

# the triad

may  
1974

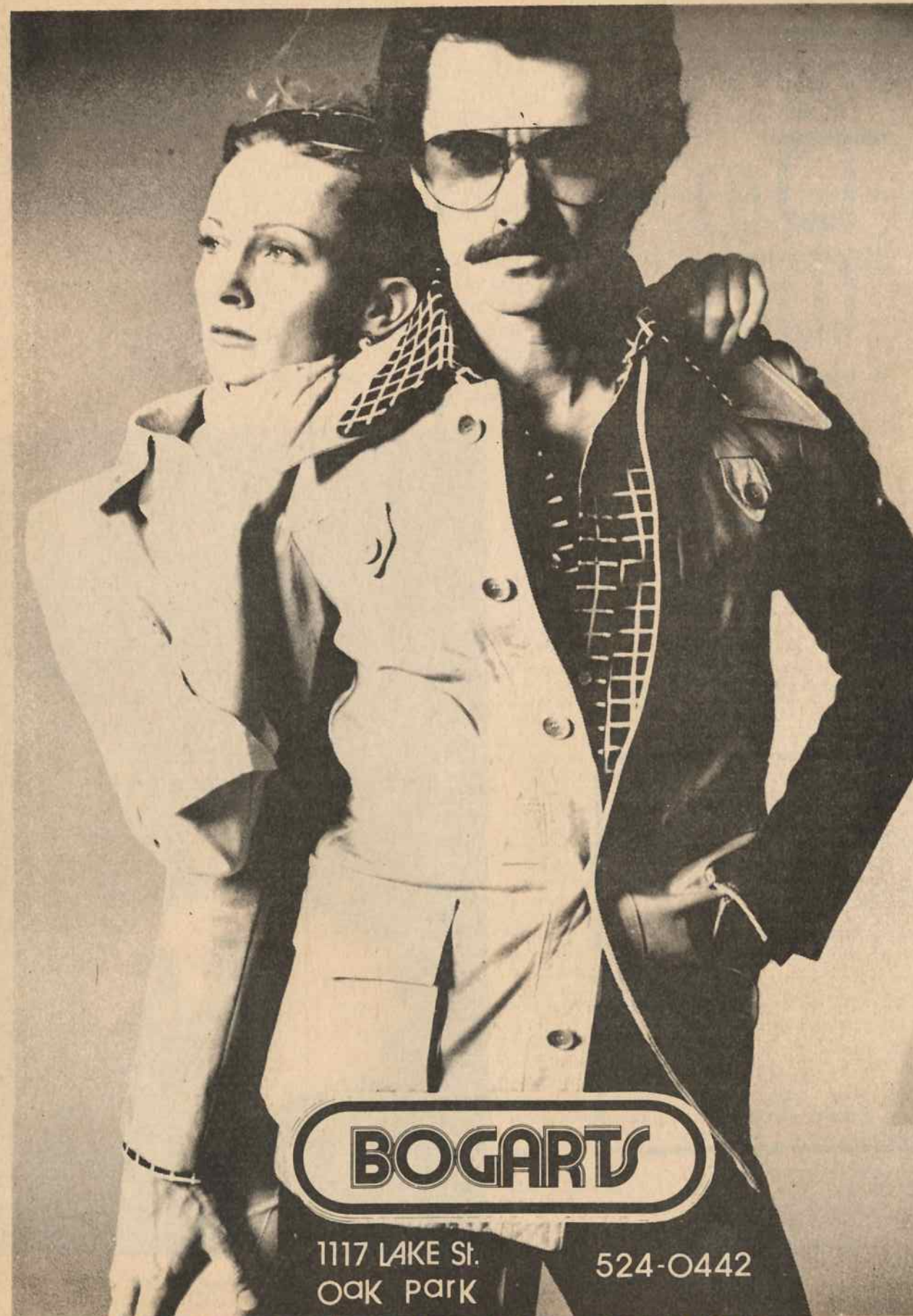
guide



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CLOTHES FOR THE CONTEMPORARY MAN

# triad guide

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Thanks to Marsh Rowell for the evocative photography and to; Yolanda Garcia, Tracy, Lumumba, Kevin from Gang Bang for being themselves. I hope the many and diverse roots of American culture serve to nourish the whole and allow it to grow into a mighty and great society.

Next Month-Architecture

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# EDITORIAL:

## "Militant Apathy"

First of all, let me make it clear that the views I'm going to state do not reflect anybody's opinions but my own. That means that the publishers, salesmen, and the people who deliver the guide probably have their own opinions on the subject. Even I'm in two minds about the topic. The topic? Politics, of course. Let me make a plea for radical apoliticisation.

Like everyone else, I use the term politics as a euphemism for corruption. It is my allegation that all the recent news about corruption is inaccurate. There is no corruption!

Let me outline my line of reasoning. It gets down to who has the power. Now the charge of corruption is based on the idea of an unfair use of power. We don't like the idea that power can be sold.

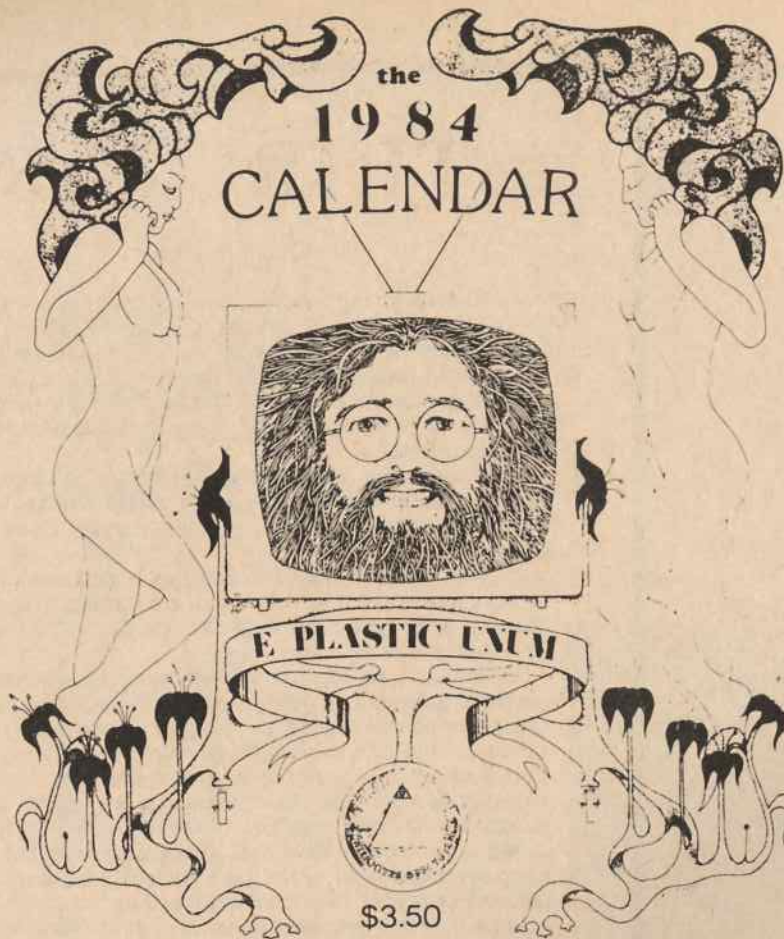
Admittedly, an elected official using his position for personal gain sounds pretty bad, but is that what he is in fact arrested and reviled for? No! We all nod sagely when the topic of payola is brought up (and justifiably so), and thus indicate our acceptance of the situation. What we reject is the criminal incompetence of an official who is caught by the very political system in which he is supposed to be expert. What sort of operator is it that can't even cover his own tracks! He's obviously innocent or an imbecile. In either case, he doesn't belong in politics!

Let's return to the initial question of guilt. What's wrong with payola and such. Power is money! What we have gotten in the habit of referring to as corruption is nothing more than a case where the imaginary theory of what government should be, is brought into line with the realities of who has the power and how it is to be dispensed.

Now I don't want to hear an outcry of "capitalist pig." Capitalism is just another imaginary system that seeks a compromise with the realities of power. In fact, there is essentially no difference between corrupted capitalism and corrupted communism. The Soviet Union is a state where the government and the means of production have become one. Well and good. In the United States, the means of production has brought out the government, thus reaching essentially the same result in a far more bloodless manner. I think it was Truman who stated that the business of America is business. He was more accurate than he knew.

Where does that leave us? It leaves us with two possible attitudes. We can either blush and say that the entire system is corrupt (an unhealthy attitude that leads to melancholia and partnerless social imbibing) or we can face the music and admit to ourselves that the system described in third grade civics class was as irrelevant as everything else learned in third grade, and go on from there. Adoption of this latter attitude will immediately make you feel better and probably wind up making you a wealthy (valuable to society) man.

The real situation is that of a technocracy. The person who gives you your paycheck, who feeds you your television and radio advertising, who owns stock in the magazines you read is the person who in fact governs your life! Not the petty official in charge of garbage collection for your street. Needless to say, this person isn't elected.



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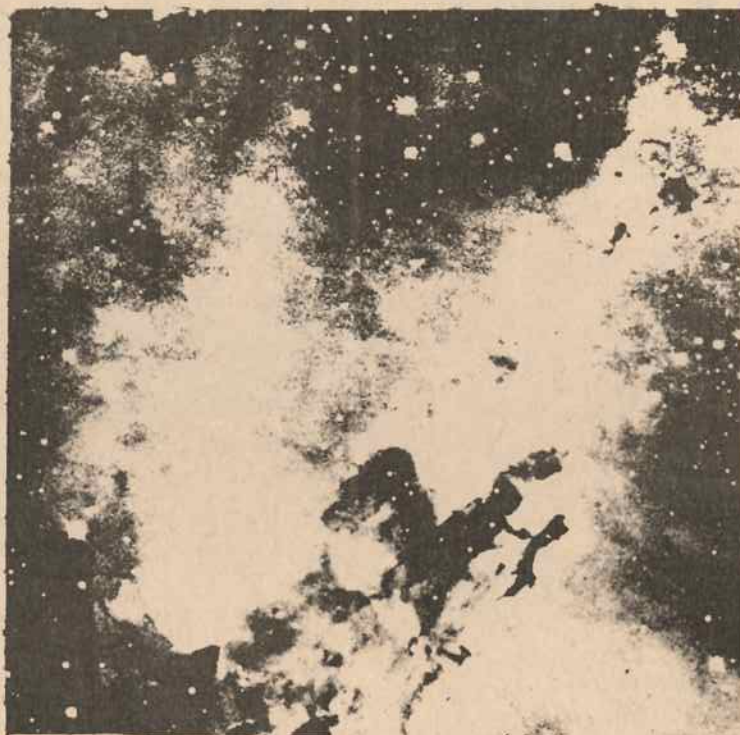
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# ASTROLOGY

# MAY



# FORECAST

BY GRANT WYLIE

Did you notice that it's spring? Very good boys and girls! This is the time when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. A young woman, however, may not allow her thoughts to run in this direction. This is a sociological no-no. Some of the more prominent astrologers of yesteryear believed it was wrong for anyone to think like this. In "Message of the Stars," Max Heindal said (pg. 180, Venus in Scorpio), "...love turns to lust and the unbridled gratification of an exaggerated sexual desire. This is apt to undermine the constitution and, though that may not be apparent for a long time, the effect of such a sapping of the vitality will sometime be felt and cause a general breakdown. But that, of course, is nothing compared with the moral effect of the practices indicated by this passion. It should be said, for the benefit of those who have this aspect (Venus in Scorpio), that it does not matter whether such abuses take place in wedlock or not. Nature does not care whether they have been legalized by man-made laws or not. From Her standpoint, they are a violation of the law of life and will be punished whether sanctioned by society or not." Heindal also tells the story of a boy who was visited by a Demon due to the fact that he, "indulged in the cardinal sin of self-abuse," in a previous incarnation. He claims that mothers who, "willfully abuse the sacred procreative force" by making love to their husbands too often will develop a "course husky voice" and bear idiot children. Little boys who "engage in self-abuse will develop eye problems. They will be weak of body and suffer poor health, all of their days." Right on, Uncle Max! Is it any wonder that astrology fell into disrepute?

If you are planning on doing a compatibility analysis between yourself and that special someone, I strongly advise you to ignore the Heindalian philosophy and similar works published by the various "astrology cults."

The modern astrologer knows that the cultist view on sex is nothing more than an attempt to control the minds of the people. After all, if people feel no guilt when they obey their natural instincts, there will be no contributions. Sexual compatibility plays a vital role in compatibility readings. Astrological compatibility is complex. Oftentimes, people are concerned because their sweetheart was born under a sign that is said to be incompatible with their own. Before you blow the relationship, you should understand this fact. Compatibility forecasts based on birth signs alone, are extremely unreliable. If a relationship begins at all, it is because some favorable aspects exist between the two people. These good aspects are stronger than the adverse birth sign aspects.

The comparison of the sun-moon, Mars-Venus, and Jupiter-Saturn aspects are of some importance. But for a really reliable comparison, you need the complete horoscope chart of both individuals. Lasting compatibility doesn't always come from the companionship planets. The real indicators are the aspects between the two ascendants, mid-heavens, and aspects between the planetary rulers of the 5th., 7th., 8th., and 11th. house. Seldom, if ever, do two horoscope charts fail to have at least one adverse aspect. When an adverse aspect is activated by the position of the planets in the present time, relationships are strained. Unfair as it may seem, one bad aspect can destroy a relationship regardless of how many favorable aspects there are. Knowing in advance that a difficult period in our relationship is about to occur, allows us to circumvent (or at least minimize) the problem. Thus the good aspects prevail and the bad has little or no effect.

Many of the events forecast by last month's astrological activity will not manifest themselves till May. The trend towards air and rail disasters that began in the latter part of April will continue during the month of May. The post

office difficulties will continue into May. There is a good possibility of a postal strike. Serious conflict between the House and the Senate will arise. Representatives of the White House will publicly seek the good will of the news media. Secretly, there will be tacit threats made in an attempt to restrict information reported by news people. Scandals involving judges and court proceedings will be brought to the public's attention this month. The courts in the Chicago area will be in an uproar. Attempts to clear up the backlog of divorce related matters will be unsuccessful due to a high illness rate among judges. There is a possibility that a Cook or DuPage (more likely DuPage) County judge will die. There is also a likelihood that illegal surveillance of divorced parents has taken place in these counties. Indications are, that there will be a scandal in DuPage County. It will be significant enough to cause the local Republican party to lose some ground in November.

Disaster by earthquake and weather seems likely for the nation. There will be an increase in the number of violent crimes. Several important politicians will be involved in tax scandals.

The sun entered Taurus at 6:18 A.M., C.D.S.T., April 20. Taurus may be called upon to settle various disputes between Aries and Capricorn. Relationships with Pisces and Sagittarius will be beneficial. You will find yourself developing an interest in poetry. Difficulty in or near the home is forecast. Plans will be delayed or thwarted. Business or professional matters, however, should change for the better. Romance is likely to be upsetting this year, but the ultimate outcome is favorable.

#### FORECASTS FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS:

**ARIES:** Unstable living conditions fade out this month. You will be in contact with a great number of people. Respond to your intuition. Employment matters will get a boost. May will be an excellent time to begin constructive projects. In general, "getting down to business" and "making needed repairs" are key words for the month.

**TAURUS:** Avoid speculation of any kind. Educational endeavors are adversely aspected. You will find it hard to concentrate on everyday matters this month. You will have to force yourself to decide on what is or is not a matter of consequence. May would be a bad time for you to purchase any mechanical or electronic equipment. The danger of throat or respiratory ailments threaten you.

**GEMINI:** Good fortune awaits Gemini in May. Be prepared to cope with Scorpio's intensity. Do not depend on the U.S. Mail Service this month. Others may try to bend you to their will. Finances could suffer. You will be tempted to make imprudent purchases this month.

**CANCER:** Keep your temper under control. Minor ailments may cause delays in plans. Quarrels with parents and older people will be unexpectedly resolved. Friends may request favors you cannot grant. Expect criticism. It is wiser to keep your thoughts to yourself. Only your closest friends should be allowed to see your true feelings.

**LEO:** Your digestion may suffer this month. Virgo persons may offer timely assistance. Mental faculties will serve you well. Creative projects will bring financial rewards. Be critical of yourself. Avoid accepting substitutes. Home conditions will stabilize.

**VIRGO:** Others may find your presence sobering. Show the light side of your disposition. Capricorn and Taurus will be amiable. Scorpio will bring good things into your life. Improvement in finances may occur. Flu or fever may harangue you. With the above exceptions, your forecast is excellent.

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W 1

800 FLIGHT 106

900 SONGS FOR CHILDREN -  
El Chicano, Osibisa,  
Dave Vanronk, Cat Stevens,  
Ihre Kinder, Joni Mitchell

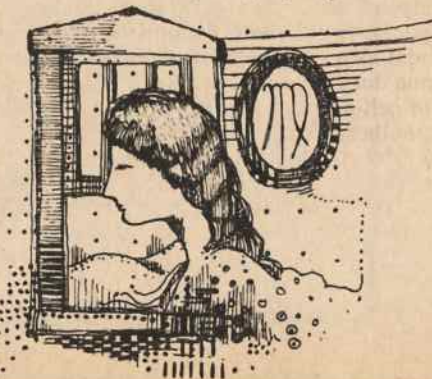
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**LIBRA:** Marriage matters will be in the forefront this month. Quarrels may arise. They will be short-lived. There are a number of changes coming for you to experience this month. Responding to the emotions too heavily (as you will be tempted to do) will bring irreparable losses. Be prepared to act as a peacemaker. **SCORPIO:** Others may demand payment of past-due loans or bills. Interest in political matters may develop. Aries will test your patience. Your psychic and mystical ability will be at their peak this month. Use them to understand the strange occurrences that will take place this month. Romantic matters will continue to grow more intense.

**SAGITTARIUS:** Pisces will be beneficial to you this month despite occasional conflicts of opinion. Resist the temptation to give in to total emotionalism. Do not, however, be afraid to be sentimental. You will experience many bad dreams this month. Don't be alarmed by them. You will feel the need for privacy, but it may elude you. **CAPRICORN:** The danger of broken bones threatens. It is vitally important that you cooperate with authority figures and superiors this month, for job difficulty is likely. A change in living conditions or residence may be unavoidable. Others will be uncooperative and argumentative. Unexpected help comes from those closest to you. Changes will ultimately work out for the best.

**AQUARIUS:** Things you didn't dare hope for will become reality. Problems at work may arise. Health problems of 1st month will disappear. Libra natives may seem obstinate at first. They will ultimately prove their worth. Occult or psychic studies may attract your interest.

**PISCES:** Teachers or supervisors can be helpful. You will have to deal with absent-mindedness. Despite many discouragements this month you will find many successes if you're persistent enough. You may find yourself lacking energy toward the end of the month. It would be advisable to do as much as possible in the first part of the month.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TH 2

800 FLIGHT 106

900 THE EVOLUTION OF Maria Muldaur

930 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - Street Dancer



1000 LONELINESS - Lucifer's Friend, Beatles, Lennon

1030 NEW SOUNDS /NEW RELEASES

1200 TRIAD FOR WHALERS - Judy Collins, Satin Whale, Procol Harum, John Tavener, Humpback Whale, Led Zeppelin

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

ASPECTS ▶▶ 85

For lectures and/or personal horoscope readings contact:

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# A



# STORY

## JOURNEY INTO SCORPIO: 1st Decanate

Ponder the mystery of a circle. It has no beginning, neither does it end. Our brothers in the East likened its shape to the nature of infinity. The analogy is a good one and yet it's not. Does not the circle have its inner and outer limits? To be sure even the line describing the outer edge of its limitations is not truly infinite. Any one of you may select an arbitrary point where the circle begins and ends. Infinity by definition has no beginning of any sort. Neither does it end.

But consider this, if you will. Though your numbers be without end; each and every one of you could select your own special point upon that circle. Though this product times the linear diameter is finite it contains within itself an infinite number of points. Although it is in fact finite it contains an infinity. The circle is a cycle you will say. Each ending is only a new beginning. Let me state my case thusly. If you were to ask me if the circumference of the figure I have drawn, is a true representation of infinity I could only answer that it is, and then again it is not. I have seen the times of men for years beyond counting. When fair Lemuria was a land unknown the wisdom of my stones had revealed to me the toils and the triumphs of humanity for many ages. The land that fostered the glory that was Antediluvia has risen from and returned to the bosom of Poseidon. This too I have seen. It is true that the cycles in the times of man are repeated to infinity. Repeated they are, but not duplicated. Each cycle moves ahead somewhat. If I use a picture to show you this, I must draw a spiral.

Should you ask me, "Is this a proper illustration of the infinite?" I would answer, "It is and it is not." Think on this: You know time is inseparably related to space. Indeed, humanity measures the passing of time in terms of celestial motion through space. As your planet circles the sun, the sun itself moves through space. Thus, the circle of your world's orbit is not a circle in space. It is a spiral. The sun moves around the galactic center. Ultimately your sun must return (in future when) to its original position. Consequently our earth spiral returns to the point of its beginning. The linear direction of our earth spiral has become a circle. (I know full well that your galaxy moves through space. This I leave for you to meditate upon.)

Space and time are closely related. I have told you of your world's path through space. Is it not likely that its path through time is similar? It seems to be. Last of all, consider this... Each circle is finite, yet it contains an infinite number of coils. That which is infinite may be contained within the finite. That finite container is, in turn, only one of an infinite number of other containers. All of these are housed in a figure of larger, but finite, scope.

Go your separate ways now, seekers of the Stone. Contemplate my utterances. I know these are heady concepts, but before you don your Wizard's robes, you must understand the nature of the infinite. I can sow the seeds of knowledge in you, it is true. Understanding? That you must gain on your own. So think on what I have said. When you understand you will ask me, "Is it not a fact that there is no ultimate beginning or end to infinity? Are the vessels which contain infinities or lesser scope not themselves contained within an innumerable quantity of vessels, each having increasing magnitude, each being finite and harboring infinity within?" And how can I reply? I can only answer, "It is a fact, and then again it is not."

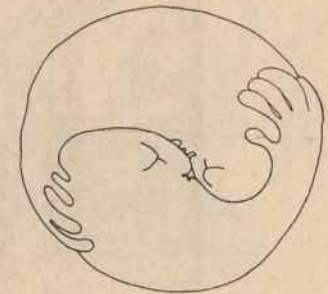
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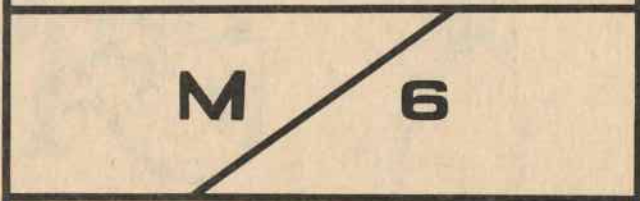
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 of fashion*

From the Teachings of The Sage of Inyo:  
 The 120th Meridian separates that area of the earth that is ruled by Scorpio from that which is ruled by Sagittarius. Here I was, just a few miles west of that meridian. There was no doubt about it... This character who called himself Solotec was the strangest dude I'd ever met. Not only strange, he was frightening. He was one of the strongest looking persons I'd ever run across. He wore a maroon colored tunic, fastened at the throat with a platinum pin. On his right hand, he wore a large topaz stone, set in a gold ring. The pointed oaken staff he carried had been planted upright in the dirt. It was that staff that really freaked me. No, it wasn't a sort of spear. It wasn't a weapon at all. At least, not a weapon as we know them to be. I hadn't been sure of its purpose until I'd seen him sighting through a nearly imperceptible hole near its tip. He was "taking a fix" on the setting sun. I had gained knowledge of the surveyor-like technique he was using through studies of British and west European archaeology. The staff he carried was a dreaded "Wizard's Staff". The lore of the ancient Druidic cultures contains many tales of these staffs. It was said that the Wizard could use his staff to see the future or put to route an entire army. As far as I know, this technique had not been used for over 1,500 years! "It's true," he said, "I can do all that with my staff and much more. But only because it tells me the position of the heavens. The heavens contain infinite energy, however, before I can tap that power I have to find out where I am in terms of Space Time Continuum. Actually, this type of instrument was used extensively in the western hemisphere until about 1650 A.D." Removing his topaz ring, he suspended it in mid air. No, there were no hooks or wires. He just hung it up in the middle of thin air. As the gloom of the late October dusk faded into darkness, the stone became iridescent. Solotec began to scribble on a piece of paper-like material. I soon realized that he was making some sort of calculations. He was lost in thought. I was lost in the Inyo Mountains. At 10,000 feet above sea level, it gets cold even in August. This was late October, going on November. Needless to say, I had no intention of wandering away from the light and warmth of "El Freako's" topaz ring. I asked Solotec how he had done the ring trick. "It's not really magic at all," he replied. "Certain crystalline substances capture various types of celestial energy. Time, space, light, gravity, mass, heat, are all forms of celestial energy. So is thought energy." Then he began to explain how nothing exists unless it relates to something else. Somehow he had used this celestial energy to alter the relationship of the ring's mass to its corresponding space in a manner such that gravity was converted to heat and light. Since the ring's gravity had been transmuted, it wasn't attracted by the earth's gravity. He went into an explanation of absolute value versus relative value. Frankly, I was sorry I asked in the first place. "Here I am," I thought, "somewhere on the 120th meridian. The only other sentient (?) being, is a guy who does freaky tricks, dresses like a fugitive from a nut house, and talks like a college professor. How the Hell did I get here?" Does anyone's tale really have a beginning? Day by day, events draw us into the future. When I thought about it, I realized that my entire life led me to this point in space and time. "Aha! You are showing wisdom. Our meeting was no accident!", exclaimed Solotec. I should, I suppose, have wondered how "Mr. Wizard" knew what I was thinking. My mind was too busy for such things. So I went on thinking. "This episode of

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800 FLIGHT 106

900 ALL IN THE EYE - Screaming Gypsy Bandits, Sharks, Rolling Stones, Thirt Y Moon

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - Recent U. S. Releases



Amor Dini II

1030 NEW SOUNDS/  
 NEW RELEASES

1200 UP IN THE TREES - with Chicago, Golden Earring, Incredible String Band

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy





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## NEW JAZZ RELEASES FROM CAPITOL

**Threshold  
PAT WILLIAMS**



**Atmospheres  
CLIVE STEVENS  
& Friends**



13

your life began the day you met Galiea", said Solotec. Galiea! Yes, of course! I flashed on a vision of her long blonde hair outlined on her red poncho. For a moment I was walking across campus with her, feeling the vibrance of her presence. She had been the inspiration needed. Because of her interest in my research project on Stonehenge, I delved further into the matter than I planned. We had a lot in common... We were both Scorpios. There's an old saying, "It takes a Scorpio to understand a Scorpio." It was true. A deep friendship grew. Somewhere along the line, after I'd gotten into a romantic involvement with someone else, I'd realized that our friendship was love, by another name... So had she. My love affair ended. It had been too late to resume things with Galiea. My beloved friend had gone away to another school. I saw her once after that. She had come home for Spring Vacation. I implied to her and I vowed to myself that I'd never let anything or anyone come between us again. She'll be coming home soon, when I get back I've got to see her... If I ever get back.

So, I studied other ancient monuments, of the world. It hit me! Every meridian that divides one Zodiacal sign (of the Earth's surface) from the next has, or had, in the cases of those that run through the Pacific and Atlantic, a significant remnant of some prehistoric civilization. It couldn't be coincidence. Somewhere in the forgotten past, there had to have been a world wide culture. I could have gone to Cahokia Mounds, on the 90th meridian. But somehow, the legend enshrouded "Stone of Winnedumah" near the 120th meridian had drawn me to its base. I was convinced, ancient man had erected it. Winter was closing in. I needed to find further evidence of this lost culture fast. I'd been told of a place called "Valley of Silence". One can only find it during the equinoxal seasons. Somehow, sound doesn't exist there. Earlier this afternoon, (2:30 P.M. PST, to be exact), I'd found it. As inaudible winds blew across the expanse of this desolate valley, I was startled by an observer. I'd walked into a peculiar circle made of huge granite stones. Solotec had appeared. He stood atop a giant quartz crystal in the center of the monument. It had taken Solotec the better part of four hours to convince me that both of us were quite sane. He'd finished his calculations. "I have determined our position in space and time", he said. "I must be on my way. It is your destiny to follow me, but not just now. Great difficulty awaits those who dwell in your time. You are needed there. Go there and learn wisdom." He replaced his ring. Mounting the quartz crystal, he trained his still glowing ring on a point near it's edge. "How will I know when I am wise?", I asked. "You will", he replied. "And then, you will not." With that he disappeared. Solotec had forgotten the paper on which he had scrawled his calculations. I retrieved it. I suddenly found myself sitting in my jeep. As I examined the mysterious calculations I was not surprised to discover ancient "astroglyphs" placed in a circular pattern. As the full moon shone directly overhead, I wondered, "Where on earth is there any real wisdom to be found?" On the bottom of the sheet, I saw these words appear. "That which I tell you, you will neither understand nor long remember. That which you yourself discover is yours for eternity!" I started the jeep and drove away. "I'll be back some day", I thought. "Just now there's someone I must see."

THE END

The story you have read is purely fictional. It is solely for your enjoyment.... Then on the other hand, it is not.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

**TU / 7**

800 MUSIC OF INDIA

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 THEMES FOR UNMADE MOVIES - Mountain, George Winston, Bob Dylan, Achim Reichel, David Ossman



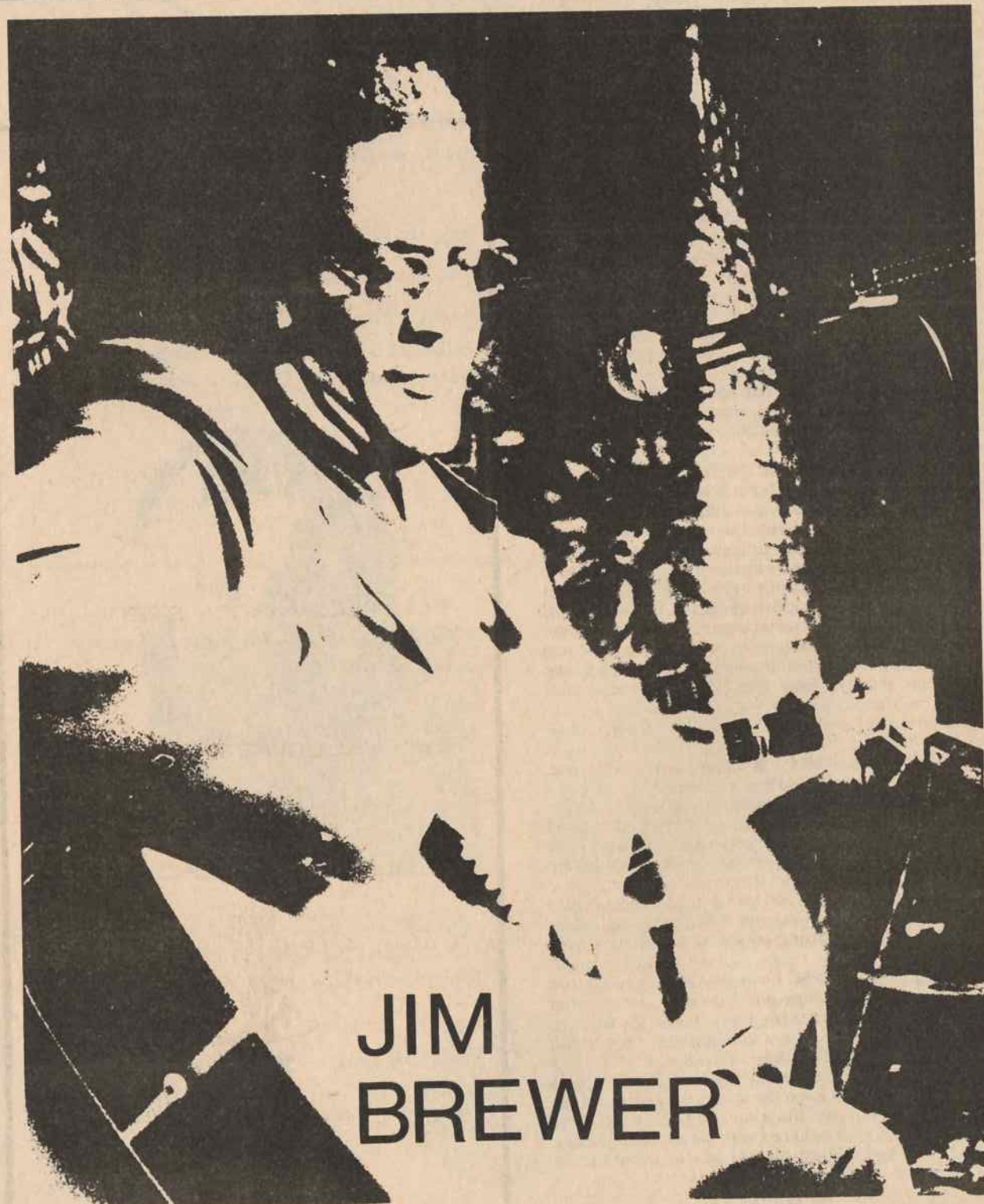
1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 YOU KNOW... I KNOW  
Mahavishnu, Lennon, Kottke

1200 MUSIC FOR INTERSTELLAR COMMUNICATION - Jefferson Starship, Pink Floyd, Tangerine Dream, Silver Apples

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

# Chicago Music Scene



**JIM  
BREWER**

It's not unusual to walk into one of the clubs around town and find a group doing the blues. Often they're young (which is fine), and slick (even better), and intelligent and knowledgeable about their subject (often being able to lay out lists of names of the old bluesmen, the clubs they played, and the picking styles they were known for). They often tend to smile in a worldly wise way as they sing (in an attempt to belie their years, as it were). I ought to know, I was one of them.

