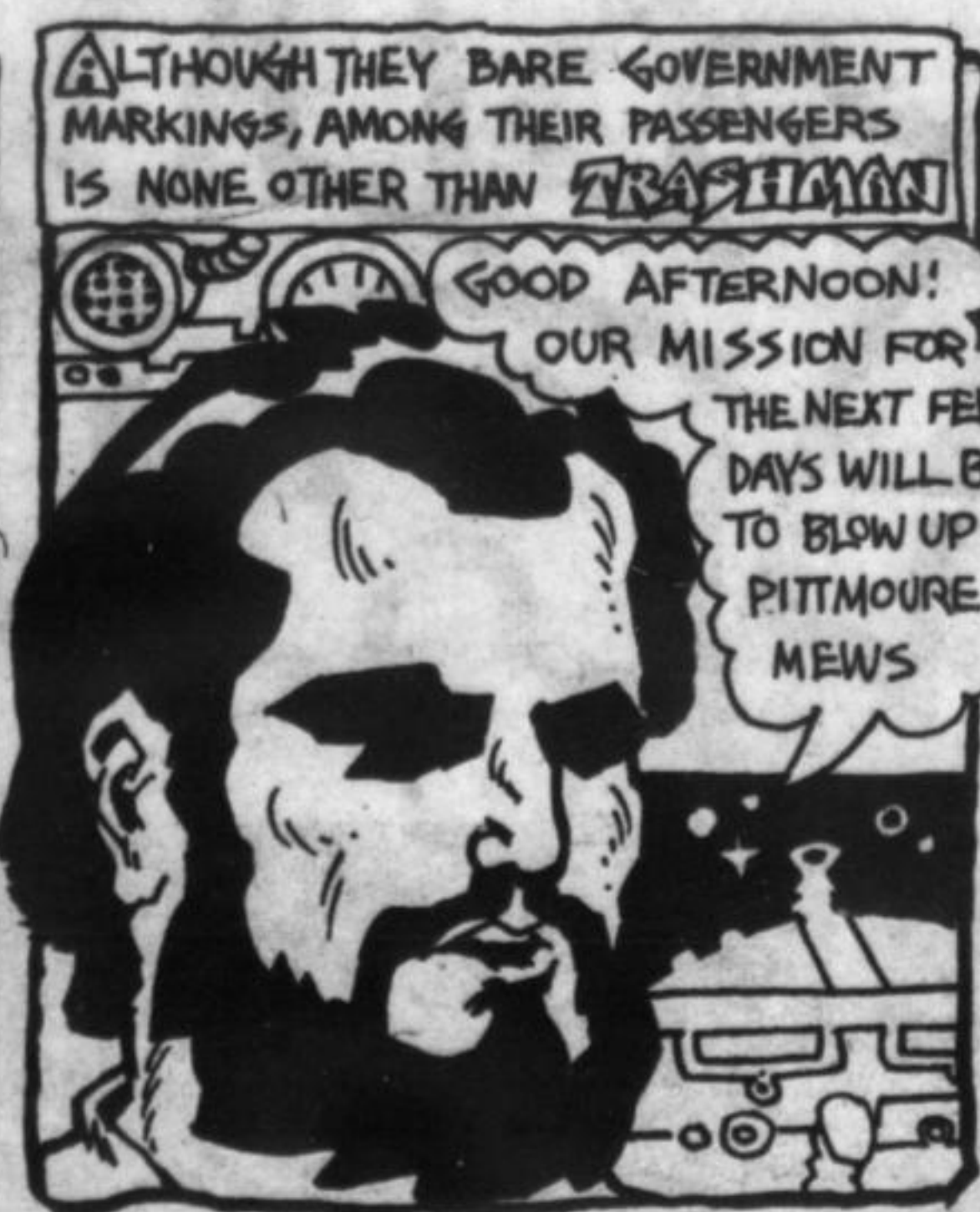
Joe Fields, director of album sales and promotion for Buddah Records said the promotion "will create an impact and an awareness on the retail level for our album releases, and will give the greatest possible degree of personal contact and involvement to our distributors and retail outlets. Betty Buddah Month typifies the creative innovations that have placed Buddah seventh in single sales among all labels. "These techniques will help to produce chart albums."

It is bullshit "techniques," deception, super hype, and green, green, green money that "will help to produce chart albums" for Buddah not the music. Quality doesn't have a place in 2 dollar whore houses and most record companies. The next time a record salesman tries to sell you The Ohio Express, 1910 Fruitgum Company, Five Stairsteps & Cubie, the Calliope or Melanie smash the fuckin thing over his goddamn head.

*** (Continued on Page 21)

TRASTIMAN

AGENT of the 7th inter



SLEEZY

SNOTCOMICS

by R. "WISE-ASS" Crumb

animal antics and udder madness

HM... I SMELL SOMETHIN' GOOD! SNIFF-SNIFF

GETTING WARMER! SNIFF-SNIFF

AAA! SNIFF-SNIFF

HEH! SNIFF-SNIFF

WHADDAYA-SNIFF-SNIFF

MUNCH SLOP! EEEK!

SCARP SCARP CHOW! UMM!

GULP GULP EEMER! OOP! AHA!

DOOP! AH!

WHAT THE—

THE END!

EAST SIDE SORROWS with the OLD POOPEROO

GOD DAMN LOUSY MOTHER FUCKING—

...ROTTEN SHIT EATING NO GOOD...

...COCK SUCKING SON OF A BITCHING...

...DIRTY STINKING...

PLUNK

BZT?

HM

LA DE DA DUM

HMM LA DE DA

A LITTLE TOO MUCH SALT, BUT OTHERWISE A MOST REFRESHING BAWTH!

MMM... YOU SMELL SO CLEAN!

YEP! THANKS TO THAT OLD POOPEROO!

DOOP! AH!

THE END!

Mr. Natural

MR. NATURAL, I'M HORNY...

YOU'RE HORNY...

YEAH, BUT GEE WHIZ, Y' WAFTA PLAY THESE STUPID GAMES IF Y' WANNA GET LAID, AN' I JUST CAN'T... SEEM... TO...

HOW DOES AN OLD FART LIKE THAT DO IT??

THERE HE IS, OLD NUFF T' BE MY GRANDFATHER FOR CHRISSAKE AN' HE GETS MORE PUSSY THAN I DO!

GAB GAB

UHM... FLAKEY, THIS'S SHIRLEY GOODVIBES... SHE'D LIKE TO FUCK YOU... HEH HEH

ER... UR... I...

HELL PROBABLY BLOW IT!

BOOGER BUDDIES

LIKELY AS SNOT, OL' PAL...

...SNOT FER ME TO SAY, OL' BOY!

I HATE TA RUB THIS IN, BUT...

YIK! SPODIE ODIE!

SMEER!

SALAMI MOMMY!

HAR

CHEESE'N' CRACKERS, GOT ALL MUDDY!

SNARK!

YOW

HONKY VISITS THE LOWER EAST SIDE AND MAKES A DAMN FOOL OF HISSELF!!

WHAT HE DOIN'?

SHEEIT

HI! PEACE, EVERYBODY!

I LOVE YOU PEOPLE!

HEH HEH!

SHAWBIE MUMBLES

I KNOW ALL I SEE ALL...

MARYJANE

SNIFFLES



The adventures of

JOLLY JACK JACK-OFF

THE MASTURBATING FRENCH!

HE'S A GAS, GAS, GAS!



DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER

For those of you who overslept, Leif Erikson's Day was Wednesday. Guy Fawke's Day is November fifth, when all the freaks will gather to burn their straw effigies of Fawkes at some unlikely spot such as the intersection of tenth and fourth streets (it exists) in the West Village. Does anybody know what day Bettina Aptheker's birthday falls on? The day George Metesky's first bomb exploded? Tim Leary's first acid trip? The day Lord Byron swam the Hellespont? The day Robespierre's Revolutionary calendar went into (or out of) effect? These and other dates are slated for inclusion, so soon as they may be obtained, in the 1969 Yippie Color-In Calendar. If you know of similar monumental dates, send them to Operation Calendar, the Yippie Free Store, 14 Cooper Square, New York 10003, and if your date is used you get a free calendar all your own. Profits to go into the Inauguration Party for J. Edgar Pigasus (is there a rival corntender?) in Washington next January.

The city is sinking in a sea of dog shit.

In the Times last week there appeared a story from Massachusetts that clearly demonstrated how much the cops know about dope: their prize exhibits in a local Dick Tracy-type Crimestoppers displays was a marijuana room, redolent with the aroma of burning pot, through which people walked to familiarise themselves with the smell of the dope. The Times reporter took with him a kid who professed an acquaintance with grass, and so soon as he took a snort he expolded, calling it cheap, bad, vile shit. An investigation turned up a little clot of what the reporter called artificial marijuana' burning behind a screen — presumably insence or some other shit.

Thus, it came as little surprise to learn that when the cops busted Southy Swede's Church of the Eternal Mystery last week, they overestimated the value of the confiscated narcotics by some few million dollars. A detailed assesment of the entire inventory goes thusly:

4500 caps acid @ \$5.00 cap	\$22,500
1500 caps STP @ \$5.00 cap	7,500
50 caps mescaline @ \$5.00 cap	250
10 lbs. hashish @ \$10.00 gram	44,800
	\$75,050

Save your roaches. They may be worth twenty dollars apeice at the local precinct house.

Chicks with big tits or convincing falsies who would not mind starting a hooley on Wall Street would be advised to call RO9-3113 and talk to Sam Goldstein.

This addition is prompted by a last-minute revision in the nature of the scene at the Free Store, and vicinity. Now that the site no longer exists, it is safe to admit that some other people had indeed moved into the premises previously occupied by the YMCA commune: the new group was known as the Leon Trotsky Commune, the YMCA was still willy-nilly providing the rent, and the place was burnt out last Sunday night by what appears to be Zionist terrorists.

For the moment, the Free Store itself stands untouched, but for the reek of burn automobile tires — the place next door was a tire shop — and the only person seriously harmed by the blaze was a gentleman named Don, who inhaled too much smoke trying to save the teevee set. The Zionists, or whoever put the torch to the place, are expected to complete the job very shortly.

What happened was, the scurrilous kike publication Jewish Press appeared last week with a blazing editorial pinpointing the Digger Free Store, at 13 (sic) Cooper Square, as the executive control center of anti-Israeli feeling in New York City. Those kids that hang around there wear Nazi helmets, and hang swastikas around their necks, it's manifest on the face of it. EVO in fact once disclosed that Kitab, of the original YMCA commune, is an El Fatah operative. No matter that Harvey Kursdan is of Bronx Orthodox lineage, and putting aside all the other Jewish kids that work and play there, these evidence alone were apparently enough to haul down the wrath of Yaweh upon the Free Store.

The phone rang at Herbie Moore's place around nine Sunday evening. He dropped his glass of medicinal milk, leapt for it, and yup, they told him that the store was burning down. When he got there, however, it turned out to be the tire depot next door that was all aflame, with the Leon Trotsky commune standing around out front, among the scorched planks and the broken glass, coughing and cursing while the firemen hosed the place down. Shortly after they supposed it was quite dead, it flared up again, but eventually there was nothing left but the reek, the glass, the scorched wood, and a lot of damp Yippietrots.

The general idea was that the Jewish Life editorial was a coverup for someone else who has it in for the Revolution. The Yippies and the bikers stood around separately, talking about it.

'Maybe it was the cops,' suggested Harvey Kursdan. 'Off-duty pigs, like in Oakland with the Panther headquarters.'

'Might have been the Cubans,' somebody else put in indignantly. 'Those cocksuckers been bombing

everybody. Shit, you can't throw a brick at a patrol car without you get National Guard troop carriers grunting up and down the streets, but those Cuban bastards could blow up the UN and they'd write it off as a capital loss.'

'They'll be back as soon as they find out they bombed the wrong place, whoever they are,' Herbie Moore shuddered. 'Next time, I might be in there.'

'They'll get you next,' Lee Penn gloated at the kid from EVO. 'Today the Leon Trotsky Commune, tomorrow the East Village Other!'

'Me, I think it was an act of God. He's a Zionist too, by all accounts.'

Baby, everybody got it out for the Revolution.

And the moral from all this bad news can be found in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations by crossindexing under F, for Franklin: 'We must all hang together, gentlemen, or surely we shall all hang seperately.' Take a tip from this hellraising iconoclastic irreverent beatnik Jew commie scum Revolutionary, and help your brother before Yaweh's fire incinerates us all.

BIAFRA

'But the children—they have legs like matchsticks, many of them, and their feet swell up like balloons and they burst in horrible sores. They put a purple ointment on these sores. The children walk about with these bloated feet. But the terrible thing is their eyes, because they stand or sit (mostly sit) and just look into space. I gather that what is happening is brain damage. Malnutrition in early years causes irreversible drain damage. So there is going to be a generation of people who are going to be known by some special name, who never can be or will be right again.'

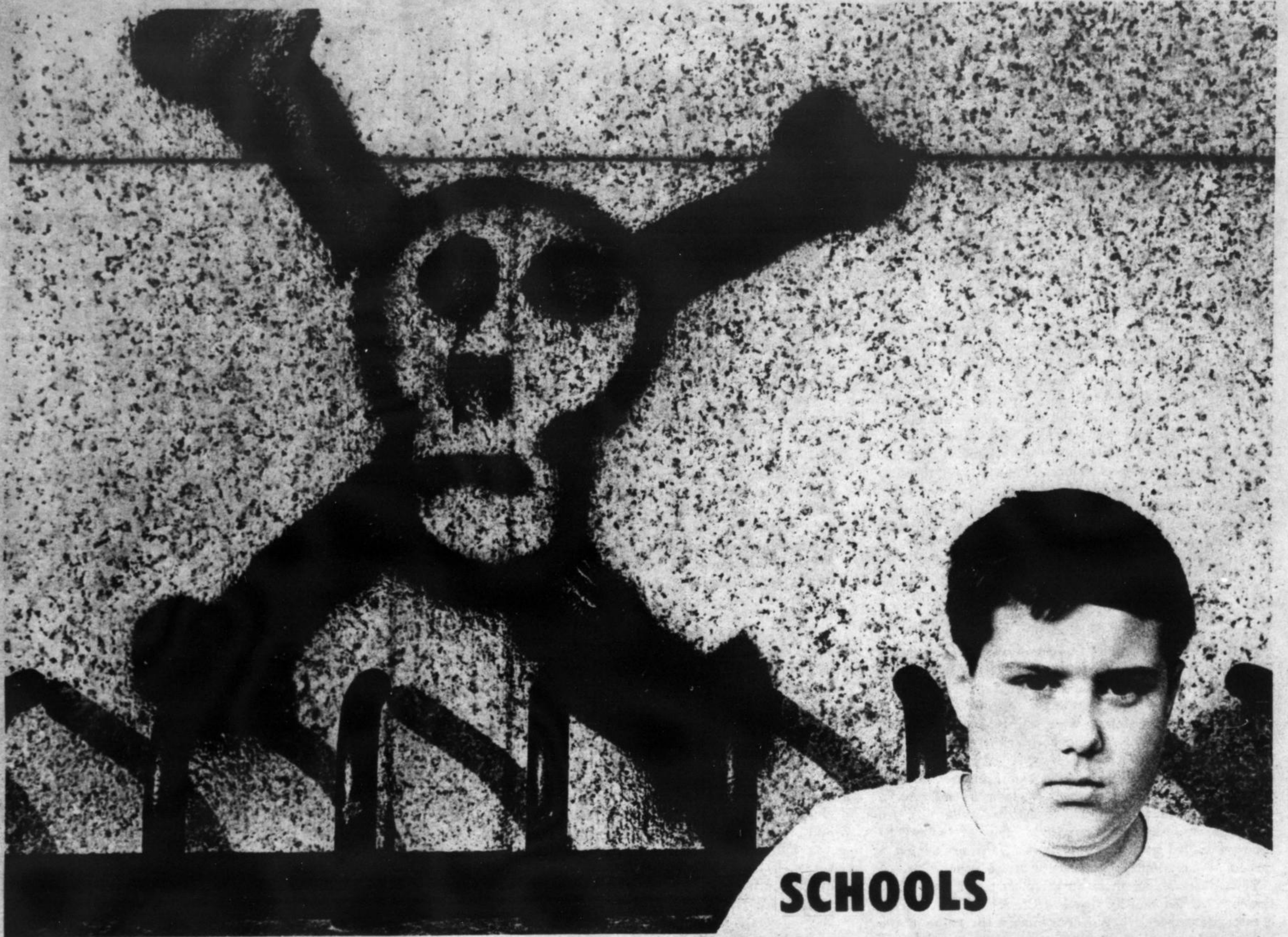
... I think most of them are going to die."

