

# THE EAST VILLAGE OMBUDSMAN

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METROPOLITAN 15¢

MARCH 26, 1969

## Schlunck:

# CONQUERORS OF THE UNIVERSE IN N.A.S.A. UNIFORMS ARE MERELY INTERSTELLAR EFFECTS OF TELEVISION



## YIPPIES STORE GUNS WITH COPS

NEW YORK (EVO) — Abbie Hoffman, alias Free, was arrested last Sunday morning on charges of possession of three fully loaded automatic pistols, narcotics and a blackjack. Five others also were arrested on weapons charges or on narcotic charges. Hoffman denied the charges and asserted that he stores his arsenal in the basement of the Ninth Police Precinct station, not in his East 5th Street office.

## BULLETIN

Just before deadline, EVO learned that the Peace Eye Bookstore and the Renaissance bookstore had packets of heroin planted in them under circumstances remarkably similar to the plant in Abbie Hoffman's office early Sunday morning. Renaissance called a press conference Monday morning to reveal the plant.





There is one cop in town. He got the job for winning a pheasant hunt. I was invited by the most radical group on campus — the Young Democrats — which had been formed the day before. As we bounced along through the empty corn fields in the old Ford the troublemakers filled me in on all the shit. The Klan has promised a cross-burning. The jocks are pissed and capable of trouble, they had hung a cat to celebrate my coming and dropped lighted cherry bombs into some dogs. Alphas Christiansen, President and Supreme Ruler, had left unexpectedly for parts unknown when he heard the news. The teacher Bill Christopher, a nice gentle guy, is being thrown out for three reasons.

1. Writing a letter to the campus newspaper criticizing local cultural apathy and recommending an Appalachia studies program.
2. Eating cup-cakes at a faculty meeting.
3. Using profanity in front of another teacher. (the exact word was "bitch").

I had trouble believing all this! I mean with all the shit flying around colleges and high schools. I wonder if Mitchell had his telescope on Rio Grande? He might though. There is an amazing article in TRUE magazine this month about how the U.S. government nailed Che. They have developed aerial reconnaissance planes that at 1,500 feet can take pictures of a guy and tell how long it's been since he shaved. I wonder how Che would have responded to the news that you couldn't eat cup-cakes at Rio Grande? I love you Che... Che... Che... Che...

My head fills with images of machine-gunning Batista as we pass a pig farm. It's very poor land out here. A special kind of poverty, different from Mississippi and the Lower East Side. I had never seen this kind before... well yeah in Boone, Kentucky — but that was a good time ago and I wasn't really looking. Seems there is coal under the ground here and around the early 1900's the mine owners signed contracts with the farmers allowing them the right to get the coal out of the ground by "any means necessary." In those days it worked O.K. Shift! What's a little hole here and there? But then came huge trucks and Steam Shovels and Bull Dozers. The Capitalist Pigs chewed up all the hills. They dug up the crops just to get at the coal. The farmers fought back but got fucked by the courts. In the end they were forced to lease out their land to the mining

(Continued on Page 23)

## CONSPIRACY 31

co-ed dorms, Sunday tourists who drive through to stare at the Commie-Hippies and so much love and identity searching. It was all "Who am I?" stuff. Everything was so beautiful, I was completely bored after three hours. The school lacked the special energy that comes from struggle. When I was leaving the next day Eric remarked, "You know surveys show that 55% of us end up in large corporations." What Hair is to Broadway, Antioch is to the Universities. That's not really a put down, if you can't fuck you might as well jerk-off. Antioch is the best play going, that is, if you've got about \$25,000 for an orchestra seat.

Next stop Wright State, owned by the National Cash Register Company. I rap to a group on the grass doing my little live-ass sales pitch when a big "No Sale" flashes on the Science Building and I decide to split. I am already preparing for the night show, I don't want to waste the juice. A battle is brewing and I'm aching for a fight.

We are headed for Rio (Rye-O) Grande College and two kids, one the school's only hippy, and driven three hours to Antioch to get me to come. Seems their favorite teacher is getting bounced for "immaturity." There has never been a demonstration there, demonstrations are forbidden. The school is so bad it doesn't even have accreditation. Its only claim to fame is a 7' basketball player named Bevo Francis who 15 years ago got them in Life magazine when he scored a hundred points in a game against Pygmy U. Bevo was in high school when he played for Rio Grande, no one knows whether he actually graduated from Rio Grande but they're namin' a dorm after him anyway. He used to run around the country like some Mountain of lubber while the Harlem Globe Trotters ran circles around him. Some say Bevo is now running the State Department but the truth is the sorry big fella is driving a dump truck in Pennsylvania.

Rio Grande College is in Rio Grande, Ohio ten miles west of West Virginia, population — 300. The barber is the mayor.

to check on the sugar crops, but it's wierd because it's admitting it right on the front page of the N.Y. Times! Nobody understands what the decision means. The Justice Department has filed for a rehearing, the first to be requested on a Supreme Court decision that lost by two votes in the entire history of the government. Attorney General Mitchell had been on every T.V. set yakkin' about professional agitators crossing state lines to get their college degree. I wondered what he was talking about as I checked my bag — 1 Yippie film; 10 copies of Fuck the System; Mao's little red book; recipes for molotov cocktails, electric koolaid and digger stew; a children's game manufactured in Albania called "Kick the Yankees in the Balls;" 500 Yippie! Buttons and 10 million dollars worth of pot which I was furiously trying to smoke up before we were commanded to move into an upright position, seeing as how I can't get vertically stoned.

I wonder if we have immunity from all Federal laws? I make a note to call my lawyer & get a list of every Federal law and another note to return by way of Washington to ask Edward Bennett Williams, who argued the case, "What the fuck was going on?" Not that I really cared, Spring was coming and it had been a rotten yellow winter filled with hepatitis that the Government injected in me during a rest in DC jail.

Eric is smiling in th airport. I cough all the way to Antioch explaining that my lungs are not accustomed to fresh air. It doesn't take long to figure out where Antioch's head is at. There are lots of progressive nursery schools but here the kiddies were so big! Most issues that are being fought for at other schools were won at Antioch 10 years ago. Perhaps won is not the right word, they were liberally given. Like the big sheet of paper over the men's pissing stall for graffiti. But, well Antioch would be the dream school for most students given what they now got. No ROTC, close teacher-student community relations, everybody turns on & fucks everywhere, naked swim-ins in the gym pool, a black dorm, nice woods,

How TWA, Bevo Francis, Che Guevara, and the Yippies Conspired To Cross State Lines To Commit Campus Riots.

(By Agent 31 — Yippie Conspirator)

Up in the sky fellow conspirators! What would we do without airplanes? Sterile lobbies, tunnel sleeves, steel Howard Johnson bellies of great birds. So natural for us, our horizontal elevators as McLuhan would say. I wonder where Bruce and J.D. are, two FBI agents that usually accompany me with a tape recorder — Mechanical Boswells recording that great Conspiracy in the Sky. They would have dug the plane ride out of Buffalo after the Drug Happening last week. See, I have this thing about not fastening my seat belt. It's against my religion to tie myself up. Anyway I was so t 3t from Free Buffalo that if the plane went down I'd stay up. A 3t ally stow-ardesses won't do much after I explain th. 3t hold them responsible for my death. That is if they 3t ball me and stuff like that. This one is a real bitch though I and it's early Sunday morning hang-over time and she says, "We have radioed ahead to the FBI who are going to arrest you for not obeying Federal Aviation Code 27-28 something or other." Well she was only 1/2 bluffin' cause it was only local Rochester cops. But that's ancient history and now we are headed for Antioch. Antioch in Asia Minor where Paul got mobbed out of town for provocative gestures like crossing himself. Nah, I'm only kiddin' — this Antioch is Hippy Heaven. It's the version of R & R (rest & recreation for you who weren't in the army). Each time we fly over another state I think of the Attorney General standing on the Justice Department Roof with a giant telescope keeping count and playing Monopoly. "Go directly to jail. Do not pass Pennsylvania. Do not collect \$200 from the Student Union."

I'm exhausted. Four of us conspirators met all night before leaving to cross state lines again. We were trying to puzzle out the Chicago mess. We were to be indicted on March 11th by the Federal Grand Jury, and on March 10th the Supreme Court socked in a decision on wire-tapping which fucked the Justice Department right up the ass. Seems we have a right to see the transcripts of all those secret-coded telephone calls we make.

Well, the government admits it doesn't want to admit that it is bugging foreign embassies that we call from time to time

## CONSPIRACY 31



psychodelic narcotics have worked upon a once-brilliant young

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ASSEMBLAGES

# Collectivity DECOMPOSITION

BY D. A. LATIMER

EXERCISE IN EXISTENTIAL MALINGERING:

Call me Latimer. When Flo Kennedy sent Latimer last week a circular announcing a demonstration against The New York Times — 'Do Your Thing!' it roared, 'In YELLOW! Protest the Genteel Bourgeois Sins-By-Omission Committed by The NEW YORK TIMES!' — he didn't know whether to shit or go blind. He had long ago, understand, made an existential choice of the Daily News over The Times, if he was going to read a morning paper every evening, that paper would be the News, not The Times, and he could not with ease commit himself to a demonstration reviling a paper that he felt was not worth reading in the first place. Now, that reasoning, to appear sensible, must be viewed in the light of what had happened in the last hundred years to Latimer's brain. In his callow youth, see, Latimer had gone some ways beyond the moderate in drinking, drinking both alcoholic beverages and coffee. If you're too broke to do up a lot of booze, you can get quite a lift out of plain old mild-mannered caffeine, you know — after his twelfth consecutive cup of coffee in the chintzy old formica home-town bowling alley of a Wednesday afternoon, Latimer would hardly know up from down. And when he had the money for beer or liquor, you could find Latimer any weekend midnight, cursing and puking as he fell down a flight of sidewalks from one tavern to another. The deprivations this halcyon interlude worked on his typical teenage central nervous system can only be guessed at: to this day, though, his lights and liver work a 40-hour week, and the capriciousness of his kidneys and bladder still embarrass him at many a social function. It was dope that saved him from cirrhosis, aptly enough — one bad-ass acid trip, and he never drank again. Marijuana he became fond of, and hashish as well. Dexamyl was heaven, for the first thirty pounds. STP, opium, ritalin — he stayed high for several sidereal lifetimes, this Latimer, until his first shot of smack. It was Demerol that changed him. There he lay last spring, strapped out of his typical teenage brain on pseudos-now, strapped down to an operating table numb from lumbaris to tarsi, rapping about acid with the anesthetist while several miles away, beyond a rubber curtain across his belly, a team of Stanford surgeons defoliated his appendix . . . But stoned . . . And since then no dope at all, nor booze, nor even half so many cigarettes daily as previous . . . So stoned . . . And when Flo Kennedy sent him that circular, his mind, which by this time he was not ready to say anything final about, failed to see what could come out of a demonstration against The Times.

The proposed hoo-rah was manifestly self-defeating. The Times, in its wisdom, never prints anything of real import to the reader, it only covers those events over which the reader has not one iota of control. Latimer knew this to be true, he'd been quite the Times fan once, in his youth. A demonstration, now, something that the people themselves might do — why, if The Times were to cover that, really cover it, there'd be hell to pay. It looked as though Flo — the notorious Dragon Lady behind the subversive, mackracking Media Workshop — had gotten involved in what the Scientists call a 'cycle', an unresolvable, vertiginously circular, issueless pattern. And the last thing Latimer wanted to get involved with was Scientology. (See what a pretty pass psychedelic narcotics have worked upon a once-brilliant young

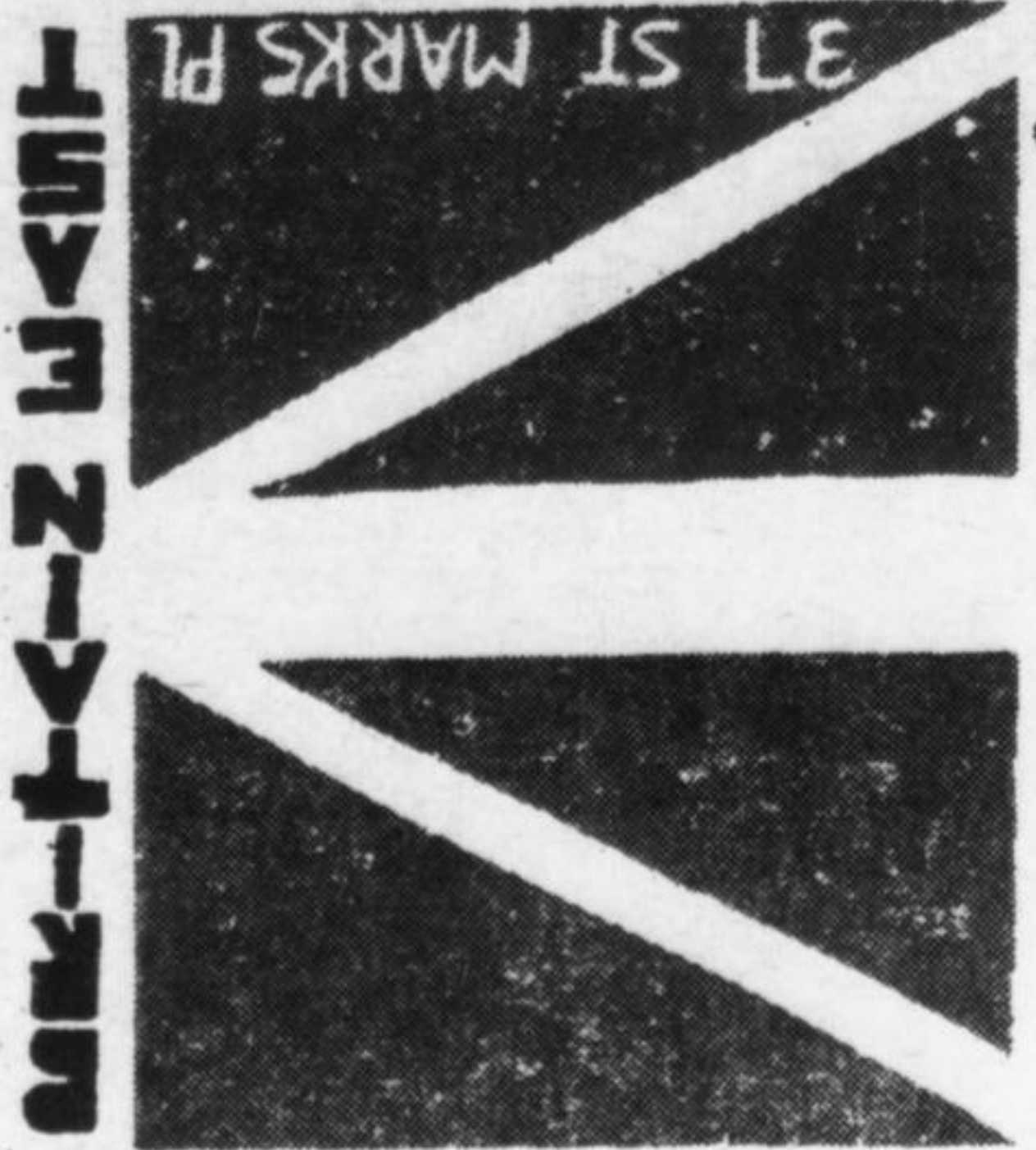
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Officers of the Ninth Precinct last night, Wednesday, raided the Free Store Theatre, 14 Cooper Square, and arrested the cast, director, author and technical crew of CHE, a play by Lennox Raphael. Plains-clothes officers, working under Deputy Inspector Pine, viewed the production until its conclusion, and served the arrest warrants shortly after the theatre had cleared, around 10:30 PM.

The arrests were made on the grounds of public lewdness, obscenity, consensual sodomy, and/or conspiracy to commit all three of these. Director Ed Wode was also served with various fire violation summonses, including an illegally locked exit door and illegal wiring.

Arrested besides Wode were Lennox Raphael, writer of the play; Paul Georgiou, who played the President; Larry Berowitz who played Che; Jeanne Barettich, who played Mayfang; Mary Anne Shelly, the Sister of

## NEWS FROM THE WRONG POSITION OF PREGNANCY

Mercy; John Kornbluh, Chili Billi; Don McDams, set designer; Salt Muneyirci, Cos-tumes; and Jim Sullivan, 16, who was in charge of the box office. All ten were taken to the Ninth Precinct station house for the night.

Also involved in the production, though not arrested, was Larry Wolmach, a security policeman retained by Wode in response to urgings by the Fire Department--Wolmach was to spot possible smoking violations--who had just completed his first night on the job. It was also Kornbluh's first night there, filling in for David Zazlow as Chili Billi. Sullivan had worked two nights there.

The play was in its second regular night of production. Despite the stiffness of the entrance fee--\$10.50--it was felt by the police department that it would be bad for you. Straighten up, you assholes! Get out on the streets and make them LISTEN to you!!

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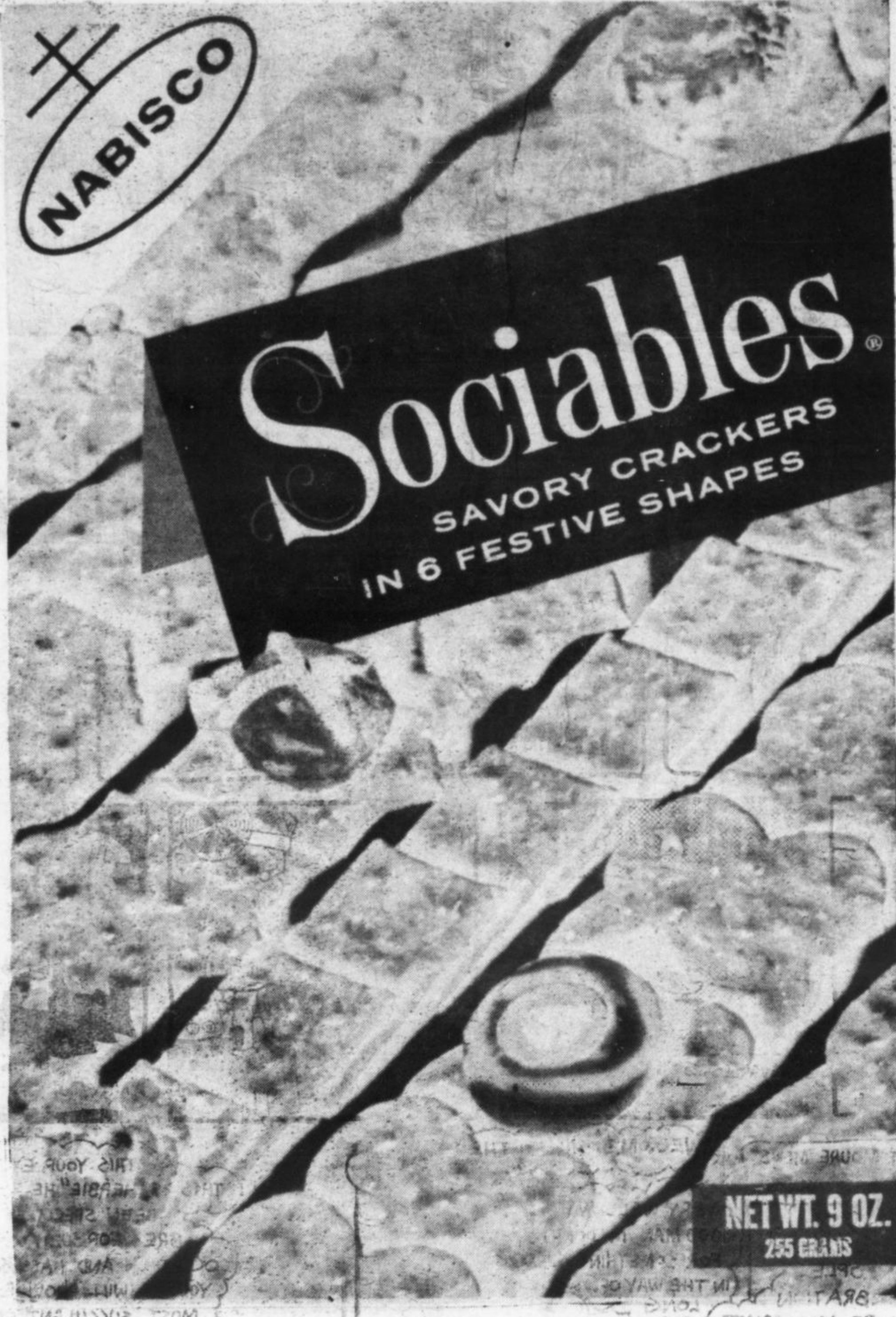
SLIWEHC HGIN 17V



JOEL FABRIKANT ALLAN KATZMAN JAAKOV KOHN SHERRY NEEDHAM MISSI DEAN A. LATIMER IRVING SHUSKINICK DAVID BODIE ALEX GROSS LITA ELISCU DON KATZMAN LIL PICARD ELFRIDA RIVERS WALTER BREEN DON LEWIS MANUAL RODRIGUEZ KIM DEITCH PETER KALAJUNAS VAUGHN BODE R. CRUMB ART SPEIGLEMAN BOB PARENT TULI KUPPERBERG TRINA RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN LEE KLEINBERG WALTER BREDEL JERROLD TEPER STEPHAN KOHN ANNETTE ARE SIMON TIN PAN ALLEY: RUDINICK AND FRAMLEY LONDON: MILES PARIS J.J. LEBEL AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG NORTH: THE KID SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE

# NABISCO

Prepared by ELI B. ENZERT



## ANGULLA'S PRESIDENT TELLS HIS SIDE OF STORY

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y. (EVO) — Raymond Webster, president of Anguilla spoke to a large gathering of newsmen and TV reporters at the UN Correspondents Club Monday in an effort to get United Nations support in the face of the British invasion of the small Caribbean island.

Webster was nearly forty minutes late for the conference because his chauffeur, Mrs. Jeremiah Gumbs, had difficulty negotiating traffic between Perth Amboy, N.J., and the UN. Mrs. Gumbs is the wife of the representative of Anguilla in the United States.

The scene was nearly as comic as the situation in the Caribbean. The electronic press — six tripod mounted TV cameras plus four man crews for each plus reporters, pushed most of the pencil press aside in their efforts to get good shots of the slight, small Mr. Webster. The correspondent from the Press Trust of India (an AP-like association) nearly came to blows with the television crew because he stood in front of a camera.

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## SATURDAY, THE RABBI WENT - By Claudia

*"To be Jewish must mean to be a revolutionary"*  
A Bruce Goldman

Two years ago, Rabbi A. Bruce Goldman was named Counselor to Jewish Students at Columbia University. In announcing the appointment, Columbia's Chaplain Rev. James Cannon issued flourishing statements about the responsibility of Columbia's clergy in developing "a common parish" with the poor, the oppressed and the socially concerned. Taking Rev. Cannon's words to heart, Goldman immediately began offering draft and abortion counseling to his students. (He is one of the only two Rabbis on the Abortion Counseling Service—a group of radical clergy who refer needy women to reputable physicians).

Last spring, one year after his appointment, he joined Columbia students on the barricades in protesting the University's racist and militaristic policies. As thanks for his social commitment, he was twice brutalized by the police and this week it was announced that he, and the Rev. William Starr, Columbia's radical Protestant Chaplain, would be fired.

While Goldman was actually dismissed by Advisory Board of the Office of the Counselor to Jewish Students at Columbia, an independent unchartered, unincorporated, group of prominent Jewish Columbia Alumni, there is no question that the University administration had a hand in the firing. Ever since last spring's uprising, there has been a desire on the part of Columbia's administrators, trustees, and conservative alumni for revenge. Activist students have been suspended, radical faculty have been shunned, and now Rev. Starr and Rabbi Goldman have been fired.

"I am not being dismissed," says Goldman "because I haven't been effective with the students. Quite the contrary. But the old guys on the advisory Board feel that I haven't acted like a 'proper Rabbi.' It is their view that the outspoken Jew is the cause of anti-Semitism and that my radicalism was a tremendous source of irritation to Columbia's WASP-ish administration."

Goldman has an angry tone in his voice when he discusses the Alumni Advisory Committee. "They're really WASP-Jews, you know," he says. "They think that if they give a lot of money to Columbia that the Establishment will grant them social acceptance. What's more, they don't like Columbia's Rabbi, walking around doing radical things. That reminds them too much of what Judaism ought to be, a revolutionary force."

Among those sitting on the Advisory Board are Maj. Gen. Melvin L. Krulwich, the former Boxing Commissioner of New York State, Judge Simon H. Rifkind, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's attorney, Alfred Bachrach, a member of the Board of Directors of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and a man who broke with the American Union of Hebrew Congregations when it took an anti-Vietnam war stand. Stanley D. Jacobs, a member of the New York Stock Exchange

## BUFFALO RIOT FOLLOWS BEYER'S SENTENCING

BUFFALO (EVO) — Bruce Beyer, who took sanctuary in a Unitarian church here with Bruce Cline to avoid induction into the Army, was sentenced last week to a maximum three years in jail for assaulting a federal marshal last August. A riot immediately broke out, with demonstrators using axes and sledgehammers to battle their way to a University of Buffalo administration building which was renamed Bruce Beyer Hall until they were ousted three days later.

The assault charges stem from the day last August when a federal posse of marshals and FBI agents charged the church — whose congregation had voted to grant sanctuary — to arrest Beyer and Cline who were making speeches at the time, and seven others.