Blind Jim Brewer is not young, he is not white, and he doesn't smile when he's feeling down. He's a solitary man, but the sound of his music is the sound of people moving in the sunlight or dying in the alley of darkness.

Now Jim has known quite a bit of grief and trouble, and not much of it is his fault. Some night at the No Exit or The Spot, he may tell you about what happened to his brother. The remembering may get him down, and he'll sing those old gospel tunes of faith and hope so slow you want to cry. Perhaps the audience is responsive and Jim doesn't have to compete with the sound of the cash register, the espresso machine, and the conversation. Then Jim warms up.

When Jim is feeling good, just watch those fingers get loose and fast. This deep chuckle comes to his throat and everyone listening has to smile. He gets fancy and starts showing what he can do, and you can see what a charmer he can be.

Now I can't say what it is that makes Jim's music work. For that matter, I don't know what it is that makes people want to listen to blues in the first place, but there it is.

I suspect that it's something like magic. There's this power that some people have to make you feel what they feel. Something hurts them, they sing it out for reasons they couldn't explain even if they knew, and anybody that hears feels the pain and sadness too. It's the essence of poetry, of art, of fame and stardom. It's also a burden. Ask Jim. That sort of feeling sets you apart, makes you lonely and a little mean. You can tell how tired it can make a man when you hear Jim sing, "My home ain't here."

"I been in Chicago so long  
I ain't got no place to go."

Real blues are like whiskey. The good stuff is old, rare, and it burns even when it goes down smooth.

He's not old physically as much as spiritually. In his molasses voice you can hear echoes of men sitting around fires talking to their god, of troubadours weary from wandering and trying to make a dollar, of workers knowing bad luck is just behind them ready to take them if they rest for even a second. You hear all this, and you also hear Jim just trying to tell you what he knows to be true as simply as if you were sitting on the couch in his apartment.

Sit and listen to Jim do St. Louis Blues, hear the music bend to his feelings, change and move on in a way no Tanglewood graduate arranger could ever duplicate.

Now if this was Europe, Jim would probably be working every night to packed houses. But since Jim is a Chicagoan playing in Chicago, the home of the blues, he's just barely getting by. I hope his upcoming record on the Philo label does the trick. Jim's raw talent and gut level excitement deserve to be shared with many more people.

Brewer hugs that music to him like a man hugs a woman, and for the same needs of solace and joy. Not everyone is embraced in return. Jim is the essential musical experience, and the music loves him back just fine.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

**W 8**

800 FLIGHT 106

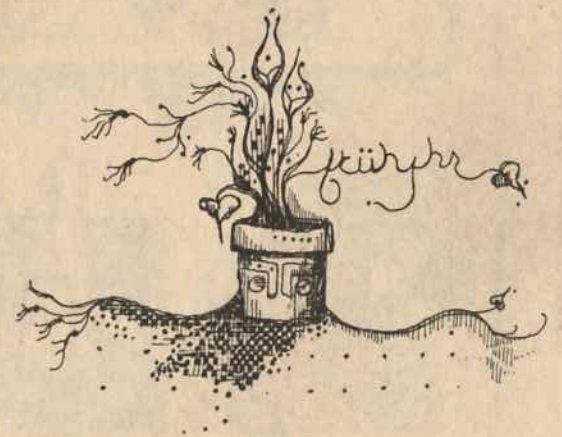
900 EYE OPENING MUSIC -  
Gary Burton, Earth, Wind, &  
Fire, Richie Havens, Passport

1000 THIRD EAR PROJECT

1030 SONGS FOR A PENNY -  
Cat Stevens, Soft Machine,  
Beatles

1100 ITALIAN ROCK SCENE -  
Osanna, P.F.M., New Trolls,  
Le Orme

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY



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3

yet no one yells corruption. Why then do we get steamed up when this same person decides that he's like to branch out into public office. Simply he makes sure that he spends more money on advertising than his opponent and wins the campaign. It's expected. The fact that he has more money to spend proves that he's a more capable administrator. Right?

What is the American government except the holding company to beat all holding companies. Why then do we make a fuss about Spiro Agnew stealing a few tens of thousands. He's a valuable man to the system who has been raised to expect fringe benefits of that sort. The boss will look the other way when one of the better workers or a junior executive pads his expense account. It's the scrubwoman who steals the calculator what gets fired, not the vice president who takes his wife and five kids along to the ball bearing conference in Hawaii at a cost to the company orders of magnitude greater.

I can actually pity Agnew. I suspect he still can't believe that he was dumped for ripping off a few thousands when he must feel that the benefits that accrued from his leadership total into many millions. But there it is. We all work for the company. The company owns everything. The payment of taxes to a body is an acknowledgment of ownership. Stop paying your property taxes, you'll find out in a hurry who actually owns the land that you're renting with your tax. The only people not working for the company are the outlaws, the people in jail. Even then, after they're caught—they've got to work making license plates or something. Punishment? No, just a way of pulling people out of the job market and allocating the lives thus left free to persons with a greater degree of company loyalty.

In a situation like this, it becomes understandable why political officials such as Kerner, Agnew, even the President are being accused of crimes to which they profess ignorance. Being parts of the system-company, they took the system for granted. The "criminality" of their actions was made invisible to them by its very ubiquitousness. They must have felt like they were being arrested for voting. The president is not at fault. He is perfect, and merely reveals the imperfection of the system.

Once again, their only crime was incompetence. Like the Spartans, it's only illegal if you get caught. Even the campaign contribution clauses, and so on, will in no way modify this state. Let's say Hiram Megabucks wants to run for Senator in Delaware. His cousin Chesley wants to give him a million dollars to make sure Hiram will win, but Chesley doesn't want the money traced. So he says to Oscar Industrial complex, "I'll sell you Peck and Peck with a million dollars off. You give cousin Hiram the lowdown on your new stock transfer deal so he can make a million dollars on his own and thus win in Delaware." You can substitute an infinite variety of favors and make the process as complicated as you wish, but essentially—if someone wants to make an anonymous campaign contribution—there's nothing to stop him, and there's no way anyone can ever find out. (Unless they get careless and / or blatant). I can understand Howard Hughes' gesture of having the dollar bills dumped before the investigating committee. The whole affair must have struck him as a joke.

21

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TH 9

800 FLIGHT 106

900 MUSIC FROM CANADA -  
Stampeders, Mohogany Rush,  
Bachman-Turner  
Overdrive, Guess Who, Jesse  
Winchester



1000 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
The Flock

1030 NEW SOUNDS/NEW  
RELEASES

1200 SOUNDS ANGELIC -  
Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Gong,  
Joni Mitchell

1230 SONGS FOR WOUNDED KNEE  
Gila, Red Bone, Richard Davis Trio.

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

# New, On Columbia Records

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**"ROLLER MAIDENS FROM OUTER SPACE"**  
Featuring The Firesign Theatre



MAY 15

**THE FIRESIGN THEATRE**  
PRESENTS  
THE TALE OF  
**THE GIANT RAT OF SUMATRA**  
in which Hemlock Stones, The Great Defective, unplugs The Electrician!




**New Riders of the Purple Sage**



**Home, Home on the Road**  
including:  
Groupie/Sunday Susie/Kick In The Head  
Hello Mary Lou/Dead Flowers


MAY 5

**BOZ SCAGGS/SLOW DANCER**  
including:  
I Got Your Number/Sail On White Moon  
You Make It So Hard (To Say No)  
Let It Happen/Pain Of Love



MAY 14

**MOTT**  
**"THE HOOPLÉ"**  
including:  
The Golden Age Of Rock 'N' Roll  
Roll Away The Stone/Crash Street Kidds  
Through The Looking Glass/Trudi's Song



MAY 21


At the Aragon:

**BLUE OYSTER CULT**  
**SECRET TREATIES**  
including:  
Career Of Evil/Dominance And Submission  
ME 262/Flaming Telepaths/Astronomy



MAY 17

**AEROSMITH**  
**GET YOUR WINGS**  
including:  
Same Old Song And Dance/Woman Of The World  
S.O.S. (Too Bad)/Seasons Of Wither  
Train Kept A Rollin'



19

This new point of view demands some other reappraisals. The idea of a revolution is not so much impractical as inappropriate. The idea of an armed uprising makes about as much sense in today's company-system as the secretarial pool rebelling and taking over Playboy enterprises. All they would accomplish would be to put themselves out of a job. By trying to grasp an illusion of power, they would simply displace themselves out of the real world and have to learn to eat dialectical bread. Some other illusions are voting.

Voting involves making a choice between two candidates. This is a vote? That's like walking into a restaurant and being allowed to have either pickles or spinach. Needless to say, a restaurant like that would close fast so the choice is made hamburgers or fried chicken. Very good. It's fast, convenient and cheap. But it's not a vote. Buying stock is voting. Owning a company is voting. Being the member of a strong union is voting. More precisely, money is influence. On some rare occasions expertise—which is of intangible value to the company—is almost as good as money, but popular pressure comes in only a distant third in this hierarchy of powers that be.

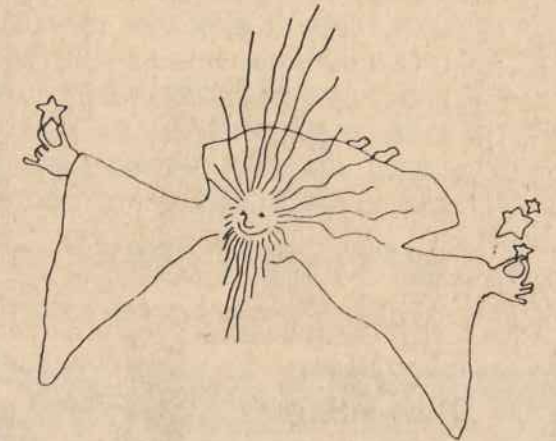
Is this some sort of intensely cynical and nihilistic attitude. Not really. It's simply a plea that we get our terms straight. When an entire system is corrupt, corruption becomes a non-sequitur or the system must be redefined. To retain a concept of morality, we must acknowledge that America is a military-industrial corporation. It became a corporation because the corporation was the most efficient form in which to harness human energy. The corporation is also the Soviet Union, Europe, and China. The crime in a corporation is inefficiency and incompetence (both of which usually result from somebody attempting to substitute politics for productive work).

There are revolutionary alternatives. Thinking and evaluating material for yourself rather than letting the corporation do it for you, seeing people as individuals of numerous dimensions rather than as cogs helps, not being entranced by the shadow play of councils and representatives is a start. Passing laws that control the sub-corporations may or may not be of help. As long as the ultimate corporation remains unmodified, I suspect some way around the various provisions will be found (like the way the oil companies outmaneuvered the automobile companies on the oil price freeze question. Now watch the auto companies come out with the wankes and turbines.)

The future of American politics? There is a notable tendency for corporations to tend towards standardization and uniformity. I suspect an ever greater growth of control over daily life by the corporation (as in the case of the Japanese) until life in all industrial countries has taken on the same semi-militaristic, homogeneous texture. Needless to say, there will be the ritual revolutionary, harmless but good for an occasional scare story sufficient for maintaining just enough paranoia to keep the wheels of credulity turning (the old 1984 ploy, there is always the threat of the agitator). And of course, as scarcities develop and population growth exceeds technological growth, the grand middle class generated by the plenty of technological breakthroughs will dissipate like a mist. The wave of the future? Probably serfing. Thus we return to the real verities of politics, master and slave. Remember, there is no corruption, there is no corruption, there is no...

Programming for 106 WXFM for

F 10



900 FLIGHT 106

1000 ESPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS  
Zappa, Cat Stevens, Association  
Electric Light Orchestra

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

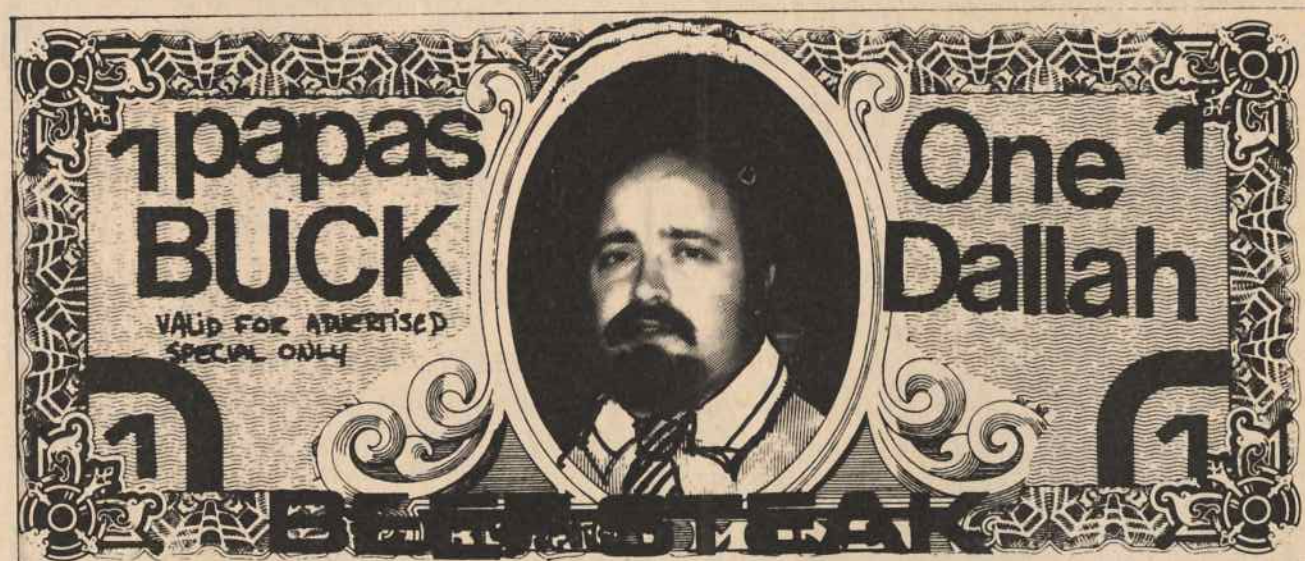
1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE -  
Jazz Moog with Herbie Hancock,  
Sun Ra, Paul Bley, Roger Powell

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

# DOLLAR DAZE

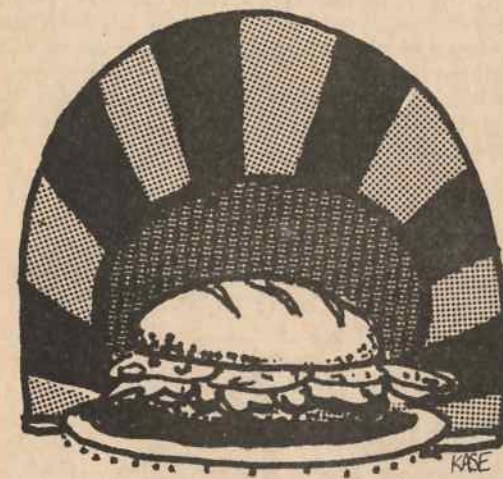
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# FEED



## THE HERO

It all started with the Italians, the idea of an oversized, overstuffed sandwich made from a whole loaf of bread filled with a combination of meats, cheese and vegetables. The Italian hero (also known in various parts of the country as a submarine, grinder, dagwood, hoagie, poorboy, and god knows what else) has become a classic. You can make individual hero sandwiches with small loaves of Italian bread, or giant ones that can be carved into separate portions. Not to be outdone, Greek eateries are now featuring a Greek hero of their own called Souvlaki or Gyros. It is made from flat Pita bread and stuffed with roast lamb and various assorted Greek vegetables, and is well on the way to becoming a classic in its own right.

There are as many versions of the hero as there are imaginative sandwich makers, and there is no reason why you can't invent your own. To get you started here are five international heros:

Programming for 106 WXFM for

**M / 13**

800 FLIGHT 106

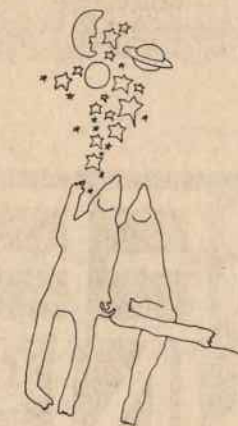
900 STRAIGHT AHEAD -  
 Brian Auger, Jimi Hendrix,  
 Billy Paul

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE  
 BIG SWAMP

1030 NEW SOUNDS/NEW  
 RELEASES

1200 MUSICAL CLOUDS -  
 Joni Mitchell, Doobie Bros.,  
 Babe Ruth, Rolling Stones

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



### Italian-Sausage Hero

1 green pepper  
1 large yellow onion  
2 tablespoons olive oil  
1 jar (4oz.) roasted sweet peppers  
6 tablespoons butter  
4 sweet Italian sausages  
4 hot Italian sausages  
1 loaf Italian bread (18 to 20 inches)  
6 slices Italian salami  
crushed Italian red pepper  
salt and pepper  
lettuce leaves

1. Cut green pepper in half lengthwise, remove ribs and seeds, cut lengthwise into  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch strips.
2. Peel onion, slice  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick.
3. Heat oil in large skillet. Add green peppers and onion, cook over medium heat stirring frequently, until crisp—10 to 15 minutes. Stir in red peppers.
4. Meanwhile place 2 tablespoons butter in skillet over medium heat. Cook sausage until browned and cooked through, 20 minutes. Pour off fat and drain on paper towels.
5. Pre-heat oven to 350° F. While sausage is cooking, split bread in half lengthwise. Spread cut sides with 4 tablespoons butter. Heat in oven about 10 minutes.
6. To serve: On bottom half of loaf, arrange sausages, then salami, sprinkle with crushed Italian pepper and salt. Top with pepper and onion mixture, lettuce, and other half of bread. Serve at once.

### Scandinavian Seafood Hero

**Sauce**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise  
1 tablespoon prepared mustard  
1 tablespoon chili sauce  
1 tablespoon ketchup  
1 teaspoon sugar  
dash garlic powder  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
2 tablespoons dill  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  small Boston lettuce  
1 round Swedish Crisp Bread  
1 cucumber  
6 slices smoked salmon  
1 lemon, halved  
1 pound cooked shrimp  
dill

1. Make sauce: In small bowl combine mayonnaise with rest of sauce ingredients, except oil. Mix well.
2. With electric mixer or whisk, gradually beat in oil beating until slightly thickened. Refrigerate to chill well.
3. Shred lettuce. Sprinkle over bread on serving platter.
4. With tines of fork, score unpeeled cucumber, slice very thinly. Arrange slices overlapping over shredded lettuce.
5. Sprinkle salmon with juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon. Cut other half into wedges. Arrange salmon slices, folded over, on one half. Pour some sauce over shrimp, and garnish with lemon and dill. Pass rest of sauce.

### Rueben Hero

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chili  
1 tablespoon grated onion  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 cups shredded cabbage  
1 loaf dark rye bread, unsliced  
6 slices roast turkey  
6 slices baked ham  
10 slices Swiss cheese

1. In bowl combine mayonnaise, chili sauce, onion and lemon juice. Mix well, add cabbage and toss to coat completely. Refrigerate until well chilled, 1-2 hours.
2. With bread knife slice bread lengthwise into 3 lengths.
3. Drain cabbage well, and on bottom layer of bread place turkey, spoon on half of the cabbage, arrange half of cheese slices on top.
4. Place middle slice of bread on top. Arrange ham slices on bread slice, the rest of the cabbage, then remaining cheese slices. Top with crust.

### Beef Bourguignon Hero

2 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds ground chuck  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
4 slices bacon, diced  
1 tablespoon butter  
3 tablespoons brandy  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound fresh mushrooms  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound small white onions, peeled  
2 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup canned beef broth  
1 cup Burgundy wine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried thyme  
1 teaspoon beef extract  
2 tablespoons tomato paste  
1 bay leaf  
2 loaves French bread  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter, melted  
chopped parsley

1. Lightly mix beef with salt and pepper. Shape into 24 meatballs, about 2 inches in diameter. In Dutch oven, over medium heat, saute Bacon until crisp. Remove bacon, drain. Add 1 tbl. butter, heat. In hot fat brown meatballs well.
2. In small saucepan, heat brandy until bubbles form around edge of pan. Ignite with match and pour over meatballs. When flames die out, remove meatballs from Dutch oven with slotted spoon to a bowl.
3. Add mushrooms to drippings in Dutch oven, saute until lightly brown. Remove mushrooms and add to meatballs.
4. Add onions to Dutch oven, saute until lightly brown, remove from heat and stir in flour, then broth, wine, thyme, meat extract, tomato paste and bay leaf.

5. Cook over medium heat, stirring until thickened. Reduce heat, simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Add meatballs and mushrooms to mixture, simmer covered for 30 minutes.

6. Meanwhile, prepare bread: Preheat oven 350° F. Using a bread knife, slice off top of bread and discard. Hollow out loaf, leaving a shell 1 inch thick. Brush inside with melted butter, wrap in foil, heat in oven for 15 minutes.

7. To serve: fill with meat and vegetables. Pour sauce over top. Sprinkle with bacon bits and garnish with parsley. Serve immediately.

### Souvlakia

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter  
1 $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds cooked boneless lamb  
1 cup sliced onion  
1 clove garlic, crushed  
1 teaspoon salt  
dash pepper  
3 tablespoons tomato paste  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red wine  
1 teaspoon oregano leaves  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. thyme  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. rosemary  
1 chicken bouillon cube  
4 loaves pita bread

### Garnish

1 small tomato, sliced  
4 large onions  
1 cup shredded lettuce

1. In hot butter in large saucepan, saute lamb until well browned.
2. Add 1 cup onions and the garlic, saute about 5 minutes. Return lamb to saucepan, along with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water and remaining ingredients, except bread and garnish.
3. Bring to boiling, reduce heat and simmer, covered, 45 minutes or until meat is tender.
4. Preheat oven to 350° F. Heat bread 15 minutes, or heated through. Split each loaf partway through. Fill with lamb mixture. Garnish with the sliced onions, tomatoes, and shredded lettuce.

There! Five different heros that will appeal and fill the hungriest of appetites. For those hearty eaters who wish traditional heros, but don't want to bother with the shopping or the clean-up, here are a list of favorite places where you can get a really different sandwich:  
Ratso's Restaurant  
2464 N. Lincoln

Vic's  
Corner Webster & Seminary

Chicago Pizza & Oven Grinder Co.  
2121 N. Clark

Eastern Style Pizza  
2911 W. Touhy

Woolworth's, Michigan Ave.  
676 N. Michigan

Captain Nemo  
Rogers and Clark St.—Rogers Park

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TU / 14

800 MUSIC OF INDIA

900 FLIGHT 106

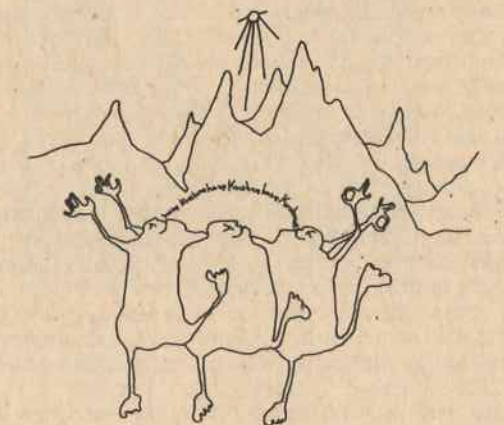
1000 MUSIC FOR MOTORCYCLISTS  
Jesse Colin Young, Bette Midler,  
Arlo Guthrie, Lambert, Hendricks,  
Ross, Steppenwolf

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 BEST OF BLUE OYSTER CULT

1200 SONGS OF NIGHTEN GALES  
Stravinsky, Epitaph, Joan Baez

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



# EARTH NEWS

**THE RICH GET RICH AND THE POOR GET THE...** federal minimum wage, which happens to be \$1.60 an hour. Ahhh, but the maximum wage is precisely 100 times greater. Victor Posner earns around \$170 an hour. According to *Forbes* magazine, Posner is the head of one of those anonymous real estate corporations.

Last year, Posner was paid a salary of over one million dollars, received huge stock options, three million dollars worth of life insurance, private use of a Lockheed Jet, offices in New York and Miami, and an incredible expense account.

Well, what does he do that you and I don't do? The Securities and Exchange Commission has some ideas, but Posner's lawyers (including ex-Secretary of State William Rogers) have been keeping the hounds at bay.

More news concerning the magic numbers one and six. Standard Oil of California paid \$14 million dollars in Federal Income Taxes for 1971. That works out to approximately 1.6 percent of its worldwide earnings. How do they get away with paying a smaller percentage than us common citizens? Foreign tax credits. Without foreign tax credits SOCAL would have had to pay \$119 million in taxes instead of the nominal \$14 million. This is done by increasing shipments of oil to the eastern hemisphere while decreasing exports to the U.S. Gee, I wonder if that had anything to do with the fuel shortage.

**LOVE AND KISSES...** from James Bainbridge to the IRS. James refused to pay a portion of his taxes as a protest against the war some years ago. Consequently, the IRS has finally gotten around to the point of appropriating some of Bainbridge's personal property. It was at this point that it occurred to James that since the U.S. was in the habit of paying its war reparations to orphans in the form of Hershey bars, that he should pay his war taxes in the same way. Thus, the government received the owed \$8.55 in the form of 57 Hershey Bars and 12 one cent chocolate kisses.

Speaking of placing your bread and oil upon the waters. A 1968 confidential memo prepared by economists at Standard Oil of California (SOCAL) recommends that oil production be curtailed to maintain high prices and profits.

The memo predicted that large surpluses of crude oil would continue till 1978 unless production capacities were pruned. The memo further recommends that the cut-backs occur everywhere except Saudi Arabia and Iran, for political reasons. The reports appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *The Wall Street Journal*.

SOCAL isn't the only one making a few bucks off the crisis. *W* magazine states that Kuwait has been made one of the percapita wealthiest nations in the world. This has resulted in the rather strange situation of it costing next to nothing to run a Lamborghini Espada, but it can cost as much as \$12,000 to water a lawn for one year in water poor Kuwait. Maybe they'd like to trade?

So oil and water don't mix, alcohol and gasoline do. Nebraska is presently in the midst of a full scale program of subsidising a mixture of 90 percent gasoline and 10 percent alcohol called appropriately, "gasohol."

Actually, you may be better off letting your car get gassed than yourself. The life expectancy of an alcoholic is ten to twelve years less than the norm; and mortality two and a half times greater. In ghettos, there are two to

three times as many alcoholics as drug addicts, and death rates from alcohol are four times higher than those from narcotics. There are an estimated 300,000 alcoholics in New York alone, including 15,000 teenagers.

While on the topic of filthy habits, Senator Frank Moss and the American Public Health Assoc. have petitioned the Consumer product Safety Commission to ban cigarettes that contain more than 21 milligrams of tar, which constitutes about 15 percent of the total market. Apparently, the concern is being generated by the fact that in spite of bans on advertising, the tobacco industry is healthier than ever.

Even though the relation between smoking and cancer is still moot, links to break downs in the immunity system are not. Lung infections, bronchitis, and other symptoms of immunity breakdowns are directly traceable to smoking. See *Nature* (vol. 248 p. 358).

A substitute might be marijuana. A recent judicial decision has ruled in favor of the defendant on the basis that there are several different versions of cannabis of which only cannabis sativa is illegal. The various types are indistinguishable once they've been cut and dried. The U.S. Attorney is probably going to appeal the decision.

But there's another dope problem. British researchers have proven that comic books cause brain damage. No, it's not the puerility of the plots, but the lead in the ink—particularly the reds and the yellows. Small children—especially retarded ones—have a tendency to place things that look good into their mouths in the mistaken belief that they will also taste good! That includes comic books.

The response of one of the British printers (after having been alerted to the danger) was that a little more brain damage would hardly make any difference. (*New Scientist* 3 / 21 / 74)

No wonder this is such a lousy century. Note, this is no longer just my opinion; it is now a professional observation. Pulitzer prize winning historian Barbara Tuchman states, that things haven't been so mediocre since the 14th century; which she described as, "an endless succession of disasters."

She describes today's leaders as being, "personalities of the second class," and the times themselves as being, "touched with lunacy." These are hardly the vintage years. Few times have had so many capabilities at their disposal and bothered to achieve so little with them.

As an example, the Dept. of Commerce estimated that by 1975, beauty shop receipts will amount to close to 4.7 billion dollars, and that this figure will probably double by 1980. That 4.7 is twice as much as the federal government will spend on all its research and development on alternative energy programs during 1975. The ship of state may be sinking, but at least we'll go down looking good amidst the permanent waves.

Perhaps the proper note for this century is sounded in the experience of one Rod Perry. Perry was in an 1,100 mile dog sled race in Alaska, an annual event. He and his team of dogs (led by the famous husky, Fat Albert) were within two blocks of the finish line in Nome, at 3:30 in the morning when a taxi cab came around a corner at 50 and ran over Fat Albert. Perry went on to finish the race with the remaining dogs.

Lets look at other contemporary versions of heroism. There's a man who's claim to fame is that he's stayed awake for twelve days. Excuse me, he's also the world's longest kisser and the world's longest water treader.



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May 13 - 19 Streetdancer.

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Every Weds. & Fri. Lawrence Bros.

Every Saturday The Four Naturals "Soul of Jazz".

Other nites Kim Varney on the wildest old piano in Chicago & a new group called Skyward doing their own material.

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W / 15


800 FLIGHT 106

900 ON YOUR FEET with Charlie Parker & Frank Zappa

930 SONGS FOR DOLLARS - Martin Mull, Rare Bird, Babe Ruth

1000 THIRD EAR PROJECT

1030 IN THE WIND - Chick Corea, Pete Seeger, Billy Cobham, Ray Manzarek, Tir Na Nog, Golden Earring.....



1130 HENDRIX IN STOCKHOLM

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

# ratso's

CONTINENTAL AND  
VEGITARIAN CUISINE

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			ROSEHIP STRING BAND	1 SKY FARMER 2	BATUCADA 3	4
BATUCADA 5	6 KEN CHANEY EXPERIENCE	7	SUNRISE	8 KEVIN MCCARTHY	9	10 KEN CHANEY EXPERIENCE 11
KEN CHANEY EXPERIENCE 12	BATUCADA 13	14 Chicago river blues BAND	15	16 KEVIN MCCARTHY	17	18 WILDFLOWER
19 ENIGMA	20 BATUCADA	21 PHIL UPCHURCH & TENNYSON STEPHENS	22 ROSE HIP STRING BAND	23	24 Phil Upchurch & Tennyson Stephens	25
26 P. UPCHURCH & T. STEPHENS	27 BATUCADA	28 JOHN BISHOP	29 PARTY CLOSED	30 SKY FARMER	31	SUNRISE

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dinner with strings nitely

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Or how about Charles Black of Rockford, Illinois. Charles has won a place in history by eating six pounds of pizza. How are we going to explain these records to our children?

I suspect it gets down to what has been referred to as future schlock.

Remember when "made in Japan" was some sort of joke? "Made in America" seems to be taking on the same sort of connotations in Japan. Japan has found our nuclear reactors to be rather mickey mouse and plagued by problems. Subsequently, they are looking to Europe for some quality equipment.

Europe may not be the place to look. British Industry Secretary Tony Benn states that if England continues with the Concorde (S.S.T) project, the nation may lose anywhere between \$480 and \$675 million pounds.

Is this trip really necessary? The Environmental Protection agency projects that within the next 27 years, the U.S. will have to duplicate everything that's ever been built in this country. As a result, urban sprawl will be increased by approximately 20 million acres (an area the size of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island).

Another 3 and a half million will go to highways and airports while 12 million will go to "second home" developments and recreation sites.

As though this weren't enough, candy bars are going up in price from 15 cents to 20 cents or a quarter.

Just when they discovered a way of diagnosing diabetes by sense of smell. Actually, the electronic nose of J.B. French and other scientists at the University of Toronto, has an enormous number of possible applications. Not only can it sniff out diseases, but it may also aid in mining or even replace the blood hound for quaffing out hidden caches of drugs.

