

# THE east village THE

OMP  
SERIAL PUBL MICROFILM  
UNIVERSITY MI 48106  
ANN ARBOR MI

volume five number eleven february 18th 15¢ metropolitan. 35¢ national.

e  
t  
w  
n  
N  
H  
a  
o  
D  
e  
r  
w  
MIXED  
CITY



HOW THE ROCK AND ROLL INDUSTRY SCREWS YOU  
EXILED RAT CARTOONIST BEGINS DYKE EPIC  
DETAILS ON LIRR CRASH  
PANTHER 21 TRIAL

Frank Kennedy



## HIRAP

THE WAY THINGS ARE WORKING OUT NOW, THERE'S NO NEED TO SWEAT ABOUT THE DETAILS. THE MYTH OF THE JUDICIARY'S OMNIPOTENCE HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BY JUDGE HOFFMAN. NO LONGER CAN THE INVECTIVE HURLED AGAINST HIS HONOUR BE CHALKED UP AS HIPPIE HYSTERIA. NOBODY CAN DISAGREE WITH ARBIE WHEN HE TELLS THE JUDGE THAT THE ONLY OBSCENITY IN THE COURTROOM IS MAGOO'S MISAPPREHENSION OF JUSTICE. WHEN DAVE DELINGER'S BAIL IS REVOKED ON THE PHONY PRETEXT OF PROTECTING THE COURTROOM AND THE NATION FROM DELINGER'S "BARNYARD OBSCENITIES", THE SCAM IS BLOWN. WHO THE HELL ARE THEY KIDDING?

WHEN THE MIGHTY APPARATUS OF THE STATE IS BEING MOBILIZED IN ORDER TO PUT TIM LEARY BEHIND BARS AND THUS SAVE THE NATION FROM THE INEVITABILITY OF HIS SUBVERSIVE TRUTHS, THE PATHOLOGY OF THEIR PARANOIA IS AS OBVIOUS AS THE CHIEF'S PASSION FOR SWARTHY CUBANS.

EVERYTHING IS COMING TO LIGHT--NO NEED TO SWEAT ABOUT THE DETAILS. DIG IT! SPIRO BOUNCING A GOLF BALL OFF HIS PARTNER'S SKULL, OR THE CHIEF DIGGING A CUP OF SLUDGE WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO SPELL "ECOLOGY". OR JOHN NEWTON MITCHELL FUCKING WITH THE MEDIA... AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T MUCH HE WANTED. NO SKIN OFF THE NEW YORK TIMES' ASS TO LET HIM HAVE THEIR RAW FILES ON THE PANTHERS AND THE WEATHERMEN. WHY SHOULDN'T CBS LET HIM HAVE THEIR UNCUT FILM OF THEIR INTERVIEW WITH CLEAVER? WHO GIVES A SHIT, IT'S ALL IN THE NAME OF LAW AND ORDER, BARY. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF NEWSWEEK, ALL SHOOK IN THEIR BOOTS AND WERE READY TO DO EXACTLY WHAT JOHN MITCHELL ASKED OF THEM.

AFTER NEWSWEEK STOOD THEIR GROUND, THE REST REGAINED SOME OF THEIR LOST SPINE, AND EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN EXTRACTING FROM MITCHELL SOME SORT OF BULLSHIT: "...WE ARE TAKING STEPS TO INSURE THAT IN THE FUTURE, NO SUBPOENAS WILL BE ISSUED TO THE PRESS WITHOUT A GOOD FAITH ATTEMPT BY THE DEPARTMENT TO REACH A COMPROMISE ACCEPTABLE TO BOTH PARTIES PRIOR TO THE ISSUANCE OF A SUBPOENA. I BELIEVE THAT THIS POLICY OF CAUTION, NEGOTIATION AND ATTEMPTED COMPROMISE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE AS WORKABLE IN THE FUTURE AS IT HAS IN THE PAST."

NO PROBLEM OF INTERPRETATION HERE. CERTAINLY, IF THE MEDIA CONTINUES TO BEHAVE AS WELL WITH JUDGE HOFFMAN IN THE FUTURE AS THEY HAVE IN THE PAST, THEY SHOULD ENCOUNTER NO GRAVE DIFFICULTY WHEN HE MAKES THE SUPREME COURT. THE COMPROMISE SHOULD WORK AS WELL THEN AS IT DOES NOW. NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE DETAILS.

WE DON'T PRINT SHIT IN RAT<sup>o</sup> ANYMORE KID. DONT YOU SEE THAT IT'S MERE EXPLOITATION OF OUR FEMALE BODIES? CAN YA DO SOMETHING FUNNY, LIKE HUGH HEFNER FUCKING A DONKEY.



*Sealook*

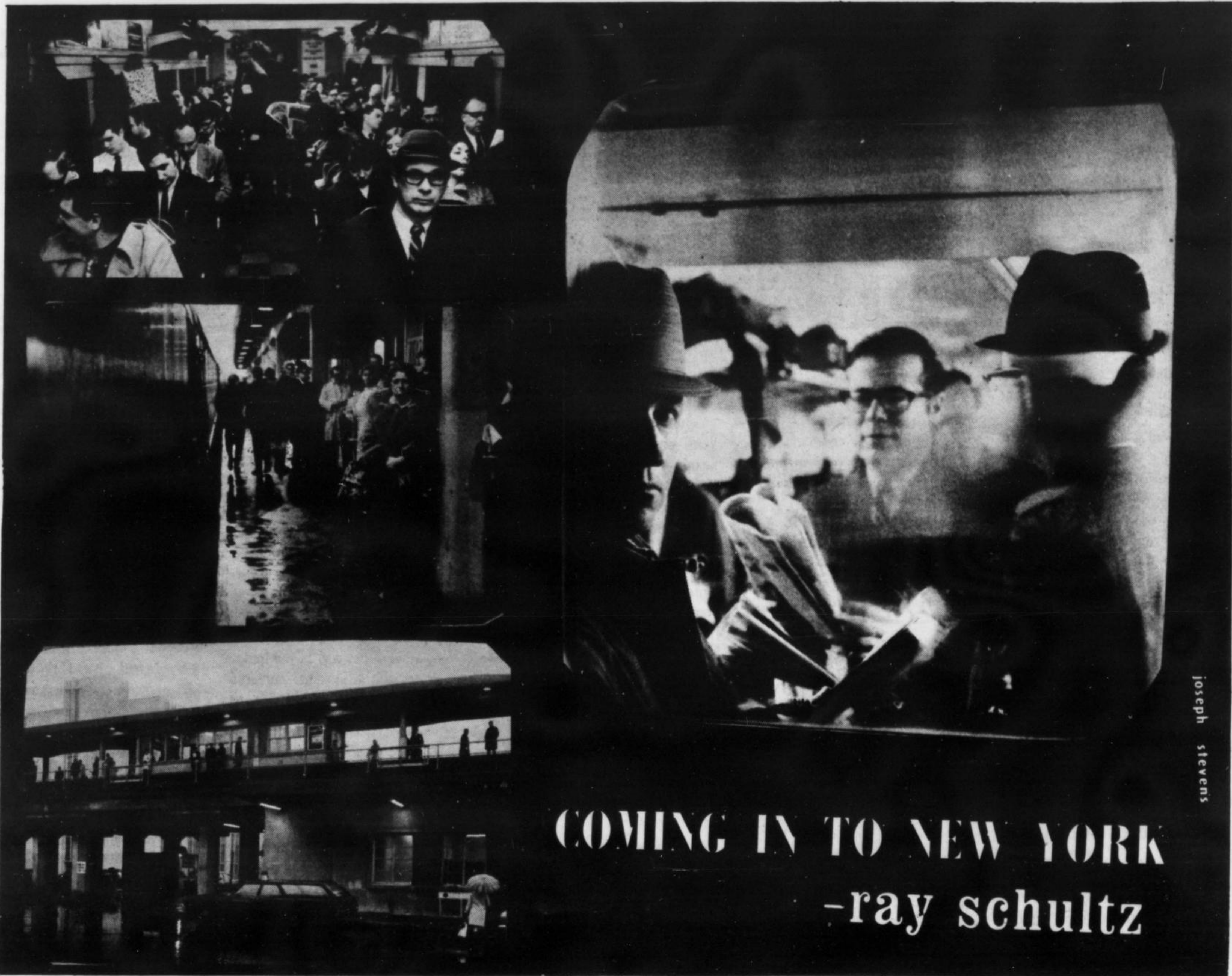
Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1970 The East Village Other, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Sale to Minors without written consent of their parents is prohibited.

JAAKOV KOHN  
JOEL FABRIKANT  
ALLAN KATZMAN  
ARTHUR FELDMAN  
FLICKA DE MOID  
D.A. LATIMER  
DAVID WALLEY  
IRVING SHUSHNICK  
CLAUDIA DREIFUS  
ALEX GROSS  
LITA ELISCU

STEPHEN KOHN  
ARTHUR  
RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN  
CANDY S. CORNFLOWER  
DON LEWIS  
TIMOTHY LEARY  
RENFREU NEFF  
BARONE GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA  
ZLAGOBODINKSI KHARSHOLSK  
JACKIE DIAMOND  
DON KATZMAN  
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG  
LIL PICARD  
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ (SPAIN)  
AL SHENKER

RAY SCHULTZ  
JOSEPH STEVENS  
PARIS: J.J. LEVEL  
NORTH: THE KID  
LONDON: MILES  
KIM DEITCH  
HETTY  
R. CRUMB





## COMING IN TO NEW YORK -ray schultz

Rockville Centre was dark and abandoned when photographer Joe Stevens and I stepped off the 6:09 workman's special from Penn Station last Tuesday morning, so we walked three or four blocks, found a greasy spoon, then we watched the sky turn from black to gray in the morning fog while we drank coffee, ate bacon sandwiches, and discussed the financial, philosophical, metaphysical, astrological and sexual implications of what we were up to, to wit, the investigation of the greatest, most efficient commuter line in the country, the Long Island Railroad, the route of the Dashing Dan, our toughest assignment since Biafra. Hoo Wee.

We wound up in Rockville Centre quite by accident. We had been standing in Penn Station, trying to decide what Garbage Cove or Madhouse Manor to visit, when a spaced-out ticket agent told us "Rockville Centre. You go. You like. My home. No shit. Three dollars round trip." What the hell, we said. We laid down the cash even as the police were scraping some fallen bum off the floor. There was no Rockville Centre for him. We tore down the stairs and boarded an archaic double-decker train that was sparsely populated by workers in flannel windbreakers.

"Joe," I said, "We're on our way, boy."

"Hey, man," Joe said, "I need coffee. I need some coffee or I'm through."

"Keep the faith," I said. "We'll make it."

The train took approximately 40 minutes to get to Rockville Centre, travelling at a slow but even pace. Rockville Centre looked pretty bleak. Two story buildings, fashionable churches, hobby shops and Chinese restaurants. Crossing the big street, Sunrise Highway, the carbon monoxide was worse than the city, but we didn't see any cars.

As we sat in the luncheonette though, the people began coming out of their Cape Cod, Ranch-style, Split-level hovels. We joined them on the street and followed them back to the train station, an elevated trestle of no little beauty. We entered the station, and I positioned myself near a newsstand, and made like Gabe Pressman.

"Good morning sir, I'm from the East Village Other, what do you think of the present situation on the Long Island Railroad?"

"Hnh? The Long Island Railroad? Let me tell you something, hippie, I've been riding this train for 30 years. I was in the wreck of '51. I took my kids to the beach on this train, I rode it to my father's funeral. I've takjn it every single day of my professional life, and I remember when they painted them gray. But never, in my days with the line, have I seen any shit like this. Never any shit like this."

"Any shit like this sir? Would you explain that for our readers?"

"The fare hike, you imbecile! A twenty percent fare hike! Tain't fair! Tain't right! They give us these weatherbeaten trains, I remember them from my childhood! One

freaking delay after the other, then they talk about a strike, then they cancel several trains, then they tell us to cough up 20 percent more than we're paying now. It's a protestant trick!"

"Sir, where do you work in Manhattan?"

"Manhattan? Fuck Manhattan! I work in Massapequa. I'm a bank guard." Here comes my train now, the only Eastbound one till noon. Take care."

We lept on the escalator, then an announcement came over the P.A. system.

"There will be a delay on the 7:30 train for Brooklyn. The 7:30 train for Brooklyn will be delayed, we repeat. The next train is the 7:40 train for Penn Station, which is scheduled to arrive at 7:45. The 7:40 train for Penn Station which is scheduled to arrive at 7:45, though it may not get here until 7:50, will make an unscheduled stop at Jamaica. Suffice it to say, it will not arrive at Penn Station on time. In fact, it may not arrive at Penn Station at all. But it should arrive here, fairly soon, and it might very well make Jamaica where this morning it is scheduled to make an unscheduled stop. We thank you."

"This is weird," I said to a man who was standing next to me.

"Leave me alone," he said.

I wandered outside to the front of the station, where dozens of well-dressed businessmen were pulling up in dozens of scratched-up station-wagons, then handing the keys to their dozens of house-coated,

hair-netted, groggy, kid-raising wives. Some cars had dogs, also. One or two had little kids. All the men kissed their wives before debarking. The wives all burned rubber as they pulled out. This, I told Stevens, is the American dream.

The trains pulled in, one after the other, then they pulled out. Uniformed schoolkids bopped down the stairs and made it, apparently, for the Parochial School across the street. More commuters came in, graying pot-bellied men, old bankers, young side-burned cats, new advertising execs, stiff-walking secretaries, middle-aged schoolmarms. They were all hostile. A cop wandered in, a sloppy Joe from the Rockville Centre Police Force. His uniform was unorthodox. He was fifty-ish, much too docile to be a Pig. A nice sort. Decent stock. He chatted with some of the commuters. Looks like a bad ride this morning, he said.

"You said it," they told him.

"How are you?" he asked me.

"Fine. Yourself?"

"Very well, thanks. That your buddy, with the camera?"

"That's him."

"Doing this for the papers, eh?"

"True Magazine," I told him.

"I read it," he said. "Pick it up from time to time."

"Yeah," I said. "I like it. The money's good."

"I figured it must be. Hope you get a good spread."

"I'm sure we will. How could we miss on this?"

By this time, the station was

jammed-up and jelly tight. We bopped up the escalator and decided to board the next train, the eight:something, which the ticket agent told us would be the most crowded. It was raining like hell. A train entered from the east, water streaking dawk the sides, the cars already packed to the brim. The folks on the platform stuffed themselves in, a terrifying effort which produced many growls and curses. Stevens was shooting pictures like a maniac. We waited until the conductor was about to give the high sign, then we boarded ourselves.

"Look`out! Make a hole! Men coming through!"

"Christ!"

"Godammit!"

"Is this a joke?"

We were in another double-decker standing-room sold out. The passengers, to a man, gave us dirty, sullen looks, then returned to their *Times* or *Daily News* (Outbreak during Panther Trial.) We were standing, perfectly upright, with hundreds of others. The air was unbelievable, in fact, non-existent. The fumes of several cigarettes and cigars made breathing more difficult than it is on any subway. Two points for the B.M.T. We were at eye-level with the people in the upper seats. One or two of them would turn a bit, and find themselves staring at Stevens' pleasant mustaschioed snout. They would do a double take and Stevens would line up his camera to their face-level and snap. Angered, they would turn away.

(Continued on Page 21)



# NEWS & COMMENTARY

## LAW

"I think what you have just said is about the most outrageous statement I have ever heard from a bench, and I am going to say my piece right now, and you can hold me in contempt right now if you wish to.

"You have violated every principle of fair play when you excluded Ramsey Clark from that witness stand."

"You can't tell me that Ralph Abernathy cannot take the stand today because of a technicality of whether I made a representation," Mr. Kunstler continued. "That representation was made in perfect good faith with Your Honor. I did not know that Reverend Abernathy was back in the country. We have been trying to get him for a week and a half to be the last witness in this case.

"I am trembling because I am so outraged. I haven't been able to get this out before, and I am saying it now, and then I want you to put me in jail if you want to.

"I have sat here for four and a half months and watched the objections denied and sustained by Your Honor and I know that this is not a fair trial. I know it in my heart.

"I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to naught, that there is no meaning in this court, that there is no law in this court, and these men are going to jail by virtue of a legal lynching and that Your Honor is wholly responsible for that, and if this is what your career is going to end on, if this is what your pride is going to be built on, I can only say to Your Honor, 'Good luck to you.'"

## RELIGION

Dear EVO,

To read stuff like this merely confirms what you've been saying all along. Your reaction will be "Ah, didn't we tell you so?" You did but to read something like this is the Establishment Press wakens one up to the fact that whatever you at EVO have to say, it's real important you have as many people as possible listening. I understand much better now, the reason for your existence. Right on, EVO!

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

James Zeman  
313 12th St. S.E.  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Ed. Ah, didn't we tell you so?

## EDUCATION

VANCOUVER, B.C. (CUP/LNS)—Suspended members of Simon Fraser University's department of political science, sociology and anthropology have launched a new attempt to make education serve the people.

The faculty is opening a new educational institute—the Community Educational and Research Center—in order to "serve the needs of the entire community."

"The purpose of it is to make education relevant to the problems faced by people such as workers, tenants, minorities and the poor in their everyday lives," said former department chairman Mordecai Briemberg.

Briemberg, democratically elected by students and faculty in the department last year, was first deposed from his post and then suspended when the teachers struck to fight an administration trusteeship imposed on the department. The resulting strike was a focal point in Canadian politics all through 1969.

Seven other professors were suspended during the course of the strike, which ended November 4; the suspensions were upheld by a five-man tribunal of the University's Board of Governors over protestations that the body was hopelessly biased.

The issue of a "people's university" was central to the Simon Fraser crisis: faculty and students gave as one of their main goals during the strike the formation of "counter-courses" which would be aimed at service to the community rather than to business.

The community education center, Briemberg said, will provide information to those who are not within the power structure and therefore do not have access to this information.

The faculty have already planned educational sessions on contemporary industrial society, research, and science and society. In addition, workshops on racism in Canada and on the history and development of trade unions in Canada are planned.

The center will depend on private donations both of money and furniture.

"We are not a political party," Briemberg said. "We will provide the facilities, but those using them will have to decide how to use them."

## RESOLUTION

"To be subjected to integration is one thing, but to submit to it is quite another. If we are subjected to it, we can resist it, contain and eventually expel it, but if we submit to it and accept it the destruction is likely to be permanent and irrevocable.

"We must pledge that we will not get used to integration just because it has occurred, and that we will use the integration around us to develop an immunity to integration in the future. Each of us must vow personally never to accept integration nor to submit to it."

—Robert B. Patterson,  
Secretary  
Association of Citizens'  
Councils of America.  
Greenwood, Mississippi

## CORRECTIVE ECOLOGY

Dear EVO,

I don't understand why Martin Jezer is so upset about chemical farming (Feb. 4 "Earth Read-Out How Many Harvests Have We Left?"). There's really no problem.

Just let the farmers use all the chemicals they want. When the food becomes inedible, or the land won't produce any at all, everyone just eat (or shoot) a lot of speed. We won't live as long, but it won't matter because we'll do everything twice as fast. We won't have to worry about pollution because we'll die from the speed first. And no more war because the drug-condemning war-loving establishment will die out even before we do. If plants can live on chemicals, so can we.

Right on, farmer bastards!  
J.d. Have you considered cannibalism?

## LITERATURE

NEW YORK (LNS)—Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* will be made into a feature-length movie by producer Hilliard Elkins and director Jacques Levy. Hoffman will help write the screen-play.

Production will begin in March on locations in New York, Washington, Chicago and other parts of the country. The film, based on Hoffman's book, will use both actors and non-professionals.

"Revolution for the Hell of It" will be the first film directed by Levy, who also directed "Oh! Calcutta!" Levy recently appeared at the Chicago Conspiracy trial to testify on behalf of Abbie and six other defendants.

## SUBSCRIPTION

California State Prison Library  
Dear Sir:  
Due to the many requests from our inmates to order your Publication, we are now in the process of instituting an ordering Unit.

We are in need of an initial copy of your publication in order that we will know if the articles and material contained will meet with our Institutional Rules and Regulations. It would be very beneficial not only to you, but also to the inmates here, as well as expedite our orders from you in the future. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,  
J. E. McHenry, Correction Officer  
Acting Librarian  
California State Prison  
San Quentin, California 94964

(Your prompt reply will be of great aid to us, and naturally very much appreciated.)

## CLARIFICATION

Dear EVO:

Your January 14 issue has some false statements about SCEF in a letter signed by Pam Klein. She says:

"I quit SCEF because they fired their four best organizers, leaving them with twenty full-time fund raisers, and three full-time organizers."

In the first place, Pam Klein had been on our staff only seven weeks when she walked away without notice to us. We paid her salary to the end of the month, although she has never given us any notice of resignation.

The four people she mentions had been working in New Orleans and Mississippi. Pam, who was in Kentucky, had no way of knowing whether they were organizers or not. In fact, one was a researcher and two others worked on a newspaper we published in the Deep South. One was assigned to organizing.

They were not fired. They resigned.

We still have 30 people on our staff and one might possibly be called a full-time fund raiser.

Carl Braden

## VEGETABLE HUSBANDRY

Dear EVO:

I haven't read your paper for the best part of a year for reasons known best to the gods in charge of these things. However my nice Chinese newsdealer practically forced it on me yesterday and to make my N.C. ND. happy I would buy the National Inquirer much less a good reasonable journal like yourselves. I used the paper to line the sink while I repotted a sick avocado plant (two and a half feet high and so scraggly). Naturally I got some of the paper read in the process especially the article on nitrates in the soil and the last harvest? I can now say with full confidence that your paper is the best in NYC for potting purposes as the tabloid size is perfect for lining sinks and the incidental reading material is educational interesting and god knows better even than the Times which is too big anyway.

Yes I'm stoned but seriously, keep up the good work I'll remember you everytime I have to pot one of my mother's ill-starred plants. It is against my own principles to keep plants in pots in city apartments. I tried to grow grass but the cats ate it all. They walked around with their eyes literally rolling around in their heads and at the end of a week the grass was dead and gone to heaven where it is probably needed. I don't eat their catnip why should they eat my marijuana. My advice to your readers: grow your grass outside where it can get lots of sun even if you don't have pothead cats.

Great love and good luck to you all  
Love

J

## OUR CHANGING TERMINOLOGY

Dear EVO Sweeties,

As an old maid English teacher who uses your rag in class, I'd like to, like, come to the defense of the grand old Anglo-Saxon root word, *fuck*. I mean, you know, like I groove to backwards poetry, but the constant use of that lovely *fuck* as a pejorative is getting to me. Why not *agnew you*, or whoever's available locally, certainly no shortage of such terms, anywhere, and reserve *fuck* for positive connotations, like, "that fucking Latimer"! You kids are screwing up the language.

Swyve you, (as Chaucer wid say),  
Joyce Benson  
Jericho Hill  
Alfred, N.Y.



Ex-acid heads,  
housewives and  
businessmen  
are reacting  
against the  
emotional  
sterility of an  
electronic world

by DAVID WALLEY

## THE HIGH COST OF ROCK AND ROLL

When you settle into your \$3.50 seats at the Fillmore, Felt, or other rock emporiums, when you buy the latest fave rave smoking-hot from the pressing racks, paying \$6 pr. item, when you cash in on those threads at Majestic, Zok Shop or Christina Gorby (or suburban equivalents), you are inhibiting the rock culture... and for a pretty penny too. No one's really come to grips with the rock culture except on aesthetic/ecstatic levels anyway. The local head entrepreneur makes his bread off your fantasies or the fantasies which the music evokes. There are legions of hardened businessmen (just like in *Hard Day's Night*) who will sell whatever can be offered to a budding counter-culture. (Theodore Roszak's *Making of a Counter-Culture* makes his point for this emerging culture but fails to take the long look at history *in toto*. He would have recognized that each civilization, dominant culture, you call it Margaret Meade, always bears the seeds of its own destruction, not only bearing them but nurturing these discontinuities.) Rock culture has yet to break out to define itself. It has the satanic and ecstatic sides to its existence, and peace and love has not spread into the airwaves... perhaps that's not the message after all.

