

The Truth »beep«
Is On Page..

By Carol Neiman

Yeah, babes, you've finally hit the bigtime rah rah scooby doooh beat the hell outa SMU these are the best few years of your life so learn to think for your self make your place in society be a phi beta kappa sigma chi omega doo wah. Hello??

I dunno about you but that really turns me off. So what can you do? Of course the logical, sensible thing to do is to try getting turned on to something else that makes sense.

But woe and alas! Most people seem to remain turned off, unplugged, and militantly apathetic members of the soggy green masses. Why, oh, why this dusty fate for so many once-eager scholars?? Why do they retreat behind stacks of textbooks and class notes, venturing
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Gen. John Economidy: The First 100 Days

KAYE NORTHCOFF ~ Past Editor, DAILY TEXAN

Soon after John Economidy was elected editor of the Daily Texan last spring he made a grand entrance into the newspaper office wear-

ing an Air Force ROTC uniform and carrying a makeshift swagger stick.

He marched to the copy desk, banged the stock on the table rim and announced, "General John is HERE!"

The Texan has not been the same since.

The public relations and government major is hard to put into any political pigeon hole for he often changes perches.

During the campus-wide campaign last spring, Economidy presented himself as a

YEAH, but wait til you see
What we got INSIDE:

The Tinselled Seductress - SEX & SOCIETY

THE BENT SPOKESMAN - OUR REGULAR
MOTORCYCLE COLUMN

A REVIEW OF WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF

Psychedelic Drawings
and Rag Bag - an esoteric guide to
where the ACTION IS.

October 10, 1966 AUSTIN, TEXAS

PAGE 1

Every student should have Some social life....

friend of Greeks, business majors, Young Republicans, the ROTC, and President Johnson's policy in Viet Nam. He offered himself as an alternative to another female editor (Zounds! Another liberal one.) and implied that he would cure all of the mistakes made by the newspaper's "bigoted and biased" staff.

Economidy ran a spunky campaign. He long will be remembered as probably the only campus politician ever to mention in campaign literature his membership in Eagle Scouts. He called the Texan offices a "pig pen" and charged that the staff was living in a "mental latrine". (Disgruntled staff members have been known to call this year's product "the Daily John!")

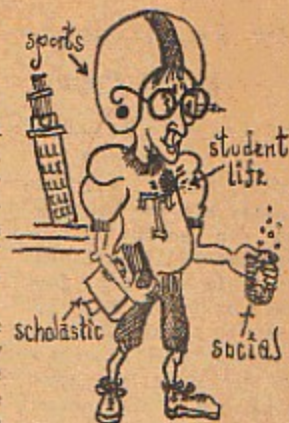
Although Economidy has told some persons

privately that in real life he is a liberal who ran as a conservative for the sake of expediency, he most often characterizes himself as being in the middle of the road.

"I decide each issue on its merits and only after all the facts are in. If I don't have enough information on a subject, I just don't make a decision on it," he explained to an American Statesmen reporter.

Economidy has made decisions on the following issues:

Viet Nam--"The enemy is the Viet Cong .. The enemy is the cold, thin smile of a Viet Cong as he shoots to death a village official. The enemy is the laughter of the Viet Cong while making an old man dig his own grave before he is buried alive. The enemy is the dirty joke



the Viet Cong make of the young Vietnamese teacher after they have raped her. (Summer Texan, July 26, 1966.)

Economidy concluded that the war must be won at home with a "massive public relations campaign to show support of U.S. policy!"

Minimum Wage -- Texas needs one, Economidy wrote editorially, but, as he told an Austin Statesman reporter, "I didn't say how much the minimum wage should be."

Closing the Tower-- "The tower should be closed now for both safety and psychological considerations Perhaps in several years the Observation deck can be reopened occasionally and with new safety regulations. (August 5, 1966)

"Last Friday the Texan editorially called for closure of the Observation Deck. Many persons interpreted

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THE RAG

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER 2506 NUACES AUSTIN, TEXAS

FUNNEL — thorne dreyer
 FUNNELLA — carol rozman
 PRINTER (cheap) — Larry freudiger
 ARTIST-TYPE PEOPLE — olelie moore,
 trudy minkoff, john morais
 MASTER SHITWORKER — dennis fitzgerald
 UNDER SHITWORKERS — jeff skero,
 george vizard, marion vizard,
 david ledhotter, patricia wann, nancy freudiger

The enemy is the cold, thin smile of the Vietcong

Cont. from page 2

this as meaning a permanent closing. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Texan does feel that the Tower should be kept closed until the campus can adjust to the tragic event."

