

VILLAGE VOICE UP 6 1/2— page 4 PLAYBOY, TWO VIEWS
MIDEAST WAR DECIDED— centerfold

THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

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DR MI 45106

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KEYED CITY



HIRAP 比

In last week's EVO, Father Daniel Berrigan explained why he chose to go underground rather than start serving a three-year sentence given him and eight others for destroying draft files in Catonsville, Maryland.

After a dramatic appearance at a "freedom seder" given in his honor at Cornell, Father Dan has again submerged himself in the anonymity of the American underground. After his brother and co-defendant, Philip Berrigan, was busted last week, Father Dan became the object of a massive FBI manhunt. In spite of all this, he managed to pause long enough to meet with friends and newsmen over the weekend in New York:

"As long as I can show them they can no longer lock people up on their order, any more than they can conduct people into military service in their order, I shall remain a fugitive. My arrest would take a great burden off my friends, but it is proper that they should share my business if my burdens are useful. They are not just sitting up with a cancer patient. Maybe they are sitting in a delivery room midwifing the future. My being outside must radicalize my friends. They can't help me without putting themselves into legal jeopardy. I don't long for arrest. I long for one more useful day."

Quite evidently in good spirits and health, Father Berrigan seemed to have discovered a whole new dimension to his vocation: "Now, we think the movement should be pushed a little further to create a non-violent underground by which the peace movement may be sustained. I'll continue my studying and writing, communicate with the public, and with friends, and urge non-violent resistance." The example set by Father Berrigan should be as a light in the darkness to us all.

RIGHT ON, FATHER DAN, AND AY-MEN!



1230 QUEENS ROAD,
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Happy Birthday
Rosemary Leary
and
Allan Katzman

RAVIN' IN NEW HAVEN, MAY 1, 2, 3,

JAAKOV KOHN	DEAN LATIMER	EUROPEAN OPERATIONS	JENO	Charlie Frick
ALLEN KATZMAN	DAVID WALLEY	JOSEPH STEVENS	FRED MOGUGUB	
ARTHUR FELDMAN	JOHN PETER ZENGER	DOM KATZMAN	SPAIN RODRIGUEZ	
IRVING SHUSHNIK	CLAUDIA DREIFUS	AL SHENKER	KIM DEITCH	YOSSARIAM
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DOPOGRAM

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CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

TO DO THE JOB RIGHT,
ALL PROFESSIONS MUST
HAVE PROPER TOOLS.

Sick Tracy

BY RAY ACE SCHULTZ

SCOOP

A ROUNDUP OF IMPORTANT WORLD NEWS

Lay Alsoup Mullins of Annapolis, Md., was killed last week when the garbage truck he was driving collided with another garbage truck in Anne Arundel County. Mullins was 19. At the same time, in Hyderabad, India, a 30-car freight train carrying heavy loads of stone and concrete broke loose from the engine that was pulling it and rampaged down six lines of track, eventually striking and killing a trainman. Ironically, in Serbia, Tex., a small group of Slavic people called the "Wends," are disturbed because a popular Wend myth that bad children will be turned into demons by the Lady in the Moon was disproved last July when Neil Armstrong landed on the moon and found no lady. There are 70,000 Wends living throughout the world now by latest census.

The front page of the *Sunday Telegraph* from London last week used the following headline for its lead story: "CAMBODIAN MASSACRE CAREFULLY PLANNED." The story was filed from Takeo, South Cambodia, and described how the Cambodians were engaging in a routine massacre of Vietnamese citizens who live in Cambodia, that more than 150 Vietnamese were killed by Cambodian soldiers in the schoolyard of a provincial town, that 110 of the civilians were men and the other 40 were boys aged 6 to 11, that "the bodies were taken by lorries to a nearby river and tossed in," that the evidence is now clear that this massacre, like at least one other in Cambodia, was planned, carefully carried out and fully condoned by the highest governmental authority. The *Telegraph* also reported the killing of 100,000 trout in England by a disease known as "ulcerative dermal necrosis," an epidemic of which has been sweeping through Britain for the past five years. No reason has yet been discovered, but officials claim that a similar outbreak occurred in the 1870's and lasted 30 years. At the same time, Europe is facing a terrible shortage of midwives that might be alleviated if Britain is allowed to enter the Common Market, according to Britain at least. Britain currently has a surplus of midwives. Common Market members themselves proposed a "Midwifery Common Market," however, and no reports have yet been filed on the success of the British proposal.

Moving into Ireland, the *Cork Examiner* reports that the Paisleyite faction of Northern Ireland has swept itself to a victory in two local elections, that British Prime Minister Harold Wilson said he hoped people would "demonstrate against the South African Cricket Tour," that Nazi leader Rudolf Hess has finally agreed to have his wife and son visit him in Spandau Prison for the first time since he was incarcerated more than 25 years ago, that 10 persons died after a night of violence between Hindus and Muslims in Chaibasa, India, and that six ancient tombs believed to date to the Messapi civilization were found in the town of Lecce, Italy.

Stateside papers of the past couple of days have given heavy coverage of the Earth Day Festivities. The Boston Globe ran a four-column picture of a youth at Boston Common wearing a lacemask and holding a sign, "THE WORLD SINKS," then a large four-column headline to the right, "EARTH DAY CEREMONIES STRESS POLLUTION PERIL," the emphasis of which was then broken into two substories, "The City," and "The Nation," which went on to describe the various activities in each of the areas described. A small story, further down and to the right, reported to the effect that 12



ecology demonstrators were arrested at Logan Airport for protesting the new supersonic jets. On Page Four, further news was given on the day.

Earth, Tex. Earth Day here was a day like any other day. "It just slipped up on us," Chamber of Commerce President Terry Martin said. "We just failed to do anything special about it." This report also appeared in the *New York Post*, which is currently negotiating to prevent a strike.

The *Chicago Daily News*, on Wednesday, printed a picture of "Chicago's Beautiful Skyline," above the masthead, and the picture is a foggy, gray collection of shadows. Underneath, we see the logo, then the screaming banner head, "CIA AID BID, LIFT GAS TAX," which to the non-Chicagoan means that the Chicago Transit Authority, which runs a system of subway, c's and busses not entirely unlike our own in

the Big Apple, is trying to avoid raising the fare still another time, and the only viable suggestion at this point seems to be raising of the gasoline tax three cents per gallon. On Page 32 of the paper, however, is this report by Charolette Hunt:

The entire class in Room 306 at the Ogden Elementary School, 23 West Walton, has been given the Police Department's Junior Citizenship Award because of the pupil's concern for two wounded officers.

One of the policemen, patrolman John Gussweiler, visited the school Tuesday to thank the class for their good wishes and get-well cards.

"It was greatly appreciated," he said. "I can't tell you boys and girls how much it meant, but I'm glad I can thank you for doing something this nice."

Gussweiler and his East Chicago Ave. District partner, Patrolman Edward Shipley, were wounded last month while trying to arrest a man on the Near North Side.

A suspect, Robert R. Freeman, 36, of 1123 Elmwood, Evanston, was killed in the gun battle.

The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, the Voice of the Northwest, ran a color shot of a beautiful seascape last Sunday, with the caption "THERE WERE BEACHES years ago like this within a short horseback ride of Seattle cabins, and the Olympics and Cascades often had that 'right next door' look. The air was clean. But P-I reporter Frank Herbert drove nearly 50 miles north of Vancouver, B.C., to get this picture at Shammion fishing village. The mountains are on Vancouver Island." The *Post-Intelligencer* also reported that a 30-mile march to raise money for food is planned by a number of Seattle youths. The money will be donated to CARE and to Project HOPE, which are sponsoring programs in Nigeria. Meanwhile, a man was killed by "a man wielding a broken beer bottle," in a Seattle bar. The deceased, James C. Kinley, 23, of Bellingham, was stabbed in the neck with a broken bottle, and died after the bottle was twisted in his neck, sending him to the floor. Eddie Loney, 31, of 6320 Cycle Lane, SW, was also stabbed in the throat when he tried to aid Kinley. Loney is now in critical condition at Harbor-View Medical Center. The assailant has not been found, according to local police. A Cornell student, however, has accepted a scholarship from the Italian Government to study "the Italian Wine Industry." He is Charles G. Staadecker, 27, of Bellevue.

RECENT NEWS ITEMS FROM NEW YORK PAPERS:

A man shot five people in a Brooklyn bar last Christmas for laughing at him when he put 50 cents into a jukebox, instead of the cigarette machine, as he had intended. Witnesses reported that the man entered the bar, and was subjected to laughter for his mistake. He left the bar then and returned with a gun and shot the five, none of whom was killed. "I wanted a pack of Winstons," he told police, "not Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer." In a small Arab land, a 60-year old man was convicted of homosexual practices and sentenced to death. By ancient canon, it was decreed that homosexuals shall be put to death by being thrown off the highest point in the town, but the town had no high points or tall buildings, so the man was shot. "We were thinking of hiring a plane and throwing him out of it," the Mayor told reporters, "but it would have been too expensive. We asked if he would consent to being shot, and he said yes." Similarly, a man in Providence, R.I., perished when he fell into a vat of boiling lye in a soap factory. He is survived by a wife and three children.



**COPS BREAK UP
ROCK CONCERT-RALLY IN BERKELEY**

LIBERATION News Service

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) — Sunday afternoons in Provo Park usually mean rock bands, and lately it has also included a little politics. On Sunday April 12, Berkeley's new Laos Day Committee decided to plant the flags of the Pathet Lao and the NLF on the stage where the bands were going to play.

Soon after the concert began, three Berkeley cops with clubs swinging charged through the crowd without warning and started ripping down the flags. Some people got angry when the cops did this, and started shouting. Before anything much could happen, the cops grabbed one person and threw him head first off the stage and over the low wall surrounding it. They pounced on him, clubbing him. A crowd of about fifty people ran after the cops as they

dragged him off in handcuffs. Suddenly a fourth cop stepped out of the bushes with a double barrel shotgun. The crowd stopped and began throwing rocks and bottles. Four carloads of reinforcements in full riot gear appeared and the crowd returned to the concert. A woman from the White Panther Party, sponsors of the day's concert, went down to the station later. The desk sergeant had some choice words for her:

"That rag [the NLF flag] will be torn down every time it's put up because our boys are dying from people like you who support them. It's my right to tear down any flag that is disturbing my peace, especially since it was flying in a municipal park."

Talking about the policeman with the shotgun he said, "If any of those rocks or bottles had hit him he would have shot the person who threw it."

Horrified, the White Panther said, "How could you just fire into a crowd like that?"

**NEWS OF THE
OVERWORT**

"It doesn't matter," he said, "anyone would do."

RESERVISTS ORGANIZE

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) — "We demand the total withdrawal now of all the American soldiers advising the armies of dictatorships throughout Latin America and Asia," is part of a petition being circulated by The Reservists Committee to Stop the War.

The recently-formed Committee publishes a newsletter, does draft counseling, and helps soldiers defend their rights against the increasing repression of their officers. Any member of the Reserves or the National Guard may write to P.O. Box 4398, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 for more information.

URUGUAYAN INTELLIGENCE

CHIEF EXECUTEE

MONTEVIDEO (LNS) — Uruguayan guerrillas have executed the chief of the Intelligence Division of Montevideo's police department, Hector Moran Charquero. Charquero was also head of the Special Brigade of the police department; the Brigade has been accused in the Uruguayan press of torturing political prisoners.

Charquero was killed by machine gun fire as he drove to work — guerrillas in three cars surrounded Charquero's car and opened fire on him.

Police sources say the assassins were members

of the Tupamaros, the National Liberation Movement of Uruguay. The Tupamaros have staged spectacularly successful bank robberies and kidnappings to support their efforts.

**ANTI-MAFIA LAW
POSES DANGER FOR MOVEMENT
LIBERATION News Service**

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — A new bill presumably drawn up to stop organized crime syndicates, may be used against political dissidents, the American Civil Liberties Union has warned.

The Senate version of the so-called Organized Crime Bill was sent out of committee with only one dissenting vote, that of Lee Metcalf of Montana.

A statement by the Washington office of the ACLU notes that the bill contains "many dangerous provisions."

There is a special sentencing provision permitting up to 30 years imprisonment for loosely defined "dangerous special offenders." The implication is that a dangerous offender could be a revolutionary leader who endangers the wealth of big corporations or the authority of J. Edgar Hoover.

The bill includes several provisions in clear violation of the Fourth Amendment (guarantee against illegal searches and seizures) and the Fifth Amendment guarantee against

self-incrimination.