Perhaps the money end of rock doesn't interest you, maybe rock cocks or Janis Joplin's ample breasts do... I can't read your minds, and since I get nothing but bills at the office, I have nothing to go on. Money is something which you should know about because there are many people making money off your tastes whether you like what they stand for or not. You should have been to a news conference I attended a week 'ago. (It was given a two column inch treatment in the Times, maybe page 35.) The group who held the news conference was Young American Enterprises which ran the Rolling Stones tour in cooperation with/or against Alan Klein's management company, ABKCO. (This tenuous connection is a little hazy, seems that there is a lot of bad blood between the two prestigious firms... and look at who they are fighting over and the investment that represents!).

Young American Enterprises has its palatial offices on the upper east side in the seventies. Spacious offices with a fantastic view of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and on a clear day, maybe even Woodstock. Young American Enterprises scares the hell out of me. The Stones scare the hell out of me—in fact, the more the music culture takes over, the more money that is expended, the more scared I get. You should be scared as well. YAE was supposed to run the free concert held by the Stones at Sears Point Raceway. As we all unhappily know, the plans were switched at the last moment... Altamont is now a family name. YAE is suing the owners of the Sears Point Raceway to the tune of 11 million dollars, 11 MILLION DOLLARS in an effort to recoup the losses incurred by the Altamont fiasco. That much money makes rock music *revolve*... and this was supposed to be a FREE concert!!

Dig: a record costs only a few cents to make including packaging. The rest of your five dollars magically disappears into the morass of distributors, *rack jobbers*, pay offs and other sundry things. The artist, if he's got a good agent, may make 10 cents a record. This is simple economics: the artist never makes what he put into the record... and it's the record companies who need the artists. Rip-off number one.

Dig: promoters with some notable exceptions (Graham and Bernstein) live for the rip-off. The Woodstock Music and Art Fair may have been very groovy indeed, but those cats who ran the whole show made a pile (which is their right.) However they put little of it back into the culture which made Woodstock a reality... and the promoters, just like the record companies, need the artists and the people to attend such festivities.

Dig: there are many rock magazines on the scene supposedly given to communicating the message of rock. Read the message sometime and it says: "That's gold in them thar hills!". Read the leading magazine and its message is money. The magazines themselves get into their own ego trips while the publishers revel in their new groupie status...

some even attempt to produce blues records with various degrees of success. Not only does everyone try to hype you, but some magazines manufacture hype to keep the coffers magically filled and the scene more drained of vitality. Again a rip-off.

Rock is big business, for magazines, for record people, for promoters. It is not looked on as a communications media except in the exploitative sense, and there's a lot of hair coming in on Tin Pan Alley as well as cool in Los Angeles. We are reaching a painful awareness of our misfortune.

All of this ranting and raving serves to acknowledge the phenomenon of the rock and roll robbery, rip-off with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young in the background. A rip-off is taking something and calling it something else. In more readily ascertainable terms, it means that the message of rock has turned into money instead of awareness/evolution or peace. You can't sell peace for \$4.98 a shot, but you can sell awareness of peace—thus the confusion. War should ultimately make people see how wasteful it is in terms of human ecology, but then people never seem to remember how horrible it was because war (take WW II) meant companionship, travel and adventure. Blood and gore are easily reviewed and John Wayne war movies still make a lot of *matzos*.

Getting back to YAE, one can see that the whole lawsuit nonsense is nothing more than a great media-ized crock. A dodge so that they can hold more festivals. (Dig: YAE claims that the Grateful Dead organization was responsible for Altamont, but it was YAE's responsibility to call off the concert when it became impossible to hold it at the original site. They claimed that they couldn't face 100,000 kids and tell them that there could be no festival with the Stones. YAE wanted to cover itself, sure, but the problem goes beyond Altamont. Because of Woodstock, Altamont, Monterey, Newport, Miami, Dallas and other festivals, because of tribal gatherings in general, many of the "other people" are deciding to ban any sort of rock concerts. In California, there is a bill in the State Legislature in the process of being



made into law. Providence, Rhode Island has an amazingly Puritanical city board and rock concerts have been virtually outlawed because it is impossible to secure any permits. Many small towns are getting into the act because the spectre of teenage craziness encroaches on their world view. Freedom of assembly is being denied to many good people because of Altamont and irresponsible promoters as well as artists, YAE wants its money to make more money and so it goes.

The issue for YAE with Sears Point is that an oral contract was made and then broken and logically if they were permitted to hold their concert at Sears Point all of this would not have happened. Well, that's plain bullshit, but potent legal bullshit. Melvin Belli is involved with their cause, and he's never lost a case yet—they can pay him enough and he can file enough writs to snow anyone. In the last resort, he will perform well in front of a judge and jury. Law's all in the performance anyway, ah the agony and the ecstasy of it all! (Just like rock.)

The whole continuum stretches ahead and there is always the problem of money, a money problem because those people who make it work haven't gotten enough together to turn away from exploitative behavior. The object of the game, if it's a gigantic game for mastery we are playing, is to make the whole genius of communication work, work for real by making music the motivator, not the prime end in and of itself. Young American Enterprises is just a name, ABKCO is another name, Woodstock Ventures or

Filmways, yet another. Collectively these kinds of people are likely to be the ones who will be sponsored by the government to be held in Oakland or Jersey City. Yeah, they'll get the film right to this as well. Just wait.

If someone's going to make money off this whole kick, why not the performers and the form of life they and we all want, not the record executive's expense-accounted car or his hotel/steam bath bills. Rip-offs will continue until the artists themselves grasp the significance of their power, until communications media devoted to rock entertainment delve into more important social issues than who signed whom (or balled?), until the general audience realizes that rock is nothing more than a stage which anyone can perform on, until the age of the superstar (Jesus Christ!) is past. Once music becomes free to give to the life style of its choice, then there will be no own inadequacies (as with YAE.) With a little wish and a lot of work, everything will... alright, I'll relinquish the floor to my distinguished colleague in the Times.

*Quote of the Week* (a regular feature from now on)

Perhaps we're no different from our parents after all. We're just stoned when we inflict pain upon our brothers. (Sam Allen—Winston Salem, N.C.)

Letters to the Editor,  
*Rolling Stone* (at least something's heavy at the Stone, right on Brother Sam!)



"Perhaps there was a time, really, truly, down in the belly, when fiction in America shed more light on the outlook of a generation than nonfiction; but today the application of fictional and avantgarde prose techniques to the actual scene before us seems much more crucially necessary."

The Newspaper as Literature/  
Literature as Leadership  
—Seymour Krim

There was a time when Time itself never was; (*Those times* are now delicately strung between paranoia and truth.) There was a time when Time existed slowly so that fantasy existed only in the past, only in the act after the fact of creating it. That *time* is no more as is our own time which disappears each day more readily while fantasy becomes faster than fact.

We no longer need the great social mind of a Sinclair Lewis to create a Judge Hoffman for us. We no longer

need a drunken fantasy of genius like Faulkner's to give us the living flesh of America's bigots. Our dreams are faster than our dialogue, faster now than any great Author in memoriam could ever write it. All we need is someone to witness and to make it sing. That's what the New Journalism is about. That is what the Underground Press is about.

We participate. We make it happen. It is a lifestyle of living prose, a rock, an altar, a loving Grace. It is sacred because it is. And it is the *IS* that makes others so bent on ignoring it. But it can't be ignored because it is *there* and *becoming*.

The new journalists and the underground press are doing a number even Literature never conceived of. Reality is *here*, not between the pages of a book or painting, not even on a newsstand; but closer *there* than in a library or museum.

The real epiphany is in the streets of America, in the streets of the

world: In the courtroom of Judge Julius J. Hoffman, (Nixon's *Pater Nostra* Puppet) in the courtrooms of the world where Justice is not only blind but scared shitless; using her balances as a weapon to destroy what she cannot understand and is afraid to know.

Reality is here, in our limbs just made stranger to itself by exploding metal, in our souls severed from our bodies in the name of a conquering peace; in the cry and anger of people given no choice but hunger, no choice but slavery.

Reality, to paraphrase Nicholas Van Hoffman, is our parents, the enemy they themselves warned us about.

There was a time when we knew our parents after we killed them; *that* time only exists now in our heads. Not every parent is an enemy, *but what is out there*; choking our lungs, starving our children, destroying and maiming the best part of our humanity; *is*.

## POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

Culture is no longer history but fact. And fact is a novel written by the events of each day. It is the task and testament of the Underground Press to rewrite those events and perform an *Alternate Culture*.

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know," are our Politics of Experience as it is the famous psychiatrist, R.D. Laing's. And our Politics of Living is to shout this *if* away with also our joy.

The Underground Press laughs not because we are gods, but because others are men who play at gods. There is a religion hidden between the pages of the underground newspapers that those who are dedicated to and read it, understand.

Each underground newspaper has its own personal problems which intensify its days' activities. But each is bound to others by the specific problem of changing a Death Society based upon Apocalypt. The

Underground Press lives at the edge of the precipice and pushes back wave upon wave of humanity bent upon the abyss.

Sometimes we are pushed over, beat up, killed, jailed, chemically crucified and martyred for no reason at all except that we are there and *doing it*. The Underground Press does not want to die, it wants to live; that is why it began. It is an intentional community which speaks and shows the solutions as well as the scars.

The Underground Press is not silent by any means, and will not be silenced by any means. Not by Nixon's necrophiliac dreams of power. Not by Mitchell's moral mauling into our personal values. Literature begins with *that* reality. Perhaps this *is* a time, as Seymour Krim has written, "when the world itself is literally governed by art, or truth made manifest, because there is nowhere else to turn and everywhere to go."

by ALLEN KATZMAN

# LEPER RAPES GIRL —SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER

## STAN VANDERBEEK'S 'VIOLENCE SONATA'

by JUD YALKUT

Stan VanDerBeek has become perhaps one of the most well known independent filmmakers in this country, winning festival prizes for such animation films as MANKINDA, SCIENCE FRICTION, and SUMMIT, and has been recipient of both the Ford Foundation Grant for experimental films and the Rockefeller Grant for films and studies in non-verbal communication. His particular collage approach to animation techniques has brought him into experiments with the latest image-creating technologies, including computer-generated graphics in collaboration with Ken Knowlton at the Bell Laboratories and the creation of video collages for CBS Television. During the last year,

he has been Film Artist in Residence at WGBH-TV in Boston concurrent with a fellowship at the MIT Center for Advanced Visual Studies.

On January 12, 1970, the VIOLENCE SONATA, a P R E - T H E A T R E - N O N V E R B A L - E L E C T R I C - C O L L A G E, an evening of experimental television, realized by S. VanDerBeek, was broadcast by the two channels, Channel 2 (carrying the primary material—a mono-video form understandable to viewers with one set) and the UHF Channel 44 (carrying a collection of thematic comments) of WGBH-TV. The home-viewer can best participate in VanDerBeek's VIOLENCE SONATA by watching on two sets at once. It will be composed of three double-screen collage videotapes,

each lasting about fifteen minutes. . . . The titles of the three videotapes are MAN, MAN TO WOMAN, and MAN TO MAN. They are mixtures of parts of VanDerBeek's past films, films from the archives and newsreel footage from around the globe, films and live-action videotapes shot in Boston especially for the show, and slides and photographs superimposed on the final tapes by matting. . . . Between each of the three screenacts of this collision-collage, questions will be put to home-viewers and they will be able to telephone comments to three studio panelists. Meanwhile, in Studio A at WGBH, the same images going into local homes will be tele-projected for viewing by a special audience of 100 invited participants. In front of the screens, as well as

behind them in a kind of shadow drama, masked live actors will perform a play which VanDerBeek has written. . . . with the intent of gradually involving the in-station audience in TV-play. After the show, the studio audience will conduct a 'thrash-out' of the issues which it has raised, and this live-action will be carried to the home audiences on both channels. The home viewers can again join the discussion by phoning in at any point.

"Our violence is the digestive act of our inability to communicate. Man's frustration at not being able to communicate with words leads him to violence. Centuries of words have meant centuries of violence. We must explore all other ways to communicate if we hope to live non-violent lives. . . . By moving from

the screen and stage presentation out to the studio audience and then to all viewers in the community, I'm hoping to find new ways to confront the issues but to cool the violence."—Stan VanDerBeek.)

The following discussion was taped at WGBH one week after the VIOLENCE SONATA broadcast, when VanDerBeek, staff members of WGBH, some studio participants, and other guests watched a dual-monitor playback of the broadcast tapes, and then rapped. This was the first time that Stan had seen the show as a TV-spectator, having been active in the studio during the broadcast.

STAN: What we basically did was take all these variables at the same time and stick them together. And I frankly don't know what you think. (Continued on Page 15)



A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

FROM OZ FROM THE SUN





HI YAGANG! CARTOONIST JOE SCHENKMAN HERE!! THISZ MY LATEST CARTOON STRIP!!! I'VE STOLEN THE PLOT ALMOS? VERBATIM FROM A MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME MADE IN 1957 (PROBABLY) THAT I SAW THE OTHER DAY AT THE VARIETY PHOTOPLAYS THEATER, ON 13<sup>TH</sup> ST.! IT WAS A PRETTY BORING MOVIE ACTUALLY.. THE OTHER, FEATURE ABOUT THE ALAMO WAS MUCH MORE EXCITIN... BUT THE CHICKS ALL HAD HUGE KOCKERS AN? THE GUYS RACED AROUND IN NIFTY HOT RODS AN? THIS'Z TH' STUFF I LIKE TA DRAW!!! ...ANYWAY, ITS CONTINUED SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE SEEN QUITE A BIT OF IT... I REMEMBER, THE WHOLE PLOT AN I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE CHANGIN A THING. SIT TIGHT.

# HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS



A ROOM IN AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!  
... MEETING PLACE OF THE HELLCATS!

WELL GANG I GUESS Y'ALL KNOW WHY I CALL'D THIS MEETIN'...



THERE'S A NEW GIRL IN SCHOOL! I MOVE WE BEGAN INITIATION TA'MARRA!... AN IF SHE PASSES...

CLACK CLACKITY CLACK CLACK



SHE'S A HELLCAT!

HUH??

THWAK!



I SAY ANGELA'S BEAN A SOFTEE!! THE KIDS A FINK... ANYBODY WITH HALF A SET'A' PEEPER CAN SEE THAT! I SAY WE GIVE 'ER TH' BIZNESS!!



AND SO A VOTE IS TAKEN...

3, 4, 5! LOOKS LIKE YER THE LOOSER, DORIS SWEETY!



THEN ITS DECIDED... WE BEGAN OUR INITIATION PROGRAM TAMARRA! LES ALL DRINK TO IT AN THEN CUT OUTTA THIS DUMP

CONTINUE NEXT WEEK!





## THE:NIGHT:THE:STUDS:

FROM: EVB: WAITED: OUT: IN: FRONT: OF: THE: FILLMORE: EAST: FOR: THE: FAGS: FROM: GAYFLOWER: AND: BEAT: SHIT: OUT: OF: THEM: WITH: BICYCLE: CHAINS: AND: BRASS: KNUCKS: UNTIL: THE: KIDS: FROM: KISS: CAME: AND: GROOVED: EVERYTHING: OUT

### by CUD MORESCO

'I don't like the looks of this,' remarked Shitjaw the Innium to his fearless leader, D.A. Latimer. The two of them were jammed back to back under a wide green circular gaming-table floodlamp, rapping out news copy and porn movie promos in a tiny cubicle deep in the bowels of Amalgamated Fabrikunt Enterprises. 'I fail to see the humour in this situation,' he emphasized, poking around to find the dollar sign on the ancient European-style typewriter they'd given him, festooned with umlauts and runes and arcane astrological symbols. 'Frankly,' he concluded gloomily, 'it wouldn't surprise me a bit to see the whole damn shithouse blown down by next week.' Latimer merely giggled obscurely around his cigarette and hit the return on his battered \$1500 IBM Selectric.

But there was no getting around it. Try as Latimer might to giggle it away, the stench of some horrible corporate necrosis, far too familiar to Shitjaw's noble Comanche nostrils, hung tangibly about the offices of Amalgamated Fabrikunt. He knew the signs too well, Schultz. His first underground paper, the *Megalopolitan Muckraker*, had begun to fall apart when the distributor started bringing dollar bills direct

from the stands to pay the reporters; whereas at Amal-Fab they were already being paid in nickles, two bags of five hundred nickles apiece every week. *Nickles!* Then, at *The New York Review of Sin, Crime, Dope Addiction, and Transcendental Meditation*, Schultz' second underground newspaper, things had ground to a bloody halt when the Long Island printer was blackballed by the American Legion; Amal-Fab was presently being assailed by the D.A.R., the Sanitationmen's Union, the Lion's Club, and the Urban League—in concert!! His third radical paper, *Roach*, had gone down in flames after the Feds busted four of its top echelon for Conspiracy to Blaspheme In The Name Of God; and the waiting room at Amal-Fab was full up every day with paunchy scruffy-looking underground pigs standing around drinking beer from paper cups and swapping Korean War stories. After that, *Mother Bears*, his fourth paper, had ceased publication after the previously impeccable publisher had freaked out on L-Dopa and raped the teenage peurtorican proofreader, causing the shop to be bombed out by a local hood gang; the kind of Amal-Fab had started up on Demerol the week Shitjaw arrived, and he was into two bags a day now.

And that was the most unfavorable omen of all, reflected Schultz glumly—if Shitjaw the

Innium was working for Amal-Fab, which he was, then things were doubtless going to be very bad indeed for the Amalgamated Fabrikunt.

In the underground publishing racket, Shitjaw the Innium had by now justly gained the affectionate nickname 'Brfslsk', after the disagreeable little character in *L'il Abner* who trucks around with a raincloud over his head. Not long ago, Schultz had been standing by the window overlooking Second Avenue from the front office, and a big black bird had landed on the ledge next to him, croaking mournfully around a broken arrow in its beak. Yes, Amal-Fab's days were clearly numbered.

In the outer office, things were proceeding normally enough for a doomed corporation. In a momentary excess of emotion, the publisher had yesterday kicked the cubicle door loose of its hinges, and Schultz could see through the splintered doorjamb into the steno pool. At the moment he was concentrating heavily on the upper pulmonary region of Sara Schweik, his favourite girl Friday. She possessed a monster set of jugs, Sara, and the most excellent mandibles Shitjaw had viewed since last studying a dental hygiene film in the Service. My, but she had teeth, though! Long horsey incisors, canines as nicely turned as if with a bevel,

and when she smiled, why, there would be momentarily revealed a complete arrangement of pearly molars which could cause Schultz' prostate to bark like a seal. Her gums also were flawless, moist carmine toothsheathes that clung to her teeth like a fist around your cock. What teeth! What a mouth! Unhappily, she was using it at the moment to speak aloud, a grievous misuse of such an auspiciously presented orifice:

'Now look' she was saying to Don Lewis, the melancholy Indian from the back room, who was sullenly crumpling a Dr. Pepper can in his fist: 'I just can't take this any more, Don. Do you know what it's like? To have those fairies coming in and out of here every day looking so immaculate and beautiful? Do you have any idea, Don? It just makes me grind my teeth!' Schultz' scrotum throbbed audibly at the reference. 'You know what it's like for a girl? ... To have to sit up all night with your hair in curlers, to have to send away thru *Mademoiselle* for special break-firming techniques, running all over town every payday to buy clothes. ... And then these pansies from *Gay Flower* come in and they put you down!!' She dabbed daintily at her eyes with one of Latimer's *Screw* handkerchiefs. 'Sometimes I just want to take John Heys down and scratch his eyes out.'

Lewis spat a cud of chewing gum onto the floor and unleashed a thunderous Payute curse. Three years he'd worked for Amal-Fab. He'd blow into N.Y. from Saskatchewan when Fab didn't have but one scraggly little bi-weekly to his name, *The East Village Bother*. And he'd starved and fought and gone without pussy every Sunday night to get the *Bother* on her feet, and what does the publisher do with the profits? Why, he pumps the bread back into a pile of candy-ass subsidiary sheets. Besides the *Bother*, Lewis was pasting up *Kiss*, *Gay Flower*, *Aquarian Pimp*, *Football Forecasts*, *Pretty Poetry*, *Flaming Crashes Bi-Weekly*, and *Underground Carnal-Toons for Men Only Illustrated*—the entire Amal-Fab line, which Lewis detested.

But the worst part about it was those gay dudes from *Gay Flower*. 'Three fuckin years I been with this paper,' he told Irving Shushnik, who nodded sympathetically. 'I've seen speed freaks, chromosome damage cases, terminal syphilitics, visions of the Madonna ... I've seen my friends gunned down in the streets by the pigs ... I've ridden shotgun against the Mafia just to get this rag distributed ... But goddammit, Irv, I've never had to put up with a buncha swishes before, I'll tell you that.'

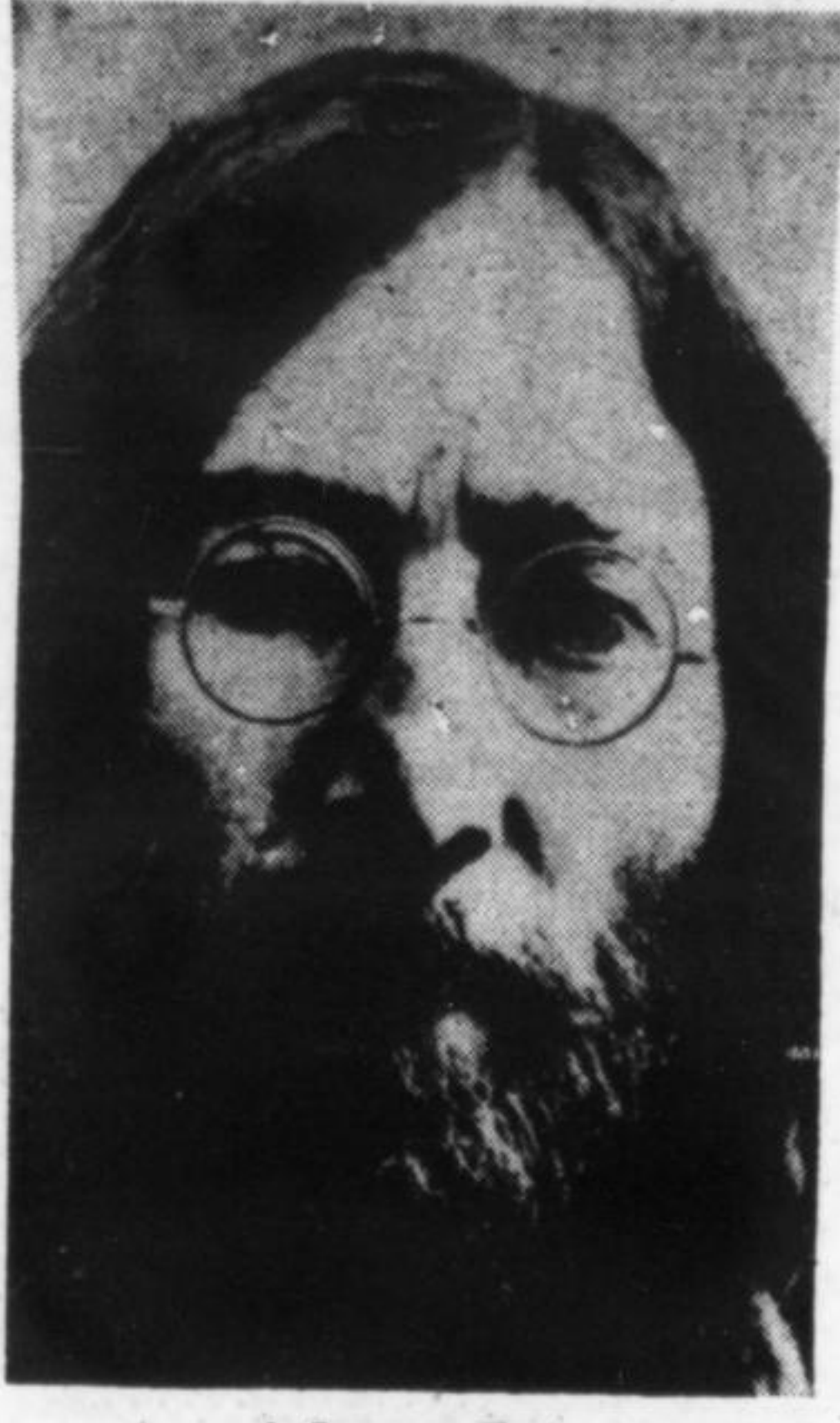
(Continued from Page 19)



# New Identi-Kit

by Charlie Frick.