A possible scenario is, "large noses suspended over the sidewalk. Whenever a subversive walks by, he gets nervous and sweats. The nose immediately knows and, another threat is safely incarcerated." Perhaps there'll be huge orbiting noses, set up to detect if there's something rotten in Denmark and other ill winds of change.

An island in the sea of change is a 4,500 year old bristle cone pine tree near Bishop, California. The "methuselah" tree just produced 48 seeds. The first known seedlings, produced in this century. Nature wobbles on!

Even if an electronic nose does apprehend you stealing an expensive candy bar, take heart. Crime pays a lot better than it used to. Not only are many of the people convicted of Watergate writing books and profiting from the experience, but Clifford Irving has found a way of using his illegality. *New Times Magazine* has hired Irving to do a series of fake interviews as soon as he gets out of prison. The first fake? Richard Nixon. This from a bi-monthly news magazine whose slogan is, "Promised to be true with you."

Another lucky inmate is James Hodges, a prisoner in the Oregon Penitentiary who is being allowed to marry one Christina Gonzalez de Lara, the god daughter of the President of Mexico. James will not be allowed to take a honeymoon.

Marriages in prisons may become commonplace if an experiment in penology in Canada is a success. Prince George Correctional Institution will receive 25 female inmates in the near future. The new inmates will be given

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TH / 16

800 FLIGHT 106

900 SUN SONGS - Bo Hansson, Cat Stevens, Wolfgang Dauner, Donovan, Manfred Mann's Earth Band



1000 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - Batucada

1030 NEW SOUNDS/  
NEW RELEASES

1200 BACH UP TO DATE - Gracious, Styx, Lee Konitz, Sugar Loaf, Jethro Tull, W. Carlos

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



a chance to mingle with the male prisoners during the recreation periods and special restrooms and a beauty parlor are being installed in the prison. Similar experiments in other parts of Canada have led to improved behavior and attitudes on the part of the men.

Some prison inmates in Wormwood Prison, London, weren't involved in quite so amusing an experiment. They were the guinea pigs for a drug (benperidol) developed specifically to wipe out sexual desire. The drug proved to be 100 percent effective and is being marketed under the trade name, Anquil.

If the drug ever became popular, sex could become an academic subject. At Renssalaer Polytechnic Institute in New York, it already has. The title of one of the courses to be offered is "Focus on the Flesh Film," a study of pornographic movies. "Goodness, you mean that's the way they used to create children back in the twentieth century?"



Pornography is not only educational, it's also lucrative. A Los Angeles firm called Bob Mitchell Designs is marketing a line of wall paper based on pornography in one case, and dirty language in another. The pornographic paper is called, "Swinging Times."

To a certain degree, these are. Twenty year old Miss Yakima Valley Universe was forced to abdicate her title after officials discovered that she was the unwed mother of a four year old boy. Peggy Dudley was given the title of Miss Hospitality as a consolation prize.

A different consolation prize is being asked by a 40 year old woman in Jankipig Sweden who is suing Uri Geller (Israeli psychokineticist who bends objects through mental power) in a paternity suit. Geller appeared on Swedish television and stated that objects in the homes of television viewers might be bent by his amazing powers. The woman claims that Geller, in a subsequent demonstration of his abilities, bent her intra-uterine contraceptive coil. The coil had always worked successfully and then, a month after the broadcast, she was found to be pregnant. When the doctor withdrew the coil, he found it bent totally out of shape.

Also getting bent all out of shape is the Ladies Auxiliary of the Arlington Virginia Professional Fire Fighters Association. The psycho-sexual force in this case is Judy Livers who passed all the exams for being a fireman and is presently bunking down with the rest of the guys. The auxiliary forced a vote censuring Miss Livers and insuring an official statement of disapproval. It should be mentioned that fireman have to sleep with all their clothes on in readiness for a fire.

But not so policemen. If the criminals seem to have more license than they used to, what of the policemen. The manager of a California electronics company recently came to work only to find the large plate glass window in the front of the building shattered, a trail of clothing leading to a room in the interior of the building, and a man sleeping on the shelf—naked.

The beautiful dreamer? Leonard Marcusen, a vice squad detective for the police department of nearby Richmond.

Even more licentious, was the bachelor going away party that resulted in the suspension of 11 Tacoma Washington police. Three other officers were fired for having sexual relations with a go-go dancer and one more was dismissed for delivering a porno flick while in uniform. Perhaps they were studying for an entrance exam for Renssalaer Polytech. Most were utterly out of uniform.

Actually, the offenders got off rather lightly considering how Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina would like to deal with the streaking problem. He'd round them all up and have them hauled to a football stadium. Then he'd force them to strip and run all night around the track while occasionally hosing them down with cold water. I propose the creation of a wet blanket award specifically for the honorable Helms.

Maybe Helms is still afraid of the menace of obscenity to America, but most Americans are more worried about politicians than the streakers. A 1967 survey of what people thought were the most "dangerous and harmful" elements in the country resulted in the statement that

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F / 17

800 GOSPEL

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 MUSIC TO EAT - Strawbs, Hot Tuna, Humble Pie

1030 GOOD OLD ROCK & ROLL - Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran, Fats Domino

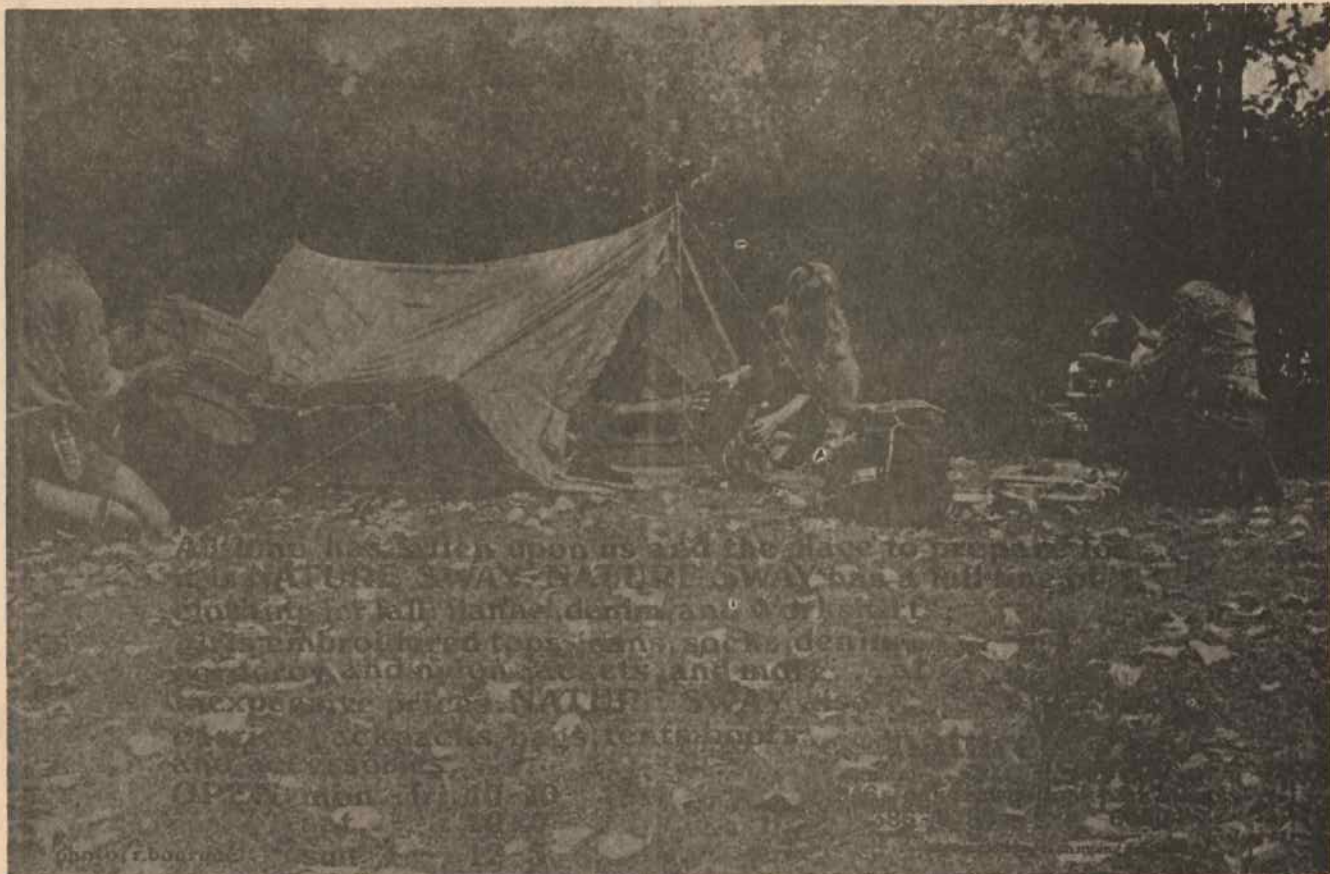
1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 ALICE COLTRANE & THE RASCALS IN A PEACEFUL WORLD



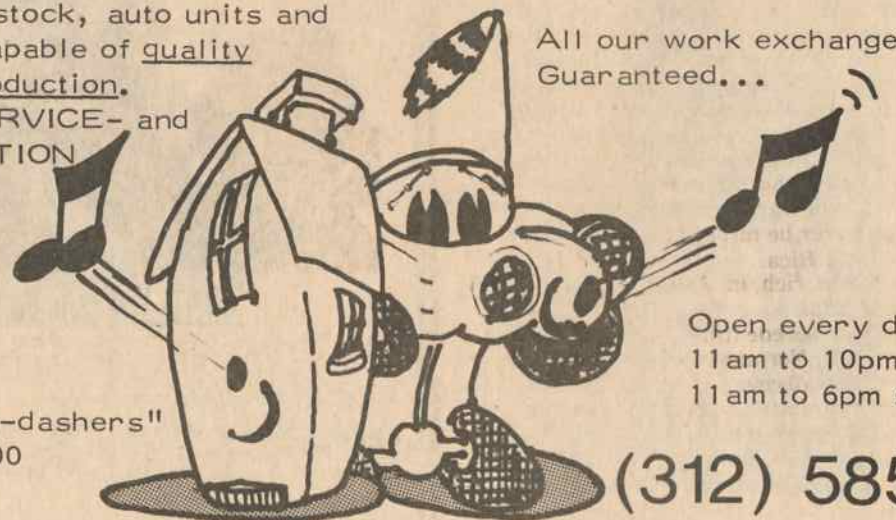
1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE Electronic Music from films - Andromeda Strain, Slaughter House 5, The Body (Geesin & Waters)

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



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M / 20

800 FLIGHT 106

900 THE DEVIL IN MUSIC -  
Chicago, Rolling Stones, Lucifer's  
Friend, Santana

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE  
BIG SWAMP

1030 NEW SOUNDS  
NEW RELEASES



1200 THE BEST OF TIM BUCKLEY

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

most people feel threatened by "those who didn't believe in God, black militants, student demonstrators, prostitutes, and homosexuals."

The same survey in 1973 resulted in the statement that the people to watch are "Those who hire political spies, politicians who engage in wiretapping; businessmen who make illegal political contributions; and politicians who use the CIA, FBI, or Secret Service for political purposes or to restrict freedom." Apparently, people simply fear whatever is on the news the most.

But don't worry, the F.B.I. is still hard at work, protecting our rights to privacy—with whatever means it takes. For instance, even now, the Bureau is actively engaged in the "full-scale investigation" of 52 groups.

Curiously, this is a rather low number considering that the Attorney General lists at least 282 subversive groups.

Perhaps it's to be expected. Our nuclear reactors are being rejected by the Japanese for being lacky, now the New China News Agency says the Soviet KGB is out doing the CIA in "rampant and ferocious" espionage. We just can't do anything right anymore.

Effrem Zimbalist, where are you? Just when things are getting really rough with the subversives, too. Secret testimony before a California subcommittee revealed that there are at least seven groups in California similar to the Symbionese Liberation Front, and that these groups are moving towards a coalition.

Testimony indicates that hundreds of the State's business leaders have been under constant surveillance, and that their homes have been diagrammed as well as daily activities recorded. One group is called the Aryan Brotherhood. Others are apparently made up of blacks, latinos, and racial mixtures (polyglot power?).

State senator Harmer has called the movement, "a satanically directed scheme against the will of god and the plan of Christ and for the salvation of mankind." But to the true paranoid, the question is, "saving us for what?"

Maybe the Vatican knows, but they aren't telling. The Pope has issued an "Official Secrets Act." Punishment for revealing secrets can be as severe as ex-communication. Vatican security has also been conducting a rigorous investigation of possible wiretaps.

Perhaps it has something to do with the Holy Land, Palestine, and the unholy mess surrounding it. Two new proposals, ostensibly made by American businessmen, finding favor amongst the Jordanians and other Arab states, are that the Golan Heights be transformed into a Tourist Area (visit wonderful War Land???) and that the west bank of the Jordan River be turned into a free trade zone patterned after Costa Rica.

The plan purports to be rich in details concerning possible investment projects.

Why not? Quebec wants to secede from Canada. Ireland wants to secede from itself, Normandy wants to secede from France, and now Cornwall county, England has been revealed as a hotbed of subversive activity. A document has been found indicating the existance of a "Free Cornish Army."

After awhile, the sub in sub-cultures starts looking suspiciously like it might be derived from subversive. So often, cultural identity seems the basis for radical activity.

# EARTH NEWS

A strong argument in favor of this opinion is the state of women in contemporary society. Here's a subculture—that happens to be a majority in the culture in terms of overall numbers. Yet, there they go trying to upset that natural order of which they constitute such a major part. The latest plot is on the part of Terry Crossman, an eight year old girl, who joined the cub scouts. She joined because the Cubs met later than the Brownies, thus allowing her to attend the meetings after school. Subversively, she was the only member of the pack to fulfill the twelve requirements for the Wolf badge. Officials of the Scout Council, however, refuse to give the Wolf badge to a girl stating that "a Cub scout must be a boy." Must these blows against the American way never cease?

Even more of a prodigy is the five year old "Cornflakes Kid" of Australia. Kindergartner, Nat McGowan, tapes a breakfast show every afternoon. The program is a running commentary of insults, jokes, dirty stories, and music. Nat's father is the program director of the Sydney station. The show has one of the highest ratings in the Sydney suburbs.

Getting in on the secrecy/conspiracy kick is British group Stoneground, who have altered their name to Top Secret.

Speaking of stone—The new Stones album should be out sometime soon this spring, and be followed by another one later in the fall. 16 songs on the album are supposed to be by Keith Richards. The second album may be a concert/live type. Presumably the timing of the release will take into account the opening of the new Stones' film, "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" made during a recent concert tour and to be shown around the country for an indefinite length of time. 8,000 lbs of quadrophonic equipment are supposed to be accompanying the film. The Rolling Stones still are not going to play in Vegas. Brian Jones' guitar "Les Paul" has been bequeathed to Stones bassist Bill Wyman who then gave it to Terry Taylor, the lead guitarist for the Lucky Buzzard Band. Wyman said he'd keep the guitar in storage since he didn't know what to do with it.

But back to subcultures and subversive.

CBS records has finally gotten rights to have its records distributed in East Germany. Some of the first albums will be a country and western sampler and collections by people such as Andy Williams, Johnny Cash, and Louis Armstrong.

Johnny Cash is being sued for using the serial number of a Folsom prison inmate without getting his permission first. (Your ruining my good number?) His name was also used on the album.

The New York Times reports that the Grand Ole Opry's George Hamilton III has become the first American country singer to perform in Moscow. Hamilton has been giving singing lectures at various concert halls in Prague and Moscow, and been teaching Russian guitarists country flat picking.

According to Times journalist, Chris Wren, some problems are being encountered in terms of finding equivalents in Russian for "Hoedown, jamboree, hillbilly," and "bluegrass." He completely blew their heads away when he described his latest song as a "nitty-gritty, up-tight, folk-country, psychedelic love ballad," which in Russian is....

The new "Grand Ole Opry" album will use the gimmick of enclosing swatches of the original curtain from the old Ryman Auditorium which was abandoned by the Opry for a new building in Nashville.

Other gimmicks; Commander Cody walked around on stage naked at a recent concert. Cody's real name is George Frayne and he recently broke his nose playing basketball. Right...

Record companies have released a plethora of Streak records such as; "Super streaker" by Flesh Gordon and the Nude Hollywood Argyles, "They Call it Streakin'" by Dash Flasher, and "Streaking Across the U.S.A." by Springfield Mass.

If that doesn't make your gorge rise, how about the new satanic kitsch? "I been had by the Devil" by Zell Black. "My Exorcism" by Chapter Thirteen, and "Sympathy for the Devil" by Lucifer on the Exorcist label.

Alice Cooper, who somewhat personified the cult until now with his beheaded baby dolls and coiled cobras, says he's been outdone by "the Exorcist." He also said something about a new direction called "Romantic Horror." There's supposedly something brewing in the way of a movie as well.

Jagger and the group seem to be moving to America, or at least staying a while. They were looking at apartments in L.A. recently while recording in Miami.

Stevie Wonder is moving to Africa. He's going to do one more tour to raise money there for the charity work he wants to do over here.

Japanese workers in the Osaka Matsushita plant are required to sing the company song before beginning work each morning. It translates as:

For the building of a new Japan  
Let's put our strength and mind together  
Doing our best to promote production  
Sending our goods to the people of the world  
Endlessly and continuously  
Like water from a fountain  
Grow, industry, Grow, Grow, Grow!"

Roberta Flack will portray Bessie Smith in Melvin Van Peebles' autobiographical film.

Jerry Garcia is coming out with a solo album, and a new concert sound system designed by Owsley was unveiled recently. Hailed as the ultimate of its kind, it's reputed to have cost over \$350,000.

NOTE:NOTE: Joe Buchwald tells us that Marty Balin, formerly of Jefferson Airplane, now has his own group—Bodacious—and is no longer with R.C.A. Record companies line up on the right?

ALSO: Steve Moss wrote in to tell us that Hugo Montenegro who composes scores for Italian Westerns smokes five packs of cigarettes a day and breathes through a special lung machine (?????).

If you detect a negative undertone to the Earth News this month, I admit that a news item I saw rather depressed me.

Superman (the actor Kirk Alyn who played the figure in the 40's movie serials) came out of retirement to claim his old phone booth (without the phone) from the Burbank theater. "I'm just going to put in in my living room. I don't think I'll undress in it though."

He needed the assistance of three members of the wrecking company to move the booth.

**"BLAZING SADDLES' IS PURE INSANITY! IT'S SO FUNNY THAT IT HAS TO BE EXPERIENCED. IT IS THE FUNNIEST THING SINCE 'SOME LIKE IT HOT'."**

—REX REED, New York Daily News

MEL BROOKS'  
**BLAZING SADDLES**

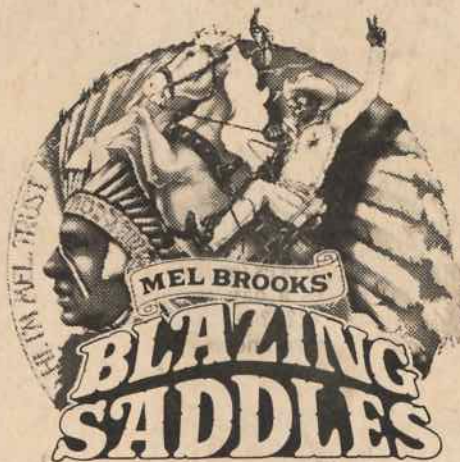
**"BAWDY, GAUDY, HYPER-HIP, IRREVERENT, OUTRAGEOUS—AN EXTRAORDINARY QUANTITY OF UNRESTRAINED LAUGHTER!"**

—CHARLES CHAMPLIN, L.A. Times

MEL BROOKS'  
**BLAZING SADDLES**

**"BLAZING SADDLES' IS A TERRIFIC MOVIE... IT WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH UNTIL YOU'RE BLUE IN THE FACE."**

—GENE SHALIT, NBC-TV



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THE Esquire

Programming for 106 WXFM for

T 21

800 MUSIC OF INDIA

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 MUSIC FOR GEMINI - Miles, Eric Burdon, Cosmic Sounds, Cannonball Adderly, Jon Lord

1100 ALL ABOUT GOOD TIMES & BAD TIMES - Michal Urbaniak, Rolling Stones, Jackson Browne & David Bromberg, Alex

1200 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1230 INDIAN INFLUENCE IN ROCK Beatles, Amon Duul 2, Quintessence Moody Blues



# response



Herr Kahmer, of Berlin.

Ed—

Maurice Nicoll doesn't deserve to be bad rapped the way you did in your consumer's guide to mysticism. I am enclosing Nicoll's work *The New Man* for you to read. It is definitely one of the freshest commentaries on Jesus that I have read. The only one who comes close to Nicoll's depth of insight (and is much wittier) is Malachi Martin. Otherwise, a really fine piece, if somewhat snotty.

Yours Carl M.

P.S. Who is Keating? The poem had a delightfully sustained momentum at high velocity.

Dear Carl

Thank you for the book. It is impressive. I also agree with your other appraisals, but take exception to the opinion of "snotty." A contempt bred from familiarity—possibly. Rebellious irreverence—hopefully. But "snotty" suggests ignorance or indifference—both of which I plead not guilty to. Arthur Keating is a legendary (some say mythical) personage bred on the North Shore but presently residing in Arizona. He is one of the most conscious and talented people it's ever been my pleasure to know and I hope to print more of his challenging work in the future.

From Snake (Paul II) with love to all you folks at TRIAD: I really enjoy your radioguide and programs, but you seem to have forgotten the most important TRIAD. The Father, Jesus Christ, The Holy Spirit. You seem to place emphasis on heathen and pagan religions. To get with GOD you must go through Jesus Christ—John 14:6—“I am the way, the truth, and the light. No one goes to the Father but through me.”—Jesus. No Sri Chinmoys and Maharajis Allows!!! Colossians 2:8—“See to it, then, that no one makes a captive of you with the worthless deceit of human wisdom, which come from the teachings handed down by men, and from the ruling spirits of the universe, but not from Christ.”—Paul. How about a little Christianity in Triad then?

Dear Lord

We give thanks with joy to you who have made us fit to have our share in your kingdom of light. For you have rescued us from the power of darkness and brought us safe into the kingdom of your dear Son by whom we are set free and our sins are forgiven.

Amen

Peace and Love,

Snake (Paul II) in Park Ridge

P.S. Could you please print this letter in T.R.G. because I'm sure many people agree with me, and I would be glad to answer the questions of those who don't.

Dear Snake

Sure we can. But if you're quoting the Bible, let's point out that nowhere does it say *No Gurus allowed*. Just for openers, most of the Indian mystical sects—although State chartered as religions—are in reality no more than mental techniques for achieving certain clearly defined psychological ends. They aren't purporting to show a different way to heaven. They are only attempting to give people a better way of coping with things down on Earth. Secondly, human wisdom may be a worthless deceit, but I prefer it to the obvious alternative. Finally, there is no automatic way of insuring anything. A lot of bad people who believe in Christ are going to be in a lot bigger trouble—as far as eternal life is concerned—than good people who are indifferent to belief but always try to do their best by other people for no other reward than a pat on the back from a healthy conscience.

Dear Triad Entities

Due to excessive procrastination, I have failed to send you this comment until now, but: the cover of the February guide was of such pure nebular essence that space and time failed to contain it. Gosh, I loved it! May Triad radio successfully pass through the next several cycles of the universe intact.

Sincerely,

Darien L. W.

P.S. Suggestions for music features

Camels in Music and

Exploring the Bozone (esp with Firesign Theater's "I think we're all Bozos on this Bus.")

Darien

Better late than never, I hope you enjoyed Toncray's cover for April. "Bozos..." is a favorite of mine as well.

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Programming for 106 WXFM for

W 22

ELEVEN



800 FLIGHT 106

900 MUSIC FOR DANCING - Kool & The Gang, Bette Midler, Locomotiv GT, Beatles, Zappa, Billy Mitchell, Osibisa

1000 THIRD EAR PROJECT

1030 SONGS FOR STREAKERS - Ghio Players, Skin Alley, Suzi Quatro

1100 Eleven at Eleven

1130 MUSICAL NUMEROLOGY - Ken Nordine, Deep Purple, Beatles

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

# CHICAGO DRAMA



GRAPHIC FROM SHA NA NA

Being a teenager was a tough gig. It's hard to remember how it felt not to worry about world problems, the economy or a real job, although it made you just as tense then to have to worry about zits, getting the car and hacking a meager allowance.

Your Mom acted like listening to rock 'n' roll could lead to promiscuity, but you were on your way long before she suspected anything. Your Dad was more concerned with higher insurance rates when you learned to drive, and whether or not you'd go to his Alma Mater when it came time for college.

Grease ("The new '50's musical comedy hit") brings back all these memories and reminds you that the "good old days" belonged to you in an earlier part of your life.

Action in Grease centers around the greaser crowd at Rydell High School, which seems to be populated mostly by Italian and Polish Catholic kids.

Sandy Dumbrowski is the new and very innocent girl in school. She isn't allowed to wear patent leather shoes because the nuns at her old school told her they reflect your underwear, but she does come to school in a nifty grey felt skirt with a poodle on it, white bobby sox with penny loafers and a pony tail so smooth and tight it could permanently raise her eyebrows.

Rizzo, Frenchy, Jan and Marty are the "goils" known as the Pink Ladies. They wear black windbreakers and Dairy Queen ratted hair, and swear a lot. They also smoke (cigarettes in those days) and worry about getting pregnant—they hang out with the Burger Palace Boys. They are what you imagined the kids on Bandstand were like after the show. The Pink Ladies generously decide to take Sandy under their wings and educate her to the delights of growing up greasy.

Doody, Roger, Kenickie, Sonny La Tierri and Danny Zuko are the Burger Palace Boys. They look like youse would expect—oiled D.A.s, white socks and pegged pants and like the Pink Ladies, they swear a lot and smoke cigarettes.

And of course there's the healthy and obnoxiously enthusiastic Patti Simcox, who never wears civilian clothes to school because she's a cheerleader.

The opening number takes place on the first day of school in the cafeteria (where the Pink Ladies are lounging) and on the school steps (where the Burger Palace Boys hang out.) It's a classic high school drama as Sandy tells the girls about her summer love (Danny Zuko) and how much he respected her, never touching her—always a true gentleman. Meanwhile, Danny is busy dropping broad hints to the guys about his summer honey and how she puts out.

Watching Grease, you're glad your parents aren't along, because all the follies and intrigues of your feckless youth are spotlighted. There's the slumber party, going steady secretly, sneaking out at night, making out at the drive-in, drinking Thunderbird rot-gut, and the ever-popular mooning.

Roger (King of the Mooners) sings an ode to the sport that made old ladies drop their teeth.

"I'll keep on striking poses  
Till my cheeks have lost their roses  
...Someday you'll find me mooning  
At your front door.

(There's a moon out tonight.)"

The big event of the year, prom night, introduces emcee Johnny Casino, the local deejay. He's got a rap so fast he could condense his life story into a thirty second spot. The highlight of the evening is the dance contest leading into "Born To Handjive", (isn't "handjive" a terribly suggestive word?) featuring Kenickie's blind date from across town, Cha Cha DiGregorio. Cha Cha, wearing a yellow dress, looks like a school bus with hair and a purse. So much for the prom.

In high school, everybody has problems. Frenchy, the bubble-gum-chewing aspirant to hairdressing, drops out to go to beauty school and then drops out of beauty school, too. Her plight is cause for one of the funniest scenes in the show as Teen Angel, dressed in white, his hair dressed to a patent leather gleam, swings out of the sky on a rope and sings the hear-rending

"Beauty school dropout  
No graduation day for you  
Beauty school dropout  
Missed your mid-terms and flunked shampoo...

...Baby don't sweat it  
You're not cut out for a job  
Better forget it  
Who wants their hair done by a slob?"

Grease is a musical for people who hate musicals but love music. Its production numbers occur as a natural progression of the story, so there is no feeling that all on-stage activity suddenly comes to a halt because the script calls for a song to be thrown in.

The songs themselves are witty and wonderfully evocative of '50's conventions. Doo-wops, dip-da-dips and sha-na-nas punctuate the more lighthearted tunes, while the heavies are accented with impassioned wailing and groaning.

Grease successfully parodys almost every hassle of adolescence. You'll recognize yourself as you sit watching and you might be very glad that you grew up back in those days.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TH / 23

800 FLIGHT 106

900 PLASTICITY - Beatles,  
Sopwith Camel, Jefferson  
Airplane

930 THE BEST OF CAN



1030 NEW SOUNDS/  
NEW RELEASES

1200 STATESIDE ROCK - Texas,  
Kansas, Oregon, Mississippi

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

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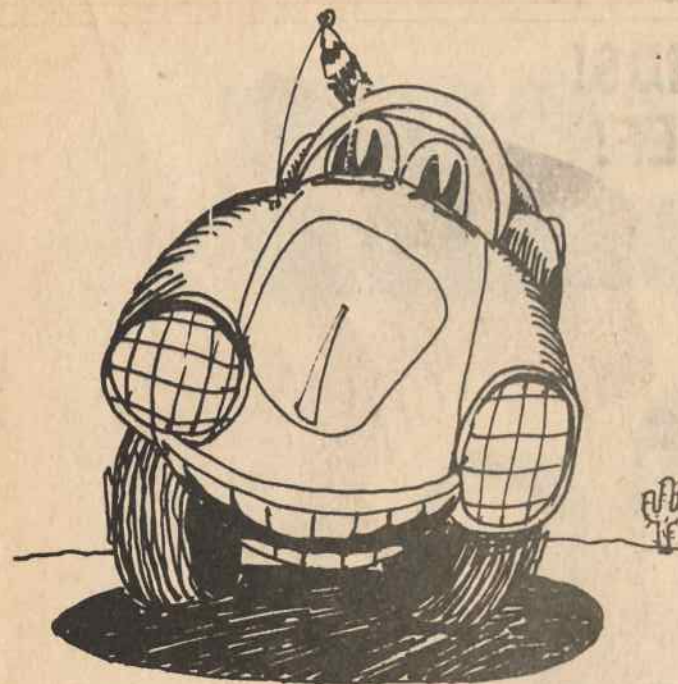
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**F / 24**

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900 FLIGHT 106

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1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE -  
Music Through & By Computer

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



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Programming for 106 WXFM for

**M / 27**

800 FLIGHT 106

900 KEYBOARD KAPERS - Rick Wakeman, Leon Russell, Jan Hammer, Keith Emerson

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - Scandanavian Rock & Jazz Scene - Tassavalan Presidentti, Dr. Dopotjam, Gasolin, Hurdy Gurdy

1030 NEW SOUNDS/NEW RELEASES

1200 BEST OF WEATHER REPORT

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

# 2 BRITISH GROUPS



There's a consciousness at work in Britain. I don't know exactly why, but for some reason England seems to be a source of a new spirit in the arts. No matter where you look—film, literature, or music if something new and fantastic is occurring, there's probably someone British behind it. Part of it is due to an aspect of Britain which I've run across in interviews with musicians from those countries. The aspect? Their culture! I somehow can't really imagine an entire country filled with just one nationality (no Greeks, Latinos, or Chinese within walking distance?). I mean, there are all these Englishmen piled up in one discrete area. No wonder Europe has had so many wars. Think about it and admit the idea of homogeneity is rather alien.

So something is happening, and it's a cultural phenomena—what else? The what else is the frightening seesaw of British genius. One generation will produce a harvest of minds absolutely astounding in their dour middle-classness. The next turn of the wheel will produce a Byron, a Shelley. I suspect we're watching just such a swing of the pendulum.

For various reasons, these intellects are now finding their way into the arts where only a decade ago they would have been out building a better hovercraft. The result? A new element in the global consciousness.

At various times and places it has masqueraded under the guises of: science fiction, utopianism, surrealism, horror showness, homosexuality, and magic. Since it's all of the preceding and yet none of the former I intend to

coin a term of my own. "Transcendental Materialism." At some vague point, the various artists involved stopped being impressed with the fantastic world inside—stopped mentally zooming off into various and sundry Akashic-Astral-Mental planes and started exploring the "magic of our present existence." The result—no longer do they sing of magicians with little tinkling music in the trees. They are magicians. We are living in the midst of the horror and the wonder.

As Hawkwind has pointed out, "This is spaceship Earth." We are in the midst of an epoch voyage. Normalcy is the hallucination.

Hawkwind is composed of Dave Brock (vocals lead guitar and percussive others) Nik Turner (sax vocals and percussion) Lemmy (Bass guitar) Del Dettmar (synthesizer) Simon (drums), Dik Mik (audio generators and other electronics), and sundry.