He suggested one or a combination of security measures: "enclose the Observation Deck with thick glass," "plug in some manner the drain ports through which Charles Whitman shot," use "newly developed riot control devices" such as "pipes installed along the walls of the Observation Deck to spew out tear gas, nausea gas, or a smoke screen."

"Other devices which could be installed include high pressure water or equipment to release a blinding bubble foam, thus engulfing the area almost immediately," he wrote. (August 9, 1966.)

In a summer edition

mailed to incoming students, Economy divided a student's life into four roles:

Scholastic -- The years in college are devoted to learning... Students should make the best of them while



they have the chance."

Sports---...means more than attending spectator sports. It also means keeping physically fit, for a sound body is as important as a sound mind."

Social--...the enjoyment of life, both by being entertained and by entertaining others. Every student should have some social life but it should not be over emphasized."

Student life--"becoming acquainted with students outside of class. Strong friendships and acquaintances should be formed, for the student will be associated with many of these persons for the rest of his life."

(August 19, 1966)

Fashion--"Girls with fat legs should not wear mini skirts." (September 22, 1966.)

To which one wag in the Texan letters column replied, "People with fat heads should not edit newspapers."

Economy indicated last spring that he would be working closely with the University News and Information Service, the public relations arm of the University. Often the Texan editorial page this year has indeed been like a PR effort by a committee of knitticking deans.

Editorials often assume an innate trust in officials of state government, University administrators, the President of the United States, and any and all other established interests.

For most of its 66 years, the Texan has tried, if often sophomorically, to be the conscience of the University of Texas. Editors have battered their souls against the petrified atmosphere of the State establishment in an attempt to make a way in Texas for a spirit of intellectual freedom. That the present editor lacks the intellect or desire to

CONTINUED on page 4

letters
to the funnel
(write! The
funnel gets)
bored.
2500
Nurses

Playboy's Tinselled Seductress

By JEFF SHERO

One of the brighter aspects of the sexual revolution is that it offers this generation whole new levels of personal manipulation. Instead of the older concept of "nice girls" being virgins upon marriage, the liberated standards offer people the chance to express their deepest feelings to one another in a natural way. Marriage counselors often say that successful marriages are built upon compatible interests, liking one another, and a satisfactory sexlife.



Cont'd from P. 3 . .

assume the editor's traditional role is obvious.

The Texan is blessed with a number of green but energetic workers, determined to put out a newsy product. Their occasional degeneration to triviality is excusable. The editor, however, should know better.

It would seem that these liberated couples who make love, would have the opportunity to get over their sense of prudishness and the Puritan remnants that make bodies something "dirty". It would also seem that, for those who are a part of the sexual revolution, marriage would be much less difficult.

But what a nonsensical idyllic notion! As sex and people's natural eroticism were freed from years of repression, individuals were subjected to waves of pseudo-sophisticated dribble that teach how to be alluring in the liberated society. Instead of finding themselves experiencing sexual activity in their own style and time, young people are barraged by the experts who tell them how to be a success. It happens to be coincidental that most of the new experts make a great deal of money from their advice.

First are the fashion mills which grind out new shades and designs yearly so that the wardrobe is always obsolete.