One officer thought he recognized it as that of a man living in his town. On a hunch, he went to the man's home, and nabbed him and the loot intact as he was packing for a quick trip.



A Lennon Test

We tested him with a description of John Lennon, to determine whether the Identi-Kit could produce a reasonable likeness. The accompanying "sketch" was prepared within a half hour. It's not a flattering portrait, but it bears a close resemblance

It was the day the INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN took over the BUBBLE GUM MUSIC MACHIENE. The scene was a buisy street corner on the lower east side. Lots of cars passing by in the street. VVVVVVVV RRRRR RRR OOOOOOO OOOOOOO MMMMM MMMMMMM MMMMM A motorcycle goes by.

"Hey man, you still tripping out?"  
"I dont know. Wha day is it man?"  
"I think its Friday afternoon."  
"Hey lets get it together and slide on by the Full More and pick up on some sounds, dig?"

The kids of the sixties had a word for music that was being pushed as music of the times. Record companies were hip enough to try and capitalize on it. It was an American Phenomenon. There were certain requirements placed on the music and on the performers. First of all none of the cuts could be over 3 1/2 minutes long because of all the pimple commercials, and drag strip commercials, and the Dennison clothing store ads on a.m. radio all night. Point No. 2 was censorship. None of the songs were allowed to say anything more earth-shattering

than: "Baybee, ah love you. Why do you do me wrong, watch me in my fast car work it on out BABEE." All connected with this particular scam were mere puppets of the MEDIOCRITY MACHIENE, the notorious producers and dreamers of second notion music... Theres been too much of that shit happening around lately... its the kind of scene that one would see on the broadway stage in a musical comedy version of The Rock and Roll Machiene that Ate the Bronx... The two young promoters are sitting around talking in their office...

Promo No. 1: "Hey whadaya say... the cement lifepreserver scam hasnt been pulled in a long time. you think itll work?"

Promo No. 2: "Yeah but how will we get it up in front of the public?"

No. 1: "Well use their music thats all. Hire us a singer, get right on the fone call up central casting. Ask for Mr Big. Hell get us some one thall put over this cement lifepreserver scam better than the last one, yeah well get ourself a singer and the singer will sing the song and, ... hey how come if this is such a good idea we didnt think of it before? and so on into the second act, but one word to everyone rushing around trying to

write the great contemporary novel from which the preceding scene was taken. The Seventies are here and unknown to all the record promoters and unknown to all the media men is this one simple fact, the shit is coming to a schreeching halt. The return of traditional values Mr Nixon said at the inaugural address in the last year of the last decade its not so far from the truth, who knows maybe even the return of Taste? The return of class? Maybe so but one thing is perfectly clear, Music will have a whole other meaning in the Seventies. There are sometimes when music is just for listening, no politics, no preaching no pushing involved... Something to have on the record player while walking around just scratching or cleaning a pile of dope or watching color teevee with the sound off. Sometimes music is just that, Music. If you can remove yourself, step away and look and listen to the music that is being used for communication, you could put your finger pretty close to where the country was at, at that particular moment, just outside the 22nd floor of the National Hype and Light Power Company's head offices in the Electric city, there was a blinding flash of light.

The Rock and Roll Machiene was back in town...

### The Best of the Strawberry Alarm Clock

Universal City Records No. 73074  
real good if you happen to own a poster store and need something for rainy afternoons, Its west coast california music, also is great if you were too busy with the reveloution or happen to be working in a bowling alley during 1967-1969. Its a super collection of their hits including the big one that topped the NY charts for many weeks, yes its "Incense and Peppermints" too much also such other groovies as "Sit with the Guru," "Birds in my Tree," and the love song from collection of movie music. This ones from the picture "Psych-Out" Too bad you missed it when it was at your local neighborhood theatre...

If youve never been to England and are planning to go soon or at least in the near future, you might have some problem understanding the conversation. The purchase of this album wont help you even a little bit. in fact it might even make it harder and its even possible as you become more and more confused,

youll find yourself dreaming The Liverpool Dream... RCA No. LSP-4189 *The Amazing adventures of the Liverpool Scene*. Even more so if you dig listening to poems, or even poems with music.

"I watched her watching me watching her watching me. Im constantly reminded of places and scenes. I always leave very quietly, most of the time when everyone is watching." (Peter Whyze) The front cover of the album i think it was shot while the radio played a song called "Burdock River Run," thats a cut on the first side.

Another thing, i been looking around, theres this here scam. the big record companies are using some short cut production methods... it seems there's this process, its called Micro-Groove... Some of the more money hungry-hurry up get the cash record companies are fooling around undercutting production standards... The grooves in the records are smaller than they should be. this enables the producers of the actual records to make the discs thinner saving lots of bread. but theres only one drawback. the smaller the grooves, the more sound is lost, especially in stereo records. Theres some kind of technical explanation, but the thing is some one who understands this should write some angry letters to the National Association of radio broadcasters and to the Quality controll division of the record industry. The thing that prompted me to look into this was a lot of the new records that are coming out start to go out of shape and get all fucked up with only a few playings on good stereo equipment. Record companies, in fact most of the world has no sense of the future. Its a difficult place in time... Its advised that all future contacts be handled under the procederes of INTERSTELLAR, CHESS.

A record that starts off with a guy calling his grandma long distance. Now theres a record i went out to get simply because i started thinking about grandmothers, and stuff...

*The American Dream*  
A Bearsville record Promotion  
Ampex records No. A10101  
AH... Dream sweet dream...  
The records comes on with GOOD NEWS what could the american dream use more than GOOD NEWS. Cadalack is good too, America sure is a wonderfull place.

...  
In the mean time while youre wating to hear why, check out the new release from MRBQ. Theyve teamed up with Carl Perkins... the record is called *Carl Perkins and MRBQ*. Columbia records cs9981. Sometimes i think theres something fucked up with the record player, like maybe the tubes need changing or something.

Calling Doctor Howard Doctor Fine Doctor Howard.

Calling Doctor Howard Doctor Fine Doctor Howard.

Music from somebodys grandchildrens saturday morning adventure. Pretty soon gonna be dancin and stompin to Ricky Nelson again. What more can be said than the truth. Rick Nelson gone electric. He dissapeared a while ago and then reappeared in the west village a few months ago. But with some long hair and 3 side men with him... Americas teeveekid... The one everyone watched grow up for 18 years in a row on one channel or another brought to you by milk or something. What? Stunned there in your seat Stranger stuff the mind dose not know... Rick Nelson sockin it out with 400 watts of pow pow power... EEEEEEE-Fuckin-Lectric...

Out of the dozen or so songs onthe album 2 are his oldies re arranged and the rest are a bunch of American late sixties favorites. She Belongs To Me, If you got to go, go now. I shall be released By Pop poet and dillatante Bob DYLAN. Tim hardins Red Balloon, and new wave music star Doug Kershaw's Louisiana man. Eric Anderson not only did the liner notes but the new Ricky sings Violets of the Dawn... its always interesting to see what happens when a performer picks up on another performer's material...

Yeah Rocky Nelson. Sometimes you might start to think about if you couldnt get to a record store for a whole long time, or there was no new records coming out, what would you play on you record player?

When makeing up lists of records or compiling a collection for one reason or another, its the thing to not listen to the artist, or the song, or the way its done or anything else.

Try to listen to THE MUSIC OF IT ALL.  
its a funny thing, Eveloution catching up with itself...

## THILM by Lita Eliscu.

There was a concert this week starring ..... at the ..... The performance was greeted by ..... Lead singer ..... wearing his usual outfit, ..... and ..... through his curls did his hit single ..... which the crowd greeted with cries of .....!

Backing him were ..... who have previously performed with ..... and ..... known for their exceptional interpretation of ..... The highlight of the evening came when ..... did a ..... minute solo on the ..... bringing the audience to momentary .....

.....'s set was an inventive

mixture of ..... and blank, with touches of ....., highly reminiscent of ..... Remember 19..... when ..... did ..... at the ..... Festival? Well, this equalled it in every way, maybe even topped it. Last night while I was talking to ..... in the dressing room, he ..... vehemently rumors that he ever ..... However, he did add that ..... was true. Later on, at the post-performance party, however, his bass player, ..... maybe drunk, said ..... which does not confirm .....'s story.

Also playing in New York this week was ..... backed, surprisingly enough by .....

whom everyone thought had flipped to Tahiti in order to study the native rhythms.

If this keeps up, New York may become the rock capital of the world.

### Possible choices for blanks:

- Gaslight
- Gaslight
- Fillmore East
- Fillmore West
- Bitter End
- Howard Stein's Capitol Theatre
- Xanadu
- The Tropicana

- Commander Cody
- Buffalo Bills

- The Jets
- The Beatles
- Preflyte
- Burrito King
- Pink's

- denied
- confirmed
- Van Morrison
- Jack Bruce
- corded velevet boots and outrageous plumed vest
- pants with a see through crotch and a visible belly button

- he was married
- Lynda's baby was really his

- Lothar
- Zacherle
- The nightbird
- Harlow

- 8 Miles High
- Space Hymn
- French fries boredom
- ecstasy
- fave-rave
- 63
- Little Rock
- Giant Rock
- humid
- steamy
- fresh
- yes
- huh?



## CHE!

By Chuck Zaremba

## 'AY DIOS MIO'

John HAYS

"Ay Dios Mio" or in any other language—My God What Is That!! That was the phrase I heard most often from a good portion of Barcelona's working, middle and upper class as I sauntered around wide-eyed, my Rapunzellocks blowing magnificently in 60-degree autumn wind like weather-gaping gazing swing and dreaming my first taste of the old-new-romantic charm and flavor of a European city. Yes, the Spanish are freaked by long hair and unconventional dress but you don't have to be "fascist-Catholic-beserk" to have a reaction like this as many people have conjured up about Europe (especially Spain). That's what Europe is all about. Not today, but yesterday and yesteryear—it all became obvious after the second or third day. Just utter amigo—como esta Ud, and a good vibe and everything is hearts and flowers.

I spent ten days in Barcelona. Resplendent with ancient "turn of the century" cathedrals, churches, court-yards, almost every street has green plazas, halls, fountains and monuments. Sophistication and cosmopolitan more than one would think since Spain has reconstructed vastly in such a short time since the civil war of the thirties. The cost of living is much closer to Utopia than here in the states. One can find his dream house, flat or pensione (hotel) and pay a mere \$40, or \$50 a month. Food is nothing exciting but again cheap. Phone calls are a penny, and one's transportation can be totally had in a taxi. As the fare is something like five cents and increases by the cent. Fuck the economics though.

It's the people that blew my mind. No formalities or preliminaries with Spanish and the other European freaks. They're all elated to be in the company of an American especially

from New York City. Beautiful ambiance from there on-life became a continuous "stone." Everyone's tray of goodies. Hash of all kinds. Indian, Moroccan, Pakistani, Kief. All very plentiful because of the lucrative business in a port with its "armed service" trade and all very pure and good. The fabulous magic of far away fairylands like Istanbul. Marakesh. Bombay, and everyone eager for you to partake of it.

Not too many Spanish young into any kind of sub-culture, especially chicks. The few that I met left abruptly at 10 every night for home according to strict family custom. Aside from this, the experience of sharing tales with people from many different nations, and the magic that each one brings with him is a beautiful thing. Baby, it ain't all happening in America—you don't have to speak a foreign language to share a pipe full of dope—watch sunrise and acid occur over the Mediterranean and share some of the common ground together. It was pretty obvious to me that a good thing has travelled a long way. With the European sub-culture has come psychedelics in every way shape and form. Everyone trips to the standard visual and audio accompaniments. Almost every bar in Barcelona had some type of light show—day-glow paint decor—psychedelics at their

Lennox Raphael and Jeanne Baretich were eating lunch in a bar on Baxter Street, right behind the Criminal Courts Building.

Lennox was talking about the kinds of people who are offended by nude simulated sexual encounter scenes (as they say in court) like those that caused his play, "Che!", to be brought to trial, along with its director, actors and Lennox Raphael himself.

"There's a difference between the image they have and the reality." That sounded almost like a line from T.S. Eliot. Even if it hadn't, I probably would have thought it was pretty important. It occurred to me that the difference between image and reality is central to the "Che!" trial (which will probably be over by the time this article is read).

First, there's the obvious image/reality that Lennox was talking about. The image held by "the people" (legal reference) in the trial is one of grossness—sexual encounter, unless achieved in privacy, is gross and obscene to them. The reality that Lennox had in mind when he wrote the play was the relationship between sexual

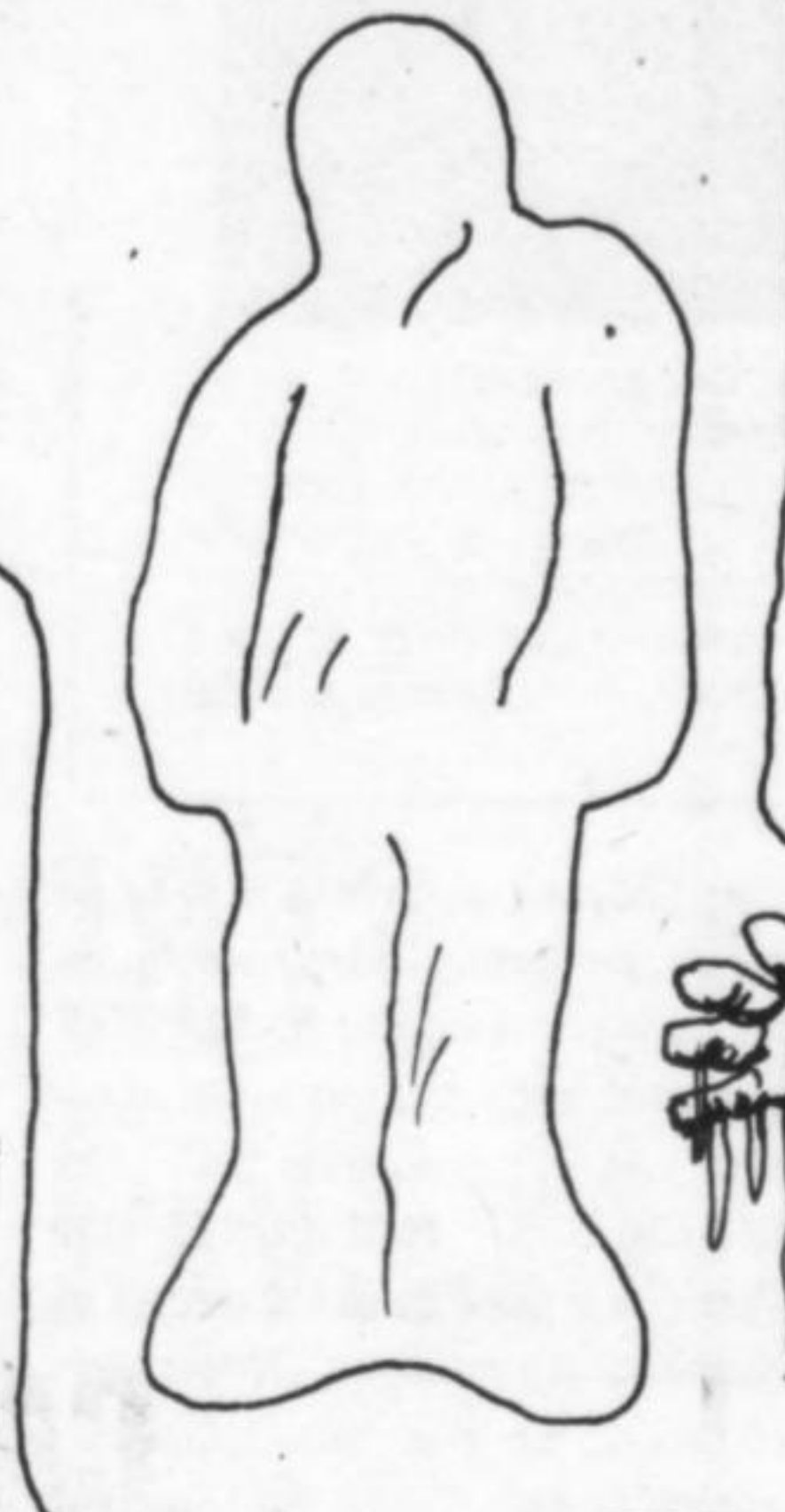
repression and political repression—both rather gross phenomena, but real nonetheless. If the verdict is/was "guilty," it will mean that the court was not willing to recognize the existence of that reality (and probably a lot of other realities, too). Take away the theme—the meaning—and what's left is pure sex for sex's sake as opposed to "redeeming social value," the court would be saying. But sex for sex's sake, and all those nasty things that supposedly go with it, is really just that same old image that "the people" have. The result: an image is found to be illegal while the reality, according to the obscenity laws, would have been legal—if only its existence had been granted by the court. (Since they don't think sexual and political repression are interrelated realities, Judges Goldberg, Yeargin and Schwab apparently don't know much about people like Nixon and LBJ who certainly have their share of hang-ups in those areas.)

At least the one thing going for the defendants—and the one thing they can be thankful for if they are/were found innocent—is the new New York law on obscenity which  
(Continued on Page 11)

pinnacle except for one thing—Spain's music is either all tutti fruity A.M. or soul music. All other Europeans I met, Germans, French and Dutch were pretty contemporary in their musical tastes, very little trace of acid rock and there after in Spain though.

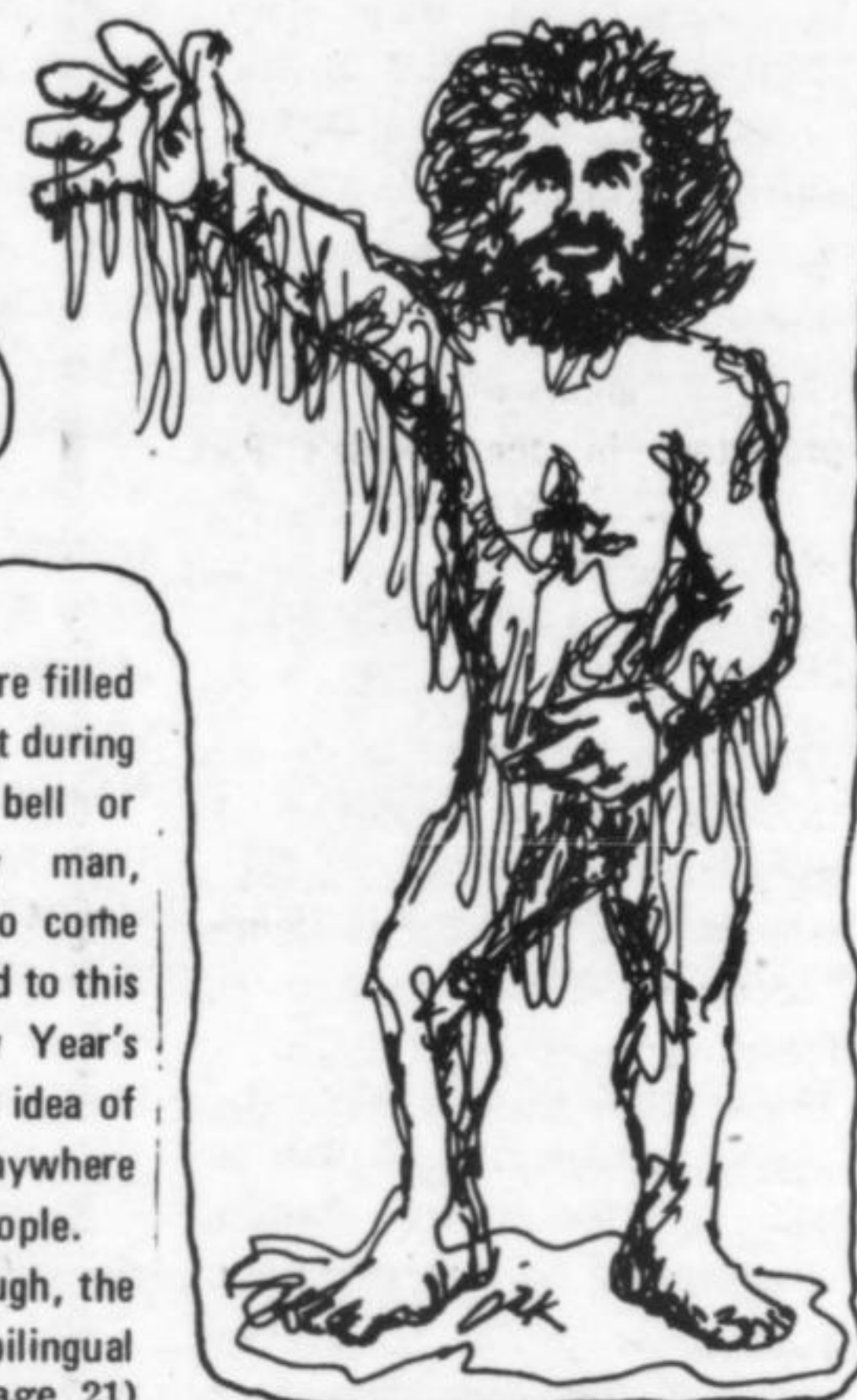
Penalties for drugs in Spain are as antiquated as any other place—the only time the heat came on though was New Year's Eve, which along with the New Year brought in a huge battleship full of sailors. It sounds like a bad dream but the whole evening and the reception thereafter was one of amazement—wonder, goodness and reassurance.

For it was the law's contention that bars harboring freaks would cause trouble with the sailors. To compound that the hookers came out like "flies to shit" with the arrival of every ship. Their riff was that long hairs hurt business and distracted sailors from squandering their bread on girls.



The streets of Barcelona are filled constantly with people except during siesta—it's like pushing a bell or something signaling every man, woman and child indoors to come out. Families everywhere. Add to this 3 or 4,000 sailors on New Year's Eve—Well, I didn't relish the idea of navigating on the street or anywhere near such an assortment of people.

Much to my surprise though, the evening turned into a bilingual  
(Continued on Page 21)



## LICHTENBERG SPEAKS

"Little Jack Horner's  
Got nothin' on me.  
Oh me, oh my  
Love that country pie."

—R. Zimmerman Bakeries

But first a word...

Coincidentally with the prophecy that the economy is due for a rest from the current lack of money and gloom, the major record companies are juicing the market place with new releases. A couple to the good, including a new Nielsson record of pure California sunshine "Nielsson Sings Newman." Take a little time to ripen judgement and cast an eye over things that have been with us a while.

