

# the triad

april 1974

guide



stereo 106

*Ch. Boyer* '74

special mysticism issue

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chicago

# triad guide

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## MYSTICISM ISSUE COVER

"Photon Birth" (also titled "When the Cows Come Home") was created by hand by Chris Toncray. Note to mystics: This picture has no connection with the galactic suppression of the great Alfalfadelirium. Native Chicagoan Toncray, has pledged his life to agrarian reform throughout the cosmos. Next Month: Alternate Cultures.



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On the face of it, the concepts of Chicago and mysticism seem to go together about as well as oil and water. The Sandburgian city of big shoulders simply does not evoke visions of mystics wandering the streets the way Samarkand or Sausalito might. Yet, truth is stranger than... Chicago has a long history of being a source and haven for mystical groups. Grant Wiley has even gone so far as to suggest some significance between the uncovering of an ancient advanced civilisation near East St. Louis and the attraction Chicago has for the serious supernaturalist. There are remains of that temple in Tibet directly opposite us on the other side of the globe after all.

Evidence of Chicago's being favored by various groups will be found in the section on mysticism, but really the simple existence of the B'Hai temple nearby or the Theosophical society headquarters in Wheaton should be enough to set one thinking.

For instance, Zion, Illinois was, and to a degree, is, a large commune based upon rather advanced spiritual concepts—one of the few to have ever succeeded. Zion, Illinois is the product of the Christian Apostolic Church of Zion founded by a Scottish faith-healer called John Dowie. Dowie was expelled from office by one Glenn Voliva in 1905. Voliva continued to rule for the next thirty years. Mr. Voliva is in some ways the epitome of the basic-midwestern eccentric. Voliva pushed the idea of a flat earth. Didn't you know the source of the Flat Earth Society was just north of Chicago?

Anyway, there's this wall of ice and snow that keeps ships from sailing off the edge. Beyond and below the edge is Hell, and below this are the spirits of the race that existed before Adam. The stars are little lights that rotate around the Earth. The moon glows with its own light. And the sun? "The idea of a sun millions of miles in diameter and 91,000,000 miles away is silly. God made the sun to light the earth. What would you think of a man who built a house in Zion and put the lamp to light it in Kenosha, Wisconsin?" That, is the voice of midwestern keen-mindedness. An obvious proof of the flatness of the Earth is a photograph showing twelve miles of the shoreline of Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin. "Anyone Can Go To Oshkosh and See This Sight For Themselves Any Clear Day. With a good pair of binoculars one can see small objects on the opposite shore, proving beyond a doubt that the surface of the lake is a plane, or horizontal line... THE SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF THIS PICTURE IS ENORMOUS!"

Voliva took to predicting the end of the world with some regularity. His own world came to an end in 1942. This must have shocked him (as Martin Gardner, mathematics editor for Scientific American, points out in his book *Fads and Fallacies*) insofar as Voliva vowed that he would live to 120 on his diet of Brazil nuts and buttermilk.

Of the three major eccentric theories of the Earth, not just the above one of Voliva's but another one, were generated in the area. In 1913, Marshall Gardner of Aurora refuted John Symes fantastic notion that the Earth was made up of five concentric spheres with openings at the poles. Gardner "proves" that there is only one shell 800 miles thick. At the center of the sphere is a sun, six hundred miles in diameter. Light streaming

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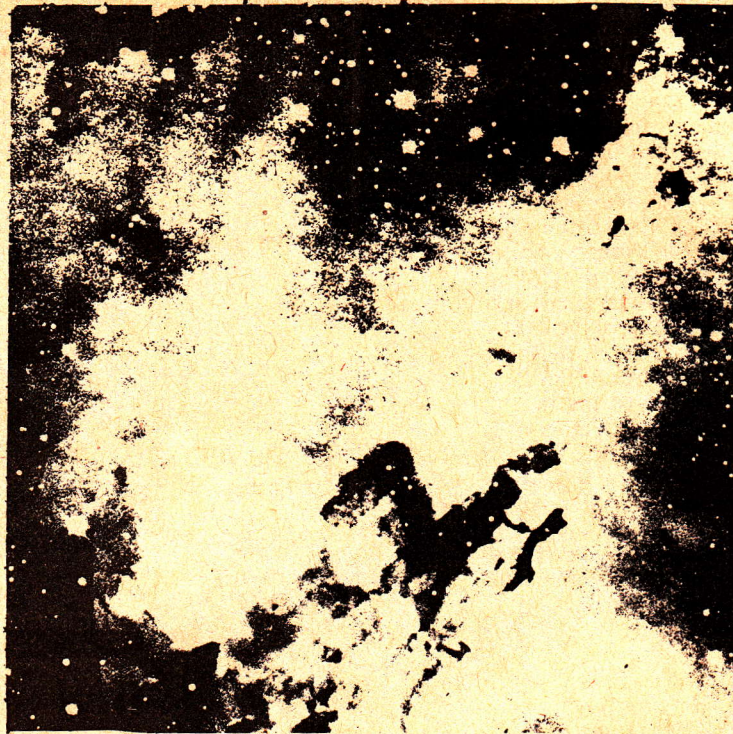
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# ASTROLOGY

# APRIL!



# FORECAST

BY GRANT WYLIE

Astrology is the oldest of all the sciences. During the dark ages, the practitioners of all the various sciences, including the Astrologers and Alchemists, enshrouded themselves in an aura of mystery. Their reason for this was a good one. They wanted to avoid contact with the unlearned superstitious people of their time.

With the end of the Medieval Era Astrology and the Ancient Science of Alchemy fell into disrepute. European society discovered that it was not possible to cure illness by administering Herbal and Chemical compounds. The modern thinkers of that day, replaced this antiquated 'old Wives Tale' with a technique known as 'Bleeding;' The practice of draining blood (either by planting leeches on the patient's body or by opening a vein) to alleviate ailments became accepted as a universal cure all. Other equally useful concepts replaced the older ones during this period in history. That's what I call progress!!

The universities no longer taught astrology or alchemy. Consequently, in order to preserve their knowledge, those who were learned in these fields banded into groups. The groups turned into cliques. The cliques evolved into clans and finally became cults. The cults began to accept the encoded mumbo jumbo of their medieval predecessors as fact rather than as a convenient way of preventing their knowledge from falling into the hands of the unscrupulous. The writings of many of the ancient Greek astrologers related the nature of planetary influences to the various Gods of Olympus. The Greeks didn't believe that the planets were gods at all. Their analogies relating planets to gods were only for the sake of illustrating the nature of their significance. The cults of the Renaissance period refused to accept this. The wise men of antiquity believed that no person should be given scientific understanding unless they had spiritual wisdom and an understanding of ethical principal. This would prevent the

misuse of their vast knowledge. In our time we've abandoned such foolish (?) notions.

The cults preserved the idea of keeping knowledge out of the hands of the ethically unfit. This was important. On the other hand, the quasi-religious nature of their teachings caused many people to falsely assume the 'ancient arts' to be a religion. The telescope of Copernicus was called 'an instrument of the Devil.' Anyone who said the earth was round was a heretic. The idea of the sun being the center of the Solar system was Blasphemous. Why? Because God says so. God says the earth is flat. He says those who are unwary enough to sail too far away from land will fall off the edge of the earth and be devoured by dragons, monsters, and demons. It is a 'known fact that all this is written in scripture.'

There are still people who believe that astrology is "a violation of God's law." A primary reason for this belief has its roots in a common misconception. Until recently, anthropologists ascribed the invention of astrology to the Chaldeans.

It has now been discovered that the use of astrology predates the Chaldeans by over 2,000 years! Chaldean astrology was quite different from the present system. In its original form, there were only six zodiacal signs and seven planets. Our present system of astrology comes from the ancient Greeks. The Greeks adopted their astrology from the earlier system used by the Magi. Oddly enough the Magian system was more complete than the golden age system. It's not possible to see the planets beyond Saturn's orbit without the aid of a telescope. Yet somehow these ancient Magi incorporated the planets URANUS, NEPTUNE and PLUTO into their zodiac. Far out? Yes it is; but it's not at all. These ancient seekers of wisdom used four more planets in their calculations. They had ephermerical records of 2 planets beyond PLUTO's

orbit. They also kept records of an inner Mercurian planet and a smaller Moon—some 500,000 miles distant from the earth. The Persian Magi used a Heliocentric (Sun centered) Zodiac as well as the more widely known geocentric (Earth viewpoint) form.

The Magi were the descendants of a group of Egyptians. These people fled Egypt at the end of the reign of Pharaoh Ikhnautin. The elders of Egypt were conducting a wholesale Massacre of Ikhnautin's followers. These people held heretic beliefs. They believed in a single supreme Deity. Ikhnautin, their spokesman and teacher, had to be suppressed at all cost. Otherwise the Elders would be unable to control the minds of the people. (Now where have I heard that before?) This occurred more than 3,000 years (one culture cycle) before the birth of Christ.

Astrology's traceable history disappears somewhere into antiquity along with the remains of the culture of that day. Only legend survives. It is said that astrology and alchemy were brought to the area near Sumeria by those fortunate enough to escape the destruction of Atlantis. (See the Gold Makers, H.K. Doberer) By the way...does anyone own a forge capable of reaching 1800 degrees F and or a supply of cinnabar? According to Plato, in Criterias, Atlantis was destroyed around 10,000 B.C. Prior to that time, even legend provides no answer.

The followers of Ikhnautin had to face the elders. Jesus had to deal with the Pharisees. The wise men of the middle ages had to face inquisitors. In our age the seeker of wisdom must learn to deal with the Pharisees of our time.

Today's religious fanatic is the equivalent of the Elders, Pharisees, and Inquisitors of bygone days. They point an accusing finger at the psychic or the astrologer and cry "Blasphemy!" or "Devil Worship!" Let's explore the issue further. "What does God really say about astrology?" In Genesis 1:14 God really says, "Let there be luminaries in the expanse of the heavens to divide the night and day. And they must serve as SIGNS and for seasons and for days and years." Solomon, the wisest of all, (Ps 19:1) says, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament shows His handwork. (Ps 19:4) Into all the earth their (the heavens) measuring line has gone out. And to the extremity of the productive land their utterances." Matthew said (Ch 2 Vs 1), "After Jesus had been born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King. Look! Astrologers from eastern parts came to Jerusalem (the word Magi is substituted in the New American Standard Version) saying, "Where is the one born King of the Jews. For we saw his star when we were in the east and we have come to do him obeisance." We've all heard this story many times. We hear it most around December 25th.

Herod's treachery was revealed to the Magician Astrologers through a divine warning (Mat 2:12). So they returned to their homeland by a different route. Would God protect Devil Worshipers?

Although the scriptures contain many warnings against Chaldeanism (an incomplete system of astrology), I have found no statement that says Astrologers worship the devil or that God doesn't want us to use it. Certainly the knowledge of astrology, like any other science, can be used in the mind of the user.

Let me hasten to add this: I differentiate between the religious enthusiast and the extremist. I have discussed various issues with many who fall in the former category. I consider them worthwhile people, even though there are a few issues on which our opinions do not coincide. It seems as though a true God should want freedom for all people. The right to disagree is unquestionably a part of the freedom. The enthusiasts I have met are reasonable people.

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1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY

This is a great virtue. Though their search takes a path other than mine; their journey will end at the same place.

When we explore science, religion, or the Mystical deeply enough we must conclude that each of these concepts is simply a different way of expressing the truth. Where then is there any real basis for confrontation?

As far as the extremists are concerned..The bag they're in is similar to the man who said, "I believe in total freedom. Anybody who doesn't agree with me belongs in prison." I hope these people wise up soon. Their time is short.

There will be a great deal of planetary activity in April. The relative calm of February and March is over. Spiro Agnew will be in the news this month. In a very subtle way he will release information that will be extremely damaging to the Republican Party. A portion of this information will concern illegal wire tapping and surveillance. He will be responsible for a release of information that is damaging to Gerald Ford. Agnew will also secretly disclose how non-military funds were channeled for military use. There is a vague possibility that he may release information implicating the military or some undercover police organization in the sale and distribution of drugs. Sic 'em Spiggy! The press will attempt to reveal more information about the president's tax returns. They will have to overcome considerable pressure before they can print the truth. The president's health will continue to grow worse, despite news reports to the contrary. It's very likely that there will be another attempt to assassinate the nation's Chief Executive. Frankly, the general outlook for the president's physical and mental well being is extremely adverse. The liberal element in the Republican Party will desert him. The first lady will cause additional difficulty. The Vice-President will fail to give his whole hearted support.

Even though the news media may not get information for a while, here's something that may interest you. A group of people will hold a secret meeting in a foreign land. The purpose of the conference will be to reorganize the secret plans designed to maintain status quo in American politics. Some prominent politicians and some well-to-do American businessmen will be there. This will be the third such meeting. I cannot say beyond a doubt where it will take place. However, Stuttgart, W. Germany, seems to be a very likely place for this to happen. Mercury in 5 degrees Aries (i.e. 5 degrees north of a due east line from Washington, D.C.) tells the direction. Neptune in 9 degrees 20 mins. Sagittarius in conjunction with the fixed star Antares at 9 degrees 24 mins. Sagittarius fortells its nature and indicates the sign ruling the city where it will happen. Sagittarius rules Stuttgart. Neptune conjunct Antares shows, among other things, strange ideas; false candor; and sudden unexpected death by treachery. The assassins usually escape under this aspect. This I can say, beyond doubt....The people who attend this conference are in serious trouble. So are the politicians who are the subject of their attention.

Space does not permit full disclosure of all the political events (both public and secret) that will come.

Let me capsulize it thusly: We are seeing the end of a political era. Those who wear the "Ring of Power" will fight to the bitter end to retain that power. There will be a number of changes in governments all over the world. Leaders of the Arab world may plot to murder Henry Kissinger a second time. It's likely there will be attempts

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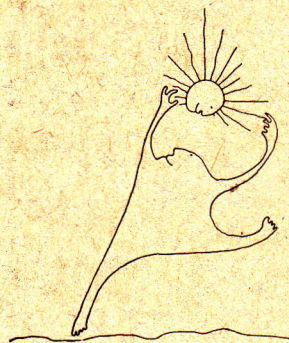
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INVERNESS

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1130 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1200 CHOICE 21

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
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CONTINENTAL AND  
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BATUCADA 7	BATUCADA 8 3:00 pm MATINEE w/ ENIGMA	MUHAUL RICHARD ABRAMS SEXTET	9 JOHN POWERS COMEDIAN "LAST CATHOLIC IN AMERICA"	10 KEVIN MCCARTHY	11	12 13
MUHAUL RICHARD ABRAMS SEXTET 14	BATUCADA 15	Phil Upchurch & TENNYSON STEPHENS	16	SUNRISE 17	18	Phil Upchurch & TENNYSON STEPHENS 19
Phil Upchurch & TENNYSON STEPHENS 21	↓	ENIGMA 23	JOHN POWERS 24	↓	25 TRIAD CONCERT 26	ROSEHIP STRING BAND 27
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9 **ASTR**

on the lives of other U.S. ambassadors. Kidnappings will increase in numbers. A prominent member of the Masonic Order will die. There will be strikes in vital industries that may cause the nation considerable difficulty. The danger of U.S. involvement in war continues through the month of April. Real progress will be made towards developing better foods made from plankton. There will be a shortage of wheat rather soon, despite predictions to the contrary. Economic conditions will worsen somewhat. Ships transporting petroleum are liable to disaster. The daughter of a prominent man will die, under unusual circumstances. Many people will abandon the concept of "moderation in all things." Be prepared to deal with "Too much of a good thing," in many instances. In the Chicago area, serious danger of food poisoning if foretold. It would be wise to check the food you purchase carefully. It's also likely that there will be some very heavy rainfall. There is some danger of flooding indicated.

For those of you who have an interest in U.F.O's and or astrology: I will be lecturing at the "Psychic Expo" in the Chicago room of McCormick Place on April 7th. Lecture times are 2:30 and 5:30 P.M. Advance tickets for the affair are \$2.00 each. They may be purchased at the Montgomery Ward store nearest you. Tickets may also be purchased at the door for \$2.50 each. I will have an open question period at the end of each lecture. You may ask any question you choose. I'm hoping to see many of you there.

**FORCASTS FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS:**

**ARIES:** Getting down to business will be the order of the month. Be prepared to answer false accusations. The danger of head injury threatens. There will be a number of tribulations. Beware of fires in the home.

**TAURUS:** Professional activities will go well this month. You will find your spare time limited. Avoid being overly sensitive. Religious and philosophical matters will capture your attention.

**GEMINI:** Avoid impulsive action. Bad luck trends will end later this month. Unexpected job advancements are in store for you, this month. Those closest to you, may be argumentative.

**CANCER:** Mars and Saturn activity in the 1st. degree of cancer warn of difficulty with Aries and Capricorn natives. You will be forced to change your plans. Be ruthless in financial matters. You are liable to deceptive practices. There will be unexpected events. Good luck may bring unexpected fulfillment of hopes and wishes.

**LEO:** Activity and growth is forecast for you. Your communicative ability is on a high cycle all month. Automobile problems may be in store. Romantic matters will take a turn for the better.

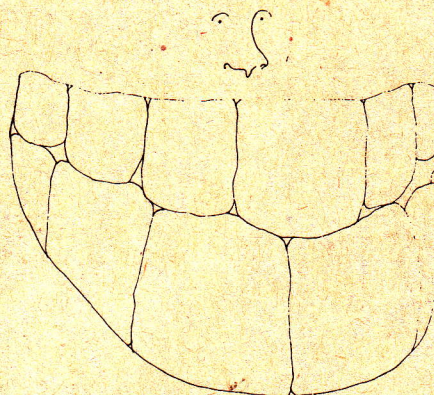
**VIRGO:** Others will be critical of you. Disagreements will flare. You will find it difficult to remain calm. New thought and innovative action provide redemption. A change of romantic partners is likely. Speculation is favored.

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BEATLES, WHO, T.S.  
HENRY WEBB GROUP,  
GRAHAM BOND, BUFFY  
ST. MARIE

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

11

# ASTR

**LIBRA:** Those who are in authority will upset you. You will be exposed to bizarre and unusual situations. Do not trust your memory. Aquarius persons will aid you in time of need. Trust your psychic ability. This will circumvent difficulty.

**SCORPIO:** Literary matters are well aspected. You will be capable of using concepts that lie beyond the realm of normal understanding. Keep the ego in perspective. To do otherwise, will bring difficulty. Be prepared for a brief confrontation with Gemini and Virgo natives. You will be compelled to break with tradition.

**SAGITTARIUS:** Guard against mishap. Others will take advantage of you. Hold on to your values. Employment matters will have their ups and downs. You may find your romantic life growing extremely complicated. Do not accept the word of others.

**CAPRICORN:** Your interest in the martial arts will increase. Have care! Danger of broken bones threatens you. Confrontations with the police can occur! Avoid impulse action. Despite difficulty, you will have a rewarding month.

**AQUARIUS:** Financial matters will go well. The outlook for education and financial matters is good. Unexpected events will occur. Be active.

**PISCES:** There is much activity in store for you this month. Thoughts of marriage may cross your mind. There will be difficulty in the home. There is good luck in store for you. Ignore the advice of Sagittarius. Avoid over reacting to difficult situations.



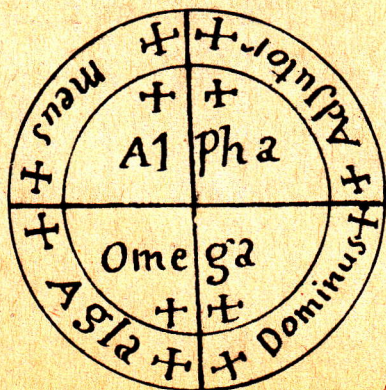
ASPECTS



85

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STREET DANCER

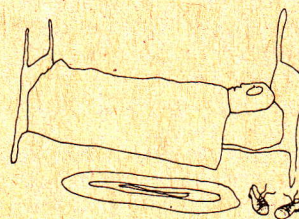
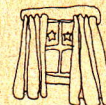


930 OPEN

1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1040 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 BRITISH FOLK -  
JOHN MARTYN, PENTANGLE  
GRYPHON, TIRNANOG



1230 BEDTIME STORY  
FROM DR. SUESS

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY

# FASHION

So, you think a fashion column is a frivolous irrelevance in a mystical issue? Not so. People's vanities, creative instincts, attempts at communication, and what have you remain—mysticism or no. Clothes are merely the "medium" of the medium's message. Would you trust a psychic in a thin lapel suit or a fortune teller dressed in a Zayre's housecoat staring into a crystal—doorknob? Of course not.

Clothing has always been an important feature of mystical rites. Some rite rights are flowing robes in black and or white (depending upon your magical polarity and your paradoxical affinities). A mainstay of the young mystics about town, is the monk's robe. What wardrobe is complete without the timeless, aethereal, dare I say—cosmic simplicity of its design? Note: Don't worry about tailoring. Fit doesn't symbolize anything. Nobody likes a fashion plate prophet. Fire in the eyes and an unruly mein are all you need.

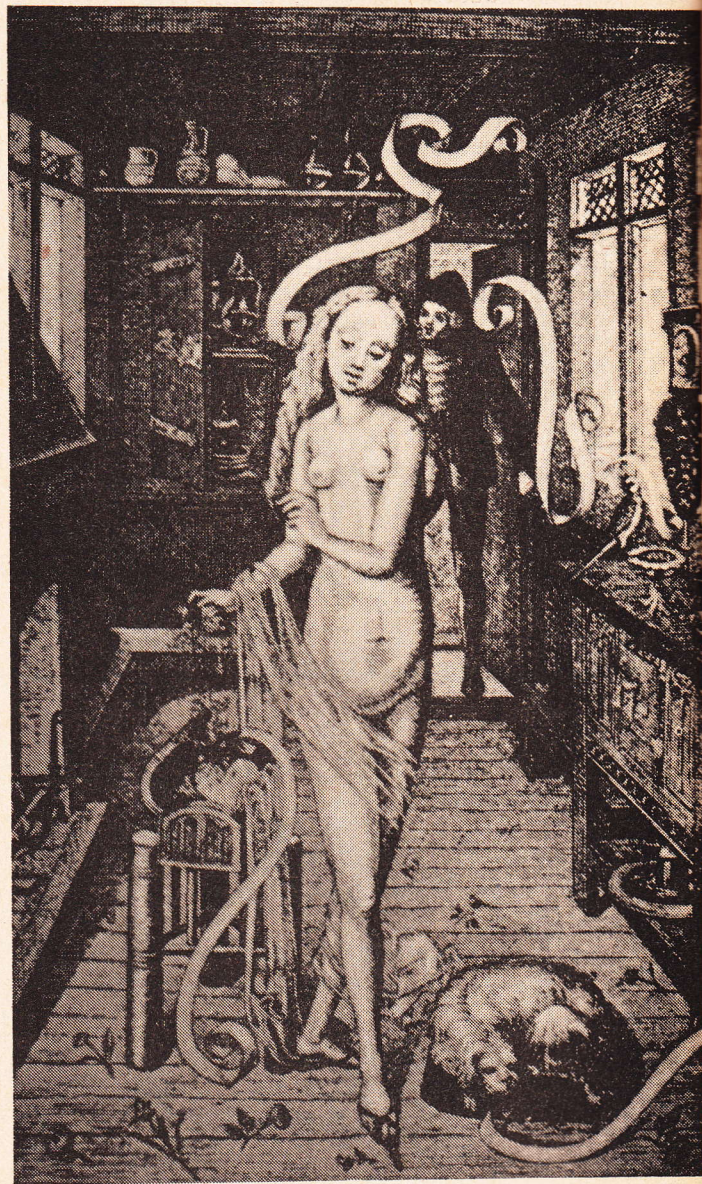
Extras for the young initiate might include almost anything. Accesories include staffs, sandals, inscribed bags, flowers (eastern only) flower garlands, flower wreaths around the waist, silver dagger-letteropeners, and a really wild selection of auras.

In some cases, the mystic is no more than what he puts on. Since the sacred amulets, vestments, cinches and robes of the priest all convey magical power; he is virtually mortal when separated from his paraphernalia (watch for the rings and bracelets).

Even more confusing is the possibility of a cloak of invisibility, in which case clothes make the man unmade. A deep spiritual clue. O' cloak of darkness, O' cloak of light. What will be for dinner tonight...and other chants of great power indicate the galactic importance of metaphysical fashion.

What devil would be impressed by a priest who had left his crucifix at home. What savage tribe would be cowed by a medicine man shorn of animal skins, otter teeth, lemur tails, and tortoise tits. No one. Try going into the park, standing up on a bench and saying, "I have the secret knowledge that can grant you happiness and enlightenment," or "I'm the cousin of God," or "I am from the planet Fleeb and I own all of you." Say things wearing jeans and what do you get, ten days in the slammer or a month on the funny farm. Now go home and wrap a white sheet around you or some white Nehru suits, Try it again. See what I mean.

Also, the supernatural is a great excuse for wearing all sorts of things you'd normally be arrested for. When's the last time you saw a man in a white satin gown with a gold silk scarf around his neck and fancy embroidery up and down the hems. In church is when. Fellini put his finger on it in Roma when he did that scene on the surrealistic religious fashion show. As Dali has discovered, religious garments are beautifully crazy. Those flapping hoods some orders of nuns wear are almost as reasonable in appearance as Bowie's ambisexual Flash Gordon costumes.



F 5

A major part of the function of clothing for mystics is, esoteric communication. When you get up in the morning, you go to the closet and say, "I'll wear the beige whatsit with the purple and orange whatsit since I didn't clean the green wherever it is." Not so the mystic. "I feel the need to be clear headed today. I'll wear blue underwear. A good foundation. That business thing will require power, the brown wazzit will do that. The purple and orange whoosis will keep me from getting drunk during lunch and instill original thoughts into the heads of my companions." See how different it is. Some people wear their heart on their sleeve, but the mystic wears their aura all over their body. For more on this read *Man—Visible and Invisible* by Leadbetter and *Thought Forms* by Annie Besant.

To interpret the person squatting next to you in the Druid's Circle, use this handy guide. Black is malice or aggression; grey—deceit, fear, or mousiness; brown—depression or selfishness; blue—spirituality; red—pride, avarice, anger; pink—affection; yellow—intellect, etc. This is for auras. Other symbol systems may be in effect so don't punch somebody in the nose just because they're in black.

Another good reason not to hit somebody in black is because they might be a) Johnny Cash or b) a witch. Witches really have the greatest number of options. They can dress symbolically, in basic black with conical hat, or go flamboyant and streak through the skies on those brooms as most classic and definitive legends insist (And I mean streak. Witches are always running around in the buff. Those old rags are just for the kiddies on Halloween.)

Just as interesting is the clothing necessitated for the witches familiar. Imagine, if you will, these poor paranoid witches. Someone is always sneaking up on them and killing them or asking for an incantation consultation or some other kind of supernatural freebie. What do they have for a familiar? A toad. What good's a toad. They can't even bark. So the witches (as stated by De Givry) used to dress their little froggy friends in black velvet and attach small bells to their paws. "The velvet clad toad lurks in the shadows while the witch sleeps. Danger approaches. He rears up and furiously jingles his bells. But when friends approach, he's the perfect footman, sitting there in his little tux, all smiles."

A final point might be that mysticism is big on antiquity, especially Egypt. What is the inspirational source for much of art-deco? The Egyptian style of course. It's a rather short step from Isadora Duncan to the witch performing her pagan ritual au naturale. In fact, when one observes the lives of the great mystics, (especially Aleister Crowley) one is led to the conclusion that mystics are simply people who no longer dress in fashion because they live fashion. They turn the patterns of their lives into artwork and careful designs. The medium is the medium. But a sub a rosa is a horse of a different color. Hail the monad.

*Deer Ching*

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 PINK FLOYD  
IN RETROSPECT

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 REMEMBER ROD ?



1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE  
MUSIC BY COMPUTERS

1230 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS  
(COMPLETE WEEK)

# Chicago Music Scene



Why am I reviewing a group who's pianist (Monfredo) is from Sao Paolo, whose drummer (Alejo) is from Costa Rica, whose guitarist is from Pittsburgh (Frank), bassist (Thomas) is from New Zealand, percussionist (Rick) from Alaska, and whose vocalist (Anna) is the only Chicagoan in the bunch (from Taylor & Halstead)? Because they're Chicago now. Chicago is where they've been working for quite a few years, Chicago is where they make their homes and are raising their families. Chicago is where they intend to stay.

With that out of the way, I can sometimes guess how good a group will be before I hear them. This particular

rainy, cold night; I had to drive around several blocks before I could find a parking place within walking distance of Ratso's. Immediately, my suspicions were aroused.

After the set started, I knew the mystic portent of the hard to find parking place on a Monday night had come through for me again.

Their sound is unbelievably crisp. Their playing is so tight that you start suspecting that they made tapes in a studio which they're playing on deck hidden underneath the stage. You just can't be a new group and be that neat and meticulous in your timing and harmonies. I know

good groups that have been playing together for years, which still come off sloppy compared to these people.

Perhaps it's the electric pianist, Manfredo, who's behind this. Back in Brazil he was The jazz pianist, period. Later he played in a group, Bossa Rio, which toured with Sergio Mendes. Well that was his introduction to America some seven years ago. He started as a professional and went up from there.

Perhaps the tightness is due to Boettel on drums. He earned his stripes playing at the Blue Max, Four Torches, Playboy, and other clubs. The raw energy he puts out is ridiculous. His pedals break and the equipment starts to disintegrate under his output. Noise? His scatting is lyrical. You can almost hum to it.

Maybe the bassist is responsible. He just stands there and his bass starts looking like it's made of rubber when his fingers start doing their runs.

But what does the music sound like? A strange but pleasing amalgam of bossa nova (not quite so nova anymore) and American jazz with something else thrown in. One stylistic trait is an almost big band sound produced by the group rolling out tight, staccato riffs, and then, suddenly crescendoing into an explosive blast you'd expect from a band three times its size.

There's wit as well. They start out with a very classic, textbook opening of *Someday My Prince Will Come*, even Disney would have approved. Just when you start wondering what's going on, the atonalities start creeping in. The softly swinging rhythm starts loosening up into a more asymmetric structure. The approach to these arrangements of older tunes is really a pleasure to hear. The musicianship is learned, the style spare and into the music, not into showing how fast the digital extremities can move. The precision with which the music expresses itself makes you feel good. The cohesiveness is like a sunny spring day, very high and sparkling.

This is not to say that the imagery of the music is of vacuous suburban Sunday morning landscapes.

Most of the pieces have a sleek, fast, bright feel that could be likened to Brazilia turned into sound. Some of Manfredo's own compositions have quite a different feel, however. *Bossa Rock Blues No.1* is filled with the skillful dissonances and dark minor chords that can only be likened to that wind that hits Chicago coming out of the North over the lake. It just rushes in and cuts you deeper than you could have imagined, all the while it echoes of a space open and dimly distant.

That's the way the whole band moves. They just hit you like the wind, in a mass.