Gerald Lefcourt, lawyer for the group known as the Buffalo 9, described the events connected with the trial of Beyer and the others during an interview with Mat Edwards of radio station WBAL. A tape of the interview was made available to EVO. Miss Lorraine Levy accompanied Lefcourt to the WBAL interview. Lefcourt later supplemented the interview with other data given an EVO reporter.

Sometime last June, Lefcourt said, Beyer and Cline decided that they wanted to take a symbolic action against the military apparatus of the United States Government by refusing induction. After a series of negotiations and a vote by the congregation, the Universalist Unitarians in Buffalo agreed to offer sanctuary to the two men.

The sanctuary began Aug. 9, 1968 and ended 11 days later. Beyer and Cline stayed in the church throughout the sanctuary period along with a small group of others who acted as bodyguards.

According to Lefcourt, the bodyguards were necessary because the church had received several bomb threats, and in fact, shots were fired at the church from a passing car in broad daylight, and demonstrations outside the building were teargassed by persons unknown — at least unknown to the police.

Crowds of rightwing organizations also regularly demonstrated outside the church in full view of the FBI who had commandeered a private house directly across the street.

The FBI, which asserted during the February trial that they were merely observing the action, had 18 agents on hand on the day of the bust by the Federal marshals. The force of marshals was drawn from as far away as Vermont.

Buffalo, which has the largest Polish population of any city in the United States, and perhaps outside of Warsaw, used to have a fairly active left labor movement. But the McCarthy era and three HUAC hearings ended that, and today the city has a very definite rightwing cast and such groups as the Minutemen, the Polish National Alliance and the Paratroopers for Freedom operate there.

The Paratroopers have been known to spray gasoline on anti-war demonstrators in the hopes of setting them afire.

The church is located only minutes from the Canadian border if Beyer and Cline had wanted to make a dash for it. But the two men had long before decided to fight the battle there.

Michael Kennedy, a lawyer, asked Lefcourt to join in the case after Beyer and Cline were arrested along with the seven others. All the others were freed by the jury, but Beyer was convicted on two of three counts of assault after contradictory evidence.

News media in the Buffalo area gave circumspect coverage at best to the trial, Lefcourt said, citing the fact that the AP and UPI failed to appear during the trial despite having bureaus in the city, and the local newspapers, the Buffalo Evening News and the Courier, putting the story on inside pages. However, word of mouth brought hundreds to the Federal District court that was presided over by a Judge Curtain.

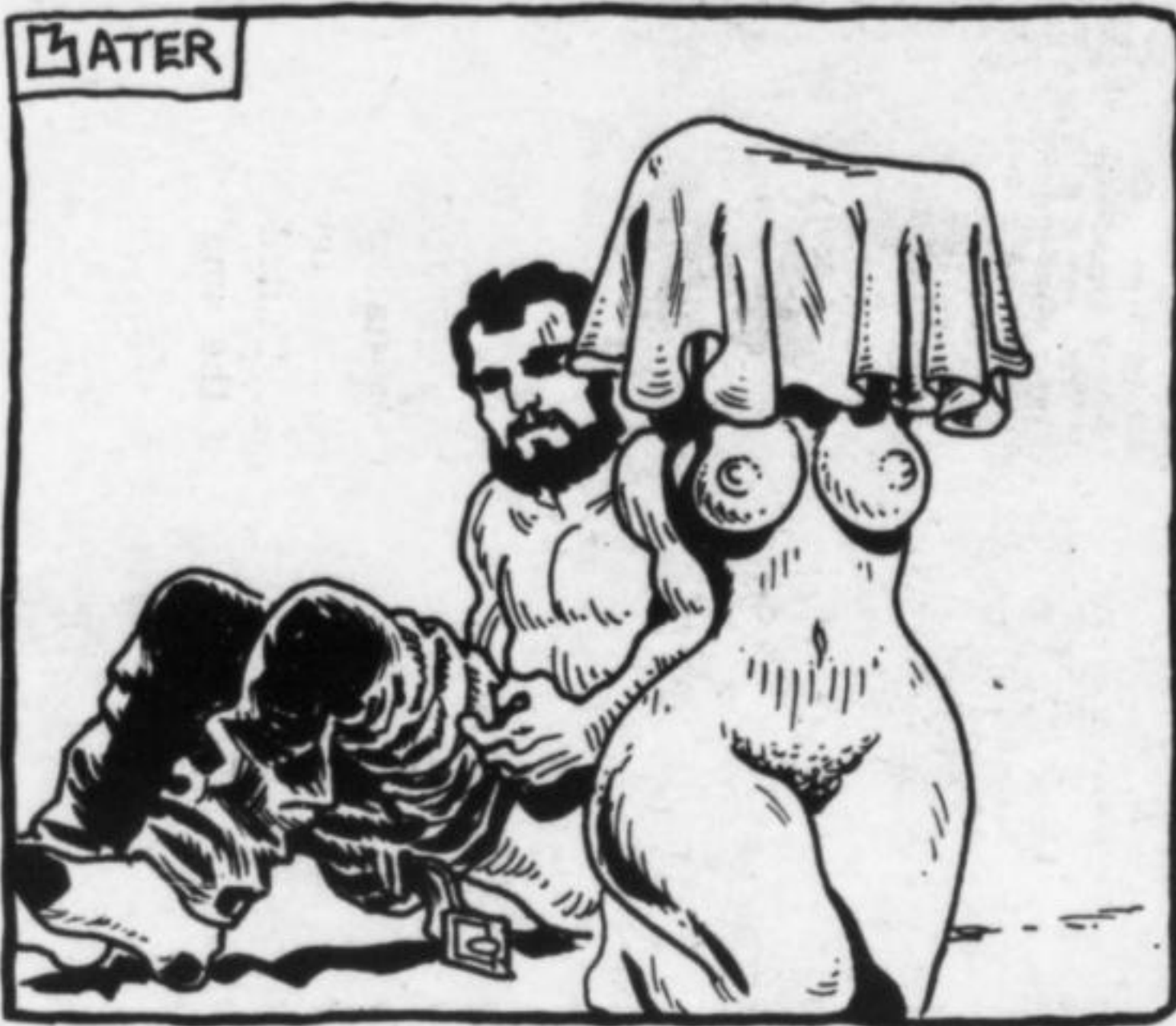
By the time the trial opened in February, the government had dropped its charges against five of the nine leaving Beyer, Cline, Ray Malleck of SDS, and Karl Kronberg to face the jury of 8 women and 4 men.

The jury heard one FBI officer state that he was pushed by Malleck during the bust. But the same agent, in his testimony before the grand jury, said he was punched. He defended his changed testimony on the grounds that he remembered the incident better seven months after it happened. Lefcourt then asked him when he was lying: at the grand jury session or now during the trial.



# TRASHMAN AGENT OF THE SIXTH INTERNATIONAL

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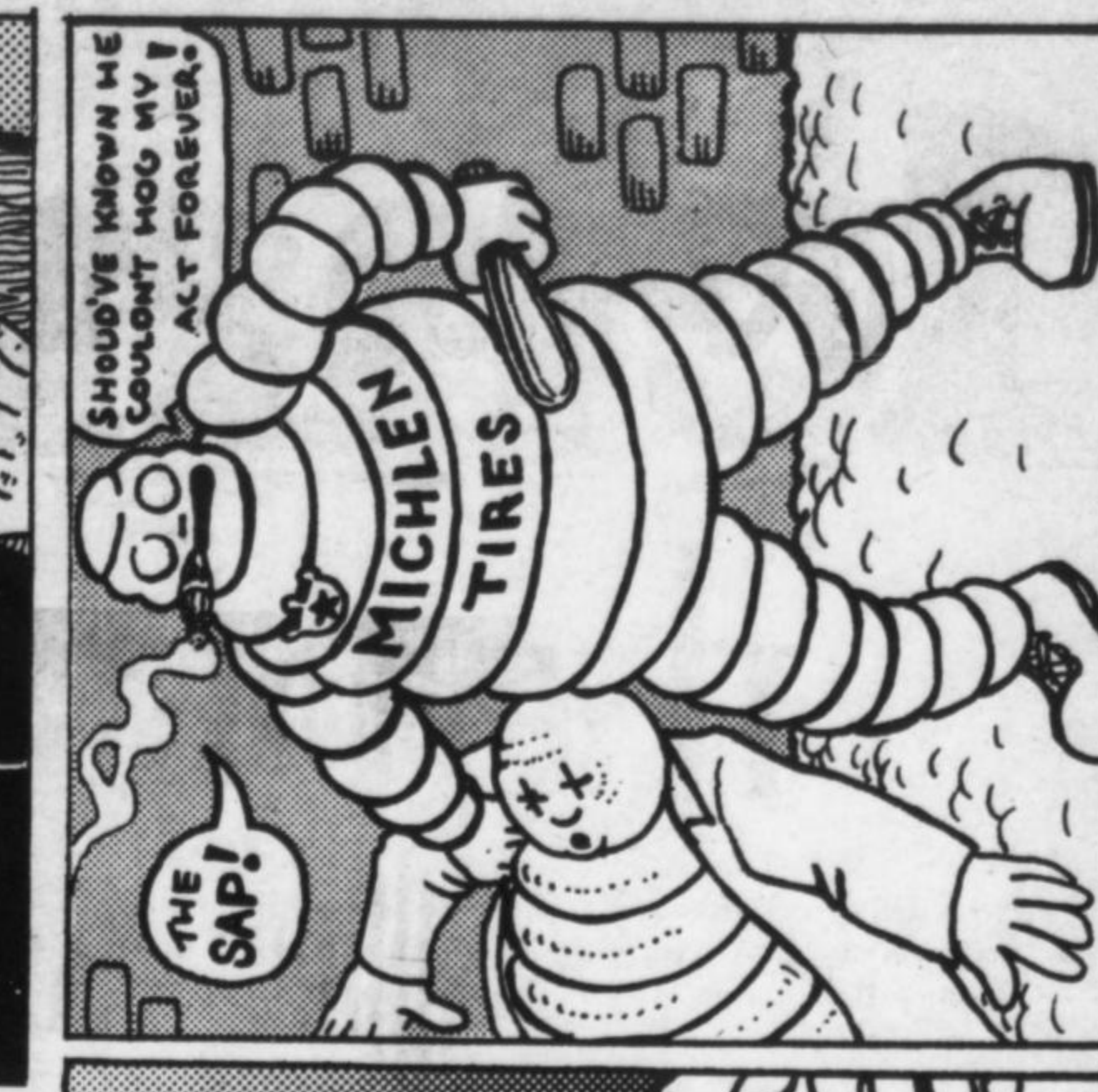
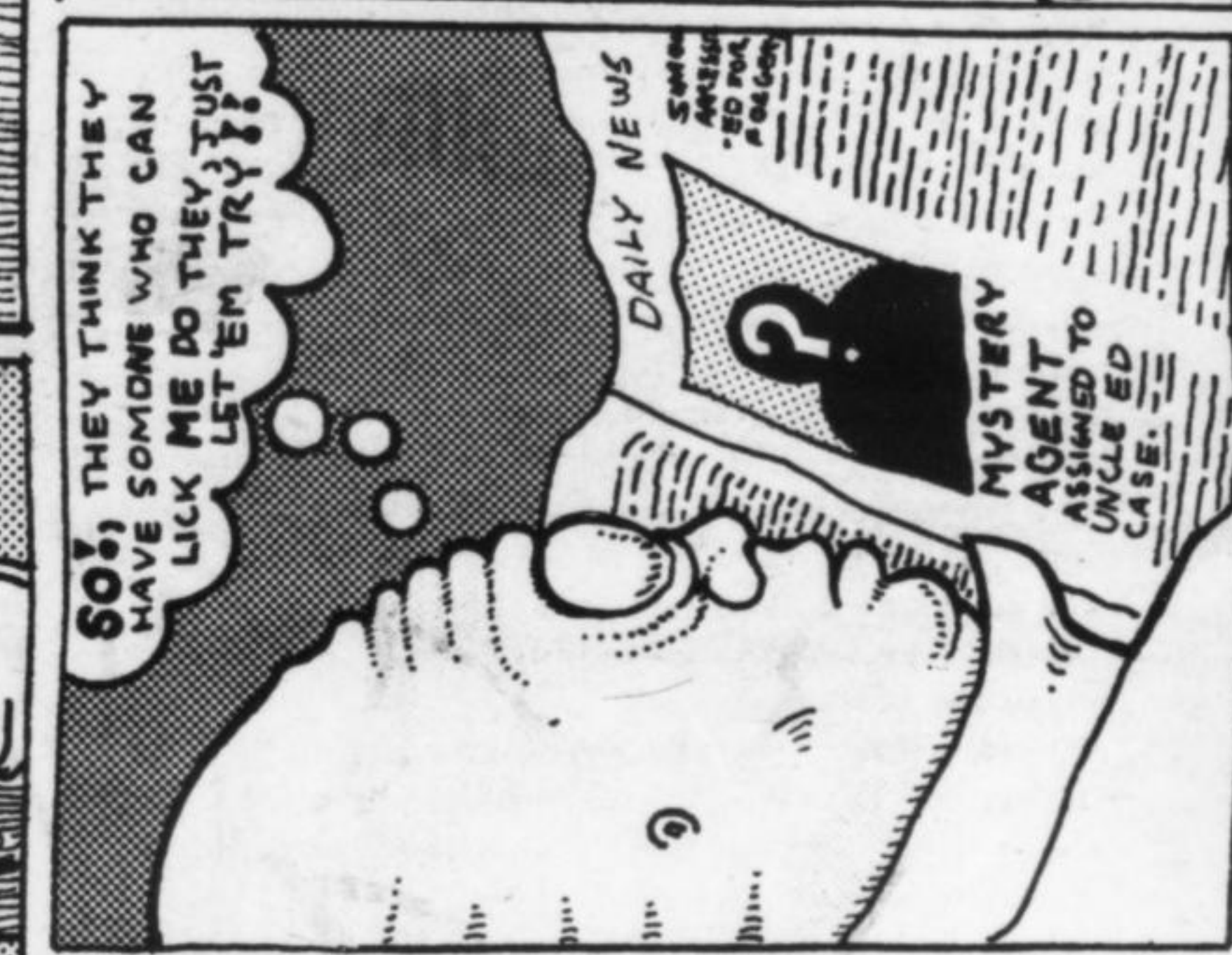
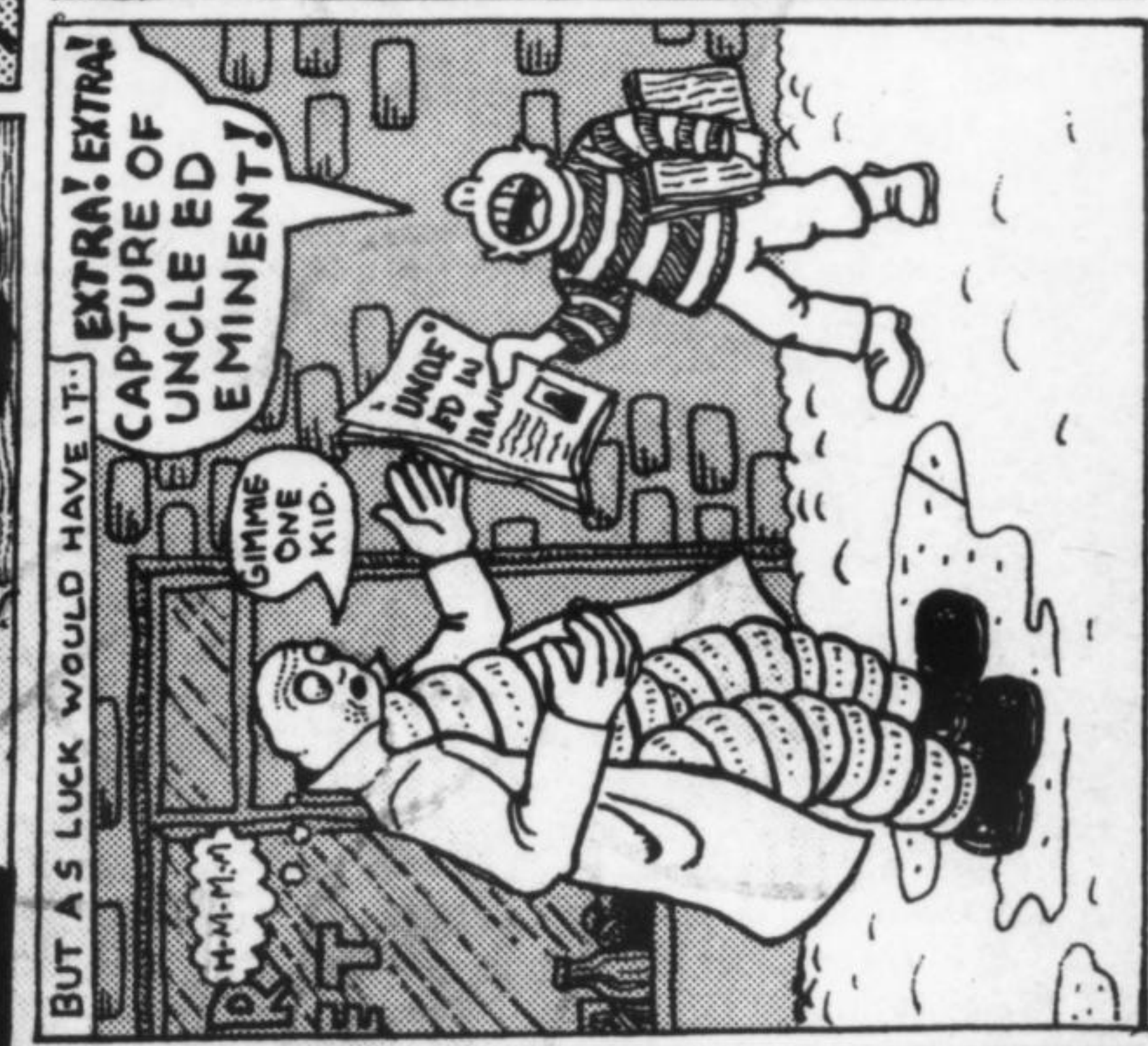
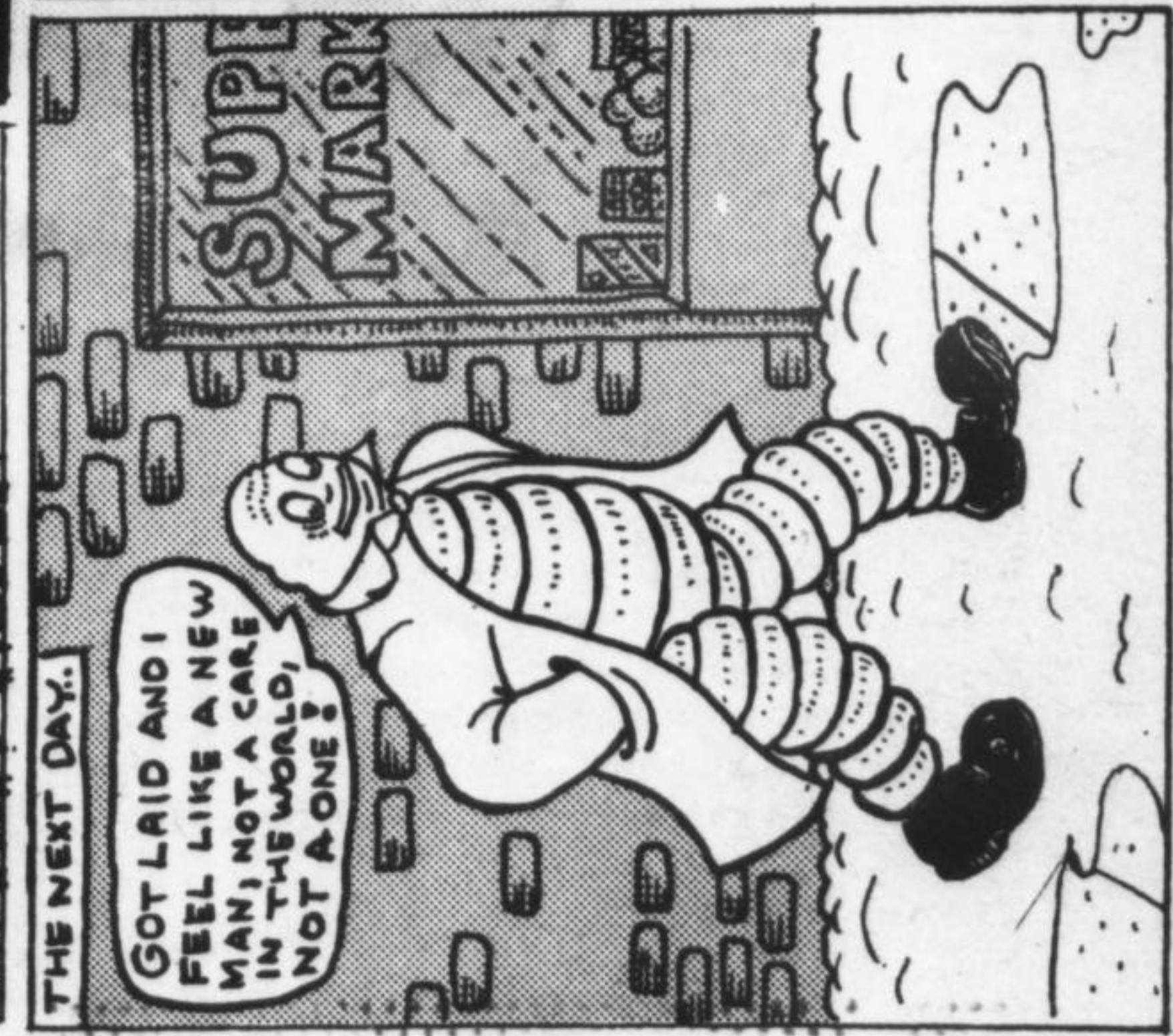
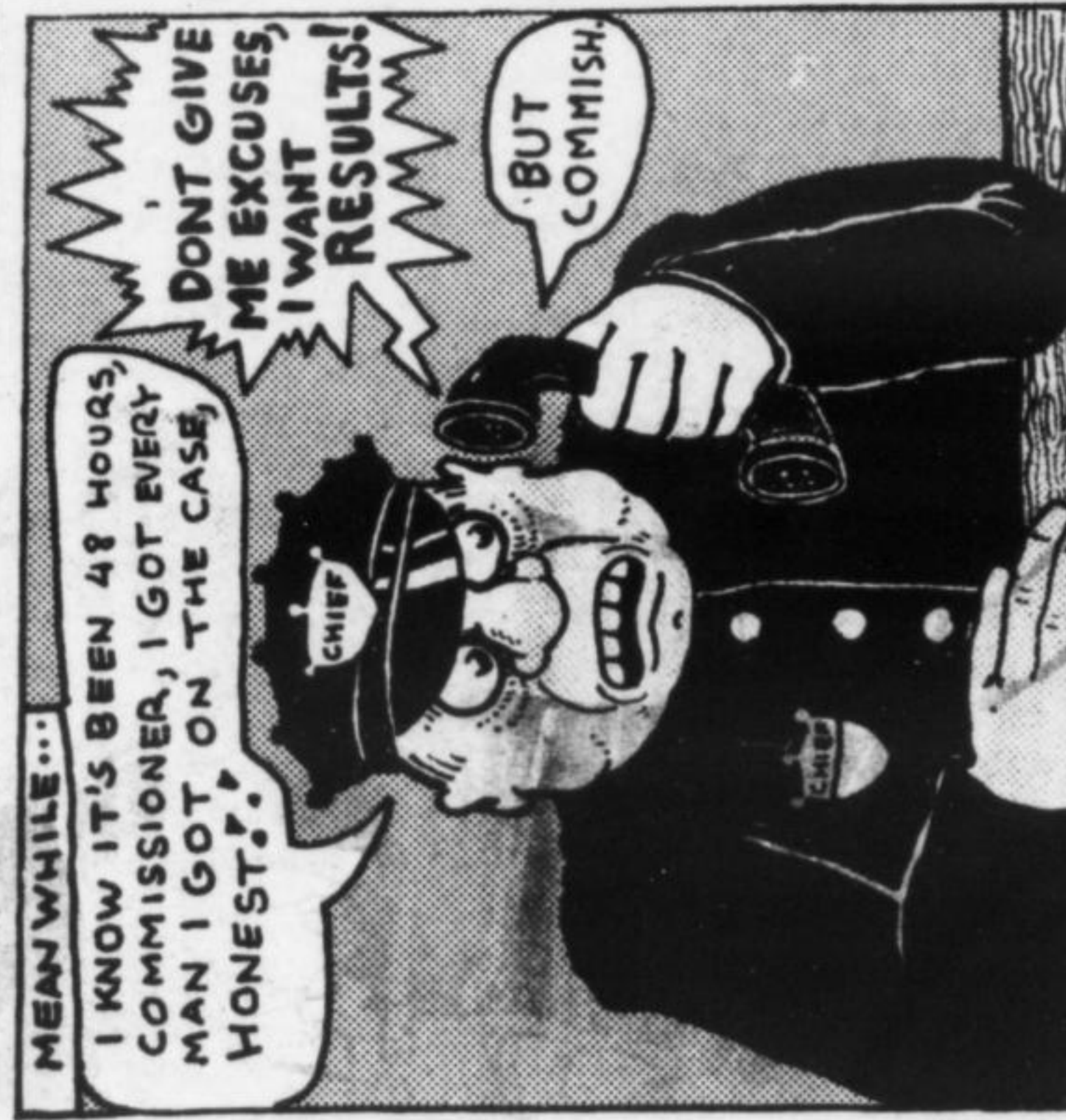
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# lenny bruce

## THE BERKELEY CONCERT

It is typical of the way in which this society misrepresents anything with which it disagrees that Lenny Bruce was always referred to as a "dirty" comic.