There is a provision for a "civil investigative demand," which allows the Attorney General to demand documents from any one he believes may have such material — all without any requirement for a court order, and without adequate safeguards against compulsory self-incrimination. Evidence obtained through wiretapping and other unconstitutional means may be used if this bill becomes law.

A witness who presumably is in danger may be given housing and protection by the prosecution, according to one provision of the bill, but nowhere is it stated that such detention of a witness must be voluntary. In addition, the power is given to the courts to summarily imprison witnesses who refuse to testify for up to 36 months — without a jury trial.

At a time when law-and-order forces are gaining ascendancy in America, some voices are still being raised against the growing fascism that this "organized crime" bill represents.

One such voice was the editorial page of the Missoulian, in Missoula, Montana, which congratulated Montana's Sen. Metcalf for opposing the "anti-Mafia" bill. The Missoulian warned against the unconstitutionality of the measure: "...when the average citizen... gives the gumshoes the right to invade ANYBODY'S home in that manner, he gives up his own right to be protected from that kind of search. By condoning such a law, the average citizen removes his own protection against Gestapo-like tactics."

poor paranoids

by Alan Katzman

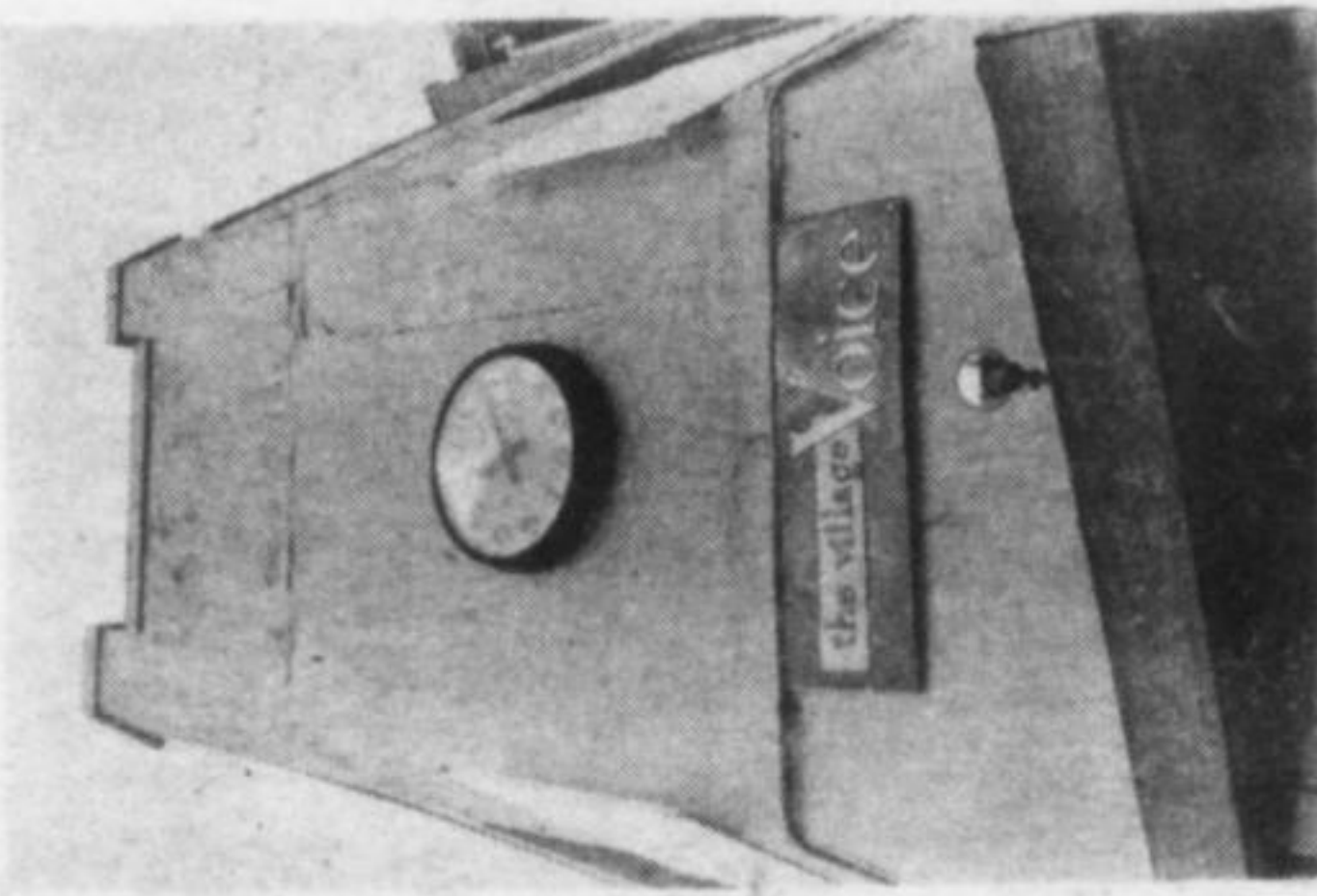
"Eleven years ago a determined hipster named John Wilcock left his native north-of-England and emigrated to Greenwich Village, bent on continuing a career as a journalist. I heard the Village was a wild place where things were happening," he recalls. "As soon as I got there I picked up a copy of the local paper, *The Villager*, and I couldn't believe it. It was a boring, corny old teapot-ladies' paper. I wanted to know why there wasn't an artist's paper."

To paraphrase Jules Feiffer in that same *Tribune* article:
First I turned to Stephanie Harrington, Sally Kempton, and Susan Brownmiller to find out what was new. They weren't there. Then I turned to Barbara Long. She wasn't there. After that I switched to the CULTURAL section to get Andrew Sarris' views; and to read Jonas Mekas

Two months ago a determined poet, troublemaker and editor named Allen

explain why this week's underground movie that everybody walked out on was really a TEST to see if we dared face the TRUTH. Next I checked the theatre page to see if Bert Lath's son was feeling all right. Then I read Nat Hentoff to see if he bought in yet, followed by Jack Newfield's latest explanation of himself. Then I read Howard Smith to make sure he hadn't raised his level of consciousness above a commodity. Then I switched to the letters to be astonished at why anyone even bothered, and to Jules Feiffer on why he hadn't learned to draw yet. And finally I ended up at the most important writing in the *Voice* — the ADS.

Will Success Spoil the Village Voice? Ask Carter Burden! He bought it. As for myself, I only paid 20 cents for it, and I



PHOTOS/STEVENS

read it! Something I'm sure Carter Burton is into nowadays? Also heard through the *Voice* grapevine that Governor Rockefeller himself reads it for the express purpose of knowing what to say to his constituents. *BOY! Is the Voice in Trouble!*

Would the Governor do the same for EVO? Not unless he wants to remain Governor for long. Besides having to punctuate all his speeches with "Fucks" and "Shits," he would have to read D.A. Latimer which would get him into a lot of trouble with his mind.



Talking about Minds, the *Village Voice* seems to have half of it licked. It now has CBS as a Father-in-Law, Grove Press' old offices and a lot more ads.

All it needs now is a little bit of creativity and experimentation. For instance, it could, instead of printing their own copy between the ads, print all of EVO's copy and really blow Governor Rockefeller's mind (?); not to mention William Paley's (Carter Burden's -in- to CBS). It would also blow everybody's game too.

They might also print their own last week's copy in next week's issue and every time they mention some other newspaper or media in their adept analytical style, they could substitute their own Name. As witnessed by Paul Cowan and Jack Newfield on Newsweek. *Just follow ----- the bouncing ball!*

"Still, when it appears in print --- is able to disguise some of its biases toward (Continued on Page 18)



AN EARTH DAY IN THE LIFE



D.A. LATIMER

In New York City's kook-infested, drug-riddled, V.D.-ridden East Village, there is a restaurant at which I eat every morning on my way to work, or on my way back to bed, depending on what the schedule calls for that morning. This restaurant I love, because of the coffee there, which is outright *swill* of the most repulsive, sulphurous variety. Everyone, after first drinking the coffee in this place, gets sick; some of them vomit as a result, but most just salivate until the feeling goes away. However, two cups, three cups, you get adjusted to it, your body goes through a change, you come to like it, look forward to it, you get so you can't live without it. Old Jacob, who made it big in textiles thirty years ago and moved uptown, still comes down to this place for his coffee every morning. And so do I.

If it were a Japanese restaurant, it would be called the *Saupaku*. And as a matter of

fact, I was sitting there Wednesday morning, Earth Day, sitting at the counter ordering the usual two over with bacon and home fries, next to a Japanese gentleman. He and I are regulars there, this Japanese gentleman and I, we eat there a lot: we usually wind up sitting at opposite ends of the counter, but today, Earth Day, we were sitting side by side. 'Say,' said the Spanish short-order cook who was waiting on us, to the Japanese cat, 'Say, you see this guy?' indicating me. 'This guy is American Commando, you dig?' The Japanese cat, who is close enough to forty to have gone through the War, checked me out of the corner of his eye, and what a corner, and he began to giggle.

'Yeah, American Commando!' protested the Spanish cat. 'He's like General, you know, in the American Commando.' He gestured toward his shoulders, indicating epaulettes, and nodded solemnly at the Japanese cat. 'General in the Yellow-Hair Brigade, that's

right. You don't know? You wait till after the Revolution, then you know.' By now the Japanese cat was cracking up, falling off the stool as I grimaced in anxiety, loosening my collar with a nervous finger as the Spanish dude went on: 'Don't laugh, this guy is like - he's like Samuri, you know? You know Samuri? Big warrior. Guts. Like *this*.' Raising the bread knife over his head, he portrayed a monster Nip slashing a wickedly curved Samuri sword down through some opponent's neck, spraying mortal mayonnaise all over the place. Looking around suspiciously for the FBI, he confided to the Japanese fellow, 'He's like *kamikaze*. Yellow-Hair Kamikaze. *Zooooooooooooom! BOOM!*

Yes, it was half-past the crack of my ass and a quarter to my nose on the morning of Earth Day as I gathered my two over with bacon and home fries, an egg cream and a cup of swill, and moved it to the table with Claudia Dreifus, Jackie Acon, and Mick, the teenage hustler

who had crashed the night at my place. Someday I'll do a story on Mick, who knows more about Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue than anybody else in the world, but not now, not now, this is a story on Earth Day, which was the nicest day of the year.

'This is the nicest day of the year,' I told Claudia Dreifus as we approached Union Square up Fourth Avenue, in the sun, which was flooding down all yellow out of a pure blue sky laced with sharp little icy clouds farther up than the skyscrapers even. It was one of those uncommon days in New York when there was some stuff up there higher than even Rockefeller Plaza. A light breeze from the west, no smog, and a lot of sun. Good for what ails you. 'There will be no more days like this until the fall,' I told her, 'when there will be two or three days as nice as this. Until then, none this nice.'

'I don't know about that,' opined Claudia. 'Spring's so late this year. Why, last year at this time, I was already wearing...'

It was never made clear what she was wearing already this time last year, because right then a couple people from the Earth People's Park commune walked past with a plastic bag full of pure mollasses cookies dotted with sesame seeds. They were offering these munchies to all and sundry, and Claudia - who was wearing a red pants suit, by the bye, with a dark lavender silk blouse underneath, and black patent leather shoes - accepted one. 'Is this more healthy and less polluted than other things we eat?' she asked the fellow with the bag. He nodded vigorously. 'Why?' she wanted to know.