PETER CADOGAN, Peace News, August 30.

You can help by buying the FREEDOM poster (see above) now on sale this weekend at the Fillmore East Theatre, for a dollar. The kid on the poster is Leslie Kaslos, a professional actor from the Lower East Side, who in association with the Fillmore and Personality Posters is donating the proceeds from the sale of this poster to the Biafra fund.



photo: Walter Bredel



SCHOOLS

by DAVID BODIE

Middle-class hippies cast off your beads, you have everything to gain by playing the game!

Who among you comes from the poor? How many among you have roots among the 400?

Face the mirror and ask yourself: "Am I middle class?"

And the answer you know is the stigmata of your uncalloused hands. (Maybe you got a few blisters in a summer job, but they are like scars borne by soldiers of the last wars, and the stories about the battles are chanted with the same incantations of glories past. In a word, they don't count.)

Let's start from the recognition of ourselves as the sons and daughters of the middle-class.

Yes, we all looked around and sniffed around and discovered it wasn't like roses. So back in the late fifties we went beat and subterranean because that was the only place where the air wasn't conditioned.

Then in the mid-sixties the sunshine broke out, and we were so happy we foolishly gave away pretty flowers to people who neither smelled nor envisioned.

Then of course we had Watts and Detroit and Chicago and the little Chicagos and the flowers wilted.

What are we to do?

The militants who are young, who still cling to the mother university and march for SDS talk about armed warfare in alliance with the blacks and poor — the older militants

I listen to them and I look at what they point to and I see the same things.

SET IT RIGHT

But picking up a gun or ever getting ready to pick up a gun just doesn't set right in my head, or maybe yours.

Many of us have left the cities to set up very quiet communes. Some of us have little communities in the hearts of the cities.

More importantly, many of us have discovered the meaningfulness of living a regularly scheduled life — a life where we can have our children, where we can teach our children what we know and why we are not joining up in the mechanistic plastic world surrounding us. Where we teach our children to be alive.

But now that war is imminent, a choice has to be made.

The war I talk of is the civil war the Wallace forces push. (And we know about the forces which push the Wallace forces, the same forces which together with others pushed us out of America into the hippie hide-outs.)

We must stop the war.

We must stop the war before it kills us and our children.

We must make America safe for America.

Where can we begin? How do we translate our personal power into political power?

The choice now is either to take arms and suffer the slings and arrows of our outrageous misfortune, or to end our life of opposition, of negativism (in response to the society of now) by seizing the American dream as our own: life, liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

The answer to our dilemma has to be found in the American context or else it will not be meaningful for us and our posterity.

GET A SHARE

What I am suggesting is our using the traditional route to redress our grievances, but in the context of this Electric Age.

If we can not reform America — and reform inherently includes the concept of peacefulness, then the alternative is revolution — which inherently includes the concept of violent confrontation.

Admittedly a third alternative exists: stay out of the hassle, the freaks made the scene so let them get out of the bag.

"A man should share in the action and passion of his times at the peril of being judged not to have lived," Oliver Wendell Holmes once told us.

If anything, we have tried to be alive and to be alive now is the share in the passion of our times.

Those of us who are artists — the painters, writers, film-makers, artisans and poets — must do our regular work regularly.

But we must now also move into the community around us and lead the masses of America! the middle-class — our parents and their friends and relatives, out of the desert of despair into the promised land they only thought was a dream.

On one front we have the Yippies who play in the halls of Congress — what better place is there to play? The Yippies are truly American children, and patriotic too. After all, they wear the flag on their backs.

But not all of us have to be Yippies. You know, we have to go to the homes we have made and take care of our children, feed them and ourselves — we have, quite simply, responsibilities.

THE STYLE YOU CHOOSE MAY BE YOUR OWN

That is *not* to say Yippies have no responsibilities. It is only that theirs is acted out on a different stage. As Abbie Hoffman puts it, "We all have different styles".

My responsibility starts with my family and the current battle being waged at my door is the school fight in New York City.

The first reaction was to keep out, the school are crap anyway.

But the times don't allow us that luxury any more. The fight is not only in education but in every phase of life in America. The whole country is caught up in it. People are starting to act out their passions.

In my community in Manhattan's West Side the people — one-third of them white, middle class just

like me — decided they wanted *community control* of the schools, of the urban renewal projects, of everything that goes on where we live and raise our families.

Let the Board of Education and present power structure widdle with unwieldy ideas and terms like decentralization. We want *Community Control. COMMUNITY CONTROL.*

THE SCHOOL DATE

A bit of background on the New York school situation might be helpful here for the same reasons they were helpful to me in making the choice of getting into the fray.

In April of 1967 the Board of Education which operates 900 schools for over 1,000,000 children announced that it wanted to create four "demonstration" districts to test the feasibility of "decentralizing" the school system since it was evident that all past effort to "integrate" the non-white and white pupils had failed. (About 55% of the school population is black.)

Past efforts had included busing kids, open enrollments, "pairing" schools, building educational parks in the border areas between whites and blacks.

In general the board did not push any of these projects but merely made token set-ups, read the glowing reports of their effectiveness and dropped the issues.

Apparently decentralization was to be another of these stalling tactics which would keep the people off the streets.

The Bd of Ed asked the four districts to organize their respective communities, and hold elections for local school boards which would hire certified teachers, and have undefined powers in creating curriculum and other policies.

Joan of Arc district, the one I live in on the west side, was organized thru the efforts of a parents' group, and with \$5,000 given by the Ford Foundation, finally had an election in June 1968 in which 40 per cent of the eligible voters (had to be a parent) cast ballots.

But in the interim, the Board of Ed became fearful of what their plan had wrought, for the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board had started to implement its limited powers in the spring term of 1968, and suddenly the Central Board told Joan of Arc to drop its scheduled election.

Basically what happened at O-B was that some 350 teachers put in for transfers from the district — that's a lot of teachers from only 8 schools — and the district administrator, Rhody McCoy successfully replaced the would-be transferees over last summer with 300 certified teachers.

When school opened, 83 teachers decided they wanted to work in the district after all. The community said it was too late. And 19 others were ordered transferred out of the district as being unacceptable. No one fired since O-B doesn't have the power to fire anyone, only the central Board does.

(Continued on Page 24)

slumgoddess

NUMBERS

BY STANLEY FISHER

The fates fortuitously postponed the publication of "Pie In The Sky" for one week, allowing me time enough to provide some interesting pi-morsels for the palette. Pi is not merely a number ratio depicting the relationship between a circle and its diameter, it is more importantly, and esoterically, a cryptic depiction of the past, present and future of mankind—the universal, transcendental and 'irrational' pie that all of us share for better or worse, from our beginnings in the slime to the finale, sublime.

The pi number gives us glimpses into the future, and in this case, it is the date for World War III that I have glimpsed and wish to share with my readers: (note the likeness of 111, the number for the Holy Trinity, with the letter E: E depicts 3 in 1: pi is the mystery story of triune interconnectedness throughout all the decimal places of existence: $PIE = E/PI = HIPPIE!$)

It all started about two weeks ago, when Peter Leggieri's interest in the number 23, called the "Royal Star of the Lion" became infectious. Facts and figures about 23 began to emerge with startling rapidity. It seems that Shakespeare, that tragic jester, was born on the 23rd of the month and die on the 23rd of the same month. This year Rosh Hashana was celebrated on the 23rd of September, the same day that an F-111A crashed without warning. Rosh Hashana ushered in the year 5729 which adds to 23. 5729 read from right to left, as in Hebrew, gives us 11/12, the hour and the day of EVOs' "Rediscovery of America" BeIn. The T.V. serial Adam-12 dramatized log-11 last week, another indication of the auspicious date chosen for the EVO BeIn. An advertisement on page 23 of the N. Y. Post, bannered with "Peace in 5729", was the first hint that war was imminent. Standing cliches on their head, always brings one to the truth! Also, that week saw the 23rd gloom-ridden session of the U.N.'s General Assembly; the 23rd meeting in Paris of the faltering 'Peace Talks' and a 23-page report prepared by the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, in which, it maintained that we're falling behind Russia in the nuclear race. We also now have a Milwaukee 14 counterpart of the Catsonville nine: $14+9=23!$

But the real mind blower: 23 in fractional form as $2/3$ translates into the decimal number .666..., the biblical number for man, the beast. And man, the beast, went into action on St. Mark's Place that week with arsonous riots and heavy police paraphernalia. Thus did DA Lattimer write a breezy "A MAN COULD GET KILLED" account, in which badge numbers were dropped instead of names. In this case, badge number 1837 turned up, and did you know that 18 times 37 equals the number of the beast 666? Well, it does— and off the number drove in police car 2326 or was it 2623. Anyway, coincidence after coincidence forced me to search for the significance of 23 in the portals of pi. On the reverse side of page 141, in a book, *Mathematics for the Modern Mind*, I found a table showing the first two thousand decimal places of the famous number pi. The decimals were placed in five digit groups: i.e., 3.14159 (dig: they add to 23) 26535 89793 23846. 23 begins the fourth group of fives and 46, its double ends it. Now, 23 and 46 add to 69, a triune of 23s, an apocalyptic year; the time of reckoning. The middle number 8, which in its higher vibrations, stands for Divine Justice, helps us narrow the date of our prediction to the exact month, for World War III will commence 8/69 which adds to 23; fortelling the time when Cosmic Justice will help right the massive inequities resulting from the homunculus-manikin's imperfect conscience. For 23 is the cipher of hope (Pope John XXIII) and help from superiors and protection from those in high places. And the missiles will roar like lions when launched from their pads. but they will land among us like dandelions, metal duds! Our superiors in their saucer 'friendships' will have implemented logos-23, a real life drama, in which all men are given an opportunity of freeing themselves, via the H-Bomb Imbroglia, from pretense and nonsense. Come 8 '69 and everyone will get high on pi.

ASTROPSYCHOLOGIST



photo: Walter Bredel



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HIGH



TRIP 14

From Time:

In every age, men have struggled to perceive God directly rather than as a tenuously grasped abstraction. Few succeed, and the visions of the world's rare mystics have normally come only after hard spiritual work—prayer, meditation, ascetic practice.

Now a number of psychologists and theologians are exploring such hallucinogenic drugs as mescaline, psilocybin and LSD-25 as an easy way to instant mysticism.

In large enough doses these drugs can simulate the effects of certain forms of psychosis—to the point, in some cases, of permanent derangement.

In controlled, minute doses the drugs produce weird and wonderful fantasies of sight and feeling; in Greenwich Village and on college campuses, they seem to be replacing marijuana as the hip way to get high.

Some investigators who have tried the drugs claim to have undergone a profound spiritual experience, and these men are seriously, if gingerly, studying the undefined relationship between drug-induced visions and the classic forms of mystical ecstasy.

"The void was lit up." For at least 3,000 years, primitive tribes have had visionary crises at feasts of certain sacred plants, often mushrooms.

The use of the peyote cactus, from which mescaline is derived, is a regular part of the communion services of the native American church, composed of 500,000 U.S. Indians.

Novelist Aldous Huxley wrote in the Doors of Perception that mescaline produced in him an effect that seemed like seeing the beautiful vision.

Psychologist Timothy Leary, who was dropped from Harvard faculty last spring after receiving strong criticism for his freewheeling research in the use of LSD and psilocybin, gave the drugs to sixty-nine full-time religious professionals, found that three out of four

At the time I ate the sacred mushrooms of Mexico I called myself as follows: an atheist, a rationalist, skeptical of any sort of authority, ritual, tradition, faith, or magic, an empiricist—intolerant of scholastic speculation and Talmudic juggling. An arrogant disdain of fear-directed bourgeois conformity. I was convinced that the choice was to be independent-effective-right or obedient-routine-good, but not both.

The high-school principal looked at me calmly. You have consistently ignored the principles upon which this school is based. The Kantian Categorical Imperative. No one has a right to do that which if everyone did would destroy society. I was the editor of the high-school paper which had just won the interstate prize for excellence, but I cut classes and skipped school. The principal slowly turned a fountain pen in his hand. There was a month until graduation. He was thinking about the administrative trouble involved in expelling me. He was getting close to retirement—a wise old New Englander. He put the pen down. His eyes were on his blotter. He wouldn't look at me. I never want to see you or talk to you again. Just stay away from me and my office.

No cadet was allowed to sit next to me in the West Point mess hall, and I was required to request food by writing on a pad . . . which I never did. The cadet adjutant had climbed up to the observation shelf from where he bellowed out his cry of "attention." The clatter of dishes and babble of conversation ceased. Two thousand gray-coated cadets sat silently. Headquarters, United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, August 18, 1941. In the case of Cadet Timothy Leary, second class, the Honor Committee of the Cadet

Corps agrees to accept the verdict of the Court Martial. Not guilty. At ease.

The silence hung over the huge hall, larger than three football fields, and then hushed conversations began. That afternoon I packed my gear in a jeep and drove to the railroad station down by the Hudson under the granite fortress cliffs. First classmen who knew and sympathized and some plebes who didn't know but sympathized came up to shake my hand (most of them, by habit, still maintaining the silence), and a colonel attached to the superintendent's office stopped, flagged the jeep down, and came over silently and shook my hand.

It took a moment for the Jesuit Dean of Students to understand my refusal of his offer to return to Holy Cross. Then his face flushed with red. I had never seen him angry before. He was jolly, cocky, friend-of-the-students professor and wore his hard square black hat jauntily over his left eye. He turned quickly, black robe swirling, and stomped off.

Social systems larger than the clan are based on irrational and unnecessary fear and that's why they can't tolerate detached action no matter how effective.

At the time I ate the sacred mushrooms in Mexico I was a rational humanist. Supremely confident but empty because, although I could predict and master the game, I had lost the thread of mystery.

I had run through and beyond the middle-class professional game board. There were no surprise moves left. I had died even to the lure of ambition, power, sex. It was all a Monopoly game—easy to win at but meaningless. I had just been promised tenure at Harvard.

Five hours after eating the mushrooms it was all changed. The revelation had come. The veil had been pulled back. The classic vision. The full-blown conversion experience. The prophetic call. The works. God had spoken.

had intense mystico-religious reactions, and more than half claimed that they had the deepest spiritual experience of their life.

Such spiritual experiences range from heavenly to hideous: a number of subjects suffer through agonizing intimations of hell rather than of paradise.

Most instant mystics feel that they have been reborn, and have suddenly been given the key to existence, although their intuition usually appears in the form of an incommunicable platitude, such as, oneness is all.

California prison psychologist Wilson Van Dusen, for example, imagined himself in a black void in which "God was walking on me and I cried for joy."

"My own voice seemed to speak of His coming. But I didn't believe it. Suddenly and unexpectedly the zenith of the void was lit up with the blinding presence of the One."

"How did I know it? All I can say is that there was no possibility of doubt."

Union with God. This kind of experience seems to be at least subjectively religious; but there are less convincing cases in which drug takers appear to have read religion into their visions or rigged the setting to induce a spiritual experience.

One professor at Protestant divinity school recalls that he was handed a rose to contemplate after taking his dose of LSD.

As I looked at the rose it began to glow, he said, and suddenly I felt that I understood the rose.

A few days later when I reread the biblical account of Moses and the burning bush it suddenly made sense to me.

Perhaps the best-known deliberate effort to create religious experience with drugs was a special service in the basement chapel beneath Boston University's non-denominational Marsh Chapel on Good Friday last year.

But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them . . . hearken to my

words: For this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams. . . .