First off, "Plastic Ono Band" is not only a Beatles' record, it may be the first significant Beatles record since Sgt. Peppers. Apart from a couple good songs ("Hey Jude," "Penny Lane") the Beatles have been mostly pointlessly tripping back through their own history. Harrison has written a couple

—James Lichtenberg

beautiful songs with "Something" and "Here Comes The Sun," but I think John is the one who has arrived. To hear him sing "Blue Suede Shoes" on the stage of Toronto (as recorded on "Plastic Ono") is the limit. You're back... in a funny way it's like the computer singing "Daisy" in "2001;" the talent, unrehearsed, badly recorded and spontaneous is the first breath of fresh air to come the Beatles (if only one) in a while. "Cold Turkey" is a great song that deserved better reception, and "Give Peace a Chance" is fine successor to "Hey Jude" and a Conceptual Masterpiece. Then you turn the record over but before you listen get really relaxed, I mean *really* relaxed, make love, turn on, clean a kilo, whatever it is. OK, now listen carefully to John's spoken introduction... now dive in and float downstream.

I don't know how many times a

week or a month or a year you would want to listen to Yoko's extraordinary singing, but to really listen to it once is already an awakening experience of rare sunshine. She's the fifth Beatle, and Yoko sideboards have carried John to a new energy level. I sincerely hope the Beatles will come together over him.

Even if "Tear down the wall, motherfucker" may not be the greatest lyric ever written The Airplane's "Volunteers" is amazingly fine. It drifts into your mind with its special easy richness. My initial disappointment has been won over. So, fly Jefferson Airplane. A lot better than a 747.

The Dead's recent "work," the double album, "Live" has been generally recognized for its remarkable qualities. In the rising chorus of enthusiasm (witnessed the Dead's return engagement this week at the Fillmore) I think that "St. Stephen" is one of the most beautiful tracks available on records—giving pleasure to the senses

and exalting the mind and spirit.

The Fillmore, whose Tuesday nights have not only been self-sustaining but have gained the interest of establishment publications like "Variety," did what might be called a weekend concert of new music; fresh and engaging is Boffolongo, who were one of the first groups to appear Tuesday night. The change is fantastic, or my perception of their talent is enormously changed. I gather their future is a little uncertain from the on-stage comment "This song is from our next album... if there is one." United Artists, I think you have a winner. "Give Them Shelter," because when they do get it together it's the hard rock side of Buffalo Springfield and it's great. Their uncertainty also came across, maybe that cooled the enthusiasm, but there were some really brilliant moments.

Also, while they were playing I stumbled (tripped) over a mescaline riff while stoned on grass, the result

of closing your eyes and gently pressing on your eyeballs until the patterns start to explode. It was amazing.

Jack Bruce, is hardly new, true, but in a new setting and full of new "Songs For A Tailor" (Atco, his fine solo album since Cream.) Accompanied by dazzling guitarist Larry Coryell, Mitch Mitchell (drums and Mike Mandel (organ.) Hampered by a bad voice, Bruce's concert didn't approach his record, whose long, rolling, jazz-heavy influences give it a very special texture. Where does he go from here? Certainly, "Sunshine of Your Love" still made everyone very happy.

Then the Mountain came to the Fillmore. Another significant step up from their first engagement. They did their version of "Theme From An Imaginary Western" 10 minutes after Bruce (who wrote it) did his, and Mountain held it's own. It was a gas to hear the two versions back to back like that.





**CHE**

(Continued from Page 10)

does recognize the existence of realities in theme and concept which override personal images in determining obscenity. Many critics have testified that "Che!" has a theme. Jules Feiffer even said it has "too much redeeming social value," meaning it's wordy because it tries too hard to make its point. The three judges appeared to be wide awake during that testimony.

All this leads to the less obvious image/reality number two. The whole commentary just completed depended on a verdict of guilty. (If the verdict was "not guilty," reality lives and everybody will be aware of it without being told here.) In any event, the foregoing commentary was based on an image of sorts—the image of legal bodies such as courts—being constantly and forever opposed to anything liberal or radical, such as the demonstrations in Chicago, the People's Park disturbances in Berkeley... and... nudity and sex on stage.

As difficult as it may be to comprehend, there is a reality that's different from that image. (Before you get the idea that we're giving equal time to the Establishment, relax—it will all come out right in the end. Read on! Which is sort of like Right on!) We just got a taste of that reality last week when 12 sheriff's deputies were indicted for various inhuman acts against protestors in the People's Park melee. Who would have ever thought that anybody besides the protestors would have to face charges?

The reality is not quite that obvious in the "Che!" trial. You have to talk to some of the defendants to realize that it exists in spite of Judge Goldberg screaming "sustained" before Conboy the Prosecutor even says "Objection." This is where Jeanne Baretich, who was one of the actresses in "Che!", comes in.

"We'd rather have three educated guys up there deciding our case, than a jury," she said. She went on to explain that she doesn't think the judges are prejudiced and she does think they'll reach a decision in a fair way. Lennox agreed, but he also said that not all of the defendants feel the same way.

The courtroom scene reflects Jeanne and Lennox's viewpoint more than it reflects the idea that the eight defendants are getting screwed right from the start. All of the defendants sit quietly through each day, with only an occasional shout of "that's a lie" disturbing the tranquility. Even the occasional shouts aren't really shouts. At least they're not loud enough to get anybody bound and gagged and charged with contempt.

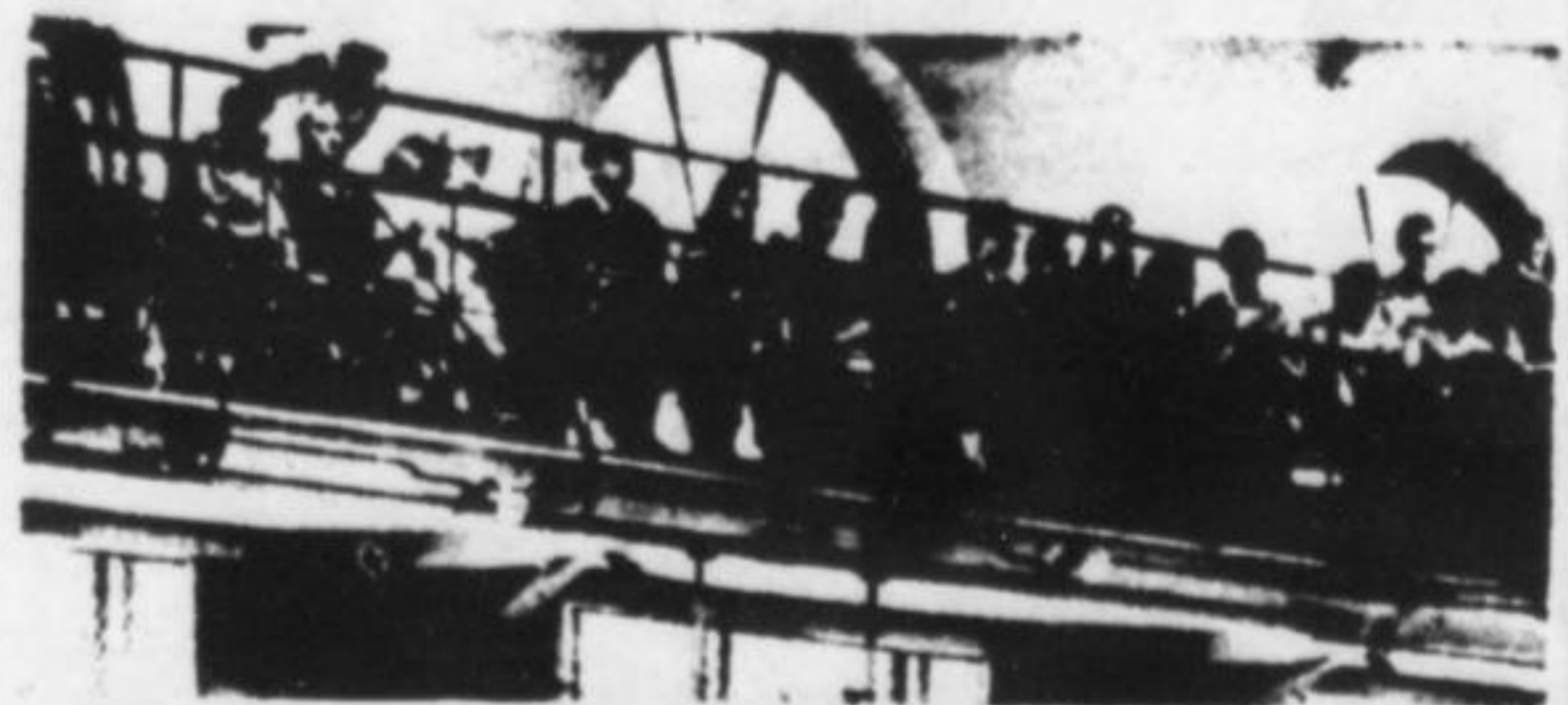
So the reality of the "Che!" trial is that all the hostility that's supposed to exist isn't all that hostile. But the trial itself is also a reality, not just an image. And when it comes down to the matter of a trial, most defendants would probably prefer neither reality nor image—they'd like not to be busted in the first place. And that is their little image.

# Where do we go from here?

## ATTEND A NATIONAL STUDENT ANTIWAR CONFERENCE

CALLED BY THE STUDENT MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM.

**FEBRUARY 14-15  
CLEVELAND, OHIO  
CASE WESTERN  
RESERVE U**



## CONFERENCE



**Discuss and decide on:**

- United national mass antiwar action.
- Campus action and anti-complicity struggles against the war.
- High school antiwar organizing and high school rights.
- Working with antiwar GIs.
- Workers' struggles, GE and the fight against the war.
- Women's liberation and the fight against the war.
- Third World liberation and the fight against the war.
- Legal and political defense of the movement.
- And more!

**EARLY REGISTRATION: FRIDAY,**  
February 13; begins 5:00 p.m. CWRU Student Union, Thwing Hall, 11111 Euclid Avenue.

Informal workshop and discussion rooms available at the Student Union Friday evening.

**CONFERENCE BEGINS: SATURDAY,**  
10:00 a.m., until early Sunday evening.

**REGISTRATION: SATURDAY**  
9:00 a.m. — 10:00 a.m. at CWRU Student Union, Thwing Hall, 11111 Euclid Ave. Registration open all day Saturday. Where sessions of conference are held on campus will be available at registration.

### LAUNCH THE SPRING ANTIWAR OFFENSIVE BRING ALL THE TROOPS HOME NOW!

For more information, clip and mail to:  
SMC National Office  
1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W. 907  
Washington, D. C. 20007  
202 - 737 - 0072

I plan to attend.  
 I cannot attend but am enclosing a donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me:  
 Conference calls (\$2/100)  
 Conference posters (25¢ each/2.50/25)  
 Student Mobilizers, includes pre-conference discussion articles. (\$7/100; 10¢ each.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
School and/or organization \_\_\_\_\_

For more information of conference arrangements and housing, clip, and mail to:  
SMC  
2102 Euclid Avenue  
Cleveland, Ohio 44115  
216 - 621 - 6516

I plan to attend.  
 I will need housing for \_\_\_\_\_ Friday, \_\_\_\_\_ Saturday, \_\_\_\_\_ Sunday.  
 I will stay at a cheap hotel.  
 I will bring a sleeping bag.  
 I am organizing conference transportation from my area.  
 I will have my own housing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
School and/or organization \_\_\_\_\_



# THE THEATRE OF OPPRESSION: PANTHER 21, NEW YORK CITY, IN PIG WE TRUST



photo: GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

by renfreu neff

Monday, February 2: Another opening, another trial. Billed as the "Panther 21," the defendants are in fact 13 members of the Black Panther party; of those originally named in the indictment two have been granted youth offender treatment; a third, Vietnam war veteran Lee Berry, has been severed from the case because he is an epileptic with 70% percent disability and has been confined to Bellvue's prison ward since 24 November; two others are being held in a Newark jail on bank robbery charges; and three others are still at large. The setting this time is Criminal Court Building at 100 Centre Street, a dingy structure that looks positively rent controlled compared to the Mies Van der Rohe of Chicago's Federal Building where for the past five months the Chicago 7 have been packing in capacity audiences for America's most expensive horror show.

The atmosphere surrounding the Panther trial is so typically New York, from the out-of-order phonebooths and pissy public lavatories to the detachment of the court officers assigned to maintain order; to the fact that "tight security measures" are said to be in effect, but it was harder

to get into the Rolling Stones' press conference. It's all so thoroughly in keeping with a city that will erect something like Lincoln Center before refurbishing a courthouse while maybe one in every one thousand residents gives a flying fuck about either one. For good reasons, too.

New York City is a weird place for the Theatre of Oppression, because it's so completely out of control to begin with that it has reached a point in its singular civilization where only the total collapse of some vital utility...a black-out or a garbage strike...is capable of restoring a momentary semblance of order. Its political alignments are as random as its violence, and the political machinery is too unsynchronized for a purge like the one in Chicago; on its highest level, a WASP Republican mayor fights with a WASP republican governor the saving grace of either being his antipathy toward the insect in the White House.

In accord with the full-blown schizophrenia of Fun City, Kafka is being done in blackface and, on opening day at least, members of the predominantly white bevy of bailiffs sported buttons supporting the Black Panther

Party. By the second day from superior court officials had disappeared from the make the proceedings appear "official," even if two taken over the corridor analyzing a mob of about 100 orderly lines, one for the thirteen defendants and the third for the press were opened for that affair turned out that the Panther out the logistics of the and friends were searching while the press ("racist" defendant had interjected discussion when one of the news was introduced a meeting of the media in a room for relatives of the in line for whatever space rear. Meanwhile, the bailiffs discreetly, holding doors, denials and keeping the

The week consisted of a 30 count indictment of members of the Black Panther Party conspiring to bomb public places and attempt murder and attempt

The "public places" were bizarre, including as they did department stores reputedly territory for ripping off and the Bronx Botanical Garden where the notorious dealers do research. Probably the last places to be bombed were Things to Bomb Today, and the police threatened police stations and commuter cars.

Those under indictment were charged with possessing and carrying among these bombs and "weapons." Scheduled to continue the purpose of these pre-trial hearings is to determine the rules of evidence will be admitted in trial, which won't begin until a jury is selected. The best of this reporter's

and useful hallucinations were excluded from these Chicago trial and weren't allowed in courtroom until Judge Healy to begin the search for a juror to sit in the jury box. The hearings and the selection were completed in a day-and-a-half. Chicago built its reputation, so one could even say that long.

So far, amidst courtroom that characterized the corridor and sidewalk demonstrations on all week...and, continue throughout the agreed upon were the demonstrations against Eddie Josephs and 17, as youthful offenders from the case of the hoodlums and agreement that, in Islamic tenets observed defendants, there would be on Friday. Ten of the in jail since their arrival because the excessive bail (\$25,000 to \$100,000) has A motion to reduce bail, \$100,000 set for Lee Berry.

Other motions denied: of Justice Murtagh on the biased and can not conduct severance from the indictment Panthers awaiting trial. The three still at large trial to a larger courtroom.



day, probably on orders of officials, the buttons on the uniforms, which did appear more sartorially than Panther marshals had on their duties and were organized two hundred into three families and friends of the press. When the doors of the afternoon session it opened, others had also worked in the courtroom; family members and let in first, "st press," one defendant during the morning of the six defense attorney motions to limit the number in order to allow more space (those on trial) waiting in the hallway remained in the hallway, checking press credentials, checking press credentials intact. If pre-trial motions on charging twenty-one members of the Panther Party with conspiracy in New York, attempted arson. Mentioned are a little they do a couple of off pawnable appliances in Garden where conscientious. These would probably be on anybody's list of and as for the supposed-ations, subway switch-railroad tracks, Right

nt are also accused of dangerous weapons, "explosive substances." through next week, the trial hearings is to procedure and what as to the actual in until "auditions" a week or so. To the s recollection, notes ons, press and public se proceedings at the n't allowed into the Hoffman was prepared r a dozen somnabulists . In Chicago these tion of a jury were -a-half, but then, tion on railroad-wonder why it took

room disruptions first two days and demonstrations that , hopefully, will e trial...the motions dismissal of charges and Lonnie Epps, both ers; the severance ospitalized Lee Berry; compliance with d by three remaining d be no court sessions defendants have been rests on 2 April, 1969, bail (ranging from as not been raised yet. l, in particular the erry, was denied. : 1) disqualification the ground that he is duct a fair trial; 2) ictment of the two l in New Jersey and of ge; 3) removal of the room in order to

accommodate more spectators and the elimination of searches on entering the building. In objecting to this motion, prosecuting Assistant District Attorney Joseph Phillips ran down a list of hatpins, knives, sharp-edged utensils and such, all alleged to have been removed from parties entering the courtroom. Considering that a dollar bill can be coated with enough plastique to blow up at least an Assistant, this sounded about as ominous as any other "shopping list;" 4) dismissal of charges against all of the defendants based on inflammatory pre-trial publicity that would make it impossible to select an impartial jury. Items from the TIMES and the POST on the previous day's events were cited as lacking the ethical responsibility requested of the press in reporting on evidence which may or may not be admissible into the trial; 5) the request that all information on wiretap surveillance of the defendants and their council be made public by the DA's office. In arguing this motion, defense attorney Gerald Lefcourt told the court of having been informed by a reliable source that such surveillance was and still is in use. The motion was promptly denied following the prosecution's rebuttal that this wasn't so. Lefcourt persisted, citing the discovery of undisclosed wire-tap information in the Chicago trials and Attorney General Mitchell's subsequent public admission that his department and the FBI did indeed maintain surveillance of Black Panther offices across the country. Justice Murtagh replied that in that case the motion should be addressed to the Attorney General.

The first witness called was Detective Joseph Coffey of District Attorney Frank Hogan's office, who testified to having led the 5:00 a.m. raid (Note time coincidence here with raids on Fred Hampton's apartment and Panthers' LA headquarters. Is the press responsible for the cop hang-up with the romantic semantics of the "pre-dawn raid?") last April 2 on the apartment of defendant Michael Tabor. Weapons were alleged to have been confiscated from in, under, or among various items of clothing and/or furniture... Detective Coffey seems to suffer from some sort of prepositional fuck-up, which does transmit some vivid household images. As its completion, Coffey's testimony received a burst of applause and whistles from the defense table with one member observing appreciatively, "Man, he's got a better TV than we got." Coffey's testimony on cross-examination didn't hold up so well. He seems to have given a somewhat conflicting report to the grand jury last October. And then on Wednesday afternoon he actually stated that orders had been handed down to the police department to get moving on the elimination of the Black Panther Party in New York. Things are bad enough without wondering what they'd be like if the police were intelligent. But as Ed Sanders recently suggested, if that were the case, they'd be doing something else.

The position in this case of State Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh is more complicated. White-haired and 60-ish, Murtagh is definitely more presentable to the legislative image than Julius Hoffman, his manner more restrained, petulant rather than snappish or overtly vindictive. Though somewhat lacking in juridical flash...an earlier episode in the legislative limelight being a relentless crackdown on parking ticket violations during which time one scofflaw was fined \$6000 for failure to pay summons... Murtagh has a reputation for being tough and conscientious. Personal concern over the proportion of arrests due to alcoholism led him to Yale in 1953 where he took a summer course in the problem of alcoholism;

from 1968 to '69 he served as board chairman of the National Council on Alcoholism, and he is currently on the general services board of Alcoholics Anonymous. In the early '60's a concern over the problem of prostitution in New York resulted in his book Cast the First Stone, published by MacGraw Hill in which he called for reforms in the law and in the treatment of prostitutes in prison.

But times change and new revolutions come about, and there are probably no judges ready for this one. Murtagh is clearly ill at ease in this courtroom, unequipped with an inordinate physical presence or mental agility that might facilitate his dealing with it. Where Hoffman inspires hatred and derision, Murtagh does not presume to inspire. This is not to suggest that Murtagh is any less acute, nor does he give the impression of possessing a particularly compelling death-wish. Quite the contrary, as illustrated once in the course of Monday's session. Apparently caught in a quandary as to how to handle the rather clamorous reception given him by the defendants and their equally vociferous sympathizers, it was with an unconcealable note of desperation that Murtagh called for a recess, to which a young lady spectator responded, "Shove your recess up your ass!" Observing her call taken up in unanimous accord, and as the general movement indicated a massive surge toward the bench, it is to the justice's credit that he resumed proceedings.

In collusion with prosecutor Phillips, the teamwork is frequently clumsy and uncoordinated, the equilibrium upset on occasion when Phillips attempts to press on to the fullest potential of injustice and Murtagh seeks refuge in upholding a Constitutional right of the defense. They come across as amateurish, even lethargic, in comparison to their Chicago counterparts, and while Phillip's determination is explicable in that there is no flunky as bad as an Assistant-flunky, the alliance brings a more sinister aspect to Murtagh's wavering position.

With alcoholics and hookers and renegade traffic violators blurred by a nation-wide focus on political unrest, it's so grimly understandable that a legislator in Murtagh's position would be baffled by which way to turn. He has two alternatives and both are dubious. Probing this new role, and knowing that liberals are very fashionable in New York these days, he finds that he could play Liberal New York Judge. The problem is that it carries an instantaneous obsolescence when a case like this has already been allowed to come before the State Supreme Court and tried in this city. Against a background of public protests and demonstrations, it must also be borne in mind that under certain conditions activists sometimes become "voters," and this is an election year.

Or, would it not be more politically advantageous, and certainly less hazardous in the long run...the long run being considerably shorter at 60...to snatch this opportunity to stand in line for a federal appointment. Federal is where the action is, the new government sponsored facism.

It might help if Murtagh visited Hoffman's courtroom in Chicago...easily arranged, since he has a 3-day weekend and that spectacle runs seven days a week. If he was turned on by what went down in his courtroom last week...I haven't even mentioned how they called him "faggot," and "racist pig," not a word about the "Motherfucker" either...well, maybe he ought to dig it as a signal, or something.