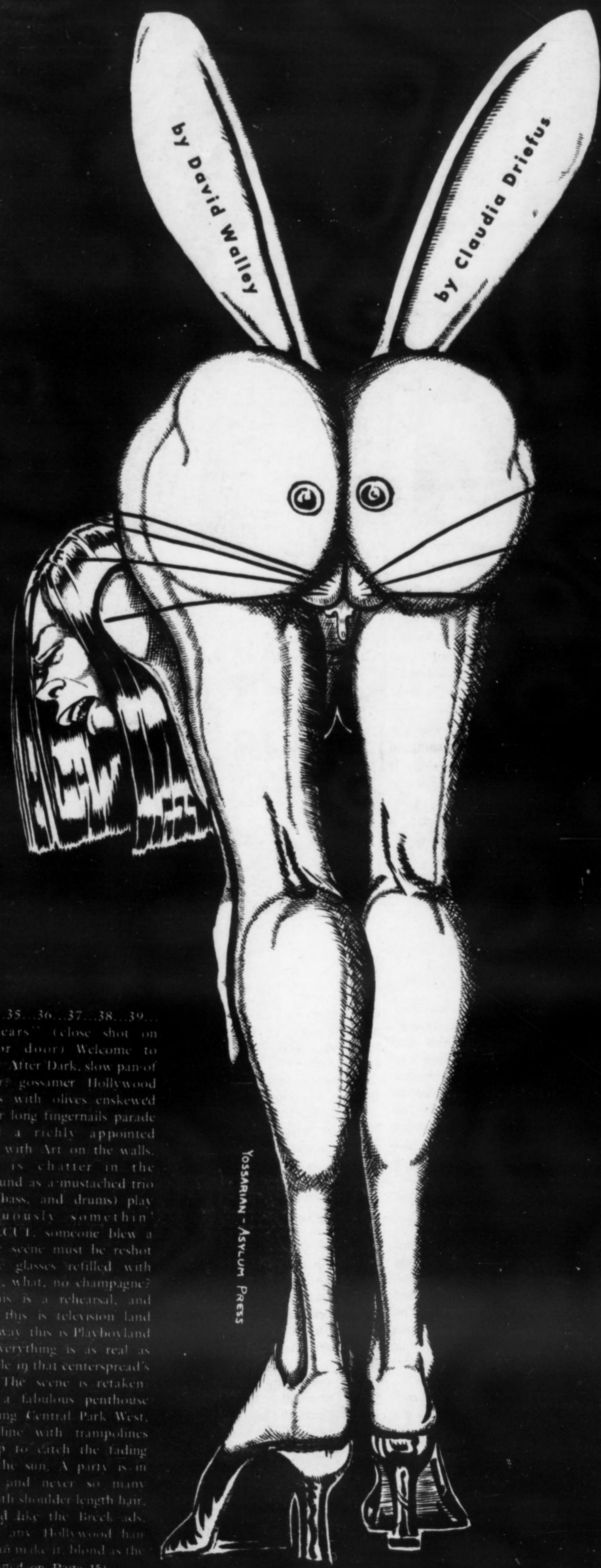
'Well, they got no pollutants to them,' he explained. 'They don't give off any odor, they don't have any preservative, nothing in them but good stuff that came up out of the ground. No coloring, no artificial flavour...' Claudia, who was chewing interestedly on most of her cookie, offered the remainder to me. To my astonishment it turned out to

(Continued on Page 18)

photos: Joseph Stevens-Asylum Press

Playboy After the Dark Ages

HUGH HEFNER
AND THE
WOMEN'S REVOLUTION



'34 35 36 37 38 39...
Bunnycars" (close shot on elevator door) Welcome to Playboy After Dark, slow pan of interior, gossamer Hollywood wenches with olives enskewed on their long fingernails parade around a richly appointed interior with Art on the walls. There is chatter in the background as a mustached trio (guitar, bass, and drums) play mellifluously, something sweet. CUT, someone blew a cue, the scene must be reshot and the glasses refilled with gingerale, what, no champagne? Well, this is a rehearsal, and anyway this is television land and anyway this is Playboyland where everything is as real as that staple in that centerspread's middle. The scene is retaken, imagine a fabulous penthouse overlooking Central Park West, city skyline with trampolines rigged up to catch the fading rays of the sun. A party is in progress and never so many blonds with shoulder length hair, but blond like the Breck ads, blond as any Hollywood hair colorer can make it, blond as the
(Continued on Page 15)

In the small, closed, gossip-filled world of journalism, word had been out all winter that Hugh Hefner, PLAYBOY's mastermind and proto-type he male, was looking for an article on women's liberation. It was only natural that PLAYBOY should want a feature on the feminist movement. The magazine has always considered itself the avant garde of sexual mores, so it can hardly ignore a movement that seeks to restructure the whole fiber of relations between men and women. (Specially after LIFE, LOOK, ATLANTIC, MADMOISELLE and NEWSWEEK have already done major features on the subject.) So PLAYBOY, the magazine that encourages young men to believe women have no pubic hair, the magazine whose masthead of seventy-one names includes four women, the magazine that turned down an article by Kenneth Tynan on masturbation ("The PLAYBOY man doesn't masturbate!"), the magazine that rarely hires women writers, the magazine that presents the world an image of womenkind as brainless, mindless dumb little pieces of tits and ass, was about to go into the women's lib business. There had to be a catch.

The first public signs of Hugh Hefner's leering interest in the feminist movement was flashed out to the world on Dick Cavett's late night talk test. Hefner came on the air first, suave, soft-spoken, handsome in a Hugh O'Brien kind of way. America's number one Playboy, the man who owns a revolving circle bed and a jetplane completely equipped with bidets and bedrooms, was oh, so terribly, terribly reasonable. He wanted the world to know that he thought women's lib was an okay movement... just fine... just Jim Dandy, by golly. Yes, he would agree that women have been discriminated against. What's more, the feminine population had been treated darn-right unfairly in job hiring, in business, and in the world of economics. Oh, yes, sir, High sure was nice to the ladies.

Cavett questioned the Hef a bit about his private life, whereupon he introduced his pretty Barbie-doll girlfriend, Barbie Benton, and explained that he didn't think that she was at all interested in women's lib. He won't have any of that in his family.

Next came a psychiatrist. You should know that having a psychiatrist, psychologist or sociologist involved in a discussion of female liberation is definitely a sign of trouble. The subtle implication is that any lady who is gutsy enough to fight for her own dignity has a "poor feminine self-image" and might possibly be looney hatched material. Do talk show hosts ever feel compelled to invite

psychiatrists to discuss the sanity of movie stars or baseball players, for example? This psychiatrist, Rollo May, was too busy pushing his books to bother to indict the ladies, but his mere presence brought the sanity of liberated women into question.

So, some fifteen minutes before the show was about to sign off, at last the specimens, the pickled objects of interest were brought forth: two liberated women. The ladies, Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton were from Media Women. Hefner quickly stated that he was in sympathy with their cause. "We probably agree more than you think," he leered in a careful attempt to undermine debate. Susan just sneered. Hefner went on about how he thought job opportunities should be thrown wide open to women. Oh, he was all for "the girls." But Susan and Sally were rather nervous, so it never struck them to ask why Hefner's magazine NEVER hires women writers except if they are big names or in cases of dire emergencies. (A literary agent recently told me that female writers who submit to PLAYBOY have their articles by lined only with a first initial. The agent explained it this way: "When PLAYBOY takes female writers they want to hide it from their readers. An initial is innocuous. You can't tell if the writer is male or female!")

Anyway, Hefner is scoring brownie points right and left until Cavett naively asks Susan why she thinks Hef is her enemy. Susan responds that the man exploits and degrades women for a profit. Hef is offended... says she can't mean that. Susan asks Hef if he would like to walk around girdled into an absurd costume with a cotton-tail stuck to his ass! The necessity for an answer was averted, because just about then the show ran out of time.

Several weeks later, the much heralded PLAYBOY women's lib piece hits the stands. Called "Up Against The Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!", the article is subtitled, "Militant man-haters do their level worst to distort the distinctions between male and female and to discredit the legitimate grievances of american women." Illustrating the piece is a full-color Warren Linn drawing showing the five part transition of a sweet loving chick from the kind of girl any red-blooded he-man would happily ball, into a fearful castrating mean little Man Hater. This Jeckyl and Hyde transition, according to Linn, is the result of having read books like "The Feminine Mystique" and "The Second Sex." The message here, boys, is clear: lock your women up at night, keep 'em dumb, don't let 'em read. Reading is dangerous. But the article is better even than the illustration.

The piece begins with the
(Continued on Page 15)