The first thing anybody found out about him, if they took the trouble to listen, was that he didn't have to say 'fuck' in order to be funny. The second thing they found out, if they listened a little harder, was that Lenny Bruce was not a comedian at all, as he said himself the night he was busted at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco. When he returned to the club after being taken to the city jail, booked and let out on bail, he told the audience "I'm sorry if I'm not very funny tonight, but I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce."

And Lenny Bruce was really, along with Bob Dylan and Miles Davis and a handful of others (maybe Joseph Heller, Terry Southern and Allen Ginsberg in another way) the leader of the first wave of the American social and cultural revolution which is gradually changing the structure of our society and may effectively revise it, if the forces of reaction which are automatically brought into play by such a drive, do not declare military law and suppress it.

Lenny Bruce said that this society is insanely paradoxical. That they call it the Hall of Justice but the only justice is in the halls. That the law is beautiful, the only trouble is the people who are in charge of it. He went ahead in his determined, logical, brilliant analysis of the laws and he fought the judges and the district attorneys and the newspapers and the trade press, that incredibly hypocritical house organ for vested interest.

Lenny Bruce was the prisoner of truth and no society will tolerate the voice which tells it the truth about itself because to face that truth is to admit it and be forced to change.

So it is easier to refer to Lenny Bruce as a dirty comic, as a convicted junkie and menace to youth. What he was, really, was a menace to THEM.

Lenny Bruce was a brilliant legal mind and a terrible lawyer. That's what defeated him in the end in the courts, even though he was victorious in his appeals on his obscenity conviction in New York and the one in Chicago was automatically reversed.

Lenny's problem with the law was that he believed in it. He had a fantasy he used to speak of and which is in his book, "The Essential Lenny Bruce" (Ballantine), about a party they would all give him some time, all the cops and the lawyers and the DAs and the judges because "Lenny you never lost faith in the law, you always believed in it." He did believe, with all his heart. He believed that if only he could get the cops and the DAs and the Judges to obey the law he would be saved. That's what made him a bad lawyer.

He would walk out on stage sometimes with the transcript of his New York trial (he does it in the film, the only performance he ever made) and discuss its hundreds of errors, the inconsistencies and the fact that he was always getting busted because some cop went to see him perform and then went to court and testified what Lenny had said and the cop "did my act lousy".

"I found out in New York that I was judged by people who never saw my show," Lenny said. They reduced his show to paper and then read it to the Grand Jury. "My art is public speaking and the cop did my act and he's not a good comic!"

Nelson Algren, in a brilliant talk, once told how, after he had written "Man with the Golden Arm" he was praised by all the critics. Then he wrote "A Walk on the Wild Side" and they panned him. "They discovered I wasn't kidding," he explained. They had also discovered his importance.

Lenny was greeted by everybody at first, except an assortment of prudes, as a great comic satirist but then he began to be more of a serious satirist

and they couldn't take it. A society which can tolerate the TV serial of bombings in Viet Nam, the female impersonations of Milton Berle, the sadism of Mayor Daley and Joe Pine and the rest of the scenery along Desolation Row couldn't take Lenny Bruce. He hit too close to home.

So they did the thing they always do when the voice of protest penetrates too deeply. They killed him. Those whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad. They kept saying they had made Lenny mad but they really hadn't. They just insisted he must be mad to continue fighting. They drove him to demoniacal concentration on his fight. They made him into Joseph K. in Kafka's "The Trial," blindly and determinedly struggling to get before the right judge. At the end of "The Trial" Kafka wrote "Where was the Judge whom he had never seen? Where was the High Court to which he had never penetrated?"

Lenny kept trying. And it became more like "The Trial" where there is a verdict of "ostensible acquittal" under which, the accused is told, it is possible "for the acquitted man to go straight home from the Court and find officers already waiting to arrest him again... the case begins all over again, but again, it is possible to secure an ostensible acquittal. One must again apply all one's energies to the case and never give in."

Lenny's first bust was in Philadelphia and, dig!, the case was dropped! He claimed in a news broadcast on TV that he'd been offered a deal if he'd come up with the cash. In any case, the arrest was for possession of a medicinal drug for which he had prescriptions. That set off the syndrome. He got it next in San Francisco (tried and acquitted to the eternal glory of that city), then Chicago, then L.A. and then New York.

It got so bad that they used to roust him from the L.A. club and never even book him. Just take him down. When he returned to his first San Francisco date after his acquittal there, he had a house half full of cops in and out of uniform. There were squad cars parked all around the joint. Lenny took one look at the audience—half of them on the taxpayers payroll and expense account and said all the Magic Words in the first 60 seconds and then went on with the show.

His famous Los Angeles narcotics conviction was on the testimony of a sheriff's squad member who was himself at that time under suspicion for smuggling narcotics and was eventually arrested, tried, convicted and jailed for a narcotics offense. But the society in that city—the media being its representative—wouldn't treat the Bruce case as a serious perversion of justice. Had he lived he might still have won on his appeal on that one as well. He made a good case for being framed.

Lenny's whole point was really epitomized in his troubles with lawyers. He didn't want to be defended on the basis that he didn't do it. He wanted, rather, to show that what he had indeed said was not obscene. In an incredible dialogue with the arresting officer on the steps of the paddy wagon in San Francisco Lenny, busted for using the word "cock-suckers", asked the cop if he had ever used the word. What cool!

The most incredible thing about Lenny was not that he was so brilliantly funny, but that he was funny at all under the circumstances of his persecution and in the corollary circumstances of being unable to work most of the time, for the essence of the satirist is to keep the wit sharp by constant use.

"Lenny, you're honest!" the head waiter at Off Broadway shouted the night Lenny returned to San Francisco. And that honesty was the key. He was frightening because of that honesty. In a town where the top columnist, Herb Caen, has a power Walter Winchell alone ever exercised in a major American city, Lenny told him to his face from the stage in

full view of 300 people that he was chickenshit.

The outrage against Lenny really was caused by his honesty and by his unerring instinct. He touched everyone of us. Lenny outgrew night clubs. He took on the whole society. Entire classes of law students attended his performances. The night he did the Berkeley concert, the audience was dotted with lawyers, professors, poets and authors. All by himself, with little advance notice, he drew 2000 people to that hall, which is more than any other comic could have done, I suspect.

For a long time it was clear that Bruce essentially was religious and a religious symbol rather than a comedian. It is not surprising that his posters are displayed on the walls of the faithful and now and then in their windows like the pictures of Jesus in the Latin American ghettos.

He was afraid of the younger generation, worried that he could not communicate with them knowing how TV had made sophisticates out of six-year-old girls. But the oncoming wave of long-haired rebels picked up on him at the end. He had some at his Berkeley concert and he had more when he played the Fillmore a few months later. And now he had the true status of a myth and a martyr with them that the pretenders like Malcolm Boyd convince TIME that they have.

Lenny didn't have to say the controversial words to be funny. Religions, Inc. and Comic at the Palladium will rank as classic American satires as long as we exist. But he did use those words, taking from them by his use their magic power to do harm to anyone but him. He used them and he was funny with them or without them. More than funny. He was a teacher and the greatest thing he ever taught, from which the philosophy grows, is that there is only what *is*. And it's paradoxical and somehow dramatically perfect that he should at the same time insist on the reality of the legal dream, the reality of what, in the law, *ought* to be. The "what is" of the law is deals in inequity and chicanery and legal fictions. Lenny wouldn't buy that. He insisted that the law be taken seriously. That was his trouble.

A library of Lenny Bruce tapes would raise the educational potential of the national school system to a considerable degree. They should all be made available. This is the Berkeley concert, the first Bruce full concert performance issued unexpurgated.

ralph j. gleason.

LISTEN TO THE ALBUM; LENNY BRUCE CAN STILL SPEAK FOR HIMSELF



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Fifteen minutes after noon, January 31, Avatar Meher Baba passed away near Ahmednagar, just before his 75th birthday. On February 7, his body was buried. For that week preceding the burial, thousands of Eastern devotees traveled from all parts of India and a handful of Western lovers flew there to get a final glimpse of the body of their Master.

One of the best known facets of Baba's life has been his complete verbal silence since 1925. Throughout the more than four decades of his spiritual work on earth, he has indicated that the breaking of this silence would spiritualize the world and usher in a new era of love. Consequently, Baba's passing demands a reappraisal of his statements regarding the "breaking" of his silence as well as putting them in a distinctly new perspective.

#### THE LAST DAYS

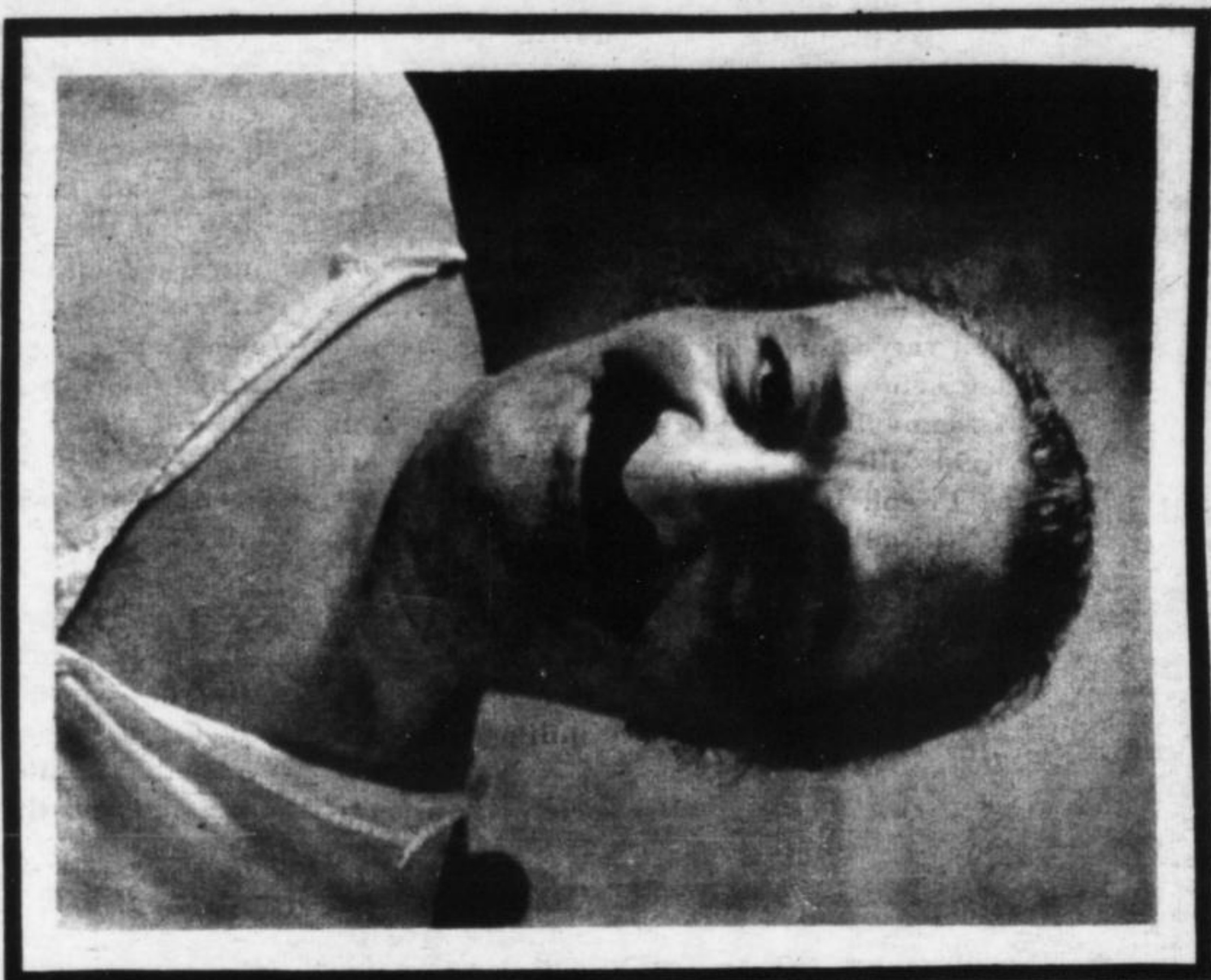
Meher Baba's physical health had been failing for some time although the general trend was interrupted by occasional periods of unexplainable recovery. He had spent the last three years in tight seclusion, doing intense "inner" work. Baba explained little about the nature of this work on the inner planes of consciousness. However, to those close to him, he implied that the work involved preparing the world for the Manifestation of God on earth.

Barely more than six months ago, Baba heralded the end of this phase of his seclusion work with these words: "My work is done. It is completed 100 per cent to my satisfaction. The result of this work will also be 100 per cent and will manifest from the end of September (1968)." At the same time regarding the longing of his lovers to see him, Baba said, "I know that they are impatient to see me. And what about me? I also am impatient for them to see me. But the time has yet not come — so my lovers and I, we must wait a while longer."

Finally the long-awaited news arrived. On October 13, Meher Baba announced that he would break his seclusion from April 10 to June 10, 1969, to receive his lovers at a "darshan" an occasion to enjoy the presence of the Master. Although his followers received the announcement with great joy, the "mandali" (intimate disciples who live with Baba) were very concerned. They felt that his body could not possibly stand the strain.

However, Baba replied, "It will be easy for me to give my lovers darshan, so you are not to feel concerned about it. I will give darshan reclining and that will be no strain on my body. It will be different from previous darshans and it will be the last in silence. Although I will be reclining, I will be very strong."

Despite these assurances (which turned out to have quite a different meaning), Baba's health became worse. But the symptoms were completely confusing to the doctors called from Poona and Bombay. His blood urea was so high that the physicians insisted that an ordinary man would go into a coma in such a condition. But there was not the faintest trace



of uremic odor. Nor was there the least sign of the expected mental confusion as Baba joked heartily and carried on a lively "conversation" with the British physician who practiced in Poona. In late January, the mandali observed further deterioration in Meher Baba's physical condition, yet he refused to go to Poona for diagnostic tests. He told them, "My condition has no medical grounds at all; it is due purely to the strain of my work."

During his last days, great muscular spasms shook Baba's body. His body experienced immeasurable pain. The mandali said they had never seen him suffer so, not even from the serious automobile accidents which had taken a devastating toll on his body in the past.

In detailed interviews with Baba's closest disciples, this reporter learned that the Master had given innumerable hints about what was to occur. However, the clues were veiled and the close disciples were caught by surprise, failing to recognize their significance until after Baba had passed away. More and more frequently, in the last weeks, he told those around him, "I am not this body. Remember this!" He told one disciple outright that he would leave his body just a few days before he did so. On January 30, he told a doctor, "My time has come." The next morning, only a few hours before he passed away, he gestured, "Today is my crucifixion."

Around noon that morning, Baba was joking with the disciples about how much medicine he had been given. At 12:15, after his eyes had closed and he could not be revived the attending physicians concluded that his physical life had ceased.

Meher Baba's body was placed in a tomb which had been built under his orders many years ago. It was garlanded with roses and placed in an uncovered crypt, open to the view of thousands who came to Meherabad. The variety of devotees was astounding: Hindus, Muslims, Zoroastrians, Christians;

## THE LAST DAYS OF MEHR BABA

which means "Compassionate Father" is the title that was given to Meher Baba by his early disciples.

By HAMADAR HUST

illiterate, poverty-stricken peasants to Members of Parliament; those who came in silence to others who sat throughout the day and night outside the tomb singing with deep-walked devotion.

A simple burial took place on February 7, exactly seven days after Baba dropped his body. Interestingly, in January one of his women mandali asked Baba when he would regain physical health, Baba replied that all would be well again on his birthday. February 7 WAS HIS BIRTHDAY as designated on the Zoroastrian calendar (though it is generally celebrated on February 25). Again, on the 31st, he was asked how long he had to suffer. He said that, though the suffering would continue for seven days, by the end of that time he would be "very strong."

On the day after the body was buried, the disciples cabled to the West to inform Baba's lovers that they could still come to India to honor his invitation for darshan and visit His tomb. By them, these close ones had begun to realize what Baba meant when he said that he would give darshan while reclining.

#### BABA'S PASSING: HOW FINAL

In the report so far, one might see nothing more extraordinary than the passing of a deeply loved Master sufficiently advanced to know exactly what was to happen. But there appears to be a deeper and more mysterious aspect to this event.

Most curiously, of the thousands who came, some to see their Master for the first time, few wept. When tears did fall, they seemed less from grief than of joy. Certainly a deep personal loss was felt by those who had constantly enjoyed the exhilaration of Meher Baba's physical presence. But none his lovers felt that Baba had "died." Indeed, there was a general feeling that the fruition of Baba's work had yet to be seen, that he had yet to break his Silence, and that his universal glorification as the Christ had yet to come.

A major response to the paradox of Baba's followers' reactions emphasized the absolute independence of Meher Baba (as God) from the body of Mervan S. Irani (Baba's given name at birth). He once said: "Believe that I am the Ancient One. I am not this body that you see . . . I am not limited by this infinite Consciousness."

With this and other statements like "I am your Real Self," Meher Baba explained to his followers that God was speaking through this particular "God-Man." His stress was on the omnipresence of himself as the Christ. Baba further explained that God took human form so that He might give a monumental spiritual push to humanity by absorbing its ignorance through the God-Man's suffering, and by dispensing Divine Love through His contact with men as man.

#### THE FINAL DECLARATION

Through further questioning, it was found that Meher Baba had made some very relevant predictions in his "Final Declaration" given in 1954. In it, Baba indicated that (1) a strange and serious disease would attack his body, (2) he would suffer humiliation, (3) he would break his silence by uttering the

"Word of words," (4) he would be glorified and (5) he would drop his body.

In past conversations and discourses, Meher Baba was quite explicit about his humiliation, and about the subsequent testing period for his followers.

"Now let me first explain what I mean by humiliation. Suppose you are loved by some one very dearly for several years and, one day when you happen to meet him, he suddenly begin to abuse you, kick you and spit in your face. In the context of your previous relations with him, your plight becomes an example of humiliation. In the same way, if some persons, who have previously adored me and raised me up to the skies in adoration for years, suddenly turn against me and express extreme disdain for me by throwing me in filth, this will be another example of humiliation."

Many Baba lovers feel that the time for humiliation is now at hand. Meher Baba's physical death will undoubtedly produce much scoffing. It would seem quite natural that critics will deride his apparent inability to prove that he is God, and will disparage him for not "breaking his silence."

Yet various ones who have studied Meher Baba's statements point out that Baba had again and again warned his lovers not to deny him at the critical time, to hold fast to his "Daaman" (an analogy from Persian Sufi poetry meaning to maintain faith and obedience). For example, he has said, "At the time of Jesus, I uttered many warnings, yet none could grasp in advance about my crucifixion . . . You have read in the Gospels wherein Christ had said to His Apostles, 'You will deny Me.' This did happen when Peter the chief apostle denied Jesus. The thing is that during the humiliation the circumstances will so array themselves that . . . you may even feel justified in leaving me."

Once more Baba warned: "Though all happenings are in the realm of illusion, a great so-called tragedy is facing me and my lovers. My long-expected humiliation is near at hand . . . The love, courage and faith of my lovers will be put to severe test, not by me but by Divine Law. Those who hold fast to me at the zenith of this crisis will transcend illusion and abide in Reality."

The response of Meher Baba's immediate disciples and Western devotees becomes more logical in the light of these constant reminders by Baba. Many have returned back to Jesus' crucifixion and the crisis of faith resolved three days later by His Manifestation as the Christ.

If Meher Baba is the Avatar, history may be repeating itself. The future will tell; and the nature of the proof will be conclusive one way or the other. If he is not the Christ, the movement around him is destined for an inevitable death. But if he is that same Ancient One, his Manifestations will make that undeniably clear: "When I break my Silence, the impact will jolt the world out of its spiritual lethargy. . . . Further information about Meher Baba and his teachings from Box 1101, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 by sending large self-addressed stamped envelope.



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# wheel and deal

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DANIEL W. CHAMBERS, please pick up your mail at the Village Project, 70 St. Marks Place, N.Y.C.

GEERRY MARTINA, age 16, 7870 Wooster, Cincinnati, Ohio 45227. Call 513-961-2801 day, 513-871-3093 night. Urgent. Uncle John.

THELEMITES, Students of Magic, and all Liberl/FeraE (children of the Beast). Come to the weather castle, Central Park (79th St.) April 6 noon

STAY IN BROOKLYN. Don't travel to the city for work. Only figure art studio in Brooklyn needs models of all types. No experience necessary. Earn up to \$70 a day. Strictly business. Call 339-9496 between 1-10 P.M. for appointment.

MALE MODELS for legit gay magazine. Good face & body. No minors. \$25 per hour. Send snapshot, address, and phone number to: Queen's Quarterly, Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shoot. All day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

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Photographer needs models experienced and non-experienced caucasian, negro, etc., for illustrations of dresses, etc., book covers, pin-ups, figure for magazines. Call 1-6 George Sova, 133 Fifth Ave. 982-4150.

TV produces needs several well built Negro studs 18-27. Must be well hung and versatile. Call CO 9-3652 keep trying.

ACTRESS for film wanted, must be reliable, look young and be uninhibited. Call 673-5207 eves. 7874.

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

HANDSOME, young designer needs lovely affectionate young miss to be part time gal Friday and studio assistant. Flexible hours. Some work, some pay. Great job for right girl. Call 685-1541.

CHANCE TAKER. Handsome guy digs balling a really naked chick who always follows through and begins by calling 929-7724.

HANDSOME teenage white lover boy seeks beautiful, busty blonde or redhead nympho girl with her own pad for sex scene. Call Larry, 847-6997. No males.

HANDSOME Negro stud, seeks an attractive, feminine girl, lady or woman for a long, deep and beautiful relationship. Call 859-5768. No men, please.

INTELLIGENT, high-strung man, 23, needs pussy bad (vagina, clitoris, labia, vulva, female sex tract, etc.) for my dick. Contact P.O.B. 222, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691.

FREE APARTMENT, free food, etc., in Manhattan for a girl who like to be a companion to a 42-year-old widower. Call 724-4279.

HELLO THERE, classified ad reader! Bob, P. O. Box 1431, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

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AFFLUENT European or South American young man who need a sharp-looking Ivy Leaguer for dinner and theatre, etc. call 744-1334 before 10 a.m. mornings.

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YOUNG, male model, exceptionally beautiful, blue-eyed, curly haired blonde, needs extra bread... I am sincere, and will please all gentlemen who help out, no matter what your scene is. If you want the best, expect it. Will answer all. No cheapies... P.O. Box 185 Village Station N.Y. N.Y. 10014.

YOUNG white male, 22 (had no luck, tries again), very sincere, moderately nice looking, seeks a very sincere, permanent relationship with young man, around same age. Sincere replies only, please. Write: S. S. P.O. Box 792, Jamaica, N.Y., 11431.

GAY, black roommate (3) wanted, (promiscuous?), (\$15.00 rent), Chatty? Even-tempered? Self-entertainable? Curiosity - full? (Slender?) I'm white male, 5/8 1/2", 140, musical, V-shaped, hairy chested (toe-sucking?), (mirror-freakish?). (Broadway, 98th), UN 6-2262.

DOESN'T anyone care? Stunning long-haired blonde femme mimetic with contest-winning legs can't find one honest, sincere guy (26-35) to turn on at parties, dates, love-ins. Starved for affection, give everything in return; if sincere, send snapshot, telephone. Do you care? Box 3112, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017.

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YOUNG Hawaiian male, raised in the islands, educated in Europe, well versed and traveled, seeks the companionship of a sincere, wealthy gentleman. Gamile Asassi P.O. Box 1868, Phila.

MEN. We've room for more discreet bisexuals in our sanctuary. It's worth joining. Box 2923, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

NINE o'clock. Where's that cute boy who was looking for this

ATTRACTIVE woman wanted to share occasional evenings of sensual delight with young, attractive artist couple. Photo and phone please. P.O. Box 525, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

WE'RE looking for girls - women - lesbians who don't mind swinging with us. An attractive couple, call 782-5627 for ultimate passion. Couples also. No men - Phonies.

VERY swinging couple interested in other fun loving couples and singles. We are interested in singles who must be absolutely bi-sexual. Call 688-0193.

YOUNG male goodlooking, seeks handsome and attractive young males & female also couples under 23 yrs that would like to service me sexually. I am well-endowed and enjoy all kinds of sex. Call Donnie, ST 8-0019 except Tues. evenings.

BROOKLYN swinging parties married white couple. We have groovy parties, couples only. No way-outs. Joe Rappa, 7311 20th Ave., Bklyn, N.Y. De 1-5555.