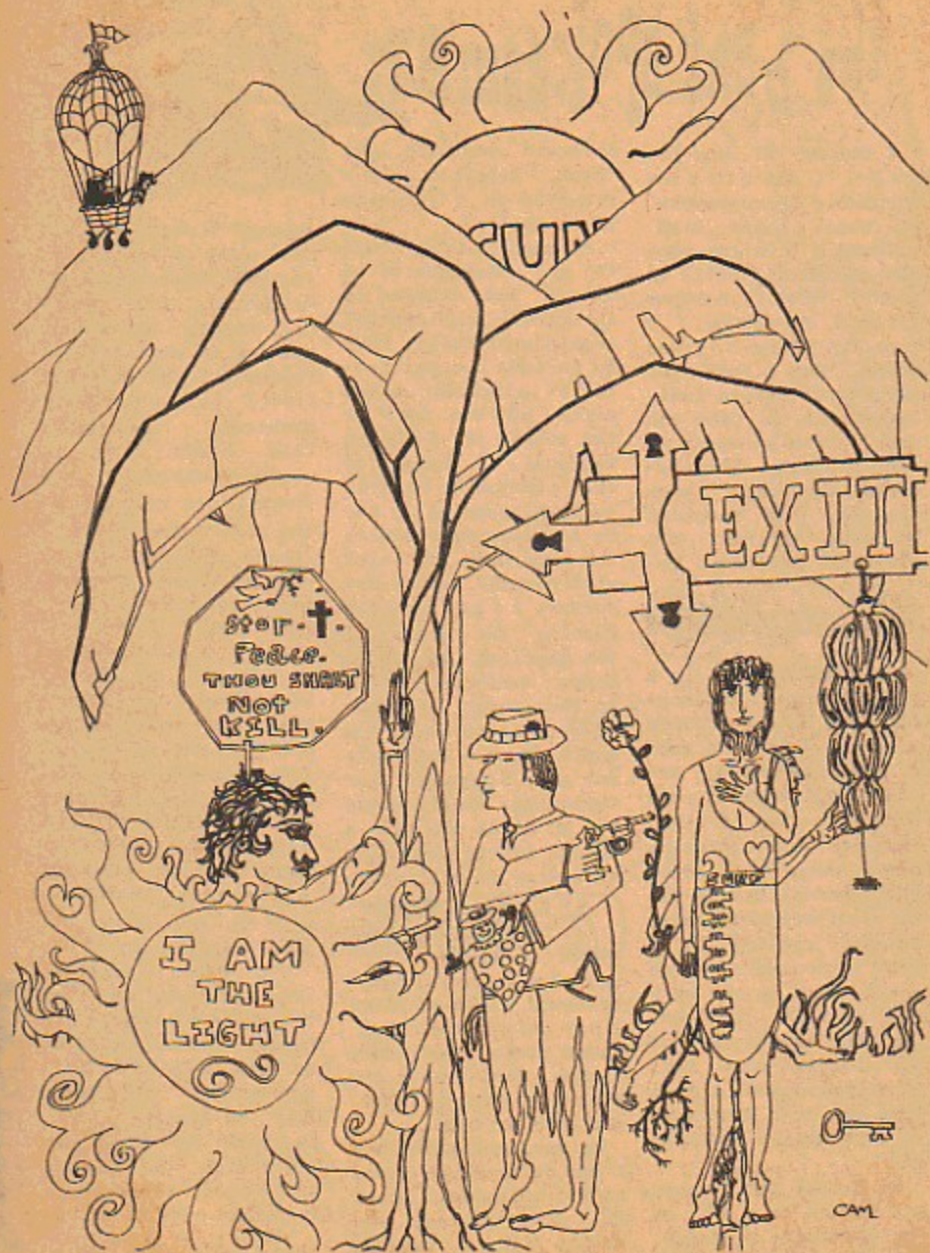
One needs to continually buy new clothes to be stylish and attractive. For years women (who have never been known for their discretion in areas dealing with attracting the opposite sex) were the dupes of this system.

More recently however, men, too, read Esquire, Playboy, and visit various merchants, to learn what the "in thing" is to wear for fall and spring. In earlier times young men used to be sure enough of their masculinity to not be sucked in by advertising. Recently developments have proved that men now need the reassurance of hair goop, clothing, deoderant, etc.

For men the leading exponent of the new sexuality is Playboy magazine. Interspered between Playboy's women are articles illustrating that men who get ahead in business and girls, wear smart attire, have the proper enlightened attitudes, and reaffirm the essential goodness of the rat-race. The model of the seductive woman the Playboy reader should seek is concealed by the magazine's diversionary rhetoric,

THE AUSTIN Committee
against the WAR in
VIETNAM
meets every Mon. night
in the Univ. Y at 7:30pm

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STOP. Fleece. THEN SHOOT NOT KILL.