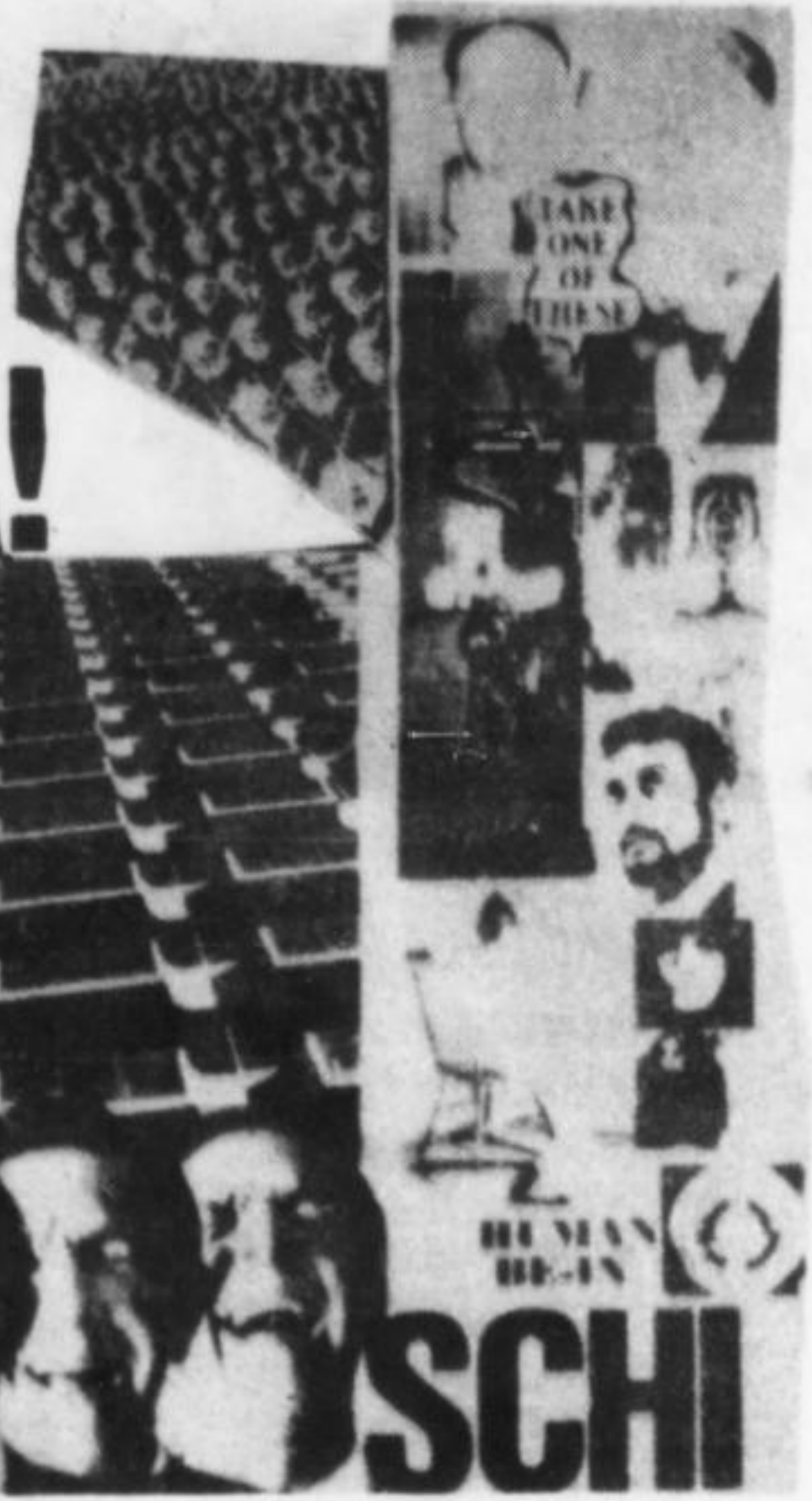
France, When The \$hit Hit The Jukebox



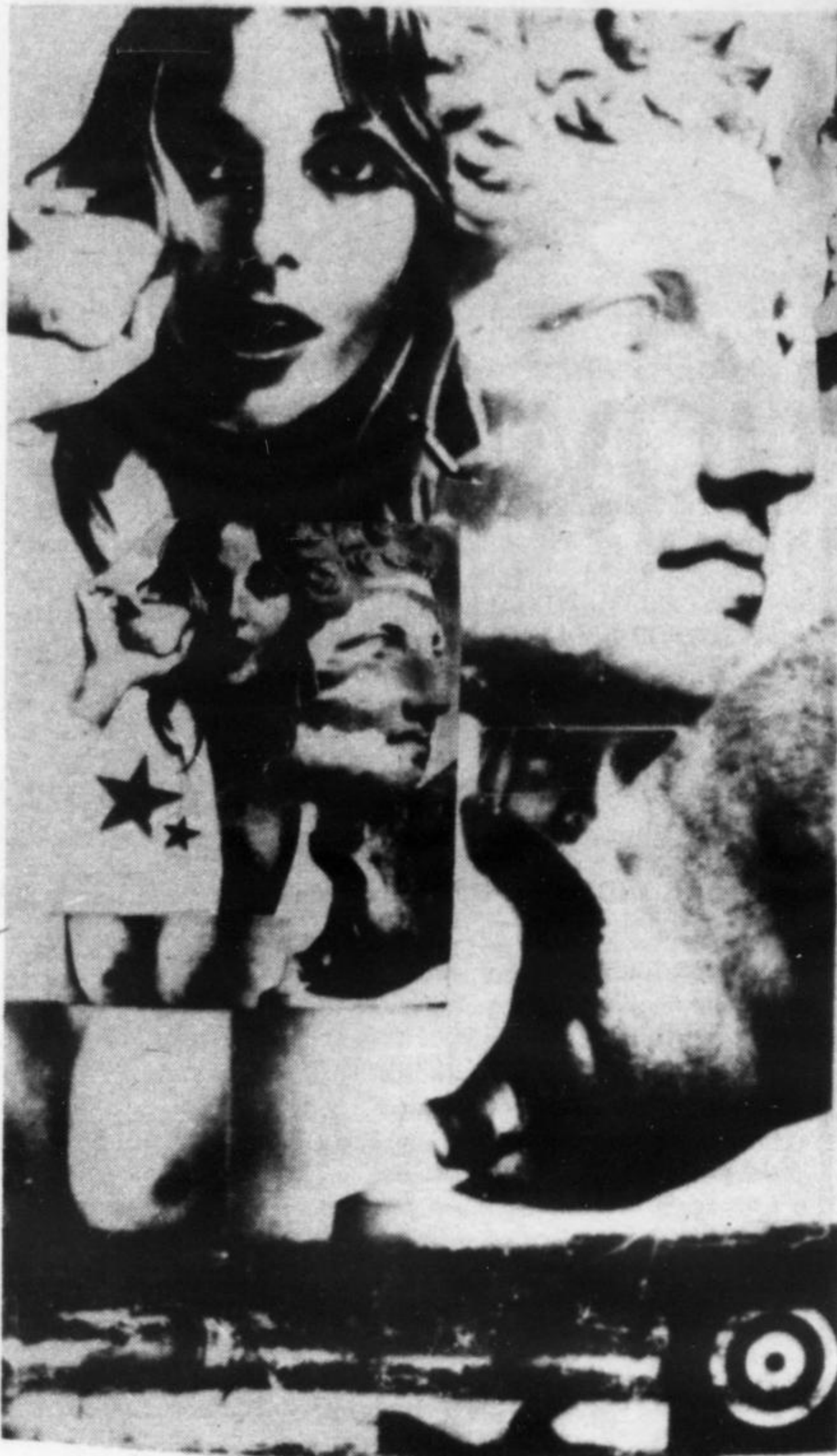
CIA BUYS BARR



Claude Pelieu



BURP" SAID



Blue Velvet Eternity.
Time Capsule.

A few months ago Mary Beach asked J.J. Lebel: "Jean-Jacques, how do you say DIG in French?" Jean-Jacques thought for a while and then answered: "They don't!"; there was nothing more to add.

Jaakov asked me to write an article - What's happening in France? in Paris? - Frankly it pisses me off to speak about it. Only the young militants exhale a bit of revolutionary joy, fuck the system, smash the State, they smoke grass, they drop acid, they let their hair grow, they think like Abbie Hoffman, John Sinclair, Ed Sanders, Jerry Rubin, E. Cleaver and the Motherfuckers. The orgasm isn't their enemy. They chose their own brand of sexuality. They have nothing on common with the Fascist punks and the liberals, nor with the finks filling the ranks of the Left Workmen's Circles, nor with the supersquares in the so-called "French" Communist Party, and still less with the idiots conforming to the rule, be they blue collar or white collar workers, abstract painters or AIR at the Precinct. Let us not even mention the Liberated Middle Classes. A cop and a hog is sleeping inside every Frenchman. France? Pig Nation - Le Pays d'Ou On Ne Revient Pas - There is only one answer: Get the hell out and above all never go back.

Apart from "Action," Le Pave" and "Noir et Rouge" (and a few tracts), there isn't a single underground paper in France or in Paris. The only French language newspaper, a brother of Hotcha, comes out in Geneva, and it bears the title of The Premature Egg. Its editors are all under 18, and have no bread. (They are UPS and LNS members.) Help them any way

you can. They say that "Noir et Rouge" is reorganizing, let's hope they print pages like OZ, IT, Rat, the Chicago Seed, Nola Express, EVO, the Berkeley Tribe and the Buddhist Third Class Junk Mail Oracle. In France and Belgium there are some "avant-garde reviews" spreading Bourgeois ideas and that resemble some corny literary reviews from California. Fuck it! Supersquare and Pigasus are having a ball as they scatter their culture around. And the revolution is going backwards to Glen Miller's tempo.

France is a tiny Portugal, an insular Poland atomized by cornball ideas. The Land of the Squares. And yet YIPPIE dumped shit pies in the Juke Box.

The Pigs are occupying Nanterre. The pigs watch over the students in their classrooms, in the cafeterias, they give them their exams. Fascists protected and encouraged by the Police are the masters of some of the departments. The Fog Factory (The French Univerity) operates thanks to the Chief of Police and Ponpidou Dickless can meet with Benito Alioto Fat Ass Reagan & Co. The Pigs occupy Nanterre and repression is growing under the cowlike eyes of 50 million Frenchmen who can't be wrong.

Every sector of the economy is touched, shaken, Lay and Order show their masks, upper-class Hippies fuck around with the Club Mediteranee. Men of Letters, members of the "French" Communist Party (l'Union des Ecrivains) jack off in high priced reviews, avant-garde magazines, living on their bullshit exploiting and conning their way out friends and foreigners. Racial segregation exists at every level. First the youth, in Paris and in the provinces. And the Portuguese, Spanish, Algerian and Senegalese workers are called Wops, Niggers, Spics, Kikes, Beatniks or Hippies. French boobery is as well distributed as their Beaujolais wine. The newspapers and the publishing houses are controlled by the Fascist-Pig Trust Hachette. Don't buy any French

books. Boycott the whole fucking shithouse. Don't go to France, make a detour. Hired newspapermen, from the Right and the Left break our balls with their naive Hippie morality, saying that the Panthers and the Yuppies are politically unaware. They raise cries of alarm and denounce the Anarchists whom they claim are drugged and "shoot SDS," the filthy foreigners, Spics and longhairs. They fall lower than Anslinger, George Jessel and Bob Hope. We are discredited every day by the Bourgeois press. For example Ferlinghetti was asked to fuck off because he was taken for a wino in a Paris avant-garde gallery. And Larry had gone there to give them a poem for god knows which benefit. And Allen Ginsberg was called a dirty Kike by a few Colonels in the publishing business. And Saul Gottlieb was seriously injured with iron bars wielded by the Fascists in Avignon. And the Living Theater was harrassed by the little people. And I know hundreds of English, American, German and Dutch people who were insulted and beaten by the pigs and then deported or imprisoned. And yet in May 68 a young man was reading poems by Allen Ginsberg and Bob Kaufman on the barricades. And Kerouac was called a bum and a wino in Orly and in the crappers at Gallimard.

In a French magazine that is the spitting image of Time Magazine we may read this ad: "Don't live like a Capitalist, Consume, EXIST!" - And everything that has been written about the Chicago Conspiracy Trial & the Black Panther Party reveals the Shit Metro Media gap from the Right as well as the Left.

Today the Pigs are occupying Nanterre screaming "Death to the Students". F.G. Lorca heard it, coming from a Fascist general who cried: "Death to Intelligence".

What is happening? For the moment Senility is smiling on you. Go to Paris, to Ozone Park, for the Great Fuck-in of Life & Joy. For the moment the password is:

"Nervous
Breakdown
Forever".

ॐ
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शान्ति

THE PINK FLOYD

by Karin Berg

The last time Pink Floyd were in New York they appeared at The Scene. That was two years ago. If you missed them at the Fillmore or the Capitol in Portchester this trip, you may have another long wait. But they are worth the waiting. Pink Floyd is a very fine, excellent group — just one of the few best.

The group appeared alone, in one of Jay K. Hoffmann's mid-week productions, affording optimum conditions for performance. There was no projected light show, the performance lasted about three hours including intermission, there were no other groups. Everyone who was there came to see them — David Gilmour, lead guitar; Roger Waters, bass; Richard Wright, keyboard instruments; Nick Mason, percussion.

I talked with David, Roger, and Nick at their hotel one day. Why had it been such a long time since they had been here? "We couldn't get what we wanted. What we do depends on the right mood. We have to set the mood up, and we can't do anything in thirty or forty minutes, then have to get off," Roger said. "When we were at The Scene, it was terrible. We used borrowed equipment, we'd play a little, then have to stop. It was awful."

David agreed. "We want to do our thing the way we want to and we didn't want to play here unless we could do that."

Roger mentioned hassles about money. "English groups come over here all the time and lose money. They come here just to play here. We aren't into that. The Who came here four times before they made any money. It's not that good here. This American way of performing for a short while on a bill with two other groups is a waste of time — so we stayed in England until we could be produced the way we wanted to be." We spent some time talking about audiences, the "scene" surrounding music, the dope — I mentioned that a lot of people feel they must get stoned before going out to listen to music. Roger shook his head. "Is the whole thing surrounding music the same in England?" David said he didn't think so, he didn't think it was quite as bad. "Maybe we're more depressed here," I ventured. "Well, America certainly has more problems than we do," Nick, flopping on a bed, looking at the ceiling. "A bloke here thinks about maybe going off to war, getting his brains blown out. It makes a difference."



The music of the Pink Floyd is sometimes haunting, lyric, tender, sometimes funny, humorous, ranging to terrifying, upsetting. They are never sloppy and resist temptations to use effect for effect's sake. Moods are built, you can be carried away by music and sound. At the Fillmore, two controls for the Azimuth synthesizer were used (they sometimes use more), the one seen on the organ and another for the tape. Sound whirls around, up, but it's all done with taste and artistry — each member of the group is an excellent musician.

The sometimes frightening strain in their music comes from venturing into voids where rock or popular music doesn't go. I went to see "Zabriskie Point" when it had first opened, was early and waited outside of the theatre for my friend. There were a few of us standing there, it was early in the day. There were crashing noises from our left and we looked to see a car in mid-air, hurtling, spinning, coming toward us. We started to run away; the crashing sounds stopped and we knew the wild car had come to a halt. We turned and ran to the corner. A big black limousine, the chauffeur, dazed, alone in the car, seemingly unhurt. I looked down and there was a woman, pinned against a cigarette machine, in broken glass, trying to turn her head. I later learned that she died, along with two others under the car. I walked back the very, very, short distance to where I had been standing, sick with dread and feeling what it must be like for that woman, pinned. My friend had arrived and asked if I'd rather not go to see "Zabriskie Point." "No, let's go. The horror won't change."

I thought of that one night listening to "Careful With That Axe, Eugene." It was the night that most of us thought the astronauts were going to die, that it looked as though they

would hurtle off course and not come back. The Pink Floyd touches on that fine borderline that is always with us, the one between the safe, secure, sweet, and the other side. Human beings are vulnerable to all sorts of horrors and just a slip of the axe...

But there is some humor with the sinister. About a year ago in England, the group used a monster in performance. "This bloke would wear this suit made out of black, shiny PVC, with bumps and growths on it. He had this long snout coming from his mask and this cock about a couple of feet long..." (from Roger).

"He'd come in at the back of the auditorium and move and crawl among the audience — and he had this thing inside his suit that would squirt water out of the cock. He was very scary — one girl just ran clear out of the theatre, screaming..." (from David).

When they return to England, they'll begin work on a theatre production; the production will be theirs. "We'll definitely have film and other people on stage, we might have people in the audience, we haven't planned everything yet," Roger said.

They are touring the country on this trip and will be here five weeks. More than other groups, the Pink Floyd should be seen in performance. The sound environment can't be reproduced between two speakers in your living room. Speakers are used on the sides of the theatre, in the back, dropped from the ceiling, as well as the amplifiers and electronic equipment used onstage. And they're so good — there should be a bigger place for them in current music.

HOW IT IS:

Mr. Nixon Dreams Of America
Commercial by D.A. Latimer and Jackie Acon

SCENE: Housewife in kitchen. Dull, grey kitchen.

BACKGROUND NOISES: Erratic refrigerator hum, TV noises far away.