Hawkwind's first album (*Hawkwind*) provides some clue to the transformation process. Superficially, the purpose of the album was "to freak people (trippers)." Even then, they mention plans and hopes to, "levitate their minds in a nice way, without acid, with ultimately a complete audio-visual 'thing' using a complex of electronics, lights, and environmental experiences."

This is back in 1970, with talk of trippers and consciousness, and some thoughts on the possibilities of communication via the mixed media of the rock-light show. The roots are fairly obvious.

Seventy-two saw the release of their second album (*In Search of Space*). Response was partisan, but highly enthusiastic. The music was more then impressive while the accompanying comic book still prevokes respectful comments. Record reviewers began talking of a new "space consciousness." An awareness of new aspects of reality. Outer space became a vantage point, a symbol, for a new (both feet on the ground) approach to implementing some of the visions of the earlier "inner trips." Science fiction started talking about people, science and reality—and turned into a "new wave"—Robin of The Incredible String Band joined an experimental English architectural group called Archigram and people started reading *Whole Earth Catalogs* as well as *The Diamond Cutter Sutras*.

It ought to be pointed out that the science fiction "trip" that Hawkwind is on is the very antithesis of the sort of macho-imperialist-industrialist dialectic that science fiction came to be identified with in the fifties. This is a fiction on the potentialities of man and nature, not technology and mechanism. Or if technology is involved, it's designed to extend the reaches and abilities of the mind and spirit. When Hawkwind does go into the supersonic screech of a computer controlled future, it's to communicate some of the horror of a future without uncertainty, of endlessly straight and boring corridors.

The theme of the mythic and heroic versus the conformist and meaningless is further expanded upon in *Doremi Fasol Latido*. Once again they pick up on the theme of the wonder of man and carry it through with the forwardness and art of a Jack Kirby comic book.

But where is Hawkwind today? If you attended their recent concert here you'd know! They've arrived. After numerous setbacks and enormous difficulties, the Hawkwind Space Opera and Twentieth-First Century morality, play has hit the road. The basic theme appears to be one once used by prominent "New-Wave" science fiction writer, Michael Moorcock, in his novel *Black Corridor*. The opera-dance-mime-slide show-effects extravaganza has for a theme the fantasies and nightmares experienced by seven space explorers in suspended animation. It's worth noting that Moorcock (editor of *New Worlds* which is once again being published in America—see books—and author of the *Conan the Barbarian* series as well as the *Jeremiah Cornelius* cycle of fables) is close friends with the group. "He just came to us after one of the performances and told us we were what he always imagined a rock group should be," I was told by Nik. This is saying something if you've read *Final Programme*. Moorcock often reads his poetry on stage at their concerts in England.

The concert itself is nearly indescribable. It starts explosively and builds to a multi megaton crescendo. The pace is unrelenting and the performance incredibly exhausting, not only for the performers but for the audience as well. There is simply nothing like it. "Levitate their minds in a nice way."??? Your brains are blasted with gravity defying force into a vertigo inducing trajectory. When I later asked them about the effects, I was astounded to learn that everything you hear is done right on stage—no prerecordings are employed. With this in mind, it becomes apparent that Hawkwind is well on the way toward developing an entirely original synthetic art form. Their new double album of in-concert music should be an utter success when it captures even half the excitement they generate live. For the future I expect two things from the group. 1) Increasing articulateness. Up till now, they've let their music say most of their message for them. I expect the theme of a battle between order and

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TU / 28



900 FLIGHT 106

1000 VIOLA ROCK - John Cale, String Driven Thing, Chunky, Novi & Ernie, Grateful Dead

1030 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - Graced Lightning

1100 ROLLING STONES by Exuma, Earl Scruggs, Johnny Winters

1130 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1200 AIRS & AIRES - Chicago & Jan Akkerman

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

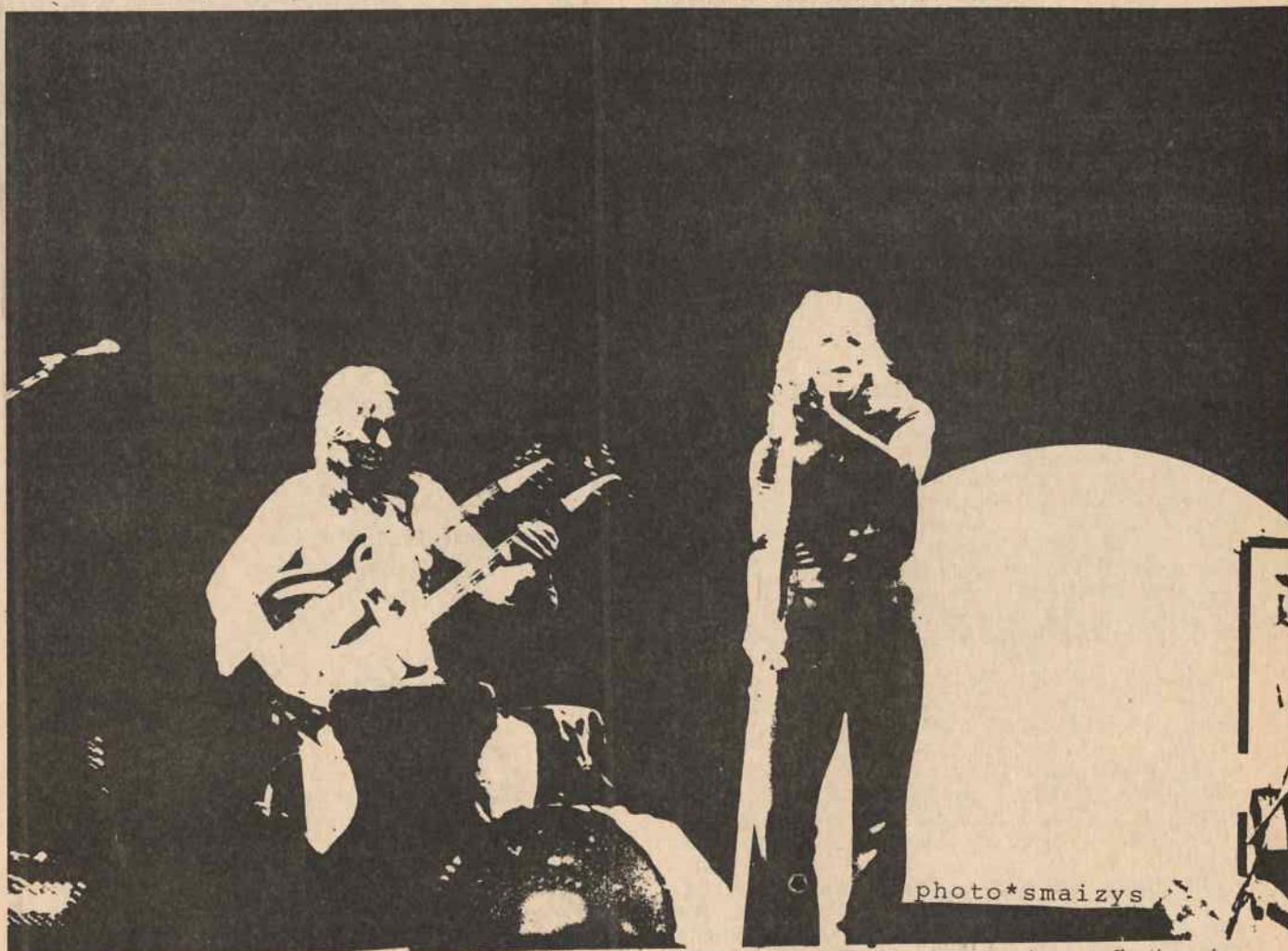


chaos on a cosmic scale to be more openly and—simultaneously—complexly stated. 2) Even greater technological innovation. At this point in time they seem to be on the cutting edge of developments in this field. I hope they don't lose their momentum and inertia in this direction and go on to applying computerised synthesizer systems, laser projection techniques, and any other innovation that comes along.

But there's another side to the new English "Genius." Genesis has to rank in the top five groups in England. Their reputation began with "Trespass" and "Nursery Cryme." If anybody was wondering if Genesis was going to fulfill the promise of the first two albums, their doubts were put to rest by *Foxtrot*. When Genesis came out with

being something more than series of holes in a punch card. But where Hawkwind seeks to transmit a sense of wonder, Genesis uses the techniques of ridicule and mockery. But this is ridicule used with real finesse.

First let's examine how this is communicated with the album. "Dancing With the Moonlit Knight" sets the mood. The images oscillate between lyrically trite, and somewhat saccharine, images of honor and glory and images of intense mediocrity. The irony generated by the play of the promise with the reality is painful and perfect. Two musical themes are developed. One is the theme of wonder (an atonal yet melodic and vaguely medieval clarion call) and the other is a quick, brooding series of minor chords instilled with a sense of menace.



photo\*smaizys

*Selling England by the Pound*, as well as performing a concert at the Auditorium Theater, they only improved their reputation.

Concerning the group as whole, the style is unique yet epitomizes those traits of science fiction-horror-magic I mentioned earlier. With time, the original "straight" cosmic approach has been polished and modified till their music has adopted the elegant sleekness of lucite sculpture. It's still twenty first century, but in an urbane and self assured and aware manner. They know exactly what they're doing. Wit and irony are used in place of a sense of profundity while the music takes on the airiness of a view from the ninety fifth floor of some mega monolith of a skyscraper. Yet, they're saying many of the same things as Hawkwind. Both groups seem one as far as their attitude towards the creeping orderliness of Western civilisation, both groups seek to embody myths of man

This pattern of schizophrenic mirror reflections is maintained throughout the album. The two musical themes reoccur continuously throughout, tying the entire production in a single unified statement from a number of different views. We are continually treated to paradoxes and contradictions. Urban image alternates with country view, male alternates with female, humorous alternates with horrific, violent with bland. All of this almost Wagnerian structure is pulled off with such poetry and perfect timing that for the first two or three listens to the album, you don't even bother trying to analyse why they do what they do, you just lean back and enjoy the flow.

But what about the concert? The same attention and meticulous arrangement are apparent, but a somewhat different level, and with a very different intent. They don't forget to boogie! The show is a very effective synthesis of

rock concert and theatre. The visual focus of this is the lead vocalist, Peter Gabriel. A number of people I know were turned off by a not too long ago appearance by Genesis on one of the late Friday night television rock concert programs. The image conveyed was of a rather Alice Cooperish freak show. I happily discovered that this was totally inaccurate. The costuming, makeup, and the rest are perfectly integrated into the act as a whole. Gabriel has obviously had some time training somewhere and moves with great force of expression. Essentially, his role is to illustrate the song through the use of mask and costume—and to occasionally belie or intensify the effect (like some futuristic version of the early Greek theater or some science fiction masquerade and for many of the same reasons I suspect). The result is a dramatic illustration of the simple elegance of Beardsley drawing. Some of the force of the statement of the album was lost since rather than being a coherent whole, the concert was a selection of old popular works (such as *Watchers of the Skies*) as well as the newer creations. Then again, the album is something you can listen to over and over and gradually glean all the information encoded within as well as part of a total repertoire of albums. The concert is obviously a "give them something to remember" situation. Consequently, the restrained and careful music of the album is transformed into a really effective tool for knocking your senses over backward. A number of times, I unsuspectingly peered down the tubes of one of the songs only to have my head blown off by a maxi-decibel blast of virtuosity. This is all to their credit as adaptable and intelligent musicians.

If the structure of the album reflects in the concert, then the needs of the concert are also reflected in some then the needs of the concert are also reflected in some idiosyncracies in the album. For instance the instrumentals are long enough for Gabriel to change into and out of his various masks and costumes, and mid-way through the album is a highly melodic ballad sung by the drummer Phil Collins. True, it puts into even sharper relief the intricate construction of their music as whole, but it also serves as an intermission of sorts to allow the band—as well as the audience—to get their breaths back and be ready to again impress and be impressed. A very nice move.

There was some friction between the older work which seemed more oriented towards the visuals and the new material which was written with the idea of the needs of the album as a whole. One piece which seemed to share of the best of both worlds and overcome this problem was *Battle in Epping Forest*. Not only was it pointed and amusing, the choreographed and mimed violence succeeded in being both ludicrous and frightening at the same time. A really superb piece which outdoes the scene in *Clockwork Orange* without any of the crudeness in effectiveness and art.

For the "big finale" they returned to their more stage oriented earlier material and not only electrified the audience with the grandeur, sweep, and timing of their sound, but in blinding the people in the forward rows and setting the stage on fire in what has to be one of the most absurd and memorable conclusions I have almost seen (the acrid smoke of burning electrical insulation was quite thick!)

Two groups, two totally different styles techniques, with almost opposite strengths and weaknesses and yet, a single expression of the culture, and a promise that the pillars of the temple of civilisation are in for a bigger shaking up than they've yet seen.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

W / 29

800 FLIGHT 106

900 THE QUEENS MUSIC - Beatles, Suzi Quatro, Strawbs, Steve Stills, Curly Curve

1000 THIRD EAR PROJECT

1030 THE BEST OF PHAROAH SANDERS

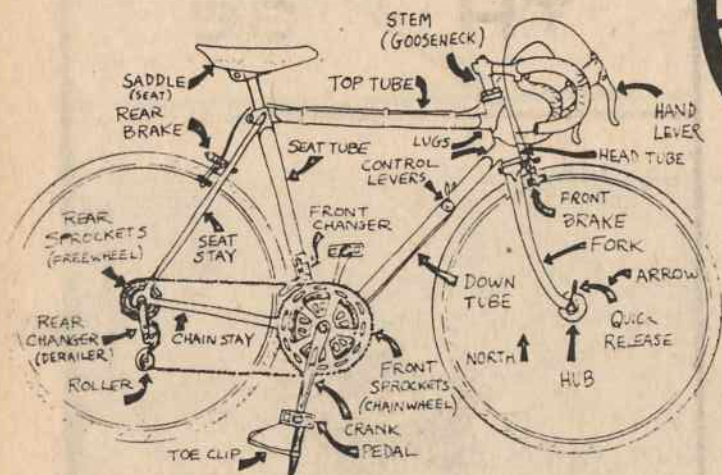
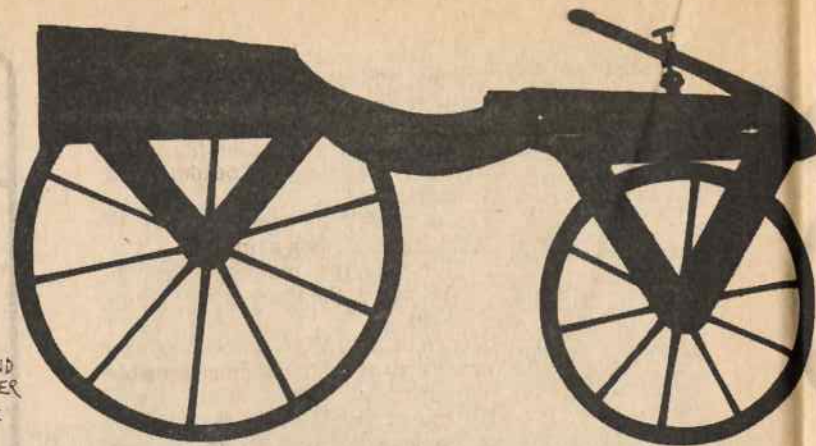
1100 SONGS FOR BASEBALL FREAKS- Claire Hamill Babe Ruth



1130 Robin Trower Radio Concert

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

# THE BIKE



## A REVIEW

*By Edward Kislaitis*

The first bicycle was not a bicycle, it was the *Draisienne* invented by Baron von Drais of Sauerbrunn of Baden Wuttemberg back in 1816. The vehicle was nothing more than a way of walking while sitting down, something like a bewheeled saw horse.

It was not until 1839 that a pedal driven (in this case by a treadle) bicycle appeared. The Kirkpatric Macmillan machine failed to arouse anything more than passing interest from a population oriented towards covering short distances on foot and long distances by horse. The poor man had no need to go far unless he was a farmer, in which case he had some form of equine life around for other chores as well.

In 1863 Ernest Michaux developed the velocipede, which was essentially a tricycle with only two wheels (the pedals were connected directly to the front hubs).

Needless to say, the exceptionally low gear ratio of the velocipede made the machine rather exhausting to drive. To give a more favorable ratio, the Starley family of Coventry England started producing the high wheeled bicycles which we think of as being common places of the turn of the century.

But the Starleys didn't stop there. James Starley continued to introduce improvements such as angled wire spokes. The spokes were angled because the hubs would tend to break the thin spokes being used (thin wires being sufficient in most cases since the wire is used to hang the hub from the rim, not support the hub by the wheel as in more primitive designs). This use of tensile structure to achieve an end in conjunction with the angled spoke resulted in great lightness and inexpensiveness of construction; the former making the machine less physically taxing while the latter made it more appealing to the rising middle classes who wished some form of transportation that didn't require stabling and three square meals a day, yet transported them around the recently expanding cities. Still, it was up to Queen Victoria to finally purchase two of Starley's machines and thus ensure their respectability for all succeeding ages.

It is S.S. Wilson's thesis, in his excellent article on bicycles in the March 73 *Scientific American*, that this acceptance by queen Victoria and the approval of society

(or at least suspended disapproval) of women riding bicycles led directly to the design of more rational clothing and greater mobility for women (thus emancipation et al). I personally suspect that many Victorians were motivated to purchase bicycles for the same reason they insisted on wearing smokestack hats and stiff, tight laced clothing. It was in emulation of the recently acknowledged power of the industrial world and the mechanistic imagination. It was a chance to turn oneself into an industrial age centaur (part man, part machine) and act out a belief in progress. It was this conventional neuter-ness that resulted in the 'breathing space' that allowed the suffragettes to gain a foothold.

Further improvements in bicycle design resulted in innovations such as ball bearings, the reinvention of the differential gear, the development of tubular steel technology, and the inflated (originally solid) rubber tire.

The spinoffs in time were extraordinary. The bicycle was motorised by Gottlieb Daimler and led to the motorcycle. The motorcycle led to the motor-tricycle of Carl Benz, which in turn developed into the automobile. The need for (and construction of) better roads for bicycles resulted in the quick acceptance of automobiles when they finally did make an appearance. The bush-roller driver (chain) is still used, and instigated major leaps forward in metallurgy, lubrication, and fabrication.

In brief, within a very short period of time, a machine was developed of unrivalled mechanical efficiency, which has yet to be improved in any radical way from design current in the 1890's.

A few figures. The load bearing capacity of bicycles far exceeds that of bridges (much less other forms of transportation such as cars or aircraft). The average bicycle can support at least ten times it's own weight.

The most efficient use of energy of any creature in terms of motion, is a man on a bicycle. Only .15 calorie per gram is used per kilometre with an increase of speed by a factor of four over the regular walking pace. The next animal that comes anywhere close is a salmon at approximately .4 for the much lighter salmon. Jets are close to 1.6.

Considering the limited use of materials and the cheapness and availability of the fuel (bicycles can be run on peanuts), and the manner in which bicycles are patterned to fit in with man's way of life rather than vice versa: it becomes obvious why bicycles have become such a popular form of transportation.

What happened then that caused bicycles to become so relatively obscure in America for so long a time.

To a certain degree, it was the magnitude of the distances involved. In rural areas, the roads were too few and too long for the bicycle.

As for the cities, I'm open to any theses concerning why American metropoli never converted to the more sensible bicycle as did the European and Asian urban areas. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that the new cities designed their boulevards and streets to accommodate automobile traffic, whereas the old cities of Europe and the Orient had the more ancient mazes of twisting alleyways? In any case, the bicycle earned the reputation of being a child's toy, to be quickly discarded upon achieving puberty and one's driver's license (backseat romance rendering the two processes almost identical). Anyone still riding a bike after he was eligible for an operator's license was probably sterile, retarded, or poor. Even public transportation carried less of a stigma than did bicycle riding. Once again, any original thoughts on this subject would be appreciated.

In any case, it took the youth orientation of the sixties and seventies to make the pre-pubescent connotations of bicycles somehow acceptable: that and a new sophistication which resulted in a major rise in the consumption of wine.

Bicycle design falls into several main categories. The diamond frame (men's bikes), triangulated frame (which looks like a compromise between a men's and women's bicycle), and the cross frame (the conventional women's bicycle) of monocque construction. Note; in many countries where bicycles are the accepted form of transportation (such as Ireland and Scotland) the cross frame bicycle is used in almost all cases since accidents on cross frames tend to lead to less embarrassing injuries and the bicycle simply folds up and gives rather splintering like the more rigid diamond frame.

The most recent radical bicycle design was initiated by the Moulton bicycle, when it was noted that a smaller wheel of greater hardness would turn with something approaching the same ease as a larger, softer tire. The result was the small wheeled, collapsible, monocque frame bicycle.

A few books on bicycling are:

*Anybody's Bike Book*  
Tom Cuthbertson  
Ten Speed Press \$3

&  
*The Complete Book of Bicycling*  
Eugene Sloan  
Trident Press \$10.00

New books are coming out all the time so consult your neighborhood bookseller, your bike shop owner and take a look at the bike page in the *Last Whole Earth Catalog*.

Happy cycling.

Ed Kislaitis

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TH 30

800 FLIGHT 106



900 DOWN ON THE FARM -  
Jefferson Airplane, Beatles, Dylan,  
Taj Mahal, Mose Allison, Henry  
Cow, Atomic Rooster



1000 BEST OF ERIC CLAPTON

1030 NEW SOUNDS  
NEW RELEASES

1200 FRENCH ROCK SCENE -  
Les Variations, Magma, Ange,  
Martin Circus, Gong

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy

The other major method of categorising bicycles is by their transmission and hub systems. The de rigeur gear changing system for the hip has become the derailleur system developed in 1899. The system changes the chain while the bicycle is in motion to various sized hubs in the rear. The smaller the hub, the more direct the drive. The larger the hub, the fewer the rotations of the pedals to turn the wheel, thus the greater the speed at the loss of torque and the expense of muscle fatigue.

A more modern, albeit less flexible and sexy system, is the Sturmey-Archer hub gear—the classical three speed. Through a rather ingenious method of interlocking gears, the hub size is changed (as with the derailleur) but within the hub (unlike derailleur). The Sturmey Archer is far more difficult to service, but requires far less attention than the derailleur. In fact, whereas the derailleur needs constant adjustment and lubrication, oiling and fiddling with an Archer will probably result in washing out the grease it comes packed in with the result that you may seriously damage your ball bearings and necessitate expensive repairs. Check with your bike mechanic.

Another feature of the Sturmey Archer is the fact that it's less expensive and its control is mounted on the handlebar. Derailleur controls can also be mounted on the handlebars (in fact it's advisable. Not only because you can make flashy racing changes, but because you can get your fingers caught in the spokes with the standard mounting of the controls on the frame).

The last feature of major interest are the brakes. The most popular type for children's bicycles have been the reverse pedaling, locking hub type. I frankly don't know why unless it's the possibility that the grip type results in children continuously applying pressure to the forward wheel by mistake and thus habitually flying over the front wheel and handlebars. This doesn't seem reasonable and I suspect that parental paranoia (you'll shoot your eye out with a beebee gun) was the main cause for the development of this custom in the U.S.

The next two types are both cable operated from the handlebars. One is the press-pad type which seeks to slow the bicycle by using external pressure, the other is the

expanding drum brake (the same one standard for so many years on motorcycles and automobiles). I have heard that discs have been tried, but in conditions where cooling and brake fade are not problems, disc brakes are extremely out of place. For all except the most exceptional needs, the press pad type are the simplest and most reasonable choice.

The major element of list price in most bicycles, aside from quality of manufacture, is the alloy composition of the tubes. A saving of two to three pounds can result in a higher speed—and an increase in price of two or three hundred dollars.

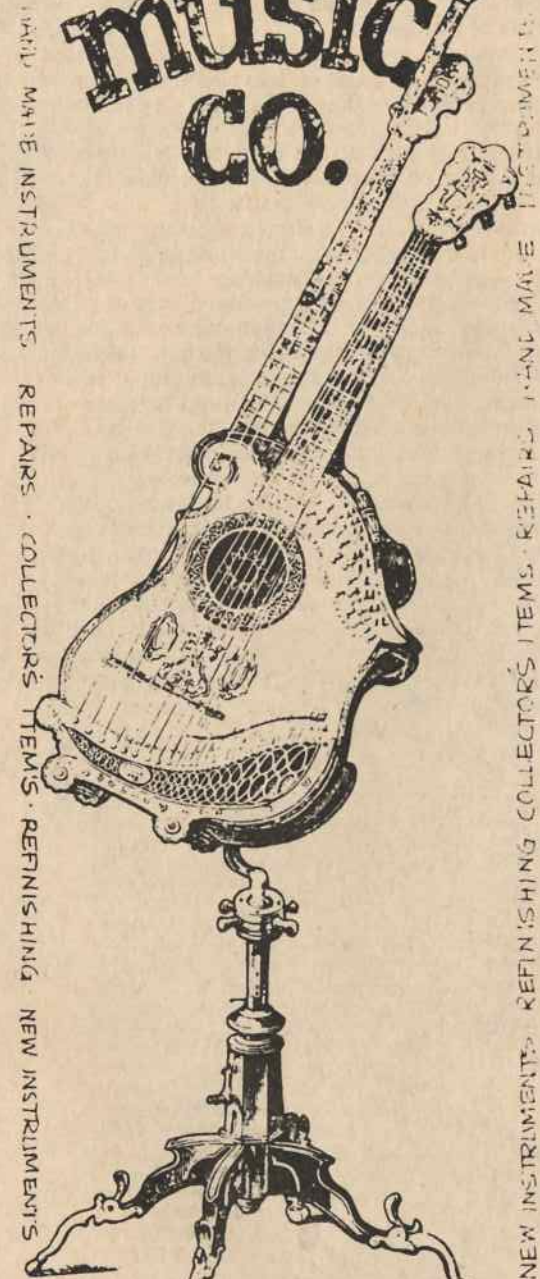
Final points might be made for the aspects of: exercise, the fact that people on bicycles wind up in less trouble than hitchhikers, and it's a good way of making friends. Negative aspects are: it's easy to get run over by cars (especially cars driven by people irritated by bicyclists that insist on forcing traffic in their lane into the traffic in the opposite oncoming traffic lane) and pushed over by walkers (especially irritated pedestrians hit by bicyclists who think they're doing the world a favor by not driving cars—which in a sense they are, since then they'd probably be manslaughtering bicyclists), bicycles are easy to steal—period. Anything heavy enough to keep your bike from getting stolen you have to carry with you—resulting in a major weight gain and a waste of the two hundred dollars you spent on weight reduction and special alloys. Used bicycles are less likely to get stolen and are thus a greater value, also they don't depreciate as rapidly as do new bicycles—police auctions are especially good places for bargains. Another bad point for bicycles is the absence of clearly stated rights and lanes and a sense of indifference on the part of the city. Sheltered bicycles ways would be an enormous boon to the bicycle commuter, and the lake shore park system makes a natural super highway. All it would need is half the effort that the horse trails require, and half the maintenance. Denver has been exceedingly successful with a bicycle-highway system.

De Pedalernorotandomovens eentrocultus articulosus ontstond, (generatio spontanea!) uit onbevredigdheid over het in de natuur ontbreken van wielvormige levende schepselen met het vermogen zich rollend voort te bewegen. Het hierbij afgebeelde diertje, in de volksmond genaamd „wentelteefje“ of „rolpens“, tracht dus in een diepgevoelde behoefte te voorzien. Biologische bijzonderheden zijn nog schaars: is het een zoogdier, een reptiel of een insect? Het heeft een langgerekt, uit verhoornde geleidingen gevormd lichaam en drie paren poten, waarvan de uiteinden gelijkenis vertonen met de menselijke voet. In het midden van de dikke, ronde kop, die voorzien is van een sterk gebogen papagaaiensnavel, bevinden zich de bolvormige ogen, die, op stelen geplaatst, ter weerszijden van de kop ver uitsteken. In gestrekte positie kan het diertje zich, traag en bedachtzaam, door middel van zijn zes poten, voortbewegen over een willekeurig substraat (het kan eventueel steile trappen opklimmen of afdalen, door struikgewas heendringen of over pots blokken klauteren). Zonder het echter een lange weg moet afleggen.

en daar toe een betrekkelijk vlakke baan tot zijn beschikking heeft drukt het zijn kop op de grond en rolt zich bliksemsnel op, waarbij het zich afduwt met zijn poten voor zoveel deze dan nog de grond raken. In opgerolde toestand vertoont het de gedaante van een discus-schijf, waarvan de centrale as gevormd wordt door de ogen-op-stelen. Door zich beurte- lings af te zetten met één van zijn drie paren poten, kan het een grote snelheid bereiken. Ook trekt het naar believen tijdens het rollen (bv. bij het afdalen van een helling, of om zijn vaart uit te lopen) de poten in en gaat „freewheelende“ verder. Wanneer het er aanle- ding toe heeft, kan het op twee wijzen weer in wandel-positie overgaan: ten eerste abrupt, door zijn lichaam plotseling te strekken maar dan ligt het op zijn rug, met zijn poten in de lucht en ten tweede door geleidelijke snelheidsvermindering (remming met de poten) en langzame achterwaartse ontrolling in stilstaande toestand.