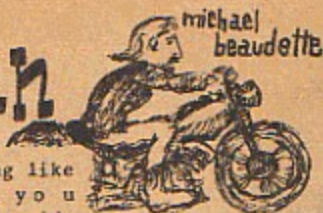
I AM THE LIGHT

EXIT



CAM

the Bent Spokesman



I had my '37 Hog for sale. I was offered Stephanie Chernokowsky in trade. I was also offered a lifetime supply of thrill pills in trade. Finally someone offered me money. I took the money. I was broke. But I think the variety of offers indicates what a bike can mean. You straddle it like a woman. The controls are under your fingers. It responds to your various and slightest notions. Ri-



ding a motorcycle is a gas. Because motorcycles can be a gas, like more than just a mode of transportation, because motorcycles can become a way of life, because motorcycles do break down and leave glorious slicks in all sorts of neighborhoods, because cycling is a real turnon when you've got a chick on the back and because informal sporting events are fun but require some sort of organization, I feel that the Bent Spokesman as a column is justified.

My Aiejai 350 coughed and bucked to a halt on the Normandie hillside. My garagiste danoise

murmered something like "Bvut, Dahrlink, yo u promised me a fireside on ze coast."

My mind flashed back to the many quarts of oil I had dropped in the finest residential sections of Paris, even to include one particularly glorious black slick at the foot of the steps of l'Opera National. I thought of the paddywagon hilariously pimponning up Rue de la Pompe as roommate and I pushed the sick sick beastie around the corner, frantically fleeing the wrath of the gracious Rue de la Pompe dwellers, irate to the point of anger at my weeklong, two quart slick. That malady was diagnosed as typically faulty Lucas by M. Jorat who runs a unique little shop specializing in motorcycle



ignition systems. Twenty-seven dollars later I not only had working spark plugs, but headlights, tail-lights, and even a parking light and horn to boot.

My mind unflashed and I was back on the Normandie hillside. Short of disassembling the entire bike, I removed the points cover. The

subway ticket that I had used as an insulator had disintegrated. Meanwhile, a 60 year-old Norman had come buzzing up on his 40 cc Velosolex. He insisted that I had carburator problems. When his Velo broke down he would disassemble his three-piece crab, soak the pieces in gas for a couple of hours. Reassembled, the Velo ran perfectly every time. Even after I had the Aiejai back together and running, my Norman supervisor insisted that the root of my problems was my carburator. Broken motorcycles do not usually need new parts. In fact both Harley and Indian have factory original all-purpose coathanger wire on the market. I have some anyway.

The most important item this week is that the Cycle is open. The Cycle is the endeavor of Bill Carpenter, David Watts, and David Gray to enable riders to work on their own bikes with the proper tools and sympathetic guidance. For a dollar

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Playboy philosophy beats the tired dog of Puritanism"

Cont. from page 4

though.

Month after month, Hugh Hefner in the Playboy philosophy beats the tired dog of puritanism, arguing for the healthy aspects of a less repressed sexual morality. Occasionally campaigns against postal regulation, censorship, and outdated sex laws give the magazine an enlightened air.

The real Playboy philosophy, however, appears throughout the magazine in the cartoons, photos and advertising. There, in page after page, is exhibited the big-breasted and lush "girl-next-door". Playboy promotes the idea that the sexy woman is young, has large breasts and a cute bottom, is without pubic hair (which Hefner judges is distasteful to most modern urban males), and unbuttoned the latest fashions. She is neatly adorned with cosmetics and has an interesting job like airline stewardess, actress, student, therapist, etc. Playboy doesn't think that married women, older women, girls with dull jobs, or those that don't shave under their arms are very attractive.



This advertising-promoted view of sex is so blatant and sterile that one would think that it would be taken as a joke. But instead of judging sexiness on a person's natural attributes people by the millions swear by adornments. So much so that Playboy and the rest have created the images of sexiness. People so revere these images, they seek out partners who successfully imitate them.

The poor UT coed is one of the most frightening examples of this imitative sexuality. She sports absurd laquered hair-dos, false hair switches, poor boy sweaters and the latest above-the-knee length skirts. Just as she covers her face with cosmetics, she molds her natural good sense into a sweet-nothing personality. She, in her sweetness, is the epitome of affected seductiveness.