It was for me the authentic Moses, Mohammed, Blake, Boehme, Shankara, St. John of the Cross, trip. Now, mind you, I'm not comparing myself to these great eloquent, effective, popular newscasters from the central broadcasting station. Millions of unknown, incoherent, ineffective persons have stumbled on the billion-year-old ticker tape and got the message and have been unable to tune it back to society. But believe this—the message is the same, in spite of the transmitter, and I got the message by a swimming pool in Cuernavaca in August 1960.

Then what? If I had been a believing psychologist, the temptation would be to rush back to the tribe and use the revelation in the psychology game—get research grants, write scientific articles, become famous. A new Freud. So simple and so what.

If I had been a painter, I would have started etching out the visions and gained renown and money as a new Salvador Dali.

If I had been a businessman, the reflex reaction to the mushroom vision would be commercial. Business is the religion of America and the best way to have introduced psychedelic sacraments into the culture would have been to market them.

I recall the first businessman that we ever turned on. He was a friend of a psychiatrist who brought him over one Sunday for a session. After a couple of hours he swam up to me with that ecstatic, all-seeing gleam in his eye. Magnificent! I see it all! Incredible! Look, Leary, you've got to get me a million doses of this!

I smiled. This was the usual reaction. The physicists wanted a million doses to solve the non-existent problem of space-time. The artists, to make the world beautiful.

What would you do with a million doses?

The merchant looked at me with disdain. Why, it's obvious. This is worth a hundred dollars a dose. A million doses is a hundred million bucks!

If it weren't for a scholar's prejudice against commerce, we might have added small amounts of psilocybin to ginger-ale and quinine-water bottles and sold it as a new form of cocktail. One bottle would have been the equivalent of a joint of marijuana. Ten bottles would produce a visionary voyage. Psilocybin at that time was considered a mild, safe form of mushroom juice, and who would have objected to its sale in health stores? What would be more American than non-alcoholic ecstasy cocktails sold for a profit?

The most typical thing to do after your revelation is to announce it to everyone. Rush back and tell everyone.

Listen! Wake up! You are God! You have the Divine plan engraved in cellular script within you. Listen! Take this sacrament! You'll see! You'll get the revelation! It will change your life! You'll be reborn!

I started doing this the day after my conversion. I rushed over to Topzplan to tell the McClellands. Mary McClelland is a Quaker mystic and she listened with interest and sympathy. David McClelland is a Presbyterian convert to Quakerism. His shock and horror was unmistakable. If I had described the pleasure of heroin or sexual seduction of minors, he couldn't have shown more reflex dismay.

I found myself getting poetic and dogmatic. I know it is a real reality! I know it is the Divine

Organ music was piped into the dimly lit chapel for a group of twenty subjects, half of whom were given LSD while the rest took placebos.

A minister gave a brief sermon, and the students were left alone to meditate. During the next three hours, all except one of the LSD takers (but only one of those who took placebos) reported a genuine religious experience.

I felt a deep union with God, reports one participant. I remember feeling a profound sense of sorrow that there was no priest or minister at the altar.

I had a tremendous urge to go up on the altar and minister the services.

But I had this sense of unworthiness, and I crawled under the pews and tried to get away.

Finally I carried my Bible to the altar and then tried to preach.

The only words I mumbled were peace—peace. I felt I was communicating beyond words.

Most churchmen are duly skeptical about equating an afternoon on LSD with the intuitions of a St. John of the Cross or a Martin Luther.

R. C. Zaehner of Oxford, a Roman Catholic and an expert on Eastern religions, holds that the drug-induced visions are simply one of many kinds of preternatural experience, and are qualitatively different from the ecstasies granted mystics.

Presbyterian Theodore Gill, President of San Francisco Theological Seminary, wonders whether the drug experience might be a rival rather than a supplement to what conventional religion offers.

Says he: The drugs make an end run around Christ and go straight to the Holy Spirit.

Clerics also charge that LSD zealots have become a clique of modern gnostics concerned only with furthering their private search for what they call inner freedom.

Others feel that the church should not quickly dismiss anything that has the power to deepen faith.

Dr. W. T. Stace, of Princeton, one of the nation's foremost students of mysticism, believes that LSD can change lives for the better.

The fact that the experience was induced by drugs has no bearing on its validity, he says.

In an article on the drugs written with Leary for the Journal of Religious Education, Dr. Walter Houston Clark of Andover Newton Theological School argued that the structure of the drugs is similar to that of a family of chemicals in the body known as indoles.

It may be, he suggested, that a naturally occurring excess of the indoles might predispose some people to certain kinds of mystical experience.

Says Paul Lee, an instructor at M.I.T. who took LSD while a student at Harvard Divinity School:

The pity is that our everyday religious experience has become so jaded, so rationalized that to become aware of the mystery, wonderment, and confusion of life we must resort to the drugs.

message! David McClelland now looked alarmed. Clinical diagnostic glances. Wow! Do I have a nut on my hands here? He was my boss at Harvard.

I shut up and made a joke about Celtic enthusiasm and we talked about department politics.

I was faced with the ancient dilemma of the visionary to whom God has spoken.

After his illumination the Buddha sat for forty-nine days and nights wondering if he should go back and time-in the message. He knew the Hindu priesthood would be angry.

Mohammed got into all sorts of administrative trouble. After three years only thirteen persons—slaves, no-accounts, and women—listened to him.

Boehme, Eckhart, and Luther, and George Fox, spoke about it and the wrath of the establishment came down on them. Even Moses had his problems.

When are you ready to take the message seriously enough to announce it?

This is it! Thou art the man! I am He! You are He! Don't be deceived by the bureaucratic church. Don't think you can escape it. The revelation comes to everyman in his lifetime. You can close your eyes and try to ignore it. But it will come to you. Every man is the chosen man. Had you forgotten?

But when are you ready to accept it? And how will you announce it?

For an American in 1960 A.D. there was little vocational preparation for the prophetic role. There was no college-major for prophecy—least of all in the divinity schools. The steps to secular success were spelled out in every college catalogue but not for that only important profession—the discovery of your divinity.

There was no listing in the yellow pages of the phone book for visionary messiah.

The entire weight of American education is engineered to crush the religious impulse. Other times have been easier. Luther was a brilliant priest in a God-obsessed society. The Buddha had pursued a gruelling yoga for several years before his flash. I was unprepared for the message. It would take me six years to accept the call.

I was trained as a psychologist. Psychology is a particularly vulgar, profane profession. It took Carl Jung a lifetime to kick the psychology habit and locate his center within. T. G. Fechner, the founder of scientific psychology, lay tormented on a bed, blind, incoherent, for more than a year before he tore off the blindfold and spoke the word. All is consciousness and consciousness is one.

I did not wander barefoot forth from Mexico preaching the word. I flew back to Harvard University and started a research project. The strategy was to provide religious experiences and then scientifically measure the overt benefit.

Make them feel right and they'll do right. Make them feel good and they'll do good.

I didn't mention the religious revelation part. Just the public good, the behavior change that would result.

The dull would become creative. The neurotic would become whole. The criminal would reform his evil ways. Through questionnaire and objective personality tests and statistical analysis we would prove "scientifically" that God exists in man and that this power miracles do perform.

Of course everyone intuitively saw through the scheme and resisted it—everyone, that is, who didn't turn-on. The self-appointed scientists and the academics were skeptical and irritated. They sensed what I was up to and knew that my charisma and enthusiasm could make it work.

The psychedelic sages also murmured against the research plan. It was too public, too superficial, too easy.

The psychedelic underground. The handful of Americans who knew where it was at—most of them long-time students of oriental philosophy and mystic experiences.

The first friend to warn me to keep the discovery private was Frank Barron. He was shocked at my organizing a large project of graduate students. This sort of research is internal. Take it yourself and read Blake. Frank had taken the mushrooms two years before and it plunged him into twelve months of contemplation, wild poetry, and dedicated study of mystical philosophy.

The politics, the administration, the organization of a large research project made no sense to him. Frank Barron is a gentleman scholar of the old school—a cross between William James and Dylan Thomas. Bureaucracy, committee meetings alienated his Celtic mystic intuitions. Experimentation on the sacred mushroom and the mystic experience made no more sense to Frank than psychological studies of the effects of the Catholic sacraments. What are the mental-health implications of baptism? Let us request a federal foundation grant to administer personality tests before and after Holy Communion. What are the psychiatric diagnostic characteristics of the visionary prophet? Let us

make quantitative measures and statistical analyses of the Holy Spirit. Oh, really? Are you kidding?

Listen, Frank, let's come on as psychologists and develop a research project that aims at producing the ecstatic moment. Develop a science of ecstasies. Train graduate students to illuminate themselves and others. We have statisticians who systematize the static—how about ecstasistatisticians who systematize the ecstatic?

No, you can't do it with graduate students. They are temperamentally and professionally trained to look outside, at behavior. You'll find your native mystics among artists, poets, eccentrics. Don't mix the professional with the spiritual. And don't talk about the mushrooms so much.

But it was impossible not to talk about the experience. I was peripherally involved in Cambridge social life. Cocktails. Dinners. Conversations.

Sitting on a sofa with a dry martini trying to explain what it is like to go out of your mind and talk to God. Professors' wives leaning forward, wet lips, eyes glistening, the scent of perfume and alcohol breath. Fascination. Disbelief. Fear.

Gerald Heard, bearded wise old philosopher, knew what was going to happen. He had studied the sociology of ecstasy for forty years and recognized the ancient sacramental meaning of LSD.

He came to visit us at Harvard. We asked his advice in the form of specific, practical questions and he always replied in parables. The Eleusinian

PRIEST

Reprinted from
Dr. Leary's Autobiography,
HIGH PRIEST
recently published by
The World Publishing Co.

Whirling disks of gas molecules—driven of course by that tiny, spinning, nuclear force—condensing clouds—further condensation—the tangled web of spinning magnetic fields clustering into stellar forms.

One thousand million galaxies. From 100 million to 100,000 million stars in a galaxy—that is to say, 100,000 million planetary systems per galaxy.

Here is the always changing data of nuclear physics and astronomy is the current scientific answer to the first basic question—material enough indeed for an astrophysics cosmology.

Psychotic reports often contain phrases which seem to describe similar phenomena, subjectively experienced.

Subjects speak of participating and merging with pure (i.e., content-free) energy, white light, of witnessing the breakdown of macroscopic objects into vibratory patterns, the awareness that everything is a dance of particles.

Science is the systematic attempt to record and measure the energy process and the sequence of energy transformation we call life.

Religion is the systematic attempt to provide answers to the same questions subjectively, in terms of direct, incontrovertible private experience.

At this point I should like to present my central thesis. I am going to advance the hypothesis that those aspects of the psychedelic experience which subjects report to be ineffable and ecstatically religious involve a direct...

Today the basic energy is located within the nucleus.

Inside the atom, a transparent sphere of amorphous light, the substance of the atom has shrunk to a core of unbelievable smallness.

Enlarged one thousand million times, an atom would be about the size of a football, but its nucleus would still be hardly visible—a mere speck of dust at the center.

Yet that nucleus radiates a powerful electric field which holds and controls the electrons around it.

Infinite power and complexity operating at speeds and spatial dimensions which our conceptual minds cannot register.

The cosmic design is this network of energy whirling through space-time.

More than fifteen thousand million years ago the oldest stars (today, that is, but we now know about) began to form.

eyes couldn't keep still and kept screaming. He died for our sins, and I fought down my desire to straight-arm the linebacker and run for the goal and I relaxed and after five minutes Jesus-eyes let go his tackle for a split second and I was off and away to the kitchen where I opened the refrigerator and pulled out a beer and was sitting with my feet on the kitchen table when the missionaries roared in to save my soul and when the preaching continued I opened the window and the soft spring air billowed the curtain and I shouted, See that soft breeze? That's the breath of God, for me. And hear those birds? ... We all listened. Well that's the sermon I tune-in to. It's all God, beloved Jesus-eyes, and the bubbles on this beer, see them, they're part of the Divine Scheme too. I toast you and God. And with that we all smiled and the session went on.

It was during these sessions that I first caught on to the power and meaning of prayer. That prayer wasn't a telegram sent in the English language to the department of requisition and supply on the top floor. I realized that you have to be out of your mind for prayer. That you can't rationalize with a five-billion-year-old energy process. That only psychotics and flipped-out saints and psychedelics can pray. And that prayer is the compass ... the gyroscope ... the centering device to give you direction and courage and trust at those moments when you are overwhelmed by the power and breadth of the divine process.

The psychedelic experience posed problems for some of the divinity students. It seemed that most of them were more interested in their doctorates, and academic careers. The problem was that in these careers the revelatory confrontation and the voice of God had not played much of a part. So there were crises of conscience and identity—but it was all healthy and yeasty and the religious seminar continued Sunday evenings and we kept turning on ministers and divinity students by day and by night.

Meanwhile I had been through my big LSD death-rebirth under the guidance of Michael, and the religious-ontological nature of the psychedelic experience was obvious to me, and any secular discussion about psychedelic drugs—creativity, psychiatric treatment, etc.—seemed irrelevant. I was catching the religious fever.

An increasing number of priests and ministers and theologians kept coming around. And then in the spring of 1966 came the spring to the East.

It started with Fred Swain, World War II air force major, who became a Vedantic Hindu monk in 1964 and who lived in an ashram near Boston. He started hanging out at the house and he told us about Hinduism and the psychedelic pantheon of gods and his guru and yoga. Fred had gone to Mexico the year before and had a far-out mushroom trip with Maria Sabina in the mountains of Oaxaca.

I started visiting the Vedantic ashram. It was a surprise and delight to discover this group of holy, mature, sensible people who had renounced the world in pursuit of the visionary quest. The Hindu Bibles read like psychedelic manuals. The Hindu myths were session reports. The ashram itself was a turn-on. A serene, rhythmic life of work and meditation all aimed at getting high.

The reports of Fred Swain and Alan Watts and Aldous Huxley had impressed them with the psychic possibilities of psychedelic drugs. They were watching me too, testing me out.

After several visits I was asked, shyly, to guide a session for some of the people in the ashram. I came to the ashram early one morning and joined the meditating-chanting service. Then, those who were to take the trip remained for more prayers and contemplation. The LSD had been placed in chalices on the altar. Incense and flowers adorned it. The LSD sacrament was mixed with holy water from the Ganges, blessed, and drunk.

In human affairs, aesthetic form comes into being when traditions exist that, strong and abiding like mountains, are made pleasing by a lucid beauty. By contemplating the forms existing in the heavens we come to understand time and its changing demands. Through contemplation of the forms existing in human society it becomes possible to shape the world. (I Ching XXII)

Then we moved from the altar to the larger shrine-room—we sat Indian-style on an oriental rug. Candles. Incense. Chanting.

Then the Holy folk got high. I could see the LSD take over. In spite of their years of preparation they were shocked by the power and complexity of the LSD. They knew exactly what was happening but it still scared them. I was high too and overcame by the power of the ashram and the shrine and the ancient rituals. We were all caught in Hindu mythologies. I was awed and dazzled and confused. What happens here? Now I'm Siva, okay, but what do I do? Hindu sessions have been going on for five thousand years. I'm a naive Westerner. I remembered my prayer, When in doubt, be quiet, drift, trust. I sat erect in the Indian position—flipped-out, ecstatic, bewildered.

The Holy people of the ashram were bowled over. They really saw the mythic nature of the situation. They looked up at me in terror and awe. I was radiating energy. The beautiful nun Sakti gasped and crawled over and put her head in my lap. Oh Bhagavan, Lord, you have conquered me. Forgive my doubts and my arrogance. I surrender to you. The others watched with hushed attention. Fred Swain crouched, spitting, the monkey-God, Hanuman. We were four figures from a temple-carrying. We were four timeless divinities caught in the classic posture of union, celebration, cosmic tension.

I leaned down and smiled and stroked Sakti's brow. Rest, beloved. We are one. She sighed, Oh yes, and the others nodded.

The candles burned silently. The incense smoke rose, essence of Holy India, reek of Kalighat temple, Calcutta, holy scent of Ram Mandir Benares and Jagannath Puri and Konarak. I looked around the room. Ramakrishna's statue breathed and his eyes twinkled the message. Vivekananda's brown face beamed and winked. Christ grinned to be joined again with his celestial brothers. The rare-wood walls breathed. The sacred kundalini serpent uncoiled up the bronzed candleholders to the thousand-petaled lotus blossom. This was the fulcrum moment of eternity. The exact second of consciousness, fragile, omniscient. God was present and spoke to us in silence.