Anna's jazz singing is not to be left out. It's as professional as every other aspect of the band. The pleasure they have working together is obvious and radiates out into the audience. This obviously is what music is all about. Her voice is extremely wide in its range and perfectly trained. She plays it with real power and finesse. Most appealing is where they just let her open up into free form jazz singing. Her voice is so musical, the words become really secondary. Perhaps the only complaint I might make is that the perfection of their music makes their sound so dense, it just fills up your head till you just sit there, your mind skimming over the subtly science fictionish landscapes of the music.

Talent and jazz like this is such a rarity off the concert stage, that the experience of hearing them should not be missed.

*Edward Kishitis*

Programming for 106 WXFM for

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8

800 FLIGHT 106

900 THE TECHNIQUE OF THE  
WHA-WHA PEDAL -  
HENDRIX, ZAPPA, CLAPTON

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE  
BIG SWAMP



1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1040 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 BEST OF BABE RUTH

1230 MUSIC FOR HARP -  
ALICE COLTRANE, ALAN STIVELL

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY

# 3 EDIT

out the openings at the poles produces the Aurora Borealis. Admittedly, Gardner was outdone by Cyrus (Koresch) Teed who insisted we are living on the inside of the Earth already. Needless to say, Cyrus settled in Chicago in 1886 and founded "The College of Life." He published a magazine called "The Flaming Sword" and set up a small commune on Cottage Grove Ave. The Chicago Herald of 1894 credited him with 4,000 followers. No small number for those times.

It should be noted that Koresch's "fluxions of essence" did a great deal in helping America win WW II. His theory of us living inside the earth was made very popular in Nazi Germany, and after the war was declared—a great deal of time was spent using scientists and radar equipment to bounce signals off the inside of the surface of the Earth for the purpose of long range detection of enemy movement. A number of famous scientists defected from the Third Reich on the basis of this tomfoolery alone. Luckily, they kept themselves so busy with these ridiculous experiments, they never got around to setting up really adequate radar defense systems.

Not particularly of Chicago, but in the mold is Alfred Lawson. The greatest genius of the world, perpetrator of the concept of suction and pressure as the basic physical principles of the universe, pitcher for the Goshen Indiana baseball team, author of a science fiction novel (*Born Again*) predicting poison gas, radio, and other various odds and ends, early founder of the aviation industry, establisher of the Lawson direct credits economic system (which developed a huge following during the depression). "All nations need direct credits for little children and feeble old folks." With catchy sayings like that, how could they miss? Hymns generated by this organization dedicated to Lawsonism and sanity were, "Lawson, God's Gift to Man" and "Onward, Mighty Menorgs," (Menorgs being the opposite of Disorgs as any fool knows). Of interest is the Lawson factory soot evaporator. Have the major corporations overlooked a valuable tool in their fight for clean air? Lawson has stated that by the year 2000 all the world will be dedicated to Lawsonism.

At this point it must be clear to anyone with half a mind that the mid-west, and Chicago in particular, is the perfect climate for sustaining the sort of hot bed of visionaries that leads to mystical movements. Never mind if Blavatsky and Annie Besant claim that a sixth-root race is being generated from the sixth Aryan sub race in Southern California, the Theosophical Society has its headquarters out here. I mean, where else but Chicago would a Lemurian Fellowship (to promote the wisdom of the motherland and to usher in a new Lemurian order) be founded (in 1936).

What other city in the world would have a mayor forward thinking enough, as was Mayor Kelly, to wear a cylinder containing vrilium? (Vril first appeared in a Utopian fantasy called the *Coming Race*, was later picked up on by Madame Blavatsky, and eventually powered John Keeley's perpetual motion machine.) Government investigations in 1950 revealed that vrilium was just cheap rat poison.

▶ (21)

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TU 9

900 FLIGHT 106



1000 THE EVOLUTION OF GENESIS

1030 4TH. TOWER OF INVERNESS

1100 EARLY S.F. FLASHBACK QUICKSILVER, JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, GRATEFUL DEAD

1130 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1200 CHOICE 21

1255 MEDITATION WITH SRI CHINMOY

Of interest is the Polish count, Korzybski, who stated that all problems lay in "semantics." Semantics here being all processes of evaluation or choice. The manner of making people sane was simply to tear down their "Aristotelian thought structures." Somewhat related to dianetics, Korzybski set up an institute near the University of Chicago back in 1938. The relationship his thick Polish accent (He would interrupt his lectures with sudden loud exclamations of, "Achh. What I speak is baby stuffs.") might have had to his concept of right and wrong verbal "think" would certainly be of interest to explore. Two major followers of the Count? One S.I. Hayakawa wrote an excellent introduction to Korzybski's work called **Language in Action**, while one A.E. Van Vogt wrote a novel called **World of Null A** (non-aristotelian thought structure superman) before throwing over "general semantics" for Dianetics.

There is something in the midwestern temperament which finds the cosmic, the unthinkable, appealing. Perhaps it's some sort of reaction to the excessive—almost dour—sobriety of life here. The nearly deranging levelness of the plains forces the mind to consider deeper things, things minds in sunnier climes with shorter winters don't have to dwell on.

The mystics of other cities are more dilettantes compared to your midwestern visionary. I say this out of honest experience. No other area in the United States has people of consciousness so cosmic or spirits as dedicated as does the midwest. Drive down Irving Park Rd. and count the number of naprapathy offices, consider the Durovic brothers and their successes with Krebiozen cancer cure in the Chicago area, consider the hundreds of osteopaths, naturopaths, chiropractors. There is something in Chicago willing to look beyond the work-a-day world. There is something in Chicago which calls out to the mystical sense, and tells it that it has found a home. Chicago is willing to believe almost anything, even the truth.



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800 FLIGHT 106

900 SONGS OF LOVE  
 LEONARD COHEN, TIR NA  
 NOG, JONI MITCHELL,  
 LES McCANN, BEATLES

1000 3RD. EAR PROJECT

1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
 INVERNESS

1100 BEST OF SOFT MACHINE

1130 EARLY AMERICAN  
 SPACE ROCK



1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

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# FEED

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This smiling girl shows us a bud and two leaves.

## tea

Tea is the drink of mystics and philosophers. Monks of the east have long praised its gentle virtues of invigorating the mind and maintaining alertness after long spells of meditation. Legend has it that a Chinese Emperor was walking in his gardens when he passed the Thea Sinensis tree. He was so pleased by the delicate fragrance of the leaves that he plucked one and told his steward to add it to his water in the future. After drinking the water, he discovered that he didn't fatigue as quickly as before.

Programming for 106 WXFM for

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11

800 FLIGHT 106

900 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
SKY FARMER

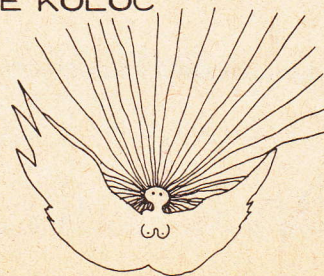
930 JEFFERSON AIRPLANE &  
SOLOS



1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1040 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 SOUNDS ANGELIC -  
HENDRIX, JOHN PRINE,  
BONNIE KOLOC



## ◀ FOOD ▶

Tea, as such, has been known in the Orient since neolithic times. It was brought to Europe by the Dutch in 1610, from there to England by 1644, and finally to America in the eighteenth century.

Interestingly, tea was not grown in India and Ceylon til 1865 when British demand for the substance necessitated its increased production. Nowadays, of course, the Indian and Celandese teas account for the bulk of the world's supply.

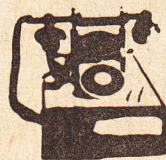
The Chinese, before the influence of the British, always drank their tea pale. It was felt that the taste of the tea should not be noticeable in a room that was less than quiet. This stress upon delicacy gave rise to the tea ceremony where a small stove and a servant to serve the tea were required for each group of one-three persons participating. Four-six people would demand two stoves and two servants and so on. This was to insure that there was no delay after brewing in serving. Note: Alcohol was always considered a challenge to see who would "lose face" due to failed self control. Tea was the "friendly" beverage.

The English of course, drank their tea in the form of pitch. The two elements determining the character of the tea are theine (identical to caffeine) and tannin (the substance that causes the bitterness and heart irregularities). The longer one brews the tea, the greater the amount of theine, but the greater the amount of tannin as well. Also, longer brewing tends to volatalise the delicate oils that determine the quality of the flavor of the tea. For this reason, tea is rarely brewed longer than five minutes. Herbal teas are exceptions to this rule. Herbal

teas should be steeped for a minimum of half an hour and with no maximum length of time limit that I've been able to uncover aside from the water getting cold.

You prepare the tea by first scalding the pot with boiling water. By warming the pot to approximately the same temperature as the water that is to be added to the tea, you increase the temperature that the tea will be brewed at and the duration of its warmth. After scalding the pot (preferable made of china, glass or some other non-reactive substance), throw out the water and throw in your teaball or cloth. Add freshly boiling water and make sure the lid tightly seals the pot, otherwise the most delicate scents and flavors will be lost in those first few minutes. Try to use warm cups if possible when serving the tea and remember to serve it immediately. The longer it sits after steeping, the worse the flavor—the less the theine—and the greater the bitterness. Do not try to regulate the strength by the brewing time. Regulate only by the amount of water to tea being used. A trim teaspoon per cup was used in the past, but when using teaballs its best to think in smaller amounts. Do not fill your teaball past the half way point. The tea swells when it becomes wet. If it is not allowed to swell, all the goodness of the tea is not utilized.

Tea is made from the shoots of the tree. The tips of the shoots are regarded as being of the highest quality along the same guidelines as the evaluation of marijuana. The further down the stem the leaf, the poorer the potency and taste. It takes approximately 3,200 shoots to make a pound of tea. The tips of the tea tree are usually reserved for the



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# FOOD

area it's grown in. It is very rare to find the finest teas being exported out of the Orient. The oils and such of tea are quite volatile so tea needs to be stored in very cool (refrigerator) surroundings in tightly sealable containers. The nature of the tea is determined by its treatment after picking. Green tea is tea which is left in its natural state. Oolong is partially fermented. Black is fully fermented tea. The fermentation of the leaves involves an oxidation process which makes the tannin less soluble in water. With the tannin remaining in the leaf, the tea tends to be mellow and less astringent in taste. Because of this, the darkness of the tea is not an indicator of its bitterness. A dark brew of black Russian tea will be far gentler than a light cup of green tea.

The character of the tea is further transformed by the nature of the steaming—rolling—drying process. Following this, there may be the addition of some other material for the sake of scent or flavor—such as Jasmine, rose blossoms, pine, mint, orange, etc.

Principle teas are:

India and Ceylon—Black—Several grades of Pekoes, Souchongs and Congous. Green—Gunpowder, Imperial Hyson, Hyson Hyson.

China—Black—Congou, Pekoes, etc. Green—Gunpowder and Hyson. Oolong—Amay and Foochow.

Japan and Formosa—Green and Oolong generally.

Because of the enormous number of sorts of teas, I can't go on to review the taste of all of them. In some cases their fame derives from their district of growth (Darjeeling) or an additive (Jasmine) or simply their fermentation (Earl Grey). I personally have enjoyed the products of the Wing Mee Tea company (especially the Woo Long) but these teas may be too robust for drinking by themselves. There is a difference between "drinking" teas and "dinner" teas.

Concerning herbal teas; Camomile has a light, not quite sweet taste. Peppermint is peppermint and is supposed to have a medicinal effect on the body—keeping away colds, clearing the head and so on. Rosehips has a high amount of vitamin C. Angel's Hair is supposed to have a good effect on appetite and digestion. The list of roots and leaves is endless, ask the advice of the person behind the counter. Also, consult a good herbal on the medicinal effects of the various substances. Herbal teas have been nostrums of high value for many generations.

A tea bibliography of books for the collector:

- Book of Tea—Okakura Kakuzi
- Tea, Its Mystery and History—Samuel Day
- Tea Blending As A Fine Art—Joseph Walsh
- Book of Tea Secrets—T.A. Phelan
- Little Tea Book—Arthur Gray
- Our Afternoon Teas and a Few Dainty Puddings—Alicia A(n) herb bibliography:
- Culpepper's Complete Herbal (hardcover)
- The Herbalist (an encyclopedia)
- Dover paperbacks on herbs
- The Golden Age of Herbs and Herbalists
- The Book of Herbs (some of their magical uses)
- Culinary Herbs and Condiments
- Other herb paperbacks
- Herbs and Savory Seeds
- Spices, Seasoning and Herbs (a cookbook)
- Herb Cookery—Alan Hooker

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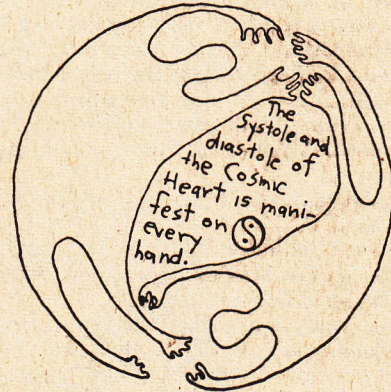
12

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 BEST OF THE KINKS

1030 MUSIC ABOUT MUSIC  
DONOVAN, MILES DAVIS,  
GROUNDHOGS, GROBSCHNITT

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS



1130 FOCUS ON HARMONICA  
JAZZ - BLUES - CLASSICAL

1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE  
NATURAL & ELECTRONIC  
WORLDS OF DON ROBERTSON

1230 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS  
(COMPLETE WEEK)

# EARTH NEWS

What's the news been in the occult? Frankly, I don't know. Everything is so esoteric in this area that you never know what's happening till a few years go by. But, here it goes anyway.

There's that Psychic Fair being held at McCormick Place (see end of divination article). Don't let the term "psychic" throw you off. From what I hear, in the astrology-healing realm of endeavor. Another interesting, albeit not quite relevant, function is going to be the colloquium being presented by the Ancient Astronaut Society on \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_. For other psychic events you'll just have to check the bulletin boards at the nearest occult bookstore (see end of divination article).

I suppose of moderate relevance to mysticism is the Exorcist phenomena as mentioned here the previous month. Now the film itself has hospitalised a person. Mark Reuben (six foot two and 200 pounds) was carried from the theater on a stretcher after breaking three ribs and puncturing a lung.

Reuben had begun feeling nauseous near the end of the film and had gotten up to use the washroom. Half way down the aisle he fainted and fell against a theater seat.

Reuben spent the following night in the county hospital watching, "The Ten Commandments."

Of interest is where those bottles of blood might be coming from. Last month we mentioned the man who's been forced on intravenous feeding while in jail. This month, we have a proposal that goes one step further. Dr. Amitai Etzioni from Columbia University told a meeting of the A.A.A.S. (Association for the Advancement of Science) that instead of throwing bodies away when they die, we should keep them going so they could make blood and other useful substances. Possession is one thing, but repossession?

Etzioni says that such a program is already in effect in the U.S.S.R.

A bill to create a commission that would study the matter and to hear similar suggestions, is now pending before a House subcommittee.

Almost as funny is governor Reagan's recent quip at a party luncheon that (concerning the people accepting the food donation from the Hearst family as a result of the Symbionese kidnapping) "It's just too bad we can't have an epidemic of Botulism." Ho Ho. One is reminded of a little joke King Richard of England made about Beckett.

Another interesting topic that came before the A.A.A.S. was the topic of parapsychology. Understandably, the parapsychology symposium was being sponsored by radio KPFA—the same people who have been in contact with the Symbionese Liberation Front. So that's how they've been keeping in touch.

Mystic, Steven Gaskin (author of Monday Night Class and creator of the caravans, one of which came through Evanston) was arrested for the manufacture of marijuana back in 1971. A large number of people signed petitions saying he's a good honest citizen, but that doesn't seem to have cut much ice with the law.

Communion with god means different things to different sects. A Cleveland news commentator facetiously referred to a non-existent god's complaint department and urged his listeners to call in. They did, in massive numbers. If god would only get a listed number....

We may not be able to call direct, but perhaps we can tap his wire. Professor Frank Drake told the A.A.A.S. that the U.S. should spend \$5 billion on a system of

eavesdropping on the communication of extraterrestrial intelligences. The project envisions 1,400 telescopes sweeping the skies for—anything. With that kind of money, it might be easier to just run an ad offering a reward to the first alien who reports himself.

What may this alien look like? Recent studies at Columbia indicate that Moon rocks conduct sound more slowly than earth rocks. In fact, Moon rocks conduct sound at exactly the same speed as, Goat's Cheese! Norwegian goat's cheese to be precise.

How might we have acquired a moon of goat's cheese? Well we have this pollution problem. Scientists at Woods Hole have suggested using oysters to gobble up water pollution. Well? how about goats to clean regular pollution. The Lemurians encountered an ecological crisis, but they simply turned their goats loose on it. But a problem arose. What to do with all the aromatic goat's cheese that would be a natural by-product. Put it in orbit of course.

On the other hand, instead of us keeping goats, the goats may be keeping us. Month after month, some sort of news comes through concerning a breakthrough in genetic engineering or animal training (see E.N. the previous two months, concerning trained chimpanzees and dolphins). Professor Boris Levenson of the Yeshiva Institute states that genetic engineering will soon produce the perfect hybrid pet. They could have the best features of a number of species and be superintelligent as well. Since human beings would never consider breeding themselves for intelligence we may obsolesce ourselves yet.

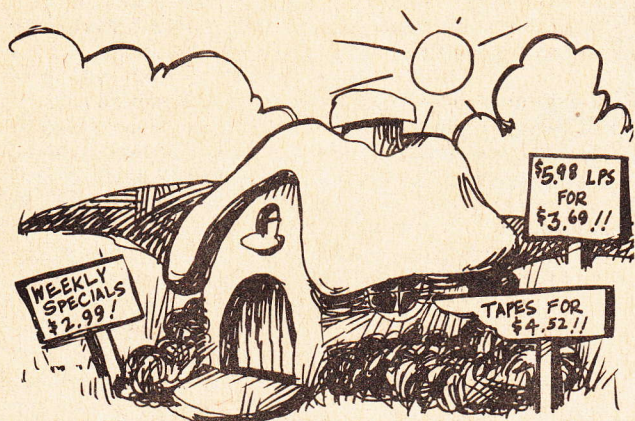
That is, if the fuel shortage doesn't get us first. A new proposal have been made by Dr. Jon McGowan from the U. of Massachusetts. He states that 2-trillion kilowatts of power could be generated by harnessing the wind, and another trillion produced from turbines taking advantage of changes in ocean temperature. He also states that the wind produced over expressways by the passing cars could probably generate enough electricity to keep the entire state the turnpikes pass through, lit and going. We may have to rely on the wind rather than hydroelectricity. The Army corp of engineers has responded to ecologists' demands for an untampered environment by stating they would no longer remove the fallen rocks from the base of Niagra Falls. In one hundred years, the falls will be nothing more than rapids.

Then again, even the windmills may not be safe. A 27 year old environmental activist adopted the role of Don Quixote and managed to bring down the 500 foot meteorological tower that was on the site of a soon to be erected nuclear power plant. If you want to offer some help to Samuel Lovejoy (D. Quixote) call 413-367-9374. His trial is coming up this month.

Also in the running, for the hero of the month sweepstakes, is one Robert Schiffman who intends to fly around the world in a 27-foot long plane on one tank of gas. He'll be using a modified glider and will leave as soon as someone puts up the necessary \$200,000. He says that mankind needs a hero right now, something to lift people's spirits.

Schiffman might consider the new power rating system developed in Los Angeles by the O & R Engine Company. They produce an auxiliary engine for bicycles of less than one horsepower. To avoid a sense of macho humiliation, William Nolan proudly proclaims that his engine has the strength of "650 live screaming chickens."

Those might just be the units in which the "New Indy" will have to be measured. To cut down on gas con-



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15

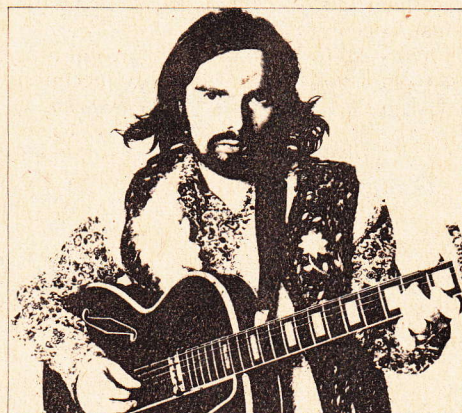
800 FLIGHT 106

900 RINGNOSED TAXPAYERS  
BEATLES, HENDRIX, TAXFREE

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS  
THE BIG SWAMP

1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1040 NEW SOUND,  
NEW RELEASES



1200 VAN MORRISON  
FROM THEM TILL NOW

1255 MEDITATION

sumption, the warm-ups prior to the race will be eliminated. In their stead will be a five mile bicycle race between the 33 qualifying drivers. The event is to be called, the "Indy 5."

They wouldn't have much trouble with future gas shortages if the new Swedish transportation plan were put into effect. For ten dollars a month, the Swedes will be allowed to travel unlimited distances on all rail, bus, boat, and even air facilities belonging to the government. Volvo's may become a thing of the past.

Speaking of gas. The Eternal Flame at Gettysburg has been doused again. The first time was during WWII when there was a fuel shortage. Gas for the living! besides, it's the thought that counts.

So we should go back to burning coal, right? Because it's safer than nuclear reactors, right? Wrong. A report from the University of Utah's Laboratory for environmental protection reveals that nuclear radiation from coal and natural gas poses a greater threat than fallout from nuclear bomb testing. Uranium, radon gas, and radium all occur naturally in coal. Radiation levels are already high enough to cause concern. Perhaps Quixote should have tilted against a coal bearing mountain. Ban the burning? Stop nuclear soot?

Besides the aforementioned shortages, add opium to your list. There's no longer enough to keep up with the legitimate demand for the drug in the pharmaceutical industries where it is used in the production of morphine and codeine. The U.S. has been negotiating with India.

Perhaps it's the lack of this drug which is forcing so



Programming for 106 WXFM for

**TU / 16**

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
BATUCADA

1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1100 VINTAGE DEAD



1130 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1200 GENTLE QUIET, BALM OF  
PEACE TO NERVOUS SPIRITS  
KATHY SMITH, PAUL HORN,  
OREGON, STRAVINSKY,  
MAHAVISHNU

1255 MEDITATION

many young Americans to, "demon rum," and liquor in general. Ronald Lester and Dr. Chafetz of the National Institute for Alcohol Abuse and Rutgers respectively, both agree that heroin addiction is way down, but alcoholic addiction is on a major rise. The situation seems to be one of, "out of the frying pan and into the fire." The use of alcohol is more favorably looked upon. Many, many more kids will become alcoholics than would have become heroin addicts. As long as they don't steal as much, I suppose nothing will be done about it.

The trend towards spirits has become so strong that inmates at San Quentin have gone into winemaking. San Quentin guards confiscate about 12 gallons of "Pruno" every week. An article in the inmate produced prison paper proposes that wine-making inmates fill out treasury form 1541. This is an exemption for heads of households to make their own wine—up to 200 gallons—for family use. Since two inmates share a cell, the paper argues, one of them should get head of household status.

But the problems still don't stop, even if you stop drinking alcohol. A 48 year old London man died of the excessive imbibition of—Carrot Juice? The man went on a ten day carrot juice bender, figuring it constituted a healthy diet. He ingested 70 million units of vitamin A from the juice in the process.

The man had died from cirrhosis of the liver due to the vitamin A in the juice.

So you've noticed the standard of living declining. But it's alright because it's happening to everyone. But it isn't. A survey of government buildings in Washington showed

that buildings used by representatives decreased usage by only 2 percent, as opposed to 11 percent for the bureaucracies where the "little people" toil.

That's the tip of the iceberg. A tax study by the Urban Institute recently disclosed that less than four-and-a-half percent of the population controls 66 percent of all corporate stock, 75 percent of all privately held municipal bonds, and nearly all the corporate bonds. Average worth—\$200,000. Average worth of the remaining percentage—\$3,000.

Yes, there's something of a discrepancy as far as those four-and-one-half percent are concerned. Inflation and higher prices just mean to some people that they can only afford one new Rolls this year. The gap between the ruling technocratic oligarchy and the rest of the population is rapidly widening.

A Senate subcommittee has disclosed that most of America is owned by eight institutions. One percent of a corporation's ownership bestows quite a bit of influence. Five percent is enough to insure guidance of company policy, while ten percent often insures control. Three quarters of the corporations polled were controlled to the degree of having five or more percent of their stocks in the hands of five New York banks. Half the corporations admitted that the banks also had ten percent of the voting stock, thus insuring control. Bankers Trust is a holder in both Mobil Oil and Continental Oil. Sometimes an entire industry, such as media, will be controlled by one institution. The same five banks control 27 percent of CBS, 26 percent of ABC, 6 percent of NBC, 6 percent of the New

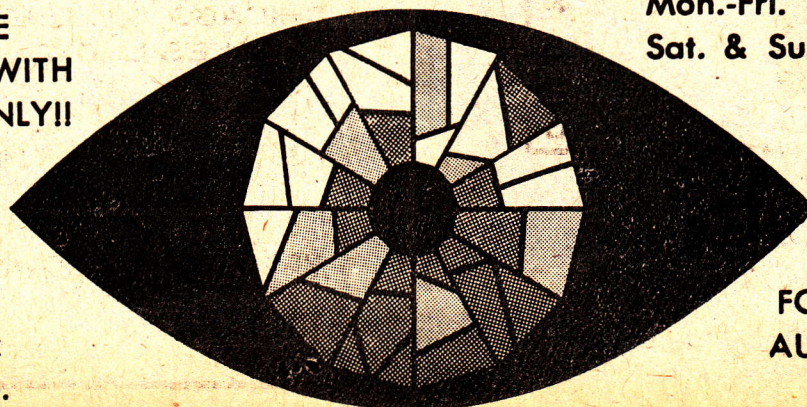
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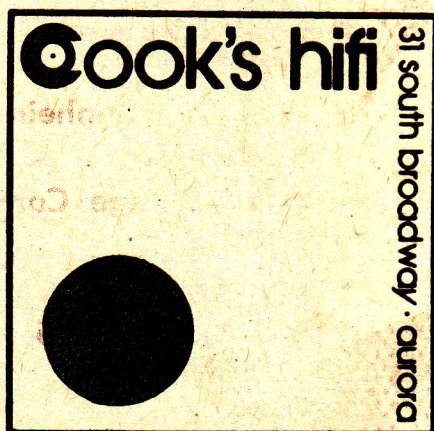
FOUR CHANNEL  
AUDIO SYSTEMS  
BY J.V.C.

York Times, 16 percent of Time Inc., 8 percent of Columbia Pictures, 7 percent of 20th Century Fox, and 1 percent of the Washington Post. Only the Post reported the exposure. The other names are: The New York Stock Exchange, Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner and Smith, The States Bank and Trust of Boston; and the five New York Banks are Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guarantee Trust, First National City Bank, Banker's Trust, and the Bank of New York.

But the owners of America aren't safe in their fortresses. No! The Anarchists of America are going to try to hold another convention and "get it together." The organizing slogan is, "Help Ease the Anarchy Shortage." Good luck.

Let's not forget the thunder on the right, or in this case—the dial tone. Call 415-752-6843 (San Francisco) and hear a tape recorded Nazi message for one minute on how the Jews caused the energy crisis and own the country while the blacks ought to be shipped back to Africa, in "boxes." The most recent tape (as of a month ago) ends with the stirring extended metaphor, "Let the Jews wash their dishes in cold water so they contract dysentery and diarrhea during which they can have all the power they want sitting on the throne of the bathroom kingdom defecating themselves into oblivion." Delete Jews from the sentence and you have a response to any insult, but is this really necessary???

Speaking of Nazism and blacks in "boxes," The Union of South Africa (the U.S.A.) has prosecuted over 25,000 people on charges of having indulged in bi-racial sex. Between 1958 and 1968, ten whites committed suicide



Programming for 106 WXFM for

W 17

800 FLIGHT 106

900 BACH UP TO DATE -  
JETHRO TULL, WALTER CARLOS,  
STYX, N.Y. ELECTRIC STRING  
ENSEMBLE



1000 3RD. EAR PROJECT

1030 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS

1100 SONGS OF FREEDOM -  
CHICAGO, LITTLE RICHARD,  
CHARLES LLOYD, HENDRIX!

1130 MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY

# EARTH NEWS

because of peer group pressure after their crimes were made known. South Africa and the U.S. have been holding intense secret meetings lately. It might concern the embargo, but you don't suppose that the exports...

We are catching up to the South Africans, and in some ways surpassing them. Ohio has passed a law against sexual imposition. This means you can be arrested for doing anything the girl considers an imposition, like putting an arm around her seat-back. That's one way of lowering the birth rate. We can probably expect something in the line of codes covering offensive petting as well.

Meanwhile, Juan Carlos Onetti, a foremost writer of South America, was arrested and jailed by the Uruguay police for writing pornography. His novel, "The Bodyguard" was the basis of the arrest. The fact that the arrest occurred as part of a round up of leftists in Uruguay was dismissed by the police as coincidence.

Other publishing news is that Joseph Heller finally finished that big second novel, a mere 13 years after his first, *Catch 22*. Anything worth having, is worth waiting for.

A real life case of catch 22 (if you're crazy you can get out, but if you try to get out, that proves you're sane, so the only people allowed to get out of the service, are the ones who want to stay) is the report that the Pentagon asked for permission to reprint an article from *Boardroom Reports*. Permission was given. When *Reports* asked for a copy of the reprinted material, the Pentagon refused—stating that the material was classified.

Concerning sanity and non- Pity the poor journalist who does the work while others get the glory. E.W. Johnson who co-authored *The New Journalism* with Tom Wolfe gave a guest lecture to students at Indiana University.

After stating that today's news was filled with triviality, he proceeded to state that he was President of the United States, that he had killed both Kennedy's and De Gaulle, and that in his day, newsmen had been involved in great issues, like the "Space Wars."

When one of the students began to snicker, Johnson drew out a hatchet and flung it at him. The student evaded the axe in time. "You think this is a joke?" said Johnson. "Next time I won't miss."

He's now being held on bond pending a psychiatric examination at the University health clinic.

Perhaps he should audition for the movie version of "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" by Ken Kesey. The film will be made by Fantasy Records. Of course!

From fantasy to nightmare is an easy step. Take for example, "The Rocky Horror Show." A glitter, ambisexual, English remake of the Frankenstein myth that won this year's *Evening Standard* drama poll. The horror, glitter musical comedy will tour other American cities after its new York opening around the end of March. A cast album will be released about the same time.

On the flip side, John Wayne won the George Washington Award from the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge for his stirring rendition of, "America, Why I Love Her." Wayne didn't show up for the ceremony. He was in Mexico.

The Soviets have problems of their own. Soviet technical students have taken to, "Radio Hooliganism." In one industrial area, 115 illegal broadcasts were heard within one five hour period. The Soviet Authorities are

deeply upset by the political jokes and the playing of "degenerate" rock music. Much of the equipment for the broadcasters was assembled from parts found in schools, factories, and telephone booths.