Filling their roles, the young men eagerly seek these commodity-created "girls-next-door". After a round of dating the couple usually winds up in bed,

and the formula works itself out. The boy's prestige rises by being seen with these commodity girls, and it soars even higher when he can brag about the numbers he has slept with. The girl in turn is reassured of her attractiveness, and though she has won the boy by not being herself, at least she has got the boy.

The end of these happy and vigorous arrangements usually comes in the junior or senior year of college, when the couples start seeing their time running out and look to marriage as the next step along the charted path.

The problem in this step has been created long before. Who could have imagined sleeping with the Playmate of the Month, and finding the next morning she has a foul mouth and burns the toast?

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THIS PAPER WAS
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(Fast - Cheap)
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grack!e!

Likewise, it is hard for the girl to imagine that her cool boyfriend straight from her fantasies in magazineland refuses to wake in the morning, has smelly underwear to be washed, and is often more interested in the televised Saturday afternoon football game than in listening to her used-to-be charming prattle.

Though they don't really know each other, the couple ignores harsh realities and trundles along to the altar. Afterward, the fellow gets a nice job, they move to suburbia, and in one year find that somehow the glow has gone out of the marriage. About this time they begin sacrificing themselves for their children and preparing to endure the next years.

It would appear that the new liberated American way of finding a spouse isn't always the most fulfilling. But the system is wise and for the more adventurous, there is always divorce. The couple can once again repeat the same game, but with a little more desperation.

Next time you sit beside that lovely commodity created tinselled seductress in your class, wish her Happy Anniversary.



“Will MIG Arise Again?”

Cont. from page 6

and a quarter an hour you can have the space and tools necessary to do anything you want to your bike. Discount parts will be available soon, and you can have any helmet they can get at cost.

Parking problems for bikes is something I'd like to handle through this column. Will Motorcycle Interest Group (MIG) arise again, or will bikes continue to clog the intercampus drive at 24th street all the way to Speed way?

I am also curious about the interest in informal dirt track/grass races on the weekends. AMA events in Austin are few, far between, and geared to the abilities of long-

term riders. I'd like to gauge interest in this by some sort of mail response to me at 2506 Nucces.

Short of mounting a '48 Cadillac flathead V-8 in your Yamaha frame, the management would like to mention that the tailpipe and seatcover men at the House of Seatcovers (10th and Lamar) are artisans. Midas muffler has changed their pipe benders and installed monkeys.



Who Isn't Afraid?

by GARY CHASON
Past President,
Curtain Club

Who is afraid of Virginia Woolf? Apparently Mike Nichols is. In his self-proclaimed attempt to emphasize the decadence in Western civilization, director Nichols falls victim to that decadence. In his film version of Edward Albee's Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, he has destroyed the beauty of the play for basically commercial reasons.

Virginia Woolf is undoubtedly an extremely difficult play to film. Its greatest technical assets, unity of time and setting and a cast of four, become prodigious disadvantages in film, where flexibility of time sequence and setting is highly desirable. The film director faced with Nichols' predicament has but two choices. He may make an accurate filmic representation of the play, which does not fit the definition of good cinema, but at least would do the play justice. Or he may use the play only as a work of departure in writing a basically original film script, which may in theory effect a good

movie but which would not be the play.

Devotees of Virginia Woolf would, I'm sure, have preferred the former. However, Nichols chose neither. He has done the worst possible thing in attempting to compromise the two. He has thus given the film wider appeal, but castrated it artistically.

The most disastrous moment of this compromise is at the climax of act one, which Nichols sets at a roadside dancehall. Not only is this setting alien to the scene, but the carefully constructed build toward the climax, developed in the dialogue is undermined by the changes of setting.

Further, the use of the dancehall setting necessitates the introduction of two additional characters, the proprietor and his wife who are ridiculous to begin with, and of no intrinsic value to the film.

Nichols not only errs in his basic approach, he fails to grasp or to sufficiently develop numerous important elements of the play. The subtlety of Albee's satire completely eludes Nichols, who exaggerates Albee's slightly

distorted characters until they become only tasteless specimens of slovenliness. The scene between George and Nick is fraught with homosexual implications. Such a staging is wholly unsubstantiated by the text, and it wrongly colors several of George's important lines. Further the film fails to place proper emphasis on the nature of Martha's imaginary child, thus failing to foreshadow adequately the devastating climax so superbly crafted by Albee.