I was overcome with reverence. And gratitude. To be allowed this glimpse, this participation in the Holy company, in the venerable dance.

I was a Hindu from that moment on. No, that's not the way to say it. I recognized that day in the temple that we are all Hindus in our essence. We are all Hindu Gods and Goddesses. Laughing Krishna. Immutably Brahma. Yes and Anistic-sensual Siva. Stern Kali with bloody hands. Undu-

(Continued on Page 19)

Nonetheless, many of us are profoundly grateful for the vistas opened up by the drug experience.

It remains to be seen whether this experience is to be interpreted in religious language.

From "The Religious Experience, Its Production and Interpretation" by Timothy Leary, in the Psychedelic Review.

We have arranged transcendental experiences for over four thousand persons from all walks of life, including two hundred full-time religious professionals, about half of whom belong to Eastern religions and about half of whom profess the Christian or Jewish faith.

In our research files and in certain denominational offices there is building up a large and quite remarkable collection of reports which will be published when the political atmosphere becomes more tolerant.

At this point it is conservative to state that over seventy-five percent of these subjects report intense mystico-religious reactions, and considerably more than half claim that they had had the deepest spiritual experience of their life.

We have five scientific studies by qualified investigators—the four realistic studies of Leary et al., Sarason et al., Dillman et al., and Janiger-McGlothlin.

and the triple-blind study in the Harvard dissertation mentioned earlier—yielding data which indicate that (1) if the setting is supportive but not spiritual, between 40 and 75 percent of psychedelic subjects will report intense and life-changing religious experiences;

and that (2) if the set and setting are supportive and spiritual, then around 90 percent of the experiences will be revelatory and mystico-religious.

It is hard to see how these results can be disregarded by those who are concerned with spiritual growth and religious development.

These data are even more interesting because the experiments took place during an historical era when mysticism, individual religious ecstasy (as opposed to religious behavior), was highly suspect.

And when the classic, direct non-verbal means of revelation and correction—such as meditation, yoga, fasting, monastic withdrawal and sacramental foods and drugs were surrounded by an aura of fear, clandestine secrecy.

Active social sanction, and even imprisonment.

The religious experience. You are undoubtedly wondering about the meaning of this phrase which has been used so freely in the preceding paragraphs. May I offer a definition?

The religious experience is the ecstatic, incontrovertibly certain, subjective discovery of answers to seven basic spiritual questions.

What are these seven basic spiritual questions? There is the ultimate-power question, the life question, the human-destiny question, and the ego question.

1. The ultimate-power question: What is the ultimate power or basic energy which moves the universe, creates life?

2. The life question: What is life, where did it start, where is it going?

mysteries. Tantric cults. Tibetan secrets. The Masonic Brotherhood. The Illuminati. Medieval sects. The oral tradition. The secret teachings always passed from guru to disciple. He never gave an explicit answer but the meaning was clear. He who speaks does not know; he who knows speaks privately or not at all. Go underground. Alan Watts came to visit. Wise. Detached. Funny. Jolly. Bubbling. Eloquent. Experienced. He was shy of groups and organizations. Don't upset the establishment. Blavatsky's Secret. The English occultists. Gurdjieff and Ouspensky—The Fourth Way of the shy man. He does not profess a public yoga. He takes his "little pill" quietly and goes all the way.

Alan (a former Anglican priest) conducted our first LSD session. On Easter Sunday. A High Church ceremony. Goblets. Homemade bread and good French wine. Parables and Zen jokes. Susan, my twelve-year-old, and Jack, age ten, performed as acolytes. The sun shone through the clouds at noon and Madison Presnell and Lisa, his beautiful flower wife, and their twins arrived from church radiant in Easter clothes. Lisa played the grand piano, and Madison, with his African seed wisdom, played the grand jester and floated up to us on contest-high and spun out psychedelic stories.

At the communion supper Alan laughed. I see everything, everything in its cosmic dimension. Every phrase. Every action. How divinely funny.

Aldous Huxley sat with us in our early planning sessions and turned on with us but remained convinced that religion was the inevitable institutional channel for the psychedelics. He called LSD a gratuitous grace. At his suggestion I initiated discussions with some Unitarian ministers. They were, as always, cultured, tolerant, open-minded, but hopelessly intellectual.

One day in December 1960 I received a note from a Professor Huston Smith, philosopher at M.I.T. We lunched at the Faculty Club. It seemed that during a seminar on religious experience at M.I.T., Professor Smith had suggested that Westerners could never hope to attain to the mystic experience. Aldous had passed over a note to Huston Smith with my telephone number.

Professor Smith had an ideal background for a psychedelic trip. His parents were missionaries and he spent seventeen years in China. His professional game was comparative religion. He had sought the visionary experience in monasteries in Burma and Japan.

He had been waiting and working for a long time for the direct confrontation. And so it was arranged that on New Year's Day, 1961, Huston and his good wife Eleanor would come to my house to turn-on.

They arrived late. And Huston was nervous.

There was no ritual because I was too inexperienced to understand the importance of ritual and too ignorant to suggest that Huston and Eleanor provide their own and too aware of the trap of the mind to impose my structure on the experience.

After taking the sacrament Huston lay for six hours in a comatose terror. Then lay for four hours in silent dazed contemplation. I had been busy during the day offering irrelevant aid, tea (not drunk), fruit (not eaten), supportive remarks (unanswered).

As I drove them home in heavy silence I felt the session was a failure—half blaming my inexperience, half blaming the subjects for being unprepared.

The next day Huston phoned with the most enthusiastic, ecstatic, grateful cordiality. The session was more than he expected. The sacrament had unlocked the door.

In the subsequent months Huston ran psilocybin sessions for undergraduate and graduate students at M.I.T. Laboratory exercises for his lectures on the mystic experience. Those were the casual days before the politicians and the dark priesthood of psychiatry had made a scandal out of LSD.

After the sessions some of his students roared over to Harvard to dedicate their lives to the psychedelic cause, but we had no way of using these unleashed spiritual energies—no turn-on, tune-in, drop-out program. We had our hands full with converted Harvard graduate students. I wonder what ever happened to those eager youngsters.

During the summer and fall of 1961 more and more interest in psychedelics was developing, particularly among the religious.

Dr. Walter Houston Clark, Dean of the Hartford Seminary, was a visiting scholar at Harvard and kept coming around to talk about turning-on. He was a handsome, distinguished graying figure—of somewhat awesome respectability. He neither drank nor smoked, and talked about William James. I felt he was really too academic and conservative to flip-out in the divine dance. I had a protective feeling about him. He couldn't really know what was involved.

Then there was Walter Pahnke—a young country-hunkin, fresh-faced, gee-whiz enthusiast. He had a ministerial degree (Midwest Lutheran, I believe) and a medical license and was an advanced graduate student in the Ph.D. program of the Harvard Divinity School.

Walter wanted to do a thesis dissertation research on the psychedelic experience. Yes sir. A medically supervised, double-blind, pre- and post-tested, controlled, scientifically up-to-date kosher experiment on the production of the objectively defined, bona-fide mystic experience as described by Christian visionaries and to be brought about by our ministrations.

Walter Pahnke was so serious and so naive, I laughed out loud. How many subjects, Walter?

Well, twenty in the control group and twenty in the experiment. And they'll all take the drug in a church with organ music and a sermon and the whole Protestant ritual going. I've read all you've written about the importance of set-and-setting and it sounds right to me.

Walter Pahnke spoke with a boy-scout sincerity. I gulped. You mean you are suggesting we turn on twenty people at the same time in the same public place.

Yes-sirre. Wouldn't it be scientific to do it at different times. Besides I want to do it on Good Friday—in the Boston University Chapel. I know

3. The human-destiny question. What is man, whence did he come, and where is he going?

4. The knowledge question. How do we know?

5. The ego question (spiritual and not secular, psychological, or social). What am I? What is my place in the plan?

6. The emotional question. What should we feel?

7. The ultimate-escape question. How can we do it?

Now one important fact about these questions is that they are continually being answered and re-answered, not only by all the religions of the world but also by the data of the natural sciences.

Reread these questions from the standpoint of the data of (1) astronomy, (2) biochemistry, (3) genetics and physiology, (4) neurology, (5) psychology, (6) psychiatry, (7) anesthesiology.

But if non-secular, "pure" science and religion address themselves to the same basic questions, what is the distinction between the two disciplines?

Science is the systematic attempt to record and measure the energy process and the sequence of energy transformation we call life.

Religion is the systematic attempt to provide answers to the same questions subjectively, in terms of direct, incontrovertible private experience.

At this point I should like to present my central thesis. I am going to advance the hypothesis that those aspects of the psychedelic experience which subjects report to be ineffable and ecstatically religious involve a direct...

Today the basic energy is located within the nucleus.

Inside the atom, a transparent sphere of amorphous light, the substance of the atom has shrunk to a core of unbelievable smallness.

Enlarged one thousand million times, an atom would be about the size of a football, but its nucleus would still be hardly visible—a mere speck of dust at the center.

Yet that nucleus radiates a powerful electric field which holds and controls the electrons around it.

Infinite power and complexity operating at speeds and spatial dimensions which our conceptual minds cannot register.

The cosmic design is this network of energy whirling through space-time.

Dean Howard Thurmond and he's interested in the mystic experience and he'll let us use the chapel.

I really had to laugh at this caricature of the experimental design applied to that most sacred experience. If he had proposed giving aphrodisiacs to twenty virgins to produce a mass orgasm, it wouldn't have sounded further out.

My dear Walter, I'm speechless! That is the most reckless wild suggestion I've ever heard in my life. You don't understand what you are dealing with. A psychedelic experience flips you out of your mind. It's intimate. It's private. You laugh. You moan in cosmic terror. You roll on the floor, wrestling with God and the devil. In particular, the first session must be in a protected, quiet, secure surrounding.

Walter Pahnke was stubborn. I'll be secure, all right. I've got a medical degree and I'll have tranquilizers to inject—and I'll do psychiatric interviews to screen out pre-psychotics.

No, Walter, you don't get the point. What you are proposing may be psychiatrically safe but it's irrelevant. You've never had a session, have you?

Nope. Well, Walter, I like your idea. I'd love to help you do a systematic study of the mystic experience, but you must know what is involved. You must have several sessions yourself before you begin to think about a research study.

Nope. He couldn't do that. He realized that there might be all sorts of opposition to his study—from Harvard, from the Divinity School, from the medical people. God, he knew how hidebound people were. Therefore he must preserve his psychedelic virginity. He didn't want to be accused of being biased and too positive. He had to be able to say that he had never taken the drug until after his thesis was accepted.

The more time I spent with the indefatigable Walter Pahnke the more impressed I became. Behind his corollary facade there was an inner dedication, an unfrilled optimism, a deep belief in the religious experience and the power of psychedelics to produce it.

An informal religious seminar slowly emerged. We began meeting on Sunday nights at Huston Smith's house: Walter Clark and Walter Pahnke and dignified professors from the Divinity School and visiting preachers and divines and a group of graduate students from the Divinity School.

I would preach and answer questions. Huston and Walter Clark and Walter Pahnke would comment and encourage. Gradually an experiment developed. We would run a session for several divinity students. This was a trial run for Walter Pahnke—a preparation for his big experiment.

The session was scheduled for a Saturday morning in March, 1961. We met in two groups, one at my house and one at Huston's house. We had built up a staff of session guides—Harvard graduate students and young professors. It went well. Walter Clark finally had his mystic experience, which he described in a moving report.

The psychedelic experience posed problems for some of the divinity students.

Each one of these voyagers had a vision as dramatic as Moses or Mohammed. One college chaplain found himself in a bottomless well of cell and tissue and realized he was dying (i.e. mortal), and looked up for the light but doubted, and reached for faith and prayer and couldn't find it, and despaired and fell back on his mind for explanations and control; and grew sulky and demanding and could not believe. He explained the experience afterwards in psychiatric terms and soon after left the ministry for a career in the social sciences.

It was strong Old Testament stuff, believe me.

Another minister found himself dying and cried out in great fear, and we told him, Pray, brother, and he prayed and was reborn in radiance.

And another rolled on the floor, discovering that sex was the red-flame of life, copulating the carpet, and cried out, Is God nothing but sex? and we reminded him of his prayer, "Thy will be done, Lord, not my will but thine," and he prayed and wept for joy.

And another minister walked tensely into the garden and when I approached him smiling, he said, If you mention the word guilt to me I'll punch you in the nose. And he cried out in despair, Who can help me? I said, Pray to your God, and he said, The hell with God, I want my wife, and I said, Your wife is God, and he said, Right! My wife is God! Get me home. Toward the end of the session we got a driver to take him one hundred miles back to his wife, and he had two telepathic experiences that left him awed and reverent and very much in love with his wife.

And the minister who fell on his knees, ordered us all to do likewise, and looked up at me with righteous tears and said, Timothy Leary, put aside your vanity and testify to the Blood of the Lamb, and his minister friend, also high, said, Yes, Amen. Look at his eyes, the eyes of Christ, and I looked down at the walls of suffering and groaned that laughing Jesus had been made martyr by these Christians. And the friend said, Ho, Ho. The great Leary, master of games, has met his match in the eyes of Jesus. Look at these eyes, they see through even your game, Dr. Leary.

And I wouldn't kneel. I said, Let us pray together, but the suffering eyes flashed with righteousness and I felt the arms go around my knees. By God, I was tackled by suffering Jesus-eyes burning me with reproach. And the two Christians on their knees looked up at me reekless, and linebacker Jesus-eyes would not let me go.

I was amused and irritated because I saw the two thousand years of Christian moral-one-upmanship and missionary coercion and holy zado-mauschism. If I moved I'd be brought down in a tackle, unless I moved violently, in which case I'd hurt the suffering Jesus-eyes.

I won't let you go, Brother Leary, until you fall on your knees for Jesus—and you will do it if I have to hold you for days.

Jesus-eyes wouldn't let go and wouldn't stop talking and walling about Blood of the Lamb, repeat, so I said, I'll stay here praying silently my Buddha prayer as long as you insist on holding me slave to you. Onward Christian soldiers, but for Christ's sake shut up and let us meditate and worship in holy silence. And his friend said, Yes, let's meditate silently with Brother Tim, but Jesus-

And each stellar cluster hooked up in magnetic dance with its planetary star and with every other star in the galaxy and each galaxy whirling in synchronized relationship to the other galaxies.

And each planetary system slowly wheeling through the stellar cycle that allows for a brief time the possibility of life as we know it.

Subjects speak of participating and merging with pure (i.e., content-free) energy, white light, of witnessing the breakdown of macroscopic objects into vibratory patterns, the awareness that everything is a dance of particles.

Science is the systematic attempt to record and measure the energy process and the sequence of energy transformation we call life.

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Enlarged one thousand million times, an atom would be about the size of a football, but its nucleus would still be hardly visible—a mere speck of dust at the center.

Yet that nucleus radiates a powerful electric field which holds and controls the electrons around it.

Infinite power and complexity operating at speeds and spatial dimensions which our conceptual minds cannot register.

The cosmic design is this network of energy whirling through space-time.

More than fifteen thousand million years ago the oldest stars (today, that is, but we now know about) began to form.