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# KOKAINE KARMA

BY BOB RUDNICK AND DENNIS FRAWLEY

● Every Wednesday at the Palm Gardens, then the Diplomat Hotel, the Group Image exterminated inhibitions, demanding that everyone let go and experience the joys of freedom. There was no choice, the vibrations made people dance, moving their bodies in wild abandon to a liberated music that couldn't possibly be analyzed or criticized as its force overwhelmed. There were a few couples; everyone danced together dominated by a universal love that dogmatically denied the concepts of stranger and paranoia. The Group Image issued forth with an atmosphere that made even equality an archaic principle since we were all one personality laughing and dancing together. And if you didn't have \$1.50, they let you in for nothing.

The Group Image had been silent recently. It was a winter of retreat and introspection. The chic singer and her old man split the band for Arizona. Another musician was drawn into a new band that offered heavy promotion and super success by Atlantic Records. But the nucleus that remains burst into Spring with a new energy and excitement. Their creative community blossomed on all fronts--films, books, records, lights, shows, etc. The Group Image has in effect become a holding for artists, assaulting triteness, dullness, and uncreative forms with freak ideas and sincere production. But most important, their back in the community with a new weekly meeting place for liberated frolicking.

Every Saturday night at ABC Stage City, 66 East 4th Street (between 2nd Ave. and the Bowery) "Rock And Roll Died Last Night" beckons forth at about 9:00 P.M. It is being presented by Arthur Crosby a well known eccentric in the Howard Hughes fashion who just returned from a year-long trip compiling the songs of Australian rabbit herders, and is currently in New York researching his next major work, The History of Spring.

There has been steady joyous effort to provide a communal meeting place, to promote a coming together, break the dismal spell cast over this cast-iron island and infuse a growing community consciousness with the exhilaration, fun and ecstasy of a true, natural people's festival. The Group Image fused itself into a colorful collage of individual spirit homogenized by overwhelming love, directed by gypsy fortune and acid humor, and obsessed with the idea of sharing happiness. They believed in the greater goal of communal joy rather than isolated ego gratification and created in the bleakness of Manhattan a weekly holiday of dancing, music, environmental manipulation that turned barren dancehalls into a misty psychedelic phantasmagoria of exploding, vibrating images and other dimensional energy forces that lifted us beyond the laws of gravity. Drifting through astral worlds that negated the very existence of an uptight world.

The show is a further representation of our theater games style begun at The Palm Gardens. But - no more shattered eardrums and distorted visions. The music is simpler and quieter and the lights are

there to augment sight not hinder it. The bazaar atmosphere continues in a series of unique dressing rooms and a main room employing series of movie sets from ABC Stage City. A newly developed super strobe setup by Infernal Light, peanut plagues, occasional fog and cock cookies served with cream will help things jump. Costumes and antique clothing can be purchased on the premises at Murray the K's Royal Rags.

The Group Image Orchestra is now composed of twelve interchangeable non-integrated pieces and an odd number of dancing girls performing as Dr. Hok's Flock, The Second Hand Band, Tootie Boom Boom and Cherry, Jimmy Jellybean, and the Image Flakes Revue although not necessarily in that order, playing music based on music. The atmosphere remains as open as ever. Bring what you can carry and whatever you can play.

The old Group Image at the Palm Gardens and Diplomat Hotel "would rape ya," explain these masters of communal intercourse, "but this new one'll fuck ya." Carry the Group Image White Trash Seal of Approval, a Gaaranteed Suck. The price is always--\$1.50.

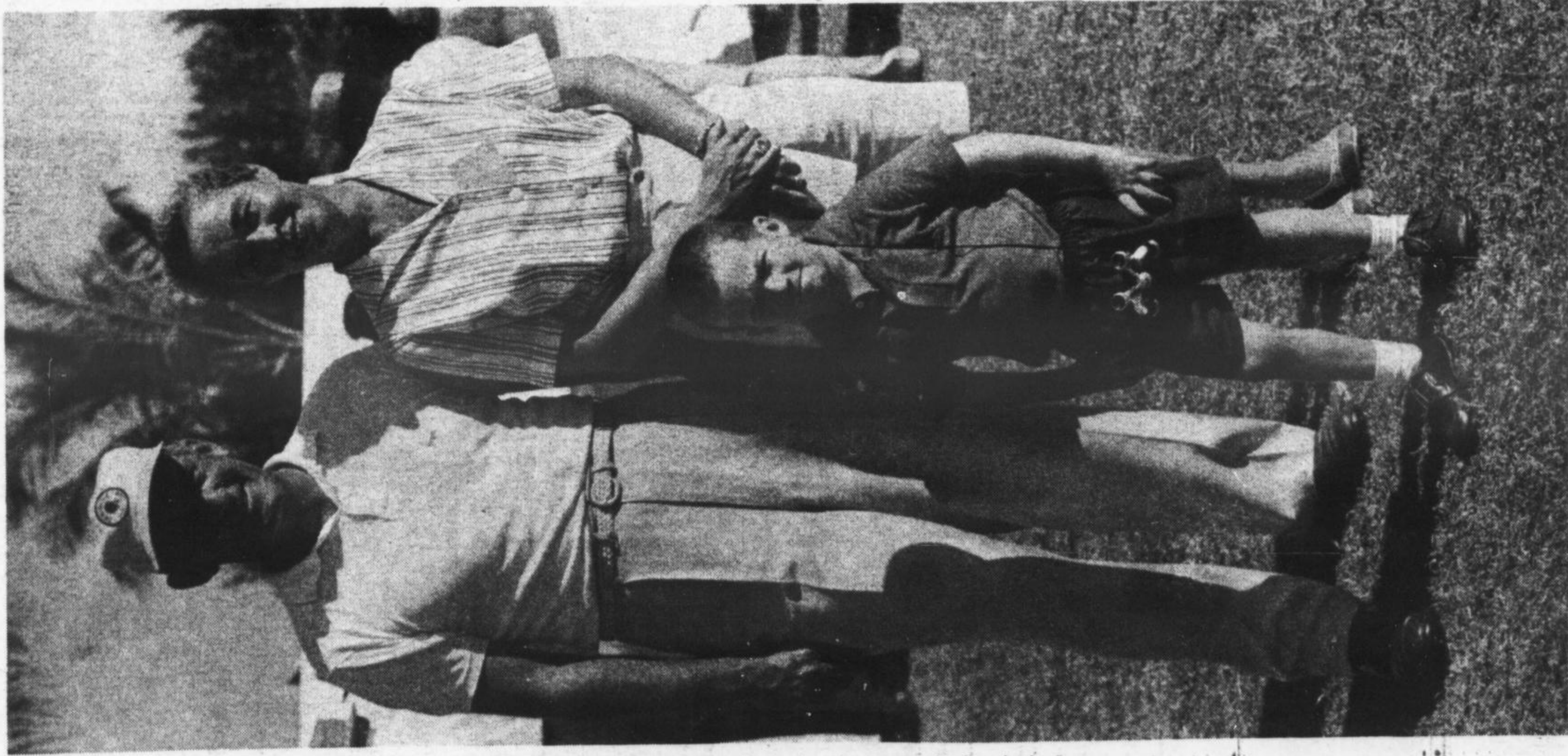
● Frank Zappa will premiere his 12 hour movie at the New Yorker Theater. You don't have to watch the cinematic monster mother in one marathon session, though; tickets will be stamped with entrance time so you can pay a per hour rate on the way out.

● The reception for Sun Ra's Monday night return to Slug's was so overwhelming, that Jerry Shultz is bringing the legendary master musician of the Cosmos back for a weekly Monday series of spiritual stellar sounds. Also returning to the new world's only showcase for new music on April 1 for a week is Pharoah Sanders. A former disciple of the great Sun God and a protege of the late John Coltrane, this creative, young black musician has been packing Slug's (on East 3rd Street between B & C). He is easily becoming the most popular of post-Coltrane musical expressionists.

● The Filmore, long blind to these exciting innovators, is now considering booking Pharoah and Sun Ra.

● The Psychedelic Stooges will arrive in Manhattan this weekend. Izzy, lead singer of the bizarre Michigan band, is the first post-Jim Morrison pop sex idol. His sensual antics have long been upsetting the staid Midwesterners. Here to record an album for Elektra, the Stooges will be appearing at Steve Paul's The Scene as well as an exclusive shocking appearance on Sunday night's Kocaine Karma Show.

● Another weekend guest on the electric Karma (WFMU-FM, 91.1) is Lennox Raffael who was busted this week for his play, "Che."





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## How Good Are You



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## hip-pocrates BY DR. EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

to my sick bay where the corpsmen laughed them off as venereal wart.

This worried me so I wrote to my wife who is a Registered Nurse. She gave me rather a long medical term and said they were caused by gonorrhoea. Now she is going to sue for divorce. I have checked with a few other medical sources and they all say the warts are not caused by sexual contact.

I am rather puzzled by the whole thing and would like to find out who is right. It doesn't seem possible that service and civilian doctors could be 180 degrees out in diagnosing this problem. Pray for peace!

**ANSWER:** Condyloma acuminata are warty growths thought to be caused by a virus. Their common name, "venereal warts," tends to perpetuate the false belief that they are caused by venereal diseases such as gonorrhoea.

Venereal warts are seen more frequently in women than men and may appear anywhere on the vulva or within the vagina. At first the warts are small elevated growths the size, perhaps, of a mole. Later they become quite large giving a mulberry-like appearance. Conditions which seem to favor growth of venereal warts in females are a profuse vaginal discharge, obesity, infrequent bathing and pregnancy.

Treatment for venereal warts is similar in males and females. A solution is applied directly to the warts which causes them to shrink and disappear. Often one or more reapplications are necessary. Some mild discomfort may be noted in the surrounding area but the procedure is much less painful than one might imagine.

**QUESTION:** This is extremely important to me. I am 17 years old and I have pills so I won't get pregnant. The problem is that I have slept with boys but never had intercourse because it has hurt too much. Is there anything at all I can do to lessen the pain? I am open to all suggestions. P.S. I am not sleeping around carelessly. I have been going with my boyfriend for seven months.

**ANSWER:** I think you should have a gynecological examination to determine whether there is a physical basis for the pain you feel. My laboratory assistant suggests that barring any physical problem the pain will turn to pleasure if you are free of guilt and find someone you love.

The medical term for painful intercourse is dyspareunia. One of my medical school classmates used to say "It's better to have dyspareunia than no pareunia at all." But he didn't have dyspareunia.

**Dr. Schoenfeld:**

In the Name-the-Clit sweepstakes, one dare not overlook the unsolicited contribution proffered by Lennon and McCartney in the lyrics of "Happiness is a Warm Gun," i.e. "trigger."

Inasmuch as stimulation of the clitoral switch inclines one to become turned on and turns on to becoming inclined), we might say that it is the "toggle" which we tickle. Since this clit is located in the boxtop how's about "Cupid's coupon." Or, to mint a phrase: "bille-doux"—literally, "sweet little nut." Not to be confused with "billet-doux," which is a love note, not a love node.

Rev. Poland's suggestion of "bean" might not grate as so inelegant if we think of the quim as a castanet. Love-bud? Hump-bump? Or the succulent Elizabethan metaphor: the pearl? To a cunninglingophile, a "lollypop." To a hippy, "love bead." To the swinger, "a local fun spot." And to each, his own.

**DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES** is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press - \$5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.







# RADIO IN THE KITCHEN

LIL PICCARD

Les is Les. *Fire and The Medium is the medium*, but "TIME" will take care of all those artistic attempts, to find a lasting, endurable form in a TIME, when we all suffer from "so many things, so many places to go."

"You get more with Les" promises the green menu of Levine's Restaurant, Irish-Jewish Canadian Cuisine, (19th Street & Park Ave. South). The press release is just great . . . really funny, it must be a mutual "poetic" work by Mickey Ruskin (old Max's Kansas City genius of bringing restaurants to the world and to the artists) Les Levine, the elimination-plastic art-man, who says, he has a small interest in the joint, and John Brookman, who has a "Head" for such things, as promotion.

Anyway, I ate Beef Stronganoff, Matzoh Ball Soup (too salty & not hot enough) but Mickey told us, give me three weeks, and things will run smoothly. The waitresses wear headbands and are very appetizing to look at. It's all feminine, what is printed on the Irish green menu: "MAMA LEVINE'S special entrees," and Mrs. HIRSCH'S Desserts, Mama's own Gaelic Coffee, and the "Bargain at twice the price, New York cut Sirloin Steak or Lobster Levine or Chateaubriand for \$5.90 a serving for one.

Les ate Lobster in the back room. He told me, that's the real thing now, everything green and empty and cool and 8 Video sets going at the same time, reflecting the tables and the people even the cars going by outside and the lights,—one could not see much,—but that's how ART is today, one never really can see much. Les is less anyhow. The best what I got out of the green evening was the potato latkas. They tasted excellent. Were they Madame Levine's or Madame Hirsch's masterpieces? I wondered, but never found out.

On the backside of the menu you get Les Levine in person, eliminating Art, in a parking lot on the lower Eastside, a photo by Fred W. McDurrab, and it says: "You get more with Les." "You are now sitting in N.Y.'s finest Canadian Restaurant the autobiographical culinary environment of Les Levine, one of America's foremost artists. Mr. Levine, born and raised in Ireland, emigrated to Canada at the age of 17, bringing with him the memories of the wholesome and delicious dishes prepared by his mother in their simple Irish home. After many years in Canada, he moved to New York where he now resides. "Welcome you to Levine's Restaurant, where Mr. Levine shares with the N.Y. Community a taste of his childhood memories." Special 20% discount if you are a Levine.

Les told me also, that he has finished with Art, the Restaurant is now his Art.

Warehouse exhibitions are now the "In thing." Castelli, uptown at 103 West 108 Street, had followed the Feigen Gallery, in opening up the spacious facilities of his warehouse, to show extremely large works of artists. At Castelli one could lately see, the new "softer" looser, more expressionistic style of artists who work with dust and felt and draperies and soft plastics spread out like spilled milk over floors. There had been a group show with NAMES: Anselmo, Bollinger, Hesse, Kalenberg, Nannan, Saret, Serra, Somnier, Zorio. Now it's Robert Morris, who spreads out on the floor, with objects of strange quality . . . Casual Art, just thrown around forms, formlessness controlled. At the FEIGEN Gallery Warehouse on 141 Greenstreet downtown

JOHN VAN SAUN did four FIRE performances, which I think are the best things he did with this hot medium. He used Serno cans all illuminated, all set in a loose pattern on the floor, and the wind moved the flames, and a blue light appeared. At the window was spread a large sheet of milar, from wires covered with a white plastic material, small flames ate up the plastic wires. A smaller similar piece like it, had been shown about a year ago in the Howard Wise Gallery. Irregularly arranged bands of steelwires burnt slowly, while in the backroom, many hundred candles had been attached to the floor and were shining softly, like a giant freeform birthday cake. Burnt down to the floor, the puddles of white wax, gave the impression of a tremendous lyrical painting . . . here the Wax was the Medium, and van Saun handled it beautifully. I think he is one of our promising young "Event-Artists" of the future.

"Attention Artists, Scientists and Art Lovers!" writes Howard Wise and invites us to something "as we have never seen before" to watch on T.V. So punctually at eight o'clock I sat down and got for 40 minutes a boring talk of many ugly looking man, about electricity, and how bad thing with electricity are for all the suffering Americans, who suffer not only from bad electricity, but also from so many hellish prospects: Antimissiles, war, violence, inflation, racism, that I got so weary and sleepy, I practically missed the appendix to this badly organized Ch. 15 program (Sunday March 23). "HE MEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM."

Stars had been Allan Kaprow, Nam June Paik, Otto Piene, James Seawright, Thomas Tadlock, Aldo Tambellini. Kaprow had all his nice friends assembled on many stacked up T.V. screens, and everybody said "HELLO, are you there, I see you, Oh there is Ellen, how are you Ellen, Hello, I see you, hello" and Kaprow waved as he always does and looked very friendly and said HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, and so I say to him: HELLO Kaprow, glad to see you on T.V. Nam June Paik was really "cute." He told me: close your eyes, open your eyes, and when I closed them I practically feel asleep, but when I opened them I saw his old nice T.V. patterns . . . but I really did dig his image-destructions of famous politicians, Paik has a sense of humor.

Aldo Tambellini was Aldo Tambellini, "black" and honest, and he had many black children to play T.V. with him. Otto Piene got something new in a waving of forms, . . . but the other two artists just did the usual thing, they didn't send me . . . I think the MEDIUM has to become better, more original, more adventurous & daring, less tame, less conventional, less old theater, more T.V.—and most of all less static, stiff, and boring. How about some Adrenalin shots for the "Medium" which is supposed to be the Medium of tomorrow.

But to talk just one more minute on TIME. In the lecture called "Time" March 17. Public Theater, Carl Andre, Michael Caine member of Pulsa, Douglas Hubler, Ian Wilson and Moderator Seth Siegelaub, had many new and interesting things to say about ART and Time, about energy and ideas, about modern thinking and the application of thoughts to artistic action in space . . . that means time, about ourselves and our time, which we apply to things, doings, living and dying, about the Time and US.



# FILM ONTOLOGICAL-HYSTERIC THEATRE

here are words butterflying up and weighing dizzyingly inside me for such as *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, *If, The Recording Zygote*, *Operator, La Prisonniere* . . . (Anyone else who saw all of these is entitled to a rest and a free plating). Then there is *Ida-Eyed*, *Ontological-hysteric theatre: #3* by Richard Foreman at the New Dramatists' Workshop.

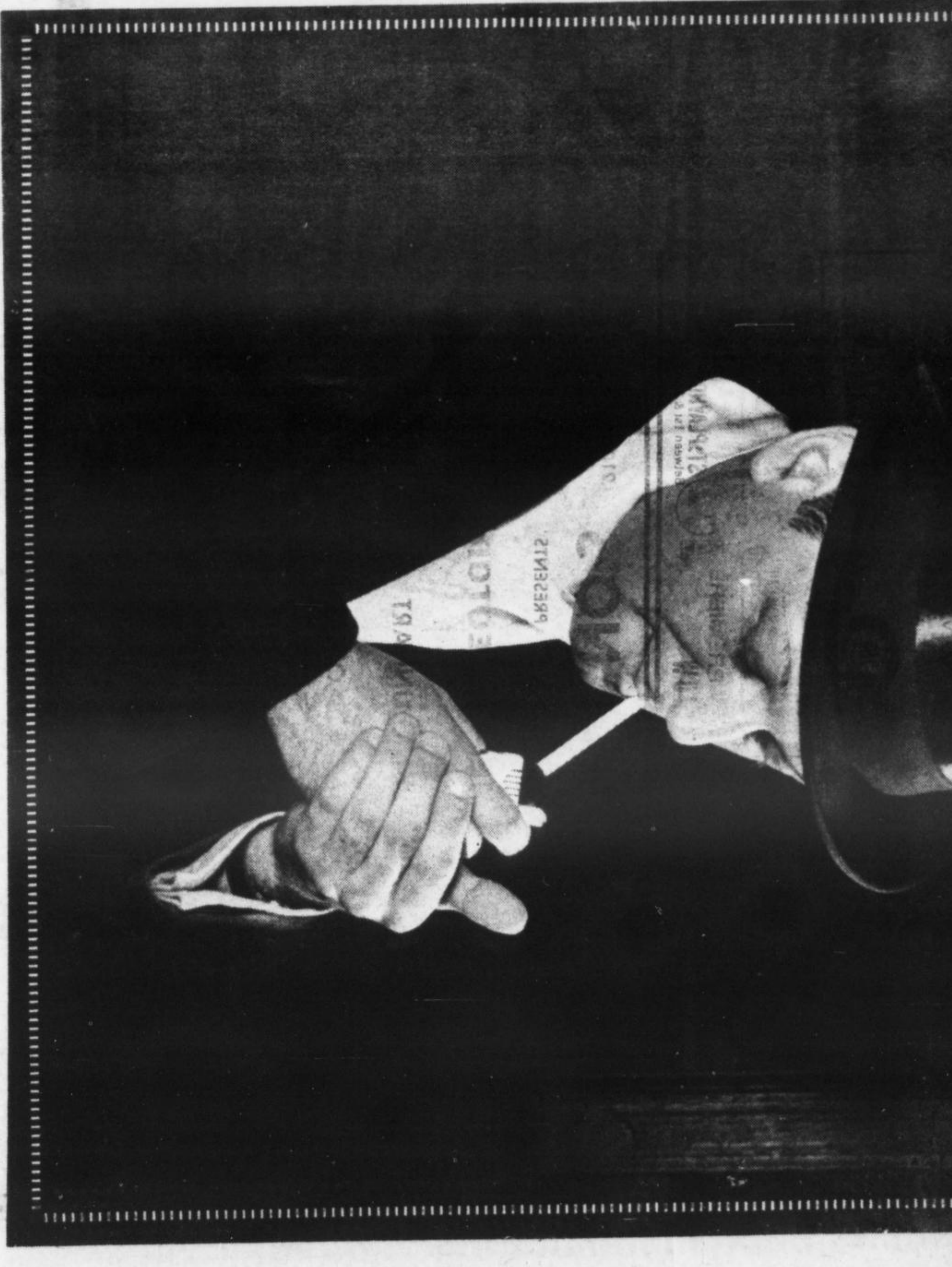
(For the imminent satisfaction and the record of it all: *If directed* by Lindsay Anderson gets odds of carefully chosen 6-1 over *I Am Curious* as being a far more interesting movie, technically and subjectively if not legally. IAC (Y) is a most energetic and enthusiastic movie, but besides those sex scene—reminiscent of "that woman"—there is neither the proficiency nor content of *If*. Someday, people will be able to have their sex and eat it too, not to mention laugh about it, feel comfortable with it, and maybe even get down on it and \*\*\* go right on through to-pleasure and joy, without the interference of any level of superego, cultural through personal \*\*\*

Living Theatre: March 27, Thursday: *Antigone*  
28, Friday: *Frankenstein*  
29, Saturday: *Frankenstein*

National Student Film Festival: Hunter College March 29 and 30, a prelude to the unveiling of the Fourth Student Film Festival April 6 and 11-13.

The March showings will be a retrospective of the first three festivals, shows starting each night at 7, 8:30, and 10:45, representing each year; triple feature for one admission.

About the other films mentioned earlier. *The Recording Zygote* is Tony Kinna as filmed by Gerard Malanga filming Bruce Peecheur filming Gerard filming Tony Kinna, which makes it a circle, and the film itself is just such a whole cloth entity, woven of silks and chains and leather and harness and sweat; it is a S/M ritual, members of Living Theatre, Anita Pallenberg (pr-etty pretty, the Black Queen in *Borrorilla*) and Tony Kinna



ELISCU



# the man who knew che. BY JAAKOV KOHN

NENE MONTES is the first person I met who knew Che Guevara. After two years with Che in the Sierra Maestra mountains, his track took many mysterious turns that eventually landed him in Hollywood and led to his involvement with the forthcoming shlockfilm on Che starring Omar Shariff and Jack Palance, not to mention the cast of thousands of Puerto Ricans in Cuban drag.

The trauma has left him atwitter with rage and a single-minded zeal to tell the truth about the lie that the dream-purveyants will try to peddle to the hordes of gullibles.

**EVO** — You were a member of the July 26th movement and as such participated in the Sierra Maestra campaigns. When did you join and in what capacity did you serve?

**NM** — I went to the Sierra Maestra in July 1957. I started as a platoon commander and later commanded a company.

**EVO** — Why did you join Fidel Castro?

**NM** — We were all fighting Batista. When I finished my studies at the Architectural School in Havana the only thing to do was to join Castro and Che in the Sierra Maestra Mountains and that I did. I have had previous contact with Castro. I have known him since the early fifties.

**EVO** — When and where did you meet Che Guevara?

**NM** — In July 1957 in the Sierra Maestra.

**EVO** — Since there is a multidimensional myth surrounding Che, I wonder if you could give me some of your impression of the man.

**NM** — I remember that when I first met Che, I was primarily impressed by the fact that he was Argentinian. There is a tendency among Latin Americans to have great respect for foreigners who join you in your fight. He was a handsome and very impressive man. Physically, he had an outstanding figure. It felt good to meet Che. It felt even better to be his friend. On top of everything else he was more educated than most of us. It made a deep impression on us all.

**EVO** — Was he a communicative and articulate person?

**NM** — He was articulate but not very communicative. Being basically an introvert, it was difficult at first to get close to him. He was very careful. He tried to keep his distance from the new arrivals. In due time we became close and developed a relationship that lasted until he died.

**EVO** — How old were you both when you met?

**NM** — Che was 29 and I was 23. You have to remember that at the time I didn't have too much experience and politically my vision was quite limited. I identified with him and we shared many concepts. We had our disagreements too. I remember that at time when we were restless we ached to get into action,

no matter how sound. More often than not, Castro and Che used to say no and we used to get very mad. Needless to say they were right. Both had much more political awareness and strategic wisdom than all of us. It was simply a case of anxiety to do something, an urge to produce something real quick versus the cold logic of the process.

**EVO** — Was Che a temperamental man?

**NM** — He was not temperamental. He was very cool and was not scared to die. He knew that one of the possibilities was death but never let that bother him. I remember that when the planes came and everybody ran for shelter, he just kept doing whatever he was doing at the time.