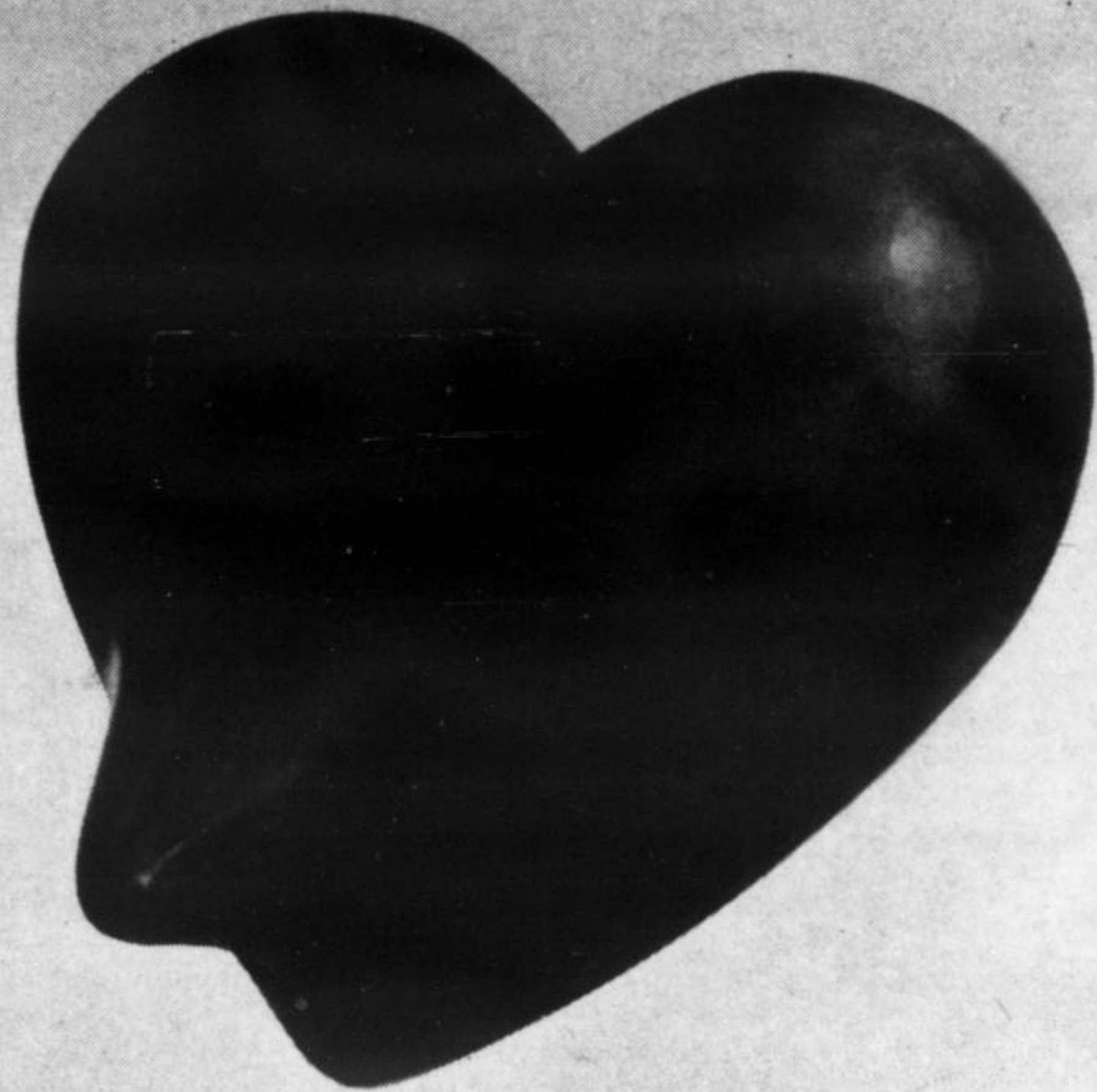
Seize the time.



# ambergris

LIVE  
THE BITTER END  
FEBRUARY 16—FEBRUARY 21  
GET IT THERE OR GET IT SOON  
ON PARAMOUNT RECORDS  
MGT. CMA

## love is a heart-on



LOVE IS A HEART-ON - HEAVY RECORDS

heavy records

For additional copies, write to  
**HEAVY RECORDS**, FDR Station PO Box #1751  
New York, N.Y. 10022

The first  
erotic-rock  
album for adults only  
to hit the pop music field,  
created for the non-  
hypocrite! At last, you  
will hear lyrics that are real  
with the music and rhythms  
of today. Have a ball!

Mail the coupon below with your  
check or money order and we will  
send you your LP Album or Cassette.

**HEAVY RECORDS** **G**  
(A Div. of Elephant Entertainment Corp.)  
FDR Station PO Box #1751, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Please send me "Love is a heart-on"

LP Album @ **\$7.95**  Cassette @ **\$8.95**

(indicate quantity)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 6)

It really went into something, and very curiously, came out someplace, and I really, at the moment, don't exactly know myself.

Q.: Do you have any feedback from people about whether they did adjust their sets at home?

STAN: The little bit I have is that most everybody just let it come out, untailored, just let it slide open and fall over them, and the ones that I did speak to, that I had any insight to, all felt that they were perfectly capable of privately editing in their head. They said, well I'm so used to TV commercials anyway, turning the kids off or on in the room, that it didn't matter, they swung right with it. And I was really trying to evoke certain particular parts that had more substance, more literate substance if you will. I wanted to hear that, and so I was playing for that, and I found it interesting that the responses I've gotten were basically able to edit in real time.

Q.: I want to get some feeling reaction to this thing. I'm all fucked up in my feelings right now about the piece, and I want to get some community feeling.

Q.: I wonder if that wasn't the way a lot of people in the audience felt—particularly since it was such a crowded mass, a really tense situation—I would not have wanted to be sitting in there.

STAN: What we were riding with is an invisible third element of theater that evening, and that was a live-action performance piece going on which had a dimensionality to it, and in fact I had taken the studio here as literal space and had set up a lot of evocative, or evocational, similes—references—to the whole idea of violence, so that the audience here had a very high emotional pressure when they came in just to see what was going to happen. So that had been done quite deliberately. You're right, I'm also tensed and puzzled, because I think that actually I evoked the basic body-mind-sense that I was looking for which was really a state of confusion, or questioning, out of which I wanted to evoke something that you would get emotionally to some level, where if there was any insight or oversight that you might have, was to get you to that point—in other words, is there something that happens to you at some new level of emotional awareness or wherever, kind of crudely put—a sensitizing process, by overstimulating or overloading, you then see something new or some new reference point? The basic theory behind it is that rather than actually work out your physical acts of aggression in one way or another, either on a home level or a street level, or on a nation-wide level, you do it in some form of play. One of the audience came up with something about the rational play—there was no such form of

rational play that was not harmful to us—and I was looking for a form of theater act that did lead us to that, so that we acted it out in that situation physically there, rather than go out and do it in the street. That was the basic motive for the thing. One of the problems about the form I put it in, and one of the whole points about metaphor, is that I don't think we really have an innate talent to confront issues directly, we must always make them off to one side, and I would even make a bet at this point that it will be hard for anyone to volunteer their literal feeling about it. Is that possible to ask?

FRED BARZYK (producer): Overall, I think I would have to say that the whole show had a rather inhuman aspect, except for what

existed inside the studio, and the shift between those two elements was a difficult one, but an enjoyable one when I finally got with the audience because I somehow felt that I was back in some state that I understood. When the three pieces were working well, it communicated best when it had your absurd sense of humor involved with it because it touched again on a humanity note. It worked effectively when there was a simple image, for me, like the knife back and forth, it had all the essence of what you were saying very clearly yet still with the same vision that you have. And there were many times in the whole show when I really felt no particular thing at those moments because I'd been saturated with so much that I'd been turned off. And

maybe with the group, I got turned on again.

STAN: You came in and out of it.

Q.: I never really got into it—there were points where I could view the thing sarcastically, but I think I'm very much like one of the guys in the audience pointed out—the sort of person who'll just sit back and watch it and then go home and go to bed. I don't know, maybe it's a subliminal sort of thing, and six months from now I'll wake up and be acting totally different.

Q.: Stan, would you like to elaborate on what you were trying to do, because we talked a lot about that, and obviously you weren't trying to incite violence, you were talking about sensitizing people to violence?

(Continued on Page 16)



For \$1, You Can't Afford Not to Get

## ZAPPÉD

(The Latest Youth Opportunities Bargain from Warner/Reprise!)

By "Zappéd," we refer, of course, to the lovely Frank Zappa and his merry men. Ever since Zappa got into his own labels (Bizarre and Straight), together with an assist from us (Warner/Reprise), we've watched him pile curiosity next to offense, and offer one uncommercial delight after another.

Now, for a buck, Warner/Reprise brings you a full, stereo, 14-selection album (available only by mail) filled with some of the most disgusting yet highly praised moments from such Bizarre/Straight freaks as:

THE MOTHERS • FRANK ZAPPA • LENNY BRUCE  
THE GTO'S • ALICE COOPER • LORD BUCKLEY  
WILD MAN FISCHER • CAPT. BEEFHEART  
TIM BUCKLEY

and some other occasionally tasteless album artists.

It's all divinely packaged, having been designed at no little expense by our latently talented art department.

TO: ZAPPÉD—Room 208 T  
Warner/Reprise Records  
Burbank, California 91505

Dear Establishment Freaks,  
Here's my buck for the Zappéd album. I sure hope you're not playing with me.



(Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records)

**"Quite simply one of the greatest movies I have ever seen!"** —CLIVE BARNES

**"Hilarious! a rare glimpse of private life. It took guts to stand up in front of a mass audience and live it like it is!"** —BRAD DARRACH, LIFE MOVIE

**"A deep personal accomplishment in the growing art of the film essay!"** —TIME MAGAZINE

**"If you see no other film this year, see 'a married couple'"** —LITA ELISCU, EAST VILLAGE OTHER

**"Comedy! Tragedy! Mystery! The movie connects with your life! More eloquent than a fictional drama!"** —JOSEPH GELMIS, NEWSDAY

**"An exercise in voyeurism! 'a married couple' is a jarring experience. It opens the bedroom door on a real marriage!"**

—KATHLEEN CARROLL, N.Y. DAILY NEWS

**"A new kind of film. The new art of our times. Allan King has done it and done it brilliantly!"**

—BERNARD DREW, GANNETT NEWS SERVICE

**"A powerful and moving film! Put together by a man who understands his art and his craft. More power to Allan King!"**

—GOLDMAN, CBS RADIO 88

**"'A married couple' may affect film in the 70's the way 'Citizen Kane' affected film in the 40's and 50's!"**

—SATURDAY NIGHT (TORONTO)



**a married couple** a film by allan king

KIPS BAY LE 2 6668  
on 2nd Avenue & 31st St.

OPENING THURSDAY - FEBRUARY 12

## A MAGIC TRIP

Sergei Paradjanou's  
Multiple Prize Winner

**WILD HORSES OF FIRE**

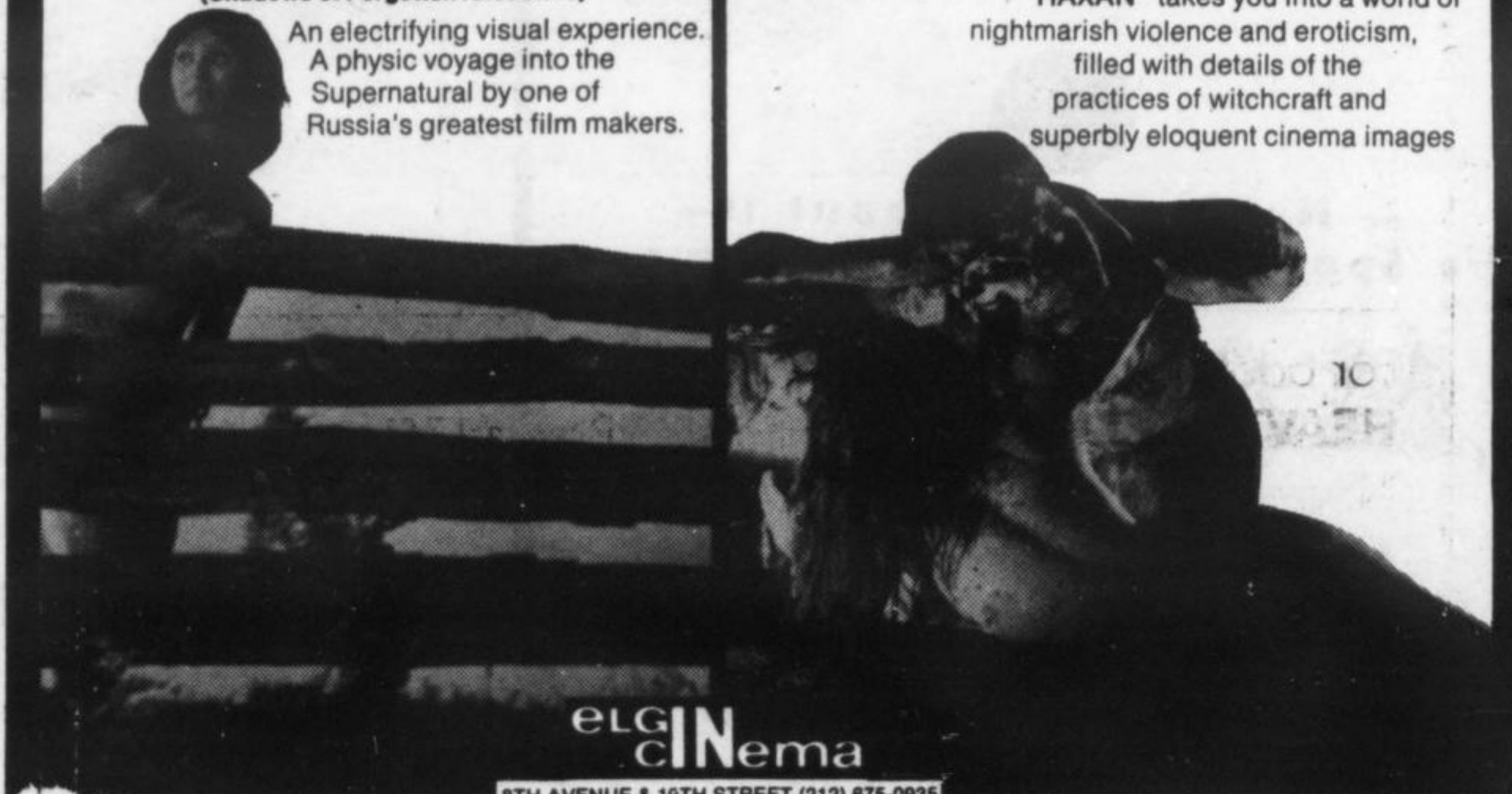
(Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors)

An electrifying visual experience. A physic voyage into the Supernatural by one of Russia's greatest film makers.

Benjamin Christensen's

**HAXAN**  
(Witchcraft through the Ages)

"HAXAN" takes you into a world of nightmarish violence and eroticism, filled with details of the practices of witchcraft and superbly eloquent cinema images




ELGIN CInema

8TH AVENUE & 19TH STREET (212) 675-0935



**ANTONIONI'S**  
**ZABRISKIE**  
**POINT**



RESTRICTED  
 Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian

Panavision® & Metrocolor

**THE CORONET** A WALTER READE THEATRE  
 59th St at 3rd Ave. EL 5-1663

The Caldron is not just a **lunch** restaurant. Its a way of life.  
 1:30-4:30

**CALDRON**

fine oriental and  traditional cooking

**RESTAURANT**

308 E. 6th St. **dinner** N.Y.C. - 473-9543  
 4:30-11:30

**?**

— No Question About It—  
 The Spot in The EAST VILLAGE is —

**MAJESTIC**

**MEN'S STORE**  
 Upstairs and Downstairs  
 St. Marks Pl. and 2 Ave. - 475-1620

**VIOLENCE**

(Continued from Page 15)

STAN: The problem about an artist making something is that I really shouldn't have to legitimize it with theory and surround it with a verbal package with a list of instructions. It really should in some way come through. I was really trying to do something that was

Artists-Craftsman-Vendors

**Thieves Market**

Space Available  
 Inside year round Day-Week-  
 Weekend- or Monthly basis  
 4 St Marks Place 533-8060

**Steak & Brew**

ALL THE BEER YOU CAN DRINK  
 ALL THE SALAD YOU CAN MAKE  
 PLUS  
 A BONELESS SIRLOIN STEAK  
**\$4.35\* ALL \$5.35\***  
 12 oz. FOR 16 oz.

HALF PRICE (& BIRCH BEER) FOR CHILDREN UNDER 12  
 CASUAL DRESS! OF COURSE. COME AS YOU LIKE.

Open from 4:30 P.M. Mon.-Sat. 55 Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Open from 1:00 P.M. Sun. 400 East 57th St. Broadway at 68th St. 98-14 Queens Blvd., Rego Park 1890 Palmer Ave., Larchmont, N.Y.

\*In Fort Lee, N.J. (2133 Lemoine Ave.) prices slightly lower & you may buy beer by the pitcher.

closer to non-verbal forces. A lot of the material was essentially meant to be visual, so my first premise was that I wanted to explore non-verbal ideas, if I could, and then explore the media, and there are so many ingredients in the media we had to sort of take inventory of it, and then I was looking in the large mainly for a myth-orientated form of evoking something without having the actual thing itself to be done with.

Q.: On that last point, Stan, should we have looked for the gratification of violence without committing it?

STAN: Yes— and no, aha!

Q.: Should this be for violence what pornography is for sexual desire?

STAN: It may very well be—that's an interesting and curious point. It strikes me you may very well have something there which I wasn't even aware of—that wasn't my plan, I didn't know frankly how it would end up. What I was looking for, which is kind of a reverse of non-verbal communication, and one of the things by the way which I got interested in as a result of this, is that the audience, which I had no idea how they would respond afterwards, seemed to me to be really ready to verbalize, to plunge in. It was a problem selecting one out of maybe 7 or 8 people, volunteering, all wanting to talk. I found that a very interesting by-product, that possibly such a heavy audio-visual load leads

(Continued on Page 18)

**There's a first time for everything.**



COLUMBIA PICTURES  
 & CARL FOREMAN present

They called them **The Virgin Soldiers** but not for long.

CO-STARRING  
 LYNN REDGRAVE · HYWEL BENNETT · NIGEL DAVENPORT · NIGEL PATRICK  
 as R.S.M. RASKIN  
 Screenplay by JOHN HOPKINS · from the novel by LESLIE THOMAS · Executive Producer CARL FOREMAN · Produced by LESLIE GILLIAT and NED SHERRIN · Directed by JOHN DEXTER · An Open Road/Highroad Production · COLOR

ON THE WEST SIDE ON THE EAST SIDE  
**Cinema RENDEZVOUS** / **LOEW'S NEW Cine**  
 JU 6-4448 57th Street West of 6th Avenue 3rd Ave. at 86th Street 427 1332





Receive the latest edition of a different underground newspaper each week. No duplications. \$10 for 6 months or \$17 a year. A sample packet of a dozen UPS papers is available for \$4, and a Library Subscription to all UPS papers (about 50) costs \$50 for 6 months, \$100 for one year. The above offers are available from UPS, Box 1603, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

**FILLMORE EAST PRESENTS IN NEW YORK**

**Tuesday Night New Groups**  
EVERY WEEK AT 8:00 P.M.  
3 NEW GROUPS  
1 NEW LIGHT SHOW  
-\$1.50 at the Door

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY SHOWS**  
WED., FRI., & SAT., FEB. 11, 12 & 14  
**GRATEFUL DEAD**  
LOVE  
ALLMAN BROTHERS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20 & 21  
**SAVOY BROWN**  
KINKS  
Keith Wolf's RENAISSANCE

SUNDAY, FEB. 22 - 7:30 PM ONLY  
**RAVI SHANKAR**  
WIZAKIR GUERESH (Son of Alla Rakha)  
Tabla  
ONLY USA APPEARANCE  
Produced in association with Jay K. Hoffmann

**BY POPULAR DEMAND**  
THURS., FRI., & SAT., FEBRUARY 26, 27 & 28  
**TEN YEARS AFTER**  
DOUG KERSHAW  
ZEPHYR

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 6 & 7  
**NEIL YOUNG**  
CRAZY HORSE  
**STEVE MILLER**  
BLUES BAND  
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION  
**MILES DAVIS**  
QUINTET

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 13 & 14  
**JOHN MAYALL**  
"Doctor Bennett"  
**B.B. KING**  
**TAJ MAHAL**

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 20 & 21  
**MOODY BLUES**  
LIZ MICHAELS  
ARGENT

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 27 & 28  
**JOE COCKER**  
THE GREASE BAND

**BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY**  
**STONE THE CROW**

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, APRIL 3 & 4  
(TO BE ANNOUNCED)

SUNDAY, APRIL 5 - 8:00 PM  
**TOM PAXTON**  
ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCE  
Produced in association with Jay K. Hoffmann

THURSDAY, APRIL 9 - 9:30 PM  
J. K. Hoffmann presents  
**PINK FLOYD**  
ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCE

FRI., SAT. & SUN., APRIL 10, 11 & 12  
**SANTANA**  
BEAUTIFUL DAY  
AND AT EVERY SHOW  
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

**FILLMORE EAST**  
SECOND AVENUE AT SIXTH STREET

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY - 8 & 11:30. ALL SEATS RESERVED. \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50. BOX OFFICE OPEN MON.-THURS.: NOON TO 9 P.M./FRI.-SAT.: NOON-MIDNIGHT/INFORM: (212) 777-5260  
MAIL ORDERS: CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO "FILLMORE EAST," 105 2nd Ave., N.Y.C. 10003. ENCLOSE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE & SPECIFY DAY, DATE & 8 OR 11:30 SHOW.  
ORDERS RECEIVED 5 DAYS BEFORE SHOW WILL BE HELD AT BOX OFFICE.  
TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE (3hrs. preceding show): Manhattan-LIMCO, 59th at 3rd (Upstairs); VILLAGE OLDIES, 149 Bleecker (Upstairs); Westchester-SYMPHONY MUSIC SHOP, 28 Palisades Avenue, Getty Square, Yonkers; Bronx-COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 382 East Fordham Road; Queens-REVELATION, 71-20 Austin Street, Forest Hills; DISKINS, 135-26 Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing; Brooklyn-YE OLDE SELECTIVE SERVICE SHOPPE, 3106 Coney Island Avenue; New Jersey-RED BARN, Garden State Plaza; Paramus- THE LAST STRAW, 317 Glenwood Avenue, Bloomfield.

AMERICAN PREMIERE

**LUCIANO BERIO's**

WITH  
CATHY BERBERIAN · CHRISTIANE LEGRAND · SANDRA MANTOVANI  
AND  
**The Swingle Singers**  
WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF CHARLES DE CARLO  
PRESIDENT OF SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE

**CARNEGIE HALL** TUESDAY EVENING,  
FEBRUARY 17th AT 8:30 PM

Tickets \$6.90-3.25  
ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE

FOR INFORMATION CALL LANDI ENTERPRISES INC. JU 6-0588  
AN ERBERTO LANDI PRESENTATION

## Are you ready for "End Of The Road"?

"A CINEMATIC ASSAULT."  
-Life Magazine

"A BRILLIANT, BRUTAL, BIZARRE, FREAKED-OUT MOVIE!"  
-Playboy Magazine

"AN ENORMOUSLY INTERESTING FILM... DEFINITELY WORTH SEEING."  
-WCBS Radio



Emanuel L. Wolf presents  
AN ALLIED ARTISTS FILM  
**END OF THE ROAD**

Starring  
**STACY KEACH, HARRIS YULIN, DOROTHY TRISTAN** and  
**JAMES EARL JONES** with **GRAYSON HALL** and **The Real RAY BROCK**  
Directed by ARAM AVAKIAN · Executive Producer MAX L. RAAB · Produced by TERRY SOUTHERN and STEPHEN F. KESTEN  
Screenplay by DENNIS MCGUIRE, TERRY SOUTHERN, ARAM AVAKIAN · From the Novel "The End of the Road" by JOHN BARTH · IN COLOR

**NEW EMBASSY 46th St./CINEMA II**  
Broadway at 46th St. PL 7-2408 3rd Ave. at 60th St. PL 3-6022

First Concerts in N.Y.  
Feb. 20 & 21 at 8:30  
Direct from Rome

**MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA**  
MEV The Music Commune—Bring Your Sound  
(Heard in "Zabriskie Point")  
Tickets \$3.00 (all seats reserved).  
Mail orders accepted.  
Student tickets available one half hour  
prior to curtain with school ID, \$2.00  
For transportation information call 857-1575.  
One block from IND, BMT, IRT.  
Reserved parking at Box Office, \$1.