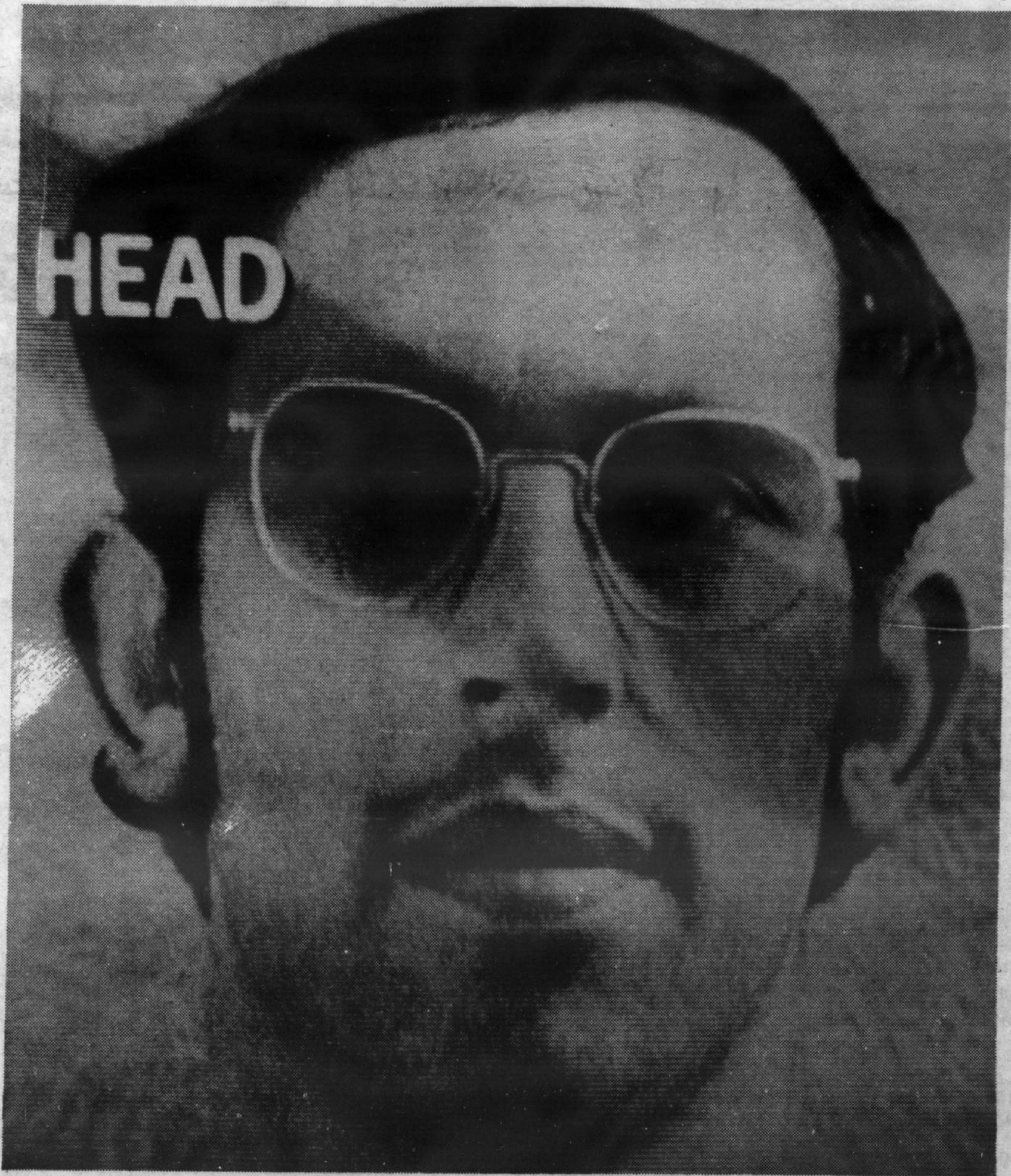
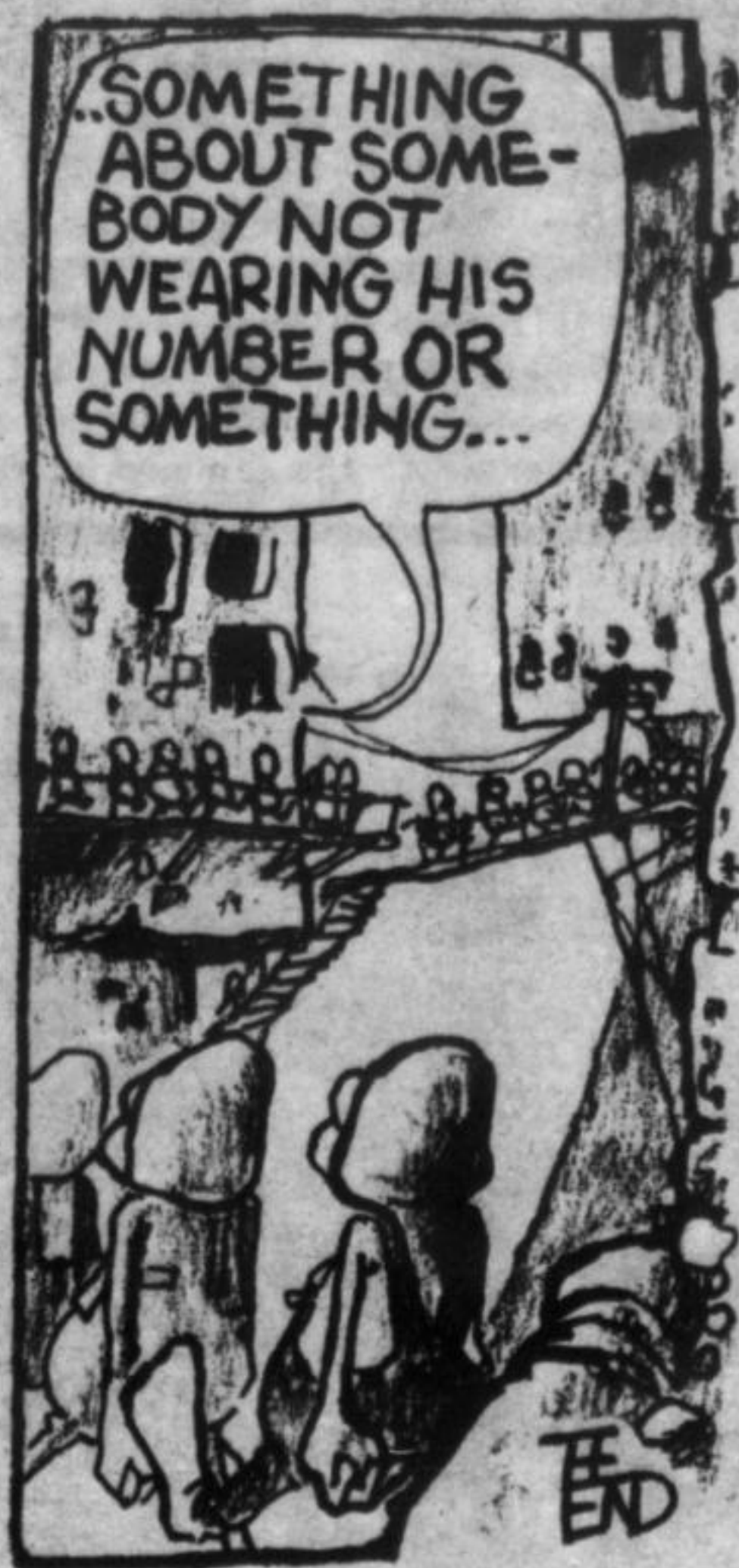
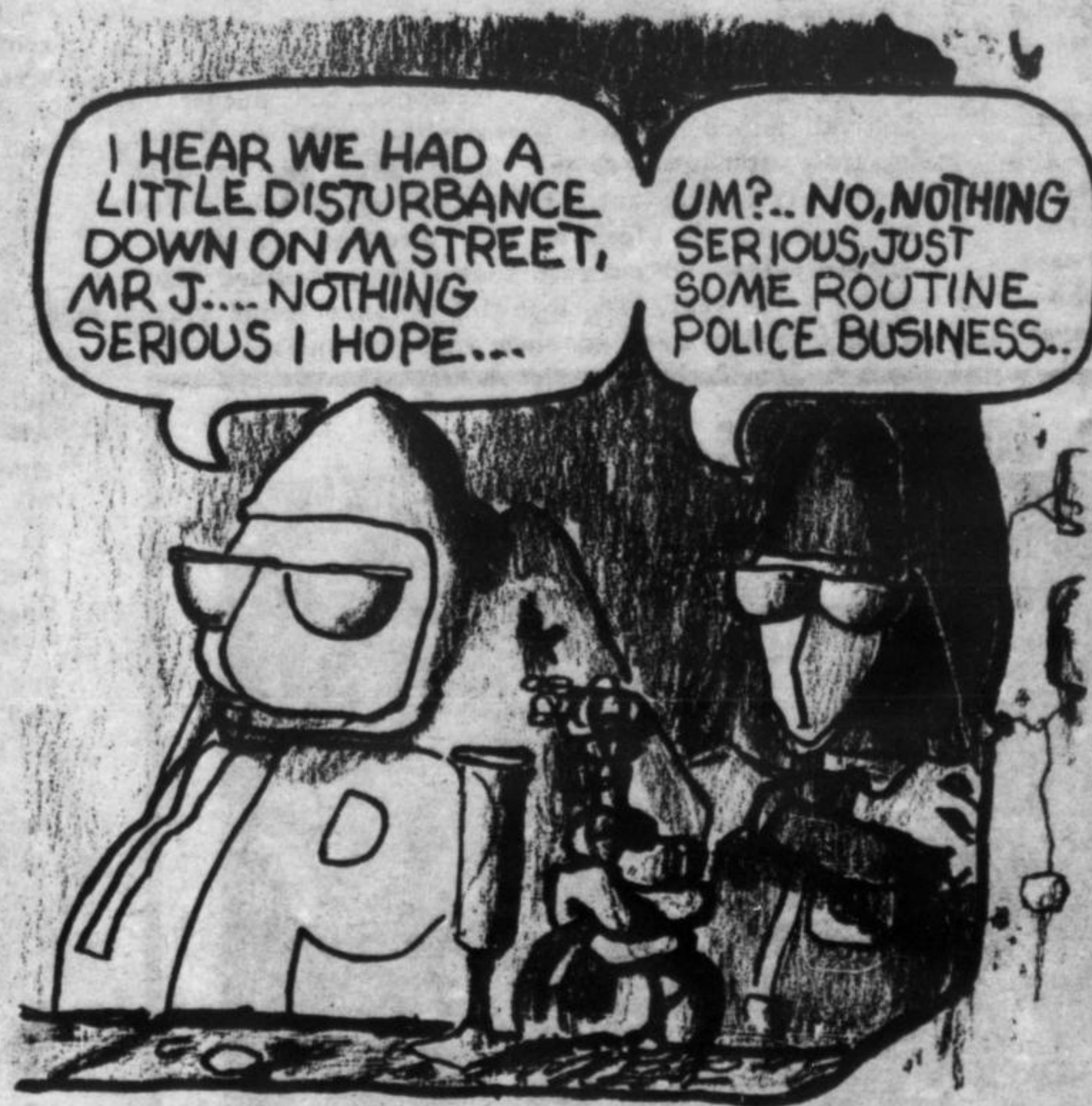
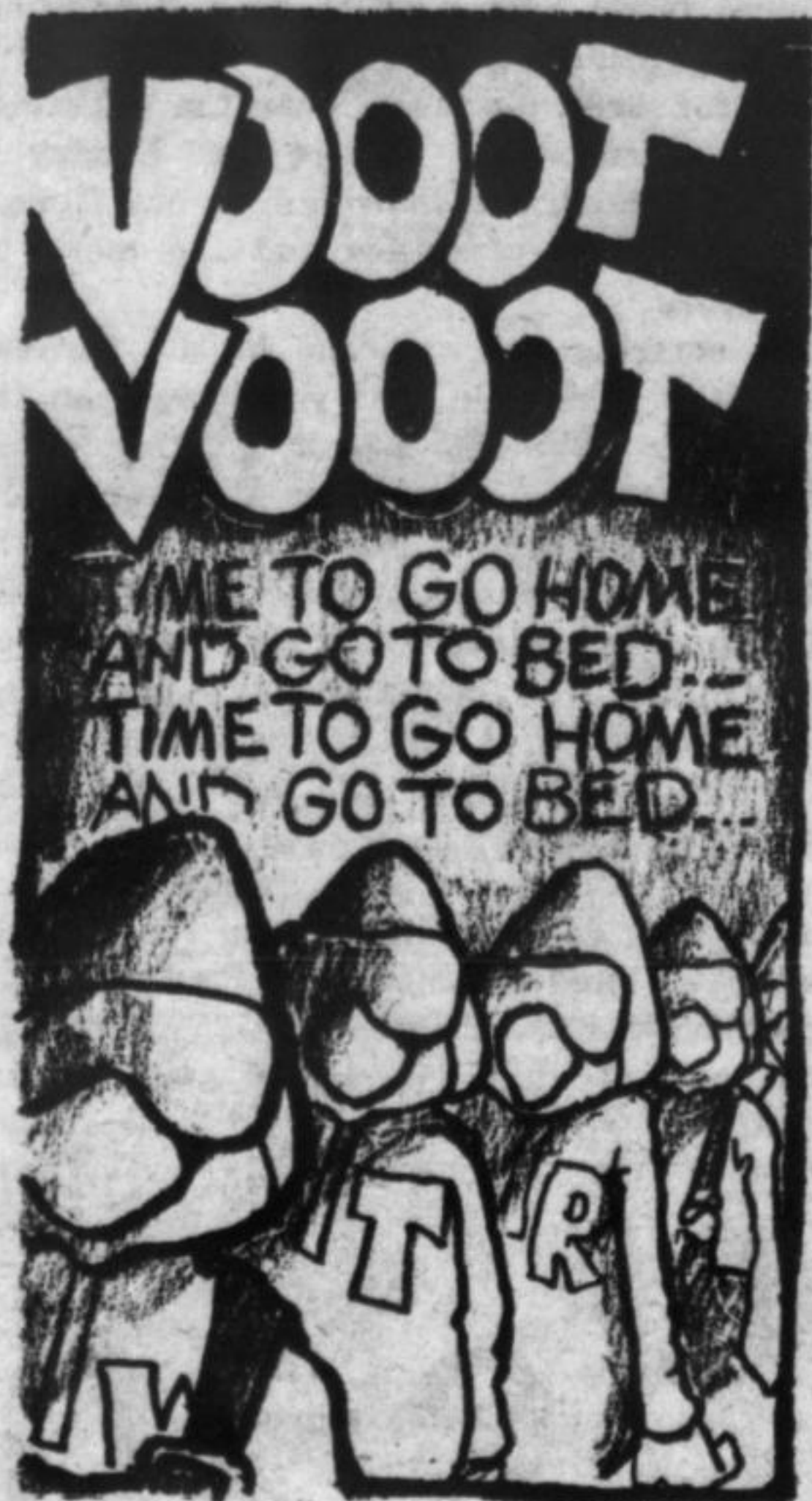
Whirling disks of gas molecules—driven of course by that tiny, spinning, nuclear force—condensing clouds—further condensation—the tangled web of spinning magnetic fields clustering into stellar forms.

And each stellar cluster hooked up in magnetic dance with its planetary star and with every other star in the galaxy and each galaxy whirling in synchronized relationship to the other galaxies.

THE RUDOLF

TRAIN





sprockets

(Continued from Page 4)

consistently round out those moments of giving in to the almighty \$\$\$! look at the Charles . . . I certainly can't get the feeling of a knowledgeable sensibility behind the pattern of films shown there.

B.J.—but for the next couple of weeks the Charles is showing a Garbo retrospective . . .

BEN—sort of like looking at your card and hollering bingo! film sensibility goes broader and deeper than that . . . though I may not perfectly succeed, I always attempt to present a complete double-bill, not a show-case film with a filler as do the commercial theatres;

and I do try to juxtapose films on a hopefully deeper level than chance.

B.J.—thanks, Ben.