A different sort of hooliganism was practised by a woman who sent her ex-husband a tape recording containing audible representations of intercourse between herself and her new lover. The offended party is suing since he has a history of heart trouble and the tape almost brought on an attack.

One of the Pointer sisters has mononucleosis. Those rock stars never get really sick.

They do get robbed though. Seals' and Crofts' checks were stolen while they were doing a concert at Kent State. The thieves took \$1,200 in cash, valuables and a pile of blank—but signed—checks. The checks had been signed by what is probably ex-manager Mark Lemkin.

For those interested, a new system has been developed whereby a computer program can be used so that a composer can come directly to a music synthesizer and, not play, but conduct it (the program opening up totally new vistas in music composition and execution). For further information see Vol 18 no. 4122 of *Science* on P. 263. The article is by Matthews, Moore and Rissel.

Ringo Starr states that the Beatles are not going to reunite. He should know.

Steeleye Span, folksongs and ballads electronique, will be touring America about now, being the second band sharing the bill with Yes.

George Harrison, Ringo, Eric Clapton, Ravi Shankar and 25 other performers will be doing another Bangla-Desh type concert tour. Two of the old Beatles can get it together at least.

Elton John leaves Britain for Malibu. Osmond won't go anywhere due to contractual disagreements between them and M.G.M. Herb Alpert is back and coming out with a new album sometime this month. This will be the first time he's been seen in public for five years.

ABC is putting together a rock festival at the Ontario Motor Speedway for April 6th. Included will be Emerson, Lake, and Palmer; Black Sabbath; Seals and Crofts; Rare Earth; and others. Accommodations will be for about 100,000 people.

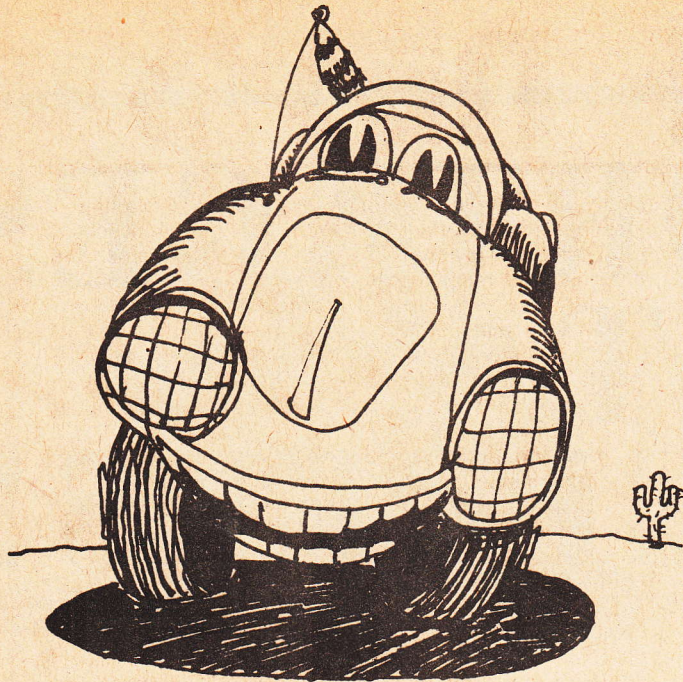
Professor Anne Kilmer of Berkeley (University of California) has proof that music existed as long ago as 1400 B.C. and that it was based on the same musical scale used today. Needless to say, it's a love song.

Getting into the act is Todd Rundgren who joined twenty other students at the University of South Carolina for a quick streak around the dorms after the concert.

In Akron, Ohio a dee-jay called "Sweet Richard" announced over the air that there would be ten albums waiting for the first streaker to come claim them.

A 34-year old man dressed in a cowboy hat and tennis shoes streaked into the reception area, tipped his hat, grabbed the albums, and streaked off into the sunrise.

Jon Wallace, 28 year old resident of Maunakee, Wisconsin, told police after being arrested for disorderly conduct: that he'd been out walking his four month old pup when a big, mean, German Shepherd attacked. To protect the pup, he grabbed the shepherd by the ears and bit it on the throat. The shepherd yelped and fled. It was only then that Wallace realized his teeth were gone as well. They returned to the scene of the incident, but were unable to recover the false teeth.



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900 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
ROSE HIP STRING BAND

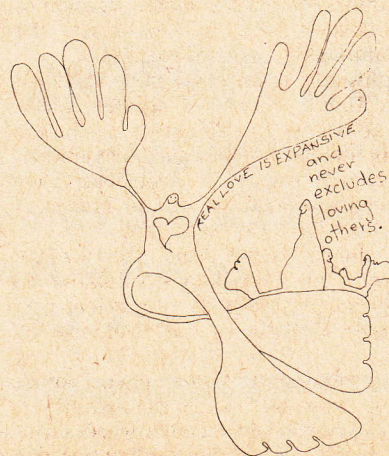
930 SONGS OF THE EARTH -  
TOM RUSH, TRACY NELSON,  
ROLLING STONES, 3RD. EAR  
BAND, HENDRIX

1030 4TH. TOWER

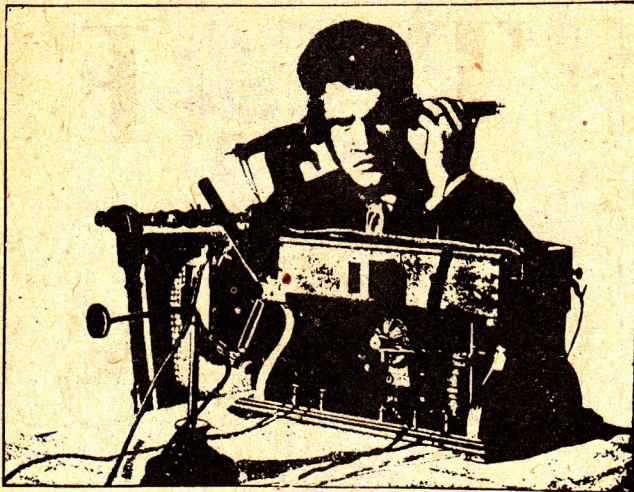
1100 11 AT 11

1130 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY



# response



Herr Ruhmer, of Berlin.

Dear Triad

I really enjoy your magazine. So do quite a few other people, I mean, I came in on the third of last month and they were all gone already. If that isn't it, then I discover that the store I got it at last month isn't advertising this month. I walk in and he doesn't have any. Getting guides is almost like getting gas. I'd get a subscription but I'm told I'd get it faster on the stands. Please, I enjoy your mag too much to have to go through this every month. I especially enjoyed the Hynek interview.

Stan K.

Dear Stan

That's not the least of it. If you want a fairly stable source of guides, try the Whole Earth Store in Evanston. You live pretty close to there. Also Pearson's records have advertised pretty constantly. We're going to be setting up outlets in various locals so that you can always be pretty sure of getting a guide, sooner or later.

People of Triad

I think the idea of featuring an artist of the month is great. I like the full pages. When are you going to do fold-outs. Also, his name is Lostutter. Not Lotsutter. Like the borders and the page continuances. Question, how long has the magazine been out. I hear it's been out for a while but I haven't seen any before January.

Adrian P.

Adrian

The guide has been out for a little over three years. You may have seen it and not recognized it or realized the relationship between the early guides (which were quarto sized and had colored pages) and the present magazine. Thanks for the compliments, we hope to keep improving the guide, and not make mistakes like spelling names. I also misspelled Ron's name. It's Fridell, not Freidell. Triad Radio-Guide

How come you broadcast all over Chicago but I can't find a single guide or distributor anywhere on the South side. What are you, some kind of north side snobs?

Jónas M.

I'll try to do something about that myself.

The Editor

Programming for 106 WXFM for

F 19

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 COSMIC SOUNDS &  
SOUL ZODIAC  
TELL ABOUT TAURUS



1030 RECENT ZAPPA

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 DEVILISH MUSIC-  
LUCIFERS FRIENT

1130 DEVILISH MUSIC -  
LUCIFERS FRIEND,  
TUBULAR BELLS, ROLLING  
STONES

1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE  
7 TRUMPS FROM THE TAROT  
BY RUTH WHITE

1230 4TH. TOWER OF  
INVERNESS  
(CONCLUSION)

---

# poem

I saw no need for meadows, so I made a town.  
I couldn't cope with mountains, so I tore them down.  
Anything in my way that made me even wonder  
became a poor victim as it was put asunder.

The thunder from the heavens, the lightning from the sky  
all shuddered in my presence as I would pass them by.  
The child of humanity would stare in silent awe  
afraid to be destroyed by me because I held the law.  
The old and the afflicted became a cross to bear  
so I dug their graves and gladly put them there.  
Yes, I cleaned the world of all iniquity  
but I found that it was I who possessed the malignancy.

And I was left alone to die, detached from sight or sound  
the tortured shell of my former self fell prostrate to the ground.  
My violent cry for mercy echoed on the ruins of man  
No one, nothing helped me, for all had turned to sand.

Dianne Costanzo

---

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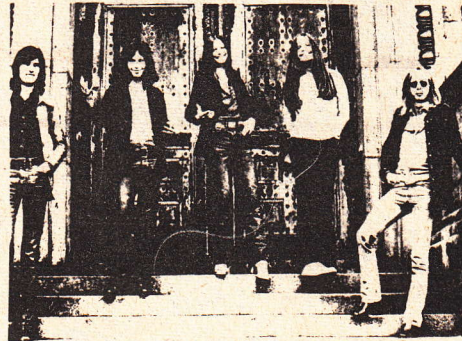
**M**

**22**

800 FLIGHT 106

900 GREAT MOMENTS FROM  
SLY STONE

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS  
THE BIG SWAMP



1030 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 MAHAVISHNU'S ACOUSTIC  
CONCERT

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY

Programming for 106 WXFM for

TU / 23

900 FLIGHT 106

1000 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
T.S. HENRY WEBB GROUP

1030 EARLY ROLLING STONES



1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 SOUNDS FROM THE  
CHOICE 21

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY



PHOTOGRAPHY (EXCEPT FOR  
BIG BIRD) BY STAN BONNER

Downtown Chicago's terrific for staring, especially on a nice day on State Street. Now, LaSalle's got the guy in the tuxedo that walks a duck on a leash every day, and Dearborn has Joseph Djilys, who limps around with a sandwich board that says (among other things) "Communism Did This To Me" and peddles hard-core racist pamphlets for a nickel.

But State Street's the peak peek. Go up to the Shangri-La and score a hotdog (that would've cost you \$5 there five years back) and keep 'em peeled. There's the guy in the engineer cap, head totally back, eyes on God and shouting for all he's worth. A holy man! We must be near Marshall Field & Company's flagship operation, the Mecca of the Midwest.



Another corner is usually reserved for the Holy Order of Mans, who feel that the Christ can be revealed through astrology and the tarot. The one remaining corner is kind of free of space, with Scientologists, devil worshippers (if they can stand the daylight), and any other sects that can wangle a little pavement.

Why, of all places in this city, has Field's become the one spot where you can be certain of a religious hustle? I called up Field's PR department, who clearly had never considered their gigantic department store a shrine. A puzzled stammer, a bit of hold, and then the words came down from assistant public relations adviser that Field's was a landmark and as such was fair game, she supposed. No doubt a memo is going down to the juice bar in the third floor waiting room at this very second, instructing a force to go out and peddle coconut milk.



Ah, the imagery...so fitting for a shrine. The two massive clocks, with faces facing north, west, east, and south, with elaborate, mystical doodlings on their ageless weathered cases. To the east, a wall of thunder and the Ceiling of Reality on Wabash under the El tracks.

Take a day, any day, for weather does not douse the inner pilot light. On one corner, the Process, all cloaks and paradoxical smiles, do their famous parallel walks with the unenlightened. Next corner is the Hare Krishna revue, preferably on the Michigan side and away from the trains, providing caloric burnout for themselves, a different smoke for the air, and entertainment for the conventioners.



Field's has plenty to offer the novice novice. Not only is it situated smack between four of the busiest corners of the world (remember, Terry Southern in *The Magic Christian* wanted his blood-offal-and-money vat to be constructed at State and Madison, a block away), but as a landmark (if they insist) it has certain obligations.

Field's has plenty of washrooms, telephones and water fountains, and they won't throw you out unless you're streaking through the toy department. Plus those who are out on the street are treated to a dazzling, ever-changing window panorama that gets particularly showbiz around Christmas, just after August.

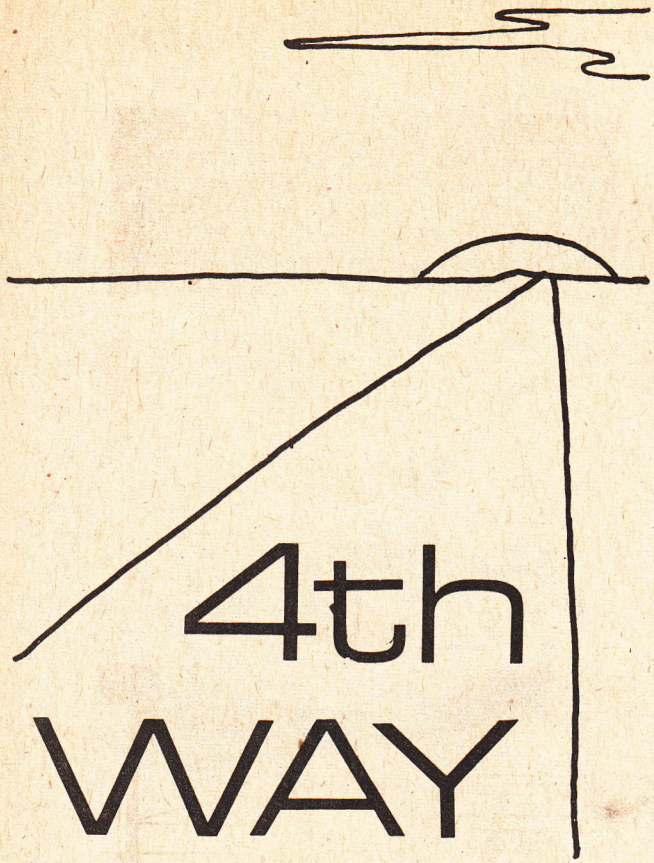
So Field's has the capabilities for fulfilling all the religious obligations of a shrine... the only bet the store is



missing is salesmanship. How about a few guides, in the Field's tartan, to guide pedestrians to the salvation of their choice? The Krishnas have the corner on incense sales, so why couldn't Field's sell holders? Or why can't their book department sell, inside each Bible, a printed card with snappy answers for those not wishing to be accosted outside?

Better yet, why don't they just put all the cultists in the store windows, where they could preach and teach to their spirit's fill, without having to bother the pedestrians?

Then maybe they could leave the corner free for everyday citizens. Like the guy with the duck, for instance.



CHICAGO FOURTH WAY GROUPS

With the publications of J.G. Bennett's comprehensive biography of Gurdjieff and the third series of Gurdjieff's own monumental *All and Everything* both scheduled for this spring, interest in the theory and practice of the "Fourth Way" will undoubtedly flourish. The publication of several volumes of Sufi teachings and Nasruddin tales by Idries Shah in recent years has already done much to arouse interest in Middle Eastern esotericism. The following is a brief description and list of the Sufi and Fourth Way groups presently active in the Chicago area:

1. The Chicago Gurdjieff Group. This group, under the guidance of teachers from the New York Gurdjieff Foundation, is presently comprised of both reading groups and people studying the Gurdjieff "movements" (exercises preparatory to his fuller "sacred dances"). The secretary is Mrs. Ann Erickson (539-3822 evenings).
2. A group of people who have recently started meeting at the College of DuPage to hear and familiarize themselves with the Sufi material published by Idries Shah. Through its "reader," Mr. George Peranteau (837-2926), this group is connected with the Institute for Research and Dissemination of Human Knowledge in Boulder, Colorado, which is, indirectly, under the guidance of Mr. Shah himself.
3. Another new reading group, in the suburb of Cicero, which is working with material from several sources including Shah, Bennett, and Gurdjieff. At some point this group may be able to receive guidance directly from Bennett's Institute in England or from one of Bennett's "movements" teachers, Anna Durco, who recently came to America. Presently the "reader" for this group is Mr. John Dale (863-5961, evenings).

Programming for 106 WXFM for

W 24

800 FLIGHT 106

900 SOUTHERN ROCK SCENE -  
LYNARD SKYNARD, ALLMANS,  
JOHNNY WINTER, MARSHALL  
TUCKER BAND, HYDRA, TOP

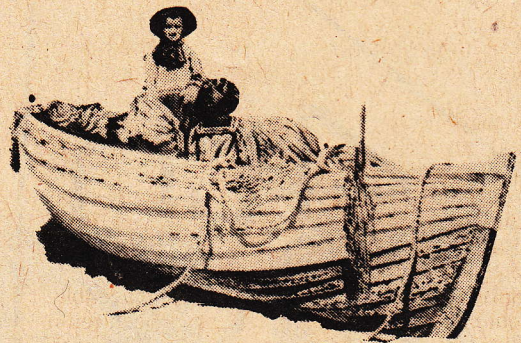


1000 3RD. EAR PROJECT

1030 MUSIC TO READ THE TAIN  
BY-WITH HORSELIPS

1100 JAZZ AT MONTREUX '73

1200 MELLOW DOWN EASY



**The Seeker**  
by Tanya Akason

It is often said that in order to truly know the taste of wine, you must drink of it yourself. Even reading the most descriptive book is a false substitution for the real experience.

After endless nights of many books all claiming to be THE TEXT on the mysterious and little-known mystics of Islam, the Sufis, I have come to respect the statement I read somewhere suggesting that the intellectual study of Sufism without becoming a "working Sufi" yields no understanding at all.

I do not want to add to the present abundance of confusion surrounding Sufism. Out of respect to the Sufi Way, those who are on the Path, and those of us who are still at that first level of imperfection and unawareness, what follows are pieces of thought that I have managed to put together into some facsimile of coherent statements along with a bit of dry history. In some cases, the "fact" presented is not really the TRUTH, but merely the most widely accepted historical explanation. All this means is that at times it was a case of two-out-of-three. I have included a few stories—some for instruction and all of them to incite your curiosity.

Did you ever wake up one morning only because you knew it absolutely could not be as bad as the day before and then spent the rest of your day being unpleasantly surprised? Everyone has a tendency sometimes to just throw everything out the window while screaming WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? and then wondering WHAT THE HELL HAVE I BEEN DOING ALL OF MY LIFE???

There is a story that applies here involving the Sufi figure Nasrudin and a fellow traveler. They are crossing a very turbulent river in a small boat. Nasrudin happens to make a comment to his companion using incorrect grammar and the following conversation ensues:

"Have you never studied grammar?" asked the scholar.

"No, replied Nasrudin.

"Then half of your life has been wasted."

A few minutes later, Nasrudin turned to the passenger asking, "Have you ever learned how to swim?"

"No, why?" replied the scholar.

"Then all your life has been wasted—we are sinking!"

The preceding story was taken from the best book to date on Sufism, *The Sufis* by Idries Shah Sayed. If you feel the need to dash right out and jump into Sufism, be sure you take this book with you.

The Sufis have origins that are untraceable, yet throughout history effects of Sufism have been felt on the development of both Western and Eastern thought. The Prophet Mohammed, Saint Francis of Assisi, Chaucer, and Omar Khayyam have all been involved with the Sufi approach to being.

The eighth and ninth centuries A.D. were the time of the most obvious impacts of Sufism on civilization. Perhaps the best synopsis of Sufi history comes from Awarif el-Maarif (Gifts of Knowledge) by Sheikh Shahabudin Suhrawardi translated by Wilberforce Clarke. "The seed of Sufism was sown in the time of Adam, germed in the time of Noah, budded in the time of Abraham, began to develop in the time of Moses, reached maturity in the time of Jesus, produced wine in the time of Mohammed."

Sufi is derived from the Arabic 'suf' meaning "wearer of the wool." In *The Doctrine of the Sufi* by Al-Kalabadhi it is explained that "they did not put on raiments soft to the touch or beautiful to behold; they only clothed themselves to hide their nakedness, contenting themselves with rough haircloth and coarse wool." One of the semi-true "facts" that I mentioned before is implied in the above quotation. There are statements from different sources indicating that the reason for the notice of the Sufis in the eighth and ninth centuries was due to their development as a reactionary force within Islam. Charles Torrey in *At One With the Invisible* suggests that "the devout minority (of Islam) felt that the faith once delivered to the saints was going to the dogs... wherever they turned they saw greed, loose morals, the pursuit of luxury, and the neglect of religious duties."

There is probably a grain of truth in all of this. However, it is hard for me to accept this scenario. The most important quality of Sufi life is summed up in the phrase "to be in the world, but not of it." This refers to being free from ambition, intellectual pride, and unthinking obedience to all social norms.

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900 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE -  
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930 ORCHESTRAL SLICK  
WITH GRACE & FRIENDS

1000 FLUTE BY -  
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SMITH, JOHNNY WINTER,  
ASSOCIATION P.C.

1030 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 SPIRITUALITY IN ROCK  
WITH FATER YOD & THE SPIRIT  
OF 76, SANTANA AND  
MAHAVISHNU

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY



In an instant, rise from time and space.

Set the world aside and become a world within yourself.

(Shabistari, Secret Garden)

Today, mystics are associated with some far-off Himalayan mountain top. They do not have to deal with urban blight and the continuing encroachment of the Big Mac on one's daily diet. I can think of only a few places in this whole country where some kind of removed peace might be found.

Some of us have found the answer through the various alternatives being presented by people like the Hare Krishnas, ALL of the back to Jesus movements, and the Process. Sufis are practical mystics. The Goal is attained through experience. Back to my original statement about tasting the wine, it follows for the Sufi that "he who tastes, knows." The value of attainment is only truly achieved if the seeker can return to the world around him and then live in a way illustrative of his experience.

The seeker passes through three levels on the Path. The first level is maqamat or "stations" where the seeker experiences repentance, renunciation, poverty and a complete loss of self-will. The second level is ahwal or "states" which include fear, hope, and love. The final level of the journey leads to tamkinin or "attainment" where the seeker finds the Unitive Life of a higher consciousness with no division between Man and God (Oneness of Being). It is through the transformation of being at this level that the unification becomes a permanent condition enabling the seeker to return to the world and live as if the rust (evil, unknowing) has been removed from the mirror (soul) and was now able to reflect the true beauty of the higher world.

People change. The passing of time makes everyone different in age and experience. Most of us hope that the person who we will become in ten years is a definite improvement over what we are living with right now. There are striking similarities in all forms of mysticism that center on the concepts of togetherness, unity, and the development of inner strength. It is in this direction that I believe we are all trying to move. In *The Walled Garden of Truth* by Hakim Sanai there is a haunting question which asks, "when you are still fragmented, lacking certainty—what difference does it make what your decisions are?"

One final story that sums up change and transformation in a traditional Sufi manner comes from *The Mystic Rose From the Garden of the King* by Sir Fairfax L. Cartwright as mentioned in *The Sufis*.

A stream is running into the Desert. Even though its destiny is to cross over the Desert to the mountains, the water is being very quickly absorbed into the sand. The Stream cries aloud and the Sands answer that the Wind crosses over and does not lose itself in the sand. The Stream replies that it cannot fly; the Sands suggest that the Wind can absorb the Stream and fly with it over the Desert to the mountains. The Stream is uncertain; it does not wish to lose its identity. The Sands reply that nothing remains the same. "When you become a river again at the mountain, men may call you by a different name; but you yourself will know that you are the same. Today you call yourself such and such a river only because you do not know which part of it is even now your (true) essence."

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F 26

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1030 ROCK FROM FRANCE -  
MAGMA, GON G, LES VARIATIONS

1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

1130 THE DEPTHS OF  
DEEP PURPLE



1200 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE  
MUSIC FOR FLUTE & TAPE

1230 MOONSHINE & MOONLIGHT  
SONATAS BY BLACK OAK  
ARKANSAS AND BEETHOVEN

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY



#### THE SPIRITUAL MASTER

In the November and January Triad Guides, you were introduced to Sri Chinmoy as "Seer-Poet Extraordinary." In this month's Guide, a different aspect of this master is revealed.

The simple yet illuminating essay that follows was recently given as a speech by Sri Chinmoy during his European tour. Touched upon are: The different paths of Yoga, the importance of Hatha Yoga, the significance of meditation, Yoga and religion, and what is a Spiritual Master.

If you are interested in attending the Sri Chinmoy Meditation Center or are interested in any information about the Guru, contact Sandy Balter at 1629 S. Michigan Ave. Villa Park Illinois 60181 or call (312) 495-1168.

I am extremely happy to be here with you. All of you are aspiring in your own way, so you have given me ample opportunity to be of service to the Supreme in you. There is only one teacher, one Guru, and that is the Supreme. Since we are all seekers, we are all invoking the presence of our eternal Guru, the Supreme.

Most of you are practising spirituality and yoga. It is not a new subject to you. But I wish to say how I approach this particular subject. To me, spirituality is a box and yoga is the key, while God is the wealth or treasure inside the box. Each of you has this box, this key and this wealth. God is not the sole monopoly of spiritual Masters. Never! He is equally yours. Spiritual Masters come into the world to convince you that God-realisation is your birthright.

You can claim God as your very own. You can also say the same that Christ said two thousand years ago: "I and my Father are one." He said this on the strength of his conscious and constant inseparable oneness with his

M

29

Father. We do not have that constant, conscious, inseparable oneness. There are days when we feel the Presence of God for a long time. Again, there are days when we feel the Presence of God for only a few minutes. And there are days when we do not feel the Presence of God at all. This being the case, how can we dare to say that God and we are one? We feel that we would be telling a deplorable lie. But like Christ, if we pray, if we meditate, if we discover the highest within ourselves, then the day will come when we will be able to declare the same, when each individual will be able to declare: "I and my Father are one." It is not only possible, not only practicable, but it is inevitable that one day everyone will claim this same realisation.

Yoga is the way to get this realisation. Yoga means union, conscious union with God. Yoga teaches us how we can collect a bumper crop of realisation. This realisation is the realisation of our Divinity, of our Immortality, of the Infinite within us, of the Eternal within us.

According to our traditional Hindu system, there are three major yogas—Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga and Jnana Yoga. Karma Yoga is the yoga of dedicated service. Bhakti yoga is the yoga of love and devotion. Jnana Yoga is the yoga of knowledge and wisdom. In Jnana Yoga we see an important, most powerful branch called Raja Yoga. In the West, this is what you call mysticism, yoga for the mystics.

There are also other yogas, such as Hatha Yoga and Japa Yoga. This is of great help, supreme help, in keeping the body fit. It relaxes your body and helps you in awakening your consciousness. But you have to know how far Hatha Yoga can take you. In the West, fortunately or unfortunately, many people are under the impression that Hatha Yoga can lead to the destination. But this is not so. Hatha Yoga is the starting. Practising Hatha Yoga is like studying in kindergarten, whereas concentration, meditation and contemplation are the university courses. Even if you do not study in kindergarten, you may easily get to the university. There are some good students, brilliant students, who skip some grades. They need not go to kindergarten. They start in primary school and then continue. But if you don't start, then how are you going to reach your destination? Whatever Hatha Yoga can teach us, we should willingly learn, but we must not give undue importance to this small branch of the great tree of yoga.

If our mind is constantly subject to thoughts and ideas, if the thought-monkey is constantly biting us, then we have to take care. We have to fight against the mischievous monkey, though. Hatha Yoga can be of help in this. But there is another type of yoga called Japa Yoga which is a greater help. Japa Yoga is the repetition of a particular word or name of the Lord—Krishna, Rama, Kali, Supreme, Aum, etc. While we practise japa our mind is focused only on our chosen deity, a spiritual quality, a particular aspect of God, or a manifestation of God in a human body. This practice helps considerably in quieting and controlling the mind.

But if we can practise concentration, meditation and contemplation, then it is like taking a modern jet plane to reach our destination. If we want to go to Rome, we can go in various ways. It depends on how fast we want to reach our destination. We can go with the help of an Indian bullock cart, or we can go with the help of a jet plane. Naturally, the plane will take us to our destination much faster.

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MIKE WHITE, SUGARCANE  
HARRIS

930 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS  
THE BIG SWAMP

1030 NEW SOUNDS,  
NEW RELEASES

1200 AUM ALONG -  
MOODY BLUES, CAN,  
SRI CHINMOY, BABA RAM  
DASS, MAHAVISHNU



Now once we reach our destination, the game is not over. We have something else to do. We have to reveal the Truth, the Light that we have achieved and grown into. After revelation, still the game is not over. We have to manifest on earth the Light that we embody. While manifesting the Light of the Supreme, we are fulfilling the Supreme in His own way. Before we start manifesting the Supreme in His own way, we are only preparing ourselves to be the divine soldiers, chosen soldiers of the Infinite. But a day comes when we have realised, we are revealing and we have started manifesting. At that time we can claim to be the chosen instruments of the Supreme, the inner Pilot.

I have been asked by many, many times by the seekers how yoga fits in with religion. The ultimate aim of each religion is to realise the highest Truth. Therefore, the goal of all religions is one. Yoga expedites one's journey in each religion. That is the role of yoga. Yoga has a big heart. It includes all religions and, at the same time, it tells all religions to go beyond their boundaries. Yoga accepts, embraces all religions as its very own and, at the same time, inspires all religions to go beyond, far beyond their limited domains.

All seekers should follow their own respective paths, and feel that each path is like a boat. You have a boat of your own, I have a boat, she has a boat and he has another boat. If you remain in your boat and the other foot in another boat, or if you constantly jump from one boat to another, you will soon be drenched in the sea of ignorance, and you will never reach your destination.

But if you have no confidence in your boat, that is a different matter. You have been in school for some time and you feel that you are making no progress. The teacher is not satisfying you. Naturally you have every right to leave the school and find a school that satisfies you. Similarly, if you are not satisfied with your boatman, that is to say, your spiritual leader, you have every right to change the boatman and the boat.

Unfortunately, some seekers are not serious or genuine enough to discover this fact. They start their journey out of curiosity. When they start their spiritual journey out of curiosity, they are misled by outer things. The moment they hear that so-and-so has ten thousand disciples, immediately they want to become disciples of that particular Master. He is very great, they feel, otherwise, how can he have ten thousand disciples? These curious seekers tend to accept a Master unwisely, with no proper sense of discrimination.

I wish to say that even though a particular teacher may have ten thousand disciples, he may not be your proper teacher. Your teacher may be somebody who has only two disciples. You may be his third disciple, and then perhaps he will not accept any more. But again, who knows? Your own Master may have thousands of disciples. There is nothing wrong in it. Even though he has thousands of disciples, he can easily have you in his boat, and he can carry you to your destined Goal.

Everything depends on your sincerity. Even after you have accepted a spiritual Master's path, please feel that every moment you have to play your role, you have to play your part. Some seeker's say, "Now that I have a Master, a path, I don't have to do anything. I can sleep day in, day out, in the boat." But it is not like that. Each day you have

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to offer your own aspiration consciously, devotedly, intensely. Only then is it possible for the Master to give you his Peace, his Light his Bliss. You have to give to the Master your aspiration, which is your achievement, and the Master has to give to you his achievement, which is his realisation. You have to give what you have, and the Master has to give what he has.