Surely Nichols had nothing to do with the casting. Elizabeth Taylor, whose career has been predicated on her highly over-rated beau-



ty has, in the complex role of Martha, reached the zenith of her career as a non-actress. Nichols had a good excuse to reduce the film playing time by cutting the major portion of Martha's speeches, because Miss Taylor obviously could not handle them. Minor problems however, considering

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Taylor reaches zenith as non-actress

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that Liz Taylor and Richard Burton happen to be the hottest little box office team in show biz' right now.

Burton gives his usual highly competent performance, with one annoying exception. He slips into a Welsh accent on numerous occasions. This inconsistency is unfortunate, because Burton had found a manner of speech that worked quite well with his characterization.

Sandy Dennis is the brightest spot in the movie. With the excep-

tion of having been poorly directed in the dancehall scene, Miss Dennis displays a delightful flare for comedy and a solid grasp of character. George Segal turns in a convincing but not very spirited performance in the role of Nick.

I am greatly surprised at the critical acclaim awarded this movie. I can surmise only two reasons for this. Either the critics aren't basing their criticism on the accomplishments of the play, or the critics are not sufficiently familiar with the play. I trust that the reason is the former.

bleep* the presidents U. continued from p-1

forth only occasionally to wave an unobtrusive banner for some worthy SAFE cause?

Five hundred faces staring through Mr. Who's face up there processing in 1862 great advances were made in the fields of *beeeep* regurgitating true or false. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.

The University should *whirrr* get you better job, more money, better wife, two car garage, a home in the suburbs.... summer camp *beep* wait a minute! the truth... *click* shall make you a useful member of society, with all the comforts, just like everybody wants, and every-

body has a chance to get *buzz* but... *beep* everybody...

Nonsense. The University is a place where you meet people of different backgrounds, and where there is an open marketplace of ideas... where we *bleep* kick those queer minded social misfit off campus before they pervert the younger students who... *bleep* are on your own now, a young adult, who *buzz* perhaps not mature enough to judge.. *crackle* how to live in our modern day world.

This University is what you make of it. You the students can mould it into *bleep* the President's University. Now, for your own



good, you should take six hours of *bloop* but I really don't think I want to *bing* argue with you sir, after all I guess that with your greater knowledge and experience you know the best route for me to take...

So go away and don't bug me. I'm just an average guy. All I want is a good job, a good mate, just to be comfortable, that's all. I mean, that's all anybody wants... *bleep*

basement at the Christian Faith and Life Community. (What a gas!) Plans are to do Jules Feiffer's one-act CRAWLING ARNOLD, and BITS AND PEICES, a collection of his skits.

FOLK

FOLKSING - every Thursday eve in the music listening room of the Union. Features John Clay and the boys. Recent turnouts sparse. Everyone's in San Francisco.

ELEVENTH DOOR - Absurd cover of \$1 on week-nites, \$1.25 week ends. Bill Moss and Allen Damon (entertainer types) this week.

RED LION - Tuesday thru Thursday, John Meadows plays his banjo and guitar. Sings too. Fri. nite a hoot. No cover.



R.I.P. The Fred & things are a drag. **THE MIGS** - do some pretty nice stuff. At the Jade Room Wednesdays & Thursdays.

THE CONQUEROO--Probably making the most exciting sounds in Austin... unbooked, baby. They certainly rumbled the roof at The Rag's Party last week.

13th FLOOR ELEVATOR---Originators of Texas Psychedelic Rock sound. Have been banned by all

local radio stations exceptin' KAZZ. But... The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You... Now jazzing people up in San Francisco. Recently played Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms there, and on the teeny-bopper tv show, "Where the Action Is."

SACRED WHITE MUSHROOMS ENTERPRISES - coming, soon--**THE JO'MO DISASTER**--yes.

ETCETERA...