And now on to the transient? New York Film Festival . . . first I wish to make a few obvious criticisms of this feverish festival: the format, as usual with "special events" overlapping the concurrent festival, is too crowded to permit a complete if not leisurely attendance to all shows, since the "special events" is but distantly related to the festival (with exception to the festival film directors' panel discussions) I would suggest that it be scheduled elsewhere in the year, and, since this seminar seems worth while to me, more than once annually unless it runs

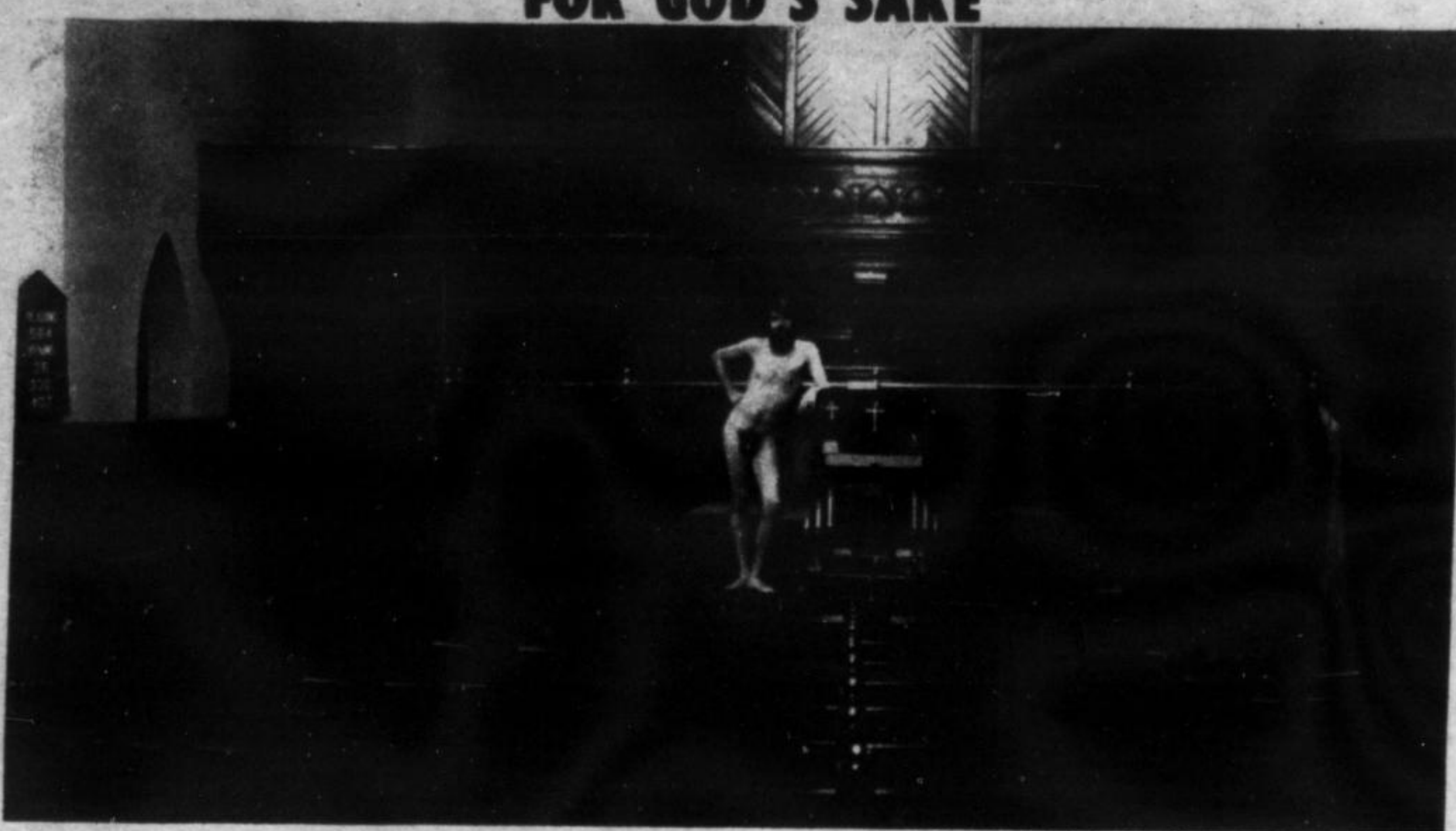
out of subject matter which is absurd.

Secondly, I see no particular value other than histrionic prestige in including antiques like Toni, L'Argent, & Lola Montes, not withstanding their aesthetic value, those three berths in the festival could have more fairly been used to show 3 additional current films considering that several hundred films are screened for selection each year/the aforementioned seminar method would suffice for history classes! and broader theatrical showings of old films can be left to the efforts of critics and the more judicious entrepreneurs.

Before entering any criticism of the festival films, it is to me a basic rule that you have seen the same and thus my comments aren't gouging thrusts for blindfolded reader at the poor director, defenseless against the willy-nilly, frothing press critic who often will discourage potential audiences and shrinks their consciousness by acting as cretin oracle priest with his simply individual edicts! n'est-ce pas? should you have any criticisms of this critics mouthings, do send them to me for possible published reciprocation and deeper understanding.

Renoir was once asked at a lecture, "when you are making a film, do you think of the final result, or of the audience?" and his answer . . . "when making love, what do you think of? the child? if one thought then of the child, I think it would most probably be deformed!"

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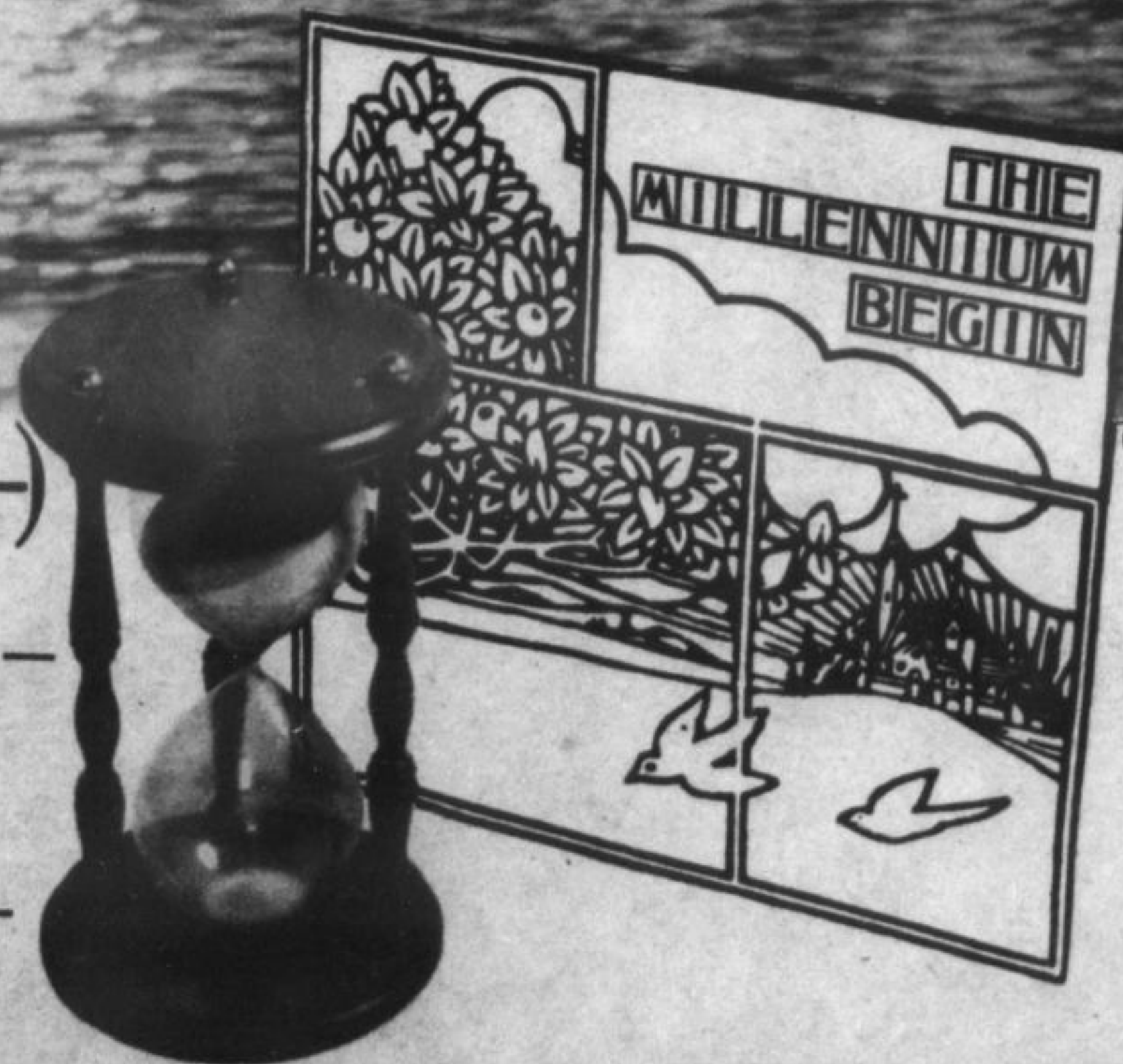
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CS 9663*

bomber (Continued from Page 3)

lie correctly, sparks have to be coming from the fuse. What we did in Ann Arbor was, well this is another weird story, do you want to hear it?

Q. — Sure.

J. — We made the bomb which was 5 sticks and a little less than 3 feet of fuse, and put it in a paper bag. We started out to the CIA office in this car we borrowed, Emmett was driving and son-of-a-bitch we were halfway there in downtown Ann Arbor when the god damn horn stuck. So there we were in downtown Ann Arbor with this fucking bomb and the horn on our car blowing all the time. We pulled into this parking lot to fix the horn and I sat there with 5 sticks of dynamite and tried to look inconspicuous, what a weird scene. Finally we drove to the front of the building and stopped, but then some asshole pulled right up behind us and stopped. We just hauled ass man, that was too much. We smoked some more dope and decided to go back. We were going to tape it to the window but we were kind of shook up so we just laid it in front of the door and split. The rest is history as they say.

Q. — Why did you pick the CIA?

J. — Well I guess this is getting back to the question of why we feel it is right to blow stuff up. See we've tried to tell people to change, we've written letters to the straight press, we've written articles in the underground press, we live a good life but the people in power won't change, pot is still illegal, our black brothers are still getting shot in the street, Huey was convicted, everything man, they just keep fucking with us. We feel like Che did, that in the end armed struggle is the only thing that is going to bring about the change, armed struggle with us seizing power. See man, we'll only use the tactics that the oppressor makes us use, if they could change peacefully then good, but they can't and they won't. For instance you see that when we blew up the CIA office that the next day they had 10 pigs assigned to guard the place, plus all the FBI and CIA and other dudes that were kept busy. And you see that was 10 pigs that weren't in the ghetto and 10 FBI dudes who weren't fucking with draft card burners, and the whole thing is to keep these fuckers running all over hell so they can't fuck with people, I mean we're stone hippies, I mean we came out of that whole thing, we believe that everything should be free, the best way to make everything free is to get rid of the capitalistic system. So we've joined with all the Liberation Fronts around the world to fight capitalism.

Q. — You're a socialist or a Communist, then?

J. Sure, but only as a starting point, we will go way beyond Moscow or Peking or even Cuba for that matter. We'll probably have to fight some weird kind of communistic government in 20 years, but in the end we'll all be free.

Q. — How do you see Czechoslovakia?

J. — Ah shit, man, that just shows that communism don't work either, because they still have money. But still Russia had to stop the Czech government from going capitalistic, its the lesser of two evils.

Q. — What are your plans now?

J. — Oh, I don't know man, I think Emmett and I are going to split up, for awhile anyway, we'll probably leave Michigan, it's getting pretty hot around here. But we'll just keep doing what we have been until we get killed.

Q. — You feel you're going to be killed?

J. — Sure.

Q. — How?

J. — In battle, how else? See once you reach a certain awareness your every act your every breath is an act of revolution, the life we live, the way we dress, our sexual mores, our music our poetry everything is a revolutionary act, and the oppressor will try to wipe it out.

Q. — What do you have to say to people who are going to start blowing things up?

J. — Just good luck.

Q. — Are there any hints you can give them?

J. Yeah, they should read all of Che Guevara's books, especially Guerrilla Warfare. Get feeling holy, fuck alot, eat good food, smoke alot of dope. Don't get into it to the extent that you lose sight of the whole, don't lose your sense of humor. But most of all just do it.

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(Continued from Page 7)

Capital records is finally launching a campaign to introduce Fred Neil, a major artist virtually ignored for the past decade. Fred has recorded 2 albums for Capital as well as 2 for Electra (one as a duo with Vince Martin). Capital is making this offer to record buyers: Buy either one of Neil's two Capital albums from any record dealer, send Capital the receipt for that purchase and get the other Neil album free. This is a fine offer as all Fred Neil albums are essential.

Slugs has become a virtual valhalla for the jazz freak. Top avantgarde jazz artists are heard on Saturday afternoons — this week featuring Giuseppe Logan. On Sun. afternoons the Substructure appears featuring Howard Johnson with 5 tubas. Monday nights focuses on jazz vocalists with Lou Mims this week's artist. The regular jazz performances run Tues.-Sun. night. Rufus Harley Quartet is appearing through Sunday with Robin Kenyatta featured next week.

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The hard driving sounds of the Moby Grape arrive at the Cafe Au Go Go Oct. 12-17. Their loud country/hard rock sound should shatter the walls of the Bleeker St. coffeehouse.

After a deluge of white British blues bands in town recently it is refreshing to have the historic urban blues singer Muddy Waters appearing at Steve Paul's cellar Scene this Sat.-Mon. Next Tues. Thurs. the fantastic Albert King makes a rare appearance in New York at The Scene. The dank cellar discoteque which is now hosting the Jazz Interactions series on Sun. afternoons (Chico Hamilton on Sun. 5-9) is bringing Jerry Lee Lewis to New York next March for one night.

Vanguard Recording Society, Inc. in a newly contracted deal with Tenth Street Production, Inc., has announced the launching of a new label to be called Vanguard/Apostolic. The new label will boast artists contracted to the Tenth Street Production Company and produced at Apostolic Studios. Tenth Street Productions, Inc. and the affiliated companies of Apostolic Studios and Epiphany Music Publishing is headed by young musician John Townley.

A year ago, John Townley built the first 12-track recording studio in order to record what and how he, as the artist, felt. Today Townley's company produces, publishes and manages a number of artists. The artists are helped to produce the end product with all material under the final approval of the individual performers. In addition to the New York studio located at 53 East 10th St., the company is about to open a San Francisco studio to be called Pacific High.

The initial Vanguard/Apostolic release will include four albums. Included is Townley starring on a two record set entitled THE Family also featuring his ex-wife and 3 year old child and a Chicago-style blues group called The Far Cry. Two additional LUs are scheduled and Producer Danny Weiss (official talent scout for the company) currently has his eye on several new artists. Tenor saxophonist Jim Pepper, Chris Hills & The Free Spirits, Bobby Moses, and Larry Coryell have all recorded independent albums at Apostolic yet to be released.

Stanley Mouse, first of the famous San Francisco poster artists (Family Dog) has been called to Britain by Eric Clapton to paint his Rolls Royce for 15 g's.

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On October 20th, at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, Czechoslovakia's greatest pianist, Ivan Moravec, will sit down to play the piano that U.S.S.R.'s Bella Davidovich was to have played that very same moment at the opening concert of New York's First International Festival of Pianists, an eight concert series scheduled to run throughout the season.

Due to recent events in Czechoslovakia of international repercussions, our originally scheduled concert by Russia's Bella Davidovich has been cancelled. In her place we are proud to present Czechoslovakia's great pianist, Ivan Moravec. A native of Prague since his birth in 1930, he has performed extensively in Europe to the highest praise. And his numerous records have created here a degree of excitement among musicians rare at any time. We are honored to be able to present his New York recital debut.

All of us are aware of the recent tragic events in Czechoslovakia. We hope that Mr. Moravec's concert on October 20 will bring us even closer in spirit to the Czech people.

—Jay K. Hoffman

Program for Sunday afternoon, Philharmonic Hall, October 20th at 3 P.M.

JANACEK — Sonata, October 1, 1905
BEETHOVEN — Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57, "Appassionata"
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Hip-

BY EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

QUESTION: Does cutting or trimming hair stimulate its growth or is this an old wives tale? Are there any foods or treatments which can make hair grow? My hair grows? My hair seems to have reached the maximum length just below my shoulders. Though it seems healthy otherwise, it just doesn't seem to grow any more.

ANSWER: The hair which appears above the scalp is, in effect, dead so that cutting or trimming hair cannot affect its growth whatsoever. There are no foods or medications which can alter the rate of hair growth. The maximum length to which hair grows seems to be determined by genetic factors. Some people can't grow hair even to their shoulders while others can grow hair long enough to tickle anyone's fancy.

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pocrates

QUESTION: Heeding the Surgeon General's advice, I smoked my last cigarette a week ago. Now I find my body reacting in strange ways. For the past week I have been able to sleep at night at most only six hours while before I averaged well over 10 (unless disturbed). I wake up after six hours and cannot go back. Though I feel rested I wonder why I sleep less. Do you know?