In this way the Master and the seeker, the Master and the disciple, become inseparably one. Your aspiration is of paramount importance and the Master's realisation also is of paramount importance. With your aspiration and his realisation you and the Master are fulfilling the Divine, manifesting of Absolute on earth. You are giving something to the Master which is of infinite value, and on the strength of it he is manifesting the Absolute, the Infinite on earth. The Master and the disciple are of equal importance as players in God's Cosmic Game.

But the seeker needs to have constant faith in his Master, as the Master has faith in him. Once he accepts someone as his disciple, the Master has boundless faith in that particular seeker. But the seeker, the disciple, quite often loses faith in the Master and in himself. Now if he loses faith in his Master, his progress will be delayed but not ended. He can go to some other Master. Perhaps the second one is actually his real Master. So naturally he will make progress. But if the seeker loses faith in himself, then his spiritual life has ended. In the spiritual life, if one loses faith in oneself, then he is not. He is a babe in the woods. At that time he is not only helpless, but also hopeless.

The Master is your friend, your eternal friend, who helps you to realize the highest in yourself. He helps you to open your inner treasure chest with your key—not his key—and shows you your own treasure. Once he shows you your own treasure, his part of the game is over. In the ordinary life, if you take help from someone to accomplish something, you are under obligation to give that person some fee or compensation. But in the spiritual life, you do not have to give the Master anything but aspiration. When he helps you in your God-realisation, your very aspiration is his fee. You have aspired to find your inner treasure, and he has been of help to you. He feels that if you have accepted him to be of service, that in itself is his fee. The joy of serving God in you is sufficient salary for the Master.

A spiritual Master is he who constantly plays the eternal Game and swims across the sea of ignorance, carrying seekers to the shore of Light and Delight. A spiritual Master is an elder brother, the eldest son. Being the eldest in the family, he knows a little more than his younger brothers and sisters, so he leads or carries the younger ones to the Father. Once he shows his younger brothers and sisters where the Father is, his role is over.

So dear friends, dear seekers, dear sisters and brothers, we are all aiming at the same Goal. We have all started the journey. We have launched into the spiritual path. We are no longer at our starting point. We are on our way to our destination. It is up to us whether to run slowly or to run fast. If we want to run fast, faster, fastest, then we have to simplify our outer life, our life of confusion, our life of desire, our life of anxiety and worry. And at the same time, we have to intensify our inner life, our life of aspiration, our life of dedication and illumination.

Oakland High School  
Mansfield, England  
June 21, 1973

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10000 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE  
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1030 GREAT MOMENTS FROM  
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1100 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS

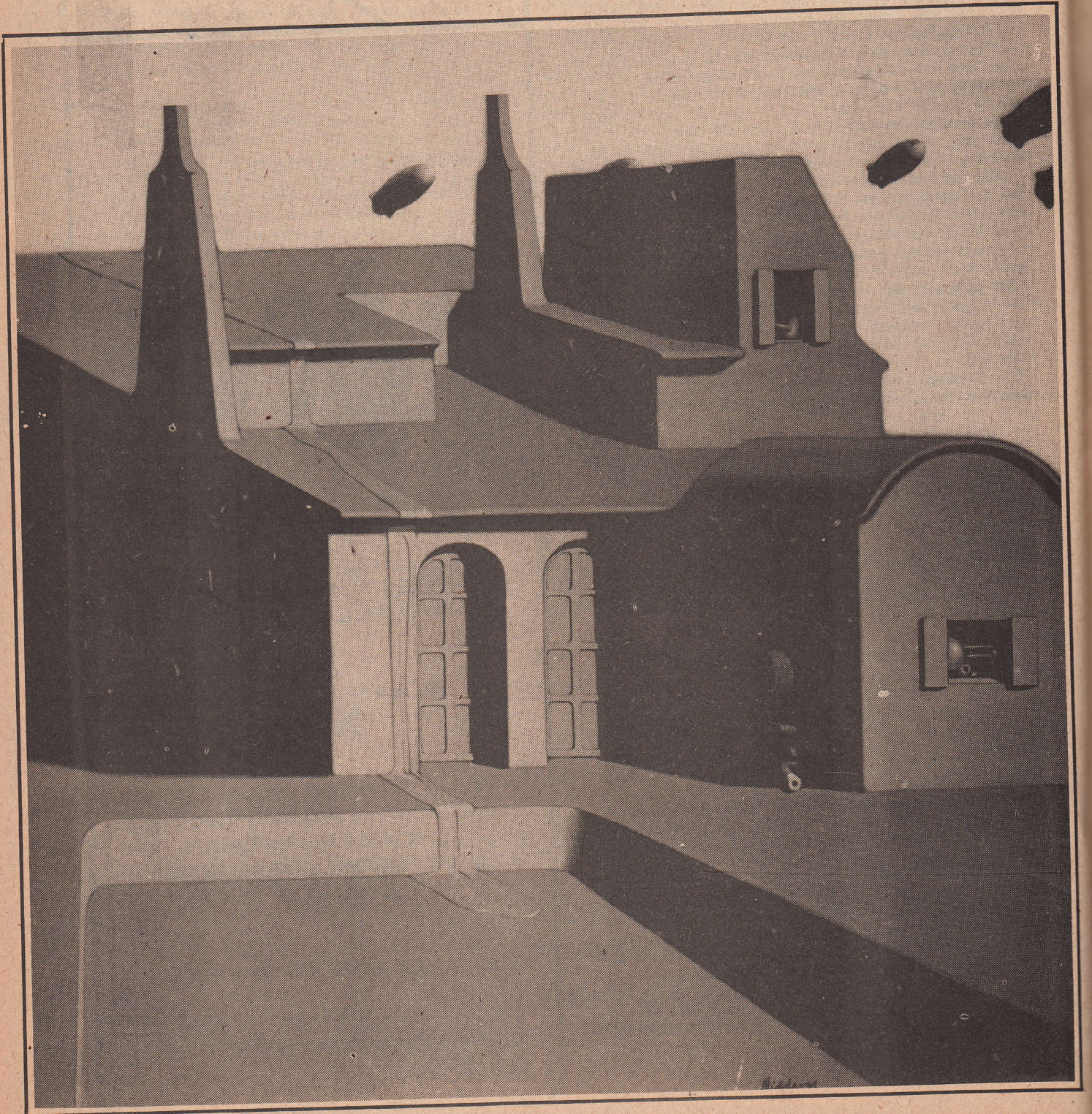
1130 LATE NIGHT BOOGIE  
HOUND DOG TAYLOR, CANNED  
HEAT, JOHN LEE HOOKER,  
ALLMAN BROS., REACTION

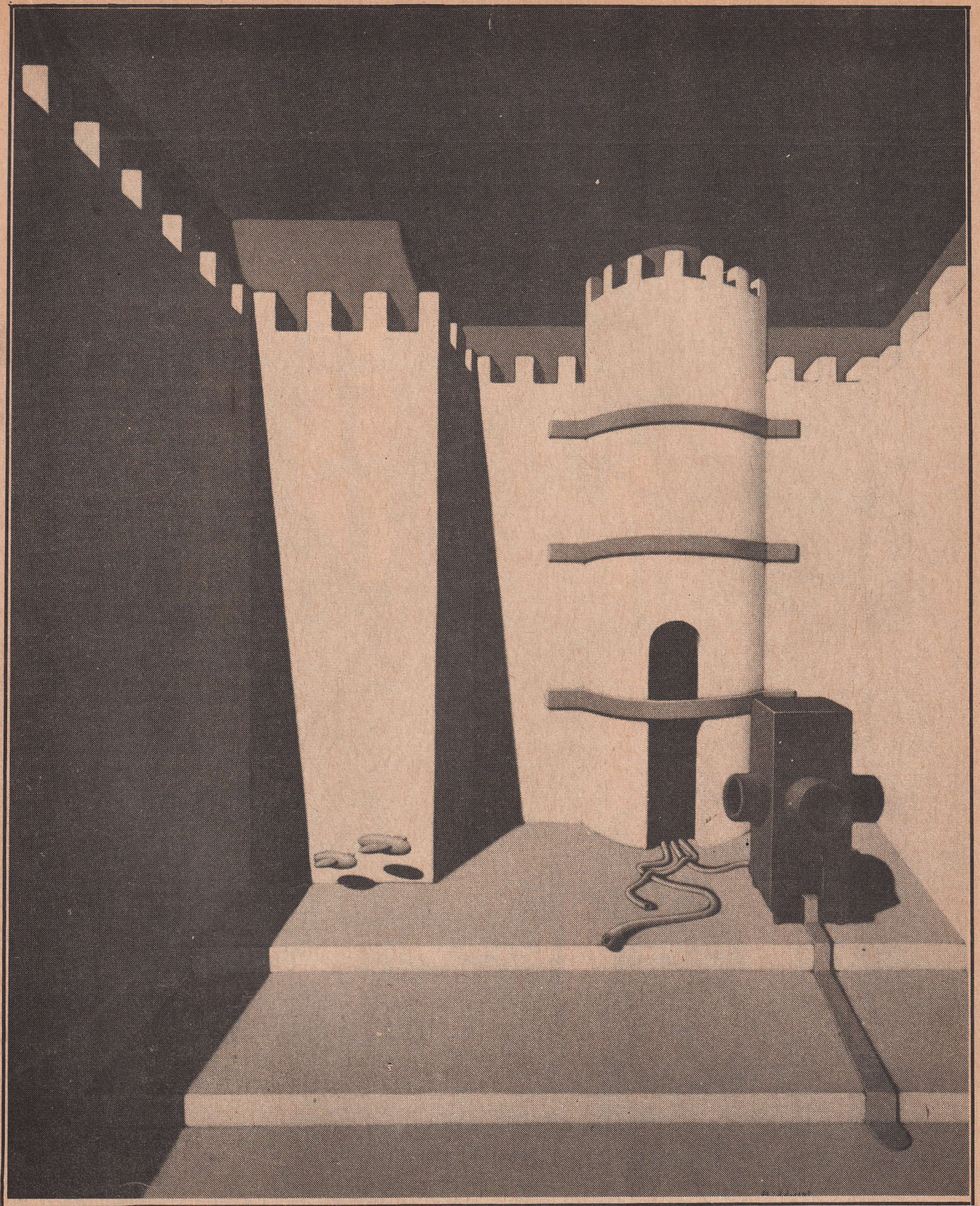
1230 JAZZ FOR BEGINNERS

1255 MEDITATION WITH  
SRI CHINMOY

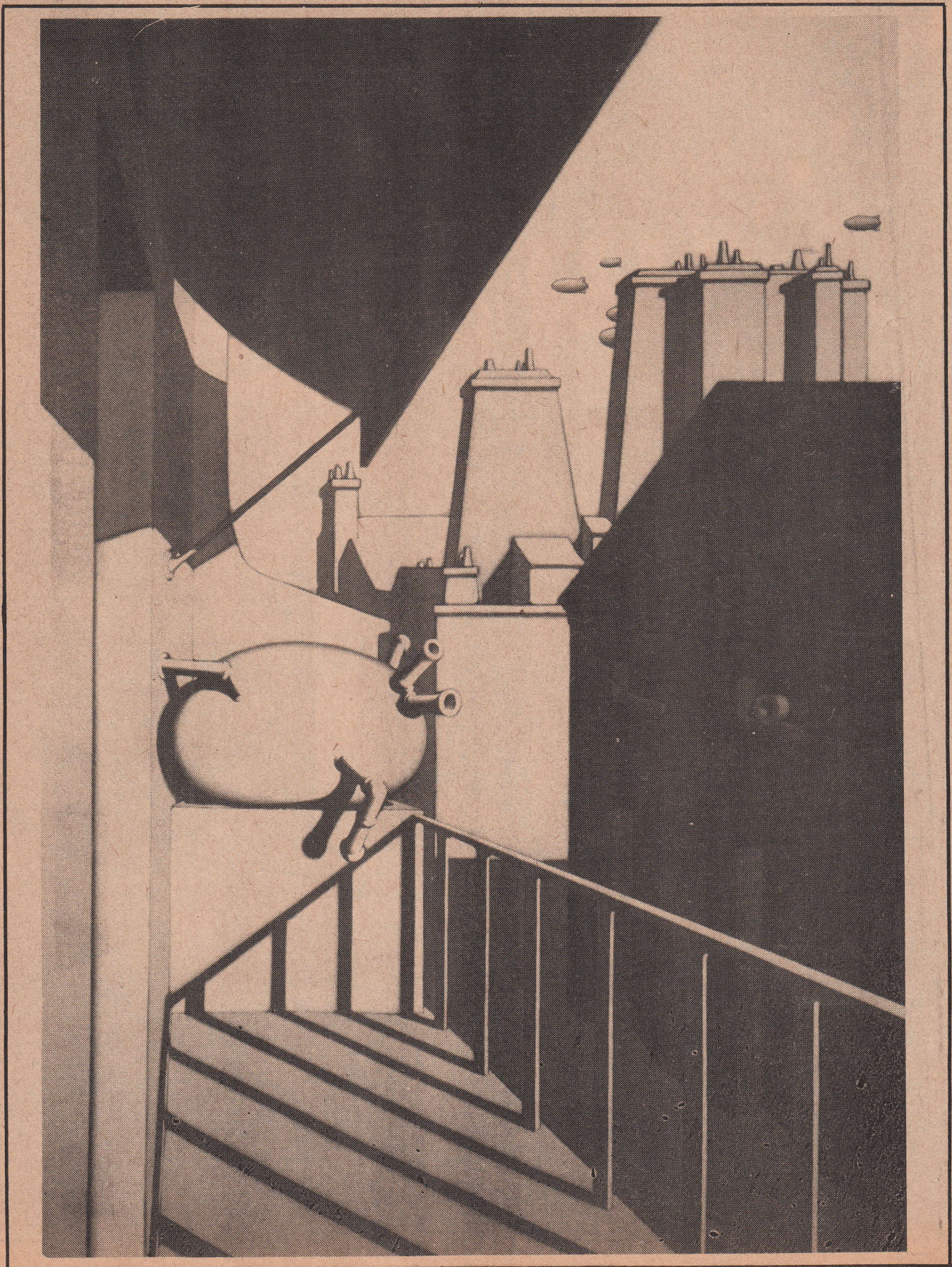
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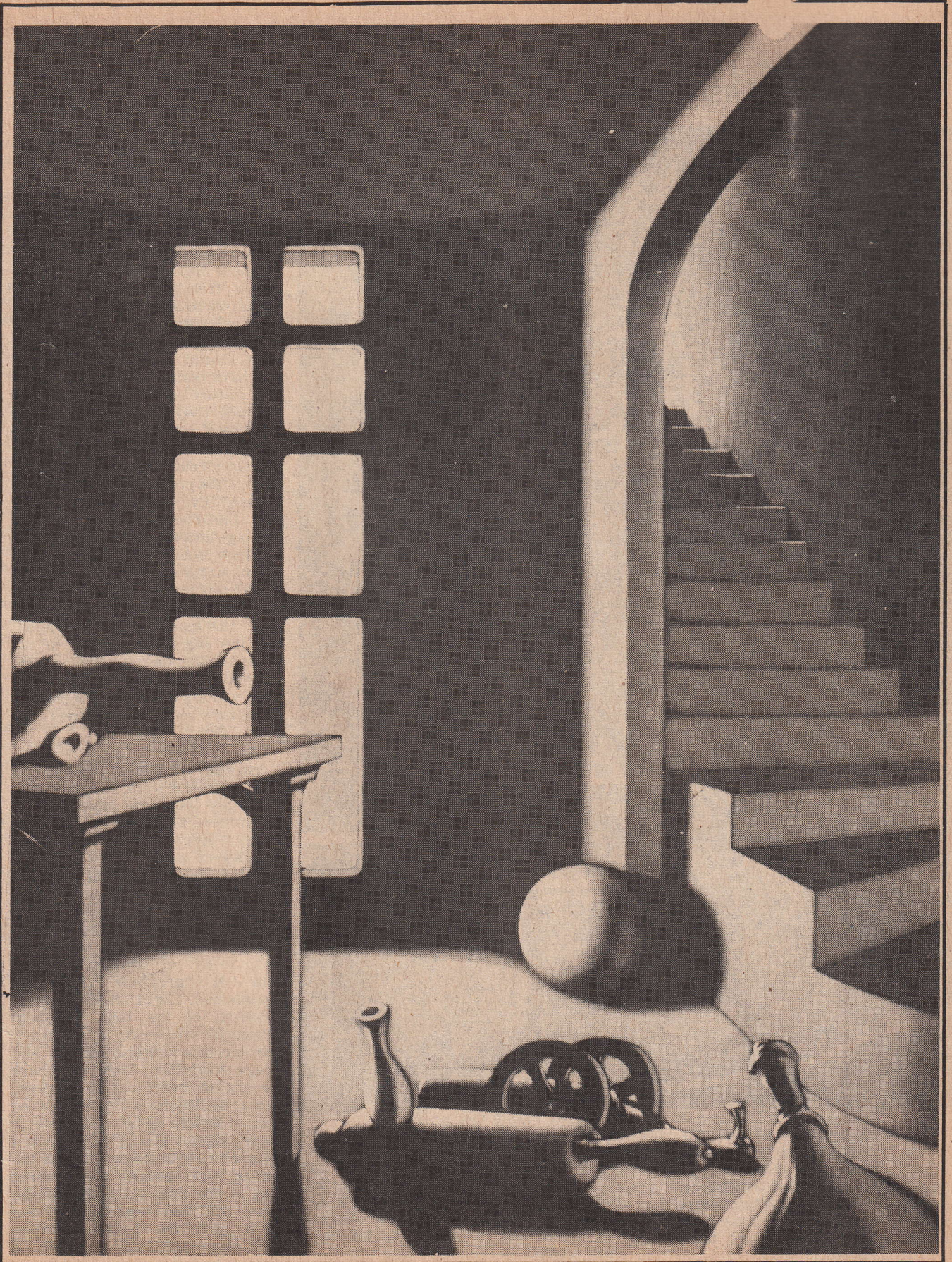
## ROBERT MIDDGAUGH



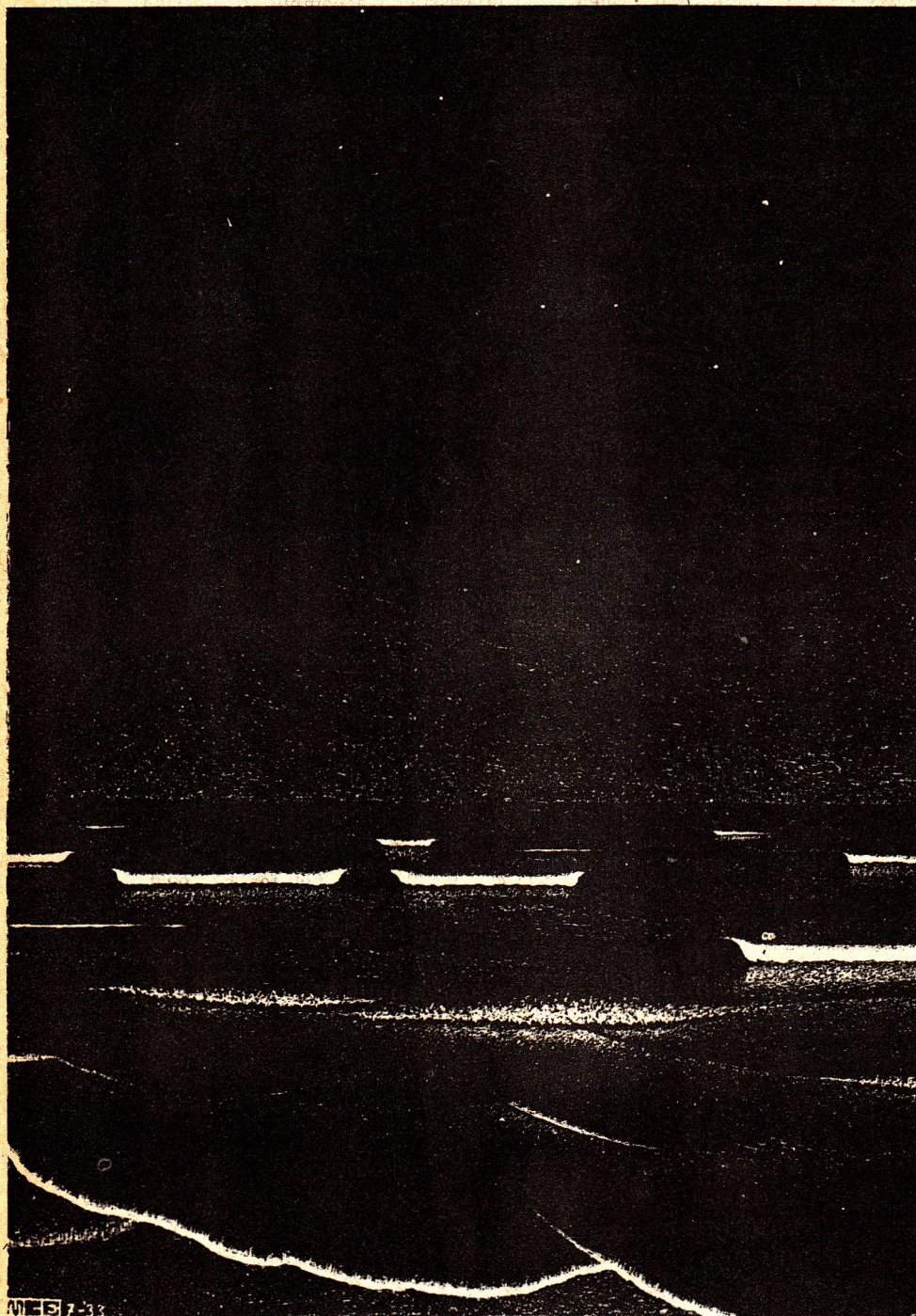


COURTESY OF THE DESON-ZAKS GALLERY





# mysticism



Mysticism means a great many things to a great many people. In theory, mysticism refers to a preoccupation with the non-physical aspects of the world. Nowadays, much of what had at one time been considered mystical, has been

subsumed under other headings. The psychic sciences, Jungian psychology, et al. What remains is divided again into Western and Eastern mysticism. The hallmark of the mystic is his intense interest in the cosmic and universal, and his utter disdain for the immediate and

applicable. Another commonplace of the mystic is his tendency to choose obscure-occult methods of expressing himself. Originally, the obscurity seems to have been mostly due to the inability of the person touched by the mystical experience to communicate what that experience involved. With time, the tendency towards the esoteric seems to have become a style in its own right.

My own experience with various mystical organisations has run the gamut from fascinating and informative to ludicrous. Too often, a mystical society is nothing more than an agglomeration of people who have shared a certain experience and have certain conclusions about the nature of their respective realities. They tend to cluster for the purpose of self support. 'If a large number of other people have come to the same conclusion independently, doesn't this prove the truth of a point of view.' Unfortunately this doesn't and the societies can become nothing more than mutual admiration societies mired in high school status games.

With this cautionary note in mind, and the remonstrance of Socrates that "bad teaching, like bad meat, has the regrettable quality of not always indicating its foulness till after it has poisoned you, at which point you are no longer in a position to ask for a refund or to correct your error."

**Astrology**—Although the basis of many mystical sects, you may wish to simply study the topic itself. I recommend Erika Herzy—or Grant Wiley. Herzy is listed under astrologers in the Yellow Pages.

**B'Hai**—Their temple at Sheridan and Linden in Wilmette is a major landmark. Go out there for a pleasant stroll around the grounds and pick up some literature on the Baha Ullah, culmination of a long line of prophets following Muhammed. The religion has many elements of the basic mystical approach—in terms of a heavy reliance upon esoteric number and image symbolism. They also share the common belief that all religions, insofar as they have elements of the truth of an infinite being, are one. A meta-religious group, they concern themselves with the evolution of the human race towards god. I think they at one time subscribed to the belief that they would inherit the earth after the heathens wiped themselves out, but I might be wrong about this

**B.O.T.A.**—Builders of the Adytum are an organisation headquartered in Los Angeles. Their main thing is selling large cards of the major arcana of the Tarot. You color-in the cards yourself according to their instructions. You then go on to enroll in a correspondence course during which time you are initiated into the secrets of the minor arcana—not for the purpose of fortune telling, but to gain self realisation. Essentially, they dispense Cabbala mysticism according to the Rosicrucian formulas.

**Christianity**—There's actually still quite a bit of mystical activity going on within the structure of Christianity. Not only are there the Jesus freaks—who have incorporated the apocalyptic and gnostic elements of Christianity into their own exaggerated by acid visions, but there are the far older esoteric Quaker meditation groups, Teilhardians, and various Christian mystics of the stripe of C.S. Lewis and Marshall McLuhan. There's quite a bit of life in the old lamb yet.

**Divine Light Mission**—5026 Greenwood 373-3100—Ah yes, guru Maharaji Ji. Inspired by the ghost of his enlightened father at the tender age of eight, he has gone on to become a major figure in the Eastern mysticism biz. True, Houston was a very inauspicious start for the beginning of a millenia, but then again—a millenia isn't built in a day. Noted for having attracted Rennie Davis into its ranks and for pasting a prodigious number of leaflets all over the Chicago landscape. "Do you see the light," asks the initiator pressing his two fingertips against your eyeballs. If you say no, count on the fingers pressing a little more deeply before he asks you again. "Do you see the light?" On the other hand, Roger tells me that in Scythia, they used to blind cynics, claiming that it improved their eyesight.

My own tastes run towards Meher Baba. He never did say a word until near the very end. Also very congenial is the Baba Ram Dass school of Eastern mysticism. I even liked him as Richard Alpert, part of the dynamic Alpert and Leary duo.

Beyond this are dozens of lesser known groups. There are prophets of spiritual ritualisation through bodily exercise, prophets of enlightenment through silence. Perhaps the most out of the ordinary group was the

mystical group dedicated to listening to the bell-like sounds audible to the right ear when properly meditating.

The most intellectual of the various Indian Gurus was Krishnamurti. The Theosophical society computed the time of the birth of a great messiah and then scoured the world for someone born at that time. Enter Krishnamurti, the wunderkind. Talking about having to live up to people's expectations. Still, he has much of value to say in a direct and comprehensible manner.

**Dianetics**—121 E. Oak, WH4-6993. L. Ron Hubbard's brainchild. Born in 1911, Mr. Hubbard first discovered his axioms in 1938. According to Hubbard, "The creation of Dianetics is a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire, and superior to his inventions of the wheel and the arch," whose axioms should not be considered theories, but hitherto undiscovered natural laws. Dianetics was first popularised by William Campbell in **Astounding**—Analog Science Fiction back in 1950. Following its popularisation in the science fiction community (where people such as A.E. Van Vogt took to it with a vengeance, Vogt becoming the head of the California branch of Scientology for a while), it spread like wildfire to the movie colony and then the college campuses. By 1952, however, the foundation in Wichita had gone bankrupt. Such is the fickle public. Since then, scientology has grown at a slow but steady rate, given a special impetus in the latter half of the sixties by the psychedelic consciousness expansion movement.

The basis of Scientology is the concept of engrams. Engrams are irrationalities that develop in the programming of the brain of an individual. These irregularities occur under the influence of pain, severe stress, alcoholic stupor and other times when the mind is turned off. The most serious and long lasting of the engrams are often those caused by injurious experiences occurring to the unborn foetus.

After auditing has freed the patient from the major neuroses caused by engrams, he is called a release. Further improvements in his condition make him a pre-clear, and finally a clear. Clears are totally

sane people who don't get colds and suffer from hyper-intelligence. The processing is accomplished with the help of an engram meter which measures skin conductivity and reveals points of stress during the period during which the patient is recounting his memory of engram inducing experiences. By becoming a clear you become a member of a fraternity of super people who will eventually take over the world, but the machines are rather expensive and I'm told that clears can be extremely bitchy and hard to get along with. Some of the various other aspects of Dianetics, the navel of the universe and all that, sound rather interesting.

**Eckankar**—5366 N. Milwaukee 792-0127—You see the soul must travel through the eight (seven? ten?) veils of reality, or is that the eight realities veiled? In any case, their little charts showing where your abilities lie and the progress of your soul through the eight whatever is all very interesting and worth a look.

**Gurdjieff**—(also Ouspensky). Gurdjieff is one of the really important figures in the history of Western mysticism. He created an Institute for The Harmonious Development of Man near Paris in the 20's. Although his work **All And Everything** has been published by Dutton in paperback (as well as **Meetings With Remarkable Men**) he's best known not for his own work, but for the work of his pupil, Ouspensky (author of **In Search of the Miraculous, Tertium Organum, and The Fourth Way**). The Gurdjieff revealed in his own writings is a brilliant man, full of humor and scathing insights into the nature of contemporary reality. His anecdotal history of the solar system is rather long and I suggest interspersing Herman Hesse novels in between just to keep your interest up. **Meetings With...** is even more gratifying. The mysticism is simple, and deep.

I find Ouspensky shrill, in comparison to his teacher. O.'s works are, however, full of techniques and experiences acquired in the process of trying to attain a higher consciousness. Something of a Russian **Journey to Ixtlan** with Gurdjieff playing Don Juan. Still, this is the raw stuff mysticism is made of.

The Paris institute was discredited when writer Katherine Mansfield died there while undergoing treatments. The treatment consisted of sleeping in a barn so she could inhale the cow exhalations.

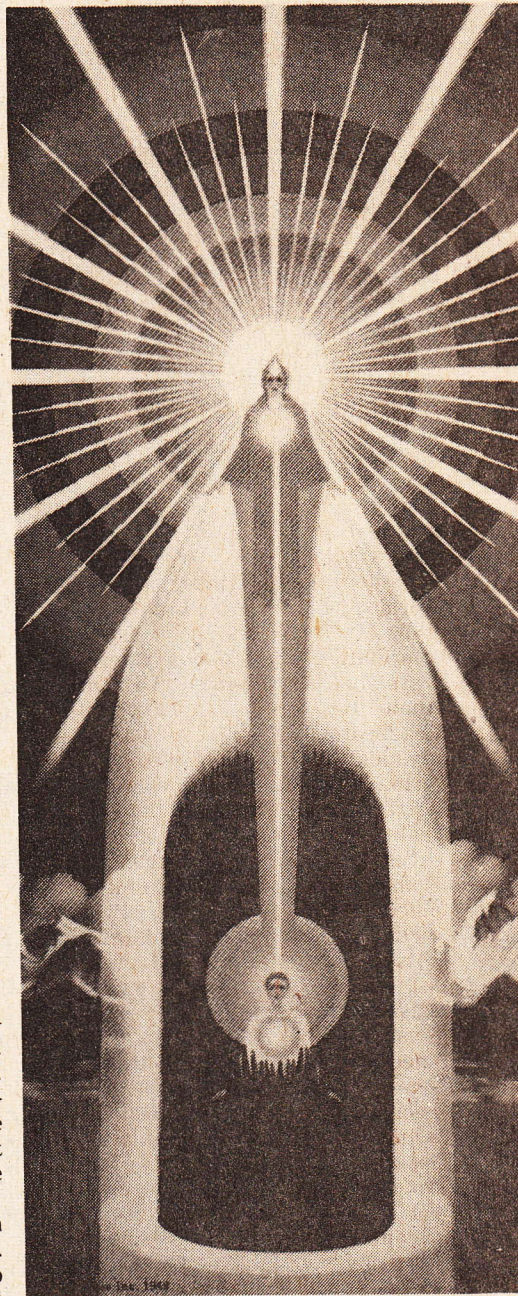
One of the concepts of the Gurdjieff school was that of "Self Remembering." An interesting fictional novel that makes a symbolic statement concerning self-remembering is "The Life of Ivan Osakin." by Nicoll. Nicoll is respected, but generally considered to have been less conscious than he considered himself.