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**  
30 Lafayette Avenue, 11217

A Fly Can't Bird But a Bird Can Fly  
542 West Broadway (La Guardia Pl.)  
Admission \$2.00 3:00 677-9120





**THE  
Legal  
Front Ltd.**

**Mens Boutique 12:00 AM - 9:00 PM**  
39 St. Marks Place 677-9400  
Trousers made to order.

St Marks Clinic  
Free Medical Cure  
for All  
rheum 6pm-10pm  
Mon - Friday  
44 St. Marks  
Place  
2nd Floor  
Dr. Jeffrey Arlen  
533-9500

**BLACK & WHITE  
PERSONAL  
FILM DEVELOPING**  
Your personal films processed  
without restriction. Negs returned  
promptly with order and en-  
larged. \$2 per roll & 15¢ a print.  
Send film and money order to:  
**FOTO-MAGIC**  
P.O. BOX 93 Dept K  
YONKERS, NY 10704

**BOB FASS  
NEEDS A LOFT  
DESPERATLY  
CALL  
475-3593  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**DRY HEAT  
MATERIAL THINGS**



photo by LAURAIN

**6th STREET  
and 2nd AVE.  
473-9667**

**37 UNION SQ. WEST**

discovers  
mystical  
experience

taboo

"I bring forth the universe from my essence and I abide in the cycle of time that dissolves it."  
chicago conspiracy

**VIOLENCE**

(Continued from Page 16)

you to talking it out, which may or may not be a point, but I suspect that it is. I don't know—it's like a fun-house, where it does and doesn't work, but in the large sense it does work. Now in our society we have an incredible amount of pressures and forces that are not really legitimized, like pornography which isn't and is in everybody's mind, and violence. Two large thoughts came out on the violence basis, it seems to me, that one, violence in many is a fairly natural phenomenon, I guess we don't escape it or else we invent some sort of play that relieves us of it—if you let that energy go on out of control it becomes violent...

Q.: Was this to be a model of a new kind of play then, that would take the place of violence?...

STAN: Yes, in effect it could be, and I hope to look at it in that light...

Q.: Well, then isn't one of the tests of whether or not it worked for us, is if it did the job, vicariously or if you were in the studio talking, whether we felt expressed... You see, there wasn't really that much

violence in the pieces to experience, that many of the pieces were metaphorical or expressive of other kinds of human behavior, or traits. When every so often you'd get a glimpse of something that looked like genuine violence, like the World War II footage, that came out stunningly different from the rest. Gee, I didn't find that much violence in it to really get that out of it...

STAN: I know that that was quite deliberately done. I really only wanted to make kind of oblique references to it. For one of many reasons, it's not easy to get that strong footage without a lot of trouble, and I also didn't want to do it, I wanted to stylize it so that it was only an afterimage of what it really was. I think that would be more involving and you had to read into it what you will. In fact, one of the things that was said in the post-mortem period in the studio itself, is that they'd all seen it before, it was all TV stuff, which is true. And all I'm saying is that it's all part of the mythic structure that we have, that is the fabric of our contemporary myths. Seven million people watch these football games each week and that's really woven into us, so we don't tend to think of it in its counterpoint way.

Q.: Tell us about VIOLENCE TWO. (Laughter) Q.: More to come.

STAN: Yes, phase two. What I had in mind originally was to explore a form of portable theater that was also, in the large sense, a scale and a media interpretation. We have many medias in our society, most of them don't give us a responsive situation, and we have a scale problem in our society where basically the individual is isolated from his overall community, and there are only a few ways he can identify with it. Here, at this ovular conference table, we want to talk out ideas, which is very hard physically to do. The real problem is that our society has a physicality that we must explore in some way, and I'm particularly interested in penetrating and rebuilding what is our physical scale, in some way, so that we as individuals both function better as individuals and we as groups function better as groups. So what I'm really addressing myself to is the role of television as a new form of theater, and an exploration of this kind of empathy theater, or whatever you want to call it, which works in real time and works in all these dangerously balanced medias which we all have at our disposal now, but which none of us quite knows how to orchestrate and use.

(TV VOICES: 1) AM I ON THE AIR OR NOT. (LAUGHTER) 2) GO AHEAD. 1) WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PEOPLE THERE, NOT ON FILM, BUT BLACK PANTHERS AND WELFARE MOTHERS AND MOTORCYCLE KIDS AND KIDS WHO JOHN HOLT SAYS ARE BEING MURDERED BY THE SCHOOL SYSTEM. JOHN HOLT IS A CONSERVATIVE. HE TELLS US OUR KIDS ARE BEING MURDERED IN OUR SCHOOLS. (APPLAUSE) 3) THE VIOLENCE THAT WJ SEE PERPETRATED ON OUR SOCIETY, DOMESTICALLY AT LEAST, IS MAN TO MAN, AND MOSTLY WITHIN FAMILIES AND NOT OUTSIDE. NOW HOW DO YOU ANSWER THAT IN TERMS OF INSTITUTIONAL VIOLENCE? YOUNG LADY: THE FAMILY IS ONE OF THE MAJOR INSTITUTIONS IN OUR SOCIETY THAT PERPETRATES THE BASIC VALUES OF THE SOCIETY, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF WHICH IS THE EXPLOITATION AND DEGRADATION OF WOMEN. (LAUGHTER) ALSO IT TREATS A WOMAN AS IF SHE WAS THE PROPERTY OF THE MAN, AND CHILDREN AS THOUGH THEY WERE THE PROPERTY OF THEIR

PARENTS. THAT'S THE BASIS OF CANNIBALISM WHICH IS THE BASIS OF VIOLENCE IN THE WORLD TODAY. MAN: HOW DO YOU REDESIGN? I FAIL TO SEE ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE FAMILY STRUCTURE AND CAPITALIST STRUCTURE, BUT THAT MAY BE YOUR BAG. YOUNG LADY: THE FAMILY STRUCTURE TODAY TRAINS PEOPLE TO ACCEPT THEIR ROLES, BUT NOT THEIR HUMANITY WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. WHEN WE FREE OURSELVES, WHICH MEANS TO FIGHT AGAINST AMERICAN SOCIETY WE FREE OURSELVES FROM THOSE OPPRESSIVE INSTITUTIONS, WHICH MEANS THAT WE ESTABLISH REAL COMMUNITY WHERE PEOPLE RELATE TO ONE ANOTHER IN A SOCIALIST WAY, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU COMMUNICATE. YOU BREAK DOWN THE FAMILY AND CREATE COMMUNAL LIVING. MAN: AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE TO REDO THE WHOLE SOCIETY IN ORDER TO RID OURSELVES OF VIOLENCE. YOUNG LADY: OF COURSE.)



## EVO STUDS

(Continued from Page 8)

'Fucking A,' growled Big Irv, beetling his heavy eyebrows. His massive hairy fist disappeared into his sport coat to scratch his armpit. 'I say it's a crying shame when you can't use the john without some fairie's in there putting on his face in the mirror. And that shitty tampax in the bowl, man... And just being around those *sissies* in their puffy flowered shirts and tight britches over their little asses—man, it makes me want to go live in a fucking *trailer camp*. We gotta do something.'

'You should be *man* enough,' sneered Coca Crystal, the receptionist, through her tall blonde lips. Big Irv, who had been edging his ass end over toward her for the past ten minutes with agonizing slowness, drew away in shame and mortification. All men withered before Coca-Crystal's sneer, she was what Latimer described as a 'high-tone kick-ass get-outa-town type woman', when he was trying not to be an uptight WASP. Shitjaw himself had once shyly removed her boot and begun kissing her toes tenderly, as one might neck with a rattlesnake: and she had merely ordered 'Swallow it' when he was done, to crush him for good and all. 'You creeps in this office,' she told Big Irv, 'you couldn't stomp out a Girl Scout troop.'

'I say we oughta *whup* 'em,' drawled the Barone Gianfranco Mantegna. 'Fuckin pansies, anyhow... Got no time for fuckin

pansies, me. See these hairy little creeps, makes a man want to put on his *stompinn'* shoes and to to town. Wanna kick some ass, man!'

'Got to do something,' agreed Katzman, shifting his eyes from right to left in an extremely paranoid fashion. 'You can't pull that shit down at the *Bother*. We're top dog. We were first. I say we get ourselves a brace of firearms and some good ammunition and... And a couple bombs... Irv, you were in sabotage with the Green Berets, you can wire up some—'

'No, no,' objected Alex Gross, laying a restraining hand on the .45 Katzman had been caressing for the last ten minutes. 'No, Al, that's not cool. "Hot lead does not a revolution make", to quote the honourable Chairman Mao. We ought to just try to *persuade* them not to show up for work.'

'Right on!' shouted David Walley. 'Power to the people! Off the fags! We will support everything our enemy opposes and oppose everything our enemy supports! Remember the Maine! Bending conspiratorially over toward Stephen Kohn, Walley started whispering conspiratorially. 'Fuck yourself,' Stephen kept saying—but with a smile.

'Shit,' exclaimed Shitjaw the Inniun, jabbing Latimer in the kidneys. 'Hear that? That's a-going to be trouble.'

'Somebody better fetch the sherrif,' Latimer concurred, looking worried. He reached for the phone, but Schultz stayed his hand. 'No, Dino. Think of the story this'll make: EVO STUDS KICK ASS ON

SECOND AVENUE. Wow. Let's round up a photographer and a tape recorder and wait out front for the action.'

Night fell over Second Avenue like Marv Grafton into the East River with a bundle of *Pleasures* tied to his neck. Seven o'clock. The *Gay Flower* pasteup crew was due to report any minute, and the trap had been laid with care. Shitjaw and Latimer were hiding in the new Cut-Rate Used Pizza joint across the street from the Fillmore East Theatre with Lensmay Zoseph Stevens, who'd brought along his Lieca and his super-strobe. Across the street, Katzman and Lewis were ensconced shivering atop the Fillmore marquee (Feb. 12-17, STARK NAKED & THE CAR THIEVES; Feb. 22-28, JO-JO & THE 13 SCREAMING NIGGERS), flattened under the arctic blasts blowing in from uptown. In the cozy foyeur, Walley and Shushnik impatiently rattled their bicycle chains and rapped their brass knucks, waiting for the action. The remaining contingent of EVO studs lay concealed in the Fillmore box office, passing around a fifth of cheap rum and fondling the ticket girl. The fur was clearly going to fly.

At last they showed up: six slender little fairy-forms, the entire *Gay Flower* crew, mincing down the avenue past Ratner's without a care in the world. 'Jesus,' Latimer told Schultz. 'I think I'm gonna be sick.' His face was pale, and he was shaking like a leaf. 'I don't wanna watch. I'm sorry I ever let it happen. Oh shit. Oh shit. Wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong. Schultz, isn't there anything we do to stop it? It always nauseated Shitjaw to see a journalist

wither under fire, and he slapped Latimer a couple of times across the paling chops before training his binoculars in finer.

Then all hell broke loose. First Lewis dropped like a spider from the Fillmore marquee onto John Heys' back, shouting, 'Bundolo, bundolo, kreegah!' With a bash, the doors to the foyeur blew open and Walley and Shushnik roared out swinging chains. 'Remember the Stonewall!!!' Enraged EVO studs poured out of the box office, swearing and cursing, blood already in their mouths. Finally Allen Katzman poised atop the marquee, leapt, missed Jim Fouratt by three feet and broke both legs on the sidewalk. 'Again,' he moaned. 'Oh that this too solid flesh should melt...'

Breakfast rose in Schultz' gizzard as he witnessed what was going down across the street. Maybe Latimer had a point. There are Artie Feldman, and he had the Staff Dyke, Kiki Lecousac, down on her shoulders cursing while he ripped her brass-studded bluejeans away with his teeth, shred by shread. Stephen Kohn was about to put the blocks to Blanche, whom he had bent over a yellow Fillmore barricade; but he was having troubles with his father, Jaakov, who was determined to do a number with his rubber-tipped walking stick. 'Fuck yourself!' he kept yelling, to no avail. David Walley was holding Danny Fields down with his rear end in the air, while Big Irv set up for one *mothering* place-kick, a throwback to Irv's semi-pro days with the Cherry Lane Lumberjacks.

'Oh fuck. I'd hate to be in their

shoes,' Latimer whimpered to Schultz, peering through spread fingers at the mayhem. 'Oh but I hate the sight of—' he was cut short by a shrill shivering shriek fit to bust the strobing lights of the Fillmore marquee.

'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' bellowed Shitjaw, 'they've got *Lindsey!*' And sure enough, the *stud* of all the EVO studs—the biggest, meanest, grossest, evillest ass-kicker ever to saunter down the Boomerang in his rigged-out bellbottoms—*Jay Fab* held in his brawny paws the slender waist of Lindsey Van Gelder, star lady's lib columnist for the *New York Post* and Shitjaw the Inniun's lifelong Lady Of Pain. He held her aloft, kicking and shrieking in terror, as he licked his lips in anticipation of the gross malevolencies he would wreak upon her helpless bod.

'*Lindsey!*' cried Shitjaw, breaking through the door of the Cut-Rate Used Pizza parlor and sprinting through the traffic across Second Avenue. 'Release that maiden, sirrah! Avaunt! Cease these importunities! Arroint thee, motherfucker!' Diving across the sidewalk, he rammed his skull into Jay Fab's enormous belly, knocking the wind out of him. The three of them fell like jackstraws to the sidewalk as a dead hush fell over the Fag Massacre; smelling blood, the inflamed EVO studs had forgotten about the *Gay Flower* boys, and were circling in on the helpless bodies of Shitjaw and Lindsey Van Gelder.

'It looks bad for you, Schultz,' Latimer called from across the street. 'You're gonna get it now. I'd hate to be in your shoes. I told you so.'

(Continued on Page 22)

# IKE PRESENTS "I LIKE IT!!!"

## THE BAR

### FOR THE MAN WITH SPECIAL TASTES

### AND DESIRES

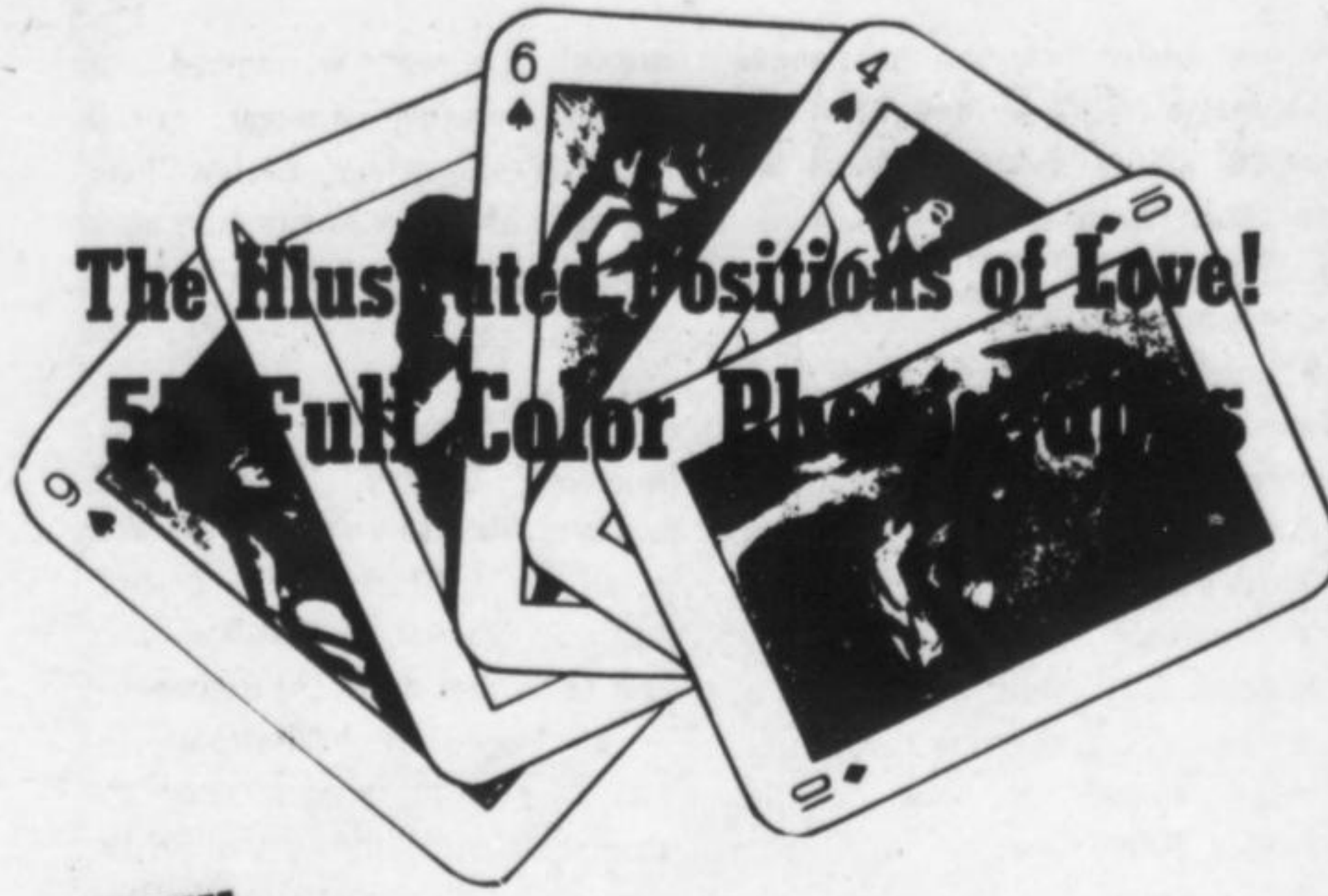
### IT'S THE LATEST AND

### MOST EXTRAVAGANT PLACE IN TOWN !!!

### 1076 Third Avenue

### (Between 63rd & 64th Streets)





**NOW  
It's In  
The Cards**

A brand new deck of cards taken from the manual **SEXUAL LOVE**, illustrating the 55 positions of sexual intercourse. All vivid, full color photographs of an actual couple demonstrating each position. There's also an introduction by Dr. Charles Rosenbloom and concise, detailed instructions to go with each photograph.

This deck of cards is a must for the newly married couple or the couple that wants variety in their sex life.

Complete deck of 55, full color cards and detailed instructions are only \$7.00. Write for your deck today!

STEELE NOVELTIES  
G.P.O. BOX 2883  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

ENCLOSE \$7.00

**LOVE HUNGRY**

GUYS 'N GALS  
**CLUB JOY**  
INVITES YOU

Receive names & addresses monthly of anxious gals 'n guys. For fast ACTION, registration & membership card for One Year of delightful experiences. Send \$1.00 ROYAL-UG BOX 1548 POMPANO BEACH, FLA. 33061

new novelty!  
**spanish fly**  
brand candy Dept. UN52

Eight (8) Pieces \$5.00

GROVE PRODUCTS  
7908 SANTA MONICA BLVD.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

**MEN ONLY!**

We have the most unusual items and novelties for men ever offered. Sample assortments, only \$2.00. Catalog only 25c, refunded on first order.

ARTCO MFG. CO., Dept. UN520  
806 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

**UNCOMMON PRODUCTS**

FOR MARRIED MEN

Our business is the securing of UNIQUE PERSONAL ITEMS for married men ONLY. Now available... complete selection of hard-to-find products. Married men, send today for ILLUSTRATED pictorial catalogue and future descriptive mailings. Enclose 25c for handling.

Dept. UN520  
806 South Robertson Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035

L & I SALES

THE ONLY UNRETOUCHED  
**MALE NUDIST**  
Publication of its Kind!

SEND \$5.00  
For Your Copy Now!

OR—  
Send \$1.00 for Full Color Brochure (Refundable on first order) to:

WYNGATE & BEVINS, INC.  
Dept. UN52  
6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

FILM 50¢ OR PHOTOS 8¢

PLUS Complete Illustrated Catalog

INCLUDES EXPLICIT COLORED SLIDES

Send Your Check to: ELIAS SALES CO. 1046 ALA. Hollywood, Cal. 90028

NOTHING LEFT TO IMAGINATION!

**SWEDEN FILMS**

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FULL SHOW MOVIES \$2.00

ADULTS ONLY

MAN & WOMAN WOMAN & WOMAN

SWEDEN FILMS - U.S. DELIVERY  
BOX 942 NATIONAL CITY, CAL. 92050

I WENT AND DONE IT!  
I thought my boyfriend would get turned-on over my film, but he got uptight! So if you'd like the "reel" me for your private fun, I'm ready! 50 ft. for \$2.00 won't hurt, I hide nothing and it's fun!

Send to: NOVEL PRESS Dept UN2  
31 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

**THIS IS IT!**

We have the greatest collection of adult items for men and women over 21 ever offered! Many of these items are not available anywhere else at any price! If you're tired of being disappointed and want the widest and most daring products available for adults only, just rush 35c (to cover postage & handling) for our "Big Free Catalog" and illustrated brochures to:

ELIAS SALES CO. - Dept. 20  
P.O. Box 330 - New York, N.Y. 10036

**Wild & Wide Open**

BOTTOM-LESS Scenes of CALIFORNIA GIRLS

Our girls are the lustiest, bustiest and they show it all!

Interested? Send a buck for our illustrated catalog of films, magazines and pix or send two bucks for 50 film.

Adults Only Dept UN2  
31 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

MAGAZINES REFUSE TO RUN OUR ADS! They claim our illustrated---SEX BOOK ads TOO HOT for their pages! We offer our brochure containing these TOO HOT ILLUSTRATED ads for \$1.00 cash or stamp. Inductible first order. IMPROVE your MUST HAVE Give Aq. & Sign Name.

REBEL IMPORT CO. BOX 616-H  
COOPER STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

**MARRIED MEN! MUTUAL SATISFACTION**

If too quick climax is ruining your marital relations, you can help solve this problem with GEM. This product has helped 1000's who have had this problem. 30 day supply \$3.00 or 60 day supply only \$5.00. In plain wrapper.

CENTRAL PRODUCTS Dept. UN520  
806 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035.

WANT THIS PHOTO... without the censorship marks? We will let you have it along with 7 similar prints and information for \$1.00.

FREEDOM FILMS 5007  
6311 Yucca St., Los Angeles, California

"WE ALSO HAVE MOVIES"

We just got our hands on some personal film of a couple making it. Sample \$1. Full 100 Show \$5.

REBEL  
P.O. Box 39604 Dept. 500  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90039  
Adults Only. Please

**WE DO IT ON FILM AND ENJOY IT!**

COUPLE PLAYS WITH FRIENDS AND OTHER COUPLES

\$1.00 FOR 8MM 25c FOR 4x5 FILM JIM & LOIS 500 PHOTO  
5334 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CA 90027

FILMS • PHOTOS • BOOKS

**PORNOGRAPHY IS LEGAL**

Send \$1 and a Stamped Self-addressed Envelope For Information - For Explicit Material Send \$6 IMPORT-FORWARDING SERVICE, Dept. 500  
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028  
You Must Be 21 To Order

**I POSE FOR PRIVATE BEDROOM PICTURES**

Tell me what you want and I'll send you a personal polaroid copy. Please enclose \$1 or \$2 to cover my cost.

Mrs. E. A. Sheridan, P.O. Box 2666  
Van Nuys, Calif. 91401  
p.s. Also interested in movies and swapping. ADULTS

I'M SHARON... and I'd love shar'in a reel of my groovy body with someone like you who'd dig me. Just think! All 50 ft. of the "reel" me for \$2.00, and I do mean ALL!