In addition, I find that my ejaculations have undergone a fantastic reduction in intensity. Though my erections are healthy, my ejaculations are meagre little squirts (the semen just oozes out) while previously they were powerful pumps. It feels as if my penis is clogged or my supply of semen is lacking. I've tried waiting two days without intercourse with no effect. Would smoking relieve this condition? What do you recommend?

ANSWER: Camels, if the symptoms you described were directly related to cessation of cigarette smoking. But, so far as I know, these symptoms are not related to cigarette smoking or the stopping of cigarette smoking. The time required for kicking the cigarette habit varies greatly but you might notice changes in your sleeping habits for a month or two afterwards. You will soon notice your senses of taste and smell have become keener and I would suspect that you would become more powerful in all ways within a few months.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

In a recent talk, you railed against the needless expense of paper seat covers in public johns. But you see, it's not the germs, it's the fact that apparanetly 9 out of 10 women piddle on the seat. At first I thought it was merely the spray from flushing, but after careful experiments, I have come to the conclusion that wet toilet seats are the result of mis-piddling.

It's just not as uncommon as Robert Burns thought (from "O Saw Ye My Maggie?")

- "1. Saw ye my Maggie?
Saw ye my Maggie?
Saw ye my Maggie?
Comin oer the lea?
- 2. What mark has your Maggie . . .
That ane may kerf her be?
- 2a. Wry cunted is she . . .
And pishes gain' her thie."
From one who is not.

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IT CRAWLED INTO MY HAND, HONEST The Fugs RS 6305

schools

(Continued from Page 12)

THERE'S A FORT IN YOUR FUTURE

The teachers union cried out that McCoy's actions were a violation of due process since the contract signed by the Board of Ed with the UFT states that a teacher may transfer out of any school at his pleasure — even without notice — but can be tossed out only after a hearing which stipulates the reasons for the transfer, and those reasons have to be incompetence. In the past five years 12 teachers have been fired for incompetence. That's from a group of about 175,000 people who have taught in New York City.

In Joan of Arc district the election took place, and the local board faced up to its first challenge: have the Board of Ed recognize its existence.

For up to this time, the Board has told Joan of Arc that while it asked the people to elect a governing board, it had changed its mind and now would have nothing to do with the people's choice. Ocean Hill-Bronxville was enough of an experimental district.

Ford Foundation funnelled in another \$10,000 to the Westsiders.

And it precisely because something like Ford — a very American thing — exists that hope does remain for yes, a fair and square deal.

We could go to barricades to defend our schools, to run them the way we think they should be run. But who would we shoot, and who would shoot us? And those who chose to be spectators would only be bored.

SHOW IT

This local school struggle is just one issue. A close to home issue. We — and "we" means the disenchanted who have cut ourselves off from the diseased plague that stifles life all around us — must continue to look for life, for the life that is in our children and in ourselves.

You find the issue close to your home. Put your energy into living what has always been the best part of America: changing ways for better ways.

That's what we did when we dropped out in the first place.

The place now is to drop back in and spread the word that there is a better way — we who live it know it, our neighbors might like to know it.

Don't tell them. Words don't work in the Electric Age. Show it.



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—Renata Adler, New York Times

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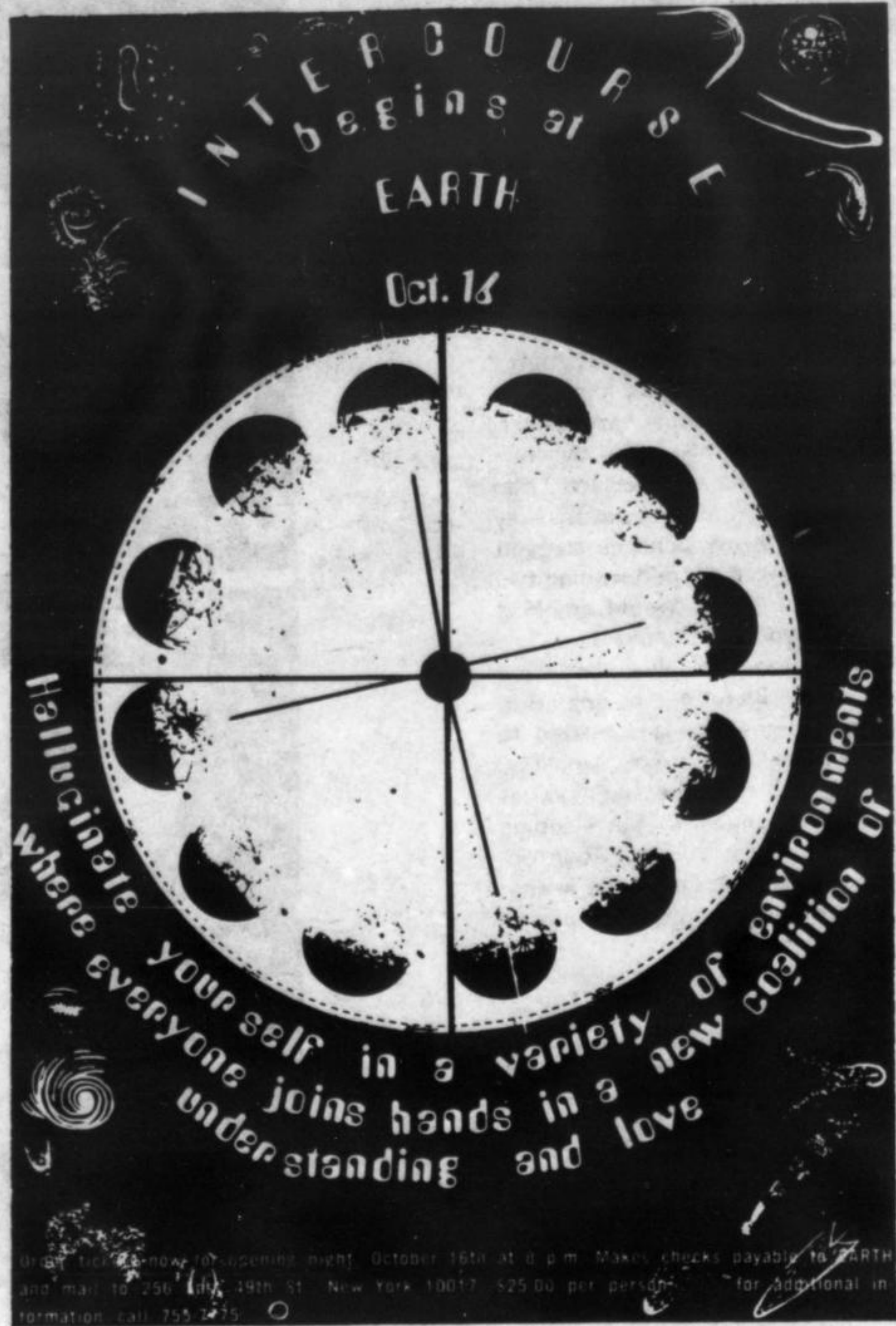
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thilm

(Continued from Page 4)

one room someplace and settle down to a job somewhere doing something to earn a living. We love to be able to go elsewhere . . . Our life is as we chose it to be, as we want it to be."

Everyone laughed, and somebody noted, what, after all is here? The girl doing the interview turned the talk to McCarthy, relating the fervor of the people who had worked for him during his campaign, and how he had written letters to all on his staff after the losing convention battle. "He's a murderer, just like anyone who supports a system which condones the army, the police force, where even one gun is allowable! I don't care if he writes millions of letters, he's a letter-writing murderer," Judith interrupted the list of Senator McCarthy's good points. "Just because he's more liberal — that's the worst kind of murderer, the kind who pretends to be worried and benevolent. What makes him any different from the others who want to run this place; that he might say he's a little sorrier?" The girl agreed, slowly, to think about this new viewpoint . . . Judith grinned, "I don't hate him, you know. I may not like him, but I have to love him — he's another human being . . . It's taken me a long time to come to be able to say that, but I really do feel that now. It's important to be able to love everyone."

Judith Malina and Julian Beck are not Living Theatre; neither are all the individual members of the troupe all put together. Le Living is an organism in its own right, a constitutional whole greater than any of its parts. It is not a static concept of theatre, but a dynamic lifestyle which grows as does the consciousness directing it, giving it existence. Everyone

seems to have caught up to Living Theatre; the fear and laughter which greeted their statements years ago (it was only 1963 that they left) have turned to admiration. There were always those people who believed in them; just ask and people will tell you how they loved Le Living back then — but don't look up the reviews or ask for direct certified quotes, it could be embarrassing.

It seems indeed that where simplicity and order reign, there can be no theatre or drama, and the true theater . . . is born out of a kind of organized anarchy after philosophical battles which are the passionate aspect of these primitive unifications. Those lines are by Artaud; they come to mind lately more and more, and are intensified by the presence of Living Theatre. Simplicity and order reigned in many people's minds during a time when the Becks saw overwhelming pain continually erupting, pock-marking the superficial serenity. They felt the inner conflicts so many are exposing now, and their theater reflected this reality. Pressure is a great catalyst, bludgeoning awake perception where gentler means fail. Nobody wanted to know then, what really lay in the treasure chest of human existence, conscious and subconscious. Now, it's more a case of having to know, that we may continue to exist.

FILMMAKING CLASSES

Registration is still open for the season's first cycle of classes at Millenium Film Workshop, 2 E. 2nd St., N.Y.C. Courses include Cinematography — Mon, Film Direction — Tues, Editing — Wed, Basic Film Making — Thur and at least one more course to be announced. Classes begin at 7:30 p.m. and are open to all, including beginners. A single \$15.00 fee covers all classes and/or use of equipment per 8 week semester.

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FANCY FRENCH TICKLERS — ASSORTED STYLES — SOLD AS A NOVELTY ONLY \$1.00 ea, \$8 dozen. \$69.00 gross. **DEALERS VIBRATORS.** 7" long 1" diameter. BATTERY OPERATED MATES. 6" long, 1 1/2" diameter. \$5.00. RUBBER HEALTH-TOR. RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS. \$5.00. WE PAY POSTAGE NO C.O.D. ORDERS. VALCO TRADING, POST OFFICE BOX 151, PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY 07055.

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

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

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

THE FLYING WANG

The epitome of conversation pieces; featuring the male phallic symbol, penis and testicles, adorned by a pair of wings. Hand sculptured, of 14k Vacuum Gold, this is an actual reproduction from the mosaic in Pompeii. Jumbo size. Introductory offer, only \$2 each. **OLYMPIA**, P.O. Box 88, Brooklyn, New York 11214.

FREE CATALOG ADULTS — NUDISM EXPLORED: Magazines, Books, Color slides, Movies. Swinging Guys, Gals, Couples: Names and addresses only \$2. **HOWARD**, Box 294, Putnam, Conn. 06260.

PERSONAL BODYGUARD!! IF YOU COME INTO CONTACT WITH; thieves, drinkers, hoo-ha's, speedo's, hubert dumpty humphrey, baseball players, mayor daly, andy mose, politicians, patrolmen, Or ANY DESPERATE PERSON TRYING TO OVERPOWER YOU! FEAR NO MAN! BODYGUARD AEROSOL SPRAY WORKS LIKE TEAR GAS! GUARANTEED 100% EFFECTIVE! NO AFTER-EFFECTS. HALF OUNCE \$2. FULL OUNCE (50 BURSTS) ONLY \$2.75 POSTPAID FROM, PROMOTION CITY PRODUCTS, BOX 321-EB14, ROSLYN HEIGHTS; N.Y. 11577.

FRENCH TICKLERS
Finest imported German "French" Ticklers. Freak your mind and your organ. \$4.00 postpaid with full information, from Hapco Organization, Box 16, Shady, New York 12479.

PSYCHEDELIC SUPPLIES
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FOR photos, films etc. or whatever you are looking for, don't be shy, you name it, I deliver. CA Box 184, Staten Island, N.Y. 10306.

DILDOES, Vibrators, Ticklers, extensions, send stamped self-addressed envelope for information to R. C. 246 E. 125th St., N.Y.C. 10035.

"**IF YOU LIKED HITLER, YOU'LL LOVE WALLACE**". Buy this BUMPERSTICKER (50c each) and BUTTON (25c each.) Also 257 other buttons, BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, BUMPERSTICKERS. Free catalog Dealers inquire. **BUTTON UP**, Suite

503-E, 160 West 46 St. N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036. Tel.: 581-4199.

LATEST European sex stimulants, perfumes, liquors, fluids, pills. Send \$1.00 cash to Catalog, Deya, Mallorca, Spain.

PERSONAL

MEN — Meet males who share your interests. Call 532-1270, Mon. - Thurs. 6-10 p.m.; Fri. 6-8 p.m.; Sat. 1-5 p.m.

STERILE Male. 40 White. Very discreet. Good looking with apartment, car. Seeking passionate uninhibited girl for mutual intimate enjoyment. Absolute discretion assured. 887-2365 Evenings.

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

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

MALE-TALL-GOOD-LOOKING Seeks **WOMEN** for fun and sexual adventures. All are acceptable. Write: P.O. Box 495, Cooper Square Station, New York 10003.

SPACE in Mid-Manhattan town house available for one or possibly two girls. Your own room, rent free. Small group of beautiful people, guys and girls, very straight, have entire house. If you are a swinging girl, 18-24 and really good looking call 826-6353 to arrange for an audition. No other guys.

GREAT RAY IS GREAT!



Popular cunnilinguist (oral genital stimulator) seeks clean nympho type women for "French Dates." I'm serious! No guys, freak heads, cock sucks, nor hang ups. Am 6'3", white, 195, almost handsome. Call 215 TR 2-0532 (Phila. area) After 9 pm. Not after midnight.

GALS: FREE PAD

Young, unsquare white male. Seeks Swinging chick, soul or white, to share boss pad. No strings. Everything free. Call John, evenings, after 10 p.m. 246-8029.

MY previous ads had no effect. My penis is still hard and needs pussy bad. Interested women don't hesitate to contact: I.R., P.O. Box 222, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

MALE will provide room and board for female who will take care of domestic affairs of household. Call Alan 299-2980. After 5. Keep trying.

NICE young guy, looking for cute young girl for lighthouse-work in exchange for money or favor. Apt. located in mid-Manhattan. Call EN 2-2087.

MAN (29), own business, interest in the arts, travel, and high living wishes to meet intelligent, alive, spirited **FEMALE** with similar interests, must be sexually free and flexible and have non-serious approach to life and living. Should like pace of N.Y.C. and 5 day weekends in serene and peaceful countryside year round. An ability to mix with various types people; good head; love of music; and own interests/occupation essential to compatibility. Should like or get along with children. Financial assistance and/or will share hotel suite N.Y.C. and house in Woodstock. P.O. Box 642, Woodstock, N.Y. (inc. tele. number) or leave name and tele number at 212 MU 6-6791 Box TD-2.

AM SINGLE, 25, marriage-minded, seeks intelligent, attractive girl, 19-23 with mutual interest. Call Don 691-4176 after 6.00 p.m.

DOMINANT young man wishes to meet docile uninhibited female partners. For mutual sex relations. Dave 654-7826.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER — SEEKS **AMATEUR FEMALE MODEL** for portrait and figure work. Must be over 21, single, slim, shapely, attractive. Will pay for time with small fee and 11x14 prints of your choice. Must be available for at least three months. Name, phone, photo, availability to: P.O. BOX 253, Port Washington, N. Y. 11050.

YOUNG MAN seeks woman with the courage to admit she needs sex. Age and looks not important. Honesty and contraception a must. Call 477-9051 evenings.

PRIVATE club forming for executive type guys and sharp girls Village apartment, 35'

yacht, scotch and a discreet, swinging group. Interested?? Call 960-3923 days - 673-9406 evenings.

WHITE, young, slim male seeks white studs under 40. Call and leave message for Nolan with answering service, giving name and number. All answered. 777-3131.

HEY all you beautiful wonderful girls 24 and under. Want to put a new **MAN** in your life? Call NA 8-4354 after 7:30, all day Saturday and Sunday. Anything goes. You name the game, we'll make the rules. Fags, fatties, phonies don't tie up my line.