Gurdjieff societies are still in existence in America and the Chicago area, but they tend to be highly private. I hear they are awaiting the coming of a millenium of some sort.

While on the topic of major figures in history of Western mysticism, we ought to mention Aleister Crowley, who serves as a shining example to everyone of what a poor English lad can make himself. His life was more like some sort of outrageous Ken Russell film than anything believable. He started as an explorer, became a mystic philosopher, turned magician, started a sect (entrance fee was donation of all your worldly goods to Crowley), declared himself the Beast 666, established a monastery on Sicily (where a young poet died under strange circumstances) moved to Tunis, and finally was driven insane by his drugs and whatever. These Charles Manson, Rasputin, archetypes just keeping popping up don't they. His many books qualify as mystical allegories and his diaries, those mad accounts, are strong stuff. Handle with care.

**Himalayan Institute of Yoga**—Prospect Heights 255-7295—I'm not that familiar with Swami Rama, but I am familiar with Oxford paperbacks on the **Tibetan Book of the Dead**, **The Golden Lotus**, **Secret Doctrines**. If this is more of the same, I'm all for it.

**International Society for Krishna Consciousness**—1014 Emerson Str. in Evanston. 475-9126—Hey, want to cut all your hair off and leave a ponytail, want to wear strange baggy clothing and stand in the snow with your sneakers chanting a mantra that keeps you high but not



warm. care to find happiness sitting in the back of a delivery van, how about big suppers of fruit and bread and such, how about being a member of a large and prosperous corporation dealing in incense and a strange magazine????????? If any of the preceding sound attractive to you, Hare down to your local Krshna recruiter. "Happiness is for pigs."

Nietzsche

**I Am Temple**—176 W. Washington FI6-1380—Very strange, but a nice feeling all the same. Buy a postcard depicting electrical psychic energy lighting up the rings of reality. Look at a photograph showing a convocation of angels (it looks like they're having a picnic). Was George Washington, St. Germaine in reincarnation drag? I've visited the place a number of times, and always come away with the feeling that I imagined the whole thing. "I M I M I M I M I M" Drop in on your lunch hour if you're downtown.

**Masons**—1210 N. Wallr CO1-9696—The daddy of them all. You see they came over from Tibet and helped the Egyptians build the pyramids. As for the rest, the history of masonic lodges is fascinating. Rites, initiations, the whole ball of wax.

**Paganism**—Paganism is alive and well in Chicago. There are two brands. Positive paganism and negative paganism. In P.P. you sit around and study up to be a witch or warlock, do the technique of the middle pillar, meditate, do yoga, try healing and dabble in homeopathic medicine as well as talismans and such. In general, you have fun doing nice magic. A saner more likeable group I never hope to meet. If someone should invite you to one of their meetings, don't miss it. The last of their projects was the destruction of Lincoln Towing. Good work.

Negative paganism is a little stranger, but I hear their "Love Feasts" are a hell of a lot of fun. Because of recent legal difficulties, I'll discretely not mention where to contact the black magicians.

**Phoenix Fellowship**—At one time extremely active in the Chicago area, the organization has moved its headquarters to Madison Wisconsin. A spinoff from the old Theosophical society, the group promises the intimacy and excitement that only a really small band of true believers

can offer. Benefits are inheriting the Earth after the big disaster and being the member of an inner circle that Really knows. Depth of revelation is questionable. To contact, leave a note with the Maitre d' at the **Ovens of Brittany** restaurant in downtown Madison.

**Process**—1529 N. Wells—642-6883—The church of the final judgement are those people pushing magazines and dressed in the blue capes. They used to wear black capes I think, but I suppose P.R. decided it looked too kinky. Into adoring everybody. Christ, the five (or is it seven, or ten) 'princes of darkness. You name it, they adore it. Acolytes of the paradox, their basic trip is rather interesting even if it does run to commonplace platitudes. You can't beat their answer to "what do you do for an encore." Some people have complained of "Wierd Vibes." Where would we be without our vibes?

**The Phillipine Church**—This doesn't have too much to do with mysticism, except that a large number of mystics are involved in it. Tony Opaka goes around and shows these movies of this doctor who operates on people with HIS BARE HANDS. The movies are unconvincing but, then again, there are testimonials from happy appendicitis sufferers. Worth a second look.

While on it, I've heard tell of a **Church of Egypt** and the name, Chuck Renslow connected with it. Give me that old time religion? I haven't been able to track it down any further, but at least we know its there. Probably revolves around some form of adoration of the Anckh.

**Rosicrucians**—Consult the back of any Popular Mechanics Mag at your nearest newsstand, and find the secrets of the ages. The magic word is JAVE. Say the secret word and the duck comes down and you win enlightenment, you bet your life.

**Stell**—Consult the book **The Last Frontier** concerning this group or attend a lecture by Tom Valentine who books with the "Contemporary Forum Agency." Last I heard, their colony in downstate Illinois was going great guns and their deadline for getting all of their people into airplanes that will circle the globe while the world annihilates itself are

all proceeding on schedule. It occurs to me that many of these mystical groups rely quite heavily on the notion of Armageddon.

It makes me a little uncomfortable thinking of all those groups who'd benefit from the world destroying itself.

**Subud**—111 W. Hubbard 944-9472—Mysticism with a muslim cast. Very interesting and exotic, but demanding of more dedication than most people care to think about. Something important, but different. I've also heard intelligent people refer to it as the funniest religion ever made. Consult Bennet's **Concerning Subud** University books and Steve Allen's **Mark It and Strike It**.

**Swedenborgian Church**—5220 S. Wayne—If that's the Swedenborg I think it is, then this is one of the earlier mystical sects and one of the most fascinating. You see these angels...well...

**Theosophical Society**—1926 N. Main in Wheaton MO8-1517—The mystical big time. It starts with Balvatsky who is in contact with these demons and spirits in the other world. She sees a book called the book of Dzyan, picks up esoteric information in other mysterious ways and so on and so forth. Enter Annie Besant and then Charles Leadbeater. In no time we have mystical olympiad of esoteric information that defies description. Astral projection, auras, layers of reality, the history of the previous races upon the earth, secrets of the Roman gnostics, the nature of life on other planets, the spiritual construction of the soul, healing, possession by positive spirits; is a list of some of the aspects of existence touched upon. For the mystic, the first contact with the Theosophical society is like being let loose in a candy store. For further information, consult the August 73 issue of the Triad Guide. (I always enjoyed the work of Manly P. Hall.) Note: The Theosophical society is not to be confused with the **Anthroposophical society**—529 W. Grant WE5-2634—which is dedicated to the works of Rudolf Steiner concerning life in Atlantis and Lemuria.

**Transcendental Meditation**—Students International Meditation Society Evanston—This has nothing to do with mysticism. They have a

technique which at one time was cloaked with mysticism, but now simply sell that technique for the profit of other people. The technique definitely works, it's a pity the organization tends not to.

**Urantia**—533 W. Diversey EA7-0424—Urantia is the name the galactic civilization has for Earth. The rest of the story fills a mammoth book which you can buy at Kroch's. If galactic civilizations appeal to you...

There is of course still a large body of mystical information that hasn't been touched upon. A classic accompaniment of the mystic were the ancient tricks of the technology of the mind. Things like the secrets of perfect recall and the like were peddled by Giordano Bruno when hard up for cash between royal patrons or teaching positions. Rightly, these practical aspects have been separated out and are now being used by such groups as Silva Mind Control and the like, but they don't really belong here. Another absence is Satanism, as of the Anton LeVey variety. This has about as much to do with mysticism as a play has to do with real life. It may dramatize it, but not share in it. Besides, I met a cousin of his in a bookstore once, and she told me he's nothing but a put on.

There's little else I can add. If there were any groups I left out, I'd be happy to hear from them. Remember, be careful and don't leave your scepticism at the door.

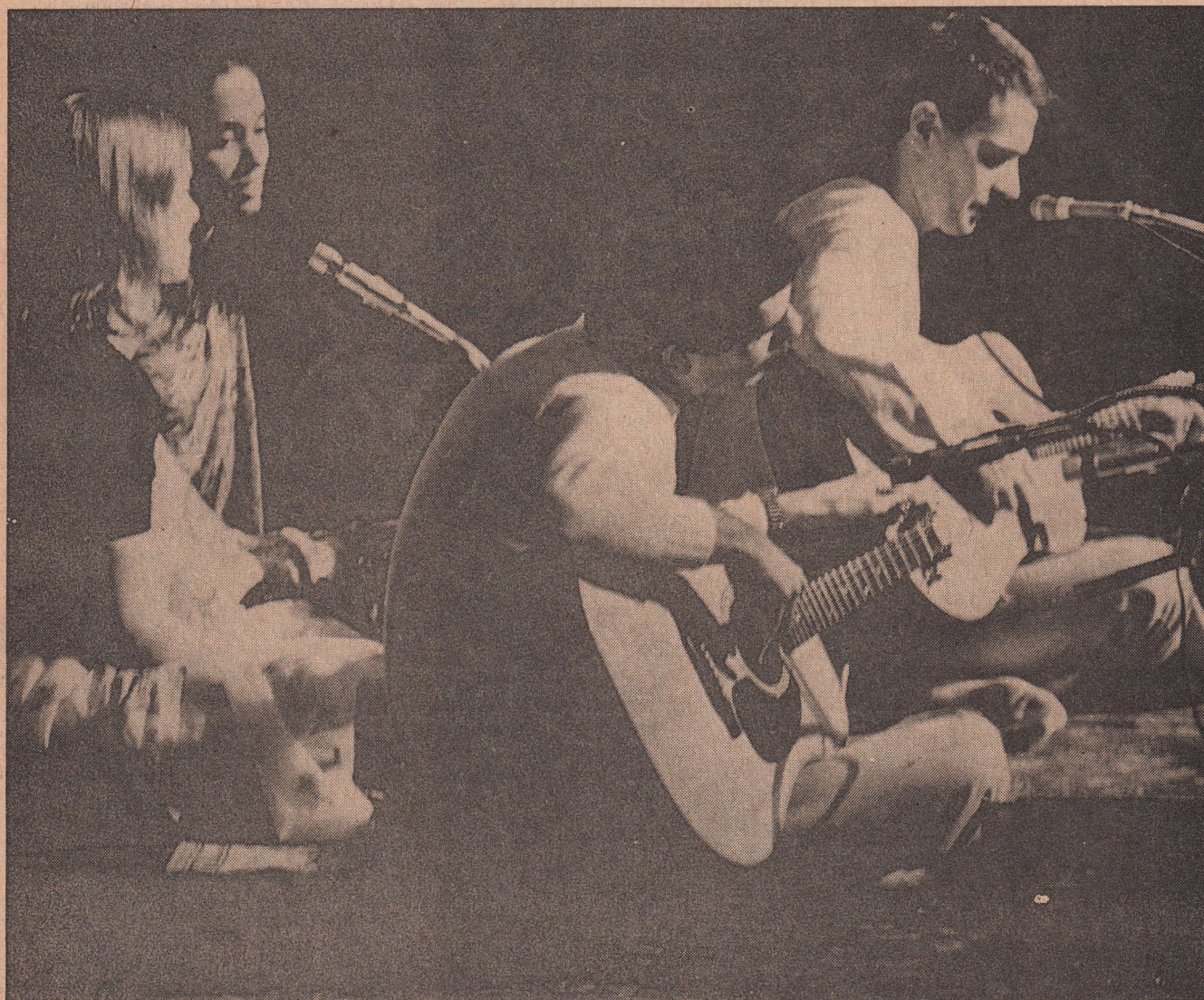
EDWARD KISLAITIS

For magical-mystical books and supplies try: The Quest Bookstore in Wheaton (an arm of the Theosophical Society; Equinox 3011 N. Halstead; The Occult Bookstore 651 N. State; The Store At This Address 1559 W. Howard; Metaphysics Bookstore 5047 S. Calumet; El Sabarum's 2553 N. Halsted (particularly good on herbs).

Special Note

On April seventh the second annual Psychic Fair will take place in McCormick Place in the Chicago Room admission will be \$2.50 at the door or \$2 in advanced sale at Montgomery Wards. Check the astrologers and everything else that will be there if you can.

Mahavishnu John McLaughlin  
Devadip Carlos Santana  
With Mahalaksmi and Urmila Santana



Alice Coltrane  
& Reggie Workman  
Concert

"So," everyone in the filled auditorium was wondering, "What's a Mahavishnu without a light orchestra going to sound like." Further grumbling and from a different corner you could hear, "So, what's Santana going to sound like now that he's Devadip?" Grumble, grumble. Then there was the crowd who was there because of the Mahavishnu Devadip article in Viva. "What's the thing they're into musically," grumble grumble.

Talk about a mixed crowd, it looked like Gallup had gathered them together for some sort of bizarre poll. The crowd was so spread out racially, age-wise, income-wise, that no one felt really secure. "Am I supposed to be at this concert. If HE'S here, I must have made some kind of mistake." The insecurity expressed itself in many ways. Some yelled and indulged in convictable asshole, others just sat and nervously got stoned. The only people who knew what to expect were the Sri Chinmoy(ites). They knew.

They saw the two foot high microphone stands and understood that a rock band of composed elves was not going to be playing backup. They saw the flowers (Ed. note: provided by Down to Earth) and the candles and the rugs (Ed. note: candles by Dawn and help from Jam Productions) and immediately knew.

I have to admit, I had an inkling myself. Not only did I figure that Mahavishnu and Devadip would tend to shun folk stools or whatever, but I actually correctly guessed (from my experience with Mahesh Yogi, Baba Ram Dass, and Allen Ginsberg lectures) that the musical program for the night would be a big push in the spiritual enlightenment area.



McLaughlin came out in the predicatable, "purity of spirit" white linen clothes and hunkered down. He said a few words about how glad he was to be in Chicago and what good memories he had of the city, bore the asshole of the yelling from the balconies pretty well with that certain (you are god you dumb bastard) smile, and tolerated the musical chairs number going on up front with barely a nonplus.

You go to a concert and its bright lights, freaky scenes, surrealistic nightmare clothes, right? Or perhaps some other gimmick, I don't know. In this case, the gimmick was truth and honesty. The music had the smooth hard qualities of a pine wood floor in some stone cabin in the mountains. The music was raw wool sweaters and rocks, surf, horizons. Cosmic? It was cosmic, but in a down to earth style. Comparing it to his earlier music, there's less of the flying past the moon orchestration and more of the complex phrasing and expression that used to separate his work from that of the others in his field (its a quality of light). His music was filled with light before, but now...it's like some sort of medieval, stained glass, rosette window or the design in an Indian prayer rug.

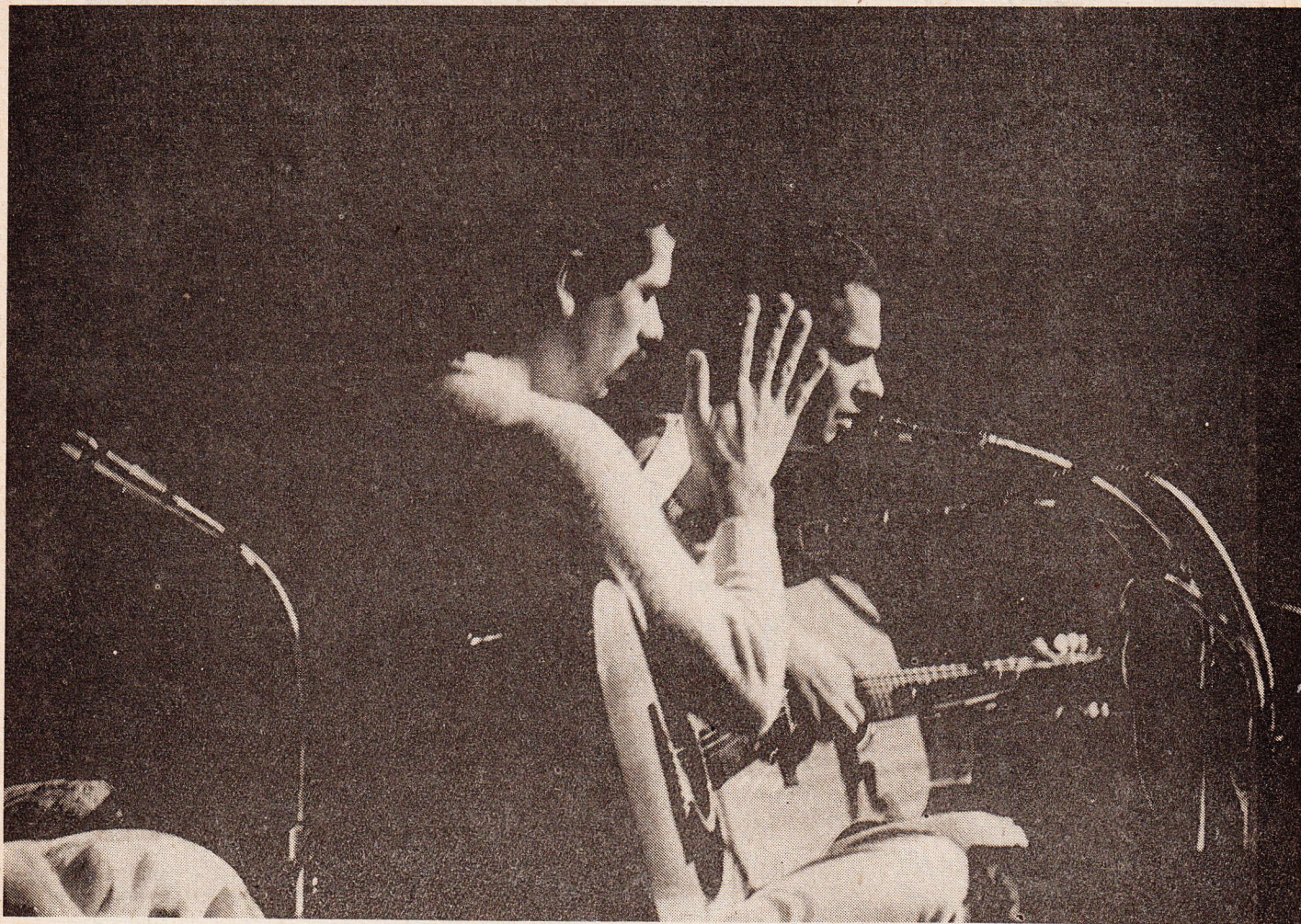
Meanwhile, back at the audience—"Ay, where's Santana, Ay put your head down. But this is my seat usher. Ay, ow cum there's no orchestra, where's the goddamn orchestra, wen day commin out?" etc. Admittedly, this was less than one percent of the audience, but did they have to show up for this concert. McLaughlin has been trying to get completely into

his music at a spiritual level for a long time. On the one hand, he's been trying to integrate the abstract spiritual wisdom of the Chinmoy teachings into the vibrations and harmonies of his music; on the other, he's been trying to retain the creative immediacy that gives music its ability to fire the soul and raise the consciousness—the willingness to see the world in new ways. While most musicians get caught in a cycle of promotion and bucks and cynicism, McLaughlin has stayed remarkably true to his own ethics and his highest—most conscious—dictates of the spirit. This, in the same business as Alice Cooper. This isn't the Moody Blues, this is the real thing. The music was controlled, cyclical, self consistent in structure like much of Indian music. It had a certain droning quality. But this motionlessness was being accomplished by intensely skillful and very quick fingerwork on the frets. The fire within the ice I suppose.

Meanwhile, the audience was so busy being blasé (When's he going to levitate or do something dramatic for crissake) that they generally didn't become quiet enough to be able to hear what he was doing. I was hearing enough to know, but losing enough to feel exasperated at the subtleties, hell—the high I was missing.

His wife joined him. She's good on the Indian version of the concertina but her singing—it is sincere. She didn't seem comfortable on the stage.

The colored lighting (nice try but just not transcendent enough) stopped, the audience warmly applauded, Mahavishnu and Mrs. Mahavishnu left the stage. Santana comes out in his Mr. Clean duds, but it's not quite the same. I mean McLaughlin looked like he'd been left in a sandstorm, bleached and stark as a fishbone on a pale beach. Here's Santana, all



white but with Zappata moustache. It didn't seem consistent, like he was holding back. The fools in the audience did their enthusiastic screaming number (I'm beginning to hate quaaludes) and Santana acknowledged with just this bit of a smile. Very controlled and cool.

He sets down to do some Chinmoy inspired-inspirational material and we get—more McLaughlin. It was very strange. There was a difference. Whereas Mahavishnu puts fire into his music by laying on the rapid glissandos, Santana would do this Indian type thing and then go into these little, lyrical latin riffs. Just little toe tappers. The “transcenders” were unsure of what to do, and the Santanaites seemed even more dubious. What had happened to their music. Was all that was left, these fragments? Maybe it had gotten broken somehow. If the fragments hadn't been there, I suspect they just would have assumed Santana left it at home and this was just some weirdness he was on. You know how crazy those musicians are. But these gaily colored pieces of melody forbode the coming of a different and exclusive world. This was not music to boogie by.

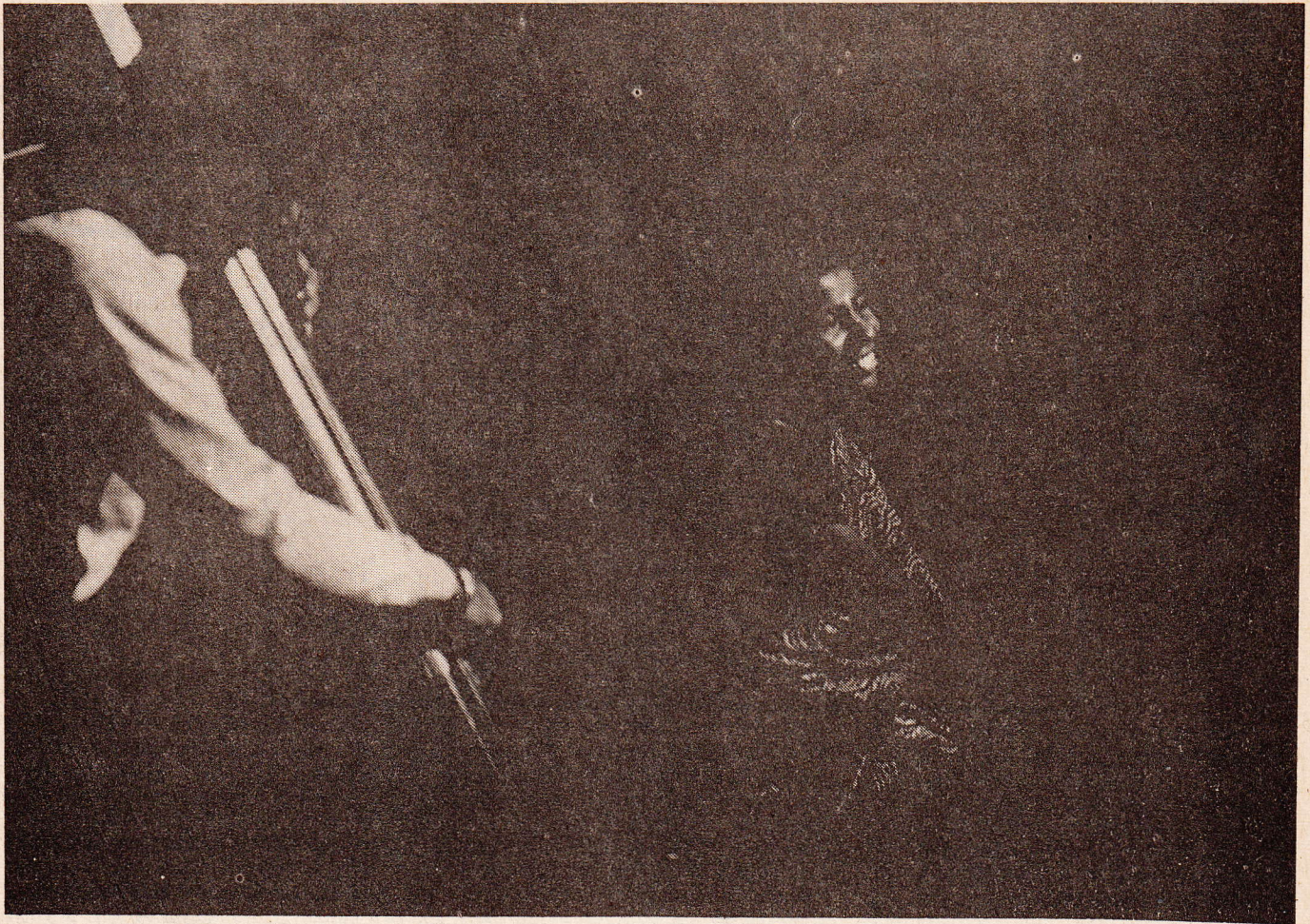
The music was good, flashy, spiritual. His wife's accompaniment was better than Mahalaksmi's barely audible auto harp, but... Maybe it has nothing to do with Mahavishnu: Maybe it's just Chinmoy using big Devadip Mahavishnu hand puppets. I suppose the glimpse of what looked like a stainless steel Pulsar (the light emitting numbers) on his wrist made me a little paranoid about what he saw as being his role.

There was a break and then all four came out and did a set. The hostility of a few combined with the unsureness of the many (I don't know if I like it. If you like it then I guess I like it. Would someone please tell me if this is hip?) produced an atmosphere of coolness that made appreciating this music to meditate by, very difficult.

Another break and Alice Coltrane came out with bassist, Reggie Workman. If there was ever any suspicion that he was hitching a ride on John's reputation, they fled screaming into the night. This is a **HEAVY** lady. There's just the back of this large upright organ and this head bobbing around on top like a mad balloon and Music. Music made out of slabs of ripped up sidewalk, craggy cliffs, boulders. The bass was actually lightening it up. There was a strange humor to her playing. There'd be this little blues run on the keyboard, just repeating again and again. Meanwhile these massive volcanoes would erupt, roll over it, bury it in lava, and the little run would come bopping out again in a very self occupied way. A lot of the audience was wildly enthusiastic, some just had that look on their faces you see people get when the elevated train is taking a curve too fast.

Next piece is on the harp. A full, baroque upright straight from the drawing room of some estate. Ridiculous, everyone knows you can't do that with a harp. There she is, doing it. Rambling some, still—the harp will never be quite the same for me again.

Back to the organ, and an early exit that allows Workman to work out on the bass for so long you begin to suspect everybody else left for a pizza and their having desert before coming back to do the final set.



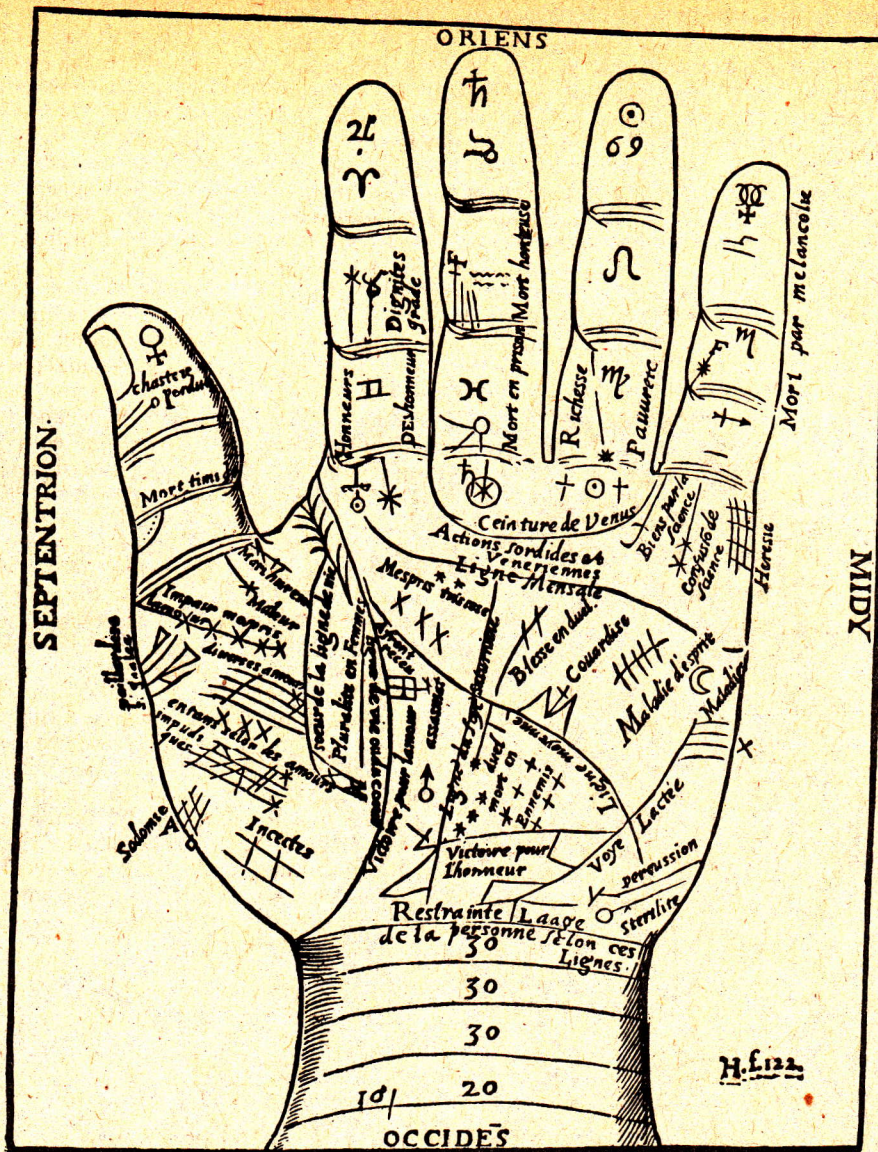
Aha, the final set. Everyone comes out and there's all this spiritual unity and devotion. The thunder still hanging in the air and the deafened eardrums made the last set sound weak. The organ tended to accidentally bump against some of the crystalline accoustical guitar material but that wasn't too bad, she was being very careful. It did seem a pity that Santana seemed to have so much trouble improvising with McLaughlin. At least he wasn't playing too much so I suppose that was the situation. They were playing together, but they weren't **together**. Still, seeing all that talent working out at the same time on the same stage is pretty impressive.