OPENING SHOT of skinny, sallow, thin-haired, prematurely aging housewife

over sink filling with hot water and suds. She has a variety of nervous tics and trembles, plus a soft, nagging cough from the bronchials. As sink fills, she reaches to turn off hot water, burns fingers on tap. Little hopeless gasp, she puts fingers in mouth briefly, tries again. Burns once more, gasp, again sucks fingers. Coughing and twitching all the time. Finally gets tap closed, thrusts hands gingerly into hot water: expression of excruciating, patiently borne agony passes over face as hands adjust to hot water. Twenty times a day she puts up with pain like this. Coughing and twitching. At length, she takes dish from suds, begins scraping it with rubber sponge. Suddenly plate slips through fingers, drops into sink: crash of breaking glass and china. Exasperated, but resigned, she reaches into sink to pick out broken glass. Quick horror on face, she pulls hand from suds, blood welling from cut finger. Imminent derangement on face, good hand goes to head, leaving clot of suds on hair. Sharp shake of head, she reaches off camera, produces fresh pack of KOOLS. Coughing and twitching, opens pack, smearing blood all over it, drops paper in sink. Taps out KOOL, puts it in her mouth, leaving damp blots on cigarette paper. Reaches out, produces pack of matches. Coughing softly, twitching, ruins first match with wet fingers; second match fizzles alight, kicking spark out which burns her wrist. Lights cigarette, takes hard, shallow drag, coughs a second. Looks straight up at camera, desperately, almost apologetically, explaining: "Sometimes — KOOL is the only one that — that gets through!"

I think the basic problem with *Operation Sidewinder*, now closing at the Vivian, Beaumont Theatre, is that it was produced by Lincoln Center. Shephard's play being done by this Corporation of the Arts is as ludicrous as would be a medley of Dylan, Airplane, and Mothers song sung by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians (whose "Where in the World but in America" I highly recommend) at the White House.

In doing this play Lincoln Center either didn't understand it or was advocating its own (Lincoln Center's) death. The play ends in an apocalypse with the Indians going off in a trance state in possession of the sidewinder (which is really a computer, as everyone probably knows by now) and the pigs who have come to retrieve the sidewinder immediately die. So, if the production has been any good Lincoln Center would have been advocating its own death. But the production wasn't any good.

First of all, I admit I hate large theatres — unless they happen to be fields like White Lake. And second, I found myself cringing from the delivery of the first line — which was shouted from off stage in a typically actor-y, projection oriented voice. From there on in I found myself pondering the age old questions: what is wrong with theatre?; can fakery and

phoniness be eliminated from theatre?; does theatre have any relevance?; would *Sidewinder* have been better had it been directed by someone as imaginative as Julie Bovasso? etc.

I didn't want to write anything about *Sidewinder* until I had seen *The Unseen Hand* and *Forensic and the Navigators*, because I felt, as I have said, that *Sidewinder's* problems were created by Lincoln Center and I hoped that a less institutional, although unfortunately still commercial and expensive) off Broadway production might prove me right. In many ways it did.

When you walk into the lobby of the Astor Place Theatre, you walk into a rock comic book. Shephard is playing drums with a rock group called Lothar and the Hand People. The walls are painted silver and there is a stand selling ABBA ZABA bars, MOXIE root beer and TNT popcorn. When you



walk into Lincoln Center's lobby, you walk into a sterile Stanley Doren set with staircases, red carpets and a bar selling assorted popular cocktails in plastic cups.

As you read the program at Astor Place you notice that most of actors in it had worked in those plays on a workshop level (at Theatre Genesis or La Mama) so you might assume that they were involved in a kind of birth process with these plays and might in some way feel committed to them or even understand them. While at Lincoln Center most of the actors seem never to have read or seen a Sam Shephard play and certainly never thought much

about computers vs. rituals and Hopi Indians. But, a job is a job, and a part is a part. I don't mean to say that the actors at the Astor Place are saints or crusaders or even altruistic, but their performances were, in some cases exceptional, and all enjoyable, and I didn't find myself questioning and critical as I do when actors fail to involve me, as was the case at Lincoln Center.

The question this raises in my mind is — who should be doing what plays and where?

Obviously *Sidewinder* should not have been done at Lincoln Center. The Vivian Beaumont Theatre, in its present state, should be housing only stuffy, academic plays with living room morality since that seems to be the level of production with which they infuse every play they do at all successfully, and it comprises the mentality of its subscribers.

Let Broadway produce flashy musicals and authors message

comedies, since they exceed in those.

Let us find playwrights who are not intrigued by the myth of such institutions as Lincoln Center and Broadway. Let us create our own myth. And we will not call our theatre off-off Broadway because we will have no need to define ourselves by their standards. Let us find directors who use actors as more than props, who recognize their humanity and the humanity of others and who are excited by the plays they are doing. Let us find actors who have not yet been reduced to the point of arguing about overtime because their Equity rules are all that they have left to protect them from total exploitation, but who will work long and hard for a production they care about because they believe in it and find joy in doing it. Let all the people in our theatre be involved with life beyond the stage door because our theatre is one of involvement. Let us eliminate the rip-offs downtown and send them uptown where they belong (like Ed Wode of the Free Store Theatre who I hear charges \$5.00 a seat while his actors get nothing.) Let us stop being compartmentalized to the extent that we are no longer a part of what we are doing. And let us have at least one free performance a week.

But while we are trying to
(Continued on Page 17)

LAW AND ORDER.... ALLOW 10 DAYS FOR DELIVERY

by Renfreu Neff

theoretically, if you had one, you wouldn't need the other. But the house-variety police plant is usually so stupid even they can't trust him, so the tap functions as the official seal of disapproval, a sort of supporting part en route to an indictment-Oscar nomination.

It's all part of the same sickness, for paranoia is another establishment surplus that feeds the starving masses at home, and with the election of a law and order posse dedicated to giving the outlaws their comeuppance, it has become an opiate, a legally prescribed drug that's distributed nationally and circulated so fast that it's hard to recognize genuine government-endorsed paranoia from the instant kind that's laid on you by one of those freaks waiting for a phonebooth. The only certainty is that the law and order pushers have more than enough to go around. . . just dig the prosecution's stash at any of the trials, if you need more evidence on that one. . . so it's more than likely that most of the underground variety is "cut" with an unhealthy lacing of the real thing. Which is to say that there is more than a smidgen of reality in every

full-blown paranoid hallucination, be it radical or ultra-Right wing in orientation.

For example, a lady interviewed at the Earth Day celebration in Union Square told a radio reporter that ecology was another Leftist plot to take over the country. "They've attacked the military and the police. . . now they're out to take over our parks," the lady said. There's a certain frantic truth gasping for air at the bottom of that remark, but a radical would say that ecology is Nixonian fallout calculated to smog out the issues of the war and the police. Which strikes at the source of the contamination. The best thing Nixon could do for air pollution is immolate himself.

Credit where credit is due, paranoia does evolve with the times. In that sense it might qualify as art, a sort of elite art at that, in so far as it is manufactured by those in vanguard of the forces of repression and has its most immediate effect on those in the forefront of revolutionary change. With the exception of "liberals," who are capable of assimilating all paranoia and reducing it to total inertia, those in the vast cultural-political in-between simply wait for their

marching orders against the next "revolution," which suggest why Bobby Seale sat in jails for almost a year before a date was set for the New Haven trial, while four trials were scheduled in a row to snag Timothy Leary. Leary represented the old acid paranoia, the minutes from the last meeting. After all, how can you carry on a decent repression with Leary still running around rapping about getting high and talking about running for governor of California? Isn't there any respect for politics anymore?

So the old drub number was revised, Operation Intercept its most publicized brainchild until it almost intercepted diplomatic relations with Mexico, at which point it was replaced by the news that a lot of kids were OD-ing on the floodtide of hard drugs. Amidst the outcries of "See I told you so. . . marijuana does lead to Other Things," some basic information got mislaid and nobody bothered to point out to the wailing politicians that the underworld and the underground did not occupy the same subterranean territory. However, the memo would have continued, the former, being better equipped for such
(Continued on Page 18)



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11

NO. 716

Someone once observed. . . rather astutely, I thought. . . that without paranoia the underground wouldn't exist, because it's the out-to-get-us fear of the establishment that keeps everybody crazy for one reason or another. For example, Bobby Seale's Random House editor worries that her phone will be tapped as soon as his book comes out, and you have to stand in line with the dope dealers for a public

telephone. . . if you can find one that hasn't been ripped off by their clients. . . because from the Administration to the underground (the latter being a figment of the former's imagination, anyway. And vice-versa), everybody's tap-happy.

Actually, to digress a second, a tapped phone ranks higher than an informer/infiltrator-in-residence as an underground status symbol, and

BE BROKE AND LIVE BIRD by Steve Kraus

If winter comes, a sage poet once remarked, can spring be far behind? A sensible question. And spring will bring, as it usually does, milder weather, love and a desire to travel. Do you have to be rich to travel? No, not necessarily. Right here in New York, for instance, there are several firms vying with each other to give you late model cars in tip top shape, to drive away to faraway places such as California and even Mexico.

To explore this fascinating area we must enter the world of the drive-away car. For a variety of reasons there always seems to be a fair number of people who are in East Armpits, Arizona, or Sludge, Florida while their cars languish in New York. In step the drive-away companies, who, through ads, recruit drivers who will deliver the cars to their owners. To qualify as a driver you have to be over 21 years old, a licensed driver with proper identification. (Foreign visitors can take heart; an international drivers' license is O.K.) Another requirement is a simple physical, which will cost you \$5 — this will furnish you with an ID card good for three years. Most of the drive-away companies require a fifty dollar deposit, which is refunded to you by the owner of the car when you deliver it.

According to the Drivers Exchange, Inc. of 450 Seventh Avenue, who ad alluringly proclaims "DRIVERS NEEDED ALL USA", drivers do not have a set deadline of delivery, but are expected to maintain an average of about 400 miles a day, which works out at about eight days to California and three or four to Florida. The driver pays gas and all other expenses such as tolls. But, on the other hand, he has the right to take along two passengers, which lowers the per-person cost of the trip. The cars are tested by the forwarding company before they go out, so that you are assured of getting a mechanically sound car, not a clinker. Full liability, collision and theft insurance is carried by the forwarder. The drive-away companies advertise daily in the New York Times Public and Commercial Notices and are listed in the Yellow Pages of the Classified Directory under "Automobile and Truck Transporting" and also under "Drive-away Companies."

Although it has its drawbacks, the drive-away seems to be a good deal, especially if it's more than one person going. Take you and your girl, going from New York to the promised paradise on the Pacific more

commonly known as California. If you fly to Los Angeles it'll cost you about \$150 one way, per person economy coach, or \$90 if you have a Youth Fare card. Even if you go by bus, Greyhound will take a \$93 bite per person. On the other hand highway tolls, New York to Los Angeles, are only \$7.95. The distance is about 2800 miles. Let's say you get 20 miles to the gallon and wind up paying an average 40 cents a gallon. That works out at about \$56 for gas. And who's to stop you from sleeping in the car? Happy Motoring!

Everybody wants to make a movie. The number of film figments floating around in foetus form is truly fantastic. But a lot of these films do actually get made. Of help to the moviemaker with a full dream and an empty wallet could be the Study Center maintained by the Film Department of the Museum of Modern art.

To the serious student of the film and the ambitious young (and maybe even not-so-young) film make the Study Center offers the following facilities: two 16mm readers and one 16mm projector on which films from the Museum's collection can be screened (not all films are

available), a collection of screenplays and dialogue continuities, one million film stills, a voluminous collection of clippings on films and film personalities, film catalogues and year-books together with a vast amount of material such as books and plays which have made a trip to the silver screen, as well as records and tapes.

Because of somewhat limited facilities and an avalanche of demand for its services, according to Regina Cornwell, the Study Center does try to confine the use of its services to what it calls the serious graduate film student. To view films and use some of the other facilities it is best to know what you are after and to make appointments at least a week in advance. But there is apparently no hard and fast rule. If you are, in fact, a graduate student of the film the Museum would like you to be currently enrolled in a film course and to present a letter from a faculty advisor describing the project you are working on, together with a brief outline of it from you.

But what if you are a serious film maker, maybe with a couple of finished flix under your belt, but not going to school? There is, apparently, hope for you too, if you can show evidence of

work done. And if you can do that, it might be a good idea to show it to the people of the Department of the Film, who are always on the look out for the work of young movie makers. Two public screening series, Cine Probe (every other Tuesday evening) and Wednesdays at noon are devoted to the work of people making shorter and experimental films. After all, we all like to discover new talent. So does the Museum.