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Programming for 106 WXFM for

F 31

800 GOSPEL

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 SONGS OF HOPE & FREEDOM - Mahavishnu, Hendrix, George Winston, Yamashita James Vincent, Little Richard

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG REMEMBERED

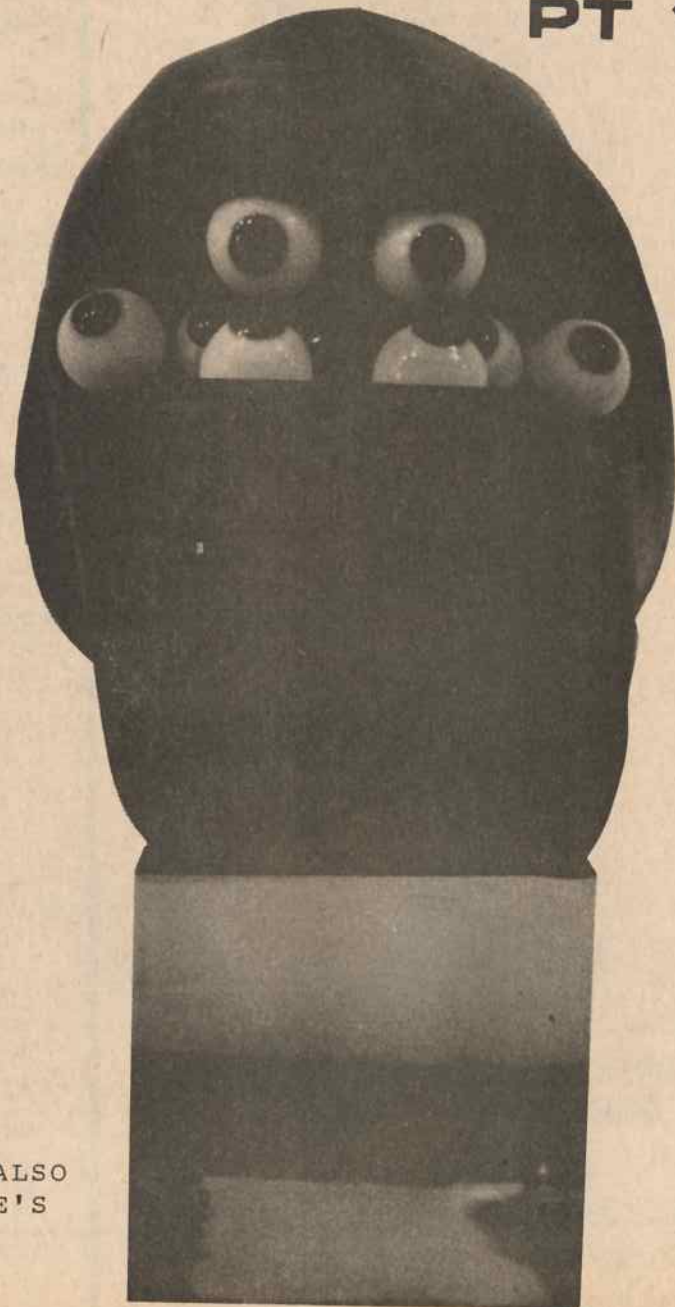
1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE

1250 MEDITATION - Sri Chinmoy



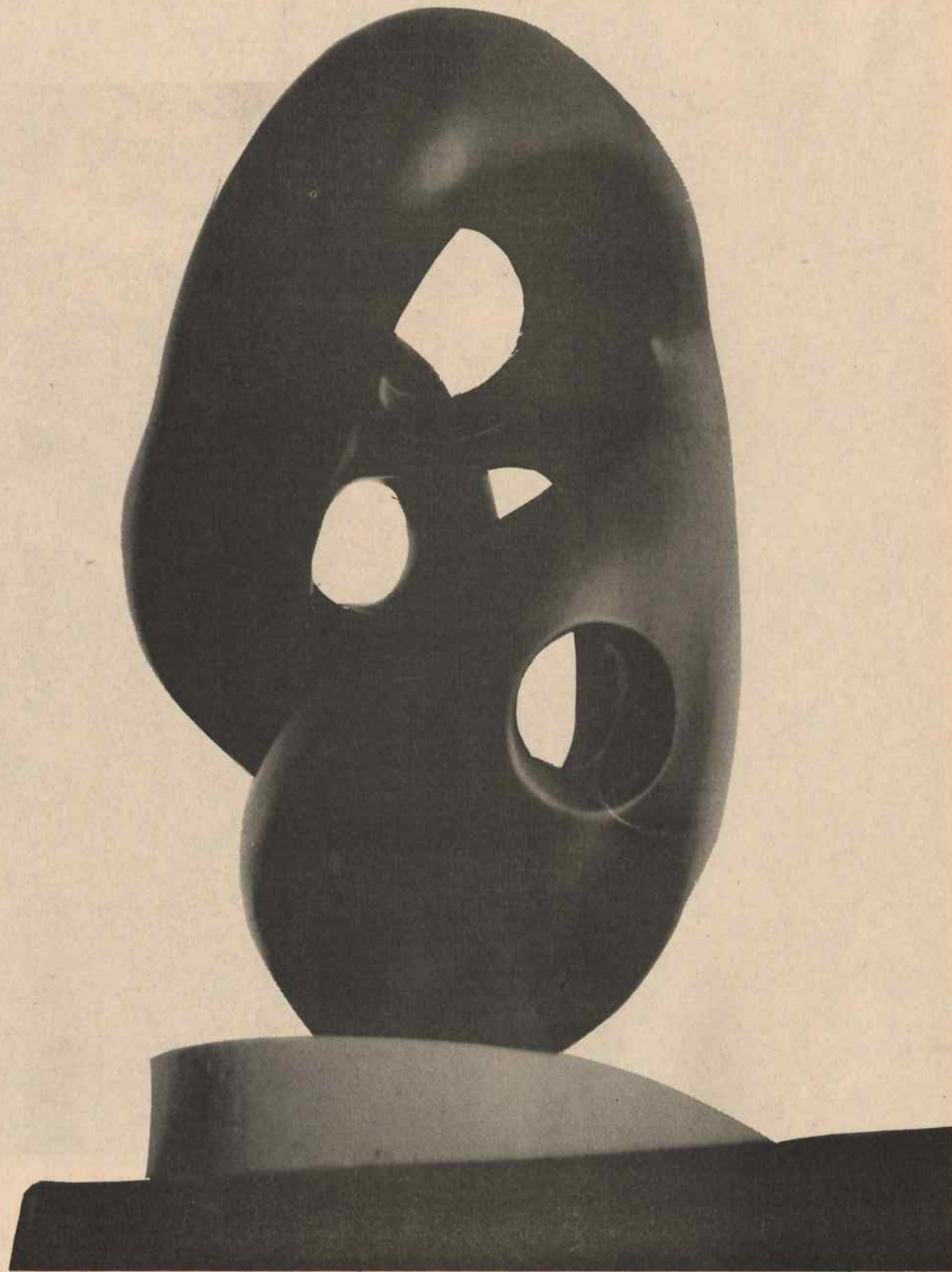
# ARTISTS & WOMEN

PT 1

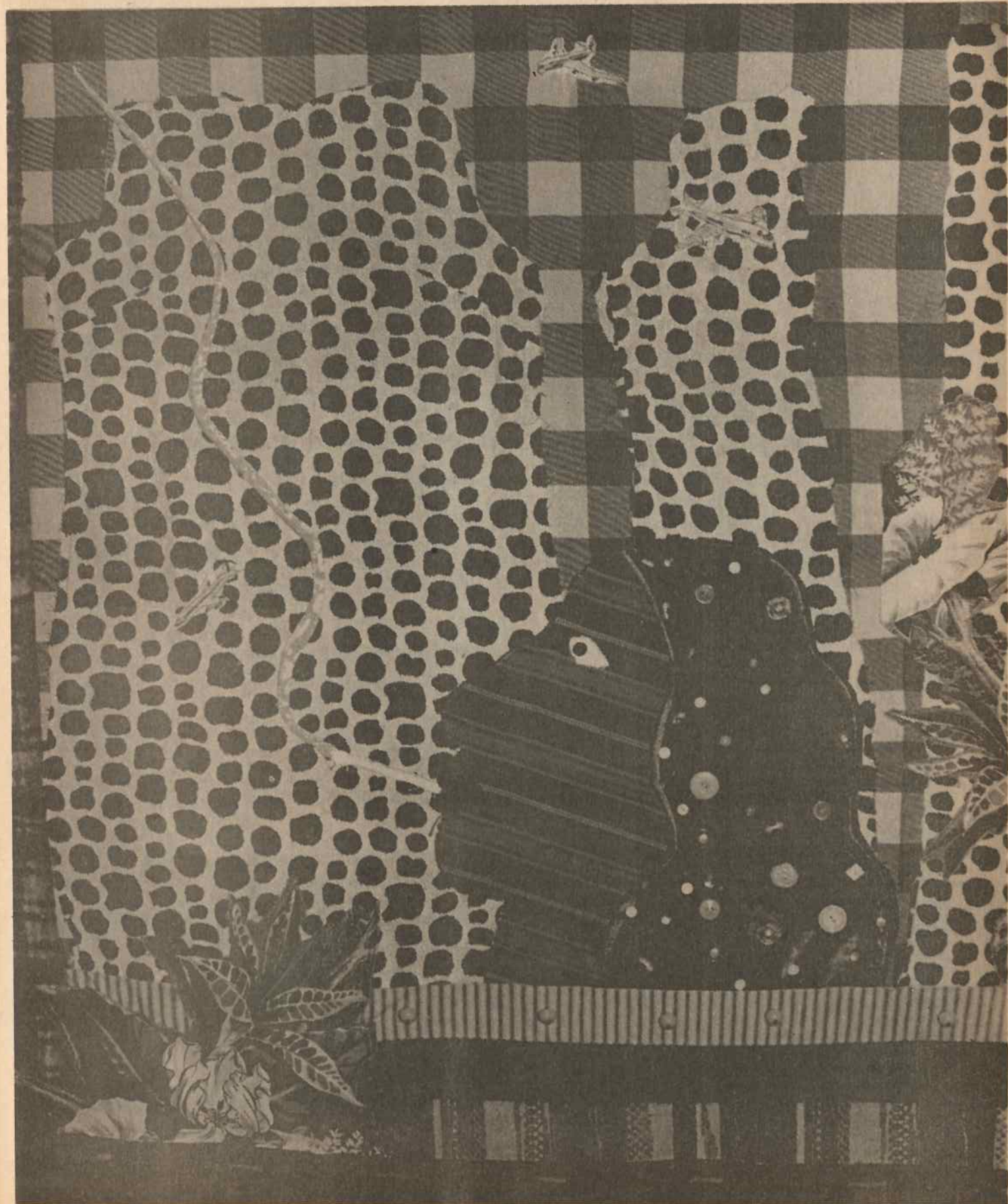
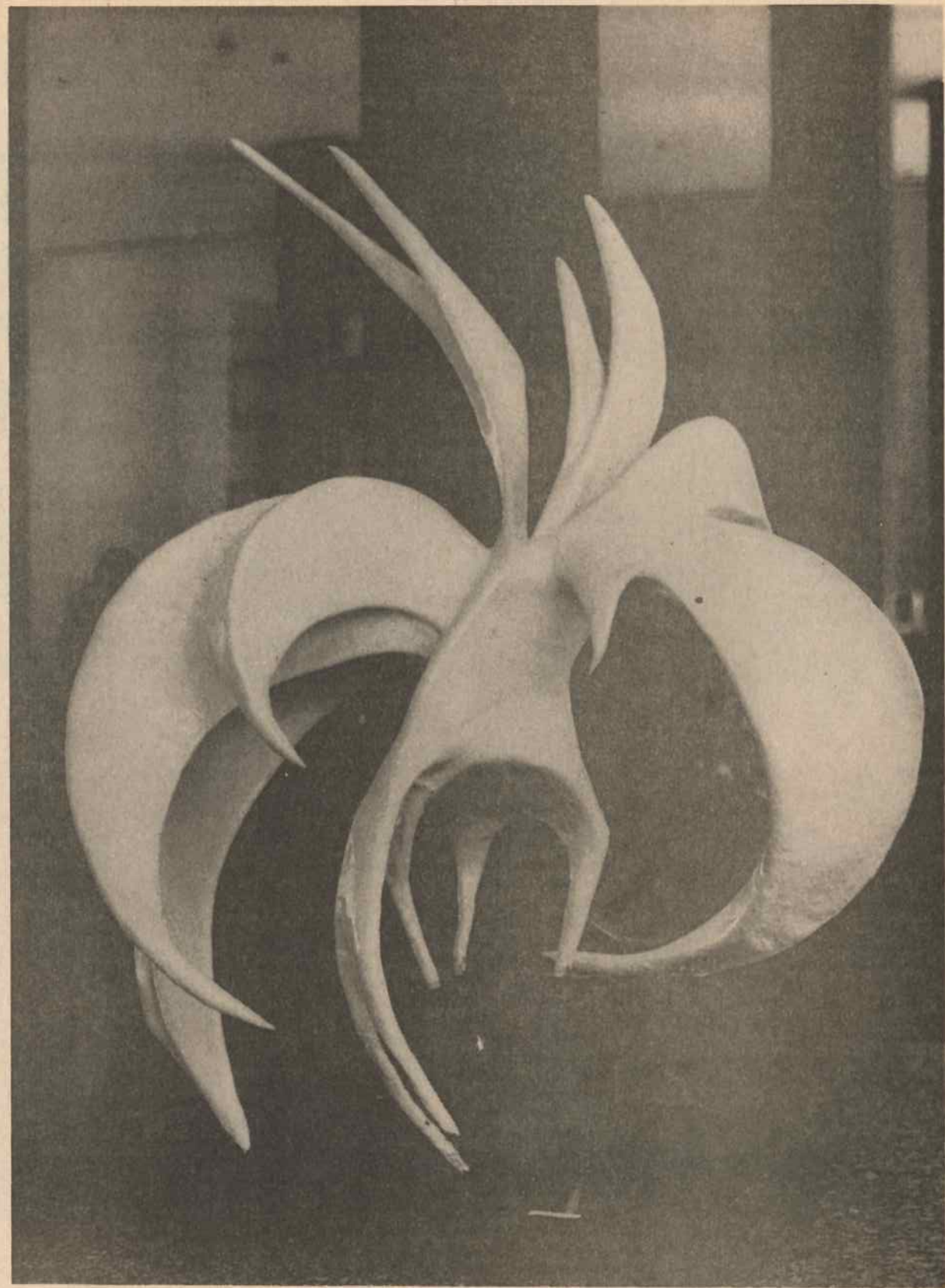


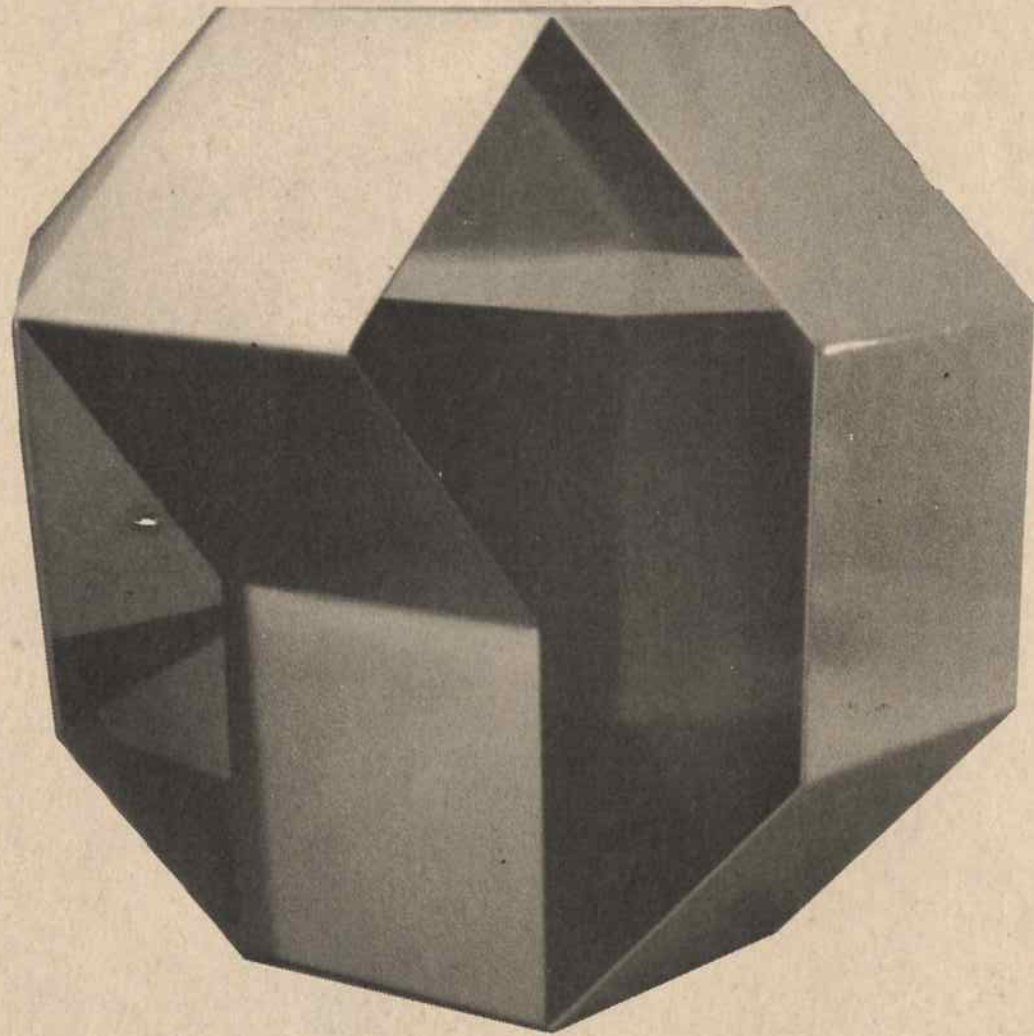
JUST A FEW ARTISTS WHO ARE ALSO  
WOMEN WHO REFUTE THE OLD WIFE'S  
TALE THAT THERE ARE NO GREAT  
WOMEN ARTISTS





BY ELLAN FERAR





BY MARY JANE MIN



BY GERDA BERNSTEIN



BY SCHOENWETTER

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# ORIGINAL CULTURE

America is the epitome of anti-culture. I don't mean this in a derogatory sense or seek to call attention to the lack of an important and ancient artistic history. Rather, I'm simply stating a fact which most U.S. citizens take for granted. We are a polyglot of customs, traditions, and groups who think of ourselves as a single nation—a nation more divided by professional and political/regional barriers than by those of culture and breeding.

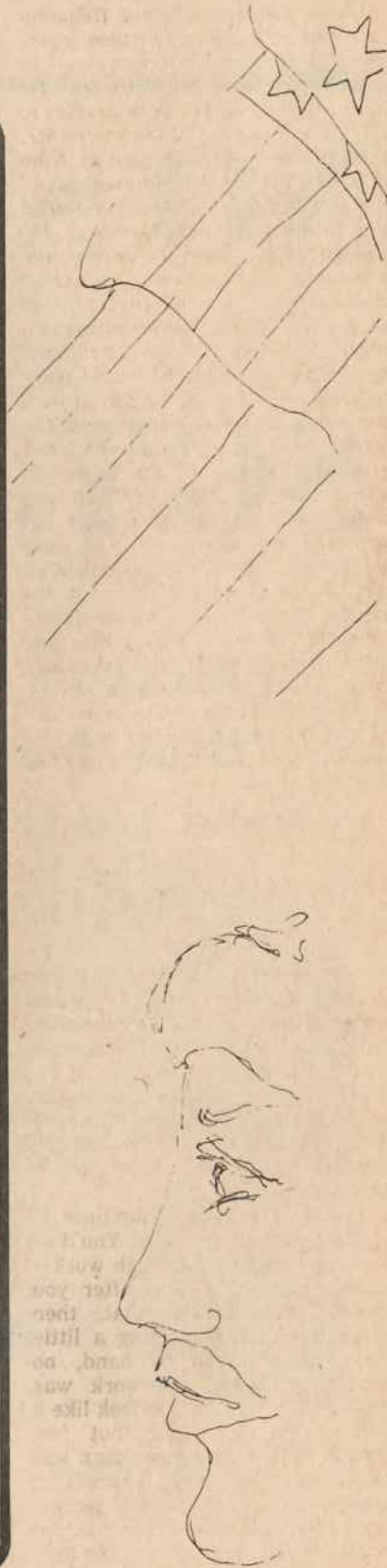
Whereas English rock is distinguishable from other sorts of rock as easily as say, an Italian sports car is recognizable from a Japanese racer, American styles tend to be recognizable only by their synthetic structures.

We hope to explore this topic through the medium of a few, highly enculturated, articulate men. Needless to say, these men are not typical of any group, and do not function as stereotypes. They do, however, bring some idea of what it is that links them to this common theme of America. It also tells what separates them from ever being part of the advertising ad over-culture.

Because of the numerous groups involved and the necessity for exploring the question in detail, this topic is being divided into parts. In part I we will examine three classical cases of sub-culturalism. An Italian tailor, a Mexican restaurateur, and an Indonesian photographer and biochemist.

In part II we hope to examine the problems of the social sub-culturalist. That includes the homosexual and the hipster/beat/hippie? One glaring absence is the Indian culture. We hope to have this corrected by the time we have the rest of part II ready. Any suggestions and/or comments would be deeply appreciated.

Ed Kislaitis



Nino Monaco is of Roma. He came to America a mere fourteen years ago and has done moderately well by stint of patient labor. His work? He runs a tailor shop [or as he prefers to call it, a Sartoria] on Dempster Str. in Evanston near Chicago Ave. Nino is very much the embodiment of old world traditions. It's immaterial that he works in cloth [pardon]. My father is an east european and engineer. The same rules of dedication to perfection of technique, of uncompromising integrity [often to the point of ridicule by jealous co-workers] to the point of being excluded by the peer group, the respect for learning, and the stress laid upon creativity and productivity are all the same. In some ways, they are living anachronisms in this age of soyburgers and planned obsolescence. Their work is based on ideals that were old back in the middle ages. Those same ideals are beyond time and will last for as long as there are men like Nino who place craft ahead of making a dollar. Unfortunately, his health is not one of the things he handles with the necessary care, but that is another story.

I worked for an important tailor shop on Michigan Ave. I worked there because it was most important that first I learn the American system. In Italy we did it all by hand. We spent a lot of time on the stitch. They didn't want any threads showing so they made you work with white thread in black material. If any white showed...

They watched you all the time. It was like being apprenticed. You'd do the rough drafts, the rough work—pockets and so on—and after you proved yourself with that, then they'd give you something a little more delicate. All by hand, no machinery. When the work was finished, it would have to look like a picture. Not just look, but feel smooth. It had to do more than just allow you to recognise yourself. It looks beautiful when it's a perfect stitch. You understand? No machine can do this. After you can do this, then you go on to trousers, vest, coat. Then, when you're qualified to make a coat, you go on to make

pieces in lightweight material—like the inside of the coats, the linings. Then, after this you make the tuxedo with the silk and the stiff materials, after that the full dress-redding coat and other types. But this can take ten, twelve years to learn.

Now after this, some men have a great talent for sewing, but for the others—this may not be enough. They are taken aside by the boss and are offered the position of being designers. They take you into the fitting room and teach you the alterations. Actually, your job is never complete. No man is a perfect tailor because no two men are the same. Every time someone new comes into your shop—it's a challenge; which when you meet it, it makes you a better tailor. You can only do your best. No body is perfect. If you follow the books, you'll ruin the suit. I'll be honest with you. I am never satisfied with my work. Yes the work is beautiful and the customers happy, but I'm not happy unless it's 100 percent plus. You understand? I love this work, I can never be satisfied. This is my life.

When I first came to America, I cried. The work was entirely different, the metric systems, everything—and I asked myself, 'What can I do here? I should go back to Italy.' But I'm a little ambitious. I like it here and my friends would criticise me if I went back for not being qualified to stay in America.

I stayed. I love it here but it's difficult. There's goodness here, but high art? If I charged and made the kind of suit I made in Italy, I'd starve. People can appreciate very fine tailoring, but there is no tradition widespread for appreciating great tailoring. There are only a few shops and these are run by men of my generation, older men.

I have obligations, so I make compromises and sometimes just sit in the shop dreaming of the sort of clothes I'd love to make. But I have three grown boys. The eldest is getting his doctorate in mechanical engineering, the youngest is starting lawyer's school, and one is in the medical school. I make the sacrifices because through the boys I have the satisfaction I lose. I am a doctor, an engineer, a lawyer. Still, I'm very homesick—very homesick. Now I'm a little slower, I cannot work thirteen hours a day like I used to. The doctor bills, these keep me poor.

It was hard getting started here. I was over-qualified. They liked my work but said that they can't use that sort of work on their lines. They need someone who will be happy making pockets all day. I kept looking. The next job they promised me partnerships and I worked hard and designed, but they just kept putting things off and promising while I received nothing and the business grew bigger. So, I quit. Other work paid well but there was no freedom for me to do my style of work. So I was a designer, but I was less than nothing. So a very wonderful friend helped. I was totally without money and he supported me for a month and finally suggested I open a sartoria in Evanston. He gave me the money so I opened the shop and six months later I was able to give him all his money back.

I love the work, I need the work, but my real work is designer. I really enjoy the design work. When I do that I feel young and other things, because that's my creation, that's my happiness, that's my kingdom. When I'm not doing this, I feel like something happened to my life. I like to do something really important and my life can be very unhappy for this, but then there is the family. We have this story, 'a father is speaking to his son who has graduated from the seminary. He says, 'Remember Don Mario, if you become the Pope, that make me the Father of the Pope.'

I also wish they would open a school of some sort for tailoring, since tailoring is an art. To tailor you must be a tailor. I grow sad thinking that tailoring may be finished, and that there will be nothing left but factories.

I don't like the machine. You know what happens when I don't like something. It'll sit there, and I'll walk around and around for hours until I fix it. I remember in Italy I'd go home and have dinner then talk to friends or read and have a little Italian coffee and then go back to the shop for some peace because I am alone and it's quiet and while walking through the shop, I noticed a coat and one pocket wasn't quite as perfect as it could have been. After I did a little work, I looked at the pocket again, but I was tired and decided it would be better to get a little sleep. My wife told me to forget it, tomorrow is another day—I can fix it then. I said alright, laid down, and finally got up three o'clock in the morning. In small tailor shop the

## CULTURE

family that owns it lives in the rooms attached to it. Anyway, after I fixed the pocket—I felt right, nice and slept very well.

I don't always work, sometimes I'll take a day of rest and just close the shop in the afternoon. I like to read important things that make life meaningful. *Philosophia*, the Bible. I watch some good movie on the television, but I would like to see the movie twice. Once for the story, the ideas; and once for the acting, the costumes, the art.

But I would like to spend the last days of my life reading. I most like to spend my time in education, until the last days of my life. Learning and understanding and passing the experience to the young generation. Humanity is perfect. The crimes, those are pathology—a sickness, a sickness. I don't understand inhumanity. I think it is all a problem of education, they just don't know. For the rest, I hope it all comes out well. Things move on a parabola. Now skills are declining, but tomorrow they must go up. Stability must be followed by a revolution. Everything will turn out well. If I don't always feel this, well—I follow the weather. Sometimes you're a little homesick... But I like to live here, I am citizen, with honor and dignity. These problems now, it comes because the politicians have no preparation to serve people. No general population—just legal preparation to make money.

But I look up, I have a puff on my pipe and I walk around the shop and look at the paintings I have. Sometimes I have good music on (Verdi, Puccini) I cry a little. I am very sentimental.

The most important thing is freedom, here, in the mind. If this is free—then nothing can stop you and you are close to god. This is the religion, this nobility—even if the heart is tired.

I have to apologise for not being able to communicate Nino's soft Italian accents, his tones of voice, or the mood of the crowded little tailor shop. I do think that some sense of what it's like to be a member of a subculture of the European style is communicated. Some parts sound like they could have been lifted from "I Remember Mama." The almost mystical dedication to work and craft that results in Ferraris, coupled with the intense devotion to thought and sentimentality that brings us Fellinis, all wrapped up neatly in a lonely package.



Sylvester Olavarria owns and manages La Choza restaurant on 7630 N. Paulina. I mention the address because it's easy to miss among the other buildings. You enter the establishment, and find a clean room crowded with tables and gentle patrons enjoying the excellent Mexican food. But what lies behind this apparent success?

LaChoza is in a borderline neighborhood. A totally appropriate situation when you consider the role of the Latin American in United States culture. Actually, Sylvester pointed out that "Latin America" was a rather nonsense term since it's used to describe an entire continent. The range between Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Peruvians, and Brazilians is as greater as say the difference between the Danish and the Australians. But it's part of the dominant culture to ignore these differences or dismiss them with, "they all look the same to me, sound the same, and are lazy."

The United States can only lose with this attitude. Another dilemma is the racial one. What is the status of the Latin American.

To illustrate, when Sylvester first came to the States he was instructed on threat of deportation to behave like the people around him. He boarded a bus in the deep south, and looked up to find the bus neatly separated in the middle into black passengers at the rear, and white ones at the front. Neither looked like it wanted his company so he sat down in the exact middle.

As things turned out, a Northern black got on the bus, and sat in the front. An elderly lady began making a fuss, but the black refused to move—pointing out that he paid the same fare so he had the same rights to any unoccupied seats that she had. The bus driver came to the black man and told him to move to



the back or else the bus would simply sit there till he did and the black wouldn't go anywhere. The man replied he could wait if they could. The driver got off, and returned with a policeman who stepped up without a word and knocked the black man unconscious and threw him out of the bus.

Sylvester was suitably impressed. As if this weren't enough, while taking a bus ride up to Chicago shortly after (with the friend and guide who got him into the country) the incident, the point was further brought home. The bus stopped at a comfort station. Sylvester got out and found a door with COLORED printed over it. Interpreting this in Spanish, he assumed that it meant powder and thus that it was the powder room. Curious that they should use such a fancy name for the bathroom, he didn't think twice about the fact that the room contained only black men. After returning to the bus, his friend asked where the bathroom was, and Sylvester pointed to the way he had come. A few minutes later his friend returned furious and began berating Sylvester for a fool and a dummy and the trouble he was going to get them in.

Sylvester was sure he had learned his lesson. They arrived in Chicago and Sylvester went off to stay with a friend in Hyde Park. He spent the next two weeks trying to adapt to the idea of black policemen and racially mixed couples. Sylvester did fine, but the problem of status in the U.S. culture is still a difficult one, and the roles are still too nebulous to say for certain what should be striven for. For myself, I think the situation has deteriorated. At least back in the fifties there was the Cisco Kid on television. For the seventies, there isn't even a token "latino." Perhaps they've been totally accepted, or perhaps they simply are the orphans of the social consciousness of the sixties. Their problems continue.

My father was a businessman. He owned a bar. When I finished school, I went to work for him. Bars down there were different. They were like businessman clubs. Some guy came in while I was watching the bar and refused to pay for his beer. I got hot, you know when your young, and I got mad and threw him out. My father had been coming down the street and had seen the incident. After he found out from me what had happened, he took me aside and said, "Sylvester. You never treat anyone that way. Perhaps he won't pay for a beer. But what about the money he's left here in the past. Even if he doesn't pay today, he'll probably pay you tomorrow when he's sober. You have to control yourself." Well he was right and the man came in the next day and paid. I felt like I had had enough so I transferred to my father's office and rose to manager within two years. I recall having to grow a large moustache because I was considered short and people who came in to check on orders wouldn't accept what I had to say and insisted on talking to my boss who would tell them to accept my judgement. I was too young even though I could do the job well.

Tim went by and my father got around to asking me about when I was going to start thinking about my future. I had turned down a profession, I had turned down his business. Would I stay an office mouse the rest of my life?

The United States sounded very exciting so my father was arranging for me to attend the U.S. as a student, but meanwhile I had friends who were in the habit of entering the U.S. illegally. So I had a two month vacation and I went with a friend to a border town, very naively having

ideas of this huge river, the Rio Bravo, and so on. So we went to look at the U.S. across the water at the border station under the bridge, and it looked very difficult and dangerous to cross and the river was deep so the idea of crossing was out of the question. The only other way of getting across into America was to hide in between the walls of a refrigeration car. Well we decided to take a walk and hit the river again in a bend a few miles away where it was this shallow stream. So I was talking to him, and it was a hot day so we were walking in the water, and the next thing I know he was saying "Hey. Shortly, come on. You're in America."

We got to Brownsville and then took a train north. We entered the country with nine dollars, mostly because I was doing it for the exploration and adventure of the vacation.

We got as far as Dallas on, well it was more than nine dollars but the conductor gave us a dollar back so we could eat. We got to Chicago and I sent a letter to my father who sent back a letter telling me how furious he was, and he had been working on the papers and so on. I wrote back telling him I had a week of vacation left and that I'd like to stick it out. He sent me back a letter of moral support which is what I needed at the time.

Well we hadn't been in Chicago a week before the F B I knocked at our door. I remember picking up a magazine and pretending to read English to show them what an American I was, and then noticing I had been holding it upside down. They immediately asked me my name. They went through some more formalities and it looked like I was in trouble, so as soon as they left we moved fast as rabbits from Hyde Park to the North side where I got a job in a bar.

I lost this first good job because the owner yelled at me about some glasses and I had never been yelled at before.

I had had my own secretaries before and so on, and I had never yelled at them. So my feelings were hurt and I quit. But my friends said that I was foolish, and that I was from Mexico and should take whatever I can get. I was rather small so I couldn't take a factory job. I couldn't even get a job carrying mail at Dearborn station because they weighed you before they hired you because it was a heavy job. I didn't make the weight. So then I went to the Hilton Hotel.

I was waiting there and then this tall, thin man comes up and starts asking questions and I thought, "the emigration has got me again, but I answered everything truthfully and it turned out to be the assistant manager of the Hilton corporation. He said he liked my honesty and didn't care about whether I had papers or not. It was then that I learned that you never go wrong by being totally honest with the American people."

After living like this for three years, somebody (out of jealousy or whatever, I don't know) squealed, because when the immigration department came, they asked for me by my full maternal and paternal name and I had only been using the maternal. The officials were gentlemen. They said, finish eating, and we started talking about Mexico and they wound up saying it was a shame they had to do this duty and said that someone had informed. I went back, and a few months later I came back legally when my boss had signed that form that guarantees employment when you come up.

I was shifted to a waiter type job, so when I sent money back I wouldn't tell them what I do because waiter was considered a lower type job, so I acted like a racketeer, "Don't ask me where it comes from." But it was a very interesting job and led to my becoming a special trouble shooter for the special floor so I met many different nationalities and classes of people. I remember one guy I worked with, a Polish fella. He was a mastermind, knew everything and played different instruments and could talk well, but had trouble with people into appreciating him. It doesn't matter what your job is. You can still be a great person, I know.

As trouble shooter, it was very interesting and I met great men. I never did understand the french service and used to guess by the sound of it what they were talking about. I served Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, I got an emblem from Johnson and a paperweight, I worked with Daley. There are two imperial suites and the President is in one and Mr. Daley is in the other one and only special people take care of these suites.

Kennedy was, for me, the greatest man, a real person. He comes and says, "Hello, what's your name?" "Sylvester."

"Good. Hello Sylvester, how are you? Would you get me a Heinikens?"

## CULTURES

It was really nice, you know. I picked up his clothes after they were pressed and came in and he was in his shorts having a Heinikens. He was a natural man.

Johnson you could talk to, but the warmness wasn't there. Humphrey was very enthusiastic for football. Daley is very easy going. Kerner was the greatest person as a person.

It wasn't bad work during this time. When you'd work, you'd work sixteen hours a day, but then you'd take three months or more off, and I love to travel so I visited Europe and went back for visits to Mexico. But it was also bad sometimes. One man especially just couldn't stand having me around apparently, and you keep getting ridden till you just can't stand it anymore, and then someday you could get in big trouble.

But now I'm a slave to my own business. I no longer have time to go dancing and travel. Now I worry about the refrigerator or the customers or what's available at the market. But what I miss are the chances to go out to the theater, to other good restaurants. That time was good. I'm not saying you shouldn't be ambitious, but there should be a time when other things are more important than just making money.

I've never been a politician person. It's always been enough that I want to see justice. American people confuse everything with money. I have friends from Europe. They are very cultured. They love the opera, the ballet, the theater. The American people love these things to, but they love to tell afterwards that they were at the ballet. They weren't brought up to feel it and live it.