I suspect that McLaughlin was simply not expecting to be playing to a packed Auditorium Theater. Neither did Santana or Coltrane. The music was too sensitive, too personal and in the style of poetry to be shared among a few friends and respected acquaintances. It bore certain resemblances to a reading of love poetry in Sox park. There were even vendors and other strangers wandering up and down the aisles. Popcorn? Peanuts? Photographs?

Considering how well the modest candle flames of their music lit this symphonic hall, remembering the ovation they received and the cries for more—it was a damn fine performance and a night well spent.

If they had gotten one of those small, stark rooms at McCormick Place (like where Ram Dass lectured) and left out the lights and left out the chairs and had everyone just lying around on the carpeting, surrounding a raised platform, I think it would have been an intimate experience and a night better spent. I hope they come back soon and the audience gets another chance to put in a better performance.

by Edward Kislaitis



From earliest times, the idea of esoteric knowledge and foresight have been inseparably linked. The most primitive homo sapiens intuitively recognizes the relationship between the "mystical impulse" and the capacity to foresee the future. A man walks through the forest, a leaf falls. He returns home and discovers his wife is pregnant. Certainly, his ability to recognize a break in the patterns and cycles of his life lead him to draw a correlation between the events. The link? Magic. He suddenly becomes the bearer of mystical knowledge. For a detailed account of the wellsprings of mysticism, consult any and all the books of Mircea Eliade.

We go on, and find that rites and rituals symbolizing and repeating the initial occurrences are developed to recreate the mental state of the first realization. Incidents relating to the ritual (it goes either well or badly) are reinterpreted back into the real world. Sophistication of

technique generates the belief that all events follow a pattern. The early concepts of gods controlling circumstances is gradually replaced by a concept of the Fates, weavers of a patterned tapestry in which certain events are acted out again and again with the regularity of seasons. Everything has a place in the pattern. Birds and trees, colors and substances, all speak with a different voice to the one who realizes their relationship. This is the level of the Brujo (as of Don Juan) and the prophet seer (like Tiresias, who by being blind to the temporal and the worldly sees the greater truths beyond). Is it any wonder that one of the earliest myths is of Pandora and her box, in which after all the evils and plagues of the world have been released, the gods in their kindness have spared man the curse of foreknowledge. Or the legend of Cassandra, the prophetess whose curse was to always see the future and have no one believe her.

At a less complex level is the basic human trait of curiosity. Given a keyhole, man will stoop to peer through it. Given the wall of the future, if he finds some flaw in its unknowability, he'll certainly give it a look. At this level we have the mundane forms of divination. Young English girls, up until the seventeenth century, dropped molten lead into cold water and tried to judge from the shape taken whether they would be lucky in marriage. Sometimes they would use mirrors reflecting into mirrors in an attempt to see the face of their beloved.

The use of objects or processes which seem to epitomize randomness for the purposes of divination is quite ancient. It appears that the randomness of a particular process is considered a model of the greater randomness of the universe. If the one can somehow be contained with a pattern, then the larger Universe can also somehow be accounted for.

Perhaps the oldest of these systems is the I Ching (E Jing). Evidence indicates that the I Ching began as a system of interpreting the cracks caused in tortoise shells by exposing the shells to the heat of a furnace. The lines were then used as omens by which the king ruled the kingdom.

Time and expense probably caused the tortoise shells to be replaced by yarrow stalks. Within the past several hundred years, the stalk ritual has been displaced by the use of either six or three coins.

The processes for manipulating the yarrow stalks and the coins are given in both the Wilhelm Baynes translation of the I Ching (which has the famous Grand Treatise by Carl Jung on the significance of the Ching) and the January 1974 issue of *Scientific American*.

Oriental families tend to refer to the book as just an old superstition, all the while keeping it stored in a clean silk cloth on a shelf above shoulder level. Like the gypsies with their Tarot, the instrument is discounted until a real crisis arises, at which point it is reverentially consulted.

My own personal experience with this form of divination has been

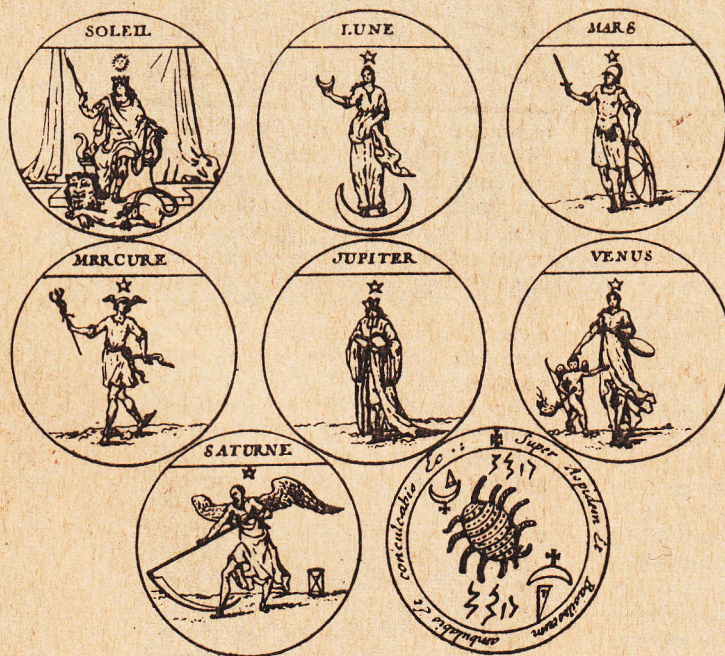
rather disturbing. I have, on a great number of occasions asked specific questions, and been counselled in such a specific manner as to verge on the ridiculous. After long use, the Ching tends to take on a personality until you almost feel as though you're carrying on a conversation with someone by telegram rather than consulting an ancient book of Confucian, Legalist, and Taoist wisdom.

Obvious questions arise, concerning the Ching and to them obvious answers. The most often asked is, "What if I repeat the question?" My own usual experience has been that often the answer—in the form of one of the sixty-four hexagrams which compose the book, each hexagram being a general message composed of a certain number of possible specific observations upon the problem being referred to—will be repeated or another hexagram will be referred to that will contain a message almost identical to the first. On occasion upon consulting the oracle a second time, it has stated that by consulting the oracle again the circumstance has been altered and the questioner has to consult a third time. On other occasions, when repeatedly consulting the oracle, it has after a certain

point simply stated that a fool won't be able to understand what's in front of his own nose and that he shouldn't even try. Subsequently the hexagrams all become ludicrous.

What's going on? Jung suggests a theory of synchronicity. Perhaps it's simply a situation where the choices we make in dealing with the chaos of the world are essentially the same choices we make when dealing with the I Ching. Perhaps we subliminally affect the toss of the coins or the separation of the yarrow stalks. Some people imagine the Ching as an extension of some beneficent entity somewhat like a Ouija Board. Lastly, it may simply be a case of the questioner being willing to accept whatever answer the Ching gives as the most accurate answer possible, and simply interpret the symbolism according to the conclusion he had within himself but which he lacked the conviction to assert.

My own feelings concerning the Ching are ambivalent. I can imagine a state where we have free will, but where the events we have freely chosen exist in a manner separate of what we commonly think of as time. Whether the I Ching is a manner in which we reveal to ourselves what, in fact, we intend to do is another matter.





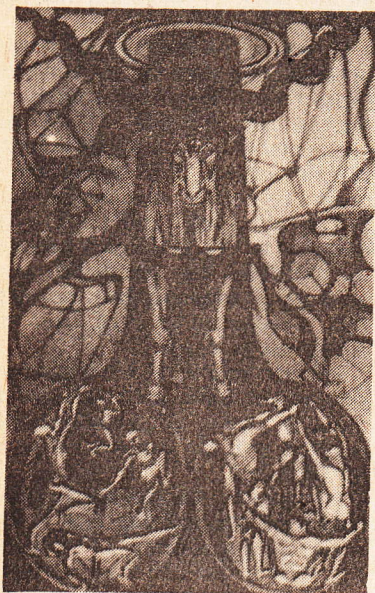
recommend this Tarot for use in divination. There was Morgan's Tarot, which was little more than an amusing mind game based on the Tarot concept. Of some interest was the new Tarot. I found the major arcana extremely badly drawn and just unattractive. In terms of esoteric symbolism the creators of the Tarot did nothing more than extend some of the symbols to be found in the standard Alan Waite deck. I found the attempt to "evolve" the concepts of the standard Tarot misguided. They do not need to be brought up to date, especially not in such a shoddy way as transforming the Magician card into "The Way Shower" card and so on.

theosophically oriented interpreter). I find the choices often overlap. In some cases I'll find the B.O.T.A. deck more relevant (I prefer their sun card to Waite's) while other times I find Waite's responsiveness to chains of symbolic meaning, more sensitive. There are two Waite decks being printed. One has the proper colors and is a superior job of printing all around, the other is quite poor and inaccurate. Open the deck and check before you buy.

The use of the Tarot is in itself quite fascinating. As important as a symbol may be, the absence of that symbol on a related card in a similar position may be just as important. To get to know the tricks of the

appearance of symbols is broken. You may find that figures of the first eight cards appear in couples. When one of the figures appears to be unpaired, you ask yourself where its male-female counterpart may be. In this manner, by forcing the enquirer to ask questions and seek answers, the Tarot trains the person interested in using it.

Once you've mastered the static symbols of the Tarot (the standard Cabalistic astrological connotations, etc.) and the hidden symbols (the stories the Tarot tells when the various cards are reorganised according to the patterns of the appearance of various symbols—such as the lovers) you're ready to begin using the pack for divination. A number of methods are used for



CROWLEY

Of some value is the Aquarian Tarot. Attractive and easy to look at, the Aquarian Tarot was conceived with some enlightenment in mind. I would not recommend using this pack for divination unless you had already memorized the Waite deck so as to be able to interpret the over succinctly stated symbols of the pack.

Another deck I've seen off and on and whose name I can't remember, was quite interesting insofar as it served as something of a Rosetta stone between the symbols of the I Ching, astrological constellations, and the numbers and letters of the Cabala. A final distinction might be drawn between the Rosicrucian-Builders of the Adytum Tarot and that of Alan Waite (a more



16th CENTURY

Tarot, simply study the cards. At first, just go over them one by one until the esoteric symbol systems are all quite clear. The meaning and hierarchy of the colors used, of the times of day shown, of the directions being pointed at should all be second nature when you go on to the next step. Here, start laying the cards out—specifically the major arcana—and note the relation each card has to its neighbor. You will find that not only do the symbols relate the cards together into small groups, but that certain stories are revealed by the periodic appearance of a particular object (like a river) over larger frequencies (like every fourth card, as an example).

From here, the next obvious step is to note where the symmetry of the



AQUARIAN

laying out the cards. The most basic is the ordering of the cards into five files of five cards each. The first file is meant to tell what was in the past, the second the present, the third what is either helping or hindering the person, the fourth the future, and the fifth where the enquirer will finally end up. This system, and the others related to it, is generally too simple minded to be of much good. Of greater value is the wheel, organized according to the various connotations accruing to the mysticism of cyclicism. The most generally used is the Celtic Cross. Information on how to do the Celtic cross is included with most decks of Tarot Cards, as well as a small pamphlet giving rote translations of the cards.

## DIVI

After learning how to do the Celtic Cross, the most important lesson is how to un-do the Celtic Cross. The significance of any card at any given time is determined solely by its relation to the cards around it. The stories that the divination is seeking to uncover, are concealed within the various levels of organisation of the cards of the reading.

I myself use a total of twelve cards. I then organize and reorganize the cards as I do a reading. What are the meanings of the cards in a square relation to each other? The cards across from each other? The cards that form a triangle? The symbols associated with the various geometric figures will usually suffice for implying a proper interpretation of the cards involved. If the divinator is familiar with esoteric astrology, he may wish to take advantage of the astrological significance of the cards to organize them into a wheel relating to the twelve astrological signs. All these ideas are merely suggestions on how the Tarot might be dynamically interpreted.

When diligence is used in interpreting the cards, it can be quite impressive in its results. Perhaps it's all a way of obscuring some sort of psychic process whose existence can't be acknowledged because of the responsibilities such knowledge would entail, or perhaps there's more to some of the old magic concepts than meets the eye. There may be technologies of the mind as fantastic and undreamed of as the technologies of the physical world. It will be interesting to see.

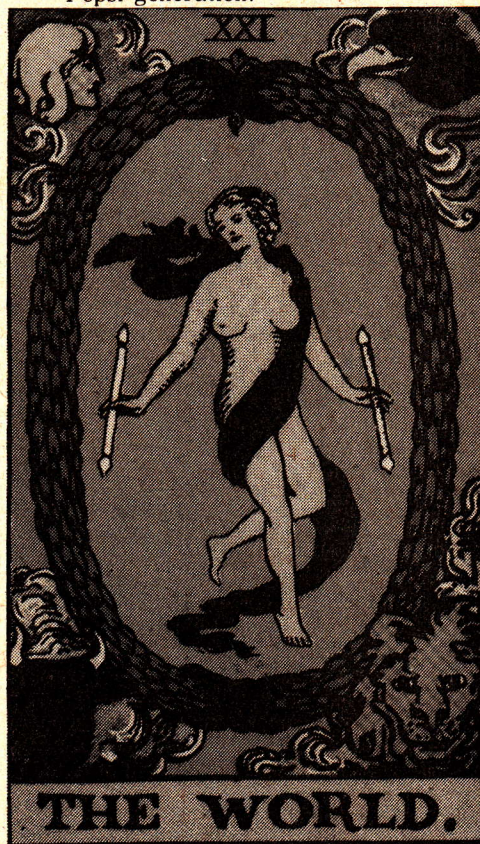
**Bibliography:** Tarot of the Bohemians (avail. in paperback) Papus, Book of Thoth Crowley, Book of Tokens Case, Painted Caravan (I especially recommend this one) Rakoczi, Pictorial Key to the Tarot Waite.

Besides the Tarot, we have the source of most of what we consider the field of applied mysticism—Astrology. The field in this case is so enormous that I wouldn't even know where to begin. For myself, I've found the many works of Dane Rudhyar to be of considerable interest, and the textbooks on esoteric astrology by Alan Leo to be quite interesting. Beyond this, I can only suggest going down to any of the following Chicago bookstores: The Store At This Address The Occult Book Store Equinox and see what appeals to you or send for:

Book Catalogue  
Mason's Bookshop Inc.  
789 Lexington Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10021

Which has the most complete listing of astrological works that I've seen anywhere.

Another of the most ancient arts of divination was cheiromancy, or palm reading as it's more generally known. Cheiromancy is a rather recent invention and tends to rely very heavily upon astrological interpretations of various lines and spaces on the hand. I consider this the least effective and most superstitious of the divinatory arts. Put this one up on the shelf with the crystal ball. An unfashionable divinatory art is haruspicy (the study of entrails). Tea leaf reading (which is closely related to the I Ching) has also lost ground with the Pepsi generation.



Cornelius Agrippa recommends the spinning sieve—coscinomancy—for finding out hidden truths or what the future may bring. You simply state the likely possibilities until the sieve turns. This form of divination is disturbingly reminiscent of dowsing (the type which used copper rods bent to a 45 degree angle and standing in glass handles) and table turning. It may bear further investigation.

Each element had some form of divination related to it. The idea that a drop of oil placed on a dish of water will create a mirror that will reveal the future is rather fascinating. Interpretation of cloud formations is an extremely restful, if not always edifying, procedure. Geomancy apparently is the source of dice. Pieces of earth or pebbles were thrown upon the ground, the figures made by the relationship of the points to each other was later used for divination. Later, dots on a sheet of paper were substituted. The relations of dice to geomancy and the Tarot to playing cards is of interest.

This sort of geomancy is not to be confused with the high geomantic mysticism which was the property of the Masons and other mystic sects both in the West and East (for more on this refer to *View Over Atlantis* by John Michell).

Divination by cocks is no longer practical, but does call to mind the Ouija Board. You draw a circle on the ground, dividing it into pie segments—placing a different letter in each section. You then place a grain of wheat in each section and release the cock. You must write down the letters as the cock pecks at the grain and then reorganize them until you understand their meaning. Only a pure white cock with cut claws can be used.

Another source of contemporary dice might have been the use in ancient times of knucklebones marked with the various letters of the alphabet.

Mirrors have long been a means of divination, thus giving rise to the superstition of a demon of the glass. Pythagoras was said to have held up a mirror to the moon and afterward read the future in it.

There are numerous other methods men have used to divine the future, many of which later became the basis of legends of men controlling the future through magical means. Numerology for instance, is the pale shadow of a once great and complex manner of divining the future through the use of various numerical combinations. I can only suggest that those interested should consult the various books published by University Books and the De Laurence Company of Chicago. Of assistance might be reference to the *Golden Bough* by Frazer and other anthropological works.

EDWARD KISLAITIS

# triad's choice

ARTIST(S)	ALBUM	LABEL
Leo Kottke	ICE WATER	Capitol
Can	AMAR CABALLERO	Harvest
Babe Ruth	FUTURE DAYS	U.A.
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
Flora Purim	BUTTERFLY DREAMS	Milestone
Brian Auger's		
Oblivion Express	STRAIGHT AHEAD	R.C.A.
Larry Coryell	11th HOUSE	Vanguard
Shawn Phillips	BRIGHT WHITE	A & M
Chicago	VII	Columbia
Orgon	DISTANT HILLS	Vanguard
Man	BACK INTO THE FUTURE	U.A.
Buffy	" "	M.C.A.
Richard Ruskin	" "	Tacoma
Peter Frampton	SOMETHING'S HAPPENING	A. & M.
Luther Allison	LUTHER'S BLUES	Gordy
Deep Purple	BURN	W.B.
Suzi Quatro	" "	Bell
Earth, Wind & Fire	OPEN OUR EYES	Columbia
Betty Davis	THEY SAY I'M DIFFERENT	Just Sunshine
Various Artists	IMPULSE ARTISTS ON TOUR	Impulse
War	LIVE	U.A.
Michael Urbaniak	FUSION	Columbia
Deodato/Airto	IN CONCERT	C.T.I.
Doobie Brothers	"WHAT WERE ONCE OUR VICES...	W.B.
Al Stewart	PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE	Janus
Eloy	INSIDE	Harvest
Les Variations	MOROCCAN ROLL	Kama Sutra
Strawbs	HERO & HEROINE	A. & M.
Todd Rundgren	TODD	W.B.
Pointer Sisters	THAT'S PLENTY	Blue Thumb

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

# RECORDS

## OREGON DISTANT HILLS VANGUARD VSD 79341

Hey, what do you listen to Oregon for? They sound like music to eat health food by.

Yeah. Well I eat health food, and I listen to Oregon. As a matter of fact, by eating health food I cleaned up my bloodstream, strengthened my muscles and learned Yubawuza, so if you don't like Oregon, then you have to answer to me.

Scenes like this take place on the street every day. What is the reason for this? The reason is that Oregon is the best acoustic band in the whole world, damned or otherwise.

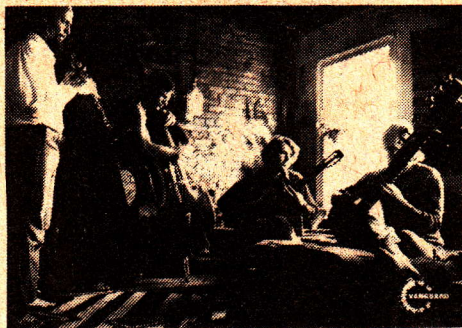
Oregon does dabble in using overdubs, but they don't go out and get high priced session men to "give the record class." This band is as exciting as Bryan Bowers.

Their first album was supposed to change the course of music in the seventies, but unfortunately it didn't catch on. This album may reach a larger audience, but it won't really catch on either. The instrumentality on here is so good it's spooky and it's like musk oil too; it keeps showing you something different each time you listen to it, especially when you listen to it in different moods and settings. I saw a couple of these cuts glowing in the dark.

I'll take this over Tony DeFranco any day.

## TOM T. HALL FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE LAST HARD TOWN MERCURY SRM 1-687 JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ MY THIRD ALBUM MERCURY SRM 1-699

Something is drastically wrong here. Hall discovered Rodriguez, so that means that Rodriguez should emulate Hall, but it's the other way around. Johnny was groomed to be a teenybopper idol while Hall was always a hard line shitkicker that got drunk and said thank you. But now! He seems like he wants to be a bopper idol; he even recorded a Rod McKuen song. Furthermore, he's beginning to look like Pepper Gomez.



Johnny is a songwriter singer, but having a contract that makes him turn out an album every six months has shown him that a catalog of songs can be exhausted quickly. How often have you heard a contrived **Something**? Not even being able to sound like Merle Haggard can save him this time around. He'd better straighten out the terms of his contract or else he'll find himself in big trouble.

Hall is another story altogether. He's even been written up in *Fusion*! About half the songs measure up to his good line story-telling, but the other half are dreadful a.m. radio throwaways like **I Love, Boppers** like it because he says he loves grass, and they think he means the stuff that hippies smoke.

It makes you want to cry when you see what people have to do to sell records these days. Then again, maybe I should wish that I was 12 years old again.

## ORIGINAL EARLY TOP 40 HITS PARAMOUNT PAS 1013 (2 discs)

This is the only oldies package worth a recommendation. The songs here are pre-Freed, pre-R'nB, and pre-rock. These songs come from the time when terms like top 40 were just beginning to actually mean something. This is a period piece from the tail end of the Sinatra era when there was no rock, just pop music and Pat Boone. The only thing that you could listen to was crap, but it was delightful crap and no worse than anything in the new releases bin at the local record shop today.

When I tell you this stuff is crap, I mean it. Of the 30 titles listed, 7 are Pat Boone songs performed by the original James Taylor himself. Not only that, but Billy Vaughn—the original Barry White—is on here 3 times and not once does he say "Right on." Gale Storm is on twice. And what kind of set would this be without Tab Hunter doing **Young Love**, Nervous Norvus and the immortal **Transfusion**, Dodie Stevens doing **Pink Shoelaces**, the Surfaris doing **Wipe Out** and Wink Martindale doing **Deck of Cards**? You get 'em all.

I fail to see how even the most nostalgic of 16-year-olds could have any feeling for a set like this. But if their parents are 35 (or less), this might have been the music coming thru the car radio in the front seat while those 16 year olds were being planned in the back.

In an effort to conserve the feeling of crap, the liner notes, even tho they were written last month, are crappy. You might expect me to break down and say "Ah, the good old days." but forget it. Just because there were a few high spots, doesn't mean they were good.

## THE IMPRESSIONS FINALLY GOT MYSELF TOGETHER CURTOM CRS 8019

There's a strange element about the Impressions. No matter how many mutations they got through, they still come out sounding pretty much the same. I bet that even if a bunch of white guys took over the group, you wouldn't know it unless you saw them on teevee.

I wouldn't call their sound a formula, it has a deeper context than formula music, such as the Philly sound. In the same respect, their sound is formulated, but formulated in such a way that you would be disappointed with anything else.

One of the disappointing things about these new Impressions is that they don't write their own material, but this is actually only upsetting in a historical context if you consider that songs like "Gypsy Women" were written and sung within the

group. Ed Townsend, a non-member who contributed several songs, has done a fine job of capturing the old Impressions feel.

The nicest thing about the Impressions is that after all these years, they still keep their roots in Chicago—which only goes to prove that the place called Art ain't the only institution in town; and as you know, I'd rather dance than deal with art.

**MOUNTAIN  
TWIN PEAKS  
COLUMBIA WINDFALL PG 32818**

Who says that it's too early to start a nostalgia wave for the seventies? The original Mountain-eers packed themselves off to Japan because that seems to be the place for sagging bands to head for. Apparently, Japan doesn't just beckon to washed-up baseball players and wrestlers. There seems to be a good deal of recording going on there as well.

Mountain has tried very hard to recapture all the old textures that made up the band before Pappalardi was kicked out. They let Felix produce and they let Gail Collins do her weirdo artwork. Unfortunately, they sanded down the music and reduced it to nothing out of a bunch of boring competence. They have a lot of gall to try and pass this off as rock and roll. Furthermore, they should be ashamed of themselves for actually recording a whole half hour of **NANTUCKET SLEIGH RIDE**.

The sound was recorded too clear and tight to leave any of the fun that should go with a live recording. There isn't much live feeling and they didn't even bother to learn any new songs. For what this album would cost you, you'd be better off buying the studio albums because they've been closed out and are in many bargain bins. Then again, you'd be better off trying to find Wild Man Fischer's album. If you buy that, at least you'll be entertained.

**THE WAY WE WERE/ Original Soundtrash/ Columbia.** Marvin Hamlisch has to take the rap for this one. He once played accompaniment for Groucho Marx when Groucho did a tour a few years ago. Groucho must have made a lasting impression because this sounds like Groucho spitting up.



**NATIONAL LAMPOON  
MISSING WHITE HOUSE TAPES  
BLUE THUMB BTS 6008**

These people went out and got Zal Yanovsky to come out of hiding to imitate Bebe Rebozo imitating Louis Prima, and you call me punky? That's right, for 17 minutes Bebe plays you cuts from Impeachment, American Style, in hopes that you send away before midnight tonight so you don't forget.

What Nat-Lamp has done is pull the old turn about is fair play switcheroo. They have taken tapes that sound boring if not listened to carefully. On the surface, it sounds like any ordinary Nixon speech, but if you pay attention to what's going on, the results are fantastic. Wouldn't you actually like to hear Nixon admit that he's a crook and has profited by public office? Wouldn't you like to find out how to get something that Sirica will never get? Admissions and details are hear.

The second side is the Impeachment Day parade and other festivities. A thinly disguised Barbara Walters is excellently portrayed all the way down to being frightfully annoying. The body of the second side and quite a bit of the first are the content of the first act of the Lampoon play "Lemmings", which may or may not influence your decision on purchasing this. If you do buy it, and you missed the play, listen a few times and nobody will know you weren't there.

In three albums, the Lampoon has come up with three different showcases. How much longer can this hold up?

**PAUL HAMPTON  
REST HOME FOR CHILDREN  
CRESTED BUTTE CD 702**

"I wanna be the new Dylan. No, me I asked first, I wanna be the new Dylan. Me, me choose me."

Now wait a minute, let's hear what Paul Hampton has to say about the matter. After all, he has Bob Johnston producing his album. Well, Paul what do you say? "Frankly, I want to be the old Paul Hampton."

Hold the phone, he has Bob Johnston producing and he wants to be the old Paul Hampton. What's this trickster got up his sleeve?

I listened to the disc expecting social relevance, protest, hate, hostility, and recommendations for changing the things that are wrong with society. None of it happened. Do you think I was disappointed? I sure wasn't. We don't need a new Dylan, the old one's bad enough. Paul Hampton is a pretty funny stud, he even thinks he's Martin Mull. He might even be Mull in disguise. (Mull is hung-up with midgets while Hampton is hung-up with little kids). He's not nutty enough to be another Shel Silverstein, not that we need another one, but a reserve Mull might be a good thing.

The cuts are more like plays than they are songs, and in some cases they actually are short plays. His back-up section is made up of some very high-priced Nashville Cats and the Blackbirds.

**REST HOME FOR CHILDREN** is sure to become one of the best unknown albums of the year. There's no way around that fact, the record is too good for the general public.

**FIRESIGN THEATRE/ The Tale of the Giant Rat of Sumatra/ Columbia.** Ha—ha, this is funny? Wait, let's try that again. Ha—ha, this is funny? Wait, that came out the same way twice. Stop the presses, I know what's wrong. I didn't get stoned before I listened to this. Puffpuffpuffpuffpuff. There that's better, now let's review the record. Ha—ha, this is funny? Oh well, they always were kind of a stupid group anyway. Ha—ha, that's funny! I'd almost rather listen to Cheech and Ernie.

**BY GRAHAM CARLTON**

# RECORDS

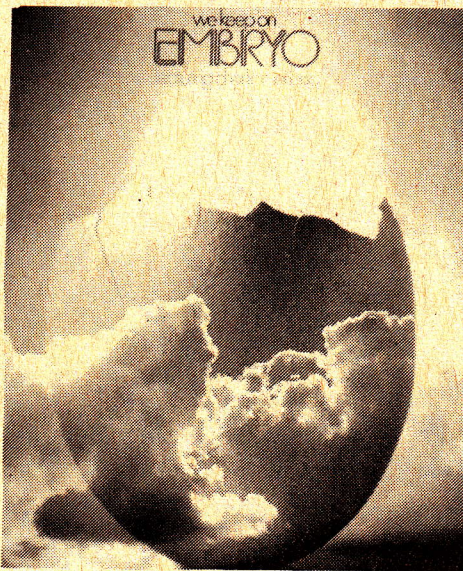
## PSYCHOPINION by C.W. Smith

I've often been accused of being aloof, mysterious, sometimes distant. Which is a shopping bag of shit. I mind my own business. Business being the accumulation of knowledge that will propel me into the fantasy-into-reality marketplace whose shelves are horribly understocked. From generation to generation thousands, perhaps millions of minds are wasted. Atrophied and terminated from lack of self-realization motivation. To die and return as a slug. After numerous introspections and cross-examinations, I became aware of my potential for accomplishing certain feats few would attempt. Describing these feats to you isn't what matters here. What matters is the opposition—those individuals who have been appointed (by someone) to inflict their trip on YOU, as if your own didn't matter. And just for telling them you knew who you were.

You know the type from your own experience. They may come in different sizes and colors but they all share the same wild gleam in their eyes and are usually hyperactive. These beings are always found in the middle of long winded monologues and are quite eloquent on occasion. But the message remains the same: DO WHAT I DO AND NEVER SAY NO. There are times when you're surrounded by them and you almost feel guilty for not being a follower. They've studied their craft well and have found their trappings quite comfortable.

Those of us who've discovered potential through self-realization should be thankful for the insight. Imagine walking up tomorrow and finding your life so empty and screwed up that you felt you had to live someone else's? How sad it must be. We could all use a little more time for thought. Cool-out from the hustle-bustle and listen to the things we haven't had time to hear lately. And ask the questions. What are my goals in life? Have I enough confidence to travel the steps? Where will I be in five or ten years from now at the rate I'm going today? Reach the conclusions and follow them like flies to feces on a hot summer day.

Sure you could lose friends. Sure you might miss out on current happenings. But know that happenings are always current and You could possibly guide the tide of events—once self-fulfillment/achievement is obtained. Know what you're about and never for a moment forget. And don't fool yourself. The road is rough and only stops when you do. At the end of the path lies the satisfaction of knowing that the opposition disappears once you've gotten yourself together.