**EVO** — How was his health then?

**NM** — His asthma was always pretty bad but at the time we had enough medicine to keep it in check. He was also very allergic to mosquitos. That bothered him almost more than the asthma. He had very soft skin. Mosquitos plagued him all his life.

**EVO** — What did you do after the war?

**NM** — During the first months I was in charge of transit in Havana. Later I returned to architecture and worked in the Ministry of Public Works.

**EVO** — When and why did you leave Cuba.

**NM** — The reasons for my leaving Cuba in 1963 were strictly personal.

**EVO** — How did you get involved in the film "CHE"?

**NM** — 20th Century Fox claims that two weeks after Guevara's death they started to look into the possibility of making a "documentary" on Che's life. I was approached by them in June 1968 and was offered a job as technical advisor. At first I refused because I had a hunch that it would be just another Hollywood production without any value whatsoever. When I was approached again I had a change of heart since I figured that even if I didn't join, the production would go on, yet if I participated in the making of that film, I might contribute an element of truth. Perhaps naively I assumed that as Technical Advisor I might at least try to make the film more objective. At the same time I remember bearing in mind that if things turned out the way they did, having been on the inside would enable me to fight the product more effectively since I would know in which way the truth was being distorted.

**EVO** — Does the film deal with any particular phase of Che's life?

**NM** — It supposedly covers the last twelve years—from the landing in Cuba in 1956 to his death in 1968.

**EVO** — How did they deal with the Bay of Pigs?

**NM** — They hardly mentioned it. The Missile Crisis on the other hand was dealt with lavishly.



there is a marked tendency towards greys and dirty browns and washed-out blues, which makes the colors of a Chagall or a Tchelichev seem almost an intrusion. In terms of mood it is grimness which predominates, or rather an unsuccessful attempt at grimness, an affected high seriousness which ends up as monotony. Generations of docents, critics, and curators have defended this grimness by saying it is a reflection of the age we live in, but this does not make sense, has never made sense, and it is time that people stopped pretending it makes sense. It is the artist's role and privilege to be able to influence society rather than act as a passive vehicle merely reflecting it. And it is this new active role for the artist that is now lurching into existence.

It is to the great credit of much of the younger generation that they refuse to accept this greyness and grimness imposed from above. They know instinctively that a museum can be something more than an austere and awesome hybrid of church and lecture hall. That it can expand itself outwards in as many directions as are contained in the human imagination. Possibly the most imaginative museum New York ever had was the old Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Center, an institution before its time, presumably destroyed because it was unprofitable. Perhaps the most successful surviving one is the Museum of Natural History, an admittedly uneven institution but one which has shaped the knowledge and fantasies of generations of New Yorkers. Both of these museums owe their success to the fact that they dared to be environmental, that they used light, color, and movement to simulate and stimulate the movement of the mind itself. The museum of tomorrow (if there is still any reason for calling it a museum) will take up where these left off—it will be a combination of real and artificial environments, indoor and outdoor pleasure and meditation centers, mixed-media representations of various ages and cultures. Conventional museums and collections may be sandwiched in between—painting and sculpture, despite rumors to the contrary, are by no means dead—but the overall mood will be something between a revival meeting, an amusement park, a free-form theatre, and a therapy center.

In the meantime we are stuck with the Museum of Modern Art and must try and make the best of it—it is a pity that the Museum does not seem to want to make the best of it. That is for both its directors and its public information officers seem to have gone out of their wits, on the one hand, to imagine that the grievances of the artists are petty in scope and can be resolved by the old superficial ways of the art world—complaints like black art, free museum entry, curatorial roles for artists belong to the real world and cannot be settled by a petty backstage deal involving individual artists and their work. On the other hand (and at the other extreme) these same officers, possibly upset by their lack of success with the first method, have also started a campaign of vicious vilification against the artists, alleging that they seek disorder in the museum, though it is obvious that an artist's first allegiance is to creation and not its opposite.

One artist in particular was so completely slandered concerning his opinions that it may yet provide material for legal proceedings. How are artists or informed people at large to go on respecting the Modern Museum if its officers continue to resort to such tactics as slander and malicious invention?

The failures of the Museum are not on the level of personal dealings alone—there are many signs that they are beginning to falter on their overall tactics as well. Preparations had been made to arrest several artists on the grounds of counterfeiting



**BARBIE DOLLS HAVE NO SEX ORGANS.**

**EVO** — Do you think there were any differences between Che and Fidel during the last years of Che's life?

**NM** — I don't think there were any conflicts between them. They probably did have at times minor differences, but nothing of any consequence. There is no doubt in my mind about him being totally coordinated with Castro.

**EVO** — Was Castro a Marxist during the early period in Sierra Maestra?

**NM** — Definitely.

**EVO** — Many believe that Che was the one that turned Castro on to Marxism. Is there any substance to this?

**NM** — A man who could subvert Castro would never write a poem like the one that Che wrote about Castro before they left Mexico. In that poem he called him "EL ARDIENTE PROFETA DE LA AURORA" (The ardent prophet of dawn) if





left Mexico. In that poem he called him "EL ARDIENTE PRO-FETA DE LA AURORA" (The ardent prophet of dawn). If Che was out to convert Fidel to Marxism, he certainly wouldn't have written anything like that. In Che's campaign diaries you will find repeated assertions of total loyalty to Fidel. There is no question about Che being the follower of Castro and the Cuban Revolution. They both developed and grew. Maybe at the end Che overpassed Castro. I don't know.

EVO — What is your estimate of Cuba's role in the current turmoil in Latin America?

NM — We have to apply the concept of guerilla warfare to whatever is going on in the hemisphere. The vanguard of the guerilla is in the country where it is happening. The center of this movement is in Cuba and the rear guard is the support of the big established socialist countries.

EVO — The choice of Bolivia puzzled me. Both you and I participated in guerilla activities and we know that without massive support by the populace the chances for victory are almost foreclosed. It seems to me that the situation in Bolivia did not warrant such a positive assumption.

NM — Basically I agree but you have to bear in mind that there is no country where you are going to start guerilla activities and find immediately popular support. This is something that has to be built gradually. It happens after a period of time in the area, after you have proven to the peasants that you are capable of surviving there and that you have the authority to reach your goals. Then they start to rely on you and recognize the difference between the behaviour of the army and the behaviour of the guerillas. They notice your system of development and the different techniques that are being used. They learn of the political intentions of the guerilla movement. They start to visualize the difference between you and the government because you talk to them and enlighten them. The army on the other hand punishes and represses. Therefore the popular support is something that you don't find immediately because the first thing that happens to the peasants is their hesitation to participate. They are afraid of the Army. Often they are beaten and tortured without any reason. Therefore they are very careful in the beginning. Since they are in the middle they have to keep a front both ways.

EVO — What went wrong in Bolivia? Was this Che's big miscalculation?

NM — I don't think so. Take Cuba. A lot of miscalculations with a bit of luck added. As far as I know the problem in Bolivia was one of time. Unfortunately they had to start before they planned. I know that Che planned a considerably longer preparation period than he actually had. If there was any miscalculation it was in logistics and even though he had highly experienced people with him, you have to realize that you are dealing with fallible human beings.

EVO — Did you know any of the Cubans that were with him?

NM — Yes and I know too that they were probably the most experienced and well trained guerilla warriors to be found. But they were still human beings. I know that Che had a will power like few others had and a capacity for single minded concentration both of which made the eventual success of his efforts, to him at least, unavoidable.

EVO — I do know that within the next century we shall, with the right application, reverse the process and create a world that Che envisioned. That will be our and Che's fulfillment.

was that he is an ambitious young star and as such he thought he had to be careful. Palanca was great. One day he had a tremendous fight over Bartlett's effort to portray Castro as a dummy and a puppet. He told him he wouldn't play such shit and almost walked out. Historically he showed great responsibility. I am very proud of Palanca.

EVO — Are you still connected in any way with them?

NM — They wanted me to tour and promote the picture. They wanted to exploit me as the missing link between their fantasy and reality. For this I was supposed to get \$25,000 plus expenses. I refused. Now that they found out how I feel about the picture they are trying to remove my name as technical advisor from the credits. I am fighting them in court. I do have all the necessary documents to prove my case.

EVO — How much money is involved?

NM — \$65,000. I was supposed to get \$5,000 per week.

EVO — Did you have any feedback from Havana regarding your involvement with the picture?

NM — No. I think my position is very clear. I only got involved because I wanted to set history straight.

EVO — You mentioned that you are writing a book. Could you elaborate?

NM — The book is about the true story of Che the way I know it to be. My main objective is to enlighten people in regard to CHE and point out the hoax this picture represents.

EVO — Can you give me a summary of your thoughts of Che? Bear in mind that not only the money hungry moguls of the 20th Century Fox but many well intentioned people have many erroneous impressions of the man. By many he was elevated to infallible sainthood and masochistic martyrdom, descriptions that to me are unacceptable.

NM — I can assure you that they would have been unacceptable to Che. I think he was a great human being. One of the greatest. He reached a level of development where his philosophy became more substantial. He was a man always in search of the truth, of something of value. I cannot even come close to describing him. He was very much aware that we are on the wrong track to accomplish a development of a better society. He believed that we have reached a point where we cannot place anymore the value of revolution on the economic system, but into the changes of human values. The creation of a new set of moral values, a new concept, a new man. Only through the application of new concepts and the efforts of new men working together can the development of a better world be brought about. However, because of his previous work and his previous involvements he was very much committed to his past. Due to that he was not able to reorient his well established movements when he did get a glimpse of the truth.

EVO — Did they, for instance, deal with Che's stay in Europe?

NM — They just show him checking into an airport with a mustache and goatee as a disguise. Imagine Che disguising himself of with a mustache and goatee. The reason for that was that they did not want to shave Omar Sharif's mustache.

EVO — How about those passport photos where Che appeared bald?

NM — They didn't touch it because their investment in Omar Sharif's image was considerable and therefore wouldn't shave his head. They always claimed that wanted to be objective, yet as base material for the script they accumulated 15000 pages of information obtained from CIA and other government sources. No matter what they claimed, the film will speak for itself. During the eight months that they spent on the preparation of the script they repeatedly refused offers of assistance from diverse people such as President Barrientos and Che's brother Roberto. They turned this information down in order to maintain a purity of objective reporting. The information that they had was given to them because producer Sy Bartlett's CIA connections. He is a reserve officer and was formerly associated with the CIA. Even though they knew the truth they twisted and slanted the movie beyond recognition. They dealt with half truths which is worse than telling an outright lie. They tried to give the film characteristics of a documentary narration but at the same time use primarily fictional characters. They even pretended to have talked to people in high positions in Cuba. You know damn well that nobody in Havana would talk to Sy Bartlett about Che. The film is full of crap like that. They even gave it some screwy romantic overtones. Then they have a character describe a situation in Bolivia where Che and his men were so desperate that they became bandits. Imagine Che robbing and terrorizing peasants. The whole film is like that.

EVO — Was their prime motivation in producing this film MONEY?

NM — Yes. The subject is hot, the star is really a matinee idol and the mythology that surrounds Che's memory promises to make it a box office hit.

EVO — Who wrote the script?

NM — Mike Wilson, formerly blacklisted. He tried his best but like similar efforts to make something out of it, his script was hopelessly emasculated by Sy Bartlett.

EVO — Was your advice ever heeded?

NM — They let me make some minor changes, such as colors on insignias. Their copout was "Poetic license."

EVO — How did the two stars, Omar Sharif and Jack Palanca react to all this?

NM — I must say that both did. The problem with Sharif

With few exceptions this taste seems to gravitate towards everything that is fragmentary or bare or incomplete. Time and again outline seem to have triumphed over detail, caricature over outline, and blur over caricature. In terms of color there is a marked tendency towards greys and dirty browns

The grievances of the artists have already been made more than clear in previous articles, and this is the time to draw attention to the larger issues at stake. It is by now futile to deny that a major new change in taste has taken place among artists and within the art world: a new wave, a revolution if you will. It is also futile to deny that the Modern Museum, which in the past was always in the vanguard of every passing whim of taste, has been caught with its pants down this time—unless its directors do something soon to change their position, they will find themselves more and more often fighting a rearward action, with all that this implies in loss of prestige, loss of contact with artists, loss of endowment.

Perhaps the best way of experiencing the nature of this change in taste is to take a walk through the Modern's permanent collection. The very arrangement of sleek white partitions and walls, which not long ago seemed the ultimate definition of tasteful austerity and quiet *with-it-ness*, now looks monotonous and institutional, unimaginative and pedantic. But what of the paintings themselves, those supposedly awesome, soul-shunning masterpieces attaining such creative supremacy that the works of contemporary Americans may not be shown nearby for fear of polluting them. While these paintings were chosen by many different people at different times, there is nonetheless an overwhelming uniformity in the taste underlying their selection.

Last Saturday's preliminary demonstration at the Modern Museum was a remarkable success, if only because of the air of amiable belligerency in which it was carried out. Thirty artists sought to gain free entry to the Museum. They were refused in the presence of the curator and began to distribute specially printed replicas of the Museum's Artists' Membership cards (some of which were successfully used by students to enter) as well as leaflets calling for a further demonstration this Sunday at 3 o'clock. From a counter-leaflet distributed by the museum the demonstrators finally learned after months of fruitless meetings and letters the incredible reason why the Museum felt they could not allow free admission, not even on one day out of the week: they simply cannot afford it. And this from a museum backed by multiple Rockefeller and their friends, whose paintings lie piled up in the Museum's cellars, accumulating millions of dollars in tax benefits for these pitiful specimens of the new poor.

It is to be hoped that the expanded demonstration in the Museum garden at 3:00 P.M. this Sunday will prove equally successful and revealing—anyone interested in the arts is invited to attend, but no one should come who does not plan to prove by his conduct that he is genuinely interested in the arts.

By Alex Gross

## MODERN MUSEUM DEMONSTRATION





time of reaction, Puritanism is growing stronger in the year of '69. The reactionaries are hoping the Nix atmosphere will dull  
 hundreds of transfers made in the eight years that we have had collective bargaining (as Mayer admits) and it is one of

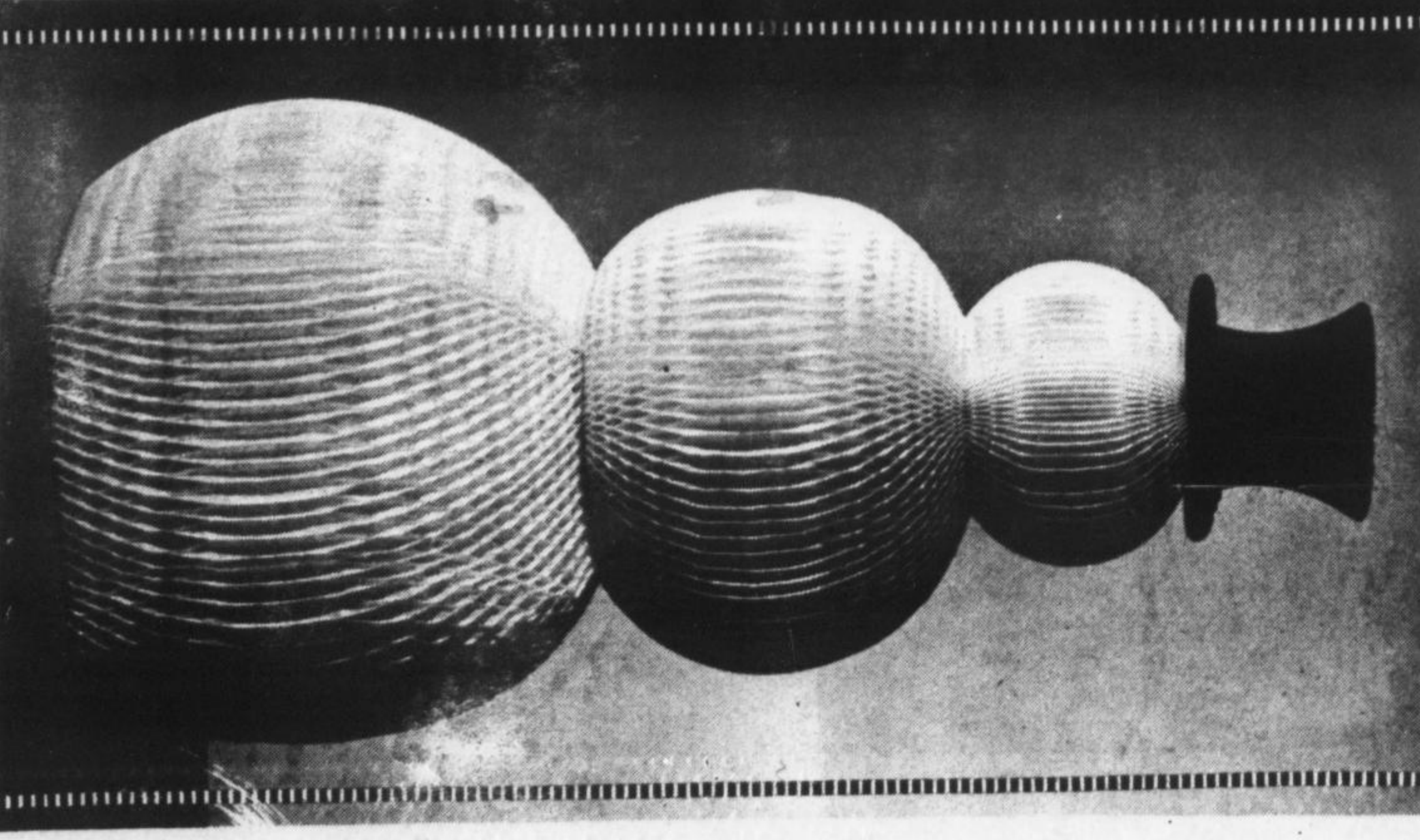
to pleasure and joy, without the interference of any level of supererog, cultural through personal...  
*Ida-Eyed* is an evening's worth of possibilities presented for the audience to work with; Whiff n'Proof-sized building blocks for today's healthier children. It is the story of what happens inside a person's deep-seated subjectivity when he is exposed to a whole performance of inconclusive scenes, without the relief of one alka-seltzer explanation. Dialectic and dialogue are both really a matter of ability: can you create a response within your mind to reveal an answer if not the solution to the action presented on the stage. Six people motion, talk to and through one another, until the stage is a circus of simultaneous impulses, a clock's inner working all gone crazy, counter and clockwise at the same time (ow), Chairs vibrate, fall over; people announce their intention of doing something but don't; boredom sets in whenever you stop caring enough to send the very best attention towards the stage. Some plays are better with an audience; *Paradise Now* and many other avant-garde works are impossible to perform without those people out there. *Ida-Eyed* gives off the definite notion that whether or not anyone knew, the chaos of the stage would be reproduced according to the whim and dictate of the actors involved. Them. The audience is advised in the program to leave when and as they wish, quietly so as not to disturb others, whenever "his perceptual resources have been so exhausted that he feels compelled to leave the theatre."  
 Even now, I have no feeling of put-on, or take-in, or belly laugh, for all these emotions and more are totally foreign to this theatre, the Ontological-hysteria variety whose *matter* is sooner Gertrude Stein than Kraft-Ebbing (and how many times have I said that Pinter ought to put on short pants and re-read his Gertrude Stein before attempting any more plays?) *Ida-Eyed* left me with a child's volume and intensity of perceptivity, a clear need to pay a newly-refound close attention to the world around me, both the visible and the just-visible. I stepped out from the little basement where the play was performed, and found clearer sharper sensations awaiting, for *Ida-Eyed* is like a refreshing dip into an icy lake on a not very warm day: you are forced to circulate a little more than usual in order to regain your natural metabolism.  
 The New Dramatists' Workshop, which I understand will be funded by Albee and Barr, is located at 43 East 4th Street.

The N.Y. Film Critics went their own sweet old-Pasadena-lady way and designated *The Lion in Winter* as best film of 1968. The Academy Award People, given extra leeway, managed to add to that list: *Othello*, *Fanny Hill*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Rachel, Rachel*.  
 Out of all the movies of 1968, all the flicks, all the films, all the cinema, these 5 pictures... Where is 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, which did more to confound film critics and therefore more for film as a media than any other side-pictorial of the year; after all, reduce an omnipotent critic to the same state of non-verbalism as the next popcorn-burner and all you have is a p-h who gets paid for pretending it was the picture's fault and then proving it. If the Oscar People couldn't see nominating 2001 for best movie, at least they might have recognized the talent of HAL as Best Actor... That's supposed to be funny, but I'm not really in a mood to shrug off the Oscars again for being the outmoded defense system of Hollywood, insulating itself against an onslaught that has already happened. It is 1969, the year of everything else, and it is time that the Emmys were questioned too—maybe all of us.

Besides, where is *Petulia*, *Faces*, *Lonesome Cowboys*, or *Singing in the Rain*—better a good film from another year than anymore lousy suggestions from this one. Where, again, is 2001? Where are all the films which in some way or another managed to set people on their ear, and get them to talking about the film for what it had done to them and even for them. Not to mention what the film had done to or for film, of course... we're still back there with Ernest Borgnine as the Great Producer in *Lynch Clave*: "We make mo-vees! not fillum! Movees, and don't forget it." Yeah, if only they would pick a couple of films just to show that something is in the right place if not their hearts.

it is a S/M ritual, members of Living Theatre, Anita Pallenberg (pr-r-etty pretty, the Black Queen in *Barbarella*) and Tony Kinna who overshadows everyone else in the film and is that beautiful, yes. The camera darts from leather crotch to soft sweet smiles and then rests bust-distance while Tony Kinna reads Lautremont's *Maldoror* in the midst of a crashing music score and his voice, unsynchronized with the expressive moving lips, forming a wall one layer removed around his being along with the music.  
*La Prisonniere* is an unwieldy movie about a young girl who, given the chance, finds out she is and enjoys being dirty. She enjoys humiliation, being told what to do, being ordered around and without the responsibility her actions would normally incur (she should have met Tony Kinna and the others. Too bad the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, doesn't travel in those circles). The movie is ponderous and often self-indulgently slow both in action and realizations. It is 1967's movie, not 1969's, when boys set fire to high school teachers and teachers kill their students in more ways than one, and people really commit homicide and it is still on film. It is a question of degree, and the differences between reading about torture and doing it. Still, the story of a triangle of people as they gradually come to realize more about themselves and one another has some compelling scenes and never fails to catch interest: if not through sensitivity than titillation. At all times, one is aware and constantly reminded that behind the camera is a perfectionist: a Filmmaker. If Clouzot had remained a little more, unobtrusive, especially in his indulgent non-cutting, the film would not have suffered although his heroine might have done so to even better revelation and

**RICHARD HAVENS RAVEN**



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good to be with real people again. Bill showed me the faculty handbook with such gems as "nothing controversial that is not related to the subject matter shall be discussed in class."

The recreation hall was packed when we walked in. It was a claneky old wooden building that I immediately loved, having just spoken in about a hundred ultra-modern paneled, soft-lighted mechanical mind traps designed to rot your brain. The guys I was with, Steve Troyanovich and Jeff Gleiss, were shaking with ecstasy. Everybody had come out, even the Mayor. Bevo's back in town! They didn't believe their eyes but there were ball players, black students (10 of them), hillbillies, hippies (1), straights, ex-marines, teachers, 6 or 7 hundred out of a 1,000 student body. A teacher who had been thrown out last year even came back. They had never seen a conspiring yippie-hippie-communist-drugged-sex maniac-never mind one who had done all that in Chicago and gone to Russia for instructions and punched the head of HUAC and was taking LSD and they say he's gonna show obscene movies! "This we gotta see!" And they settled back in their seats ready for the show. I turn down an introduction; jumping up on the stage and announcing, "This is a fuckin movie about Pigs and Yippies. If you're stoned real good you can see the people fuckin in the grass. It cost me and my friends 12 bucks to make it and it ain't won no awards." Lights out, "Here's Yippie!" Bong: Mayor Daley appears. There is applause but wait; Here come the Yippies pouring through the gates of the city, jumping to "I Ain't Marching Anymore" and the crowd is yelling for the Freaks. By the end of the film, everybody's jumping up and down hissing the cops, laughing their asses off. There ain't nothing SDS got that could work that night at Rio Grande but that raggedy-ass movie did it. I jump up at the end. They're all cheering like it's a basketball game. "I'm Huey Newton and

I'm here to burn down the school! It's a wild-ass rap, throwing away the mike, taking off my shirt, yelling about how we are getting stepped on; "This is General Motors and you are the cars. Does General Motors ask the cars if they want all that fuckin chrome! Dig it! Fun & sadness and siffin' on the edge of the stage, cryin' about how we are gettin' gassed and beaten and arrested. Somebody holds up the peace sign and I yell, "fuck that! we are at war!" I challenge the Klan, calling them chicken-shit and its sweet talking about cup cakes and freedom and new ways of living the FUTURE. Because we are the Future! It was the best since in Lincoln Park and I was happy cause I knew the winter was over. It ended on a down-beat-suspenseful like hanging slow in the air "the freak show is over . . . what are you going to do . . . hum . . ." I mumble as I walk down the steps of the stage and up and down the rows of stunned students . . . "what you going to do now, hum? Why don't somebody else get up there and say what is on his mind! . . . no commies in this school? . . . No agitators? . . . No cat hangers? . . . SILENCE . . . then one kid stutters up to the front and the place goes wild. "I'm gonna take a few books out of the library tomorrow and sit out on the steps and read 'em and if they don't let Mr. Christopher stay . . . (gulp) . . . I might just not bring 'em back." Yahoo! Then another and another are getting up. A jock even. A hillbilly draws out one of the most beautiful raps I ever heard. A teacher gives an old-fashioned rap about what education means and then another fashioned rap about what education means and then another and one kid gets up and challenges one of the members of the Administration whose sitting in the audience to answer the complaints. Everyone's screamin' and stompin' but he don't say a word. A black cat gets up on the stage. A chubby guy with his shirt hanging out . . . "I'm one of those drunken niggers you see around here every once awhile . . . you gotta be drunk

to go to this school . . ." Everybody's hootin' and yellin'. Another black gets up, an athlete, "I'm goin' out to the library and take some books out too . . . I gotta two thousand dollar a year scholarship at stake but they can shove it if I can't have my dignity." And then the call for commitment. "How many comin' out tomorrow" and four hundred Freemen jump up with their fists in the air. Steve and Jeff are like belling and I must admit I ain't felt this good for quite a while either and I'm ballin' too.