I don't know if Broadway plays are interesting to you or not, but if they are, there is a way to beat the notoriously high cost of the tickets. This is the legendary, but still very much alive 'two-fer', a device by which you can buy tickets to some of Broadway's top shows at about half price. Physically the 'two-fer' looks pretty much like a real theater ticket. You may have seen stacks of them around town, on counters of stores or around college campuses. Presented at the theater box office, usually half hour before curtain time, it entitles you to a considerable discount, all the way down the line. Thus \$4.50 matinee ticket will cost you \$2.50, a \$7.00 Saturday night mezzanine ticket goes for \$4.50. The origin of the 'two-fer' is the

(Continued on Page 21)



Dear EVO:

Surprised your paper didn't go for "Woodstock" as much as audiences do at the Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux West. But then I learned your reviewer works for Columbia pictures — and "Woodstock" is a Warner film. How about giving us a crack at reviewing one of theirs? Sincerely,
ED: Joe Hyams, Warner Bros.

A — Have a crack at anything you wish to have a crack at.

B — Karin Berg, the reviewer of "Woodstock", has never been employed by Columbia or any other Motion Picture Company.

C — Movies better than ever??
????

Love, Editor

LTTT
RSS.

Seeds Of Discord

Dear EVO—This is a chain letter. Within the next fifty-five days you will receive thirty-eleven hundred pounds of chains. In the meantime... plant your seeds. If a lot of people who

receive this letter plant a few seeds and a lot of people receive this letter, then a lot of seeds will get planted.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS!

In parks or lots. Public flower beds. In remote places. At City Hall. Wherever. And whenever. Or start a plantation in your closet (but read up on it first, for that.) For casual planting, it's best to soak them in water for a day and plant in a bunch of about five, about half an inch deep. Don't worry much about weather, they know when the weather is wrong and will try to wait for nature. Don't soak them if it's winter. Seeds are a

very healthy life form and strongly desire to grow and flourish. But some of them need people's help to get started. PLANT YOUR SEEDS!

Make a few copies of this letter (5 would be nice) and send them and this copy to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, even different countries. If you would rather not, then please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to.

THERE IS NO TRUTH to the legend that if you throw away a chain letter then all sorts of catastrophic, abominable and outrageous disasters will happen. Except, of course, from your seed's point of view.

AMERICA, WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! Originated in Los Angeles in 1968 by The Paratheoanametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, as a joint effort of the Discordian Society. The Goddess Eris Prevails. Shantih Discordian Society

Dedicated To An Advanced Understanding Of The Paraphysical Manifestations Of Everyday Chaos

Ed: But is there some profound mystical symbolism in your use of the word 'seed'? Butternut seeds? Applesseeds? The seed of Onan?



el-fata

V.S.

ISRAEL

an exchange

ARAB ANSWER

To the National Union of Israeli Students

O children of my accursed enemies!

Yes, I am a "terrorist." I have killed some of you — it may have been your father, your brother. What a terrible thing to have to say to you, even in a letter. Nevertheless, I am writing to you — why? First of all, your open letter seemed sincere and, secondly, whereas for your fathers I have nothing but contempt, you who might be of my age, who might have been born in this beautiful land, might understand some of my feelings. I will try to explain why I am fighting you.

First, why do I kill? I belong to an organization, yes, an extreme organization, for I feel that there is no other way, no choice. You consider that you have a right to this land; I am convinced that a grave injustice has been done to us Palestinians and if we do not make a final attempt we will have lost our rights to our lands completely. We stand the chance of being wiped off the list of nations — like Biafra! It is we who are fighting for our very existence!

In spite of all your historical evidence of "rights" to this land, it is a fact that my father, and his father, lived and worked on a part of this land you claim as yours. If we stand helpless and simply wait — you will rapidly consolidate your position and use your larger amounts of money and superior technique to settle the land, thereby overriding our claims — backed up, of course, with your force of arms.

Therefore, if I don't fight and use every means at my disposal now — I and my brothers will have lost our Palestine — and no one in the world will mourn for us. Do you know that my father, who was a simple villager near one of "your" towns, once believed in a bi-national state

and neighborly coexistence? He died a broken-hearted man, penniless and never having seen his farm again. I was lucky to reach a high educational level and I have completed one year of university. But I have left to become a man of violence because I am deeply convinced that the future of Palestine depends on people like us, and on us alone. We must put a stop to our terrible suffering and if we must be decimated by a cruel and cunning enemy who speaks to everyone but does not even recognize our existence — then we will die fighting.

O, young men and women of Israel, why do you stand on my father's land and point a gun at us and expect us to speak to you? We are the injured party — don't you want to feel sadness, not for us but for what you have done? Yes, your "right" and my "right" are clashing, but it is you who have a stranglehold on us; if we do not lash out, will we not perish — or do you expect us to beg pardon? Your "leaders" have led you astray; you have been given an insidious dose of Zionist (or so-called "Zionist") ideals. This is a Zionism that regards us as an extraneous factor, a people to be pacified, a people to be paid, a natural obstacle, like the rocks, to be removed in order to settle the land!

Yes, there is similarity in the fervor with which we regard our cause and the way you believe in your cause, and until you regard both as having equal weight, we have nothing to talk about. If you will not consider that we have an equal "right of return" to Palestine as a Jew from the U.S., then I will continue to fight for a government that will recognize this.

I do not take pleasure in what I do — the fear, the sadness of brothers being killed by you, the terrible odds against us, make me sometimes want to put an end to myself. But then, what

will happen to Palestine? I must not allow all those who have died before me and are continuing to fall every day, to have died in vain.

I write to you because I think that not all of you are so blinded by your military might that you do not see our conviction. With those who might have some sympathy with us, we can speak and argue. But we cannot wait, while you argue amongst yourselves in endless Talmudic arguments, while every day each dunam of our precious Palestine is being added to the Jewish state. Time is on your side. Force is on your side. But simple humanity is on our side. Your leaders may twist and turn to make devilish pacts with the crooked Arab regimes, but no matter what piece of paper is signed anywhere, we will continue to fight until we determine our own future.

O young Israeli student — I have nothing to say to you. What do you study? How to irrigate better my poor land? How to make better weapons to suppress us? How to improve methods to conquer our minds?

Why do you not study the blood that we have shed and the dreams saturated in it? Turn away from your books and look to your fellow-men, your leaders. Talk to them first, convince them first to look at us and we will perhaps then be visible to you. Until then, and until you negotiate our equal rights to this blood-soaked land — I have nothing to say to you — and at night I will creep past your machine guns go lay a piece of my soul near your homes and await eagerly the too small explosion — for you, too, are invisible, faceless to me. I have no son, my time is spent in living like an animal. But perhaps some of you have sons who will also grow up and be taught that it is honorable to take rifle in hand and "settle" a small piece of the land, to guard it for his son and so on.

In the meanwhile I will die in mud and bullets and my brothers, and their brothers will die and our mothers will waste away in tents.

If the world feels that the injustice done to the Jews in Europe will make this injustice acceptable, then we have no choice but to kill and maim. There is a limit to reason and civilized behavior. We no longer stand for the rape of our country and our rights.

If you really wish to stop this bloodshed and madness, it is you who must begin, my dear students. How to go about it is not my problem. Look into your own hearts. Your words and your bombs will not make us disappear. I wish you success in your studies and even greater success in your self-study. One day we might together study and together live in this beautiful country.

A.M.K.
Palestine Liberation
Organization

Dear Evo,

Two months ago, with our Open Letter to asking you to publish in the hope that stimulate a dialogue would lead to peace. We have received replies.

Our Open Letter, was published by *New Middle East* monthly in Tel Aviv. In late January *Yotlook* received a the Palestine I Organization. Their handwritten and Haifa. The letter, also reply, appeared in the issue of *New O* enclose it here information.

At this time we must having mixed feeling exchange of letters. hand, we were very have received an answer other, we found them to be quite disc However, we shall efforts to bring about between the Palest ourselves. We stated letter: The answer li We hope you share in and we hereby grant to anyone wishing to two letters the right you do decide to material we would very much receiving your reprint. Only t exchange of ideas become a reality.

Hoping to hear from

Yonah Yahav
President

Y
Internationa

To my Cousin,
The Son of Ishmael

I cannot tell you how happy we were when we heard from *New Outlook* that they had received a letter from you in reply to our effort. It looked as if we might be starting down a new path — a ray of hope in the darkness of the Middle East. But when we read your letter the ray quickly faded and I am filled with disappointment and sorrow (all the more so because you exhibit such a love of life and humanity!) by the fact that you advocate and practice violence, thinking that this type of action will solve all your problems.

We feel that the key to peace lies not in violence but in the recognition of each other's right to exist, we as Israelis and you as Palestinians. We must find a way to live together or more people will surely die.

I shall not, at this point in our correspondence, cast about in the sea of history to prove our claims to our land. Suffice it to say that history is full of examples which support your case and examples which support our case. Yet, you would dispute my "historical rights" to this and by referring to your father and grandfather working and living on this land before we came to impose our will by superior techniques and force of arms. By what way did the first Arabs come to this land and consolidate their position here if not by the use of superior techniques and force of arms? Is this the essence of the problem? Does this line claim a moral base? For if it does, you are simply saying that all *the* (the Israelis) have to do is to wait long enough and the passing of time will purify this problem of all moral and ethical considerations. I reject this — we Israelis must not play wait and see (as your ancestors did) but must address ourselves to the ethical and moral implications of our presence here in this land. Please do not use the time that you have spent in this land as an argument; it absolves my people too easily from having to deal with you.

You say that your father once believed in a bi-national state. But when Buber and Magnes (and others; yes, even those in the Zionist Establishment who were willing to give these ideas a chance) were running around looking for Arab partners, did they find your father? Or did they find the Mufti complaining to Hitler that too many Jewish children were managing to escape? When *we* were the ones who were weak and sought Arab allies to oust the British we found *no one*, and six million of our brethren suffered because of our failure. You are late with your revelation.

You claim that I don't recognize your existence. I must tell you that I am not in the habit of speaking to phantoms; the fact that I seek you out to speak to you indicates the

opposite. That I see the character of your nationalism in a different light than you I have no doubt.

You ask why I point a gun at you and I answer quite simply that it is so because you are trying to kill me (as you freely admit).

And what is your father's land? Is it the swamps of the Jordan, the Hula, the Yizrael and Hadera that my father reclaimed by sacrificing his body to malaria; is it the deserts of Judea and the Negev, where he fought the eroding wind for every particle of precious topsoil; is it the land that is covered by the 100 million trees that he placed lovingly between the rocks? Do you claim Tel Aviv and Dimona as yours also? Why, if we reclaim wasteland, is your nationalism inhibited? What is your nationalism and wherefore the hope for peace of your nationalism is thwarted by progressive actions on our part?

What is our stranglehold on you? Why will you perish? Most of your people are living on Palestinian land on both sides of the Jordan and you still claim that you will perish unless you add to this territory the area we have. I was not aware that the Palestinian nationality was so fragile.

You call Zionism insidious. Is this not an arrogant and condescending denial of my right to national liberation and self-determination? Is it not you who, by dismissing the Jewish Liberation Movement with offhand diatribe, deny *my* right to existence? Zionism is *our* movement of national liberation. It is in our hearts. It is the Zionism of the heart which brings a university professor to make a decision to risk his life, by volunteering to give lectures to soldiers in bunkers at the Suez Canal. It is the Zionism of the heart which makes a Tel Aviv doctor give up his lucrative practice and go to work in a development town in the Negev.



ISRAELI RESPONSE

And it is this Zionism which brought us to write to you!

You claim that you overcome your sadness and the urge to give up by thinking of those who have already struggled and died (that they have not died in vain). Why do you fail to see that this is our motivation also?

And why do you feel our military might blinds us to your conviction; or even that the belief in our military might (as the only thing guaranteeing our survival) is contradictory to recognizing your conviction; or that even those of us who are the most sympathetic to your dilemma are not the best and bravest soldiers when defending the solution to *our* dilemma? Here again, you sink into insulting diatribe; these "Talmudic" discussions that you so scornfully dismiss are the essence of the Jewish soul and spirit — soul that recognizes the subtlety and complexity of the search for *true* justice and doesn't look for the escape which the impatient oversimplifications of terrorist activity imply. It is a soul that, rather, rends its heart in "endless arguments" for the way out of the maze.

You claim that while time and force are on my side, simple humanity is on your side. I have no doubt that reasonable and intelligent humanity takes a more ambivalent and confused position in regard to this very complex problem. I could write the same self-pitying phrases to you (as some of our propagandists are not loath to do) and it would have the same effect — nothing, except perhaps to make me feel better. It certainly does not excuse either one of us from looking hard into the roots of the problem so as to understand one another.