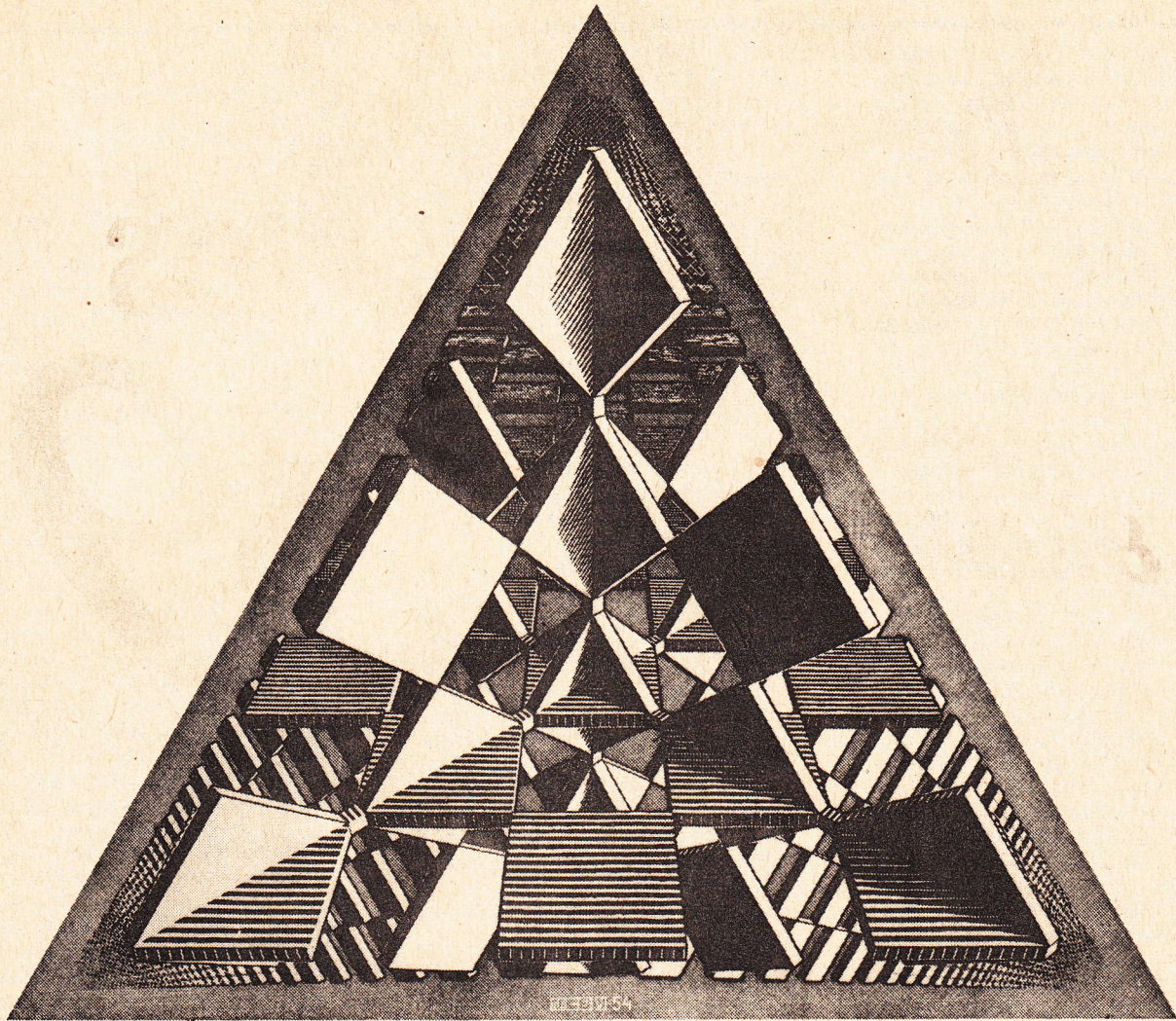


**EMBRYO / WE KEEP ON / BASF (German).** You sure do. I remember listening to an earlier album by them which was fairly good but nothing to shout about. As of today, I've committed myself to doing some maniacal screaming about this band from atop Sears Tower. There is something, some power, some force in Germany that's aiding its musicians along one of the most incredible musical journeys ever undertaken. They've got their fingers on the pulse of something vital. Improvisation seems to be the key to the unlocking of their musical wonders. Behold Embryo!!!

**SALOMAO / NEW DAVE PIKE SET & GRUPO BAIAFRO / MPS.** Vibist Dave Pike has been knocking around for years with albums on Fantasy, ESP, and other labels I can no longer remember. He's a very energetic musician with a light touch who might find success with this album. It's a mixture of electric jazz and Brasileiro-Afro rhythms, executed beautifully and as exciting as a tropical storm. The real stars are Grupo Baiafro from South America. They put the band through its paces and create a sense of immediacy. Very good, indeed.

**LEON THOMAS / FULL CIRCLE / FLYING DUTCHMAN.** This is a very disappointing effort from vocalist extraordinaire, Leon Thomas. If you've heard him with Pharoah Sanders on his own albums, or even on the new Santana, you know he's good. But someone decided to make him more palatable to the jaded musical public without choosing material to complement his incredible voice. The result is a potpourri of recent pop numbers, with the exception of three cuts that really don't belong on an album filled with such lackluster performances. Thomas can be heard to maximum advantage on his album 'Spirits Known and Unknown' on the Flying Dutchman label. Get into him. He's one of a kind.

**BILLY PAUL / WAR OF THE GODS / PHILLY INTERNATIONAL.** This is Billy's fourth album and certainly his best. With the able assistance of MFSB, his work is becoming increasingly concentrated and he's learned more about the use of musical space. His previous albums have been extremely uneven because of a tendency to drift around the lyrics and deliver them in a style a little too casual. This is a common occurrence among stylists and Paul IS a stylist. Definitely the best of today and twice as hip as his counterpart, Paul McCartney. Drop this on your turntable after you're all fuked out and you'll see what I mean.



All mystics speak the same language and come from the same country. As against that fact, the place they happen to occupy in the kingdom of this world matters little.

St. Martin

**MYSTICISM:** a study in the nature and development of man's spiritual consciousness

**PRACTICAL MYSTICISM**

By Evelyn Underhill

Dutton (paper) \$2.95, 1.75

Mysticism, as we all have noticed, is back again. Not that it ever really went away, but it is now openly talked about and people no longer hesitate to describe themselves as mystics—or to claim a mystic

viewpoint. In fact, there are tinges of pity in some people's voices when they describe their friends as "rationalists" or "realists," or any other term that means their friends believe wholly in the, "life of the mind."

As we have rediscovered with the help of many people (among them Don Juan, that wily and knowledgeable Mexican brujo,) man is, in fact, the meeting point of various stages of Reality. Just as the title of Casteneda's book, *A Separate Reality*, implies there are several—if not millions—of realities that are entirely separate from that which passes for everyday life. Unfortunately, there are not enough of us who have the time and discipline

to devote to the discovery and mapping of the geography of different realities. Many of us still believe in what Herbert Marcuse calls the "happy consciousness." That is, there are those among us who still believe that reality is rational, and that the System does deliver the goods.

But, Evelyn Underhill, in two of her several books on mysticism, written between 1911 and 1920 took the time to study just what "mysticism" was—and is—all about. In *Mysticism*, her first—and still classic—work that should be looked into by anyone interested in the topic, she straight away points out the distinction between "the

false opinion which confuses mysticism with occult philosophy and psychic phenomena." She devotes much time and attention dealing with the "vital distinction" which exists between mysticism and every form of magic.

Ms. Underhill divided *Mysticism* into two main divisions, the first being a discussion of the masterpieces of mystical literature as a foundation for the continued study of the mystics and their work, and to "exhibit the relation in which mysticism stands to other forms of life." As a clear introduction to the study of mysticism, Ms. Underhill provides an indispensable starting point in the first portion of the book; the second being a study of the nature and development of man's spiritual or mystical consciousness.

"Meanwhile," she writes, "those who use the term 'Mysticism' are bound in self-defense to explain what they mean by it. Broadly speaking... it is the expression of the innate tendency of the human spirit towards complete harmony with the transcendental order; whatever be the theological formula under which that order is understood. This tendency, in great mystics, gradually captures the whole field of consciousness; it dominates their life, and, in the experience called 'mystic union,' attains its end. Whether that end be called the God of Christianity, the World-soul of Pantheism, the Absolute of Philosophy, the desire to attain and the movement towards it—so long as this is a genuine life process and not an intellectual speculation—is the proper subject of mysticism. I believe this movement to represent the true line of development of the highest form of human consciousness."

In *Practical Mysticism*, Ms. Underhill is concerned with the practices of mysticism in the midst of everyday life and action, much as Chogyam Trungpa is in his book *Meditation in Action*. A brief quote will give the flavor of this second book: "We learn... that the mystical consciousness has the power of lifting those who possess it to a plane of reality which no struggle, no cruelty, can disturb; of conferring a certitude which no catastrophe can wreck. Yet it does not wrap its initiates in a selfish and otherworlds

calm, isolate them from the pain and effort of the common life. Rather, it gives them renewed vitality; administering to the human spirit not—as some suppose—a soothing draught, but the most powerful of stimulants." She reminds us that two of the most remarkable women in the history of France and England, Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, left their mark while under mystical compulsion.

**DICTIONARY OF MYSTICISM**  
ED. BY Frank Gaynor  
Citadel Books, \$2.45

At last, a concise pathway through the languages and grammars of everybody's mystic order. Gaynor gathers together over 2,200 definitions taken from mysticism, spiritualism, alchemy, astrology, esoteric philosophy, occultism, and psychical research. He also includes terms and definitions used in Oriental philosophies, including Sufism and Zoroastrianism. However, he refers to Tibetan Buddhism and its study as "Lamaism," a bit of outdated thinking that the dictionary would have been better off without. Although Gaynor confuses occult and psyche concerns with spiritual ones, the dictionary is nevertheless a useful one.

**STEINERBOOKS DICTIONARY OF THE PSYCHIC, MYSTIC, OCCULT**  
Steinerbooks, \$1.95

Again, like the Gaynor dictionary, this one confuses mysticism with psychical research and the occult. Like the Gaynor dictionary, Steinerbooks doesn't give a guide to how the terms are pronounced. There are some rough spots, such as the lapse of cross-references (defined a tough word by using a tougher one). But, like the Gaynor dictionary, this one is better than nothing, so on that score it is a useful tool, but not one that is 100 percent reliable.

**The Realist**  
Edited by Paul Drassner  
Box 4027  
San Francisco, CA. 94101  
\$3 year; \$5 two years

Paul Krassner is the guy who started it all. Without the *Realist* and Krassner, there might not have been much of an American underground press. Back in the 50's and early 60's, the *Realist* was the Lenny Bruce of the magazine world. Printed on newsprint, there was always something offensive to strait-laced folks. Originally, the *Realist* is supposed to have started as an anti-Catholic magazine, but the scope kept expanding until no one was safe, including (or especially) Walt Disney. The *Realist* was sued (still pending, I think) over the Walt Disney Memorial Orgy cartoon that was run shortly after Walt's death. In the cartoon, Tinkerbell is doing a striptease for Peter Pan and Cap'n Hook; Minnie Mouse is doing it on a mattress for \$2; Dumbo is flying over the entire scene dropping elephant-sized turds; Donald Duck is mainlining; Snow White is servicing the 7 dwarves, etc. Lately, the *Realist* is running a series of articles on political assassinations. The articles keep dredging up the multitude of discrepancies in the "official" assassination reports, complete with copious footnotes. Some of the best reading in American humor and satire yet, far beyond some of the very obvious stuff in the *Lampoon*.

**Beyond Baroque**  
1639 West Washington Blvd.  
Venice, CA 90291  
\$3. donation/year

A magazine of the small press movement in the U.S., *Beyond Baroque* was founded in 1968, and offers news of the literary community, new poetry and prose and commentary. The magazine has recently started a library of small press publications which is available to anyone wishing to use it for reading, reference, or what have you. Regular features include the listing of new and established little magazines, mostly in the western states. Listings also include reference sources for little magazine publishers, such as *Small*

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little mags

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Press Review (Triad March) and others. Another feature is the listing of poetry readings offered during a given period in California, news of fellowships, grants and the like for writers and poets, excerpts from new prose works, new poetry, and news in general about the publishing world of small presses.

## MANAS

Box 32112, El Sereno Station  
Los Angeles, CA. 90032  
\$5 year; introductory copies free

The editor of Manas, Henry Gieger, describes his magazine newsletter as "a journal of independent inquiry, concerned with study of the principles which move world society on its present course, and with search for contrasting principles—that may be capable of supporting intelligent idealism under the conditions of life in the twentieth century. MANAS is concerned, therefore, with philosophy and practical psychology, in as direct and simple a manner as its editors and contributors can write." Without a doubt this is one of the most valuable newsletters you could hope to find. There are reviews of new books about new ideas (MANAS reviewed *Small is Beautiful* a full 6 months ago), new trends and ideas in philosophical and psychological circles. Definitely a newsletter for the new consciousness that is needed to pull us all through the rest of the 20th century, and one that will give us something to build on in the 21st.

## COMMUNITIES

c/o Twin Oaks  
Louisa, VA.

Published cooperatively by Twin Oaks Commune, Community Services of Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Limesaddle in Artesia, Ca., *Communities* is the official magazine of the commune / community movement in the U.S. They publish monthly articles of commune life, commune directories, intentional communities, and news in general about the new family structures that are being created in the U.S. Indispensable for finding one's way into the communes and communities of the new America. *Communities* invites articles and contributions on

communes and community living from "them that's doing it."

## COUNTRY WOMEN

Box 51  
Albion, CA. 95410  
75 cents issue; \$7. year

A really fine magazine for women living in rural or country situations. *Country Women* is filled with articles on self-defense ("don't go home from your women's meeting and try these moves with the men you live with or know. It's an invitation for them to show how strong they are and disprove you / put you down."), how to build chicken coops and care for chickens, personal mythology, a contact column for women interested in everything from camping trips, wilderness jobs, feminist communes seeking members, to consciousness raising groups.

The most recent issue is devoted to Structures. The entire issue is full of accounts and pictures of buildings of all kinds built by and for women. There is some first rate writing in *Country Women* from which many men could profit and learn.

## brief takes

Good, new, American and Canadian poetry is thriving and well in the small press publications such as those from Black Sparrow, Capra Press, Sumac, Milk Quarterly of Chicago, Cranium Press, Grey Fox Press, Swallow Press of Chicago, and several others. Bookstores around Chicago are beginning to stock poetry in a serious way. Barbara's of Old and New Town has slipped a bit, but the Odd Volume (near Circle) and the Whole Earth Store still maintain respectable poetry corners, although emphases are different in each store, of course.

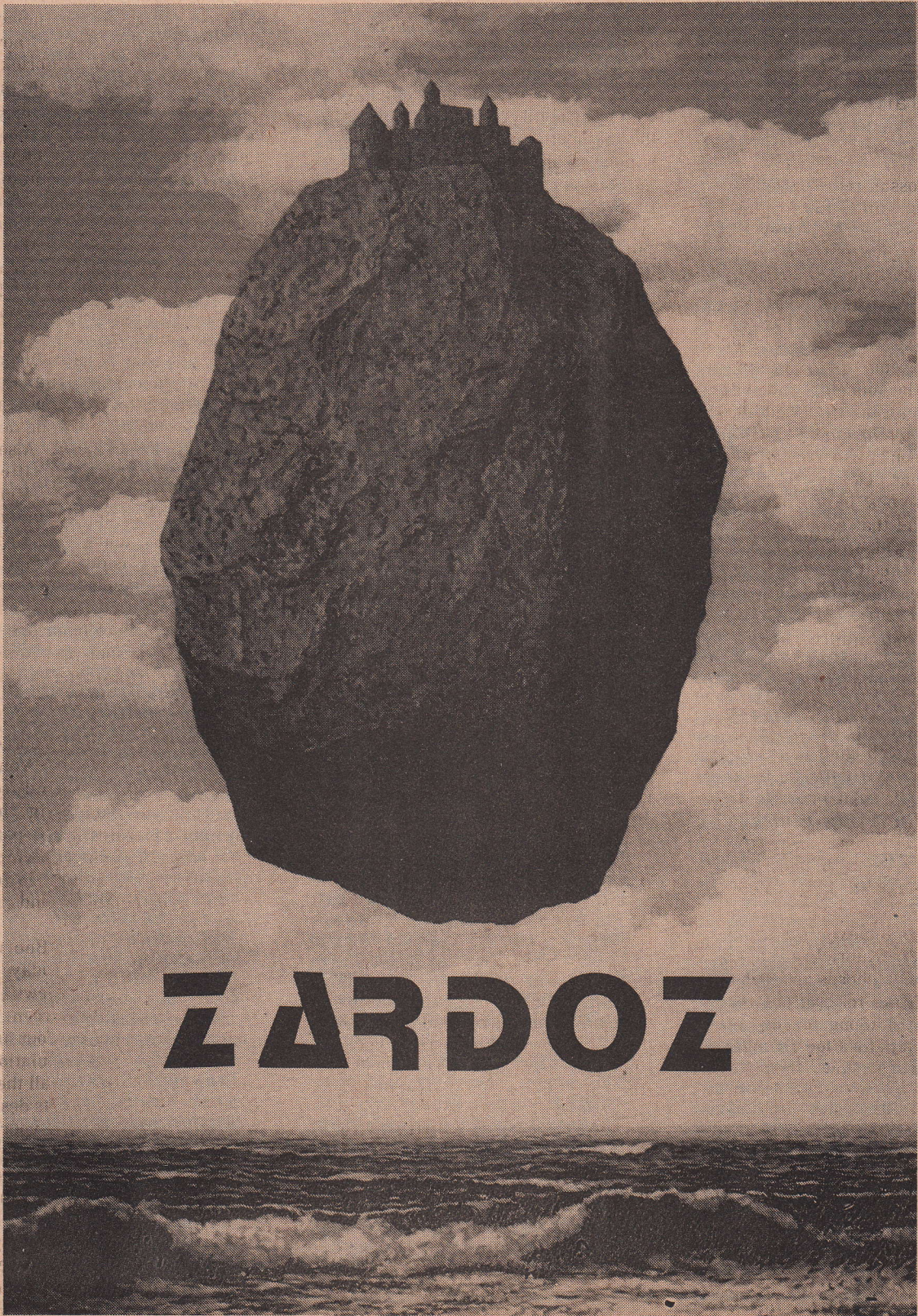
The Chicago Seed has come out with its first new Free Seed issue. Even though it is a little skimpy, it is free. The Seed is one of the nation's oldest underground papers and has some of the best graphics of the remaining papers. Rumors of the Seed's death have been just that: rumors. They are still going strong, even though the paper shortage has hit them like everyone else.

An interesting footnote to the present paper shortage is that in some countries with even more representative governments than the U.S., paper or the lack of paper is used as a political weapon. The Mexican constitution, for instance, guarantees freedom of the press, but you need a government permit to buy the paper to print on. So, the Mexican left has to scrounge around to find paper for its publications, and if the paper can't be found... too bad.

An open letter to exiled Russian novelist Alexander Sholzhenitsyn on the front cover of the latest issue of *Small Press Review* (Triad, March) begins: "You must know that what protects you is neither your great humanity or your great art, but your mercantile value to world corporate enterprise, and your political value in international maneuvers." The letter, in its entirety is as follows: "Do not forget your own belief that all governments are jealous of artists and writers because they confirm laws higher and more compelling than any government could legislate. Because you are unpublishable in your own country, you are worth millions in ours to our Madison Avenue publishers alone who are at this point furiously translating your book to recover themselves from further decline on Wall Street. The glitter of American and European enterprise, big name writers who thrive on and contribute to this enterprise, politicians who will neither read nor understand your work—all cry out in your behalf as long as you represent material value to them. But slip from this "grace" and you will again be at the mercy of a force which everywhere in this world punishes and commits to madness those who oppose it but have no monetary value to it. Our jails and prisons are ugly and dehumanizing too, as they are everywhere; but they are filled with "ordinary" people with no "saleability" and so the outcry is small. It is sad that your book, which decries such dehumanizing forces and conditions will now have a part in strengthening them. You did not intend it this way, to be sure, my brother, and perhaps you will speak of it before it is too late. Caveat, and may peace be yours."

8 of 29

# FILM



# ZARDOZ

## PARADISE RE-LOST

by Ed Kislaitis

Zardoz is colossal, but what is it? It is cosmic, and humorous, profound, and satiric. Is it 2001 as some of the advertising has stressed? Nearly. More precisely, this is John Boorman's point by point answer to 2001-Cloc. Orange.

The tone of the film is set by the opening scene. Remember the plain, the monkeys, the monolith and the high, keening call of the monolith, the assumption by the monkey of the bone-club-weapon? With Zardoz we open with plains, clouds, the low rumbling summons of Zardoz (a large stone head that sails through the clouds), and men on horseback wearing two faced clay masks fashioned in the image of Zardoz, the god-head (with feet of clay?). The head lands and addresses its jubilant minions, the savage Exterminators, in stentorian tones. The hordes listen and, following a rousing incitement to murder, Zardoz spews forth guns and ammunition from its gaping maw. Instead of the ape bringing down its club in a bone shattering climax to the scene, Sean Connery suddenly faces us and fires a bullet right between our eyes ala James Bond film openings.

The movie continues in the same wry vein. Where Kubrick gives us Wagner's rising chords of *Thus Sprach Zarathustra* for 2001 and the *Das Freude Lied* (Song of Joy) of Beethoven's Ninth for Cloc. Orange; Boorman uses the slow, tentative diminishing progressions of Beethoven's Seventh, and makes it work. Where Kubrick deals with the theme of man's quest for immortality and the life that transcends death (godhood), Boorman presents a paen to mortality and life with meaning—not life without end. Just because your god doesn't mean your interesting. Boorman questions the freedom that a technological

society would bring. The freedom to be apathetic and watch television? To sit in suburbs amidst manicured lawns? To lose your identity and any claim to nobility? Frank B. rejects the Skinner approach to human happiness and embraces Jung and the biological anthropology boys. Progress is no substitute for natural evolution and refinement will not save man from obsolescence. It's not nature's way.

The computer of 2001, which is transformed into the logical-society of Cloc. Orange, appears here in its ultimate form—both computer-god and the absolute society. Boorman takes the God-man of 2001 and the anti-Christ of Cloc. Orange and works out the destinies of both by locking each in mortal combat with the other. (Destinies which Kubrick only fearfully alluded to.) The answer is Zed (the last letter of the alphabet—thus making Sean Connery the Omega man) who triumphs over the artificial with joy, humor, sex, and blood.

Zed seeks to free mankind from the grip of the computer-society—past somewhat the way Keir Dullea sought to regain control of his spaceship, only the spaceship in question is Spaceship Earth. We must reject the perfection of the crystal and the mechanical, bloodless society it demands (as argued by James Coburn in *President's Analyst*).

If the movie sounds ramblingly philosophical, excuse me—it isn't. Take the scene where his female nemesis in the Vortex (the commune where the eternal dwell) attempts to scientifically investigate his sex drive by showing him pornographic films. Does Connery start drooling like the droogie in *Clockwork Orange*? Nothing happens until he takes a long, burning stare at the woman. Then his "response" jumps up.

Or take the uniforms the Exterminators wear. Red leather bandoliers and something that can only be described as red leather diapers. Okay Frank, you've made your point.

There is more to this movie than an answer and synthesis (however wry and satiric) to Kubrick. The movie is a Christological myth, with the simple inversion that instead of god giving mortal men eternal life—a man comes to the god-technology's heaven and gives the immortals eternal death (along reasons mentioned in G.B. Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* scene from *Man and Superman*). To compact a great deal of information into a tight two hours, Boorman draws heavily upon the work of other cinematographers. Watch for the mirror door and reversed photography that Cocteau used in his film *Orpheus* (a love affair between the poet and death in the world beyond time). Also used are Goddard's *Alphaville* and Patrick McGoochan's *Prisoner* television series (mostly in terms of stylistic traits and restatements of scenes). A few asides are also given to *The Time Machine* (the Morlocks and the Eloi wryly turned around) and I think the set from one of the *Avengers* television programs (the one where history tries to kill the present and take over the world?) was reused.

If you haven't seen the sources I'm mentioning, don't worry. You don't need much background to understand the scathing humor Boorman generates in his parallels and reflections on contemporary society. The ridicule is clear, carefully calculated, and highly effective.

The relevance of Boorman's science fiction epic to today? Read this month's *Earth News*. Read about how over fifty percent of the wealth is in the hands of four and one half percent of the population and how the gap is widening all the time. Read about the geneticists designing "super pets." Now ask yourself if Boorman's communes of eternal composed of the rich and the talented who separated themselves from the body of humanity when things went to hell is a fantasy. Ask if the "brutals-beasts" who were left in the outlands and were bred to evolve into a superior mutation are a

# film film film

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4/11 7-9 p.m. Pygmalion  
4/13 The Lodger, Blackmail, Murder (12:30-5 p.m.)  
4/16 Brewster McCloud (7-9-)  
4/18 Travels With My Aunt  
4/23 The Ceremony 7-9:30 p.m.  
4/25 The Nights of Capirai 7-9:15  
4/30 Four Nights of a Dreamer 7-9 (Chicago Premier)  
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### PLAYBOY MIDNIGHT SHOWS

4/5 Women In Love & The Music Lovers (Early Ken R.)  
4/6 Let the Goodtimes Roll & Godspell  
4/12 Willard & Ben (oh rats)  
4/13 Harold & Maude & Alfie  
4/19 Valachi Papers & Stone Killers  
4/20 Sleuth & The Heartbreak Kid  
4/26 The Conformist & The Killers  
4/27 Fritz the Cat & Mondo Cane II  
(regular feature "Happy New Year" by Claude Lelouche)

joke. When you see the futuristic machinery composed of wired together human bodies, remember the suggestion to turn corpse into blood factories, made at the A.A.A.S. conference this year.

Is this a better movie than *2001-Cloc, Orange?* Some people may object and say no, because the special effects allow the wires to show sometimes. Boorman is showing those wires on purpose. He's eschewing technology and gimmickry. By showing us the wires, he shows us the phoniness behind the facade of contemporary society as well. It's all just show biz. Boorman demands that Man evolves into a more mature and wiser species, not just into a celestial ape.

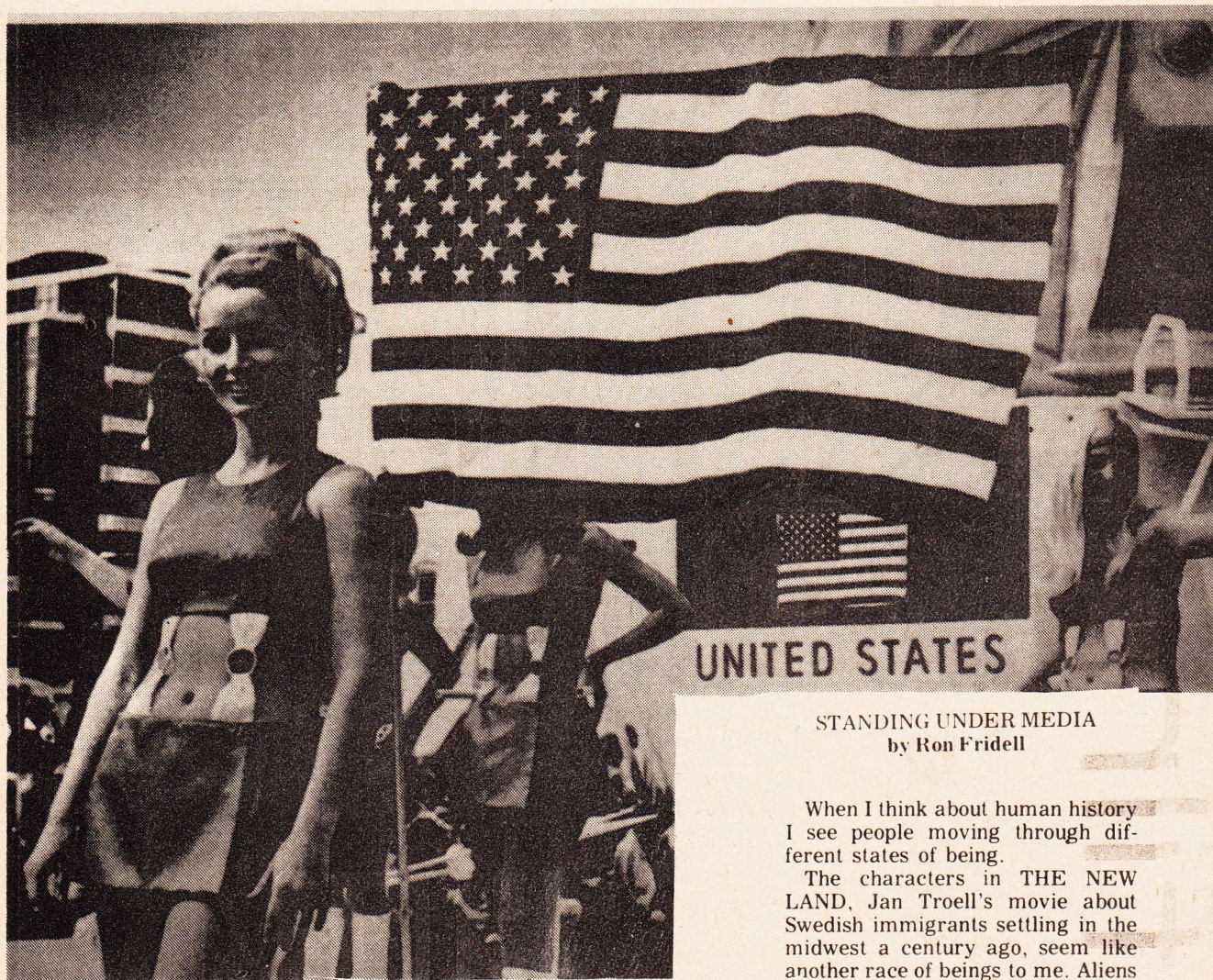
Here, Zardoz wins hands down. The quality of the scripting is on a par with John Barth's *Giles Goat Boy* rather than Arthur C. Clarke's ambitious, but amateurish, *Sentinel and Childhoods End*.

This movie is a sane belly laugh that wells continually to the lips. It is a horror. The profundities drop weightily, but with a sly wink that says it's all a show. As in Fellini's *Satyricon*, we are given a glimpse of Man living in the midst of the collapse of his works, yet continuing and enduring with some quality, some part of nature's pattern that goes beyond his wildest dreams.

Where Kubrick ended both his films with an ambivalent stare into

the future. Boorman very graphically and directly states the future—we have children, we grow old, we die. It's inspiring, pitiful, noble, but most of all—human. Zardoz is cosmic, but by coming closer and going within rather than going farther—than Jupiter and beyond. As Old Friend in the film states, "Oh yes, we went to the stars. It was just another dead end."

Zardoz is presently playing at the McClurg Court Theater, 330 E. Ohio, between Michigan Ave. and Lake Shore Drive near the north side of the Loop.



STANDING UNDER MEDIA  
by Ron Fridell

When I think about human history I see people moving through different states of being.