We talk most of the night in some pad and start out at 6:00 a.m. - two hours to the airport.

On he way little kids in their yellow submarine bus are going to school. They spot my long hair and start all crowdin' up to the windows. They get one open and a skinny arm just out with two fingers makin the sign of the V and we're all laughin' and waving to the kids. "I wonder if we got some time to visit their school," I said, "they might dig that Yippie film . . ." "Aw Come on," Steve said "leave some stuff for us, this conspiracy is good smokin' shit."

So I got up on the plane, me and all the other executives, and I sang 'em "Who made the mine owners, sing the proud bells of Dum-dum" and counted the state lines as we hummed back East. "I Boundary - 2 Boundary - 3 Boundary" John Mitchell, we just dig to play Monopoly, wait until we get to Park Place:

One day after this article was written it became totally obsolete, which means either Agent 31 is a double agent or Attorney General Mitchell doesn't know how to play monopoly. Agent 31 faces 10 years in a federal pen and a \$20,000 fine for making a movie in Chicago without a permit.

\*The Yippie movie distributed by the NEWSREEL, 127 E 15th St., N.Y., N.Y.

cont from 2

syndicates and go to work in the mines still paying taxes and shit on their own land. Each year they went deeper in debt. With each new debt came another kid and tuberculosis and hook-worm and that Ben-Shahn 1930's look of hunger. It is the saddest poverty in the nation. The kind you cry about when Pete Seeger sings.

When we arrived I met Bill Christopher and asked him what the fuck he wanted to stay here for? He said, "I think, I have something to teach the kids." Shit! It was all getting so country honest. I was feeling a bit hardened by long complicated discussions at Antioch about confrontational politics, cybernetic revolution and real high fallitin' theoretical bullshit. It was

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7 — MISC.

IF YOU have spent any time in Benaras and have had adventures, experiences and impressions, established film maker would like to rap with you. Will pay for material used. Call 582-6890/91, 10 PM to 6 PM.

GAL (Straight or Bi) or Guy (must be extremely femme - TV, Fame impersonator, etc.) to work in my mid-town office. You must have good typing skills, as well as fine speaking voice. This is a legitimate business. Excellent opportunity to make lots of \$'s. Good starting salary. Photo, phone, etc. to Box 2174, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

HELP! Contributions desperately needed to help replace my horse who was stolen. No amount too small. Laura Bol-lenbach, 5 Cromwell Road, Monroe, New York 10950.

ESTABLISHED rock and roll groups needs singer. Album just released on major label. Call. 11-6 Suzi Campbell, PL8-7888.

ASTOUND YOUR FRIENDS! Be a representative for Horseshit Magazine! Become known as a leader of the Underground! Make money, too! Equine, Box 361-E, Hermosa Beach, California 90254.

CUNNINGLUS — For small or slender girls. Must be intelligent and clean. Prefer nurses or airline stewardesses. Especially nurses. Write to B.G., Box 237, Village Station.

10 — STUD SVCE.

WELL-HUNG guy, 25, handsome and well-built, needs numpho type female to satisfy his masculine sexual appetite. Leave number for Paul Jones at 736-8359. Call weekdays, noon to midnight.

ATTENTION attractive female swingers interested in swinging sexually with an above average white male. I'm Pete, 30, tall, well built, good looking; have a large 9" cock and educated tongue both exquisitely trained to satisfy your every desire. Call BR-4-1829 after 6:00 P. M. Please no phonies.

GIRLS, 18-30, share, party, in beach house, everything included, with 10 guys — write Jim Coffey, 1503 Hardine Park, Bronx. Call Ti 2-1689.

FLYING London, Portugal & Spain 14 days vacation, April-May. Fortyish professional desires groovy modern female companion. Expenses paid. Photo, information, letter. Box 147, Norristown, Pa. 19401.

TWO boys in mid 20's would like two uninhibited chicks 19-22 to share their pad and have fun. Robert Bolton, 12 West 84 St. N.Y.C.

as my tips  
MEN. We've room for more discreet bisexuals in our sanctuary. It's worth joining. Box 2923, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

12 — S & M

WE URGE all you submissive or dominant gals (only) who read our previous ad but were hesitant to call, to contact us now! Our sincerity, discretion and enjoyment of spanking, bondage, humiliations, and clothing are fully appreciated by those who have already met us. So come on, gals, realize your fantasies to the fullest. Phone Diane and Jimmie 947-0652 between 9-5 weekdays.

SLAVE — Male, white, 27-experienced. Is there a groovy, clean, white guy (21-40) with apt who would enjoy owning his own slave? Beginning masters O.K. For details write P.O. Box 336, Lenox Hill Sta. New York, N.Y. 10021.

COMING to Chicago? Young tall slender male Slave 27, likes the game of being mastered by goodlooking male (25-35). Call evenings 312 - DA 7-7987.

Now! The Club For Devotees Of Bondage - S/M. Free membership for women and couples sending photo with ad. De Sano Canal P.O. Box 466 N.Y. 10013.

13—GROUP GROPE

DARLING, We Need You. We're an attractive, uninhibited considerate couple seeking an adventurous swinging gal who would enjoy joining us in an exotic, erotic triangle. We're great as a twosome, absolutely sensational in a threesome! You'll enjoy spending delightful hours with us in our luxurious Manhattan pad, romping in fun and games. We'll become a habit with you. You'll look forward to visiting us again and again. So please answer soon, dear! Love from Arnold and Livy, Box 544, NY, NY 10010.

COOL IT MAN.  
CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND BLOWING MESSAGE BY PIERO BY APPOINT.  
10 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
CALL 734-5094.  
STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

15—FLESH MART

ESOTERIC INTEREST? Specializing in the unusual, we find male or female contacts to suit your individual needs. Discretion assured. Send detailed letter plus \$3 (females free) to: Underground introductions, 485, Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10017.

JOIN FUK — The Underground Dating Service. For heads, freaks & turned on people only. Meet matches in any area of U.S. Girls — free. For mind blowing application, write: FUK /o Underground Enterprises, 16 E 42 St. New York, N.Y. 10017.

WARNING: NOT FOR FREAKS!! BLACK BOOK The Singles Dating Magazine for straight singles ONLY, deals in service, not sensation, that's why the BLACK BOOK is THE NEW YORK TIMES in its field. EVERYBODY WANTS TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE, the BLACK BOOK just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST & EASIEST way! Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. NYC, N.Y. 10036 or send for FREE info or call (212) 581-4199. Also sold at Newsstands and Book stores.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN. Interested: Swinging? write details, description. Ladies free. Gentlemen's initiation \$1.00. Contribute any amount after an introduction). Strictly confidential. Francis Peabody, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

GAY GUYS ONLY. Current places to go for quickie sex. No bars, etc. New York & Miami. Send \$2 per city. Larsen, G.P.O. Box 2432, New York, N.Y. 10001.

"THE GAY CORNER" offers felias, gals thrilling bohemian friendships \$2.00 brings exciting details. State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

16 — FLEA MARKET

BEAUTIFUL Mexican girls needing Amer. boy-friends. "Free" details Mexico — Box 3973 — (M-24), San Diego, Calif. 92103

HI GIRLS, Thanks for your letters and enthusiasm of my "Introduction Service." Soon we'll all be Swinging. Wow! Keep the letters coming. Francis Peabody, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

WELL-ENDOWED stud has uninhibited photos of himself for sale to artists, photographers, and others who appreciate masculine beauty. Set of 12, only \$5.00. Occupant, Box 4601, San Jose, Calif.

BLANK drivers licenses. Fill it in yourself. Legal. \$2.00 Glen-co Box 834 B Warren, Mich.

BEAVER girl playing cards - Sexual black and white chicks in gorgeous color — poses too controversial to illustrate here! \$5.00 per deck plus 50c handling. Kent - Box 636, San Fran. 94101.

FINEST quality battery operated personal vibrators 7" x 1 1/2" health-mates 6" x 1 1/2". Recommended by doctors \$6.00 each. We pay postage. No C.O.D. V.T. Company, Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey, 07055.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE INC.  
147 West 42 nd Street  
New York City  
-Room 1018  
GUARANTEED DATES  
A.M. TA 8-7897  
12 p.m. to 8 p.m.  
OX 5-0158 and Sunday



**MEN ONLY**  
**GOING SOFT TOO SOON?**  
 It took a smart person to create it. A doctor to recommend, and us to sell it. When you go down, it stays up. Hard to beat. \$12.00 Reusable. Show this ad to an old friend. He will always be grateful. For more information send \$1.00 (refundable on first order) Mail only.  
**JOHNSON**  
 P.O. Box 333  
 Dept. E  
 New York, New York 10024

**Hottest Sex Item Ever**  
 Used by men and women of the Orient with complete satisfaction. New in this country. Assures a hot time. Guaranteed to work. No minors, please.  
 Send Only \$2.99 check, cash or money order to:  
*Consumers Unlimited*  
 P. O. Box 2888  
 New York, N. Y. 10001

**FRENCH TICKLERS**  
 Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. have at one time or another heard of French Ticklers? But only about 5% have seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find or outlawed. We have them. You will love them. Buy direct and save. \$1.50 each; 4 for \$5.00; \$10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new "Hippy" Sunflower French Tickler \$2.00 each. Safe and wild. Dealers invited. Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.  
**JOHNSON**  
 P. O. Box 333  
 Dept. E  
 New York, New York 10024

**PAINTING FLESH**  
**BEAUTIFUL BOY AND GIRL MODELS**  
 Available for skin painting and photo work. All equipment furnished.  
 1-10 p.m. Mon.-Sun.  
 \$12. 1/2 hr/\$20. hr.  
 No Membership Necessary.  
 Call 242-9536 for information.  
**STUDIO ONE**  
 664 Sixth Avenue (20th Street)



**SEX IN SWEDEN**  
 This ad is only for those who want the best and hottest there are. And do not let anybody fool you. You still have to write to us to get it. We have photos, dias, films, 8mm or S8 and magazines for both men and women.  
 SEND \$2.00 FOR SAMPLES AND BROCHURE TO:  
**GLIMS PRODUCTIONS**  
 BOX 403, FARSTA 4, SWEDEN

**THE SAILOR**  
 Incredible presentation of the male sexual impulses and attributes in word imagery that you will never forget. Recommended for mature adults, only \$5.95 ppd. Upstager, Ltd., Box 122, Williston Park, N.Y. 11596 Dept. 11.

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

**FRENCH TICKLERS!**  
 (sold as novelties only)

- 75¢ each
- 3 - \$2.50
- 7 - \$4.00
- 12 - \$6.00
- 144 - \$45.00



to order, you must state age (you must be over 21), and state also that they will not be used.

dealers invited  
 SENT POSTPAID IN PLAIN WRAPPER

Frank Kaleda Box 134-E Kent, Ohio, 44240

**MALE NUDES**  
 slides  
 photos  
 movies  
 posters  
**BIG**  
 FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOR CATALOG FOR ONLY \$1.00  
**Bizarre Photos**  
 1545 North Detroit Street  
 Hollywood, California 90046



FOTOGRAFI BY PA ROCCO

**I WANNA WHIP UP NEW FRIENDS**



Code #E328

This weeks ENVOY girl is exciting, exotic, and experienced. She is also sensual, sexy and extremely aware of ALL your needs, wants, and desires. She wants you to know and see more of her. Do you want to see more of her?!!! Then write to her, her code number is E328 If You Enclose A Stamped Self Addressed Envelope, She Will Send You a Personal Note and a Way Out Snapshot That You Wouldn't Want to Miss,

**WHIP UP SOME ENTHUSIASM AND WRITE TO HER**

**DON'T FAIL ME!!!** You will also come into contact with thousands, of-swingers of all kinds if you put your ad in now.

**SO** Get a copy of the New York Envoy, (your passport to the sensual world of the swinger.) No matter how varied, exotic or erotic your sensual desires may be, the Envoy is for you.

**SO STRAIGHT OR GAY- HOW YOU PLAY 2-4-OR MORE THE ENVOY CAN HELP YOU SCORE**

So whip up the grooviest swingers there be, **GET THE ENVOY**

TRIAL COPY \$1  
 20 WORD AD-1 TIME \$2  
 EXTRA WORDS-20¢ EACH

1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION \$5  
 20 WORD AD-1 YEAR \$10  
 EXTRA WORDS-\$1.00 EACH

**ENVOY YES! I want to whip up new friends**

Enclosed find check, cash, or money order for \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I am over 21 \_\_\_\_\_ Sign Here

**Ladies, We Will Print Your Ad FREE!**

NOTE: If you want to write to this weeks ENVOY girl, seal your letter in an envelope with your name and address, and her code number on the outside. Put that envelope together with a one dollar forwarding fee into another envelope and send to the ENVOY. WE WILL FORWARD ALL LETTERS TO HER PROMPTLY.

NOTE: IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE AN ENVOY GIRL IN A FUTURE EDITION, SEND PHOTO AND NAME AND ADDRESS TO R.M. BRANDON AT THE ENVOY

**ENVOY. P.O. BOX 134E9 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11203**



TO PLACE AN AD IN  
THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week FREE. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

## THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types  
All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves  
Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet

Devoted to the Arts of  
Swinging Modeling & Dancing

NOTE: THIS SECTION IS NOT RUN BY THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, BUT BY SWINGER SERVICES, ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST DYNAMIC CORRESPONDENCE MEDIUMS. PLEASE ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR IN THIS SECTION. ANY QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS SECTION SHOULD BE SENT TO SWINGING HEADHUNTER, P.O. BOX J, BKLYN, N.Y. 11226 PHONE 467-4261

TO ANSWER AN AD  
IN THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

WE WILL FORWARD  
1 LETTER FOR \$1  
6 LETTERS FOR \$5  
15 LETTERS FOR \$10

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226

**BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER**  
Young attractive bombshell needs and craves "group therapy". Likes them rough, rugged, and well endowed. Servicemen, club members, men, men, men. All will be totally pleased. Photos.

NJ, NYC, Female Box No. 3139L

**HAS BREAD NO HONEY**  
Goodlooking bachelor, 37, has means, seeks two attractive girls for threesome. Two right gals wont be sorry. Photo, phone.

NYC, Male Box No. 3117L

### YOU NAME IT

Blond bombshell, 38-26-36, anything goes, I'll provide the usual or unusual, generous men only, any age.

NYC, Female Box No. 3138L

### STRONG DOMINANT MISTRESS

Seeking males and females to serve as my slaves. Get down on your knees and write now!!!

NYC, Female Box #5411L

### LOVES LEATHER RUBBER

Young male, early 20's, wishes to meet females, any race with same interest. Very uninhibited, will do anything to please erotic interests. Photo

NJ, NYC, Male Box No. 5723L

### FANTABULOUS OFFER

Love life? theatre? Good food? Good living? If so, and you need help, write me. You should be a young man 24, attractive and ambitious. Photo and phone. Will answer all. I have never been more serious in my life.

NYC, Male Box No.5701L

### SECRET FANTASIES SERVED

Tall slim charming executive, 36, European background, desire relaxation with uninhibited, attractive woman to 35 who secretly wishes to act out her fantasies of dominance. No professionals. Discretion given. Expected. Photo if possible please.

NYC, Male Box No.5702L

### CLEAN CUT TOO LONG

Generous virile executive bachelor, 38, seeks women to 40 with erotic artistic beat. Help him break out. Summer trips. phone, photo.

NYC, Male Box No.5703L

### WEALTHY SUBMISSIVE EXEC.

Attractive, 31, seeks quiet, intelligent, discreet woman interested in exploring and exploiting his complete erotic obedience. Prepared to make permanent commitment.

NYC, Male Box No. 5778L

### CALLING ALL TOMBOYS

What spirited, muscular gal would enjoy challenging me in friendly tussles? Professional, 30's, 5'8", 160, values your strength, promises interesting rewarding company. Write, your dollar refunded!

NJ, NYC, Male Box No. 5738L

### LOOKING FOR GIRL

Want to meet girl for fun and games with French culture in mind. Phone, photo, if possible. White male, 40, 6'2", 185.

NYC, Male Box No. 5739L

### GOOD LOOKING WRITER

6', 175, 36, well endowed, expert at everything and makes it last. Noted for stamina, durability, intelligent, writes plays, films. Pleasant pad upper East Side. Seeks attractive pretty, curvy girls. Appreciate photo and phone.

NYC, Male Box No. P5718L

### WEEKEND GUESTS WANTED

Have fun weekends. Single guy with own apartment and swinging friends would like to have you as his weekend guest. Food, fun, and entertainment.

NY, Male Box No. P5728L

### I'M INEXPERIENCED

Wanted; Attractive females, males, and couples interested in teaching me to swing. I'm blond, pretty, and well built, also have handsome husband available. Phone, phone please.

NYC, Female Box No. 5711L

### GENTLEMAN OF BACKGROUND

Between executive positions desires rewarding avocation; long term (possibly marriage), briefly, or escort service. Presentable, poised, 6', 49, accustomed to upper echelon.

NYC, NJ, CONN, Male Box No. 5706L

### RARE REAL SINCERITY

Attractive, discreet, professor, sensual, not wierd, desires being completely humiliated by women, couples. Days also, any race. New advertiser. All answered, phone first. Immediate action. Refund.

NJ, NYC, Male Box No. 5705L

### SPORTING GENTLEMAN

Very handsome 6' construction executive, 38, weightlifter, in NYC weekends, wants to meet exceptionally muscular aggressive masculine guy over 25. Enjoy leather, wrestling, sports, minimum theatre. Phone and photo, no box numbers. ac/dc ok.

NY Male Box No. P5775L

### GENEROUS NYC BUSINESSMAN

Wants meetings with young girls and/or housewives for morning or afternoon dates, Metropolitan area. Discretion assured. Phone please, photo helpful.

NYC, Male Box No. 5736L

### SINGLE SEEKS COUPLE

27, slim, good looking, French enthusiast, looking for couples who enjoy threesomes. Have no hang-ups, inhibitions. Age no barrier. Will send photo to all who answer. Live minutes away from NYC, LI, NJ.

CONN. NYC, LI, NJ, Male Box No. 5737L

### TAKE HEED

Letters and photos that are pornographic and obscene in content, must not be circulated through the mails. Please cooperate with the Post Office when answering advertisers. Postal regulations are such, that it is prohibitive to use their facilities for obscene materials.

### ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MALE

21, slim, passive, wants new friends for swinging times. Willing to try threesome or more. Can travel. Groovy photo assures quick answer.

WASH. DC, Male Box No.5699L

### DISCREET ITALIAN LOVER

I am a tall lean male of Italian descent who likes dancing, fine restaurants, and lovemaking. Please don't hesitate to answer.

NYC, Male Box No. 5704L

### FOR MEN ONLY

Male, 39, financially stable, wishes to meet very young good looking well built male for sincere friendship and groovy times. Photo appreciated. Will refund dollar.

NY, Male Box No. 5716L

### SINCERE YOUNG MAN

29, educated, professional, discreet, satisfying, seeking, exceptional woman who wants fulfillment but is reluctant to answer usual ads. Phone helpful.

CONN. Male Box No. M5714L

### GROOVY BLONDE MALE

Seeks well endowed striking men under 35. Prefer Italian, Latin types who have no hang ups. Enjoy mutual French artistry. Tired of meeting other Adonis's with hang ups. I'm 6', 24, and well endowed. Photo will tell the rest. Answer all with photo.

NYC, Male Box No.5675L

PLEASE MRS. ROBINSON  
Virginal handsome college student wishes to loose his virtue to understanding young woman. Age, race, no object. Photo, phone, please help.

NYC, Male Box No. P5740L

### LOVE STARVED

Light bondage, sincere, femme, am white, 5'8", 28, like attractive males 29-35 for fun, enjoyment. Will answer all.

NYC, NJ, Male Box No. P5731L

### HANDSOME MALE 26

ex model, seeking well built guy under 25 for all kinds of fun and games. You may be able to live rent free. Photo, phone, if possible.

NYC, Male Box No. 5719L

### BLACK MALE ANIMAL

32, 6'2", 200, muscular, portrait artist by profession, sexual animal by nature, intelligent, seeks female or couple for discreet rewarding meetings, all cultures. Discretion assured. All answered.

NYC, Male Box No. P5721L

### WILD AND VERY WILLING

Beautiful young L.I. housewife 37-24-36, totally uninhibited, desires to correspond and meet with men to 40 to go wild with. Husband approves of my activities, so hurry, I'm ready and willing.

LI, NYC, Female Box No.5698L

### SERIOUS MATURE MALE

White, 40, seeks attractive, intelligent, employed, independent, masculine negro male for permanent exclusive relationship. Interest: Classical music, sports, travel, theatre. Important. Prefer non smoker.

NYC, Male Box No.P5700L

### VIRILE NYC EXECUTIVE

Wishes to meet mature woman, single, or married for stimulating get togethers. Discretion, satisfaction assured.

NYC, Male Box No. 5715L

### MOD AFRO CHICK

Seeking groovy bi female or couples for exotic fun and games. Am bi and real chocolate. Photo and phone please. No one over 40, and no s/m or way outs.

NYC, Female Box No. 5780L

### DOMINANT YOUNG MAN

29, wishes to meet docile female slaves to 35 for mutual games. Will train beginners.

NYC, Male Box No. 5707L

### VILLAGE MAN 29

I am looking for the 21, 22 year old that can fill my place with love and feminine mistique. Photo please.

NYC, Male Box No. P5708L

### MALE COMPANY WANTED

Male wants to meet same to share interest, etc. Give details and phone.

NYC, Male Box No. 5729L

### FUN AND GAMES

Handsome guy, 21, wants good looking, "ready to go", well endowed, white guy for fun and games. Photo preferred.

NYC, Male Box No. 5730L

### RUGGED SUBMISSIVE MALES

Male, 29, professional, endowed, interested in meeting rugged looking, well built, submissive males, oral talent preferred. Discretion assured. Phone.

NYC, Male Box No. 5720L

### HELPS FRIGID FEMALES

Anxious yet frustrated? Difficulty in making it? Then contact me to come to see you. Am versatile, white male available to help relieve adult female tensions. Phone assures reply.

NYC, Male Box No. 5722L

### WILD LIFE MOVIES

If wild life movies turn you on and you're really endowed, write handsome ex navy guy with Frenchman's touch. Photo preferred.

NYC, Male Box No. 5724L

### EXPERIENCED ANIMAL TRAINER

Firm but understanding, seeks docile young males and females in need of strict training.

NYC, Male Box No. P5725L

### SEEKING SEPIA CHICK

Well built white male, mid 20's, seeking well built sepia doll for mutually satisfying adventures. Fond of all cultures. Are you game? Send photo and phone. All letters answered.

NYC, Male Box No. 5726L

### LOVELY FEMME 22

Blonde, fresh and full of soul, orally minded, wants to learn anytime. Grooves on well endowed young males to 25. Seeks to please all your desires. Come on. Share it! I have well built handsome male friend of 25. Photo, phone, helpful.

CANADA, Female Box No. 5727L

### MEEK AND MILD

Male, 35, passive and docile, wishes to meet dominant men only. Interested in B/D. Am TV. Will please. Phone for early meeting.

NYC, Male Box No. 5709L

### FREE FOR LADIES

Ladies seeking men for romance, marriage or friendship, advertise on these pages free. Take advantage, fill out coupon and send today.

Hetro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section is for you. Use order form at end of section.