You accuse me of trying to make peace with "crooked Arab regimes" — I plead guilty; they are crooked and we are trying to make peace with them. However, may I beg to point out

that you have yet to prove yourself less crooked than they. It is nice being a terrorist; one cannot be judged, as you judge others.

"We will continue to fight until *we* determine our own future," you *state*. Be careful, my cousin, you are beginning to sound like a Zionist! Do you think that we will settle for anything less? Do you think that we will settle for the status of a "tolerated" minority — that glorious fate that we have experienced for so long — in your non-sectarian Palestinian State? Do you think that we can suffer that everywhere in the world our culture is the "suburb" of some majority culture and nowhere the metropolis? We do not wish your tolerance — we demand your acceptance. We did not return to our homeland to assimilate, to be Jewish Arabs, as you would have it, but to rid ourselves, once and for all, of having to look to others to determine our fate. We will determine our future and we will continue to fight to guarantee this self-determination. There is no self-determination as a tolerated minority, only self delusion.

Your colorful description of what will happen to me unless I convince my leaders to "look" at you, I find distracting but not very illuminating. Perhaps I would be more convinced by your pathetic description of your present and future if you evinced the slightest sort of sympathy for the sufferings of the Jews in the Arab countries. You deny your responsibility; this is the work of Syrians, Iraqis, and Egyptians, you say, and not Palestinians — but I am not convinced.

You say that there is a limit to civilized behavior — in discussing your injustice — and that that limit gives you no choice but to kill and maim. Be careful, my cousin, your

(Continued on Page 21)

Basically there are three categories of low rental apartments (under \$100). There is the leased-up-your-ass pad, and the sort-of-leased the-landlord-doesn't-give-a-fuck pad, and there is what I call the lucky steal type pad, where you probably have to pay a huge sum of money for the key from the old tenant.

All three of these pads have their advantages and pitfalls and after living on and off in all three types for the last several years I have decided that none of them are a bargain.

To begin with, if you are living in a building full of families, and you are living with maybe one or more members of the opposite sex or have a lot of freaks and friends over all the time, you can bet that they don't want you living in the building, that they are probably plotting and scheming, right now, thinking of new and creative clauses to put in the leases to get you out.

If these families have lived in the buildings a long time, like more than five or ten years, their rents are very low and the

are not too much of a problem, which means that it won't be turned off for more than two weeks at a time.

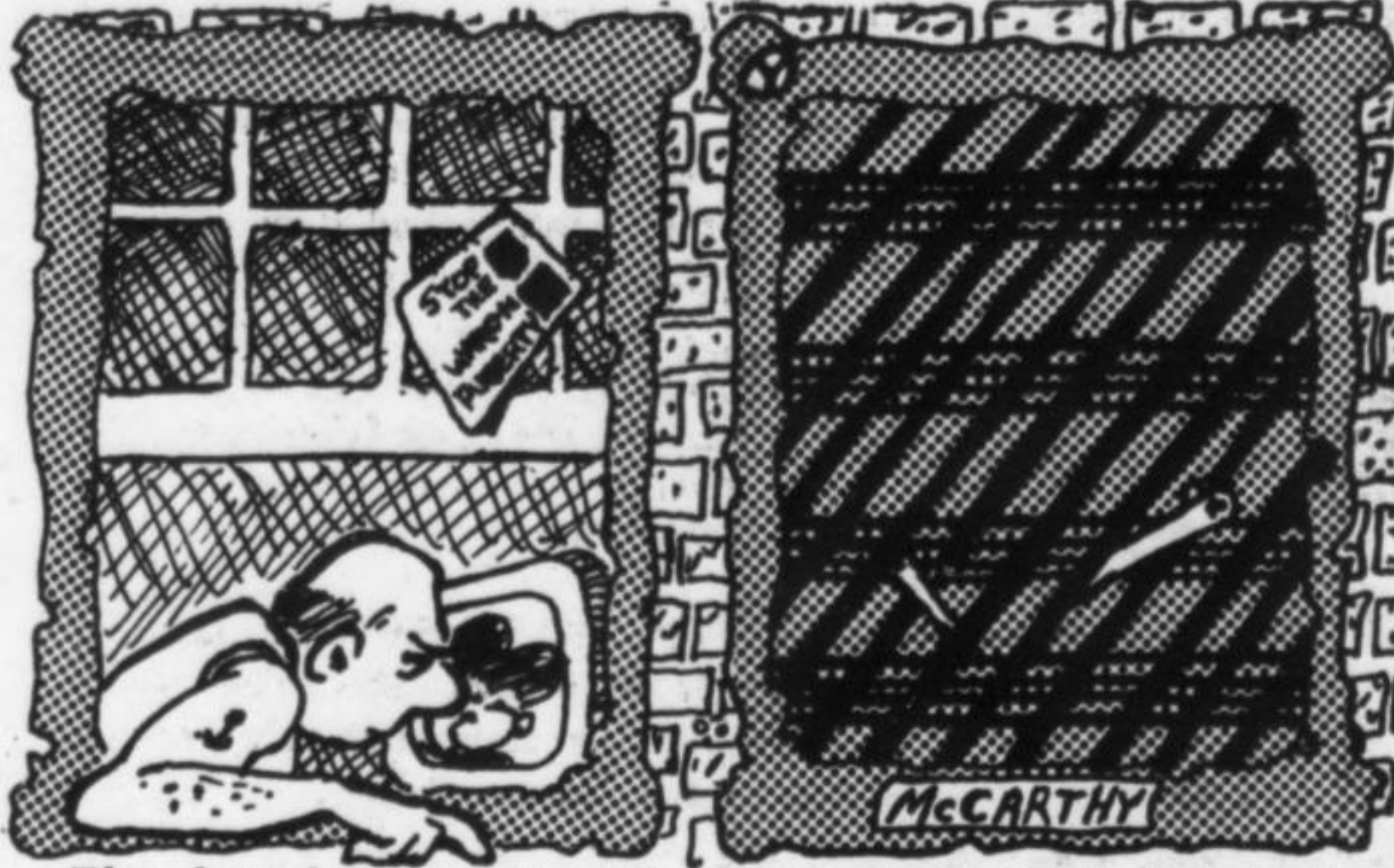
The sort-of-leased the-landlord-doesn't-give-a-fuck pad is far superior to the leased-up-your-ass pad. There are fewer restrictions and fewer hassles with the landlords, and anybody with a kid probably wouldn't want to live in this kind of building. But, watch out man, the pitfalls are unending. The landlord probably owns several such buildings, and he probably has made enough to acquire holdings on the west side or even uptown. Now this motherfucker doesn't think of your pad, or even of your building, he thinks of his holdings, as a block. And if only three out of fifteen of his buildings are falling apart, filthy, health hazards, then he figures that he's still ahead of the game. Now let's say that you live in one of these three run-down buildings where you don't even have a mail-box or a buzzer system, you consider yourself lucky for even the smallest amount of hot water or heat and god forbid anything should break or fall apart. Just try and get hold of the motherfucker then. The landlords in these cases feel that you are paying 1930's rent here in the 1970's. And you should be happy to have a pad at all. You shouldn't have the fucking nerve or balls to complain that there is no heat or hot water, you shouldn't complain that your building has no garbage cans and you have to sneak your garbage into someone else's can. You shouldn't complain! The embarrassment of getting caught by a sixty-five year old lady, her white hair pulled back in a ponytail with a flowered kerchief, who screams on you something unintelligible, so you walk away with your garbage in your hands, walking maybe four or five blocks, hoping all the way that the bag doesn't break.

You aren't supposed to complain if your plumbing is sixty years old and hasn't been informed of the invention of Tampax.

Pads of this description need strong people. FUCKING PIONEERS. People who don't need heat in the winter, people who don't sweat a lot (boiling water on the stove takes four large pots, 3 trips, or 2 super huge pots. And it is quite a ritual). People who like lots of fresh air. Those old wooden window frames are usually just about eaten away, and account

enough to split onto the street with wet hair without catching pneumonia. (Girls, remember those swimming caps.)

You can also use your imagination about washing your dishes. It's really a drag but boiling water on the stove and filling up the sink with boiling water is just about the only hygienic way. But, if hygienic conditions are not that important to you than you can use the preventative method which involves rinsing off the dish within thirty seconds of the last bite, and you have to eat



The leased-up-your-ass pad can really be a bummer. It depends, of course, on the building and on the people that reside in it. If you should have the misfortune to fall into a pad in a building full of Ukrainian families inhabited by little kids with potato heads, you are really in for trouble. The lease is a bummer. It restricts you from having pets, from having noise after a certain time in the night, from having anyone else living in the pad, from building lofts, from practically anything you might want to do. It stands to reason that if you are living in a pad like this, you are probably breaking one or more of the clauses right now!!!! You live in a state of fear and paranoia, knowing that you could be heaved out at any time. That sweet calico kitten may just be the number that changes your address to the Hotel Albert.

landlord isn't making his margin of profit off the families. So, here's what he does, he keeps a pad in a building or maybe two, and he pretends that he is a juggler, rotating people in and out of the pad, every couple of months, and he raises the rent with each new tenant, and he makes up for the bread off the juggled people.

If you are being juggled and get eviction notices from time to time, be cool. But, dig it, if they really want to get you out, they can hassle you to the point where you don't even WANT to live in the pad anymore.

If you can make it in a pad like this for more than six months, then you're cool. The service in these pads is usually adequate and heat and hot water



for alarming drafts.

However, they do have their advantages. These pads aren't hit with the same kind of frequency by the junkies. They don't think that they are worth the risk. The people in these buildings are usually more tolerant about noise and no self-respecting mother would live in such a building so you don't have the problem with the kids.

No, it's not easy living in the lower east side. You have to live and be a pioneer, chop your own wood in the winter (if you are lucky enough to have a working fireplace) and sleep in front of the fire. You have to develop new and exciting health habits. Living without hot water makes you very shower conscious (of other peoples' showers) and I suggest bathing every chance you get. Never pass up the chance to bathe. Also start going to city pools like the one on Leroy Streey and Seventh Avenue. It's getting to be warm

quickly, so no grease starts to congeal on the plate.

Of the three types of pads mentioned here, the most favorable is the lucky steal, where you buy the pad off a former tenant and take over the lease. They are hard to come by, and if you find one, pay the bread, it's usually worth it in the long run. However, paying huge sums of money for the key doesn't insure your getting good service from the landlord, or any service for that matter, and it doesn't keep away those friendly little cockroaches. Just try and keep them from living in the refrigerator and you're doing O.K.

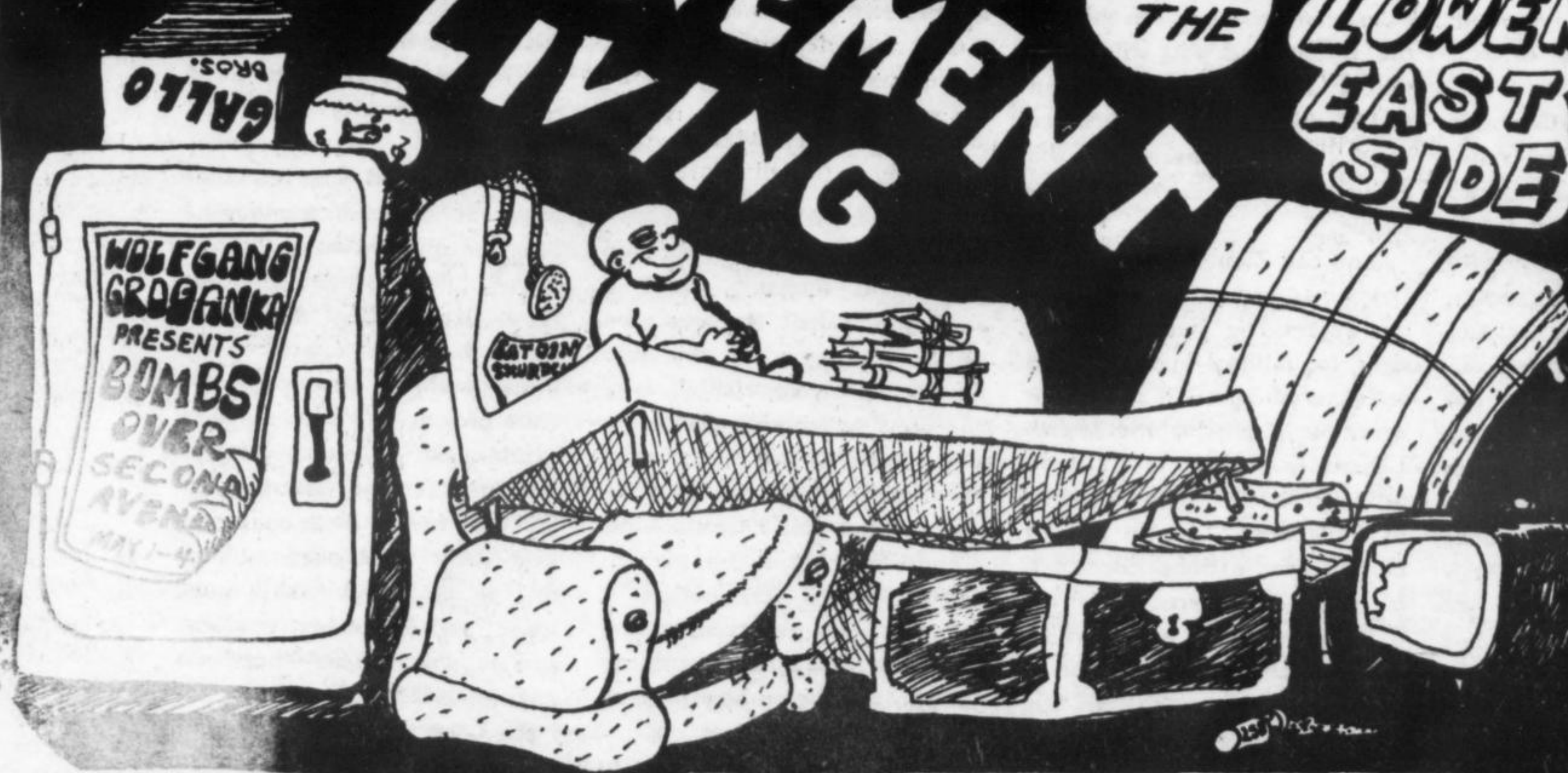
Now that you've gotten used to living with piled-up garbage in the halls, smells of all types and varieties, cockroaches, chilly winds ablowing, no hot water, and no heat, you are actually ready to start LIVING on the lower east side!