Love, Sharon

Send to: NOVEL PRESS Dept UN2  
31 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

ONLY NOW!  
DARE WE OFFER THESE  
INCREDIBLE BOOKS, FILMS  
AND PHOTOS AT THESE  
LOW LOW PRICES

LOOSE WOMEN THRUOUT THE WORLD  
Lively first hand survey of "joy" houses in 12 countries. "Brothel Row" of 100,000 women in Calcutta where shameless scenes are enacted on the streets: oxcart moving whores of Bombay - for sale for 25c; unique off bounds "street of Fatishism" in Hamburg where lustful customers come to satisfy their perverted desires. \$1

THE LESBIAN: The Bi-sexual Female  
Shocking expose of sex acts between one woman and another. In many startling case histories this book dares to reveal the growing number of girl "lovers" in America today. Scarce! \$1

A HUNDRED NAKED REBELS  
Here is a male nudist magazine crammed with dozens of photos of boys romping in the nude in fun and sport. Boys gaiore! Scarce and unusual (Adults only)! \$1

CURRENT DRUG HANDBOOK  
Specific technical data on 1,000 drugs in current use. Especially for the physician, pharmacist & nurse. Scarce and hard to obtain. \$1

THREE'S NO CROWD  
Three in a bed! It's not as far out as you think. Millions do it! How is it done? Here, in vivid case histories, you'll read about two women and a man, two men and a woman, three men, three women, all 3 in bed! Adults only! \$1

A STUDY OF CUNNILINGUS  
Subjects covered in this oral love case history book include initiation into cunnilingus, how lesbians practice cunnilingus, children and teenagers who practice cunnilingus, lots more. \$1

GIRL GANGS  
The newest phenomenon on the sex scene: Gangs of girls banded together in an insatiable thirst for sex and violence. Girls who rape men, club of lesbians, much more! \$1

ORGY'S TODAY: The Group Sex Kick  
A fantastic sexual autobiography of a "sexual superman" who participated in sex orgies from New York to Hollywood - and told all! Realistic stories of sexual fun and games in America today. Scarce! \$1

MASTURBATION by Mark Rogers  
Here is a hard-hitting look at the hush-hush subject of autoeroticism. In this book you'll discover all of the dozens of ways auto-eroticism can be practiced by both men and women, some rather unbelievable! A valuable handbook for everyone! \$1

BEASTIALITY  
Sexual Intercourse Between Man and Woman - and Animals. By Sigmund Fleschman M.D. Translated by Robert Harris. Illustrated. A shocking book on a never discussed area of sex - oral and physical intercourse between women and dogs, men and sheep, plus even weirder combinations that make the contents of this book beyond description. For Mature Adults Only. \$1

TEEN-AGE SEX CLUBS  
Photo illustrated with 41 shocking photos. The true, inside story of the sex swinging teenagers, their sex orgies, homosexual gangs, group sex activity. Many realistic case histories. While they last! \$1

THE ANAL LOVERS by Dr. D. Stramm  
This first book on this painful - but pleasurable - widely practiced perversion. Between men and women, men and men, the lesbian and her "butch", men and boys, etc. Many vivid case histories! \$1

Rush all orders with cash, check, or money order to:

NOVEL PRESS Dept UN2  
31 SECOND AVE.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

**made in Sweden!**

Sensational films, photos, color slides, and magazines. Illustrated color catalogs. Sent airmail against \$1.00. Just send your name and address to:

K. WARBERG BOX 10026  
Gothenburg 10, Sweden

**a WILD new breakthrough in adult movies!**

**nudist honeymoon**

Now, for the first time anywhere, you can watch a beautiful young girl and a handsome, vigorous youth during the private, intimate, first night of their honeymoon! You'll watch in fascination as they explore the full depth of their passion and love—naked together in the bridal bed...nude in the quiet woods...by a clear, cold stream...or closely clasped in the fragrant grass!

Yes! At last there is a totally honest, absolutely uninhibited adult film for you! **NUDIST HONEYMOON** is compelling, unafraid—totally different from anything that has gone before! Don't miss the actions and activities of naked young love portrayed honestly, candidly, fearlessly in **NUDIST HONEYMOON!**

\*8mm film only—no 16mm.

**ORDER FORM**

**CARMAR** Dept. 500 20 Branford Place, Newark, N.J. 07102

Send to: Please Print or Write Clearly

Please send me **NUDIST HONEYMOON** (240') as I have checked below:

Super-8 Color (for Super-8 projectors only) \$38  
 Regular 8mm. Color \$35  Black & White \$20

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ in ( ) cash ( ) check ( ) M.O.  
(Sorry no COD's) as payment in full for all film(s) ordered above. I am 21 years of age or over.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Calif. Res. Add 5% Sales Tax - Use Your Zip Code Number for Fastest Service

**NOW AT LAST AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF PORNOGRAPHY THAT TELLS ALL!**

**2000 YEARS OF PORNOGRAPHY IN ONE HUGE COMPLETELY ILLUSTRATED VOLUME...**

The reason why you haven't seen this book anywhere before is because of the enormous amount of research required to write the text and gather the pictures. Printed in clear type — this book contains nearly 300 oversized pages, and is illustrated with over 150 explicit reproductions and photographs.

We have taken one step farther in offering you this newly published book which regularly sells for \$7.95. As an introductory offer with this ad the price is only \$5.00.

You will gain a new understanding and pleasure from seeing these master pornographers through the authors' experienced pictures and text.

Don't wait, order your copy for only a low \$5.00 while this limited introductory offer lasts.

Send to: **TROPIC BOOK SERVICE** • Dept UN52 P. O. Box 6118 Cleveland, Ohio 44101

PLEASE READ BEFORE ORDERING. We accept orders from adults only. Your order must be accompanied by payment in full. We cannot ship C.O.D.'s. Cash orders are filled immediately. Checks must clear your bank. Canadian currency or cheques, add 10% for exchange.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**STAGE UNDIES**

<input type="checkbox"/> Rhinestoned Strip Bras \$2.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Exotic Lastex Mesh Leotard, Lace Trimmed 10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Rhinestoned Strip Panty 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Hip Length Sheer Hose, Black, Nude 4.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Strippers Sequin Nipple Cups 3.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Hip Length Lastex-Mesh Hose, Nude 4.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Strippers Fringed Panty & Bra Set 10.00	<input type="checkbox"/> All Lastex Panty Hose, Black & Nude 6.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Strippers Sequin Can-Can Garter 3.00	

Sizes: Small, Medium, Large — Mail Cash or C.O.D.

**STAGE UNDIES - 1685 59th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. - 212-494-7151**



# AY DIOS MIO

(Continued from Page 10)

potpourri of jam-fest, rap-fests, bar-hopping, tales from both sides of the ocean, standard New Year's Eve shlock, Sex, Dope, and funny-sad stories of life in the service and 1,001 questions about what's happening back in the states. In short, there was no conflict between the servicemen and the freaks, only an overwhelming rapport and instead of hustling 35 and 40-year old Spanish whores—There were an awful lot of guys out asking every long hair they saw, "wher's the dope?" "hey, man, where can I get some pot" I was astonished to see how many of these guys are into drugs. Every day when leave began, the same faces, different faces, wanting to get turned on. And so many of these guys, they want you to know emphatically how they

hate the war—and how they hate having short hair etc. It got a little heavy after a while—an awful lot of guys wanting your shoulder to cry on—O.K. but what can you say to a guy when he has to be back on ship at 2 A.M. Anyway—I tried on several occasions to get a few guys to desert. One cat went AWOL for the weekend—another I layed (read *Gay Power*, if you're interested in the lurid details). A small victory, yes, very small but we did lay an awful lot of those fellows onto dope and that's a good sign—like I said before—A good thing did a lot of travelling and it was kind of pleasant—starting the new year off seeing a new form of the conspiracy and awareness take shape—MILES AWAY FROM WHERE IT ALL STARTED.

# NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 3)

"Looks like we're gonna be in True Magazine," a man said.

"Wrong, Mack," I told him. "East Village Other."

"Hmpf."

Then we heard a terrible sound, not unlike a bear who has fallen out of a tree. It was the conductor, short and stocky, monkey uniform, the perfect prototype!

"Tickets!" He shrieked. "Rockville Centre tickets, please! Oh My God!"

He waded through veritable human walls, down and under, up and above, stuffed but empty, childish but grim.

"Your tickets please!" he begged. It looked like fun. Stevens turned in my direction.

"Let's do it," he said. "Right on," I said.

We began forcing our way through the car, a maneuver which caused no little grief. It took us 11 minutes and 38 seconds to get through one car. Then we entered the next, another double-decker that was even more crowded. This one took us 15 minutes on the dot.


The third car was a regular one, even seats, neatly lined up. Only one or two folks were standing in this one. The rest were stroked out in the seats, sleeping, snoring, snorting, snotting; stuttering, muttering, smoking and choking. They could never revolt, they could never beat the man, they could never work it up, they could never get it out, they could never rise at the break of dawn, eat their Wheaties and down their Tang, ride to the station, smooch with the wife, then seize the railroad, not on your life. They were poor tired fuckers, too beat to talk, too beat to scream, too beat to work. Somehow, they could place themselves, survive the ride, get to the office, but fight? revolt? twist? and shoot? Fuck! You should live so long!

The train chugged along past Lynbrook, Valley Stream, Springfield, St. Albans, then slowly through Jamaica, no stop there, then on through the Yards, then up past the Jamaica El, then down through

Forest Hills, Key Gardens, Woodside and Sunnyside. We didn't mind so much; it was bad, but not as bad as the subway, just longer, more draggid out. The train creaked, then rattled and rolled, fast jerks and sharp turns, then picked up speed, past the yards, into the hold, down in the tunnel, under the River fast and smooth. The pressure started on our ears *pop!* and the train slammed from wall to wall *stop!* and we heard a screech, a shattering break, and the train stopped dead and we all kept going.—Watch it!

The car was filled with cigarette cmoke, the air was difficult, the windows were black, and we were trapped. Stacked up. Waiting for a Clearance Pattern into Penn Station. There was almost no air. A woman coughed. A man hacked into his handkerchief. I don't remember how the panic started, someone said something maybe, but it began with little screams of *Let's get on the ball!* and then a woman said *I've got claustrophobia* and someone else said *I'm going to be sick* and everyone said *Not on me you don't* and the

scratching began, the slow steady rise of bile, the furious punching out every moving thing you came in contact with, the mindless screams, the blind terror, the hissing, the clawing, the pummeling, the wild rootless moving on a treadmill with the barf running down your chin... blood! blood in your eyes! Cancer! The shrieking of rats! The death of the Hindenburg! Too much! Stevens went down hard, someone was stepping on his face, he died with his eyes open, a trickle of claret running out of his nose. I was creaming at a woman's foot when the lights went and I heard the sound of *Water!* The water of the river! Rushing water, gushing through the cracks, seeping onto your face, black, sightless dripping with a foot on your chest, and the water up to the middle of your body as you lie under thirty others, black terror, you can't even panic, you cry a little, it's up to your nose and you can't move, you can't pray, you can't scream, you can't breathe... No! ... Unh! ... the Jamaica El, then down through God?...



**CRUISE BY GAY COMPUTER**  
MEET UP TO 14 NEW PEOPLE A MONTH FOR ONE FULL YEAR

Forget standing on street corners—being harassed by the authorities — searching through smoky bars — Now! do it — the easy-scientific way.

Make the friends you've always wanted to make! For a one night stand or forever. Space age computer science sees that you meet the really right for you people, the safe, dignified, confidential way.

No matter where you live, the gay computer will find matches for you right in your very own area. Matches that will match your desires and interests. Let Man-To-Man do the trick for you.

The reasonable one time only fee assures you of meeting up to 14 new people a month for one year.

Our service is, of course, absolutely confidential and total discretion is our motto. Computer Cruising is fun and sure beats walking so don't delay — join today.

Our illustrated and informative brochure on gay computer dating is your passport to happiness. Don't delay — mail the coupon today.

**MAN-TO-MAN** INC. EV-6

17 Barstow Street, Great Neck, New York 11021  
Please enclose \$1.00 for handling and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Searching for uninhibited GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES.

**Mid-City**

Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details!

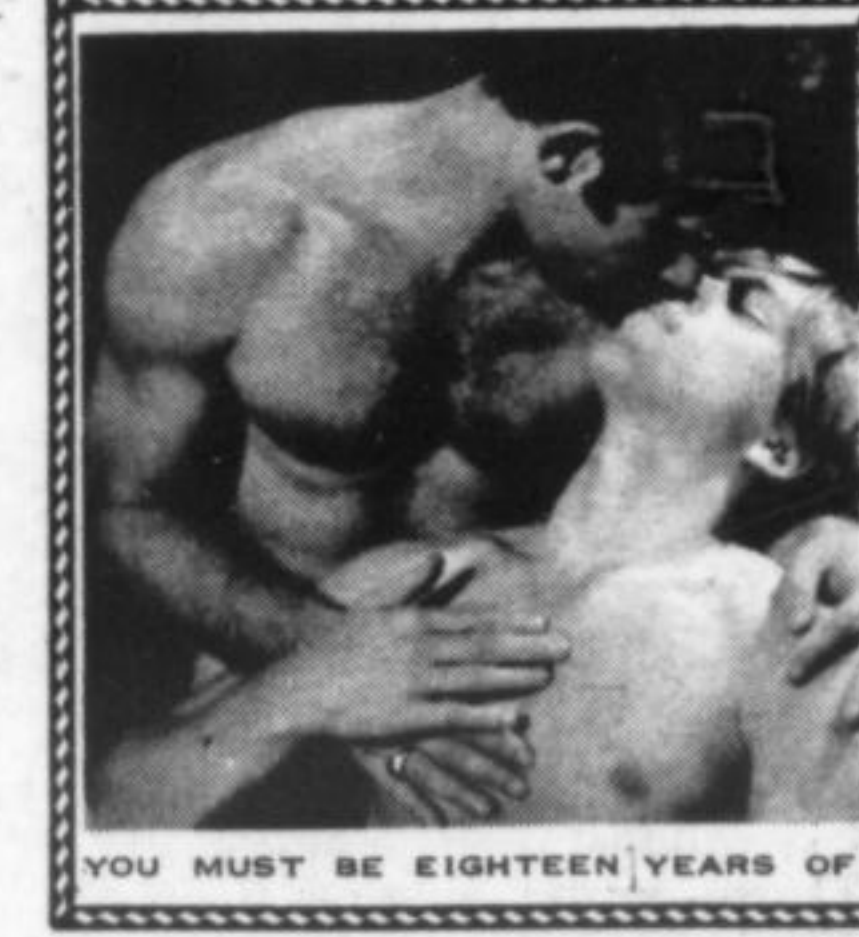
Mid-City (Dept. A-5) P.O. Box 682  
Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

**OFFSET PRINTING** 299

3 1/2 MINUTES  
200 COPIES  
8 1/2 X 11

Top quality rush printing while-U-wait. Tremendous discounts on larger quantities. Mail in your copy — we ship same day. Open Saturday.

**TOP COPY OFFSET**  
300 5th Ave., New York City 10017  
2nd ST. AREA



PAT ROCCO PRESENTS HIS NEW ENLARGED CATALOG OF...

**MALE NUDES**

AN ENORMOUS SELECTION OF slides movies photos posters

BIG 40 PAGE FULLY ILLUSTRATED COLOR CATALOG FOR ONLY \$2.00

**BIZARRE PHOTOS**

1545 NORTH DETROIT STREET  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046

YOU MUST BE EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER TO ORDER OUR CATALOGS

Would you be shocked by a mixed group of peeping Tom's watching a sailor in heat?

**THE SAILOR**

An incredible book about the sexual impulses of the male animal. \$5.95 ppd.

Upstager, Ltd., Box 122  
Williston Park, N.Y. 11596  
Dept. 22

**MEET SWINGERS**

BROADMINDED MEN, WOMEN AND COUPLES IN EVERY AREA WHO SHARE YOUR INTERESTS AND DESIRES. FREE DETAILS & ADS.

"THE SEEKERS" BOX 781 DEPT. 27  
CHERRY HILL, N. J. 08034

TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH

120 2nd Ave  
COR. E 4th St  
ONE FLITE UP



# EVO STUDS

(Continued from Page 19)

It was curtains. The jig was clearly up. Shitjaw the Inniu covered the sobbing form of his lifelong flame with his own knobby body, and awaited the savage blows of the bicycle chains. But just when everything seemed lost for good and all, suddenly the sweet notes of a Pan-pipe floated through the air, freezing everyone where he stood, or lay, as the case may be:

Don't be all uptight and nervous,  
Rest your assholes, motherfuckers:  
This is the Aquarian era,  
And we shall all be flower suckers.  
Stop your fighting ease your tensions,  
Clear your heads and shrink your hemorrhoids;  
Smoke some dope and read your KISSES,  
Don't come on like busted androids.  
Peace is breaking out all over,  
Harmony between the races  
—Gook and kike and child molester,  
All are wearing happy faces.  
All we're saying is give love a chance.  
All we're saying is . . .

The kids from *KISS!* Schultz was saved! Sure enough, Alice Polesky and Dana Ohlmeyer and Clitoria glided out through the EVO door swathed in filmy white mini-gowns, flowers piled in their hair, spinning Tibetan prayer wheels and chanting *kirtans*. Lovely Olga Outasite danced through on ballet slippers, nylons and garterbelt, casting smooches right and left, encouraging everyone to cop a feel. Having removed his boots, the inimitable Zod pranced around dizzily on cloven hooves, playing his pipe, wearing naught but a figleaf jockstrap—and in *this* weather, marvelled Shitjaw. Finally then, resplendent in pinstripe bellbottoms, *Kiss Me* tee-shirt, and naughty Niagara Falls necktie, *Al Hansen* triumphantly appeared, throwing fifty-dollar bills to the crowd: 'Peace, you crazy cocksuckers! Love! Fuck! Shit! Fuck in God's asshole! Get it

ON, you mothers!

As Shitjaw the Inniu helped his favourite lady columnist to her dainty feet, he marvelled at the enchanted expression on her face. 'What were you doing here?' he barely dared to ask around the lump in his throat.

'Oh, we have our spies at the *Pest*' she smiled, sweeping a soft brown bang out of her enormous eyes. 'We heard something was going on here tonight, so we decided to put in a violence story for the next issue. But as things turned out, I'm afraid it's not even going to make the stock market pages. No blood, no

violence . . . Sensing Shitjaw's overwhelming shyness, she took his bony hand in one of hers. 'Say, I haven't seen you since the last March rally, way last November. That's a lot of water under the old bridge. What have you been doing?'

'Aw, nothin', 'Schultz blushed, digging the toe of his boot into the pavement and pulling on a dirty forelock. 'Say, y'know, uh, I got an assignment tomorrow to, um, go up to Yorktown and visit the Young Patriots . . . And I just thought, gee, if you wanted to do, maybe, a story . . .'

She looked interested: 'Well, you

know how busy we all are these days,' she began. 'I suppose I really should check out the situation down at—' She got no farther when a heavy strobe flash blanked out her face momentarily, leaving her stunned.

'Hi there. I'm Joseph Stevens. What's your name?'

'I—I—I'm Lindsey . . . Lindsey Van . . .' And before Shitjaw the Inniu could collect his wits about him, Stevens was halfway down the block with the star ladie's lib

columnist from the New York *Pest*, leering down her neckline. 'How about a bowl of camel shit at the Paradox,' he was murmuring . . .

'I don't like the looks of this,' Schultz told Latimer.

'What a revolting development,' Latimer said.

Reprinted with modest deletions from *Kiss*, Vol. II, No. 5.

**ALL MALE FILM FESTIVAL IN COLOR!**  
Continuous 9.45 A.M. - Midnite  
1st N.Y. SHOWING

**ROMAN MUSCLES**  
plus  
**'DANE-ISH SMORGASBORD'**

plus **'RIP IT OPEN'** EXCLUSIVE! **MALE TALES** DIRECT FROM THE WEST COAST! and **'MARKED BUNS'**

**ADULTS ONLY**

**PARK-MILLER** MIDNITE SHOW FRI. & SAT. NITE Adm \$5.  
43rd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way) BR9-3970 SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

**UPTIGHT ABOUT CENSORSHIP?** So are we. That's why we're bringing you KISS, SCREW, PLEASURE AND SEX . . . a long, hard look at the pornographic press. William Teach dares to tell it like it is, with excerpts, illustrations and photographs, including eight pages in full color.

**THE ISSUE:** Erotica and the American Underground.  
**THE PRICE:** only \$4.75.  
Published by Greenleaf Classics, Inc.  
**ORDER FROM:** LIBRARY SERVICE, INC.  
P.O. Box 20308  
San Diego, Calif. 92120

(Personal checks only; no cash or money orders accepted. Please include 25¢ handling for single book orders, 50¢ for multiple orders.)

I am 21 yrs. of age or over (signature) \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies of KISS, SCREW, PLEASURE AND SEX.

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

NO. & STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**I AM LOOKING**  
for gay manuscripts. They must be 190 pages, double spaced, very explicit but not pornographic. If I buy them, you will be a published author. Maybe the poorest but you can't have everything, says the friendly old Frenchman at

**LESALON**  
The Supermarket of Risque Books  
1118 Polk Street  
San Francisco, Calif. 94109

**HORSESHIT #4**  
**NOW ON SALE!**

AVAILABLE AT BOOKMASTERS NEW PRICE

**BUY HORSESHIT MAGAZINE.**

**NUMBER FOUR**

**NOW!**  
**AT ALL GUTSY NEWSSTANDS**  
OR ELSE SEND  
**\$3.00 (NEW PRICE) FOR NO. 4**  
(MAILED FIRST CLASS)

**ALL FOUR ISSUES**  
(NUMBERS 1, 2, 3 & 4)  
**FOR \$10**  
(MAILED AIR MAIL)

Send to:  
**EQUINE PRODUCTS**  
BOX 361-E, HERMOSA BEACH, CAL. 90254

**MAN-HUNGRY WOMEN**  
Names & addresses of women openly looking for men to love them. Up to 100 per list, each list different area. Includes description, phone. Constantly revised, up to date. \$5 brings list for your area — or stamped, addressed env. for area breakdown & fact sheet.  
**PERSONALITY PLUS, Dept. P-81**  
P.O. Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413

**TICKLE HER FANCY**  
with the original French Tickler. NOT AN IMITATION! Guaranteed to drive her wild or money unquestionably refunded. Completely safe and effective. Assures a hot time with the slightest effort. Adults Only, please.  
Rush \$2.00

**SEXY MASSAGE**  
Maybe you're not the best lover in the world, but you can become the best masseur and that may be just as good! Now all the secrets of Oriental massage are yours in a beautiful illustrated manual. You learn everything — but everything! Produce spectacular results or money back. And all for only \$1.00. Send just \$1.00 to AMERICAN IMAGE CORP., Dept. AS#4276 Park Ave., South New York, N.Y. 10016

from Wi  
COMpletely UNCENSORED

Films  
Photos  
Magazines

Only after seeing our full color brochure will you believe the films, photos and publications we have for you. The local product can't compare, yet U.S. customs problems are cleverly avoided and delivery is guaranteed. We have what you want, not what you've been accustomed to getting.  
INGA PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. T-40  
Box 49 • S-182 51. Djursholm 1, Sweden  
PLEASE ENCLOSE \$1 FOR POSTAGE

**COLOR FILM DEVELOPING**  
For Discreet People

Each photo fully enlarged to jumbo size all negatives returned. Satisfaction guaranteed \$4.50 per roll and 30¢ a print. Photos returned in sealed manila envelope. Send film and money order to  
**Confidential-Photo**  
Box 358  
New Hyde Pk, NY 11040

**CLASSIFIED**

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20¢ per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15¢ each additional word. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING (PERSONAL AND BUSINESS) DEADLINE IS WEDNESDAY AT 12 NOON FOR THE NEXT WEDNESDAY'S PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS.

NO PHONE NUMBERS ACCEPTED IN PERSONAL CATEGORIES.

ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

Why screw up those swell photos you took on cloud 9? Let us do a good B.J. on them. Posters, Standards, Psychedelics or Personals. ANY KIND—ANY SIZE. Send for FREE catalog. S.M.S. Photo Repro Labs. A TV, Dept. 2 179-03 Union Toke. Flushing, New York 11366.