**TO PLACE AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week FREE. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

# THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

**Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet**

**Devoted to the Arts of Swinging Modeling & Dancing**

## EXOTIC DANCERS AND MODELS AVAILABLE

**TO ANSWER AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

**WE WILL FORWARD  
1 LETTER FOR \$1  
6 LETTERS FOR \$5  
15 LETTERS FOR \$10**

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226

### GROOVY BI GAL

With attractive girlfriend, desires meeting other females for mutual satisfaction. Also digs photography and will pose. Photo and phone please.  
Box 5141L

### TWO NUDE MODELS

The two of us are pleasure seekers. If you're one, we can help. We've got photos that really satisfy. For generous collectors.  
NYC, Female Box#5574L

### MODEL AVAILABLE

37-24-35 BEAUTIFUL MODEL Aims to please all, no matter who or what. Those with means preferred.  
NYC, Female Box#0033L

### EXOTIC LINGERIE POSES

For sincere discreet men who appreciate the French arts. Am attractive swinging girl, 26, who enjoys posing in scanty undies. Phone please.  
NYC, NJ, CONN, Female Box#2951L

### ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS WELCOME

Young, 39-26-37, seeking meek and mild men for photography as well as daytime dates. Up to 35. Please write soon.  
NJ, NYC, Female Box#0027L

### NUDIST MODEL SWINGER

42-30-36, wishes to meet generous swingers for French artistry and good times. Photo and phone.  
NYC, Female Box#5547L

### PROVOCATIVE FRENCH MODEL

Sepia, 26, provocative 38-24-40, with body beautiful for those who enjoy the art of beauty. Will pose on request. Loves French Culture. Girls please write as well as couples and guys. Have well built tall male friend if required. Photo and phone. Will answer all.  
NYC, Female Box#5908L

### YOUNG SWINGING FEMALE

Will send you the photos you want. Any pose you desire, for generous collectors. Let me satisfy your wildest dreams.  
NYC, Female Box#5415L

### SENSUAL BRUNETTE 22

Part time model, 5'5", 116, 36-23-36 1/2, wants to hear from equally feminine attractive women who swing with gals and guys, age to 30, NYC area. Informative letter with photo.  
NYC, Female Box#3126L

### ATTRACTIVE FEMALE MODEL

Will pose for camera bugs, amateur and professional photographers. Has samples for the generous collector. Will travel NYC area. Has girlfriend who poses to order.  
NYC, Female Box No. 3137L

### NEW AT GAME

Handsome bodybuilder wants to share posing sessions with other novice photographers or models with polaroid. Inspire each other. Dig big masculine bodies or swimmer types. Photo, phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5717L

### BEAUTIFULLY BUILT MODEL

Long haired brunette, 44-24-38, built for..... Loves to pose in any manner. Has many photos for the serious collector of beautiful things. Unfortunately, cannot supply free samples.  
NYC, Female Box#5421L

### HANDSOME MALE MODEL

Amateur, 32, will pose without fee for novice photographers, male, female or couples. Anytime, any place. Send phone.  
NYC, Male Box#0023L

### ATTRACTIVE VERSATILE MODEL

and dancer. Can be anything you desire. Will pose in any manner to generous collectors. Am from Geneva and vivacious. All answered quickly.  
NYC, Female Box#0025L

### EXOTIC DANCER

26, enjoys letters from gay gentlemen and photographers with presentable apartment for games and entertainment. Erotic art and exercise. Will answer all with address and phone.  
NYC, Female Box#2616L

### BI MALE MODEL

Ex sailor, bi sexual, masculine, 20's, discreet will pose for men, hetero or bi, in exchange for fun and games, also interested in chicks. Photo, phone.  
NYC, Male Box#5306L

### NUDE MALE MODEL

Young, 21, loves to pose in all types forms. Will accept any type of nude work. Will answer all.  
NYC, Male Box#0030L

### LONELY LADY

Attractive, white, 52, from Germany, is interested in hearing from man around NY, Baltimore, Washington area for friendship or marriage.  
BALT, Female Box#5422L

### I JUST CAME

to NYC area, girl, 24, wants to become expert in hetero relationships. No girls. Like French, am a hurting female. Teach me. Please. Photo requested, not demanded.  
NYC, Female Box#5581L

### FULL OF FIRE FEMALE

Let's love a little or alot, depends on you. Free to travel Show me or I'll show you. 29 37-28-38. Photos of all for the generous collector.  
CHICAGO, Female Box#5546L

### HANDSOME MALE MODEL

Amateur, 40's, 6'3", slim, will pose in any manner for novice polaroid photographers. Male, female, or couples with pleasing ideas. Alone or groups O.K. Service without charge in return for photo and phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5710L

### CUTE TV MODEL

Will pose for amateur photographers in exchange for clothes, etc. Please include phone. No way outs. Males and females welcome.  
NYC, Male Box No.5690L

### BONDAGE MODEL

Seeks assignments in NYC area, also correspondence and photo exchange with women and couples interested in bondage, mild restraint. Photo first letter exchanged.  
NYC, Female Box No.5691L

### MODEL AND DANCER

Female versatile in many things, would like to hear from other females. Will do anything to please.  
NYC, Female Box#2381L

### 43-D FRENCH NUDE MODEL

43-D, will pose and play for generous guys and girls at your place. Please send phone and time to call, very discreet, also available evenings. If very generous, will do anything.  
NYC, Female Models only Box#5655L

### MUSCULAR NUDE MODEL

Heavy Roman roll will pose to please generous male, female, couple, finger painting, Greek or French. Stamped addressed envelope, phone brings prompt reply.  
NYC, NJ, Male Box No. 5765L

### HANDSOME MALE MODEL

27, You can't think of a pose I can't fill with anyone, anytime, anywhere, and anything. Poses free, please fee.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5766L

### EXCITABLE AND PROVOCATIVE

Enjoys fun and games as well as posing for all types of photographers. 39-25-37. Has sample photos for generous collectors.  
NJ, NYC Female Box#0032L

### INTERESTED IN MODELING

Young girl, 21, interested in hearing from photographers for modeling or girls with similar interests.  
NYC, Female Box#5359L

### AMATEUR MALE MODEL

Italian, 30, attractive, 5'10", 140, well endowed, wishes to pose for amateur photographers without fee. Male only. Can travel, send phone.  
NYC, Male Box#5650L

### AMATEUR MALE MODEL

Athletic built male, available to artists and photographers. Polaroid fans welcome. All answering will be accommodated.  
NJ, NYC, Male Box No.5696L

### NUDE MALE MODEL

Former hollywood stuntman, 36, handsome, well built, well endowed, will pose for sketches, photo, or you name it. Guys, gals, or groups welcome. All answered.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5712L

### LEATHER COWBOY MODEL

32, lean, attractive, have leather and cowboy gear. Want portraits. Good, serious photographers only. No games, no nudes, no money. Private.  
NYC, Male Box NO. 5779L

### BUXOM BRUNETTE MODEL

Groovy nude model, 38-24-35, willing and able to please any tiger chasing his tail. Send a little something for photo and personal letter that'll make you roar.  
NYC, Female Box#5387L

### MODEL AVAILABLE FOR CULTURED

36-24-36 will model for one and all. Alone in any pose or with another female. Men whodig all other cultures, including the unusual and are generous can also contact her.  
NYC, Female Box#5297L

## Models Your Ad Can Be Here Free

### HAVE BOX WILL MODEL

Earthy and lively. Available for action photography. No assignment too daring. Will do anything to those who are generous. Also available for stag parties. Can travel. Sorry illegal sample photos sent by mail.  
PA, Female Box#3130L

### NUDE MODEL

And exploitation actress seeks other models of like talents who enjoy men and women and who would like movie and model assignments working with me. No males or box numbers reply. Body photo and phone please. Discretion and sincerity a must.  
NYC, Female Box#5356L

### BEAUTIFUL MODEL AVAILABLE

Voluptuous and understanding model has own apartment to model her 39-26-37 package. Males only, 35 and up. All answered who include self addressed stamped envelope and phone.  
NYC, Female Box#5434L

### HAS BIG APPETITE

Young girl, 22, wants to learn how, please show me. I am sincere.  
NYC, Female Box#2331L

### SEXY SWISS MISS

Really loves it all, 24, well stacked, welcomes one and all for French cultural exchanges. Can't get enough, also an exhibitionist. Write.  
NYC, Female Box#2615L

### LOOKING FOR FRIENDSHIP

Male seeks to meet females 21-35 for sincere relationships. Have own luxury apartment. Photo and phone assure prompt reply.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5756L

### OUTDOORS MINDED CHICK

Needs sincere friendly male photographer with equipment and knowledge to teach me nature photography and developing techniques. Will give modeling and open friendship to good person.  
NYC, Female Box#5337L

### VERY BOSSY DANCER

Tall negro dancer, very bossy, attractive, seeks middle aged white fellows 35-65 who are docile and wealthy. Must be generous and obedient. I love the finer things in life and will not tolerate disobedience in any way.  
NYC, Female Box No. 5753L

### MALE DOG OWNERS

Male, 30, knows your dogs needs, will service all their animal desires. Am well equipped to handle everything. Your dog will be satisfied. Phone and photo of dog will be answered first.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5757L

**Metro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section is for you. Use order form at end of section.**



TO PLACE AN AD IN  
THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week FREE. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J. Bklyn. N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

## THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types  
All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves  
Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet

Devoted to the Arts of  
Swinging Modeling & Dancing

### SEEK BEAUTIFUL HUMANS

To explore ambience, Psyche, Soma. Dancers body and a groovy mind a necessity.  
MASS. Male Box No. M5762L

### SOPHISTICATED DISCIPLINARIAN 34

Seeks girls and couples interested in discipline as hard or mild as wished. Very understanding to experimentation and unusual desires.  
NYC, NJ, Male Box No. 5684L

### VERSATILE BI MALE

20's will perform for hetero or bi with groovy ideas, fun, games. Dig all scenes. Answer all with photo, phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5687L

### YOUNG GROOVY COUPLE

Very pretty young wife, bright, hip husband, seek similar couple or gal to share interests, intimacies. Phone, photo gets quick answer.  
NYC, LI, Couple Box No. 5713L

TO ANSWER AN AD  
IN THIS SECTION  
YOU MUST BE OVER 21

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

WE WILL FORWARD  
1 LETTER FOR \$1  
6 LETTERS FOR \$5  
15 LETTERS FOR \$10

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J. Bklyn. N.Y. 11226

### HANDSOME WHITE SLAVE

23, wants handsome negro master to 24. Must be well endowed. Only groovy guys reply. Photo and phone please.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5769L

### GOODLOOKING SWEEDISH GUY

24, no body hair, digs two or moresomes with goodlooking Italian and German guys to 24 with average to muscular build. No body hair. Photo and phone please.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5770L

### KINKIE DOMINANT JOCKEY'S

Two demanding mistresses, seek ponies and TV's who believe in female superiority. Have spurs, will travel.  
NYC, Females Box No. 5771L

### SEEKING GAY LOVER

Male, 33, educated, intelligent, seeks active gay lover about same age. Am lean, groovy, with swell pad. Flaming queens, nuts, hustlers, need not reply.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5673L

**HANDSOME YOUNG EXEC**  
Tall, well built, early 30's, seeks well endowed women for daytime affair. Satisfaction guaranteed as you like. Discreet. Will answer.  
GA., Male Box No. 5676L

**BLOND FRENCH FAN**  
Blonde model and exotic dancer who loves everything French will do justice to males who pass rigid examination. Must be warm, willing, and anxious to please. Possess a gorgeous body.  
FLA. Female Box No. 5776L

### SENSUAL, WELL ENDOWED

Handsome, educated, wild sense of humor, early 40's, seeking young, intelligent, passionate, uninhibited, exsistently beautiful girl for romance, companionship, possible lasting relationship, any race, white, oriental, black, green, even striped. Photo and phone desirable.  
NYC Male Box #M5555L

### YOUNG SLAVE WANTED

Good looking, 28, leather, s/m, other toys, seeks young submissive guys who dig b/d, slavery. Have leather. Rough, wild, uninhibited scenes. Photo and phone.  
NYC, Male Box #N5608L

### VOULEZ VOUS M'AIDER?

Very handsome male, 26, seeks sensual female for intimate relationship. I'm 6', college grad., discreet. Sincere inquiry, phone, brings quick reply.  
NYC, NJ Male Box #N5605L

### FULL TIME GIRL

wanted; Caucasian girl, under 25, to have fun and games with college men. Free room, board, spending money. Must be unabashed and attractive. Serious proposition, no freaks or jokes. Send photo, phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5672L

### FRENCHMAN SEEKING NEGRO

White male visiting or living Florida who enjoys home movies, nudism, unusual, travels New England once a year. Exchange photos. Answer all.  
FLA. Male Box No. 5692L

### SASSY SEXY SEPIA

bi girl, looking for girls or couples. French culturist. Photo, phone, bring fast reply.  
NYC, Female Box No. 5693L

### ALLENTOWN POTTSTOWN READING

Nice appearing male, early 40's, seeks attractive females and couples interested in French culture. Absolute discretion. Photo, phone appreciated. Lets get together.  
PA. Male Box No. 5694L

### SERIOUS GAY GUY

White, 32, 6'3", ivy grad. Interested in meeting guys, white to 30's, NJ or NYC. Serious replies only. Photo, phone, appreciated.  
NJ, NYC, Male Box No. P5695L

### HANDSOME ENDOWED MASTER

Caucasian, 24, wants young goodlooking slave, 21 or young looking. This is different. Discreet, clean and safe. Send photo and phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5768L

### WIFE WON'T SWING

I can, with her approval. Seeks attractive, personable, intelligent, discreet gal, 30's, no hangups, accompany me to "parties."  
NJ, NYC, Male Box #N5630L

### PLEASE TEACH ME

Male, white, 35, docile, good looking, seeks middle aged lady/ladies, for instruction in French culture. Photo and phone appreciated.  
NYC, Male Box #N5616L

### SWINGING TRAVELING MUSICIAN

Handsome male, 20's, seeks uninhibited females throughout USA, especially busty, but all answered. All ages. Digs cultures. Photo and phone.  
PENN. Male Box #L5614L

### AFRO AMERICAN GAY

Seeking extra well endowed gay males to 25 for a very interesting time. Will be rewarded for dates.  
NJ, NYC, Male Box #M5649L

### TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

Ladies who want the best of two worlds and like a male in nylon, silk, and even rubber lingerie, contact this non gay TV, who is attractive, 30ish, discreet, affluent, and travels. French expert. NO MEN  
NYC, Male Box No. 5686L

### POTENT STAG NATURALIST

Handsome, white, desires tryst with lush doe. Craves sensual froition of abiding delight. Swift reply to real woman.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5688L

### TAKE HEED

Letters and photos that are pornographic and obscene in content, must not be circulated through the mails. Please cooperate with the Post Office when answering advertisers. Postal regulations are such, that it is prohibitive to use their facilities for obscene materials.

### FOR DAYTIME FUN

Seattle area male, 55, very discreet, clean, wants to hear from gals who like all types of fun and games. Phone, photo, please.  
WASH., Male Box No. M5689L

### GENEROUS LI EXECUTIVE

Would like to meet young girls and housewives for afternoon dates. LI, NYC, NJ. Discretion assured. Phone please, photo helpful.  
NYC, Male Box #M5568L

### YOUNG GAY MALES

50 year old bachelor desires hearing from young gay single lads for gay weekends. Sincerity essential. Under 25 only, size unimportant. Dollar refunded.  
LI, NYC, Male Box #L5421L

### NO MEN PLEASE

Single, 30's, 5'2", young at heart, Oriental, educational background. Have been here for 3 years, want to meet friendly girls within my height. No photo, no answer.  
NYC, Male Box #M6023L

### PROFESSIONAL MAN

Attractive and exceptionally successful professional man, 35, own business, single, very discreet, seeks intelligent single or married female with broadminded outlook.  
NYC, Male Box #L5413L

### SEX IS GROOVY BUT!

I'm looking for aslim and pretty female 21-33 who also digs music, camping, Chinese restauranting, and just being with me. I'm self employed (but not wealthy), white, youngish 37, handsome, and lonely. Phone please. No pen pals.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5767L

### INTELLIGENT SINCERE GIRL

Tall, slim, vivacious, attractive negro girl with English background, seeks intelligent, refined, white gentlemen for positive friendship to 40. Photo and phone please.  
NYC, Female Box #5687L

**WRITER SEEKS PATRON**  
or Patroness in exchange for companionship and light duties.  
NYC, Male Box #M5562L

### GOES THE ROUTE

Male, 38, grooves with swinging guys an gals, couples, to 40. Leather, nylon, the bizarre and exotic, Greek and French arts. Photo appreciated. All answered.  
NYC Male Box #M5553L

### FAT TURNS ME 'ON

Bi-sexual, muscular, masculine male, 35, aroused only by obese people with huge thighs. Ages to 30. Send photo and dimensions. All answered promptly.  
PUERTO RICO Box #M5564L

**GOOD TIMES FOR ALL**  
Swinging male, 25, tall, good-looking, wishes to meet couples and adventurous gals. Assure wild evening. Will satisfy all.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5777L

### SOUTH EAST FLORIDA

Male, 48, 6'4", 195, likes to meet couples, females 35-50. Have versatile partner, yacht. No gays please. NYC in summer.  
FLA. Male Box No. 5781L

### ATTENTION AMPUTEE GIRLS

Nice guy, 50, civilized, generous, considerate, white, unprejudiced, not handicapped, wishes to meet intelligent limb deficient woman for exploration of mutual interests.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5782L

### TWO SWINGING SAILORS

Just in from long cruise, desire meetings, dates, parties, with hip females. Will travel ages 21-40. Reply now. No gay.  
NYC Males Box No. 5783L

### ATTRACTIVE FEMALE WANTED

5'7" young executive, continental type, needs affectionate well spoken miss to live with. Share business, social, travel interests.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5784L

### UNDERSTANDING UNINHIBITED MALE

26, seeks slender uninhibited female to 30. Am interested in all sensual pleasures between man and woman. Lasting relationship possible. Phone appreciated.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5785L

### ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WIDOW

28, white, 38-24-38, 5'6", 120, wishes to meet men to 30 for fun and good times. Must be well built and have loads of stamina. No prejudices. Please include photo.  
LI, NYC, Female Box No. 3324L

### GREEK CULTURIST NEEDED

Male, handsome, passive, needs sincere manly male 35-45. Discretion assured. Phone please, photo if possible. All answered.  
NYC, Male Box #Q5666L

### MUSCULAR BUTCH MALE

29, handsome, hip, muscular, seeks buddies for leather and western fun and ? No females. No captives of the gay bar scene.  
NYC, Male Box #P5193L

### YOUNG BUTCH GUYS

Handsome, masculine Italian male, 41, is interested in meeting attractive masculine boys/men to 35, who are interested in meeting handsome masculine Italian male, 41. Please send photo, photo, if possible.  
NYC, Male Box #5686L

Hetro or Homo, 2, 3, 4, or more. This discreet section  
is for you. Use form at end of section.



**TO PLACE AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

The headhunter advertisements are figured at the rate of 20c per word. Add 4 words for headline (up to 3 words) and code number. Minimum insertion is 25 words or \$5. Mail payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week FREE. Mail ad and payment to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226. All correspondence handled promptly with respect to your privacy. We cannot guarantee how many, if any, replies any advertiser will receive. We also reserve the right to edit and/or reject any and all copy.

# THE SWINGING HEADHUNTER

**Where Males Females & Couples Of All Types All Over The Nation Can Find Themselves Personal Ads That Are Intriguing & Discreet**

**Devoted to the Arts of Swinging Modeling & Dancing**

**NOTE: THIS SECTION IS NOT RUN BY THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, BUT BY SWINGER SERVICES, ONE OF THE NATION'S MOST DYNAMIC CORRESPONDENCE MEDIUMS. PLEASE ALLOW 2 TO 3 WEEKS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR IN THIS SECTION. ANY QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS SECTION SHOULD BE SENT TO SWINGING HEADHUNTER, P.O. BOX J, BKLYN, N.Y. 11226 PHONE 467-4261**

**TO ANSWER AN AD IN THIS SECTION YOU MUST BE OVER 21**

Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Your letter will not be opened, but will be mailed directly to the advertiser without delay. Make certain that your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each sealed envelope you wish forwarded.

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1 LETTER FOR \$1  
6 LETTERS FOR \$5  
15 LETTERS FOR \$10**

Send cash or money order with letters to: Swinging Headhunter, Postal drawer J, Bklyn, N.Y. 11226

**WANTED: NEGRO MALES**  
Complete head to toe work out. So come one, come all, we're two white "ready to go" chicks anxious to meet and satisfy well endowed negro males. If you're a sexy sepiia male, groovy times assured.  
NYC, Females Box No. 5734L

**PASSIONATE FEMALE WANTED**  
Male, 32, college graduate, bachelor, gentleman, would like to meet refined, intelligent, slim but nubile female. Object: Weekly discussion and fun and gay sessions in luxury suburban apartment. Discretion promised. Include phone.  
NY, Male Box No. 5732L

**WANTS SINCERE FRIENDS**  
Man, 30's, seeks serious male companions to 35 to groove with. Long hairs especially welcome but promise answers to all.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5752L

**LET'S GET TOGETHER**  
Male, 31, gay, looking to meet new people. I am easy going and reliable. If you are sincere write, snapshot please. All will be answered.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5674L

**HAS MANY INTERESTS**  
Young man, 26, and educated, wishes company of young female who is interested in fun and games as well as the other fine things of living. Please no extreme personality problems.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5733L

**MODERN BROADMINDED COUPLE**  
Clean, 26 and 40, attractive, seeks same, also single girl in SE, Florida. Photo gets immediate reply, returned if desired.  
FLA. Couple Box No. 5742L

**OMEGA ORGY**  
50 girls wanted for fun loving guys from L.I. fraternity. Must be attractive, willing, and uninhibited to groove with us. Please send photo.  
LI, NYC, Males Box No. 5763L

**YOU BE THE BOSS**  
Lonely male, 38, seeks relationship with young negro male. Am negro, slim, sincere, good cook, keeps house. Will please you in every way. Please write. My house is your home.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5761L

**SEARCHING FOR LOVE**  
Handsome bachelor, 37, desires to meet attractive and exotic ladies 21-35, desires to meet attractive and exotic ladies 21-35 to share happiness and possible marriage. Photo, phone requested.  
NJ, Male Box No. P5683L

**HOSPITABLE NEW YORKERS**  
Pretty, slender housewife, 30's, pleasant, friendly personality, enjoy having similar female friend or couple join us. Well mannered, but excitable and affectionate. Very sincere.  
NYC, NJ, Couple Box No. 5735L

**BLACK PLAYWRITER**  
6'2", 200 pounds of muscles, seeks persons for upcoming production titled; "master, discipline, ecstasy". No experience needed. Only complete obedience. Write today.  
NYC, Male Box No. P 5741L

**FREE FOR LADIES**  
Ladies seeking men for romance, marriage or friendship, advertise on these pages free. Take advantage, fill out coupon and send today.

**WONDERFUL YEAR 69**  
Man seeking women for French daytime sessions. Bored housewives and girls. Photo and phone please. Newark and Jersey areas.  
NJ, Male Box No. P5758L

**ATTENTION POWERFUL WOMEN**  
Good looking, very generous white male Junior executive, early 20's, seeks lusty, gusty, powerfully built, dominant females of all races and ages for intimate get togethers. Photo gets sure reply and dollar refunded, phone preferred.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5759L

**LIKES MATURE WOMEN**  
Young, 23, male model type, seeking literature loving, attractive woman, 30 plus, bi ok, for discreet friendship. Photo, phone.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5760L

**MASSAGE FOR BODYBUILDERS**  
Free rubdown of tight muscles from head to toe, front and back, all over. Ambidextrous male, white, 31, 5'7", 145. Photo please.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5677L

**BLACK GODDESS**  
Cultured black goddess, interested in meeting romantic executive type friends with knowledge and training for binding friendships. Photo and phone in your first letter.  
NYC, Female Box No. 5678L

**EX MARINE NEEDS MALE**  
Good looking 33, pilot ex Marine wants to meet well endowed Greek culturist. Visit NYC monthly. Phone and photo desired.  
MASS. Male Box No. M5764L

**FEMALE ROOMATE WANTED**  
White, bisexual male, 27, college graduate, has own car, apartment in village. Desires hip girl who is congenial, loves to party. Send phone, will call for date.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5743L

**BIG RICHARD**  
45, masculine, short, good build, big, fine proportions, educated, arts background, wants serious, preferably French orientated younger youthful male friend.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5744L

**SEEKING HIP MISS**  
Handsome young man looking for attractive Miss interested in French and Greek cultures. Object: Mutual satisfaction and opportunity to meet others. Photo, phone appreciated. All answered.  
NJ, NYC, Male Box No. 5745L

**SEEKS PHILADELPHIA SWINGERS**  
Attractive male student wishes to meet uninhibited females and couples interested in sharing the "good life". All sincere replies answered promptly.  
PHILLY, Male Box No. M5680L

**NOT A GAMBLE**  
Educated, sophisticated, versatile couple in famous resort area, seeks cultured, literate, interesting new friends. Will answer all.  
NEVADA, Couple Box No. M5679L

**FRIENDSHIP REQUESTED**  
Male, 37, sincere, clean cut, handsome, values friendship with lady of class from 21-35. Executive, has own apartment. Phone please.  
NY, Male Box No. 5746L

**MAN'S MAN WANTED**  
Black, femme, slim, and attractive, looking for a settled man's man 6' and over, 25-35 for friendship or intimate dates.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5747L

**VERY AFFECTIONATE MALE**  
Bachelor, 42, would like females only. Age doesn't matter, will answer all. Can satisfy in more ways than one. Phone or address desired.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5748L

**BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL**  
All this NYC Canadian man needs is "tendresse". Am 30, 5'9". Seek affectionate sepiia girl for dates. Gentleness and sensuality are a must. Intelligence is welcome.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5681L

**ARTIST SEEKS FRIEND**  
Handsome artist, lives in country, wishes to meet masculine young man for serious friendship. Will come to New York to meet you.  
PA., Male Box No. 5682L

**VERSATILE WHITE GUY**  
38, 6'2", masculine, like to groove with other masculine guys, white or black. Versatile chicks welcome. Phone, photo, if possible. Discreet.  
NYC, Male Box No. 5749L

**WE'LL TURN YOU ON**  
Wow! We enjoy entertaining you. I'm salt, she's pepper, we send photos. Write your description, or come in person. Will entertain in your home with your girl or together. Be generous, we will send samples. Send inquiries.  
NYC, Females Box No. 5750L

**DOMINANT YOUNG MALE**  
Wants groovy looking submissive young man, experienced or beginner, for firm restraint and aggressive discipline with leather, steel. Photo and measurements.  
NYC, Male Box No. P5751L

**SINGLE HANDSOME MALE**  
White, 27, 5'10", 170, wants to meet loving attractive female for daytime fun. Phone and photo answered first. Discreet.  
NYC, LI, Male Box No. 5754L

**STRONG SEPIA MODEL**  
Seeks docile male or female to keep me financially secure. Likes the best things money can buy. Addicted to French culture, so if you have your pad send me your phone. Lets get started.  
NYC, Female Box No. 5755L

**To Advertise in EVO'S Swinging Headhunter Section, Please use this Form.**

**Type or print clearly. Ad replies forwarded promptly and sealed. This section is most discreet. Your identity is always kept confidential.**

Leave Blank		Headline	
Code Number			
25 (Min. \$5.00)	26 (\$5.20)	27 (\$5.40)	28 (\$5.60)
29 (\$5.80)	30 (\$6.00)	31 (\$6.20)	32 (\$6.40)
33 (\$6.60)	34 (\$6.80)	35 (\$7.00)	Additional words 20¢ each

**Ladies, looking for men for friendship, romance, or marriage? We will print your ad free.**

**THIS WEEKS STATES: FLORIDA, ILLINOIS, CALIFORNIA.**  
Full Payment (Minimum \$5) Must Accompany Order.

**THE SWINGING HEAD HUNTER, P. O. BOX J BKLYN. 11226 DEPT. 328**

Enclosed is \$....., please publish my Discreet & Personal Ad for.....issues.