It all depends on the customs and cultures. In the United States there are so many, they get mixed up and we get confused. We are so proud to be free, but so much of this freedom doesn't result in respect for each other—just in taking advantage of each other. We hide ourselves through the money, through the dollar. Being the best economists doesn't mean you can't be the most destructive thing around for people. We can't but our way through the world. Being rich does not make you noble, it does not make you educated. You travel places to see, to listen, to know. Not to compare and say how cheap or expensive it is compared to home, not to moan about not having Sanka.

It all depends on how you've been brought up.

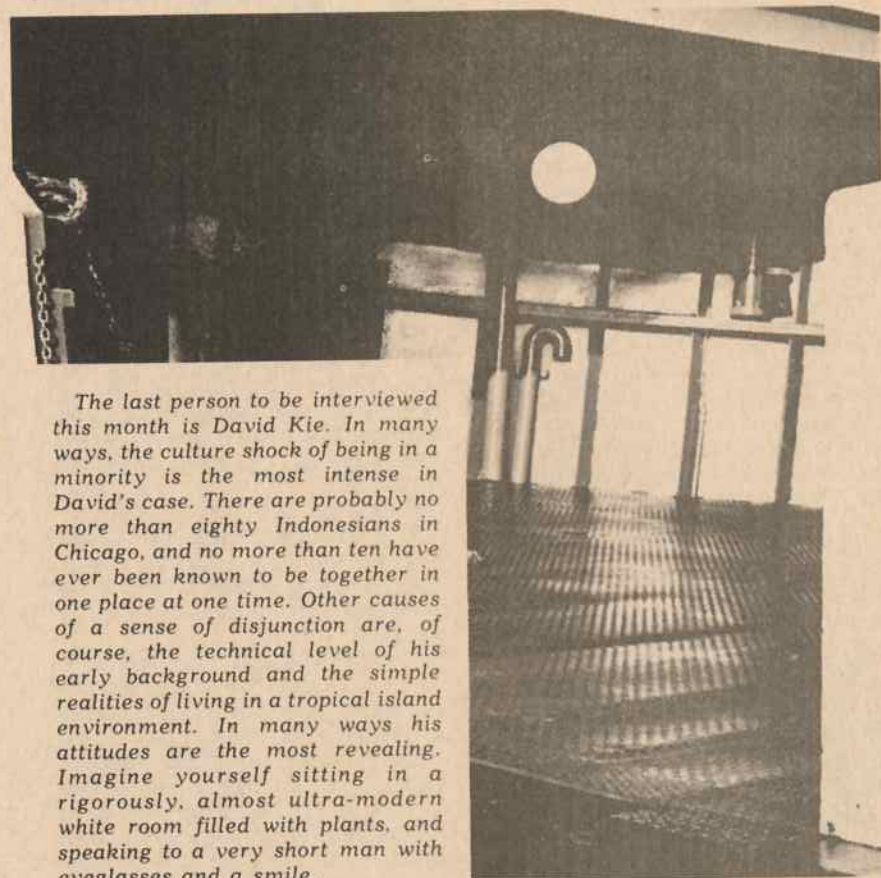


PHOTO BY DAVID KIE

*The last person to be interviewed this month is David Kie. In many ways, the culture shock of being in a minority is the most intense in David's case. There are probably no more than eighty Indonesians in Chicago, and no more than ten have ever been known to be together in one place at one time. Other causes of a sense of disjunction are, of course, the technical level of his early background and the simple realities of living in a tropical island environment. In many ways his attitudes are the most revealing. Imagine yourself sitting in a rigorously, almost ultra-modern white room filled with plants, and speaking to a very short man with eyeglasses and a smile.*

I came to America because I went to the missionary school, and the American Information service showed these films depicting America as a land of beauty. Beautiful in opportunities and everyone was working and driving around in big Cadillac cars. That was back during the Eisenhower time. That and I wanted to study are brought me here.

Really it's very sad because you get indoctrinated. The movies were the only thing happening in town and you'd see these idyllic family scenes. Perhaps I ought to go back to Indonesia and use my knowledge there, I guess I'm spoiled. In Indonesia we used to have black outs every three or four days. But there is so much to see of America first. I mean America is unique because of the nationalities being all mixed up. It never ceases to amaze the rest of the world that you are so mixed and the fact that you have only two parties. In Indonesia there are many more than two parties. It's amazing that you're always getting mad and putting the opposing party into power, but that's the same party you threw out of power just a few years ago. What's changed? What's the difference? It is still the same.

In America it is very hard to be a little man. There's more opportunity in a smaller, less developed nation. Indonesia is in the tropics. You don't have to have a heating system. In America you're always heating the house half the year and cooling it off the other half. In Indonesia you wear your shorts and pick the fruits there since everything is plentiful.

For me to be here now, well—I can't vote, but I pay taxes and I'm eligible for the draft, but if I'm drafted they won't even let me empty the garbage cans because I might find a secret. I can't be given a civil service job. Strange that I can be drafted.

I don't know if it's good or bad, but Nixon has made people realize there's a world out there. People may start appreciating things more now that they can see things from the attitudes of different cultures. Like all the films dealing with orientals have been dubbed or written by Americans and the orientals have been inscrutable and spoke in sing-song. Maybe now that will change.

In Iowa people were trying so hard not to be prejudiced that they were so nice it made you feel strange. 'Hug me I'm an American.'

We still wind up in ghettos, but they're clean ghettos so it's just a neighborhood. The many Chinese, even though they are American born, still have their allegiance to China the way the French Canadians consider themselves French, but more so. Wherever they are in the world, and this is very wrong, they look to China for leadership.

Oriental students should go back and not stay after they leave their original country. This is to anybody—the Chinese or orientals or Iranians. America has enough doctors compared to India, but they stay because they find it easy and the patients they came here to study medicine for are now far away.

It's sad, America is a great country to live in, but you can't just wallow here. It isn't like you're an immigrant. You come as a student with the idea of taking back what you learn. Think of all the world's problems and then think how all the talent is getting stuck in America. Instead of training all these oriental physicists, send some agrarian researchers out there. We don't need new types of bombs. Maybe they should set up missionary schools here so they go back.

Every day I have to fight with myself in front of the mirror and remind myself that this is a white man's world, and bring myself into an American attitude and adjust. The American attitude is much faster and tighter in terms of time. The oriental level is more slow and considered. Everyone in America runs around like they're paranoid. They all look over their shoulders until they have a breakdown.

The first time it really struck me how strange it was here is when it started snowing. I was on Sheridan Rd. and I started dancing around. I couldn't believe it. I almost caught pneumonia trying to make a snow man. I thought you make those big balls by compacting the snow, I didn't know about rolling them around. I didn't know till my roommate told me there was no reason for my working so hard like an idiot.

I come from a big city near the railroad tracks. Still my sister had a monkey and we had plenty of pets and dogs and cats. We had to get rid of the monkey because it was doing these strange monkey things.

Maybe it had gotten into the coconut wine. Because there's a tax on fermenting or distilling liquor,

you just take a coconut and drill a hole in it and throw in some yeast and let it sit up there and ferment until it's wine. They have a few belts those monkeys and get very obnoxious. Even worse are the giant roaches about four inches big. You find one he just stands up and looks at you and waves you off. But then we've lost our tigers, they're on the endangered species list. There's only ten or twelve left.

I couldn't really stay here. I would never fit in. I could make change in manner and buy a house or move to the suburbs, but all of that would be superficial. In America there are no more villages. Things are too big here. There is nothing I could do. You're always an alien. If you do something, anything, you get charged of being a "Pinko." If you're American, they have to prove that. But if you have slanted eyes and you walk funny...

But America is such an incredible country. The deserts, the mountains. Even Las Vegas. Where else but America, a city in the middle of the desert for losing money.

But the people. They don't want to get involved. You walk up and say "hi" and they look at you like what do you want, coins for the laundry?

Perhaps it's because in America people are over-educated. They aren't allowed to use their knowledge, they're turned down for jobs because they're over-qualified, people look down on them because they were students, and in the end—the relations between these people are just discussions that are very interesting, but are all just a game of the mind. They can't hear their heart anymore. It turns into form. It's just entertainment. They talk, but they don't listen. You may know the relativity formula but who does that help. American people are not down to earth.

Now Japan is showing the same symptoms because it emulated you and the rest of the east is emulating Japan...

You can't even help somebody in an accident because your lawyer says they'll sue you. All the time the money comes into things. You help an old lady shovel snow and she wants to pay you. They can't understand respect. It's very sad. Old people dying of heart attacks cleaning off their sidewalk. No one cares. They survive wars and everything, and then they're killed with indifference. Very strange.

Perhaps it isn't America, perhaps the technology—but people have forgotten how to talk to each other about their problems. Nothing but conversation, unless they get drunk and then they can say things which might be embarrassing. People are afraid they won't be accepted as they are. We have no age limit on drinking. It just isn't used for that.

Children are severely disciplined in the East, and education is still a great gift. You'll have a general examination period for college entrance and thousands will apply for five hundred positions. Only a hundredth of the people who qualify are accepted. Here, they expect it and get mad at the schools as though they were owed. To us, where I come from, poverty is not a sin and failure at those things doesn't mean you're a lesser human being. Perhaps America is too rich. There must be better economics than slaughtering your hogs and spilling your milk into the ground. To the rest of the world, where most people are poor and hungry, this is just cruel. There is something wrong.

No physician can heal himself. America should listen to what the rest of the world is saying because you get used to these things and don't notice them anymore and then everyone else starts looking crazy. You throw away so much in packaging and food and all that meat. It's almost cannibalism. We respect paper. We carry shopping bags of cloth to market. Paper with writing on it like old people, are a link to your heritage, your culture. We don't open gift wrapped packages in front of the giver as a courtesy (they don't upset the giver by showing the paper ripped.)

Another thing is the family. All families have a family house, where you can stay a day—or for the rest of your life. But the family will support you because you belong. It may perpetuate laziness but it also gives you the support to do things and not be afraid all the time.

Americans seem to lack conviction. If they do have convictions, they change them whenever they get setback. Perhaps America should have some clearly stated priorities or a conscience. But I don't know. Things are always awkward here. You're always wondering if you're properly interpreting the way people are interpreting you. Things are never the way you're taught to expect.

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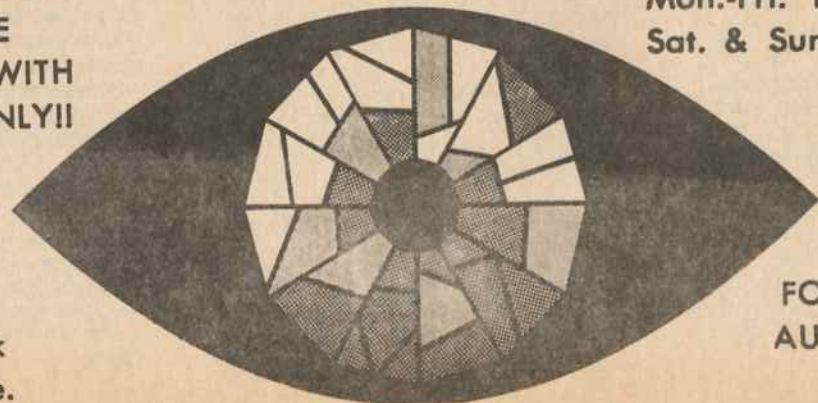
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# triad's choice

ARTIST(S)	ALBUM	LABEL
LOCOMOTIV GT	LOCOMOTIV GT	A.B.C.
BABE RUTH	AMAR CABALLERO	HARVEST
LUCIFER'S FRIEND	I'M JUST A ROCK'N ROLL SINGER	BILLINGSGATE
GRACE SLICK	MANHOLE	GRUNT
BO HANSON	MAGICIAN'S HAT	CHARISMA
VANGELIS O.	EARTH	VERTIGO
BRIAN AUGER'S	STRAIGHT AHEAD	R.C.A.
OBLIVION EXPRESS	11TH HOUSE	VANGUARD
LARRY CORYELL	BRIGHT WHITE	A & M
SHAWN PHILLIPS	VII	COLUMBIA
CHICAGO	RICHARD RUSKIN	TAKOMA
RICHARD RUSKIN	SOMETHING'S HAPPENING	A & M
PETER FRAMPTON	LUTHER'S BLUES	GORDY
LUTHER ALLISON	BURN	W.B.
DEEP PURPLE	SUZI QUATRO	BELL
SUZI QUATRO	OPEN OUR EYES	COLUMBIA
EARTH, WIND & FIRE	THEY SAY I'M DIFFERENT	JUST SUNSHINE
BETTY DAVIS	IMPULSE ARTISTS ON TOUR	IMPULSE
VARIOUS ARTISTS	LIVE	U.A.
WAR	FUSION	COLUMBIA
MICHAEL URBANIAK	IN CONCERT	C.T.I.
DEODATO/AIRTO	PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE	JANUS
AL STEWART	INSIDE	HARVEST
ELOY	MOROCCAN ROLL	BUDDAH
LES VARIATIONS	HERO & HEROINE	A & M
STRAWBS	BRIDGE OF SIGHS	CHYSALLIS
ROBIN TROWER	STARLESS & BIBLE BLACK	ATLANTIC
KING CRIMSON	LOOKING THROUGH	ATCO
PASSPORT	PIANO SOLOS	TAKOMA
GEORGE WINSTON	SECOND HELPING	M.C.A.
LYNARD SKYNARD	MOON TAN	M.C.A.
GOLDEN EARRING	CROSSWIND	ATLANTIC
BILLY COBHAM	APOCALYPSE	COLUMBIA
MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA	LIVE	MUSE
PAT MARTINO		

33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub>

# RECORDS

All you readers have probably come to think that the musical hero of the Triad bunch is Mahavishnu, naturally you'd be right. Then again, you all know that the grand inquisitor always does things differently so you probably wonder who my musical hero is. My musical hero was in town doing a concert recently, Gordon Lightfoot.

I was one the screaming, hootin' hollerin members of the audience that you read about in the reviews by the daily press—and I'm proud of it. The daily press people just don't have the ability to understand the magic that goes on at Lightfoot concerts so they use dopey terms to describe what goes on. The review in the Sun-Times was cretonic and the Trib's effort wasn't much better simply because they are outsiders that can't understand what's so exciting about a trio that just stands around and sings and picks.

Above all, the Lightfoot gang really play well for a bunch of drunks. I can't remember one time I've seen him play sober and at this point I don't think I'd want to see it. Lightfoot and Joni Mitchell are the only people that can make a sell-out at the Auditorium seem intimate. One would guess this is because he has played bars for so long that will never be able to get the smoky atmosphere out of his system.

You also have to remember that his songs have become more solidly written than ever in the last several years, combine that with his tasteful selection of back-up personnel and you have all the stage show that is really needed.

Because of Lightfoot, about 4,000 people were kept off the street for over two hours that night. He did a really smoking concert, got a standing ovation and was called back for three separate encores; might have even come back once more but his bassist looked like he had to take a leak in the worst way.

He opened the night coming out, taking a deep bow and tearing right into a song off his most recent album. He played the first half dressed in a ratty work shirt and jeans more patched over than the one I laid to rest last week, a situation he remedied when he returned for the second half outfitted as the high priced minstrel that he

is. Of the 13 songs he did in the first half, only one dated back to pre-1970, he didn't even do "Early Morning Rain" which was as conspicuously absent from this performance as "Gentle on my Mind" was from John Hartford's concert. The advantage that Amazingrace has over the Auditorium is that you can dance around in the back if you feel so moved by the music, and "Old Dan's Records" was spiked up enough to move my companion and I.

The second half saw ten songs with the bulk of the material coming out of 1970-72. The blast furnace thunder of applause for "If You Could Read My Mind" was so overwhelming that he decided to do a reprisal of the song.

If you don't like Lightfoot, then you probably don't like Judy Collins (you have to be a pretty snotty kid to dislike either of them), and you probably don't care much for birds, trees, flowers or houses in the country. Not only is Gordon a fine songwriter, he's one of the best contemporary poets in the public eye at this time. Most of the images he throws out are better than the ones that most poets try to build their works around.

Do you think that Lightfoot would ever be a disappointment? Not by the hair of his chinny-chin.

—Graham Carlton

**JONI MITCHELL**  
**COURT AND SPARK**  
**ASYLUM 7E 1001**

The wonderful thing about this album is that after several months of endless playing it doesn't fall flat like her other albums. With her five previous albums, I would find myself playing them into the dust then putting them away and not listening to them for quite a while; but **COURT AND SPARK** just keeps on playing away.

If Joni decided to pattern this after her earlier albums it would have died in the studio. Even though her voice is still high and sweet, it has lost that little girl flavor that it had—she now sounds matured and slightly tired. In adding a band and orchestration she wisely complimented her voice and made for a gala unveiling of a new Joni that happens to be even more likeable than the old Joni

Some people have been putting this down as too commercial, but don't you believe it at all. Sad to say, the neatest cut on the album isn't one of her own. "Twisted", a jazz song that's been around for a while is one of the most fun songs you can hear and will hear for quite some time. The lyrics to "Raised on Robbery" sound like they were edited because of a lack of continuity, but it's a rocker and Joni seems quite at home doing it—and anyway nobody cares about the words to a good rocker anyway.

I'd even spend \$6.98 for this album and I haven't paid more than 3/\$1 for any album since 1964. I wonder how she would sound produced by Mike Oldfield?

Graham Carlton

**PAUL SIMON IN CONCERT**  
**LIVE RHYMIN'**  
**COLUMBIA PC 32855**

The little wimp isn't so bad live. There are no new songs here, and he gives his back-up choral a solo spot, but on the whole the entire affair is more than tolerable.

Not that it says it anywhere, but you get the feeling that this recording was made at one gig rather than tapes from a series of gigs because of the over all feeling of continuity (either that or his audiences and performances are pretty standardized).

**THE BOXER** and **HOMEWARD BOUND** show a great deal of resiliency and actually seem improved over the original versions, the absence of Garfunkel doesn't show that badly anymore as it did when Simon first went solo either.

Apparently Simon has finally learned to think for himself. What you should do if you're a Simon freak who's been a little disappointed lately is throw out his two solo albums and start over your fandom with this live one. Even non-Simonites could find themselves converted by **LIVE RHYMIN'**. I could feel it happening to me.

**MELVIN VAN PEEBLES**  
**WHAT THE ... YOU MEAN I CAN'T SING**  
**ATLANTIC SD 7295**

Most people have short memories and if you asked them what Van Peebles has done lately they probably wouldn't know and they most likely wouldn't remember all the way back to **SWEET SWEET-BACK'S BADASS SONG** because that happened several years ago.

Van Peebles is overlooked because many people are afraid of him which is pretty sad because his music is embodied with lots of humor and irony which is too good to be overlooked.

Much of the humor in Van Peebles comes from his off-handed candid writing style; lines like these are in **EYES ON THE RABBIT**: I was between jobs at the time and we'd just sit home on the floor and I'd help her prepare her projects for her classes the next day you see she was a kindergarten teacher — now don't laugh well you know how it goes. A tough guy with vulnerability, a more human and believable person than any of the characters in the current crop of blacksploitation flicks.

Shifting gears, Van Peebles also does a pretty neat Barry White parody. Over all, Van Peebles seems like one of the better monitors of black feelings in this part of the seventies. Even with a display of militancy in **A BIRTH CERTIFICATE AIN'T NOTHING BUT A DEATH CERTIFICATE ANYWAY**, it doesn't take much to see the message in his music—all he is saying is you should be yourself, he uses different modes of music to make sure the message gets to you.

Anyway, Van Peebles new effort deserves a listen.

**MARTIN MULL**  
**NORMAL**  
**CAPRICORN CP0126**  
**FRANK ZAPPA**  
**APOSTROPHE**  
**DISCREET DS 2175**

Yippie, new releases by two of our favorite jokers, and it's about time because there's been a dearth of craziness lately.

Just like the man says, "Martin Mull is never dull," and this third release proves it true. He's back with a whole new flock of puns, put-ons and perversion, not to mention a few tall tales from America's number one midget lover.

There's something for everybody here, even a song for Eric Clapton, "The Blacks Are Giving Me the Blues." The musicianship here is more professional than on previous records, but instead of using it to be glossy, producer Mull decided to use it to be tacky (it works for Bette Midler, don't it?) A really fine record, and these days, even a \$5.98 list price provides for cheap thrills.

On the other hand, beside five fingers, we find Zappa sans band. Gone are the days of burning, driving protest forever! Now he concerns himself with snow coated with piss and smelly feet (the scourge of society).

The production is crisp and lively, and the music isn't as tedious as past Zappa compositions; this music is nearly strong enough to stand on its own.

Warner Bros. is pretty lucky to have these two wierdos prancing around their stables! All they have to do is bring back Wild Man Fischer and Napoleon XIV and they'll be able to start their own asylum.

**HERBIE MANN**  
**LONDON UNDERGROUND**  
**ATLANTIC SD 1648**

Herbie Mann is never going to get old. Geoff Haslam bundled him off to Limeyville and let him record a few rock epics with some pretty well respected rockers.

Ultimately, Ian Anderson will do a jam with Herbie and the unappreciative masses will suddenly lift Herbie up on their shoulders and carry him off into the sunset. Meanwhile, you can sit back and enjoy the flute-toots of the old grand master.

Mann does great treatments on "Bitch" and "Layla" and leads the group through a swell version of "Mellow Yellow". **LONDON UNDERGROUND** is about 175 miles away from being a disappointment. The content resembles a festival more than it resembles a record. You can't dance to this record, but there are a lot of other fun things to do that this album makes a fine soundtrack for.

As always, Mann exerts good taste and understatement at all times. He lets you explore the music and interpret it on your own, any way that you see fit. If you didn't take the tip when I reviewed **TURTLE BAY** on these pages just a few months ago, it's time you listen to Herbie if you haven't already. Flute music is better than ever.

**BABE RUTH**  
**AMAR CABALLERO**  
**HARVEST ST 11275**

I saw Babe Ruth in action well over a year ago and knew right then that they were going to make it big. Their first album was a bit of a disappointment because it didn't live up to my expectations of them. This album chases that feeling away. **AMAR CABALLERO** is one helluva satisfying album.

Babe Ruth has reconstructed their line-up, but Alan Shallock and Jeanie Haan are still holding the fort which is why they've been able to stay on the course that I saw them set.

The title cut is particularly enrapturing. The cut spans nearly ten minutes and elicits a wide emotional response. The cut pulls you along with it without you having the slightest idea about how drawn in you are getting. For those of you not satisfied with those sounds, there's a few cuts that come out and hit you over the head which are quite tastefully handled to avoid being cliché and typical.

Usually when somebody from a record company tells you that you are about to meet either the next superstar or dominant force in music, you would be doing good business to run the other way as quickly as possible, but in the case of Babe Ruth all that hype was true.

Now I can't wait for a group to come out and call itself Hank Aaron.

# BEATLES

# trivia contest

Ten years ago the Beatles swept America like Mickey Mantle used to sweep the bases for the Yankees. But those four mop-haired lads got their start in England, and now, ten years later, Leo Sayer is doing the same thing far across the Atlantic. Many people are saying Sayer will be the super-star of the seventies, just like the Beatles dominated the last decade. Words poorly describe Sayer's introspective lyrics and solid rock vocals. His first album, SILVERBIRD, does a much better job. And if you do a good job remembering the Beatles TRIAD and WARNER BROS. Records will give you a listen to some seventies music you'll remember in 1984!

## QUESTIONS...

1. The American rock singer who anticipated the British invasion by several months, with his 1963 cover of "From Me To You", \_\_\_\_\_
2. The fifth member of the Beatles who died of a brain hemorrhage in Hamburg was named \_\_\_\_\_
3. The Beatle who was once a member of the late Rory Storm's Hurricanes was \_\_\_\_\_
4. The Lennon-McCartney song "I'll Keep You Satisfied" was a hit for a George Martin protégé named \_\_\_\_\_
5. "She Loves You" was first released in the U. S. on the \_\_\_\_\_ label
6. George Harrison recorded with Cream under the name \_\_\_\_\_
7. Capitol re-issued The Early Beatles from tracks originally issued in the U.S. on the Vee-Jay label under the title \_\_\_\_\_
8. The Beatles derived their "oooooooo" from 50's rock star \_\_\_\_\_
9. The song known as "Ringo's Theme" in "A Hard Day's Night" was originally recorded under the title \_\_\_\_\_
10. The album Best Of The Beatles was not actually done by the Beatles, but by former drummer \_\_\_\_\_
11. George Harrison's first Apple protégé, who later recorded for Warner Bros., was named \_\_\_\_\_
12. The label that distributed John and Yoko's Two Virgins was \_\_\_\_\_
13. Denny Laine of Wings was the original lead singer of \_\_\_\_\_
14. The Beatles first two-record set was called \_\_\_\_\_
15. The first American Appearance by the Beatles was on \_\_\_\_\_
16. The manager of the Beatles at the time of their American invasion was \_\_\_\_\_
17. Besides writing the lyrics for Roger Daltrey's first solo LP, Leo Sayer wrote "The Show Must Go On", which was covered by the American group \_\_\_\_\_
18. Leo Sayer was first seen in America on \_\_\_\_\_

Win a copy of Leo Sayers first album or a t-shirt or a Roger Daltry songbook



Send your answers on a separate sheet of paper to: Mike Scheid/WEA-2489 6 Wolf Rd Des Plaines, Illinois 60018-Before May 20



# RECORDS

by C.W. Smith

**BETTY DAVIS THEY SAY I'M DIFFERENT JUST SUNSHINE.** Betty Davis is really something. She doesn't have a great voice but her choice of musicians and her individualistic material can be commended. Which by no means makes this another 'sideman album'. They merely compliment each other so well. This is the funk of the future. Hard, rough, an anthem of the streets. Betty's arrived somewhere altogether different. Can we get there too?

**MICK RONSON SLAUGHTER ON 10th AVENUE RCA.** Mulatto hookers, cocaine bookers and assorted visions is the movie you get to see after purchasing this album. Into more music than glimmers of glamour, Ronson, a Bowie friend and protege, has come up with a formidable first production including a few tunes written and produced by the Mainman himself. Side two deserves immediate classic status from the jump. Can't wait to see Mick's next.

**WAR LIVE UNITED ARTISTS.** Remember how you'd boogie to the Allmans 'Whipping Post' and 'Hot Lanta' and Humble Pie's 'Thirty Days in the Hole'? Well, this is the next one. How anyone could sit through this is beyond me. Definitely what all those in the know will have blaring from their windows as soon as it gets warm. An absolute must for any party or down moment. Go to War.

**BOZ SCAGGS SLOW DANCER COLUMBIA.** Boz used to jam in Madison, Wis. with Stevie Miller and Ben Sidran back in the early sixties. Since then he's played in the Miller Band, done some work in Memphis and London, and is now in California doing some more fine music. His songs touch all the musical bases and, more often than not, reach home plate before you realize it. An excellent late afternoon early evening album for your enjoyment.

**MICHEAL FENELLY LANE CHANGER EPIC.** Searing blitz rock is what this one's about. Some of the greatest pyrotechnics I've ever heard come from the gifted hands of Micheal Fenelly. This album, along with Nick Ronson's and Lou Reed's latest, rejuvenates my tired spirits and mainlines years of lost energy straight to de heart. Thank God there are people around who aren't wasting time making smallnotes. I think we've been saved.



**DELLS VS. DRAMATICS CADET.** I'm happy to see the Dells make a successful leap into the current music scene. Big in the 50's, bigger in the 70's. Although this is billed as a playoff, you tend to forget because everything blends so well. The Dramatics provide the excitement in this game by combining talent with youthful enthusiasm. Expect a big single from this bunch very soon.

**EL CHICANO CINCO MCA.** I saw these people on American Bandstand (I admit it) a few weeks ago doing a pleasant little ditty that did pretty well on the AM charts recently. Luckily those tendencies aren't displayed here. A very tasty meal of rock is being served but there's no dessert. It's okay, though. The food was good enough to make me come back for more.

**KATHI McDONALD INSANE ASYLUM CAPITOL.** Kathi's paid her dues doing roadwork with Joe Cocker's band and lots of session time with rock's more notables. The experience shows as La McDonald runs thru some hip tunes aided by the likes of Nils Lofgren, Ronnie Montrose, and Sly Stone. A very good first album from a singer worth hearing.

**MAGGIE BELL QUEEN OF THE NIGHT ATLANTIC.** Where the hell was Maggie Bell when people were passing Janis off as 'Queen of the Blues'? I remember M.B. from Stone The Crows but I wasn't prepared for this. Here's a strong, clear, grassroots voice that can move mountains. If it weren't for the too-pat production, I'd recommend it without reservation. Still, I hope Maggie makes it big Stateside. She is truly the Queen.

**ROCK 'N ROLL ANIMAL LOU REED RCA.** To paraphrase a line from Lou's tune 'Rock 'n Roll', "I tuned in to a CHICAGO station and couldn't believe what I heard at all." Which was a live mix of 'Sweet Jane' so powerful and magnificent that I ran out and bought it the next day. What tremendous music. Oh God, this is great. Truly what rock is all about. Pants off to Lou.

**EDDIE KENDRICKS BOOGIE DOWN TAMLA.** 'The Thin Man' has created another well-woven tapestry for our ears that ought to sell a million. Every tune can stand alone as a single and the musicianship is excellent. Eddie's up front taking chances and succeeding with a special grace that only comes from time spent in smoky clubs and 'big rooms.' Get up off that chair, mama. Let's boogie DOWN.

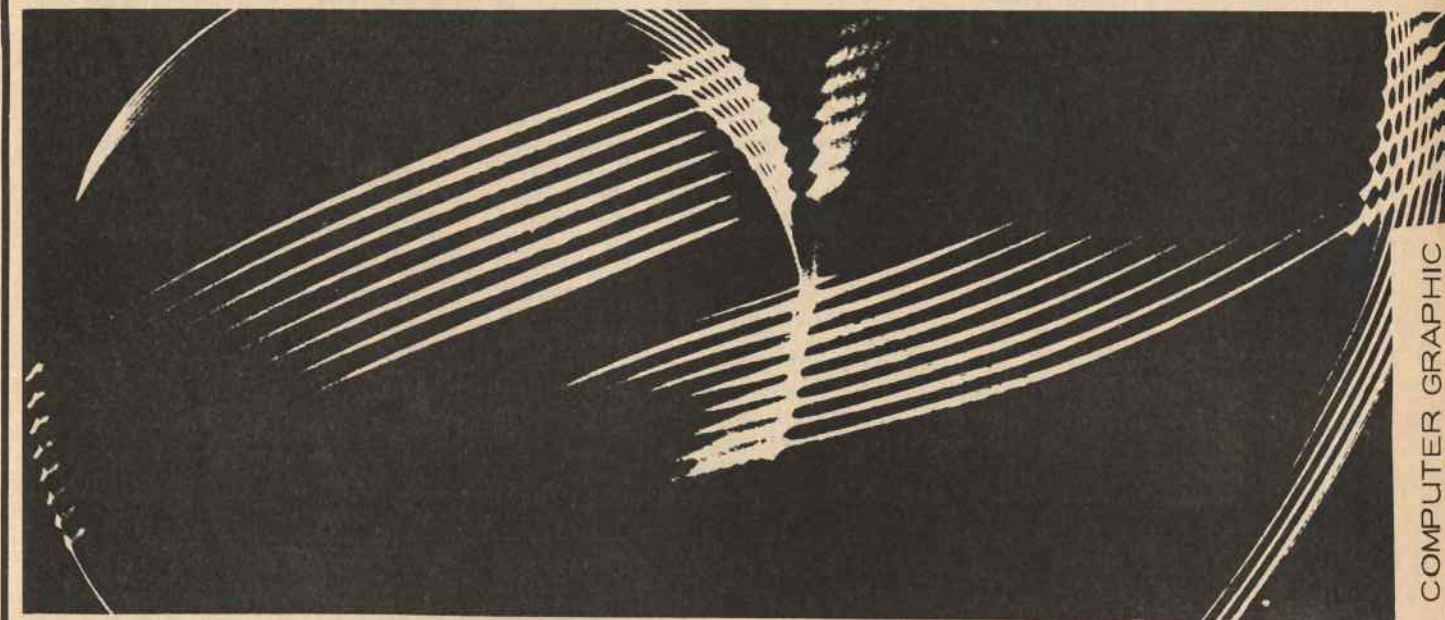


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# BOOKS

ROGER WICKER



**RECORDS, COMPUTERS AND THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENS**  
Report of the Secretary's Advisory Committee, U.S. Dept. Health, Education and Welfare  
M.I.T. Press \$2.45

It's always interesting to watch how our popular myths are either destroyed or reinforced as time and a constant grinding in of experience take their toll. In the post-war 20th century, we've developed an idea that certain people have, or will have, exclusive possession of a great amount of information about us all; and as possession of information becomes absolute, so will their control over our lives become absolute.