**FLESH MARKET**  
Frank Lee

To Blond Roomates \$25.00 Each Per Session  
Your Place or mine together or separate  
(ACTION LINE) 874-5871

Scientific Dating Service Inc. 147 W. 42nd. St. New York City—Room

1018 Guaranteed Dates—AM-TA-87897: 12 PM to 8 PM—OX5-0158—and Sunday.

**LEGAL PSYCHEDELICS**—All New—The Alchemist: The Chemistry of hallucinogens—most complete book ever offered. All subst. described are legal—dosages, effects, & sources given. Detailed proced. for Amphetamines/Lysergamides/Nat. Plants, Indoles, many more. Send \$5.00 to T.O.U., 6311 Yucca, Dept. B, L.A. 90028. Plain envelope—refund.

**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 shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

Once and Gram scale kit, 18 piece balance type, gram weights included. send \$2.00 to: Yorocco, 6 Glen Road, Toronto 282 Ontario.

**SEX IS OUT FRONT HERE**  
If you want the best in books, slides, etc., in living color, contact us. For detailed brochures, send \$2.00 (no checks) to: B.B.C. Box 13 2700 Bronshoj Denmark

**GROUP GROPE**  
Guess What? We're giving a party party party.  
Guess When? Saturday Feb. 21, 1970.  
Guess Where? Saturday Feb. 21, 1970.  
Guess Who? Phone 537-6407s  
Guess Who? All adult couples That Dig The Unusual/  
Guess Why? Do your thing  
Call between 6 pm & 9 pm.

**FEMALE MODELS**  
Female Models, start now for pinups and nude work for photography and skin painting. Good pay and hours. No experience necessary. Not for publication, Call 889-2390 after 1 p.m.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

**FEEL "REAL"**—release emotions and live, make meaningful contact by expressing feelings powerfully, verbally and through touch, with a group of bright and attractive guys and girls. Groups meets TUES and THURS at 8:30 pm—and FRI at 9 pm—call Judy at 473-3175.

**BUY & SELL**  
Shops: Beautifully designed earrings, silver and hammered brass, for information write E. Gradner, 1121 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Apt. 508, Washington D.C.

**RUBS**  
BOB & BOB's RUBS. Young Black-White rubdown duo, working singularly or jointly. "TO RUB YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE" 10 AM-12 Midnight. Call 722-8185 or 982-4851.

RUB DOWNS by young student. At your place or mine. Call: BOB at 593-2441. (Available anytime.)

UP TIGHT? COOL IT MAN. CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND-BLOWING MASSAGE BY PIERO. BY APPOINTMENT 10 AM to 10 PM. CALL 734-5094. STUDIO OR RESIDJNTIAL.

Paul. For Rub Down or Nude Modeling—Men—only—988-0845.

A MASSAGE THAT IS DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER APHRODISIAC OILS USED AND INCENSE. FOREIGN WINE SERVED AND SOFT SOOTHING MUSIC. AVAILABLE ALSO FOR MODELING CALL FOR APPOINTMENT. MR. PETER 594-7866 ANYTIME.

For that great inside-out bath and body rub call Franky at 8664597 anytime.

RUB-DOWNS by young student. Call BOBBY at 593-2441.

JIM'S RUBS FOR MEN are sensational and groovy. Day and night service at your home or my studio. Call 876-7662.

FOR THE ULTIMATE IN MASSAGE. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal, Lic. N.Y.S. MUB-4681 and E15-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air Conditioned.  
—JOHN THE MASSEUR—home & studio service. Men only. \$20.00 889-5477.

**PUBLICATION**  
Bored? Lonely? Explore the sexual underground! Meet Girls! Swing! LIVE again! The USA Sex Guide lists wild action everywhere in USA & Canada. Rush \$1.00 to US Guide, Box 174, So. San Francisco—94080.



**GAY BOOKS FROM HOLLYWOOD!** Plus Huge Selections of Male Nude Photo Magazines. Send 25¢ for illustrated Brochure, and state that you are over 21 years old. **RAINBOW STUDIO E**, Box 46544, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

descriptive, details, bars, hotels, beaches, baths etc. 67 countries (except U.S.), 74 listings in London alone. 9th year publication, \$5 B.K. Baird, 1317 Hyde St., Apt. 5, San Francisco, Calif.

Grass handbook—P.O. Box 40, N.Y. Station 10014.

"PLAYGIRLS DIRECTORY." Models, showgirls, nymphs, amazons, sex-pots, wanting dates, fun. With names, addresses. \$2.00 Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y., 10038.

**SEXUAL FREEDOM** Quarterly No. 2, publ. by the Sexual Freedom League. Mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL, Box 14034-EV, San Francisco 94114

Gay male books, magazines, movies, **FREE CATALOGUES**. Trojan, Box 2121-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. **FREE CATALOGUES**. Beaver, Box 2373-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

#### IMPERSONAL

Attractive Executive 37, sensitive, discreet wishes to meet young lady 25-35 for daytime mutual fun and relaxation. Discretion assured. Write with confidence w/ photo and phone if possible to P.O. Box 127 New York, N.Y. 10040

Hear my Heart when blood blinds the peak/ & melody confronts the oblique/ Hear my Heart when the snake returns to a king/ & blasphemy hides the wing/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when temptation opposes validity/ / monstrosity withdraws into nobility/ Hear my Heart when tenderness equals a crime/ & obligation forgives the time/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when darkness guides the chain/ & spring-time endures with pain/ Hear my Heart when elation collides with immortality/ & the wind changes into senility/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

..hen elation collides with immortality/ & the wind changes into senility/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when the whirlpool dances with fear/ & shame yields to a veneer/ Hear my Heart when resignation awaits the twin/ & rebellion clings to the skin/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Shy, sensitive college student—22—uncertain, would like to hear from guys and gals my own age. Object, friendship. Write J.W.F. P.O. Box 791 Madison Sq. Station, N.Y. 10010

Is there an attractive, trim shaped gal, 21-35 interested in a simple, uncomplicated, uninvolved, but exciting sexual relationship perhaps once or twice a week for a few hours? You will be respected as a person and appreciated as a woman by attractive, intelligent, well-built, pleasant, artistic type guy. Let's discuss possibilities over cocktails, luncheon. Photo please. Discretion assured. Box 3415, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, P.O. 10017. TALL ATTRACTIVE WHITE MALE 45 OFFERS ASSISTANCE TO FINANCIALLY DISTRESSED HOUSEWIVES, DIVORCEES, ETC. COMPASSIONATE, SINCERE, DISCRETION ASSURED. PHOTO, PHONE BRING IMMEDIATE REPLY. ALL ANSWERED. FEMALES ONLY.

#### BOX 151

**OZONE PARK, NEW YORK 11417** 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., NYC. Please, gals only.

#### S & M

Sincere Dominant Female (s) only answer this ad (Latin, Black, White)

I am a sincere, young, well built, docile, meek male that you can train, discipline and make to serve you in any way. Can travel, only request: Sincere female(s) only, phone number—write: P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

**NYC SWITCHED-ON STUD** 28, 6 ft., 160 lbs., well endowed, responds to imaginative methods of insatiable dominant female (23-36); enjoy every culture. Must be extremely good looking, intelligent, educated, sensitive, and have teasing smile. Roger C. Crane, Utility Products Co., Box 172, Gracie Station, New York City, N.Y. 10028

#### UNISEX

College Student, 21, Discreet. Seeks straight looking gay man 21-35 for intimate friendship: No Fems overweights, or hard dopers. Send info (foto if possible) To: Boxholder, P.O. Box 17057 Philadelphia Pa. 19105.

Attractive young gay guy generous intelligent, sensitive, lonely, looking for a really beautiful guy (17-22) to live with me. You get room and board and can come and go at will, provided we have a sexual relationship. After exchanging accurate photographs (not necessarily nude) We can meet for discussion, F.G., Box 14, Kensington Station Brooklyn N.Y. 11213.

Young guy 22 desires white males 18 & 24 for true and long relationship. Must have pad if possible send picture to: Box 148 Gracie Station 229-49 East 85 St., N.Y. N.Y. 10028.

Wrestling Partner Wanted I am 24, 5'10" 130 lbs. I'll teach this groovy body contact sport to you free! Send age, weight, height, time available R. Harrison, 906 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey

Mattachine Society presents Dr. Leo Wolfman speaking on "Transsexualism". Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St., Wednesday, February 11, 8:15 PM. Donation \$1.00

Looking for a rim-ming good time? Clean-cut, good-looking young guys, straight or bi, write to male 30s, attractive and discreet with photo and details. P.O. Box 337 FDR Station NYC 10022

**BLOND, TRIM MODEL, MASSEUR, HOUSEBOY & TYPIST, 28, LEATHER, COSTUME OR NUDE, YOUR PLACE OR MINE. FOR YOUR THING. CALL SPIKE 242-7362.**

**WANTED: Young male models and non-professional masseurs, preferable 5'9" or under. Leave name and number at answering service—Don Coleman, PL 7-6300**

**MALE MODEL, very butch and well hung—9", 6', 180 lbs, Brown hair, brown eyes, very attractive. Will pose anytime. Tel. FRANK 929-5187, 6-9 p.m.**

**2 YOUNG GUYS, available for groovy rubs. Call PETER or BRIAN at 929-5187, for appointment. 3-9 pm**

**BUTCH male model young, good looking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs, will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187, 3-9 pm.**

**MASCULINE MALE, attractive, muscular and well hung. 18 yrs old. Will pose nude for your thing. Tel TONY at 929-5187 4-8 pm.**

**YOUNG AND RUGGED, straight male, 5'9", 140 lbs, well hung. Very attractive. Available to pose nude for photographers, etc. Tel MARK at 929-5187 3-9 pm.**

**ATTRACTIVE AND MASCULINE** male, young and well endowed, wants to pose for photographers, etc. 5'9", 145 lbs., versatile. Tel. THAD at 929-5187 3-9 pm.

**MALE MODELS NEEDED, for private works Must be young, masc. and attractive. Tel. PAUL 929-5187. Steady bread.**

**YOUNG AND LOVELY FEMALES** waiting to pose for you at the GALLERIE, for sketching, skin-painting, etc. Every afternoon except Sunday from 2-7 p.m. Tel. 691-9831 for info, or come up. No appointment necessary. FEMALE MODELS needed also.

**YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MASTER** for hire. Tel. CHARLES 691-9831.

"Groovy Portuguese stud, 20, black hair, blue eyes, will model for you. Call Alberto for appointment 5657025 from 12 to 6. \$35 a session.

Male Model From California 24 Handsome collegiate type extremely versatile athletic build 6'-190 lbs. Call JESS—\$30.00—988-4268

**WELL HUNG and MASCULINE—** Male Model 28, slender, white, will pose for you. \$20.00 per hour, call my answering service—9am—9pm Jack De Silva 228-0900. Services UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.

**MANY young male figure models** (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

**MASCULINE AND HIP** Paul and his friends will model for you here or there. \$30. 873-9145

#### S & M

Sincere Dominant Female (s) only answer this ad (Latin, Black, White)

I am a sincere, young, well built, docile, meek male that you can train, discipline and make to serve you in any way. Can travel, only request: Sincere female(s) only, phone number—write: P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211

**NYC SWITCHED-ON STUD** 28, 6 ft., 160 lbs., well endowed, responds to imaginative methods of insatiable dominant female (23-36); enjoy every culture. Must be extremely good looking, intelligent, educated, sensitive, and have teasing smile. Roger C. Crane, Utility Products Co., Box 172, Gracie Station, New York City, N.Y. 10028

#### UNISEX

College Student, 21, Discreet. Seeks straight looking gay man 21-35 for intimate friendship: No Fems overweights, or hard dopers. Send info (foto if possible) To: Boxholder, P.O. Box 17057 Philadelphia Pa. 19105.

Attractive young gay guy generous intelligent, sensitive, lonely, looking for a really beautiful guy (17-22) to live with me. You get room and board and can come and go at will, provided we have a sexual relationship. After exchanging accurate photographs (not necessarily nude) We can meet for discussion, F.G., Box 14, Kensington Station Brooklyn N.Y. 11213.

Young guy 22 desires white males 18-24 for true and long relationship. Must have pad if possible send picture to: Box 148 Gracie Station 229-49 East 85 St., N.Y. N.Y. 10028.

Wrestling Partner Wanted I am 24, 5'10" 130 lbs. I'll teach this groovy body contact sport to you free! Send age, weight, height, time available R. Harrison, 906 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey

Mattachine Society presents Dr. Leo Wolfman speaking on "Transsexualism". Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St., Wednesday, February 11, 8:15 PM. Donation \$1.00

Looking for a rim-ming good time? Clean-cut, good-looking young guys, straight or bi, write to male 30s, attractive and discreet with photo and details. P.O. Box 337 FDR Station NYC 10022

**BLOND, TRIM MODEL, MASSEUR, HOUSEBOY & TYPIST, 28, LEATHER, COSTUME OR NUDE, YOUR PLACE OR MINE. FOR YOUR THING. CALL SPIKE 242-7362.**

**WANTED: Young male models and non-professional masseurs, preferable 5'9" or under. Leave name and number at answering service—Don Coleman, PL 7-6300**

**MALE MODEL, very butch and well hung—9", 6', 180 lbs, Brown hair, brown eyes, very attractive. Will pose anytime. Tel. FRANK 929-5187, 6-9 p.m.**

**2 YOUNG GUYS, available for groovy rubs. Call PETER or BRIAN at 929-5187 for appointment. 3-9 pm**

**BUTCH male model young, good looking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs, will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187, 3-9 pm.**

**MASCULINE MALE, attractive, muscular and well hung. 18 yrs old. Will pose nude for your thing. Tel TONY at 929-5187 4-8 pm.**

**YOUNG AND RUGGED, straight male, 5'9", 140 lbs, well hung. Very attractive. Available to pose nude for photographers, etc. Tel MARK at 929-5187 3-9 pm.**

**ATTRACTIVE AND MASCULINE** male, young and well endowed, wants to pose for photographers, etc. 5'9", 145 lbs., versatile. Tel. THAD at 929-5187 3-9 pm.

**MALE MODELS NEEDED, for private works Must be young, masc. and attractive. Tel. PAUL 929-5187. Steady bread.**

**YOUNG AND LOVELY FEMALES** waiting to pose for you at the GALLERIE, for sketching, skin-painting, etc. Every afternoon except Sunday from 2-7 p.m. Tel. 691-9831 for info, or come up. No appointment necessary. FEMALE MODELS needed also.

**YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MASTER** for hire. Tel. CHARLES 691-9831.

"Groovy Portuguese stud, 20, black hair, blue eyes, will model for you. Call Alberto for appointment 5657025 from 12 to 6. \$35 a session.

Male Model From California 24 Handsome collegiate type extremely versatile athletic build 6'-190 lbs. Call JESS—\$30.00—988-4268

**WELL HUNG and MASCULINE—** Male Model 28, slender, white, will pose for you. \$20.00 per hour, call my answering service—9am—9pm Jack De Silva 228-0900. Services UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.

**MASCULINE AND HIP** Paul and his friends will model for you here or there. \$30. 873-9145

**MANY young male figure models** (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL5-2711.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

John Wilcock needs a good-looking girl Friay to help him handle correspondence and get Other Scenes together. Decent salary. Make your own hours. Call CH 2-3888 from 9 to 5.

„As Above so below."/"the Gods LAUGH At those who use the theory of correspondences." : hypnotized JACK roy(rAJA yoGA): hip roGER (runs PARAdox (PAir o' dice(3 LIGHTS & buddha-stAtue 7) ) ) & JAKI (runs DeJA Vu (kA OtherIn' hipben in "MADrooMin' of ChalLot") ). WriTe 4 copy of free book: BeneDict SchwartzBerG, PO Box 753, P. StuyvesAnt STA.

Linda Rives please pick up your mail at the Village Project 88 Second Ave. N.Y.C.

#### WHY PAY 30c

N.Y. Times reports subway riders beating 30-cent fare by using 10-centavo. Coin dealers demand 30c per coin to discourage use. Receive bag of over 100 1-centavo coins for only \$10. Mail orders only. Send \$10 for each bag to: E&M Coin Co., 48-23 41 Street, L.I.C., N.Y. 11104. Sold only as a novelty.

#### FLEA MARKET

**SEXUAL CLIMAX** is a totally beautiful experience. WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every exotic desire. If 21. Send \$2.00 for beautiful illustrated catalog to: BACCHUS & CO. PO BOX 487 MILL VALLEY CALIFORNIA.

**THE SYNTHESIS AND EXTRACTATIONS OF ORGANIC PSYCHEDELIC** Contains detailed procedures for synthesizing LSD, DMT, Psilocybin, Psilosin, Mescaline, THC, Extractions of Cannabis, peyote, eleugui, morning glory seeds and many more. Send \$1.00 to: Karma Graphics, Box 3826, Chicago, Ill.

**50 Love Pills—\$5.00** Sexual Fortifying 20 for \$3.00 Make her would make him could Adult only. Make Mail 25¢. Economail Box 292 New Boston Ohio 45662.

Coin Co., 48-23 41 Street, L.I.C., N.Y. 11104. Sold only as a novelty.

Michael J. Brody—Please pick up urgent mail at EVO office.

**100% LEGAL TURN-ON GUARANTEED. SUPERGRASS!** Just like grass, cook or smoke it. 1 lid \$2.00 3/\$5.00, 7/\$10.00 Send to: ON THE SPOT, 907 N. Harper, Box 3, Hollywood, Calif., 90046. Free Roach Clip and Zig Zags.

#### SAMOYEDS MAKE LOVE—NOT WAR!

"Always a protector, never a killer—disposition unique in canine world." DONT BUY NOW 'HEALTHY' PUP THAT LATER becomes CRIPPLED! BUYERS BEWARE! HD common to MOST breeds over 25 lbs. adult. For trained AKC Champion line pups OR for FREE DYSPLASIA CRIPPLE AVOIDANCE KIT call (212) 787-9887. (this adv. refused three times by the N.Y. Times and also refused by the N.Y. Post) (preceding copy refused by the Manhattan Tribune because of reference to the Times, Post and thus far refused by the Voice.)

**MECHANICAL SEX TRIP** May we help in your search for the ultimate sex experience? We sell the VIBRA-SEX. It's a throbbing woman substitute madj of vibrating skin soft rubber. You'll find this and many other mindblowing devices in our stimulating new catalogue. Adults—send \$1.00 to

**TOO & SCREW WORKS** PO BOX 1175 SEATTLE, WASH, 98111

**SUPERPOT** is better than marijuana! Money-back guarantee! (not catnip) \$2 /lid; 3—\$5.00 7—\$10.00 F. Kaleda, Box 134-E, Kent, Ohio 44240

**ELECTRONIC BUGGING AND LISTENING DEVICES. DEBUGGING EQUIPMENT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING. HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF. YOUR BUSINESS AND YOUR HOME. FREE CATALOG, WRITE SSC BOX 293E ALEMEDA, CA. 94501.**

**GET INTO PANDORAS BOX!** Her collection of Love Toys will make you giggle and wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern Materials. Adults send \$1.00 for Catalogue of 20th CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT to:

**PANDORA S BON** P.O. Box 5760, San Francisco, CA 94101.

**JOHN LENNON'S** lithographs of love with Yoko, 8 x 10 catalog reproducing entire exhibition, send \$3 Lee Nordness Galleries, 326 East 75, NYC 10021

**CUSTOM KODACOLOR FILM DEVELOPING.** .90 roll, B.W. .50. Negatives returned. Color prints made to 11x14 at reasonable prices. Spectra, P.O. Box 258, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201.

**GET STONED** without any of the legal hassle. Guaranteed it's the best 100% safe "SUPERHIGH". Lowest price. 1 large lid \$1.50, 4/\$5; 7/\$10. Send Bread to:

**CRYSTAL IMP'S** Box 3621-EV Hollywood 90036

**TAKE A TRIP** Turn on with the "FAMOUS TRIP-OUT BOOK." Sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote, DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it NOW! Send \$2.00 to:

**TRIPS UNLIMITED** Box 3634-VO Hollywood 90036

**MAGIC** Induce sexual desire in others. Rush \$2.00 for yours to:

**APHRODISIACS** Box 74818aVO Los Angeles 90004

**LETTER WRITERS** Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/CD and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (send in plain wrapper). RUSH \$2.00 for:

**THE LETTER FILE** Box 36603-EV Hollywood 90036

**LEGAL GOLD** Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. Large cleaned \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints. 3 lids/\$5.00. 7 lids/\$10.00 Dealers Wanted

**WINNER** Box 48475-EV Hollywood 90048

**CONVINCE your WIFE** Here's your answer to help get your wife started in swapping, group sex and other fulfilled activities. Includes pictures. For your copy of Swapping Times, rush just \$2.00 to:

**ORGIES** Box 74513-EO Hollywood 90004.

**FREE: NAME AND ADDRESS OF** company offering lowest prices and fastest service on men's Personal Products. Write Us, ValDisCo, Vault 382, Orem, Utah. 84057.

**SEX MAD MAIL GALORE** Get loads of sexy, adult, mail. Really horny. Put your name onto the National Adult Mailing List. Send \$1.00 to WLS, POB 912, Azusa, CAL. 91702

**SP. SERVICES** B E D O C T O R & REVEREND—WORLD'S MOST USEFUL TITLES. think about it. Career enrichment, best treatment from the establishment. Counsel, Collect Fees, Donations. Start your own church. Marry, military tranquility. Full instructions on benefits of your new status: Doctor. PRINT name, desired on honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree Ordination Certificate and I.D. Card. All for \$20.00 Church of Universal Brotherhood EV-6311 Yuca St. Hollywood, Calif. 90028—Be peaceful thru universal brotherhood—information \$1.00—applies. Legal everywhere. Full refund if desired.

**FILM CASTING MALES 18-35** ATHLETIC BUILDS—ALL TYPES NUDITY REQUIRED \*\* EXPERIENCED OR NOT CALL FOR APPOINTMENT—245-3420 MR. WARREN \*\* 10-6 DAILY

Become a legally ordained minister. \$2.00 donation appreciated. World Life Church, Inc. P.O. Box 717 Ceres, Calif. 95307.

**INTIMATE CUSTOM MADE APPAREL**—send description of item desired name and address to Box 556, Times Square Station N.Y., N.Y.

**SPECIALIZED ASTROLOGICAL SERVICES. ACCURATE CHARTS. CONSULTATION. REALISTIC INTERPRETATIONS. REASONABLE FEES.** WALTER BREEN YU 4-2808 or write c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue New York, New York.

**HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!!!** Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory, concentration, \$25.00 PRIVATE SESSION. PL 5-4363. MAIL ORDER. COSTS \$10.00 Box 31 FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.



# Vegetarian Roast

Eat on meateaters, on eat on  
Soon the chicken will be gone  
Half be lie and half be "True"  
Half be cancer, half be you.

Washington, January 25 (AP).  
A Government panel of scientists  
has recommended that chickens bearing  
cancer virus be allowed on the  
market as long as the birds do not  
look too repugnant. . . Thus, officials  
said, if tumors were detected  
on the wing of a bird, the wing  
could be cut off and used in  
products such as hot dogs and the  
rest of the bird could be sold as  
cut up chicken.

NY TIMES  
JAN. 26, 1970

Tumorburgers, cancerfurters  
Dog eat dog and man eat man  
Watch the canker of creation  
Kill and eat whate'er he can.

See him wring the stupid chicken  
Hear him stun the gentle calf  
Turn the lamb into a lampskin  
All on your bright behalf.

Do not seethe the lamb within  
Its mother's milk (the bible says)  
Make the murder mild, efficient  
Quiet! How 'bout Zyklon gas?

Tumorburgers, cancerfurters  
Dog eat dog and man eat man  
Watch the canker of creation  
Kill and eat  
whate'er he can.



By  
Tuli  
Kupferberg

Ketty