University Art Museum African Primitive Art thru Oct. 16, room 17--Prize-winning American Prints III: thru Oct 15, Upper Gallery - Orozco Drawings (50 drawings, '32 - '34) thru Nov. 6. Main Gallery - Confrontation '66 (contemporary paintings by younger generation of Mexican artists) Oct. 6 -29. **JAZZ**--Sunday nites at the Jade Room; Blue Notes (Bob Sardo's in New York.

*Gentle Thursday
is
coming...*

THE RANGER--the lovable Rangereros are behind schedule again. Next issue should be out the 24th of this month.

Look for an in-depth study of the latest campus fad, Mexican Jumping Bean racing.... And, glorioskies, Sandy, the Ranger has gotten ahold of the memoirs of JFK's chauffeur, Jives, or something. Alright, yeah, sure.

In 1932, Alf Landon said, "Everywhere I go in this country, I keep meeting Americans."

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In the movie, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, a very fine piece of theatre has been sold out for mass commercial appeal. Mike Nichols cannot be held totally responsible. Edward Albee admitted that he consented to allow Hollywood to make a movie out of his play out of fatigue and greed. Perhaps he is a little afraid of Virginia Woolf, also.

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RAG RAG

— THORNE DREYER —

As a regular feature of The Rag, we will attempt to wade through the masses of soggy green irrelevance, so as to inform you of WHAT'S HAPPENING! The answer, we predict, will most often be ...damn little. But we'll put our dilated pupil to the eyeglass and do our best with preveass and capsule comments. And various and sundry gems of iconoclastic info.



Comment: Austin movie houses (commercial beasties that they are) screw you. We will report only movies that we consider, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, worth the absurd prices.

BLACK ORPHEUS - an extremely powerful adaptation of the Orpheus legend; set at black Brazilian Carnival, and PHAEDRA at the Varsity Theater thru this Tues. DEAR JOHN - Texas Theater thru Tues. the 11th also as well, too even. THE WRONG BOX - Peter Sellers thingie. Opens Wednesday (12th) at the Texas.

OK, baby, we saved this one for the last: Andy Warhol's CAMP, will be shown Wed. (12th) at Hillel Foundation (7 and 9 pm) thanks to the Gulf Coast Film Co-op.

THE FILM FACTORY was the recent scene of a rather wild whatchacallit. University art instructor Howard Smagula turned his east sixth street studio into a...

well, you see, the Gulf Coast Film Co-op needed some bread to make a flick or two and...in any event some hundred fifty of the weird and bearded sort were crowded into this long narrow egg-crate-walled Austex chili postered, broken window studded room to see: Stanley Kramer's THE WILD ONE (was Marlon Brando that bad? - significance is sociological as earliest statement on motorcycle magic and mania); TUNG (a very tender poem in silence by Bruce Baillie, editor of Canyon Cinema News; CONFESIONS OF A BLACK MOTHER SUCCUBA (curious erotic collage). Flix were by westcoaster Robt. Nelson followed by expanded-theater happening media mix (you know the sort)



Methodist Student Center - two weekends of some action for November contemporary one-act plays performed by "New York Drama Troupe," an ad hoc group formed by director Ben Haehnel. "

Haehnel is a graduate of U.T. who has been working with the British Broadcasting Company. This Thursday thru Sunday (13-16)

THE ZOO STORY by Albee FRUSTRATA (OR THE DIRTY LITTLE GIRL WITH THE PAPER ROSE STUCK IN HER HAIR IS DEMENTED) by Tom Eyan.

And next week, Thursday thru Saturday (20-22)-- NOT ENOUGH ROPE by Elaine May

THESE CORNFIELDS - by Georges Courteline LUDLOW FAIR by Lanford Wilson.

All performances at 8pm Admission: \$1 for students, \$1.25 for non-students.

RED LION has melodramas Saturday nites and no cover charge.

AUSTIN CIVIC THEATER - open's Ken Johnson's production of OLIVER Tuesday the 11th.

IN THE WORKS

Curtain Club is rehearsing THE DUCHESS OF MALFI for early November performances at Methodist Center. God knows why.

Drama Dept. is preparing THE MIRACLE WORKER for Oct. 26-29. Yawn. Bijuberti Players, homeless since the steel hand of the Establishment turned the Poker Alley into a parking lot, are now planning some action for November. Arrangements have been made to use the

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