The characters in *THE NEW LAND*, Jan Troell's movie about Swedish immigrants settling in the midwest a century ago, seem like another race of beings to me. Aliens

living on an alien planet doomed to a lifetime of tortured grappling with nature and matter and chance. The movie seems to take place inside something else, as if reality itself was closing in on the characters. They are not in control of their lives and they know it. There are vague glimmerings in their eyes, they seem to be yearning for another existence.

Such strange sad relatives. I wanted to reach out and pull them off the screen through the years out into the reality of their dreams and ask them how they like it here. I'd like to know what they think of their posterity.

A movie like this can be a deeply informative medium. By indicating something of what we were a hundred years ago *THE NEW LAND* prods you into wondering. Your consciousness pressed against the screen as the images flash by makes a rorschach test. You can read your reactions, find out something about what you are—especially when the movie is made by a visceral democrat like Troell. His camera seems to have roots in the earth and he leans into his material from the characters' point of view as well as his own. This gives *THE NEW LAND* a dreamlike quality, as if you're watching some vivid but not quite logical event unfolding deeply and mysteriously beyond the emotional limits of the situations on the screen. It dredges up emotions.

Reading my own feelings:

I see two buildings a hundred years apart in time. The foundations are sunk into the earth, the floors above are surrounded by airy thoughts. The foundations are labeled: Physical-Instinctual Being. The floors above: Spiritual-Intellectual Being.

The immigrants' building has a solid and elaborate foundation from which a tentative skeleton rises like a vague dream.

Our building is a skyscraper set on a fading foundation.

The immigrants are hard at work on their foundation, extending it out in all directions and repairing the damage.

We are gathered on the roof of our shaky skyscraper frantically planting and raising antennas, reaching up with wires like climbers trying to hook their ropes to the next level before they lose their footing.

These visions make me wonder. Are we diminished versions of our pioneer ancestors, or are we, like them, pioneers (they of the earth, we of the spirit) cutting through our own barbaric wilderness toward some as yet only dimly envisioned new state of being?

Intellectual decadence, or spiritual rebirth? Physically crippled or cerebrally gifted?

On the pessimistic side, I can see the immigrants as super-versions of us. Integrated beings painfully aware of the natural forces around them. Practical people who survive by making decisions and acting absolutely. A basically pessimistic people with a solid source for their doubt—the rule of chance, reality untamed—and with a religion strong enough to rationalize and support their fears and uncertainties. In this light we look puny, effete, fragmented and directionless.

Optimistically, I see them as our crude and noble predecessors who sacrificed their lives to make of themselves one more rung on the long evolutionary ladder so that we might step over them and up to the utopian physical comforts of modern western civilization. In this light we look like prophecies fulfilling ourselves, like Arthur Clarke's metamorphosing and rebirthing humans in *CHILDHOOD'S END* and *2001*. Sprouting networks of ariel roots with our space probes and earthly media, weaving an umbrella-ing webwork of stairways. And under this cathedralic dome of technology we stand gazing upward, thinking our way to Heaven.

Clarke's optimism is a faith in history as progress, and evolution as transcendence and metamorphosis. Thought and technology are his articles of faith. He sees our ancestors' preoccupation with matter and our own obsession with the dichotomy of matter spirit, as stages in the evolution of the state of being of the race, reaching toward a humanistic poetic realization of McLuhan's global village. I can see a whole human society linked through space and time on one vast media network. No longer isolated in a physical wilderness like our ancestors, but united outside matter in some mystical medial baptism. A group mind transcending the isolated self. A wired racial satori.

The global village is a tantalizing epiphany. A mystical projection of the present as an incubation period from which, presumably, some unspecified mutation is about to emerge. But the question is, will it be butterfly or mere worm that emerges? Both McLuhan and Clarke suggest the metamorphosis, but both stop short of characterizing the imagined result of all this evolution.

A Pessimistic View of the Global Village:

A race of media mutants. Passive. Emotions standardized. Drugged and hungover. Addicts with nothing left to kill but Time, slumbering through an ethereal secondhand world.

This bleak view is based on the assumption that people do not necessarily choose what is best for them even in a democracy but are willing to settle for whatever seems on the surface most pleasant and dependable. This would be a weary race, weary of evolving, of struggling to mold reality, ready to let the reruns run by till the end of Time. A vast audience watching from a distance, themselves watched over, minds occupied by the visions of machines. This is a long way from Utopia. This is a medium without any message. A dopecracy with a fix just the turn of a dial away.

Sometimes it seems like this is where we're going. Running from history and time inside machines and their dreams. How else to rationalize the actions of the millions who watch glowing glass screens six hours every day? Mass hypnosis is not mass awareness. Opening your mind to a machine is not transcending your self. A TV set is not the Virgin Mary. But what if...

An Optimistic View of the Global Village:

We have made the Great Leap. We have connected the race mind to mind, thrown away our wires and machines and activated our neurons. One world. Instant mind to mind communication. Group mind, group love, group pain. One organism spread out all over the earth, each mind a cell in the race's brain. Not wishing to hurt itself, the creature cancels all wars. Not wishing to live in a messy house, the creature decides to find its place in the natural order and to be a good neighbor to the other organisms on the earth.

# FILM

This view is based on an assumption (which McLuhan makes in UNDERSTANDING MEDIA) that we are to a great extent products of our thoughts and inventions. That we will become what we behold. That a media network is a model of our own nervous systems. And on Clarke's assumption, in CHILDHOOD'S END, that we have within us the ability to transcend our material and spiritual self-isolation and rise to a higher, less material, more united plane of being. That, like the signals we send out over our communication networks, we are destined to fly up out of our captivating bodies and join together on one channel of being.

Addicts or freed spirits?

Have we grappled long enough with nature? Are we ready to retire? Or are we pioneers in search of a new land? Will we keep evolving and soar out of ourselves and join into one mind?

If, a century from now, the race has made it to some kind of global village, I have a feeling that they will look back on us and see the same painful noble yearning in our eyes that we see in the eyes of our immigrant ancestors.

## BLAZING SADDLES

If you like Don Rickles, you'll love Blazing Saddles. The 'in' humor is almost identical. All blacks are oversexed criminals, Germans are Nazis, Americans are dumb red-necks, women are beautiful, dumb broads or ugly dumb broads. In short, there's nothing here that you wouldn't expect to hear in a Las

Vegas nightclub act featuring Tote Fields or Alan King. What's curious is that this movie, ostensibly, appears to have been aimed at a moderately young and hip audience. Perhaps it's not so surprising. Mel Brooks (a great comic who started out in vaudeville and whose film production credits include *The Producers* and *The Twelve Chairs*) apparently decided that there was a whole new generation that had never experienced burlesque and felt that they shouldn't miss out. In consequence, we have this affair that looks like it was pulled off the old Minsky's stage. The baggy pants, dirty word jokes, nationality jokes, are all out in force.

The film also operates at another, and more subtle level. We see before us a mythical history of the old west, adjusted to somehow reflect what the West has become. Admittedly, the legends acted out by Tom Mix somehow don't jive with Los Angeles and Las Vegas, whereas Brooks' film most certainly does. We find all the plastic, superficiality, and plain dumbness that we could ever wish. We also find a movie that continually, and skillfully comments on the old west that has been represented to us in the films Hollywood the Golden West has been producing. The problem here is, how many people reflected that the attack by the Indians speaking Yiddish was a reference back to Cat Ballou and the old man who thought that the Indians were the lost tribe of Israel. If you remembered, you laughed, if you didn't—you kept thinking about how inept the last scene was.

Another reference was the Waco Kid cum Sundance Kid. Brief throw outs also include allusions to *Easy Rider* and *Judge Roy Bean*, but the humor of these skillful satires kept getting damped out as Brooks would repeatedly indulge in a piece of shtick that would offend a moron with its crudeness.

Brooks is at his best when taking-off the old films. His satire of Marlene Dietrich's first role in an American film is absolute genius. Likewise, the ending of the film

where he cuts in pieces of cinema reality and real estate reality into a fantastic-crescendoing piece of funny business that hasn't been done since the Hope-Crosby road pictures (or Olson and Johnson in *Helter Skelter*).

Perhaps it was the quality of the performances that kept the film from being the classic it could have been. Cleavon Little was just a "ghost" of the black character Brooks seems to have intended. His little lines about white people's stupidity are just too precious. Same goes for the Waco kid—although he manages to pull off a few very satisfactory scenes in a very satisfactory way.

I'll admit right now that I have a grudge against Harvey Korman. Not because of his work on the Carol Burnett Show (where he's competent), but because he didn't bother to adapt his style one bit to the needs of his character. The performance was utterly un-professional. 'To pull off a heavy role in a broad farce, you have to play the role with utter seriousness.' (An approximate quote of Jack Lemmon) Korman didn't. His continuous playing of the scenes for laughs, his exaggeration, his obvious amusement with the material led to his blowing the timing on almost every other line. Alex Karras, as Mongo, put in a better performance. I found that by imagining Carl Reiner doing the Korman role, the material immediately seemed a good deal funnier. Madeline Kahn, as the Dietrich-dance hall chanteuse, was impeccable. Her lisp was absolutely perfect. Oddly, Mel Brooks' performance was not particularly inspiring. He seemed to be having fun, but the audience was rarely let in on the humor.

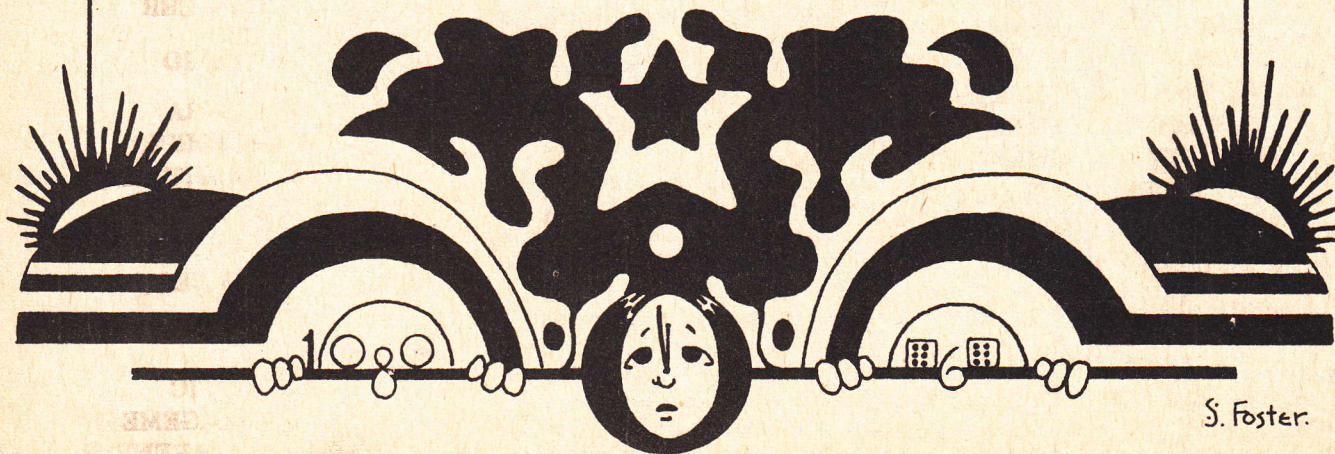
My overall impression of this film, the first truly Un-American Western, is that it's worth seeing for those few, totally brilliant sections; but that its production was rushed and that it was inadequately edited. In short, Mel Brooks is no Will Rogers. The only real surprise in the film was that there weren't any Italian-Mafia jokes.



Momentoes of Bandanadimmed Roarshocks

Jupiter and beyond the photon  
(a relative's bible) belt  
the five and ten thermo dynamic tycoon  
halts the blinding cataracts of matri-sees  
to father  
a meta omega monolithic  
slab  
of manna cured gardens and vinlands.  
But, the east of Edens distellary  
of the nausea of magnetic honey,  
the fruits of the cultatavism of whoo rends us  
miracles, but the reaping of these gravitic fields  
Christ!  
The midnight sun  
would seem a night bare  
to any lit up day.  
A day I spent in a tavern.  
At the door  
I left this human shell.  
Everyone was watching watches.  
I could only stare at my stare.  
Thispairing, a pair of dice.

by Arthur Keating  
translated by Edward Kislaitis



S. Foster.



# Aspects for this month

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>1</b> MOON SQUARE URANUS: Automobiles are adversely aspected.<br/>MOON SEXTILE PLUTO: Financial outlook changes for the better.<br/>MOON TRINE NEPTUNE: False promises in the past will be discovered.</p> <p><b>2</b> MOON TRINE SUN: New answers to old problems will be forthcoming.<br/>VENUS TRINE URANUS: Friendship can turn to love today. Trust your intuition.<br/>MOON SEXTILE MARS: Restrictions will lift. Others may over-state their case.</p> <p><b>2-3</b> MOON SEXTILE URANUS: Mail or media will bring something of value.</p> <p><b>3</b> MOON OPPOSITION VENUS: It will be difficult to use your powers of concentration.<br/>MOON SEXTILE SATURN: Re-examine past experiences.<br/>MOON OPPOSITION JUPITER: Keep your ego in perspective.</p> <p><b>3-4</b> MOON SQUARE NEPTUNE: Deception will present itself in many ways.</p> <p><b>5</b> MOON OPPOSITION MERCURY: An idiocy aspect. Be prepared to deal with those who lack good judgment.<br/>MOON SQUARE MARS: Altercations may erupt today.<br/>VENUS TRINE SATURN: Older people will be compassionate and cooperative.</p> <p><b>5-6</b> MERCURY SQUARE MARS: Protect your hands against injury.</p> <p><b>6</b> MOON SQUARE SATURN: Avoid restaurants today.<br/>MOON CONJUNCT PLUTO: Heed your self-preservation instincts.<br/>MOON OPPOSITION SUN: Make no investments for the next 2 weeks. Violent crimes will increase in number.</p> <p><b>7</b> MOON TRINE MARS: Alertness will prevent misfortune.<br/>MOON CONJUNCT URANUS: Alter old concepts to fit new situations.<br/>MOON TRINE SATURN: Blend intuition and logic.<br/>MOON TRINE VENUS: Spend time with those who are close to you.</p> <p><b>8</b> MOON TRINE JUPITER: Good fortune awaits you. Creative projects are favored.</p> <p><b>9</b> MOON TRINE MERCURY: Complete tasks begun yesterday.</p> <p><b>10</b> MOON SQUARE VENUS: Prepare for difficulties at home.<br/>MOON SEXTILE PLUTO: Reject that which is superficial.<br/>MOON SQUARE JUPITER: Showing off will be costly.<br/>MOON CONJUNCT NEPTUNE: A foul weather aspect. Be careful of where and what you eat.<br/>MERCURY SQUARE SATURN: You may be overly gullible on both days.</p> <p><b>11</b> MOON TRINE SUN: Home oriented activities are favored.<br/>MOON OPPOSITION MARS: Occupational problems will plague you.<br/>MOON SEXTILE URANUS: Unexpected expenses may present themselves.</p> | <p><b>12</b> MOON OPPOSITION SATURN: Expect bad advice. Remain calm when dealing with cranks.<br/>MOON SQUARE MERCURY: Avoid acting on today's inspiration for 3 days.<br/>MOON SQUARE PLUTO: Take no risks of any kind.<br/>MOON SEXTILE VENUS: Matters can be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.</p> <p><b>12-3</b> MOON SEXTILE JUPITER: Eating out will be rewarding in many ways.</p> <p><b>13</b> MARS TRINE URANUS: New values will replace old ones.</p> <p><b>14</b> MOON SQUARE SUN: Caution in all matters is advised.<br/>MERCURY OPPOSITE PLUTO: Take extra precautions against theft. Avoid jeopardising personal safety.<br/>VENUS CONJUNCT JUPITER: A disaster in a place of public gathering will occur, soon. Theaters are especially vulnerable. Avoid all speculations. Misplaced idealism runs rampant. Aspects to a number of malefic fixed stars indicate a time of great tribulation may befall the nation in the near future. Hold yourself back and avoid doing things to excess. Even though this is a very fortunate aspect, it can bring difficulties. With the exception of Mars and a distant planet beyond the orbit of Pluto all the planets are affected at the time of this aspect. Severe accusations will be leveled at many well known democrats. Many of these claims, but not all, will be true. In general the democratic party will have to work very hard to prevent severe setbacks. Some political confrontations are shaping up. This conjunction of the greater and lesser fortune will benefit you if you observe temperance in all matters. The stock market is in for serious trouble in the near future. There will be some serious agricultural problems.<br/>MOON SQUARE URANUS: Tempers can flare today.</p> <p><b>15</b> MOON TRINE PLUTO: Abandon the ideas you had on the 12th. Pursue those you had on the 13th.<br/>VENUS SQUARE NEPTUNE: Keep your emotions under control.<br/>SUN OPPOSITION NEPTUNE: Coming soon... a split in the Republican party. Car trouble is likely.</p> <p><b>16</b> MERCURY TRINE NEPTUNE: Trust intuition.</p> <p><b>16-7</b> MOON TRINE URANUS: Unexpected events turn defeat into victory.</p> <p><b>17</b> MOON SEXTILE SUN: Job advancement is likely.<br/>MOON TRINE MARS: A freedom aspect. Break restrictions now.<br/>MOON TRINE SATURN: Lasting romance can blossom under this aspect.</p> <p><b>18</b> MOON CONJUNCT JUPITER: Promises made today will be kept...eventually.<br/>MOON SQUARE NEPTUNE: Educational matters will fare poorly.<br/>MOON CONJUNCT VENUS: Accusations of the past will be proven false.</p> <p><b>19</b> JUPITER SQUARE NEPTUNE: Maintain your sense of humor at all cost. Be prepared to deal with megalomania.</p> |
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MOON SQUARE MARS: Do not respond to impulse.

MOON SQUARE SATURN: Reject all business oriented offers.

20 MOON OPPOSITION PLUTO: Danger lurks. Avoid unnecessary risks.

MARS CONJUNCTS SATURN IN 0 7' CANCER: This is considered one of the malefic aspects in traditional astrology. However at the time of this conjunction we find a strong dominance of beneficial aspects. This provides a badly needed leveling of influence. It shows the activities of the Republicans have been very heavy for the past 30 days. Fixed star activity is just as great here as it is in the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus. The economy will stabilize somewhat. A Herculean effort is being made by the President and his supporters. The helpful conjunction of Mars and Saturn to the star Betelgeuse (offset somewhat by Polaris) is fading rapidly, leaving only the influence of disastrous Menkalinin. Furthermore, the Republican party's planet—Saturn—is weaker in Cancer than Gemini. The difficulty experienced by the democratic party will soon plague the Republicans. Total disaster, however, will not occur. This aspect will help the economy somewhat. It warns of danger to the orthopedic structure. There will be a number of fires or disasters in large buildings during the next thirty Days.

SUN SEXTILE SATURN: Finish old business.

SUN SEXTILE MARS: Obey your impulses.

MOON TRINE NEPTUNE: Inspiration will be forthcoming.

20-1 MOON CONJUNCT MERCURY: Hopes and wishes are fulfilled.

21 MOON SEXTILE SATURN: Seek true wisdom.

22 MOON OPPOSITION URANUS: Friends may be disagreeable.

MOON SEXTILE MARS: Travel is favored.

MOON CONJUNCT SUN: (New Moon) Electrical appliances will cause trouble. Transportation crisis may become acute again. There will be disaster on the seas and waterways.

MOON SEXTILE JUPITER: Absurd situations may arise.

23 MOON SEXTILE VENUS: Trust those you love.

24 MOON TRINE PLUTO: Unprecedented opportunities will be forthcoming.

MOON OPPOSITION NEPTUNE: Reject that which is artificial or unreal.

MOON SQUARE JUPITER: Do not sign contracts today.

25 MERCURY OPPOSITION URANUS: Communication will be difficult.

MOON SQUARE VENUS: Resist the temptation to spend unwisely.

25-6 MOON TRINE URANUS: Unexpected meetings will occur.

26 MOON SEXTILE MERCURY: Artistic projects are favored.

MOON CONJUNCT SATURN: Hard work is in store for you. You are equal to the task. Metal working is favored.

MOON CONJUNCT MARS: Avoid being overly aggressive.

MOON SQUARE PLUTO: Above all else remain calm.

MOON SEXTILE SUN: An evening at home may be rewarding.

27 MOON TRINE JUPITER: Culinary arts are favored.

MOON TRINE VENUS: Be alone with that special someone.

MARS SQUARED PLUTO: This is a violence aspect. There is great danger to the hands. Wear protective gloves near fire. Do not experiment with the occult.

28 MOON SQUARED URANUS: Creative ability will be at a low cycle in the AM hours.

MERCURY SEXTILE SATURN: In PM hours the mental abilities will be at their peak. Put off decisions until afternoon hours.

MOON SQUARE MERCURY: Find pleasant diversions from the ordinary.

MOON SEXTILE PLUTO: Personal charisma will run high.

29 MOON SQUARE SUN: Children may cause problem. Under this aspect even the best astrological birth-control system can prove unreliable.

MOON TRINE NEPTUNE: Entertainment is favored.

30 MOON SEXTILE URANUS: Happy and lasting partnerships may be formed.

MOON SEXTILE SATURN: Now is the time to ask important questions. See you next month.

For astrology classes, lectures, and personal horoscopes—contact: Grant Wylie 8111 Route 53 Apartment number 5 Woodrich, Ill 60515 Telephones: (312) Woodridge 969-6178, Chicago 631-5256

# CURRENT

## MUSIC



COLUMBIA COLLEGE  
549 N. Lake Shore Dr.  
Register for community dance classes  
Dance Center 4730 N. Sheridan Rd.  
Production Workshop  
African Rhythms  
Dance Therapy  
fee \$48 others higher  
phone Bonnie Everts or William  
McKinney 271-7804

Arie Crown Theater  
McCORMICK PLACE  
September 3 - 8  
Moiseyev Dance Company  
100 dancers and symphony orch.  
mail orders to Allied Arts corp.  
20 N. Wacker Dr. 60606  
adm. \$5-7.50-10-12.50-15

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER  
Opera House  
shows all through April

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART  
4/20 Dances of Elvi Moore  
(see C.A. listing under art)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
220 S. Michigan Ave. 427-7711  
4/4 Subscription Concert 8:15  
4/5 2 p.m.  
4/7 3 p.m. to be announced  
tickets \$6-\$12

CIVIC ORCHESTRA OF CHICAGO  
4/5 8:15 p.m. Adm. \$.50-\$3  
students and senior citizens \$]  
Chicago Symphony Trio 4/10 8:30 p.m.  
playing Schubert, Milhaud, Fine  
Dvorak,

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT  
4/12 5 p.m.  
part 11 at 8 p.m.  
4/13 2 p.m. adm. \$6-\$12

YOUTH CONCERT  
4/16 10:30 a.m. & 12:00 a.m.  
all Tchaikovsky program

YOUTH CONCERT  
4/17 same as above  
SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT  
4/19 & 18 8:15 p.m.  
Schubert, Mozart, Stravinsky  
CHICAGO SYM. CHAMBER MUSIC CONC.  
4/23 8:30 p.m.

Altenburg, Torrelli, Elgar,  
Malipiero, Franceschini  
SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT  
4/25 8:15 4/27 8:30 p.m.  
Schumann, Bartok

GENESIS CONCERT  
Auditorium 4/11

ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY  
430 S. Michigan Ave. 341-3510  
4/8 8 p.m. Senior Recital Ganz Hall  
4/9 8 p.m. Faculty Rec. Ganz Hall  
4/10 1 p.m. Faculty Recital Ganz  
4/10 8 p.m. Senior Violin Rec. Ganz

# EVENTS



4/15 8 p.m. Senior Piano Rec. Ganz  
 4/16 8 p.m. Guest Rec. Chris Beck  
 Piano (adm \$)  
 4/17 10 p.m. Roosevelt U. Baroque  
 Ensemble Ganz  
 4/18 8 p.m. Senior Rec. Piano Ganz  
 4/19 8 p.m. Senior Rec. Violin " "  
 4/20 2:30 p.m. Sax & Clarinet Ganz  
 4/22 8 p.m. Senior Rec. Harp  
 4/23 8 p.m. R.U. String Quartet ""  
 4/24 1 p.m. " "  
 4/ 7 8 p.m. R.U. Symphony Orchestra  
 4/29 8 p.m. Senior Cello Rec. Ganz  
 4/ 30 8 p.m. Senior Soprano Rec.  
 4/ 17 Contemporary Ensemble  
 8 p.m. Ganz Hall

AUDITORIUM THEATER

4/20 Preservation Hall Jazz Band  
 4/26-27 8 p.m. Jose Greco Dance Troupe  
 4/5 Nazareth  
 4/19 Rita Coolidge and  
 Kris Kristofferson  
 4/15 Electric Light Orchestra  
 4/25 Crimson (King)  
 4/22 Greg Allman  
 4/30 8 p.m. Boston Symphony Chamber  
 Players

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

4/24 Elizabeth Chojnacka Concert  
 (see listing for C.A. under Art)  
 Orchestra Hall  
 4/21 7 p.m. Carlos Montoya  
 \$4 \$5 \$6 \$8  
 4/14 Sunday Afternoon  
 Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra  
 \$3.50- \$8.50

CHICAGO SYMPHONY "First Chairs" Series  
 tickets necessary but no charge  
 4/10 Adolph Herseth trumpet  
 at Woodward Court  
 4/24 Ray Still oboe  
 at Burton-Judson Courts  
 Done by the University of Chicago

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

RATSO'S

2464 N. Lincoln Ave see P. 10  
 for schedule  
 935-1505

THE BULLS

1916 N. Lincoln Park West  
 935-1505

KINGSTON MINES

2354 N. Lincoln Ave.  
 525-6860  
 folk, jazz, soft rock nightly  
 Streetdancer tues. nights

AMAZINGRACE

2031 N. Sheridan Rd in  
 Evanston call 492-7255

JAZZ SHOWCASE

901 N. Rush DE7-1000  
 For April  
 Sonny Rollins  
 Yusef Lateef  
 Clark Terry Band  
 Gil Evans Big Band

MISTER KELLY'S

4/1-7 the mentalist Kreskin  
 Larry Novak Trio Friday through Thurs.  
 Dick Reynolds Trio-Wed. & Thurs.  
 for cover info etc. call 943-2233



# ART



ARTISTS, RESIDENTS OF CHICAGO  
226 E. Ontario 266-7607  
4/2 Two woman show  
X-ray and mixed media work of  
Gerda Bernstein and the sculpture  
of Mary Jane Min  
open 10 to 5:30

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO  
4/4-5/2 Boucher Drawings  
4/]-5/4 Regenstein Collec. of  
18th & 19 th Grench drawings  
4/6-6/2 Photographs by Alvarez  
Bravo  
Marcel Duchamp continue till 5/5  
Hours: Thursday free day and  
open till 8:30 p.m.  
all other days discretion.

Exhibiton of Paintings by David  
Loew- Ratso's Restaurant  
4/13-5/13

RYDER GALLERY  
500 N. Dearborn 467-7117  
Recent American Developments  
In American Visual Design  
till 4/19 CCA  
followed by J.C. Penny

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART  
237 E. Ontario  
Jack Beal, Joseph Raffael  
Jim Nutt

JACQUES BARUCH GALLERY  
900 N. Michigan Ave. 944-3377  
till 4/27  
Graphics from 11 Yugoslavian  
artists of Ljubljana in Slovenia  
open 10 to 5:30

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  
also  
Photography from Czechoslovakia  
till 4/27 at 469 E. Ohio  
open 10 -9 Free

# DRAMA



ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY  
The Patrick O'Malley  
Workshop Theater  
We Have Always Lived In The  
Castle by Shirley Jackson  
4/26-27 8 p.m.  
5/1,2,3, 2 p.m.  
adm. \$2 students \$1  
call 34]-3555  
430 S. Michigan Ave.

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

SECOND CITY  
16]6 N. Wells 337-3992  
Et Tu Kahoutek  
adm \$3.25 weeknights and  
\$4.25 Fri & Sat

THE BODY POLITIC  
2259 N. Lincoln Ave. 871-3000  
The Influence Show  
\$2.50 & \$3.50

other Theaters Call for schedules  
Arlington Park Theater  
Chicago Electric Odyssey  
Country Club Theater  
Mt. Prospect 259-5400  
Forum Theater  
Summit 496-3000  
Gill Community Theater  
]429 N. Wells 649-5636  
The Ivanhoe  
3000 N. Clark 248-6800  
Organic Theater  
Hull House Centr 271-2436  
Pheasant Run Playhouse  
St. Charles 26]-7943  
University of Illinois Players  
996-5286

GOODMAN THEATER  
200 S. Columbus Dr.  
Theater at midnight is a  
special program designed to  
showcase experimental works  
scripts are presently being  
solicited contact William  
Woodman  
starting 4/2  
Shakespeare's Henry IV  
curtain at 7:30  
Children's Theater  
The Lion Who Wouldn't  
Generally Sat and Sun

# CURRENT

## MISC.



ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY  
4/16 6 p.m. Sheraton Blackstone Hotel  
2nd annual Perry Smith Lecture  
Education and Cultural Pluralism  
dinner-lecture \$8 call 341-3701

ANCIENT ASTRONAUT SOCIETY  
4/26-27-28  
FIRST ANNUAL WORLD CONFERENCE OF  
ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS  
Brad Steiger, and others related  
to the field  
Write  
A.A.S.  
22 S. Washington Str.  
Park Ridge Ill. 60068  
Conference at Arlington Park  
Towers Hotel

### SECOND ANNUAL CHICAGO BICYCLE FAIR

Sponsored by American Youth  
Hostels

4/28 Sunday from 11-6 p.m.  
Lincoln and Belmont YMCA

### LOOP COLLEGE

64 E. Lake Str.

Video Tape in Community Settings  
lecture series starts 4/4

\$3 registration fee call 268-8100

### MIDWESTERN COUNCIL OF SPORTS CAR CLUBS

#### RACEWORKERS SCHOOL

4/7 Mr. Dukes Restaurant

276 W. Irving Park Rd.

Woodale Ill. (2 p.m.)

call 494-2876 or 324-7445

learn how to hold flags etc.

go to road races free, bring a  
sandwich and have a picnic while you  
watch the cars go by

### THE FIELD MUSEM 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.

McCormick Place

call for schedule of Events

Museum of Science and Industry

call MU4-1414

# EVENTS

# ADAM'S APPLE

THE PROGRESSIVE  
GENERAL STORE

MAN, THESE DAYS  
OF HIGH PRICED \$  
GLITTER FASHIONS,  
LEAVE NO ROOM FOR  
US GUYS WHO LIKE  
PRACTICAL WEAR...

OH!  
WOW!



FEAR NOT, FOLKS,  
ALWAYS REMEMBER  
THE PLACE WHERE  
YOU CAN GET  
CASUAL CLOTHING  
AT DOWN TO EARTH  
PRICES!  
**ADAM'S APPLE!**

NOTICE  
new winter hrs.  
11 a.m. to 10:30pm  
7 days a week

6229 N. CALIFORNIA  
CHICAGO, 465-9777

# Lucifer's Friend

I'm Just  
A Rock'n' Roll  
Singer



BG-1008