I wish to take advantage of your Free Offer by placing an order for 3 consecutive insertions. You will publish 4 times.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
I Am Over 21 \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

United States. The scene was nearly as comic as the situation in the Caribbean. The jury heard one FBI officer state that he was pushed by Mallick during the hearing.   
 NOW FEATURING:   
 Completely refurbished 45' olympic swimming   
 New York State, Judge Simon H. Rifkind, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's attorney, Alfred Bachrach, a member of the



- Completely refurbished 45' olympic swimming pool.
- All new bidet and needle showers.
- Carpeted dry heat sauna room.
- Parisian hair salon.
- Continental shaving pub.
- Charcoal grill room—steaks, chops, sandwiches, salads, etc. Complete line of health foods.
- Continental Cafe—sit, sip, chat and chat.
- Mirrored gymnasium—completely carpeted and equipped with the finest modern facilities.
- Hollywood TV theatre room—color TV, magazines—read, rest, watch and relax.
- Swedish massage—featuring Tommy Navarro—N.Y.'s finest young masseur. All types facials, body massage, Russian treatment.
- Floridian sun room—just installed, complete ultraviolet sun treatment from every direction. Most modern in New York.
- Canteen room—soda, cigarettes, candy, etc.
- Game room—chess, checkers, cards, etc.
- Modern and private dressing rooms with ultra clean, sleeping accommodations.

An now introducing another new feature — THE CONTINENTAL "SUN AND SKY CLUB", opening April 1st. 20 stories high overlooking the Hudson, private elevator from the baths, shower, massage, juice bar, music, sun and fun.

**ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO**

Come to THE CONTINENTAL and leave your cares behind. Open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. For sophisticated males only.

MAJESTIC MEN'S STORE ST. MARKS & 2nd AVE.

MAJESTIC MEN'S STORE ST. MARKS & 2nd AVE.

MAJESTIC MEN'S STORE 475-1620

Board of Directors of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and a man who broke with the American Union of Hebrew Congregations when it took an anti-Vietnam war stand, Stanley R. Jacobs, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and Arthur Sulzberger, Publisher of the New York Times and a Columbia Trustee.

Rabbi Goldman's job security has been a point of contention ever since his participation in last spring's demonstrations. Goldman was instrumental in organizing a protective cordon of faculty to surround buildings that had been taken by the students. "We wanted to put ourselves between the cops and the kids," he explained. Shortly after the demonstrations ended, attempts began to strip Rabbi Goldman of his job. His reconfirmation as Counselor to Jewish Students was held up four months, despite the fact that he had a contract with the Advisory Board. Wealthy Jewish alumni refused to contribute funds to support Rabbi Goldman's office.

Further exacerbating the situation, was the fact that Goldman had brought a virulently anti-Semitic anti-student anti-Black edition of COLUMBIA COLLEGE TODAY, to the attention of attorney Paul O'Dwyer. The publication, printed by the Columbia College Alumni Association was an administration attempt to explain the disorders of the previous spring. An amazing document, it was filled with innuendoes about a Jewish-marxist conspiracy to destroy the fine old Anglo-traditions of Columbia College. O'Dwyer read the piece and immediately passed it on to the City Commission on Human Rights. Again, this was considered improper behavior by Goldman. Somehow, the Jewish alumni felt that it was perfectly alright to get a City uptight about semi-non-existent Black anti-Semitism. But to hit the real thing, to hit the gentlemanly bigotry so widely held in the power-structure, Well, that was wrong.

The future for A. Bruce Goldman is unclear. He likes working in a University setting and relates well to kids. Frankly, he is the closest thing to a "New Left Rabbi," and to those college youth who are tired of hearing some pious religious leader misunderstand all their feelings, he is terribly refreshing. Of course there are a few students who would be happy to see the Rabbi go. They are conservative and feel that the Jewish counselor should merely confine his activities to holding weekly services and passing out Matzo at Passover time.

Some weeks ago, a group of 100 Columbia professors issued a public statement (They did so, incidentally, with the aid of the University Public Relations Dept.) decrying activist student demonstrations as a threat to academic freedom. "The tradition of the university as a sanctuary of academic freedom and center of informed discussion is an honored one to be guarded vigilantly," the statement said. Thus far, none of the 100 signed that statement have stepped forward to safeguard the academic freedom of Bruce Goldman.

HAIL COLUMBIA!

DE MARIA DANGER DWAN

bean. The electronic press — six tripod mounted TV cameras plus four man crews for each plus reporters, pushed most of the pencil press aside in their efforts to get good shots of the slight, small Mr. Webster. The correspondent from the Press Trust of India (an AP-like association) nearly came to blows with the television crews because he stood in front of a camera. Other newsmen cheered on Chakravarthi Raghavan revealing the breach between the media fraternity.

And Anguilla is a media-molded story. Webster refuted all charges that the island which formerly was a part of St. Kitts-Nevis had anything to do with "sinister elements, Mafia or gamblers."

Speaking in a voice as small as his island, Webster said that his was an independent nation that is "looking to the United Nation as a child looks to its mother." He said that he was not driven off from the island by the British armed forces that landed there last week, but said that his office was seized by the British and that his movements were restricted. This he said forced him to go to St. Martin so he could use a phone and then he decided to come to the UN headquarters to tell his story.

He said that the UN Committee of 24 which deals with the implementation of ending colonialism had agreed to send a fact finding group to the island "so that the world can have an impartial story of what has happened and what we are doing." But only minutes before the news conference a UN spokesman said that no decision on this matter had been made by the Committee of 24.

Webster said he and his government, which the British do not recognize, are willing to negotiate with London. But first they want the withdrawal of all armed British forces and the removal of the British representative, Anthony Lee. He indicated that Anguilla would accept another representative.

He was also careful not to burn the bridge that would lead to future British economic aid by phrasing his statements in such a way as to imply the current troubles could be resolved peacefully.

He cited the fact that the British have found no "Mafia or sinister types since the invasion." The British publically stated that the reason for their takeover was the danger created by "sinister" people who have misled Webster and the people of Anguilla. Nor have any arms—reportedly supplied by Gumbus—been found.

"These hands," Gumbus said while stretching out his palms, "haven't touched a gun since I was a soldier in the United States Army." However, he did not specifically answer whether he was arranging arms shipments.

"Anguillians are a peace-loving people," he said. He pointed to the fact that on Feb. 9, 1,789 citizens of Anguilla voted for a new constitution. Only four persons voted against it, and he noted the election was covered by Canadian Broadcasting and a Miami TV station.

The electronic media have tended to make the story a comic opera, and it certainly has those elements. But the situation immediately raises the question of why the British choose to stomp on black Anguilla and not white Rhodesia. The British Foreign Secretary recently sloughed off that question in a Commons debate with the remark that it was easier to do it in Anguilla.

And that's why the British will probably get away with their action unless the UN can exert enough pressure.

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by Malleck during the bust. But the same agent, in his testimony before the grand jury, said he was punched. He defended his changed testimony on the grounds that he remembered the incident better seven months after it happened. Lefcourt then asked him when he was lying: at the grand jury session or now during the trial.

Other contradictory evidence of a similar nature occurred. The FBI had taken numerous photos of the church and of the people entering and leaving, and of demonstrators outside during the days that they operated out of the house across the street. Judge Curtain refused to allow the pictures to be used as evidence by the defense which contended that the FBI was holding talks and meetings with Louis Manasanto, a Paratrooper for Freedom, who actually was in the midst of the federal posse that ultimately charged the church. But eventually, Curtain relented and permitted the photos to be shown, proving the FBI was in frequent contact with the Buffalo rightwing.

The posse came in plain clothes and charged a symbolic line of sympathizers who had announced that they would take no violent action. The federal police bulled their way through, one agent swinging a chain. They made a beeline for selected leaders—the nine arrested. The senior FBI agent said he didn't wear his badge during the arrests because he feared that his suit would be ripped. The people in the church at first thought they were being attacked by the Miaufemen or a similar group, especially since Manasanto was near the lead.

The FBI also told the jury that they never saw anyone shooting at the church or that they ever heard of the incident despite the fact that the FBI gets reports automatically of such shootings.

The prosecution did not cross-examine any witness for the defense, even the men on trial who took the stand in their own defense. The result was the acquittal of all but Beyer, and the charge brought by the senior FBI agent against him was the one that was dropped. Obviously, the jury never believed the guy.



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to get involved with was Scientology. (See what a pretty pass psychedelic narcotics have worked upon a once-brilliant young mind? Once he was handsome, and — and swift . . . but now . . .)

But you gotta feed the ole kitty, otherwise it'll kill you in your sleep, and Latimer would leifer write for EVO than work a living. So, on Saturday night, he took the BMT up to Times Square, where The Times loading docks are located, right around the corner on 43rd. It looked bad to Latimer. Clustered in front of the little porn shop next to Child's tittered a flock of shaggy, dirt-encrusted youngsters with 'Crazies' buttons and red hard hats. Just beyond them, talking strategy in muted tones, lay a patch of fuzz with 4"x30" maple wood bopsticks and robin's-egg blue helmets. Another foul-mouthed youngster walked by wearing a red cross armband. Beginning to wish he'd brought along a press card, Latimer strolled around the corner down toward Eight Avenue. Several hundred people were filing along the sidewalk, all sorts of people, mostly silent, but breaking in frequently into brief clumsy chant: 'Take over the plants, double your salary!'; 'You don't have to read the shit, you can smell it!'; 'The Times is the apologist of Imperialism!'; were some of the really good ones they tried to do. A string of grey barriers and scurrying newsmen separated them from The Times loaders across the street, a union shop with not one black face among them. (The demonstrators could have got a better rise out of them by chanting, 'The Times is a niggerlover!') Once in a while, a porkpie union stud would bellow 'Take a bath!' or 'Get a haircut!' At one point, long-haired Latimer retorted 'Get a lobotomy!' and it caught on for a while.

What you do at these demonstrations is walk back and forth along the sidewalk from one Avenue to another, chanting intermittently. The reporters in the street keep flashing strobe attachments at you: if you're the dreamy sort, you can get so involved with the bruises on your retina that you forget where you are and walk smack into a cop. After a couple hours, Latimer shrugged irritably and headed for home.

There'd been talk of another Grand Central Invasion the same evening, and Latimer felt duty-bound to cover it. The 42nd Street shuttle, however, was stuffed with these weird kids — Crazies buttons, red hard hats, red cross armbands — and it hurt his scalp just to look at them. And in Grand Central, there were many, many, policeman with maple bopsticks and robin's-egg helmets . . . Helmets the colour of Richard Speck's eyes . . . The bopsticks looked bigger than of yore . . . And why should Latimer participate anyway? He's bled all over Berkely and the Lower East Side and Greenwich Village, what is there in Grand Central that calls for his corpses? A Walter Tzazuk he is not: he got on the train and went home.

The next day they busted Abbie Hoffman for leasing a flat in which the cops found some people with what appeared to be firearms and narcotic drugs. Latimer suspects they did it mainly so that The Times and the News could speak of certain vague 'disturbances in midtown,' at which Abbie had been seen at the night before. 'That way,' suggests Latimer, 'they can say they covered the demonstrations, but they needn't say anything about them. Dig?'

See you at the Mobilization Parade on April Fifth!

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**LIMBO**

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Winking boots and belts in nehru shirts meet penny whistle peace fool

Leetle three-dot journalism this week, folks . . . But grok ye this beforehand — a Winchell I'm not, no, I'm a Lippmann . . . things going down this week: Lennox Raphael, ever-popular death-defying young hip spade journalist-playwright, reports that the departments of Fire and Police are conspiring to shut down the Free Store Theatre (14 Cooper Square — the former site of the Free Store) because like Rex Reed they consider cocksucking and cuntlapping to be perversities and bad for you. The cuntlapping and cocksucking in this case being integral to the production of Lenox's latest drama, Che — 'introducing the Theatre Of The Jubilinal' — sic — at dat same dere Free Store Theatre . . . The Times said: 'We are not amused' . . . Capt. Gabos of the Ninth Precinct (may his camels stampede over his children) reasoned with Lennox in this wise: 'If we don't stop this \$XX!!x& Comunist &\*\* flfl right now before you know it they'll be f----ing in Tompkins Square!' . . . The houses of Lippincott and Ferrar, Strauss, & Giroux have expressed an innarest in publishing the tet of Che as a \$25 hardcover, complete w/colour glossies & Egghead Longhair Introduction by PhD, in which case it would become good for you. And if MGM (a subsidiary of Gulf & Western, their wells should only turn to tar) actually films it with Charleton Heston as Che and Sandra Dee as Mayfag, well, then won't Capt. Gabors be embarrassed? . . . Memo to Father Fink (may his hair increase): hands off Lennox or we'll sic The Hungarian Elephant Masquerade onto you.

Ah, showbiz in Gotham, that toddlin' town: for every light on Second Avenue from the Gayety to the Fillmore there's a broken bottle. The latest question around Town is, Can Heironymous Merkin Forget Mercy Humppe And Find Happiness With Polyester Poontang? . . . Perhaps . . . But you'll notice that The Daily News, in its last-ditch offensive against immorality, salaciousness, and nood broads in general, will not print the word 'Humppe' in its ads for the flick: 'Can Heironymous Merkin Forget Mercy H----' is what The News ads say . . . (Horseshit? Hoover? Halavah?) . . . But here's a case where The News can't see the Kotex for the

bloodstain: mainly, they will in their ignorance print the word 'Merkin,' which as all us hip liberated freethinking swingers ('perverts' is an ethnic slur) know, a 'Merkin' is nothing other than a certain variety of pubic wig worn by the hip liberated freethinking Elizabethans . . . And look what happened to the Elizabethans. . . 'Mah fellow Merkins,' President Lyndonbane useta drawl . . . And look what happened to Lyndonbane . . . The question going around Hudson and Bleeker Streets right now is, 'Who was the parrot in Stevenson's Treasure Island?'

Speaking from The News, they printed Abbie Hoffman's home address in two separate editions last weekend (he was busted twice) . . . Also Jerry Rubin's and Dave Dellinger's addresses they printed, but they printed Abbie's (may his bail fund flourish) twice . . . News, what is the use of this? If you're going to print addresses, why not print the arresting officer's? The presiding magistrate's? The reporter's?

**BEARDED YIPNIKS DISRUPT THIRD WORLD WAR**

A bearded, foul-mouthed, unconventionally-attired band of teenage college student so-called Crazies today effectively prevented Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, from pressing the button to fire the entire Vandenburg ICBM arsenal at godless Russia. Throwing a bag of what Walter Reed laboratory technicians later identified as 'urine and feces' into the General's face, the filthy, self-abusing threesome broke his bottle of 120-proof Jack Daniels over his file case, ruining several secret documents, and sat on his head until he sobered up. The three, all of the Beacon Of The Revolution Commune, 155 Bayshore Drive, Nairobi, California, were taken into custody for FBI agent Spiro Slapstick, of 47-48 Increment Ave., Chevy Chase, Md. Gen. Wheeler, of 114 Top Security Plaza, Necropolis, D.C., said later, 'I can understand why they protest, but why do they have to be so filthy?' (Story written by News staffer Melvin Klappdrop, 210 Honeymoon Terrace, Levittown, N.Y., just beyond the cutoff from the Cross-Bronx Expressway, Apt. 7B, with little mailbox just big enough for bomb).

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**YIPPIES STORE GUNS WITH COPS**  
**BY ELI EZNER**

Hoffman, who was not in his office-crashpad at the time of the arrests, had spent a busy weekend surrendering to marshals at Foley Square to later face arraignment on charges of conspiracy to incite a riot in Chicago, and staging demonstration against the New York Times for printing lies.

Sunday afternoon: Hoffman and his lawyer, Gerald Lefcourt (defender of the Black Panthers, the Buffalo Nine and others), submitted to a telephonic interview with EVO.

This is their version of what occurred:

Last week Hoffman and several others associated with the Youth International Party (Yippies) called a news conference at the Hotel Diplomat to announce their acceptance of the Chicago indictments regarding a conspiracy to mount or incite a riot during the Democratic Party National Convention.

During the conference a young man struck up an acquaintance with Cousin Clyde, an associate of Hoffman. This same young gentleman appeared last Saturday night and asked if any of the three persons gathered in Hoffman's office-crashpad wanted heroin. Hoffman was not at the office at the time. His wife Anita holds the lease on the crashpad.

The three men in the office-crashpad acknowledged that they would buy some dope, and the dealer said he would be back in an hour. But later in the evening another young man came to the door with a paper bag, and he said he had the stuff and was allowed into the office which is directly across the street from the ninth precinct.

One of the three in the crashpad, who happened to live upstairs in the same building, had gone to his apartment and returned with his private needle. The messenger said he had to go out for a few minutes and would soon return.

He returned minutes later with packets of heroin clutched in his hand and with the police who found the three loaded automatic guns, and some heroin. The messenger then disappeared and has not been seen since.

The youth who said he lived upstairs was taken up to his apartment by police. He refused to open the door to his flat and was pistol whipped for his pains. The door was opened and two young men inside were arrested on charges of narcotic violations and brought down to the crashpad which was thoroughly ransacked by police who took all files, letters, posters and books found in the roughly eight by ten foot office, despite the fact the police had no search warrant.

These events ended sometime before three in the morning last Sunday. About three, Peter Rabbit, another associate of Hoff-

man, walked past the office and saw it in disarray. Rabbit promptly called Hoffman who at first thought the office had been merely robbed. But Hoffman, after seeing the mess, became convinced that the police had done the job and strolled across the street to the Ninth Precinct.

There he was informed that Cousin Clyde and four others were being held upstairs, and Hoffman went up to join them, but was promptly arrested.

Hoffman immediately called Lefcourt who appeared in the station house within 20 minutes to learn that Hoffman was charged with a misdemeanor for possessing three loaded automatic guns. Having a loaded gun is automatically a felony, and Lefcourt expressed surprise at the lesser charge until he learned of the circumstances surrounding the case.

"The DA knows his case will never stand up in court," the lawyer told EVO. "First Abby wasn't in the office, and second, the office is not in his name. Obviously the DA knows he has no case, and is going for the misdemeanor charge because he doesn't want to look too dumb by going for the felony charge."

Hoffman was asked by EVO whether the guns were his. "No," Hoffman laughed. "we keep our arsenal in a much better place, in the basement of the Ninth Precinct . . . Do you think we would keep guns in that office? The place is always open, the windows don't even lock. It's a place where I let my friends sleep, you know, a crashpad. Every cop in the neighborhood knows where it is, they all know my place."

"The cops went wild in the office. They took all the files, all my letters, all the posters off the wall and went to DA screaming, 'Hey, we got all this awful stuff on REVOLUTION,' and the DA said, 'Wow! Now we got him' and I walk into the station house to look for Cousin Clyde and they busted me."

Hoffman was released on a \$100 cash bond. Clyde, arraigned on gun charges, was released on \$100 bail, and Steve Mullen was released without bail on narcotic charges. The others had their cases dismissed. All had been taken to weekend court at 100 Centre St. Hoffman is to go for trial hearing April 18, and the others at a later date. Lefcourt is handling only Hoffman's case, and other lawyers are being contacted to handle Clyde's and Mullen's case.

The police, however, have a slightly different version of the events of Sunday morning. Lt. Levenbach (phonetic spelling) told EVO that a policeman reported "that someone was pointing a gun out the window of Hoffman's office." But later the police claimed that they had merely received a telephone tip. They made no mention of the man who joined police in the raid and who had heroin packets in his hands.



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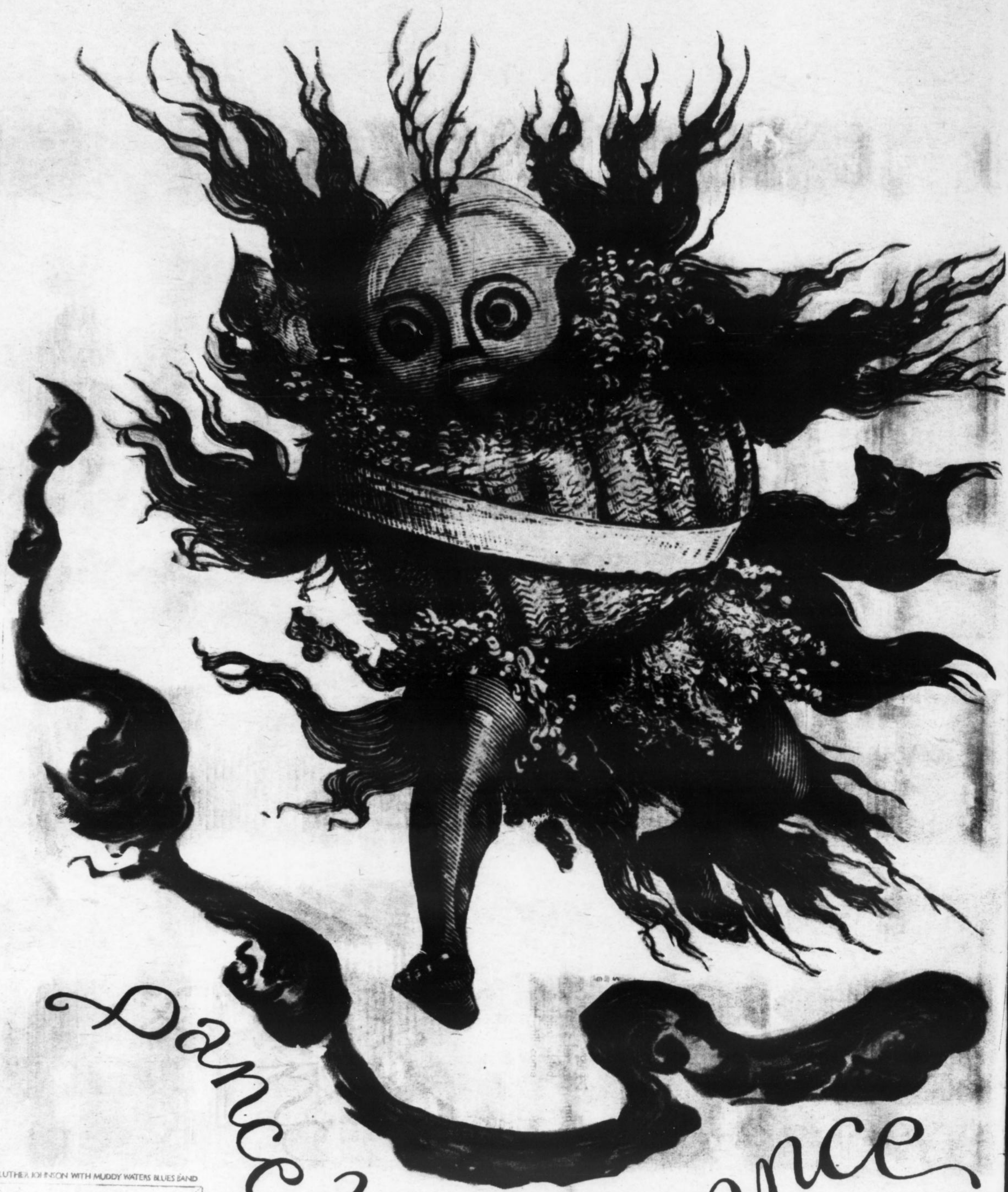
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