Ever since schooldays when we filled out forms that could be machine read by an optical scanner, we began to suspect that someone else was really running things; and the more contact we have with our major institutions the more we're convinced we could be headed for the paranoid-becoming-numb state of 1984.

The tedious administrative ritual to which the poor and sick are forced to submit makes more sense when we see how information systems designed to help people via welfare

are also designed—consciously or not—to enable the government to regulate lives.

The school systems' elaborate forms of grading, testing, evaluating and tracking has easily one-fourth of our population—students and teachers—caught in a more or less uniform system of rigid control and surveillance. Portions of the academic community seem to be laying the groundwork for massive public surveillance and social control—including horrendous forms of genetic meddling.

The computerized criminal information system, boosted by John Mitchell's directives as Attorney General, has mushroomed since 1968. Government use of wiretapping and other forms of spying, whether legal or illegal, is particularly troublesome: we never know how much is going on. Sen. Lowell Weicker now charges that the present Administration used the IRS personal data bank to harass the enemy and protect friends—White situation fostered Elliot Richardson's setting up a HEW Committee on Automated Personal Data Systems to treat the topic under the title "Correctionetics: Blue Print for 1984."

House aides, he says, used IRS files "like a lending library." The use of intelligence-as-control hits its zenith in our most overwhelming institution, the prison. A look at that

But time and fact do take their toll; thanks to Congressional fact-finding and television we've recently had a look at some of the would-be information geniuses in our midst, and I for one feel a bit better. Clandestine personal surveillance may be attractive and romantic stuff (E. Howard Hunt used it as the basis of several quickie spy novels), but the image of all-knowing super spies coupling our precious secrets is weakening. The ex-CIA folk in view in the media these days remind one more of Peter Seller's Inspector Clousseau than Fleming's James Bond.

The trouble with clandestine information-gathering is now obvious. It's easy to get caught if you're less than brilliant. And there aren't a lot of geniuses in our government.

Computer based data, however, is another story. Obtaining and using that kind of information requires no genius, only moderate competence; and our institutions abound with the moderately competent. The information obtained may be less

flashy, but it can be just as stifling and despotic. The Joint Senate Subcommittees on Government Surveillance to which Sen. Weicker reported are interested for that reason.

So was Elliot Richardson in 1971, when he was Secretary of HEW. Richardson was interested enough to establish an Advisory Committee on Automated Personnel Data Systems to look into the use and misuse of information systems in and out of the federal government. The committee (an impressively credentialed collection of information scientists, lawyers, academics and politicians) surveyed the available literature, requisitioned statements from countless data banks, and called in over 100 witnesses for testimony. They analyzed a broad range of data systems, succinctly sketched trends and foresaw dangers and threats both to privacy and to unhampered legitimate information usage; and then made a series of recommendations embodied in a proposed "Code of Fair Information Practice." MIT Press has published their full report.

The thought of lawyer/scientists writing about computers sounds dry enough, and compounded with the label "Advisory Committee" I was prepared for the worst. I was wrong. The report is remarkably lucid and readable, very informative to the layman and without pretension. The committee members were acutely aware of long-standing distrust of data-banks and have incorporated some apt quotes from the works of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Lewis Carroll, W.H. Auden, and in good establishment tradition, Gilbert and Sullivan. Their report begins with a brief but significant survey of how the past 30 years has taken the information game from record keeping to data processing; the electrification of an old print technology giving sudden and enormous power to organizations and people ill-prepared to deal with it. As computers were seen to possess a certain kind of infallibility—no one can do long division or make out the payroll as efficiently—so it was asked by unquestioning technicians to solve complex social problems as well as mathematical ones.

Data in machine-readable form could be transported (as files could never) with telecommunications, information has the potential of becoming ubiquitous and centrally controlled at the same time. This creates a new power-resource inside organizations and in society in general. At the same time, individuals who might have once requested—and gotten—stored data from a clerk could never get it from a computer operator for lack of authorization. Popular access became impossible and no one could correct their own record. In fact, computer data could be collected from many sources while the individual could give no permission; in fact, the subject became a non-acting, unknowing pure object.

With the mystification process complete, it became impossible for laymen to comprehend how people knew what they knew. The myth of the machine prevailed. Business, the military, and the executive branch caught on to this fast and the phrase Big Brother became a catchword.

From that basis the committee surveys current uses of data-banks and discusses areas of concern. The National Driver Register is scrutinized and taken as an example of an efficient and fast checking system, one which can properly be used to keep dangerous drivers off the road and also points the guilty finger at the wrong party now and again. One chapter deals with the mailing list industry, noting that those people objecting to junk mail can appeal to the mail preference service to get out of the mail mainstream. The national census is discussed, the right of privacy gets a historical overview, and an interesting survey shows how Europeans deal with the same problems.

The strongest condemnation of a system falls on the most ambitious: the computerized criminal information and intelligence system which caused, and was caused by, so much of the paranoia of the late sixties. It is seen as an example of questionable information-gathering (mixing data from several uncoordinated sources), lax updating (listing arrests, not court decisions), improper access (many people with influence, including businessmen,

can get data), and absolute obfusiveness (you can't find out what they've got on you; there's no obligation to make corrections). The committee recommended that its funding be cut until it conformed to some civilized guidelines.

The chapter entitled "Corrections: A Blueprint for 1984" is particularly revealing of the committee's approach. It begins with a horrifying quote from an optimistic prison official, "Today an information system holds for corrections the same break-through potential as did the microscope for the biological sciences of yesteryear." The report continues on to imagine the super-warden mentality governing the nation as a sort of ultimate behaviorist state and then notes the growing mood that (with some insight), "Corrections is thoroughly benevolent, and efficient benevolence is precisely the characteristic that seems to lie at the root of our suspicions of the computerized state."

But with its own precision, the chapter's discussion reveals that 1) as regards prisons, such notions are still in the testing stage, 2) there's no surety such systems will really provide easier decision-making or greater control, 3) the costs will be enormous, probably prohibitive in many areas. In short, corrections as information-based control is largely myth. After initial enthusiastic support, such programs get abandoned in most organizations—especially where people aren't paranoid, but do watch their dollars.

The report is full of such let-downs. For all the popular concern over "that big computer" we all know is in D.C.—or is it in Maryland?—where a select handful have it all to themselves and really know what's going down... well, the technical problems with that part of the myth seem immense. The committee devotes two chapters just to the issue of identifying the same person from different data bases (which is how the Big Brother data would have to be collected). It concludes that our Social Security number could degenerate into a Standard Universal Identifier and that could lead to unending data-swapping, and a very dangerous situation.

And for these real abuses there are specific remedies as well as a proposal that the federal government, through executive decree and legislation, adopt a more congenial Code of Fair Information Practices. Some of its principles would be that no data systems can be secret; people must be able to see their records in any system—and be allowed to make corrections; data collected for one purpose cannot be given over to another; organizations are legally responsible for misuse; criminal and civil penalties are recommended for violators.

Records, Computers and the Rights of Citizens takes us from the myth of 1984 to the politics of how to make sure some people don't take advantage of others. I'd guess that's exactly what the HEW committee had in mind. They missed a lot—the current Senate investigations are making that clear—but in opening the door and taking an honest look they've done their job admirably well, and I'd strongly recommend the book to anyone curious about how "they" do the things they do.

—Richard Greene

#### ROLL YOUR OWN

The Complete Guide to Living in a Truck, Bus, Van or Camper  
By Jodi Palladini & Beverly Dubin  
MacMillan / Collier \$3.95

Normadic wanderers throughout man's history have been crucial elements in spreading good ideas from one culture to another (what the anthropologists call cultural diffusion).

And throughout the world nomads today are fighting a stiff battle to retain their way of life, from the Berbers of North Africa who are slowly giving ground to the fleets of trucks crossing the Sahara and government plans to build permanent housing for them (hence an end to nomadics), to the Gypsies in England trying to mind their own business and get on with living yet having to contend with the peculiar English madness that says people without houses or jobs (the 9 to 5 kind) are a danger to their children, to the hippies wandering the face of North America and Europe.

Everywhere, nomads today are under attack by those people who don't dare to imagine or dream about what can be learned from or what pleasures there are in—wandering (much like Shelley's wandering cloud) wherever time and chance take you.

But nomads are a crafty sort in more ways than one, and one of the keys to nomadic survival is to adapt and fast. So it's inevitable that North American and European hippie nomads should adapt to the ever-lengthening tentacles of super-highways by motorizing their travels in their caravans or "nomad wagons." There have always been house-trucks (or truck houses) and converted buses in American hippie lore, and they represent one of the most colorful and romantic versions of being "on the road." But they can be terribly expensive, difficult to build, difficult to maintain, and besides—there are no guidelines to tell you what has been tried and failed already. There can never really be any such guidelines, since there are as many versions of the bus-dream as there are bus-dreamers. But there are some basics that needed putting into writing (since hippie nomads are not as gregarious as say, Berbers or Gypsies, and hippie nomads are more inclined to read—that being part of our culture).

Now there is, at last, a book on the subject of doing your own home-on-wheels. Its completeness is an open question that only someone building a nomad-wagon—or someone who has built, traveled and lived in one—could really answer. More than likely the best nomad-wagon information gets passed from word of mouth between veteran nomads and beginners around the bus-ghettos of California, Colorado and wherever. We'll never really know.

Roll Your Own is the first, and therefore for the time being, the best guide on how to build, live and travel in a nomad-wagon. There are chapters on selecting and buying a truck or bus, keeping it up to Motor Vehicle Codes, how to plan the space for storage, beds, stoves, water supplies, refrigeration and sanitation, information of traveling with kids and pets, earning a little bread as you travel to support the

nomadics, lots of photographs of buses and trucks, close detail photographs of interior problems and best, perhaps of all, lists of suppliers across the country for everything from stoves to where to buy used buses.

Throughout there is a curious blend of useful and needlessly vague information. For example, in the chapter on refrigeration there are repeated explicit warnings and advice about how to deal with gas refrigerators, but no instruction on how to install gas lines. The first sentence is a good example of the vagueness: "You can build a good ice-chest by insulating a wooden box, cabinet or even an old chest with fiber-glass house insulation." A simple line drawing explaining the principles of ice-chest insulation would have been relatively easy to achieve, but...; the only illustration in the refrigeration section is a small photograph of a stained-glass window in a bus. No self-respecting nomad would be satisfied with someone who warned them on the road only that there was "Danger ahead." The obvious questions are what, how immediate, real or metaphorical is the danger. The vague refrigeration chapter just doesn't satisfy.

Many of us may remember the caravan of over 50 buses from Steven Gaskins' Tennessee farm that rolled into Evanston a few years ago. The Farm people and the Hog Farmers have probably the best reservoir of information and insight on bus converting and living of any of America's hippie nomads. It would be good to see a book from them, with greater detail than **Roll Your Own**.

However many and serious are the shortcomings of the book as far as technicalities, they are almost offset by the abundance of photographs that give rise to endless variations and ideas in the mind of would-be-nomads reading or looking through the book. Perhaps the best part of the book is that it provides proof that there is another way to live than cooped up in a city apartment or even in a rural house with space and clean air. The song of the open road ever beckons, and **Roll Your Own** is a new, persuasive voice in the chorus.

—Roger Wicker



## little mags

ACRES, U.S.A.: A voice for eco-agriculture  
Box 1456  
Kansas City, Mo. 64141  
\$5. year \$0.50 issue

If you're interested in organic farming, beyond an organic vegetable garden, you're going to need a different source of information than the Rodale books and magazines. Acres, U.S.A. is where you find it. Published monthly from Kansas City, the newspaper is interesting, and definitely farmer-oriented. Articles include a lot of information on the how and why of eco-agriculture and a lot of homespun philosophy about the government manipulation of farmers and other workers, without being reactionary or right-wing. The paper's slogan is "To be economical, agriculture has to be ecological"; pointing out that eco-agriculture is far cheaper than the reliance on expensive chemicals and sprays and feeds. Once you start on chemicals you have almost no choice but to escalate to stronger and stronger doses, much like the U.S. in the Vietnam war. There are articles on municipal leaf composting, phenolic wastes, full-spectrum light, Norwegian seaweed and dozens more on specific aspects of eco-farming. A worthy little paper.

HOMOSEXUAL COUNSELING JOURNAL  
c o HCCCC  
921 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10021  
\$10. year \$3 issue

This is the journal you should be reading if you are, for instance, any sort of counselor to people with psycho-sexual problems. The approach of the Quarterly is that homosexuality is another means of sexual and emotional expression. The pressures of society and its double binds (damned if you do, and damned if you don't) produce social and psychological pressures that don't go away when you take a pill. "It is becoming increasingly evident," says the Journal, "that

training in the helping professions, no matter how good, has not prepared counselors and therapists to deal realistically with America's homosexual men, women, and their families... A general 'liberal' outlook or simplistic 'do-your-own-thing' rhetoric won't help either. There are real needs of real people and these must be met realistically." Each issue includes a feature article, book reviews, media and journal reviews, news, a free professional placement section, a cartoon essay and editorial comment "by the best informed men and women working with homosexuality in the individual and in society today."

PEOPLE AND LAND  
345 Franklin Street  
San Francisco, CA. 94102  
\$0.50 issue

This is a newspaper of the land reform movement in the U.S. The first issue of People and Land grew out of the 1st National Conference of Land Reform in April of 1973 in San Francisco. The first issue of P&L covers that conference in great detail, reprinting speeches, and articles from that gathering as well as from other sources. There are articles on energy, from the land-use viewpoint, "Who Owns America?", articles on taxes and how they work against land reform, and much more.

Land reform is one of those terms that have been misconstrued throughout the history of land-owning, probably starting with the theft of the English common lands in the 16th Century when wealthy aristocrats began fencing in land that was formerly, for centuries, public land available to anyone. An exception was Gerrard Winstanley, of the 16th century, who founded the first People's Park by leading hungry people to plant a vegetable garden on a village green. The garden was destroyed by the sheriff and Winstanley and his "Diggers" were driven away.

P&L at last offers some clear insight into the present discussion just beginning in the U.S. on the whole topic of land reform and distribution and use.

## brief takes

Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism is back in print and should be back in Chicago bookstores within a week or so. The new printing has already been shipped from Shambhala Publishers in Berkeley. Cutting Through... is Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche's book on Tibetan Buddhism and its approach to present day Western neuroses, as well as meditation.

WHOLE EARTH EPILOG is coming in the fall. There was a sampling in the April issue of Harper's Magazine. It's in the Wraparound section, and the front part of the magazine is devoted to the new books and materials of the Epilog, and the last section of the magazine is a sample of Brand's Co-Evolution Quarterly. So far, it's hohum and not much that many of us haven't already seen or found about for ourselves. If you're a dedicated Brand fan groupie, then you should add this to your yellowing collection of Whole Earth Catalogs. It probably will have a tremendous sale in the fall when the entire Epilog is published, just on the reputation of the last catalog.

Moving time is nearly upon us, and many of us will be needing new furniture. Nomadic Furniture see review T.R.G. (\$3.95 Pantheon) is one solution to the furniture bind: you need it, but you don't have or want to put lots of money into furniture that becomes a burden next time you move.

**Whole Earth**  
Chicago at Dempster  
Evanston 491-9555  
between Hear Here and Khaki

Then there's a new book, *The Box Book*, (\$2.95, McKay) that tells you how to beat the high prices of almost everyone, including the prices in *Nomadic Furniture*—which aren't always that cheap. *The Box Book* is devoted to telling how to furnish an entire apartment with wooden crates, boxes and shipping containers. Diane Cleaver, the author, makes a convincing case that crates and boxes make a damn fine furniture system. She gives instructions on how to convert any box, from plum crates to Chinese grocery boxes, into good-looking functional furniture—complete with a chapter on staining, finishing and upholstering. The best part of the book is that the box furniture you make also become the packing crates for your next move.

Ram Dass has a new book out, called *The Only Dance There Is*. It's completely different from the funky brown paper bliss-out of *Be Here, Now*. It contains talks that Ram Dass gave at the Menninger Clinic to a bunch of straight, establishment-oriented psychiatrists and psychologists; and another lecture to a similar seminar. In the first set of talks, Ram Dass explains how his method and that of his now dead guru bring about more satisfactory ways of dealing with a person's given reality. Highly recommended for students of eastern meditation and philosophy. *Only Dance There Is*, published by Doubleday, \$2.95.

*Wim Magazine* for April 11, is an entire issue devoted to men and men's liberation. There are accounts of men's consciousness-raising groups all around the country and personal accounts of men coming to recognize that the macho image they grew up with is in fact probably their own worst enemy. The issue is an eye-opener in that there is much more activity going on in men's liberation groups than you would expect. There is a good bibliography of articles and books about men's roles in present day society, and a syllabus for a course in men's studies. The important thing for many men is discovering through men's groups that feelings aren't just for women, and that all men who show emotion aren't necessarily gay.

P.S.

So you saw the movie, now read the book??? As much as I enjoyed the film *Zardoz* (which was substantially), I am disappointed in the Sgment paperback *Zardoz*. *Zer0z* would have been more apt for the title. Nothing more than a transcription of the film's dialogue without very many pictures, consider this merely a souvenir/memento of an impressive piece of cinema.

Davie Gerrold's *Man Who Folded Himself* has been released by Popular Library in paperback form. As with Gerrold's earlier work, *When Harlie Was One*, I find the basic ideas very challenging and the execution rather poor. He should respect himself and his genre a little more and take the extra time to bring out the profundities that lie just below the surface of his narratives.

In March we reviewed *The Unfashionable Human Body*. As a rebuttal, let's mention the release of Skrebneski's *The Human Form* in an inexpensive (\$1.65) version. His bodies are very fashionable and this slim collection of great photographs will not soon go out of style.

I previously mentioned that Avon was coming out with Tom Disch's 334. That was back in February. Avon proceeded to make a liar out of me by delaying delivery till late March. Still, it's the best S.F. novel of this year, perhaps the best novel of this year—period. I'll try to do a more comprehensive review soon.

One of the places portions of Disch's novel appeared, prior to publication in book form, was Michael Moorcock's *New Worlds Quarterly*. Well, no one in America has seen any *New Worlds*... since no.4, and that was approximately two years ago. Hello, it's back. No longer followed by "Quarterly" but a *New Worlds* no.5 all the same. Publishing has been taken over from Berkeley by Avon/Equinox, with an increase of \$2 over the previous pittance of ninety-five cents. Still worth it at twice the price, *New Worlds* is still the finest magazine of its type anywhere. Seeing it on the stands creates a surge of optimism

for the future. Now if only we could talk Delany into bringing out another collection of Quark.

Another collection that is out is Damon Knight's *Orbit*. Number twelve in the series maintains the same high standards of originality as the previous collections. Aldiss' sequence of four stories is worth the price of the book (\$.95) by itself. The rest is an exceedingly rich gravy.

We've probably mentioned the *Whole Earth Epilog* at least a half dozen times over the past four months. Stewart Brand isn't the only one busy getting off his laurels. The Portola Institute that originally published and put out the W.E.C. is coming out with a new project, a book on energy. With help from; The New Alchemy Inst., Alternative Sources of Energy, and The Palo Alto Ecology Action Group, the new book is to be the first major survey of Alternative energy systems. To be called *Energy Primer*, the book will focus on solar, wind, small scale hydro, and methane generated power.

The book is to be published in late summer and will be approximately 120 pages long. Suggestions accepted will bring the suggestees \$5, another \$5 could be brought in by writing a book review, and a letter accepted for publication (dealing with the topic of success or failure of various alternative energy systems) will bring in still another five dollars.

Contact  
The Whole Earth Truck Store  
558 Santa Cruz Avenue  
Menlo Park, California 94025

Finally, it's interesting to note the same old pattern going down again. *Earth News* reports that F. Scott Fitzgerald's books are bringing in approximately one million dollars a year in royalties alone. Too bad he had to drink himself to death and Zelda had to be incinerated before the herd looked up and noticed a genius had been at work. Isn't this getting a little repetitious? I wonder what timeless talent is starving to death nowadays. I'd be happy to hear your suggestions for nominations and candidates for the ritual office of sacrificial lamb.

Edward Kislaitis

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"Trois Jours Ete En Bretagne," "La Mere"  
5/14 (French)  
Same as Monday, except "La Mere" is  
replaced by "La Coupe"  
5/15 (German) "Good Soldier Schweik"  
5/16 (Spanish)  
"Carta Espana," "Cri, Cri El Grillito  
Cantor"  
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5/4 "Long Goodbye", "Cops & Robbers"  
5/10 "Charlie Varrick", "Frenzie"  
5/11 "Woodstock"  
5/17 "Oklahoma Crude", "New Centurians"  
5/18 "Bangladesh,"  
5/24 "Nicholas & Alexandria", "MacBeth"  
5/25 "Putney Swope", "Greasers Palace"  
5/26 T.B.A.

NORTHWESTERN FILM SOCIETY

5/2 "Merchant of Four Seasons" 7,9 p.m.  
5/7 "Breathless" 7,9  
5/9 "Million" 7  
"Under the Roofs of Paris" 8:45  
5/14 "In the Name of the Father" 7,9:15  
5/16 "Lady from Shanghai" 7  
"Journey Into Fear" 8:45  
5/21 "The Big Heat" 7  
"Pick-up on South Street" 8:45  
5/23 "Ikiru" 7,9:30  
5/28 "Rancho Notorious" 7  
"Bend of the River" 8:45  
5/30 "Jessebelle" 7  
"Mildred Pierce" 9  
all showings at McCormick Center  
Evanston Campus

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

5/7 "Gale is Dead" 8 p.m.  
5/14 "Stella Dallas" (1925) 6  
"Stella Dallas" (1937) 8  
5/21 "Dark Victory" (1939) 8  
5/28 "Imitation of Life" (1934) 6  
"Imitation of Life" (1959) 8

# FILM



CONRACK—ANOTHER COUNTRY  
by RON FRIDELL

I have been a lot of places but I have never been anyplace as foreign as the rural south.

It was the summer of '68 and I was driving along the highway deep in the Louisiana delta country—Plaquemines parish—not far from where the Mississippi meets the ocean. It was hot, a steamy kind of heat that dries you up on the inside and soaks you on the outside. I pulled up to a grey little store because a rusty sign promised coca cola. There were some men sitting on the porch. They were black, they wore old clothes and they were as dry as a bone. I felt like a dude with my shirt soaked clear through. They didn't have to look at my license plate to know I was a tourist from the north.

I sat on the steps coke in hand and for a while nobody said anything.

Then one of them, an old man, asked me something. I thought he was mumbling. I had never heard cajun spoken before. Another man interpreted. The old man wanted to know if that war over there in Vietnam was over yet—one of his sons was in it.

I don't recall what else we talked about that afternoon but that first question has always stayed with me. I believe it was the first time that I ever felt like I was in another country. I would spend the next five years in 'other countries,' but none quite as 'other' as the rural south.

.....  
I suppose that Faulkner as much as anyone set the style with his picture of the south as an incestual breeding ground for gothic decadence. A raft of novelists, playwrights, poets and filmmakers, most of them southerners by birth

and temperament, have mined this rich vein of the southern primitive and, for better and worse, have created a vivid picture of the south as a place where polite elegance and rude violence coexist and the past looms over everything. In old southern romances like GONE WITH THE WIND the past is something to fight for—a romantic attitude where life is held fast in a dreamlike grip, where bygone days are still going by. But in a gothic suspense tale like DELIVERANCE people hang onto the past more out of habit than passion, more out of fear of change than reverence, retreating deeper into the wilderness as the wilderness draws in around them. In a way we see the south like we see the American Indian—its land taken in the name of progress, its way of life condemned as primitive and isolationist its

people absorbed or driven deeper into whatever remains of the wilderness, their traditions dying painfully amid decadence and violence as yet another country is civilized.

In Martin Ritt's film *CONRACK*, a young white teacher, Pat Conroy, tries to bring civilization's knowledge to some black children who live on an island off the coast of South Carolina. This is the gullah country where old dialects are still spoken and where people remember the names of their ancestors who were brought here as slaves—an isolated community that is like another country to Conroy. Before long he turns from a mere teacher into an all-out missionary, seeking to make his students believe in themselves and widen their horizons. They quickly learn and grow to love him but the adults in charge decide that this young man is out to undermine their authoritarian traditions and they succeed in getting rid of him, leaving the children to endure their isolation in the agony of unrealized hopes. It is a beautiful story full of clearfaced idealism and muddy reality all tangled together.

But there are problems.

*CONRACK* is a first person account of the writer's own experiences as a well-intentioned agitator in the, deep south. The problems with the film lie in Conroy's and director Martin Ritt's messianic attitude toward the rural black, an attitude that gives the film its abundant life but also casts doubt over the whole story.

Martin Ritt is a director with white liberal urban perceptions and rural affinities, good with details and moods and able to mix actors and non-actors so that they complement each other. But when the white liberal missionary in him takes over, as in *HOMBRE*, he exposes a shallowness of perception. Like so many American directors Ritt has difficulty seeing beneath the surface of things with anything but cynicism. In his best film, *HUD*, where nearly everyone and everything is corrupt or being corrupted, the only incorruptible figure, Melvyn Douglas as the father, appears unintentionally ludicrous rather than noble because Ritt does not seem to believe in him.

To Ritt's credit *CONRACK* has a remarkably uncynical hero and a residue of warmth, and the last scene, which has one of the best uses of music I have ever witnessed in films, comes very close to genuine tragedy. But after it was all over I asked myself just what the tragedy was. Just what had Conroy brought to these children who watched him leave them in such exquisitely relaxed poses of bewildered sadness? Is the tragedy that they can't go with him to the new world across the water?

Conroy makes it implicitly clear to the children that a new world lies across the water like a promised land. But what little we see of 'civilization' is filtered through a cynical eye that dampens and nearly drowns the hope that Conroy offers them. Hume Cronyn as Skeffington, the district school superintendent, is the negative role of civilization, as Conroy is the positive. The movie picks up a crippling burden of cynicism from Cronyn's performance. He acts like a jailer, bound and determined to see that the children stay in their place. His performance is just too malevolent. Another actor might have played it lighter and made the firing of Conroy more of a duty and less of a personal vendetta. The other people in the city across the water are mostly unfriendly, prejudiced and elderly to the point of crumbling. Why would Conroy want to bring these children into this kind of world? The life on the island would have to be worse, but is it?

It's hard to say because Conroy and Ritt seem intent on avoiding any references to the lives of the islanders outside the classroom. Why isn't Conroy interested in what the islanders know—their history, skills, habits? They are depicted as cultureless but they simply can't be. Their island has been their home since the eighteenth century. They must have a sense of their own past, yet this is never mentioned in the film. Conroy and Ritt have created such a void in these children that they are the dream of every liberal educator—little unformed beings just waiting to be opened and filled. All we learn is that they lack certain civilized skills which Conroy sets out to teach them. They can't read, write, cook or swim—so Conroy teaches them.

Conroy is a white liberal non-revolutionary idealist, the sort of fellow you might picture in the Peace Corps during the Kennedy years. He sees the children as oppressed people and sets himself the task of making them realize that they are in fact oppressed and then liberating them without arousing their oppressors. The children, all around 12 years old, are portrayed as barely animated zombies to whom Conroy gives life by shedding his infectuous energy like a sun until (by sheer dint of his will) they begin to absorb some of it. His success is astounding and he never questions his motives, nor do we, because Jon Voight attacks the role with bursts of energy and humor like a one-man *SESAME STREET*. I don't believe there is another actor in movies who could bring off this role without arousing black audiences to cries of "condescension." Voight moves us along with him at a breathless pace so that we can't help but see the world through Conroy's eyes.

But the question remains—why are these children so sad and lethargic? Is isolation from civilization a disease in itself? The whole movie seems to be saddled with this facile assumption and never does come to grips with it.

And what about the island itself? What makes this place such a heart of darkness? It's a lonely place by civilized standards but it's also a beautiful place, beautiful the way small islands sometimes are—wild but secure and comfortable. This pristine environment gives the film a rich natural texture which is just not the place for deprivation and tragedy.

No, the tragedy seems to be more in Conroy's mind, projected movingly over his idealized charges as Conroy the Giver of Life exits and Death creeps back in. This is a kind of deification of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and a deification of the teacher as giver of life and fighter of the old maid keepers of ignorance.

For all its faults *CONRACK* is ultimately moving outside of its naive social concerns and imperceptions because it touches a tragic place in all of us, that place where we stand waiting for something to happen for someone to come along and give us the life that we deny ourselves because we are afraid of change.

# FILM



*The Pedestrian*  
by Ed Kislaitis

Two painters were arguing one day about which was the better painter. The first said that his control of his medium was matchless and, to prove it, made the other painter promise to return in one year to see the painting he was working on.

One year later, the two painters met again as planned. The first painter unveiled his work, a picture of a fountain. The picture was so convincing, that a bird—thinking it was a window—swooped down and began beating at the canvas with its wings.

The first painter folded his arms and beamed in triumph. But the second painter was unimpressed. He had been working over the past year as well, and proceeded to unveil his own latest creation.

His picture was of a fountain also. The bird, upon seeing this new work, flew from the first canvas to the new

scene and proceeded to fly out the open window which in fact it was.

Maximilian Schell's new film, *The Pedestrian*, bears the same relationship to movies in general, that the second unveiling has to the first. Most films consider themselves successful if they manage to make their statements convincing. It is an exceedingly rare film that goes beyond this and seeks to become part of reality.

The story seems an unlikely vehicle for such ambitions. In cinematic language it's as cool and delicate as mountain snow. We are stated the case of Herr Giese—a German industrialist.

Herr Giese is one of the numerous faceless people who compose the global middle class. A man who was seldom more than a cog on some great wheel of society. A man who has spent his life being an autofahrer, a person who makes his way by machine. An automatic man. The driven, driver.

But Herr Geise is old and his driving has resulted in the death of the favorite of his two sons. Herr Geise is now a pedestrian, a fussganger, a man who has to make his own way in the world. His own, with his own conscience and his own experience.

The story is created with immense compassion and subtle restraint. It tells itself. You forget about writers, directors and cameramen. You become one with the quiet lyricism of the tale of a man attempting to come to grips with his own humanity, his own cruelty, and the novel inhumanities of an age he helped to create.

The language is simple and the sub-titles fairly accurate. The photography is always clean, natural and evocative. The acting almost never feels exaggerated and continually sustains a feeling of familiarity. These are people we know, people we grew up with. If I give the impression that this is no more than a poem, excuse me. This is no romance, but rather a keen minded and mature exploration of the meaning of life. Are we responsible for one another? And if so, to what degree? What are our responsibilities as human beings? To what degree do we diminish ourselves as human beings when we

hand over those responsibilities to institutions, whether political parties—armies—or newspapers? What does all this mean in the face of the one overwhelming fact that we die, decay, and disappear?

Very calmly, the questions pose their own answers. Schell doesn't walk on stage and say, "this, that, and the other thing are what it's all about." The characters speak to us with their pain, their suffering, and ultimately their triumph. We learn from the fact of their existence, not from the logic of their reasoning which is really no more than a television show for the intellect. We are not drawn a picture of what we are, we are allowed to look into a mirror which has been cleaned of dust and the accumulations of time.

This is in many ways the first film for our time that I have seen. It is profound, it is rigorously honest and self disciplined, yet a personification of art in its execution. The fact that it has these qualities and manages to pose questions of profundity and relevance without drawing upon any previous films, is nothing short of miraculous. Although the film explores the past with a scalpel, it itself borrows nothing. It is totally original, it relates to the present in a way that makes the term 'relevant' seem trivial. The fact that it does so while exploring themes and problems that are as old as man himself is, shocking. This very, very quiet film has succeeded in creating a class of cinema for itself. It is not like Bergman, Goddard, Truffaut or anything made to date. There are no cliches, mind games, or cheap shortcuts. This is not a picture, but a window through which we are revealed a certain aspect of the world.

There are a few negative aspects to the film. If you're at all given to melancholic and reflective moods, you'll probably be intolerable after seeing this film. If you tend to go see many films, be careful. The next three or four perfectly good pictures will seem insubstantial by comparison. Finally, if your idea of entertainment is to be lulled into a mindless stupor by a repertoire of Pavlovian tricks—you'll hate this film and probably find it boring. For the rest of you, prepare to be more impressed than you have been since Bourguignon's *Sundays and Cybele*.

TO BOB DYLAN

by James Natal

Here at the concert  
high from just breathing  
wondering what  
he must be thinking  
and if he's scared  
or maybe just nervous.

So many years  
away from the children  
who've all grown up now  
but still are faithful  
and haven't forgotten  
the gift of free thinking.

There are no heroes  
only false prophets  
with throne rooms on high  
in glass and steel buildings  
who dictate our tastes  
and have all the money.

Brandishing songs  
of protest and anger  
he lashed out against  
injustice and hatred  
the rage it has cooled  
the causes continue.