YOUNG man 28 seeks Puerto Rican males under 28 for love-making. Must be gay but masculine. Hung large with small body. Call Bob 265-8256.

INQUISITIVE, daring, well versed male, 32, seeks discreet, bored, or AC-DC young couples for imaginative, pleasurable, uninhibited threesome. If sincere reply, preferably with telephone number to: P.O. Box 2533, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

YOUNG gay male needs AC/DC girl to get married desperately by October. No hang-ups. No soul chicks. Write A1, 27 West 11th Street, N.Y.

BACHELOR, 38, 5'11", good looking, affectionate, seeking pleasant girl for congenial sex and stimulating activities around the city together. RO 2-3869 (supper time is best).

DISC-JOCKEY, 25, good looking, desires attractive, aggressive, personable and passionate **GIRL** 19-27 to share in a mutually compatible relationship. No time for games or fags. Call Lee 5:00 p.m. to midnight 345-4303.

SWARTHMORE college sucks! There isn't a fucking good cunt on the whole fuck-ass place. **GREAT RAY** can prove it! Experienced cunt stimulator desires to prove he can bring on an orgasm to any cunt. Clean, attractive women. Call him at 215 TR 2-0532 (after 9 p.m.) or write, with photo, to 219 E. 5th St., 19013. Be serious, I am!

TO THE ladies desiring penis: this penis needs pussy bad. Send information to: I.R., P.O. Box 222, Postmaster, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

BOY, 18, in private school, would like to meet a pretty woman or girl to teach him, a virgin, about love. I am handsome, 5'10". No men. Please write M. Kennedy, 300 E. 71st St. N.Y.C.

COLLEGE instructor, well built, virile Frenchman, desires to meet uninhibited woman. P.O. Box 455, New York 10023.

RHODE ISLAND AND NEAR BOSTON AREA ONLY. Guy wants girl who likes it for kicks, not just bread, using her hot tongue on hard cock. I'll return the favor. I prefer girls - not boys. Call Monday thru Friday after 11 p.m. 401-245-3356

TOLEDO SUE McCarthy! Your friends Bruce and Katy Manning want to hear from you. Won't cop-out. Write Box 2152, Hyattsville, Maryland. What's your pen-name?

WANT TO? Give in to that urge? Slender, attractive single male, 30's, E. Side apartment, enjoys making love - no strings. Call "JC" 421-8249. No homos, hippies!

MATURE married Bi-sexual seeking well-hung young Bi-sexual 18-25 massive build to 5'8" that can be aggressive on occasion as relationship can lead to threesome activity eventually as wife is shy and passive. Send phone and details. Box 62 Stuyvesant Station, Brooklyn 11233, N.Y.

HOFSTRA Graduate night student, 35, needs girl's friendship for dates, love and fun. Plenty of bread. Box 303, Freeport, N.Y.

I AM a colored foreign boy, personable. I love white attractive girls who like colored boys. I see many of these girls around Columbia and N.Y.U. I am very lonely and need a girl, but I am not interested in any bigoted racist. No homosexuals need waste my time. I am very sincere. I need a very sincere liberal thinking, unpretentious girl who appreciates me. I am educated. Call before 7:30 a.m. and after 11:00 p.m. weekdays. Lourtou, 949-5224.

ZHAQULEEN: WON'T YOU PLEASE CALL US? WE ARE LONESOME, DUM-DUM AND BEEZY. 628-7570.

SISSIFIED baby male 22. Mother kept me in baby diapers & petticoats for my shameful bedwetting. Wish contact with nurses, women, couples interested in having a big baby and/or diapered petticoated maid, laundry, ironing, babysitting speciality. 474-2596.

WHITE male, 27, college graduate, six foot, 175, handsome, interested in meeting same or younger for sincere, longtime relationship. No swishes please. Write Box 78, Williamsbridge Station, Bronx 10467.

COUPLE in 20's want to meet girls only. One girl, two girls or girls who just like being there for a groovie friendship. Call 645-0124. Keep trying.

DEAR Miss Sophisticated: I'm 35ish, short, well dressed and heeled, legit and responsible. Can and will help the "right" young lady financially and careerwise in the theatrical world. Let's assume we're both sincere and avoid all superfluous baloney. Discretion? Of course! Requirements: very busty, over 18, articulate, genuinely enjoy nightclubbing and first nighting. G. B. 279-7504 days. P. S. This is a first and last ad. If "right" answer isn't received will buy a very friendly dog.

ATTR. young blond European male, well athl. build, exp. model. seeks jobs for artists, movies, groups, private or what have you, co-operative and imaginative, willing to travel. Call 203-527-4632 - not betw. 3-12 p.m. or workdays, or Box 12481 Hartford, Conn. Will send bl. wh. and color pict. if you send \$5 dollars cash only in self address envelope.

MARRIED women only, two biracial gentlemen B/W, wish to meet for sex only; If we can't please, we'll get down on our knees! Just send phone number and time to call. Salt and Pepper, Box 147, Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

IF YOU are young, muscular and handsome, male, interested in sincere friendship with intelligent male, 30 write in strict confidence all letters answered. Box 73, Murray Hill Station, N.Y.C. 10016.

GENTLEMAN, 38, employed nights, seeks warm close relationship with woman who has free time during day. Write Box 354, Radio City Station, New York 10019.

Come Home/
when the waterfall bleeds
in a marionette/
and forgiveness remembers
the sunset/
Come Home
when frailty accuses
the string/
and an ant praises
the ring/
YU 2-4471.

Follow the Sea/
when a violin adorns
the door/
and red discovers
the floor/
Follow the Sea/
when arrival surpasses
mystery/
and creation departs
with tragedy/
YU 2-4471.

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Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details! Mid-City (Dept. A-5) P.O. Box 682 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

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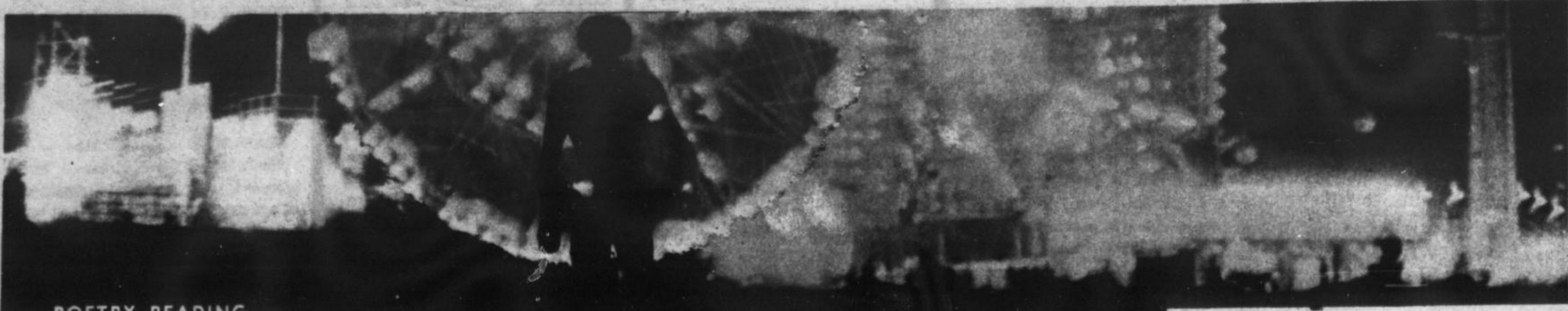
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HAPPENINGS

POETRY READING

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:
8:00 P.M.
Norman Rosten and Karen Swenson
90 & 9 Coffee House
(Spencer Memorial Church)
99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights

—5:00 PM
Poetry in the Park
Poets from Columbia College
Co-sponsored by The Coordinating
Council of Literary Magazines and
The Dept. of Park, Recreation
and Cultural Affairs of the City
of N. Y.

Soldiers & Sailors Monument
89th St. & Riverside Drive
—8:30 PM
Poems — Frank Kuentler
Fiction — Barton Midwood
300 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn
(Admission \$5.00)

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:
4:30 PM
Poetry in the Park
Judson Poets Theatre
Music, Drama & Dance—Al Carmines
Co-sponsored by the Coordinating
Council of Literary Magazines &
The Dept. of Parks, Rec. and
Cultural Affairs of the City
of N. Y.

Soldiers & Sailors Monument
89th St. & Riverside Drive
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16:
8:30 PM
Tom Pickard & Stuart Montgomery
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
2nd Ave. and 10th Street

MISCELLANEOUS

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:
10:00 PM
Films and Dancing with EROS
Benefit Millenium Film Workshop
2 E. 2nd St. (Contribution)

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:
7:00 - 9:00 PM
Festival of Spain (Songs & Dancing)
Central Park Mall

TUESDAY, OCT. 15:
8:00 PM - 10:30 PM
Square, Folk and Round Dancing
(Every Tues. night)
Millaly Playground
East 164th Jerome Ave., Bronx

MUSIC

THIS WEEK:
Fillmore:
Fri.: Beach Boys
Credence Clearwater Revival
Sat.: Turtles, New York Rock & Roll
Ensemble, Credence Clearwater Re-
vival

Scene:
Thru Sun.: Rhinoceros
Sat. thru Mon.: Muddy Waters
Tues. thru Thurs.: Albert King

Slugs:
Thru Sun.: Rufus Harley
Tues.: Robin Kenyatta
Sat. aft.: Giuseppi Logan Quartet
Sun. aft.: Substructure featuring
Howard John with 5 Tubas
Mon. nite: Lou Mims (Jazz vocalist)
Au Go Go:
Oct. 12-17: Moby Grape
Village Gate
Mort Sahl—Thelonious Monk

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:
The Giants of Jazz
Presented by the N. Y. Hot Jazz Soc.
Town Hall—113 W. 43rd St.

EXHIBITIONS

NOW:
"World Beneath Our Feet. Minerals"
Museum of Natural History
79th Street & CPW
NOW THRU OCT. 27:
Dubuffet—Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd St.

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

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

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

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

NOW THRU NOV. 15:
"The Great Age of Fresco: Giotto to
Pontormo"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

NOW THRU NOV. 17:
"Wallace Berman: Verifax Collages"
The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Avenue

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

FILMS

FRIDAY, OCT. 11:
8:00 & 10:00 PM
Maurice Amar's "Three Instant Mo-
vies," "Americana," "Yellow Alley,"
"Raga Doll," "Red Light," "Love
at Christie Street," "Concerto Fla-
menco."

Movie Loft—61 E. 11th St. (\$1.50)
—8:00 PM
Open Screening, 16mm Exper. shorts
U-P Film Group
814 Bway & 11th St. (Free)

—8:00 PM
Opening Screening—Bring 8 and/or
16mm film or footage to show and
discuss.
Millenium Film Korkship
2 East 2nd Street

—2:00 & 5:50 PM
"Hora v Vez de Augusto Matraga"
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd St.
—9:00 PM
"Sweet Light In A Dark Room"
By Jiri Weiss
Spencer Cinema
99 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heihts

SATURDAY, OCT. 12:
8:00 PM
Open Screening, 16mm Exper. Shorts
U-P Film Group
814 Bway at 11th St. — Free

—8:30 PM
Jack Smith's "No President"
— Film Loft—414 W. Broadway
—3:00 & 5:30 PM
"Menino de Engenho"
(The Plantation Boy)
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:
8:30 PM
7 New Films from Filmmakers Tokyo
Japan Coop.
Film Loft—414 W. Broadway
—2:00 & 5:30

"Memoria Deo Congaco" and "Deus
Eo Diabo Na Terra do Sol" (Black
God White Devil)
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

MONDAY, OCT. 14:
2:00 & 5:30 PM
"A Falcedia" (The Deceased)
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street

—3:30 PM
"Florence: Days of Destruction"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 15:
2:00 & 5:30 PM
"Grande Cidade" (The Big City)
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street

WENESDAY, OCT. 16:
2:00 PM
"African Rhythms," "A Changing
Liberia," "The Pirogue Maker"
Museum of Natural History
79th Street and CPW

—3:00 & 5:30 PM
"Hallelujah"
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street

THURSDAY, OCT. 17:
2:00, 5:30 & 8:00 PM
"Terra em Jeranse"
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St.

"Terra em Terase"
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street

TALKS

FRIDAY, OCT. 11:
8:30 PM
African Festival — Dinizulu & His
African Dancers, Singers and
Drummers
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street & 4th Ave.
—2:30 PM

"Heroes of Persian History and
Poetry" by Linda J. Lovell
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue
—3:00 PM
Eldridge Cleaver
Iona College, New Rochell, N.Y.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13:
3:00 PM
Hebrew Film Forum: "Go Through
The Gates"
Moderator: Sidney Rosenfeld
Theodor Herzl Institute
515 Park Ave. — \$1.00

—3:00 PM
"Oxford and Its Art Treasures"
by Ian Lowe
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd St. and Fifth Avenue
—10:45

"On Justifying Our Eistence"
by James F. Hornback
N. Y. Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 14:
10:30 PM
"Art of Ancient Near East"
by Angela B. Watson
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street and Fifth Avenue

—8:30 PM
Revolt — Contemporary Style
"Assassination and Demonology"
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street & 4th Avenue

TUESDAY, OCT. 15:
2:00 PM
Slide Talk - "Reptiles - Facts
and Fables" by Mr. Aylward
Museum of Natural History
79th St. & CPW

—6:00 PM
Special Exhibition Talk
"The Great Age of Fresco" by
Angela B. Watson
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street & Fifth Avenue

—2:00 PM
"Art of Ancient Near East" by
Angela B. Watson
Metropolitan useum of Art
82nd Street & Fifth Avenue

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16:
8:30 PM
REVOLT - CONTEMPORARY
STYLE
"Marriage, The Great Institution"
by Ian Alger
Cooper Union Forum
8th Street & 4th Avenue

—11:00 AM
"The Great Age of Fresco"
by Angela B. Watson
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street & Fifth Avenue

—7:30 PM
"Jews Under Communism - The
Lesson of Prague
by C. Bezael Sherman
Theodor Herzl Institute
515 Park Avenue (\$1.00)

THURSDAY, OCT. 17:
"Art of Ancient Near East"
by Angela B. Watson
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street & Fifth Avenue

—7:30 PM
"Civil Rights - The Talmudic
View" by Rabbi Kurt Klappholz
Theodor Herzl Institute
515 Park Avenue (\$1.00)

—2:00 PM
Hall of Early Dinosaurs
Museum of Natural History
79th St. & CPW

WORKSHOPS

FRIDAY, OCT. 11 - 8:30 PM
Poetry - Ron Padgett
St. Marks Church in the Bowery
Second Avenue & 10th Street

SATURDAY, OCT. 12 - 4:00 PM
Poetry - Joel Oppenheimer
St. Marks Church in the Bowery,
Second Avenue & 10th Street

MONDAY, OCT. 14 - 8:30 PM
Prose - Bart Gerald & Seymour Krim
St. Marks Church in the Bowery

TUESDAY, OCT. 15 - 8:30 PM
Poetry - Peter Schjeldahl
St. Marks Church in the Bowery

THURSDAY, OCT. 17 - 8:30 PM
Poetry - Sam Abrams

SHOWS

NOW PLAYING
"The Moke Eater"
Max's Kansas City - 254-9461

"The Death Wish"
Playwrights Workshop (Cellar
Studio) OR 7-9744

"Fashion, or Life in New York"
The Cooperative Theatre Club -
OR 4-9867

"The Hunter" by Murray Mednick
Theatre Genesis, St. Marks Church
in the Bowery
Second Ave. and 10th Street

"The Concept"
Sheridan Square Playhouse -
Sheriff's "Journey's End"
Roundabout Theatre - WA 4-7161

SATURDAY, OCT. 12
"Happy Days" by Samuel Beckett
Playwrights Repertory
Billy Rose Theatre
NOW THRU NOV. 25:
Sky Show - "The Legend of the
Flying Horse"
Hayden Planetarium
81st Street & CPW
NOW THRU JAN. 19:
"Maya Art From Guatemala"
Metropolitan Museum of Art
82nd Street & Fifth Avenue
NOW THRU FEB. 2:
"Master Craftsmen of Ancient Peru"
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
88th Street & Fifth Avenue