The spell it is lifted  
and it's intermission  
the lights are turned on  
the mystery lingers  
who are his friends  
and what do they speak of?

He has a wife  
and his own children  
he is a husband  
and a proud father  
he lives in a house  
and is only human

How does it feel  
to hear the thunder  
of thousands of hands  
pounding together  
and don't you want  
to run for shelter?

Sing to us the answers  
to all our questions  
and show us the way  
to be triumphant  
happy and strong  
courageous and moral.



When ideals are vanished  
we cling to our idols  
and after a while  
they, too, are broken  
and never are seen  
and never are heard from.

One has returned  
like a body from under  
the ebbing and flowing  
of a great ocean  
the waves are all restless  
a storm it is brewing.

And in the distance  
a voice it is singing  
we know whose it is  
and what it is saying  
but is it real  
or only an echo?

Immersed in a pool  
of electronic lotion  
the people applaud  
and rub all their senses  
to keep them awake  
their minds are all sleeping.

Now Dylan is gone  
the concert is over  
the hall is alive  
with ten thousand matches  
flickering softly  
in place of the music.

And who is to say  
that he has not spoken  
refusing to lead  
an unwilling teacher  
forsaking the past  
as his source of power.

Once in a dream  
it came to me clearly  
we gathered together  
along the shoreline  
the bridge it was there  
but it was empty.

And we discovered  
that we did not need it  
we could cross over  
whenever we wanted  
and never again  
had to look backward.

# EPHEMERIS

			1	2 ☾ ♄ 7:43 P.M.	3 ☾	4 ☾ ♃ 11:50 P.M.
5 ♀ ♃ enters	6	7 ☾ ♄ 7:12 P.M.	8 ☾ ♃ South Solstice	9 ☾ ♃ 5:21 P.M.	10	11
12 ♄ ♃ ☾ ♃ 5:16 A.M.	13 3rd ♄	14 ☾ ♃ 5:58 P.M.	15 LUNAR EQUIN	16	17 ☾ ♃ 4:14 A.M.	18
19 1st ♄ ☾ ♃ 11:04 A.M.	20	21 ☾ ♃ 2:37 P.M.	22 ☾ ♃ North Solstice New Moon	23 ☾ ♃ 5:46 P.M.	24	25 ☾ ♃ 6:16 P.M.
26	27 ☾ ♃ 8:33 P.M.	28 2nd ♄	29	30 ☾ ♃ 12:22 A.M.	31	
S	M	T	W	Th	F	S

**PLANETS & KEYWORDS**

- ☉ SUN WILL, VITALITY
- ☾ MOON RESPONSE, FEELING
- ☿ MERCURY MIND, COMMUNICATIONS
- ♀ VENUS HARMONY, APPRECIATION
- ♂ MARS ENERGY, ACTION
- ♃ JUPITER EXPANSION, SPONTANEITY
- ♄ SATURN FORM, LIMITATIONS
- ♅ URANUS CHANGE, ECCENTRIC
- ♆ NEPTUNE SENSITIVITY, CONCENTRIC
- ♇ PLUTO REGENERATION, TRANSFORMATION

- ♈ ARIES
- ♉ TAURUS
- ♊ GEMINI
- ♋ CANCER
- ♌ LEO
- ♍ VIRGO
- ♎ LIBRA
- ♏ SCORPIO
- ♐ SAGITTARIUS
- ♑ CAPRICORN
- ♒ AQUARIUS
- ♓ PISCES

**ASPECTS & KEYWORDS**

- ☉☾ CONJUNCTION 0° EMPHASIS, INTENSITY
- ☉☾ OPPOSITION 180° STRESS, AWARENESS
- ☉☾ TRINE 120° EASE, HARMONY
- ☐ SQUARE 90° DIFFICULT, ENERGETIC
- \* SEXTILE 60° HARMONY, ENCOURAGEMENT
- ∟ SEMISQUARE 45° DIFFICULT, AWARENESS

## Aspects for this month

1. **Moon Trine Mercury**:: Communicate with others. Plan for future activities.

**Moon Trine Sun**:: Financial matters are favored. Health outlook is good.

**Moon Oppose Jupiter**:: Do not accept the word of lesser authorities or those who are self-acclaimed experts. Keep your sense of the absurd under control.

2. **Sun Sextile Jupiter**:: A most harmonious aspect. It should be a good day.

**Venus Oppose Moon**:: Maternal parents may be unreasonable.

**Moon Square Saturn**:: Those with conservative viewpoints may cause difficulty today.

2 & 3. **Moon Conjunction Mercury**:: Spiro Agnew will be in the news soon. Eliminate all that is non-essential.

3. **Moon Square Venus**:: Unexpected benefits will be forthcoming from today's adversity.

**Moon Sextile Neptune**:: Trust your judgment. This judgment should correspond with your emotional needs (remember not to jeopardize the future for the sake of the present).

**Mercury Sextile Jupiter**:: A good time to mail letters or sign agreements.

4. **Mercury Conjunction Sun**:: Good news for all people of the nation is coming soon. Communicate with superiors.

**Moon Conjunction Uranus**:: Let your creative ability express itself.

5. **Moon Trine Saturn**:: Accept the mandates of logic.

**Moon Trine Mars**:: Throw off encumbrance of any kind.

**Moon Trine Jupiter**:: Relationships begun on this day will benefit all parties.

5. & 6. **Venus Square Saturn**:: Obligations will alter plans.

6. **Moon Oppose Sun**:: (Full moon occurs at 4 A.M. C.D.S.T.) There is danger of injury to the hands. A special effort must be made if you are to remain calm.

**Moon Oppose Mercury**:: Aimless conversation may be a source of annoyance or delay today.

7. **Moon Trine Venus**:: Yesterday's problems will be solved today.

**Moon Sextile Pluto**:: New approaches to all matters are favored.

**Moon Conjunction Neptune**:: Memories will fail today. People will be hypersensitive.

8. **Moon Square Jupiter**:: Avoid being angered by deceptions. They are to your benefit.

**Venus Oppose Pluto**:: There is going to be an increase in venereal ailments over the next 30 days. Astrological birth control systems can break down under this aspect.

9. **Moon Sextile Uranus**:: Psychic ability will be on a high point. Obey your inner urges. This is also a partnership or compatibility aspect. Legal matters are favored.

**Moon Opposition Saturn**:: Every day matters will be subject to difficulties and delay.

10. **Moon Square Pluto**:: Others will try to reform you.

**Moon Square Venus**:: Romantic matters are likely to be extremely upsetting today.

**Moon Opposition Mars**:: The danger of fire lurks today. Activities in the home will be disrupted. Avoid heavily spiced foods.

**Moon Sextile Jupiter**:: Social activities with close friends are favored.

11. **Moon Trine Sun**:: Relief from financial burdens will be forthcoming.

**Moon Square Uranus**:: Plans may fall through. Friends may thwart your hopes.

12. **Venus Trine Neptune**:: Respond to your emotions.

**Moon Trine Pluto**:: The gift of love is heralded by this aspect and lunar position.

**Moon Sextile Neptune**:: Wishes are granted under this aspect as well as the following one. After putting aside all anger or hatred make your wishes for happiness (in any form) at 11:33:30 P.M. (C.D.S.T.) and they will be granted. You are allowed two wishes.

**Moon Sextile Venus**:: Put a new concept to good use.

13. **Moon Square Sun**:: Friends may cause financial loss.

14. **Mercury Trine Pluto**:: Business or financial prospects formed on this day will be profitable. Literary and artistic projects are favored.

**Moon Trine Uranus**:: Short trips are well aspected.

**Moon Trine Saturn**:: Delays and restrictions will end.

15. **Mercury Opposition Neptune**:: Intuitive ability does not function under this aspect. It brings false premonition and frightening dreams. Be prepared to deal with paranoia in others and in yourself for the next five days.

**Moon Square Mercury**:: Personal belongings are subject to loss by theft.

**Moon Square Neptune**:: Deception is forecast by this aspect. Make no commitments of any kind today.

**Moon Conjunction Jupiter**:: Authority figures will be exceptionally sensitive.

15. & 16. **Moon Trine Mars**:: Busy yourself with routine matters.

16. **Moon Sextile Sun**:: Romance is once again brought to the foreground. Attend to educational matters.

**Moon Square Saturn**:: Logic will not serve today.

**Moon Opposition Pluto**:: Avoid forcing your opinions on others today.

**Moon Trine Neptune**:: New understanding is forthcoming. Heed inspiration.

18. **Moon Sextile Mercury**:: Communication is the answer to all problems.

**Moon Conjunction Venus**:: Confrontations with the opposite sex are likely.

**Moon Square Mars**:: Stomach problems can occur today. Be as patient as you possibly can.

18. & 19. **Moon Opposition Uranus**:: Marital difficulties can occur. Machines are subject to breakdowns.

19. **Venus Sextile Jupiter**:: Unexpected good fortune will occur.

**Moon Sextile Saturn**:: Caution will pay off today.

20. **Moon Sextile Jupiter**:: A good day to make needed purchases. Considerable saving may result.

**Moon Sextile Mars**:: Professional advancement is likely.

**Venus Square Mars**:: Male-female relations are in for trouble.

21. **Moon Conjunction Sun**:: (New Moon 3:29 P.M. C.D.S.T.) Civil unrest will occur around the nation at various times during the next 30 days. There will be a number of financial frauds taking place. Unexpected developments will cause Gerald Ford to receive a considerable amount of attention on or about this date. The danger of war grows in other areas, but there will be some major events that will facilitate world peace. Creative and inventive projects are favored today.

**Moon Trine Pluto**:: Unexpected trips will relieve the monotony.

22. **Moon Opposition Neptune**:: Be prepared to deal with people who have strange opinions.

**Mercury Sextile Venus**:: Religious matters assume great importance today.

**Moon Square Jupiter**:: A practical joke aspect. People may criticize your sense of humor.

22. & 23. **Moon Sextile Venus**:: Quarrels of the past can be patched up. Concerned parties will be somewhat sensitive though.

23. **Moon Conjunction Mercury**:: Mental faculties are enhanced. Important contacts should be made now.

**Moon Trine Uranus**:: Some interesting conversations will enhance your day.

**Moon Conjunction Saturn**:: Your memory will serve you well.

**Moon Square Pluto**:: Warns of danger to the orthopedic structure.

24. **Moon Trine Jupiter**:: Employers will react favorably.

25. **Mercury Trine Uranus**:: Manual dexterity will be on a high cycle.

**Sun Trine Pluto**:: This could bring the death of an unpopular public official in the near future. Abandon that which is new for the sake of the unprecedented.

**Moon Conjunction Mars**:: Guard against burns today. Avoid confrontations with officials.

**Moon Square Venus**:: Promises romantic trouble.

**Moon Square Uranus**:: People of liberal opinions may be subject to abuse.

25. & 26. **Venus Opposition Uranus**:: Married people will find their spouse acting unpredictably.

**Moon Sextile Pluto**:: Unanswered questions are better left unanswered.

26. **Moon Sextile Sun**:: Valuable information will be forthcoming.

**Moon Trine Neptune**:: Social activities are well aspected.

27. **Moon Sextile Uranus**:: A generally favorable aspect. Answers to questions are favorable to the querant.

**Moon Trine Venus**:: Seek entertainment or amusement with that special person.

**Moon Sextile Mercury**:: Abandon conventions.

28. **Moon Sextile Saturn**:: Your capacity for tolerance and understanding will be increased.

**Saturn Square Pluto**:: A disaster aspect. There will be more earthquakes soon. China or India are likely places. Older people will be uncooperative today. Scorpio and Capricorn MUST avoid potentially dangerous situations of all kinds for the next 15 days. The revenge of Spiro Agnew is now complete. Be prepared for a shock in the near future.

**Moon Square Sun**:: Legal matters should be postponed.

**Moon Square Neptune**:: Liquids or chemicals will cause problems today.

**Moon Opposition Jupiter**:: Others may be unduly harsh.

29. **Moon Sextile**:: Contact with police officers will have a favorable outcome.

**Sun Opposition Neptune**:: Avoid compromising yourself. A new presidential scandal is coming soon. (So what else is new??)

30. **Moon Square Mercury**:: Others will unsuccessfully attempt to deceive you.

**Moon Conjunction Pluto**:: Delays and frustrations in all intrapersonal relations are likely.

**Moon Square Saturn**:: Be prepared to deal with obstinacy in business and professional matters.

**Moon Sextile Neptune**:: Obey your instincts.

**Moon Trine Sun**:: Executive or authority figure may lend a helping hand.

31. **Moon Square Mars**:: Auto collisions or breakdowns threaten.

**Moon Opposition Venus**:: Be patient with those who share your living quarters.

**Mercury Square Pluto**:: All written or printed materials are ill aspected. This aspect activates the square of Saturn and Pluto. Next month should bring some interesting developments. Until next month.....

Grant.....

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# Triad chats with Suzi Quatro.



On her first tour of the States in two years, the "first lady of rock and roll," SUZI QUATRO performed her blistering tunes to a crowd of music friends at Chicago's Auditorium Theatre on April 15th. On stage her acclaimed brutal, hardnosed rock style lived up to every rumor that her European music fans predicted. It is completely true, Suzi Q is an ideal assimilation of old gut rock, tightly wrapped in a streamlined 1974 sound-pack. Last year SUZI Q was named the number one female pop vocalist in Germany, and her popularity throughout England is noted by her singles of "Can the Can" and "48 Crash."

TRIAD: Some local sound buffs consider your blasting, non-stop rock and roll music as a rebirth of the 1950's hub-cap era, or "nostalgia rock."

QUATRO: Well, first of all I'm only 23 and have been playing rock for more than 9 years, so it can't be nostalgia. I think people have made the mistake of intellectualizing rock and roll. You just can't take gut level four chord music and make it all the stuff that it isn't! The mixing of classical music with rock has completely lost me.

TRIAD: Any examples?

QUATRO: [Raising the two-finger peace sign] All of that! Peace, love and the hippie beads. It started out nicely, but then it got very very commercialized and overdone. It's like stepping away from the gut of rock and roll. I'm not speaking of the new recording techniques, we use the moog and drum phasing, cause let's face it, the old recordings were really terrible. Where the bass is a thumping kind of sound along with a cardboard box drum. For me, the general kind of rock and roll is in its simplicity, and I think we've gone very far from that in the past few years.

TRIAD: You used to play with Cradle in the States before you left Detroit for London. What made you decide to go to England?

QUATRO: My just came... and besides... it's hard to explain. I probably left cause I'm a girl. I've gone past that now, but back then, it was something like deep hostilities of having a girl in a rock and roll band.

TRIAD: Was this a woman's liberation move? And since there aren't very many girl rock stars, do you think that by being one, you are in the spotlight as an object?

QUATRO: No! I think women ought to liberate themselves and not join any group to say they're liberated. It takes away the meaning of liberation. I just don't think most women have the correct attitude towards it. Men have been doing rock and roll for a long long time, and they have the right attitude that you're just a musician and not an object or something to be looked at. I never felt like an object, I'm a musician.

TRIAD: It used to be screaming girls who made Elvis, Stones, Beatles and hard rock. Do you expect screaming boys to make you?

QUATRO: Oh, they do in England! They scream scream just like the girls did for Elvis. So you see, they're not any different. I mean, girls are like my best friends. I don't like to differentiate. I like both sexes to like me for what they like me for.

TRIAD: Take a song like the Beatles' "I Wanna Be Your Man," which you do a 74' version of. How does this fit in?

QUATRO: It's sarcastic! As humor and sarcasm, because everybody knows that a man is strength... so I'm strong... I've always been strong... so the song "I wanna be your man."

TRIAD: What do you think of your reception here in Chicago?

QUATRO: I wish that there were more people, but it was good! I recognize that I'm real recent. I'd like to do it like in England and Europe, I thought it was nice that way, I got to know everybody... I don't like coming in and taking it by storm. The audience are my friends, not just my fans.

TRIAD: When is your next album going to be released?

QUATRO: There's another album coming out in June. But that's over in Europe. You see, in America they're always about six months behind in new releases.

## OH SUZI Q !!!

# CURRENT

## MUSIC



### THE BULLS

1916 N. Lincoln Park West  
337-6204

Entertainment nightly until 4:00AM

### AMAZINGRACE

2031 N. Sheridan Road

Evanston

492-7255

### KINGSTON MINES

2354 N. Lincoln Ave.

525-6860

Entertainment nightly-live folk,  
jazz and soft rock until 2:00AM

### JAZZ SHOWCASE

901 N. Rush

DE7-1000

### RATSO'S

2464 N. Lincoln Ave.

935-1505

Entertainment nightly

### EARL OF OLD TOWN

1615 N. Wells

642-5206

### SOMEBODY ELSE'S TROUBLES

2470 N. Lincoln

953-0660

### RUSH UP

907 N. Rush

645-9339

### MOTHER'S

26 W. Division

337-7006

### LE PUB

1936 N. Clark

337-1922

### THE ORPHANS

2462 N Lincoln

929-2677

### JIM BREWER

IS APPEARING AT

BIDDY MULLIGAN'S

7644 N. Sheridan

May 6-9-10-11 &

1-8-15-22-29

2-23-30 (Thurs)

NO EXIT CAFE

7001 N Glerwood

Rogers Par

May 1-8-15-22-29

THE SPOT

Foster Street and the "L"

in Evanston

May 7-14-21-28

### Concerts:

5/3 WAR Intl. Amphitheater

5/18 Ike & Tina Turner

5/31 Alphonse Mouzon

Western Ill. U.

HARVEY MANDELL & SKYFARMER

AT NILES EAST GYM MAY 3 8PM

NILES TOWNSHIP

# EVENTS

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY  
430 S. Michigan Ave.  
341-3510

- 5/1 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/2 5:30PM CMC STUDENT STRING ENSEMBLE
- 5/3 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/4 8:00PM FACULTY RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/5 2:30PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/6 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/7 8:00PM ROOSEVELT U. SYMPHONY ORCH.
- 5/8 8:00PM CMC STUDENT PERCUSSION
- 5/9 5:30PM CMC EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE
- 5/10 8:00PM CONCERT BAND-Ganz
- 5/12 2:30PM STUDENT RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/13 8:00PM STUDENT RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/14 8:00PM STUDENT RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/15 8:00PM AUDRONE SIMONAITIS, Soprano
- 5/16 7:00PM CMC JAZZ BAND-Ganz
- 5/17 8:00PM ROOSEVELT U. CHORUS, CHOIR & SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
- 5/20 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL
- 5/21 8:00PM VISITING COMPOSERS SERIES
- 5/22 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz
- 5/23 8:00PM JOINT STUDENT RECITAL.
- 5/24 8:00PM SENIOR RECITAL-Ganz

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART  
237 E. Ontario Street  
943-7755

- 5/11 "Everything in Air"  
a sound environment  
created by Mary Ann Amacher  
8PM
- 5/19 Muhal Richard Abrams Sextet
- 5/26 Cy Touff Jam Session  
\$2.50, students-members \$2.00

THE ATTIC  
3132 N. Broadway  
935-3070

LYRIC OPERA OF CHICAGO  
20 N. Wacker Dr. 60606  
Send for Tickets to the 74 season now!!  
Peter Grimes, Simon Boccananegra  
La Favorita, Falstaff, Don Pasquale  
Madame Butterfly, Don Quichotte  
Goetterdaemmerung

AUDITORIUM THEATRE  
70 E. Congress Parkway  
WA2-2110

- 5/2 10:00PM JOSE GRECO, NANA LORCA & CO.
- 5/3 8:30PM JAMES TAYLOR
- 5/4 8:30PM JAMES TAYLOR
- 5/5 8:00PM NEW RIDERS & COMMANDER CODY
- 5/6 8:00PM CAT STEVENS
- 5/7 8:00PM CAT STEVENS
- 5/8 8:00PM BAHAMIAN GOOMBAY FESTIVAL
- 5/9 8:00PM JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
- 5/10 8:30PM EDDIE KENDRICKS & OHIO PLAYERS
- 5/11 7:00PM FRANK ZAPPA
- 10:30PM FRANK ZAPPA
- 5/12 6:00PM TRIBUTE TO MAMA
- 5/14 7:00PM STEVE MILLER
- 5/15 8:00PM FIRESIGN THEATRE
- 5/17 8:30PM PROCOL HARUM
- 5/18 8:00PM DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM
- 5/19 2:00PM DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM
- 5/21 8:00PM MOTT THE HOOPLE
- 5/24 8:00PM FIESTA BRAZIL
- 5/25 8:00PM FIESTA BRAZIL
- 5/27 8:00PM Z.Z. TOP  
LE VARIATIONS
- 5/29 8:00PM MARLENE DIETRICH
- 5/30 8:00PM MARLENE DIETRICH

MISTER KELLY'S  
943-2233

- 5/13 - 5/19 BILL WITHERS & CARL WAXMAN
- 5/20 - 6/2 MOREY AMSTERDAM & ALIZI AZIKRI

# CRONOLOG



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Did you know that the average person has to meet about 542 people of the opposite sex in order to find even one who is compatible? What a hassle and a waste of time!! Now with the new and exciting CRONOLOG INTIMATE ADVENTURE GUIDE you can make an intelligent choice instead of leaving things to chance.

CRONOLOG gives you a list of the actual birthdates of the members of the opposite sex who would be most compatible with you. This list is more usable than other Astrological compatibility services which consider only the sun-signs. Your INTIMATE ADVENTURE GUIDE is produced through utilization of all planetary positions relating to a male-female relationship, considering some 1,628 different aspects. So, the list of birthdays you receive takes into account all those variables and gives you the Best chance to be pleased the first time, instead of the 541st time...

Fill out the coupon and send it in with \$8.00 to CRONOLOG and you will receive an unbelievably complete and usable guide to compatible partners, including the romantic characteristics of each.

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**THE UNIQUE ASTROLOGICAL COMPATIBILITY ANALYSIS** TR3001  
**INTRODUCTORY PRICE OF ONLY \$8.00 (CHECK OR M.O.) CRONOLOG**  
**90 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** 154 EAST ERIE  
**CHOOSE THE 10-YR AGE GROUP YOUR INTERESTED IN** SUITE 604  
**USE PRECISE BIRTH TIME IF KNOWN ELSE APPROX.** CHICAGO, ILL 60611  
**WITHIN 1 HR OTHERWISE NOON WILL BE USED**

\*\*\*\*\*

NAME		SEX: MALE		FEMALE	
ADDRESS		BIRTHDATE: MO		DA YR	
CITY		STATE		ZIP	
BIRTHPLACE: CITY		STATE		BIRTHTIME: AM PM	
AGE GROUP: (10-YR AGE RANGE)		FROM AGE		TO AGE	
FOR OFFICE USE/NUM		LNG		LAT ADJ TZ	

\*\*\*\*\*

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 is always on sale!"

ART



ARC GALLERY  
 226 E. Ontario Street  
 266-7607  
 WORKS OF ELLEN FERAR  
 WORKS OF JUDY LERNER BRICE  
 HOURS:  
 Tuesday thru Saturday - 10:00AM-5:30PM

COLUMBIA COLLEGE  
 540 N. Lake Shore Drive  
 467-0300  
 JAMES VAN DER ZEE - Through May 31  
 BLACK PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOW-May 5-June 2  
 South Side Community Center

JACQUES BARUCH GALLERY  
 900 N. Michigan Ave. 944-3377

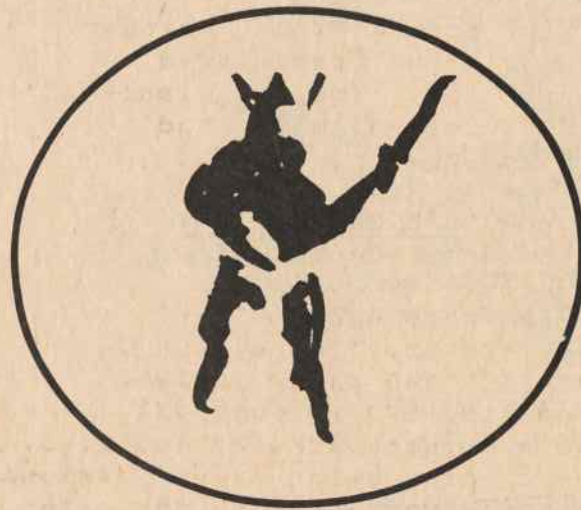
COLUMBIA COLLEGE  
 540 N. Lake Shore Dr.  
 Exhibit of two major black  
 photographers-James Van Der Zee  
 on display at 469 E. Ohio  
 4/29-5/3]  
 Black photographers exhibit  
 at the South Side Arts Center  
 383] S. Michigan Ave.  
 5/5-6/2

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO  
 Michigan & Adams  
 MARCEL DUCHAMP - Through May 5  
 KOTEN BUNGEI - May 4 - June 23  
 Woods Gallery  
 SCHOOL OF ART INST. FELLOWSHIP EXHIB.  
 May 18 - June 16/Gunsaulus Hall  
 IDEA AND IMAGE IN RECENT ART  
 Through May 5/A. Montgomery Ward  
 BOUCHER DRAWINGS - Through May 12  
 MUSEUM HOURS:  
 M, Tu, We, Fr - 10:00AM - 5:00PM  
 Th - 10:00AM - 8:30PM FREE  
 Su & Holidays - 12:00noon - 5:00PM

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART  
 237 E. Ontario Street  
 943-7755  
 FIVE ARTISTS: THE LOGIC OF  
 VISION, JACOB EPSTEIN BRONZES,  
 Opening



# DRAMA



## COLUMBIA COLLEGE

540 N. Lake Shore Drive  
467-0300

"THREE PENNY OPERA" Bertolt Brecht &  
Kurt Weil

Fridays- May 10,17,24,31 8:00PM  
Saturdays- May 11,18,25 8:00PM  
Sundays- May 26, June 2 7:30PM

## DES PLAINES THEATER GUILD

Guild Playhouse  
620 Lee Str. U.S.45 at U.S. 14  
ad. \$3 Fri \$3.50 Sat  
\$.50 students under 21 and  
golden agers on Fri.  
8:30 p.m. 4/6

## THE SCHUBERT

22 W Division  
GREASE  
CE6-8240

tickets \$3-\$9.90

## DRAMA SHELTER

2020 N. Halsted  
"PAPP" Kenneth Cameron  
Opens May 10/Fridays thru Sundays  
Curtain - 8:00PM

## GOODMAN THEATRE

200 S. Columbus Drive  
236-2908  
"HENRY IV" Shakespeare  
Closes May 5

## LOOP COLLEGE

64 E. Lake Street  
269-8000  
"PRIVATE LIVES" Noel Coward  
May 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11  
Tickets - \$3.00

## MAGIC CIRCLE THEATRE

New Chicago City Players  
615 W. Wellington Ave.  
871-2223  
"THREE SISTERS" Chekhov  
Opens in May

## MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

237 E. Ontario  
943-7755  
"PURE DESIRE" The Dream  
Theatre of the Body Politic  
takes actual dreams and fashions  
them into an exciting theatre  
experience.  
May 22 8PM  
\$2.50, Students, Members \$2.00

# CURRENT

# MISC.



## MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

237 E. Ontario Street  
943-7755  
5/12 CITY-LINKS, CHICAGO 1974  
12-4PM

An exciting auditory experience  
accomplished successfully in  
other cities will be presented  
to Chicago

Interesting sounds from 3 Chicago  
locations will be transmitted  
directly in real time and simul-  
taneously received, mixed and  
heard at the museum.

## THE ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Schmitt Academic Center of  
DePaul University  
2323 N. Seminary Ave.  
243-6097 info, Dr. Traute Page 9-4  
REINCARNATION AND KARMA SEMINAR  
3 day seminar, 5/3 through 5/5,  
will include three evening lectures,  
two morning discussion group sessions  
and afternoon workshops in the arts  
of dance, painting and sculpture  
Donations for the entire seminar  
\$12.00, students - \$6.00  
tickets for individual lectures  
are also available.

## ANCIENT ASTRONAUT SOCIETY

22 S. Washington Street  
Park Ridge  
5/18 SPACE BOTHERS AND THE  
INNER LIGHT. Fred Cuddy  
OPEN to the public

## INTERNATIONAL MEDIATATION SOCIETY

1308 Elmwood Avenue  
Evanston  
CENTER HOURS - Mon. - Fri.  
10AM-9PM  
ADVANCED LECTURES - Sundays  
7:30PM

McCormick Place  
call for schedule of Events

Museum of Science and Industry  
call MU4-1414

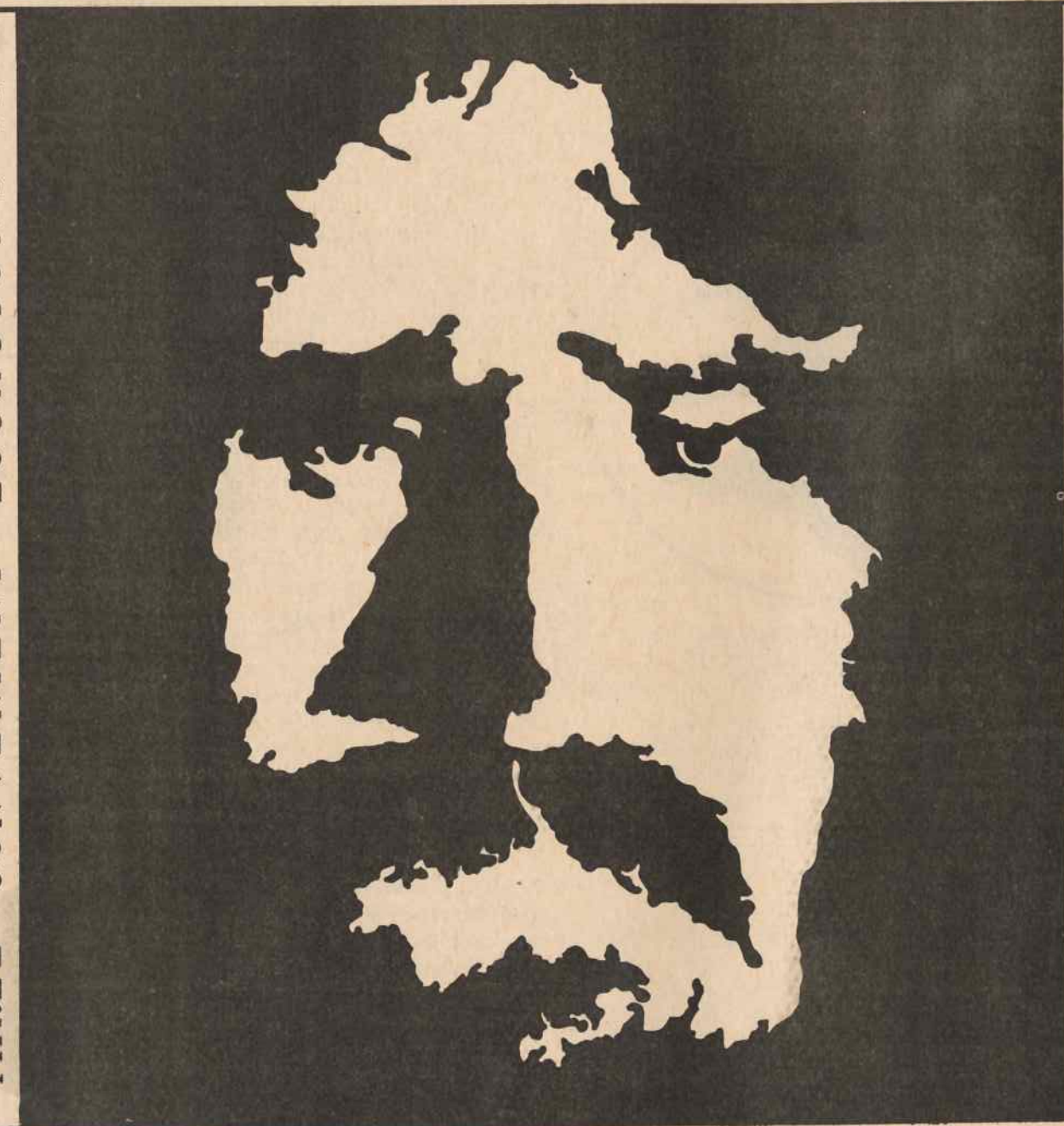
THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
Contemporary African Arts Festival  
through October 13

A major exhibit of the paintings,  
prints, sculptures, fabrics, and music  
of Africa. Lectures, films and other  
events

Call the Museum for further info.

# heads up boutique.

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6048 CALUMET	628 W. CHICAGO	362 S. COLLEGE
933-9380	398-9814	462-9289

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FREE  
SURPRISES



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11 am. to midnite

SAT.-10 am to 10:30pm

SUN.-Noon to 10:30

6229 N. CALIFORNIA  
CHICAGO, 465-9777

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I'm Just  
A Rock 'n' Roll  
Singer

INCENSE  
BG-1008