WATCH THE DECAY TAKE OVER YOUR HOME.

SEE ECOLOGY AT WORK IN YOUR TOILET.

SEE COCKROACHES PROVE THAT CHARLES DARWIN COULD HAVE BEEN WRONG.

TENEMENT LIVING ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE



JACKIE DIAMOND

ALL SNAZZY PICS THIS PAGE DRAWN BY D.A. LATINER - ASYLUM

PLAYBOY By Walley

(Continued from Page 6)

all-American dream propagated on celluloid and distributed throughout the world. Playboy After Dark with the successful pipe-smoking Hugh Hefner hosting dispenses his image for his minions out there in TV and.

Playboy After Dark is every red-blooded man's fantasy on the ways things should be... for him. But Playboy After Dark is not a penthouse high above the Manhattan, Chicago or Los Angeles skyline. Playboy After Dark is a reworked studio somewhere in limbo, Hollywood, California, a dark cavernous sound stage set amid a larger setting which could easily appear symbolically in the next youth flick directed by some significant socially-conscient director replete with guards with walkie-talkies to keep everyone out and barbed wire. Playboy After Dark is set off from the rest of the anonymous hangers by a pair of rabbit ears on the plaque above the studio and the name of Hugh Hefner. Close that seven inch concrete meatlocker door and you're into the trip, the Playboy trip. There are five magnificent sets, an overall penthouse duplex with cardboard backdrop, piano and staircase, a bar with tea for whiskey coloring, a sumptuous two-tiered library with book backs visible but no bodies, a fireplace set with gas fire on simulated logs, two sofas and shag rug. Finally there is some sort of weird control room which doubles (it appears) as a pool-hall music room where (this time) Country Joe and the Fish were appropriately performing the "Fixin' to Die" rag.

I had always been fascinated by Playboy, even used to dig on the centerfold and occasional articles until I learned that chicks didn't come with brushed out pubic hair, and I became impoverished. Playboy was a fantasy I picked up on airplanes and in barbershops, something which many college rooms were decorated with from ceiling to floor. The Playboy image was a middle-class fetish: anyone with bread knew what to read to learn how to stock his bachelor pad. It included tips on where to buy Beluga caviar (no one within my ken even knew what caviar was, much less what different types there were). Leave it to Playboy to furnish one with the proper information, with the most esoteric information about wines, about cars, about women. Playboy's always running these photo essays on the Girls from Hong Kong or Paris, but they'd never run Slum goddesses. No, these chicks are the girls next door, those virginal pure women whose brothers were always going out to avenge their honor when someone looked their way. No, these girls were the ones over whom you had fights but never got laid perfect pictures of asexual sexuality.

You know how you feel sometimes when you see this stud pull up to a light in his Pontiac 2 plus 2 with 2 fours, solids, lifters, and 4:11 rear end, and you're hawling ass coughing

in your paint-splotted VW circa '62. You know that whole number, that's how I felt in the television taping of Playboy After Dark. Me, just a poor freak with ten dollars in my pocket exposed to all those hot lights and hairspray.

Playboy After Dark is Hugh Hefner's private fantasy, a syndicated show given to propagating the myth of the

Playboy, or for want of a better substitute, a vision from Hef's head. You can't fight his vision either, you can only look at it in perspective mirroring it against what you yourself know of the good life. Woodstock Nation it's certainly not, but Playboy can take it all in, even if it doesn't subscribe to Woodstock Nation's political lifestyle. Playboy is

devoted to the best that money can buy whereas Woodstock Nation is devoted to probing the alternatives of the Playboy lifestyle. Maybe it's shuck against substance, but then again what is the Playboy view, what is Playboy After Dark really about?

Television shows dealing with a certain ideology are always a bomb even if they are about the swinging Playboy bachelor. It doesn't matter the entertainment, the scenery is static. So flash back to the opening credits, fade in on the Playboy show. Seated in the living room in this cavernous studio are Playboy's best, paid a rousing 70 dollars every other week to put it on. They're dressed to kill, all sheer fabrics showing plenty of leg and pantyhose. The hair is either blond or black, but long coiffed, sculptured and tailored. Were you expecting anything else,

friend? But there were men on the show too; they are parodies. They are the kind of men who'd appear in advertisements for men's cigarettes, all front and looks, they are bored... the playboy attitude in wealth perhaps. The chicks were cool, calm and collected... but bored as well. The only one who wasn't bored was Hefner because it was his show, his dream.

Playboy After Dark is devoted to Hef's image via magazine. The program presents some very good talent within the context of the Playboy world. On this show were David Steinberg, freak monologist and wit; Linda Ronstat (of Stone Pony fame and now a Los Angeles cause celebre); and Country Joe and the Fish!!! The main event of the taping was a stirring rendition of "Fixin' to Die Rag" (and it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for) etc. Done five times, it becomes boring. (Continued on Page 16)

Bath. There he could sweat and eat in assuredly masculine company.

In response to Dr. Marlene Dixon's suggestion that marriage enslaves women: "One is tempted to dismiss such women too easily as frigid or Lesbian (a few of them look it and sound it, most do not), dignifying their despair with the name of revolution; one is tempted to say, condescendingly (and probably incorrectly), that all they really need is to get soundly laid." HOW, PREY TELL, DOES ONE GET "SOUNDLY LAID?" Does the act make a noise? Does it squeak? Guffaw? Howl? What??? Does Hunt cry "Mommy, Mommy" when he gets laid?

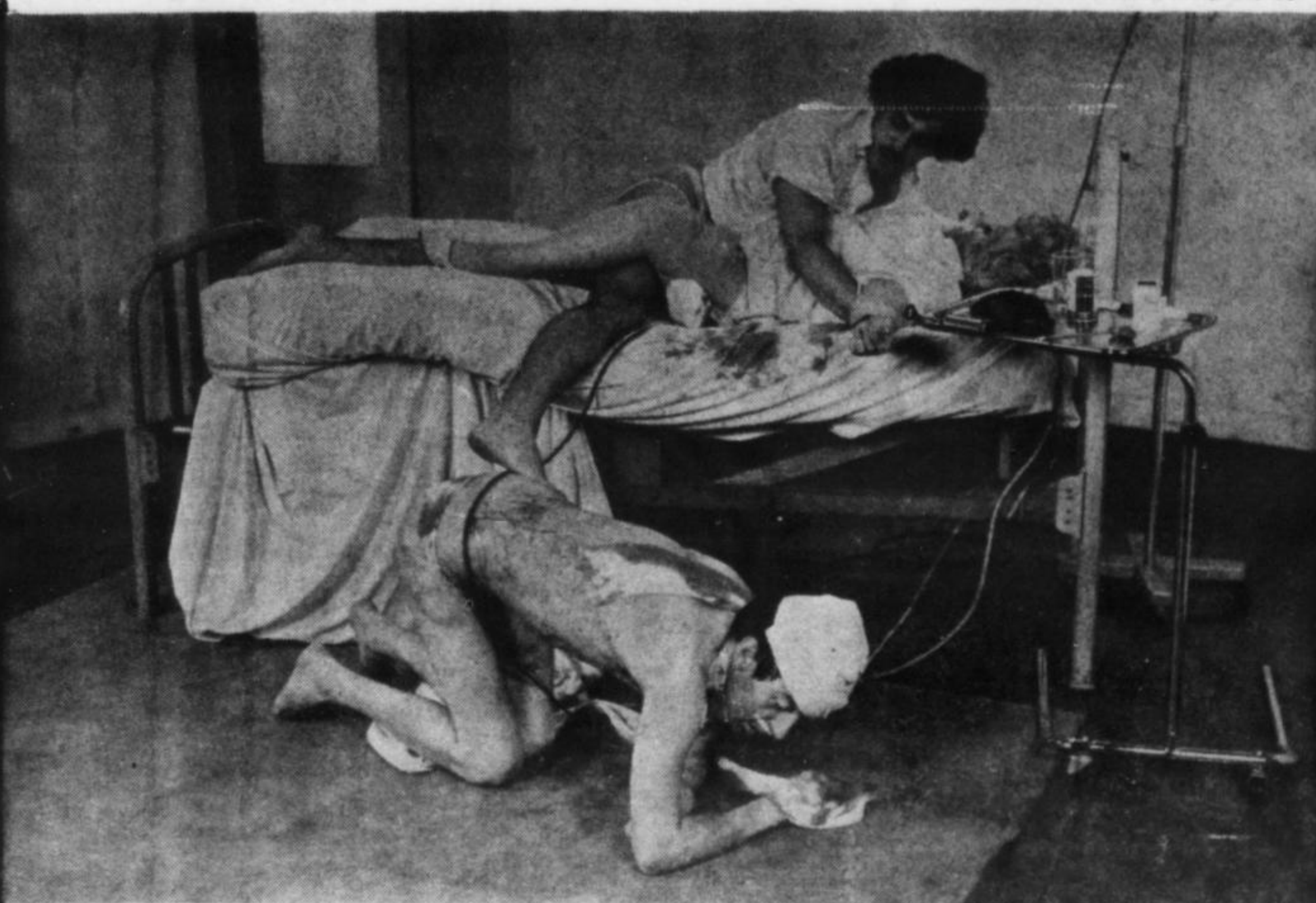
In all, Hunt rather subtly suggests that men are stronger than women and their strength gives them the right to oppress females. What's more, the family, as presently constructed, is the best possible way for people to live. Career women can't be good mothers. Little

girls feel inferior when they see little boys throwing sticks further than they can. Women are failures in their careers because they don't want to succeed. In the end, he does concede that he'd like to see more ladies in the professions, but he qualifies his statement this way: "...and it might not be the best thing to have a Boeing 747, circling in the overcast, piloted by a woman during her premenstrual period."

Menstruation seems to bother Morton Hunt a great deal. He keeps inferring that women might be good workers most of the time, but during that "special time of the month," well, forget it! Such bullshit could only come forth from a man who knows nothing about women - either that or a man who reads too many porn books. In pornography women are always having periods that are akin to fatal hemorrhaging. What's more, the heroines are usually incapacitated for several days as a result of their bloodletting. What bullshit! A period is nothing more than a small discomfort - despite what the porno books say - and Morton Hunt should know better - unless he really does hang out at the St. Mark's Bath.

Morton Hunt SHOULD know better, that's true. After all, he makes his living off the backs of women. Don't believe me? Check out last January's REDBOOK - the magazine for "Young Mamas." There you'll find a piece by Mr. Hunt entitled "Money and Sex: Two Marital Problems or One?" It is an insipid, dumb little story, offensive ultimately to both men and women, and clearly published because the author wanted some quick cash. "Many of us would want to reject the suggestion that money and sex are so closely related - at least as far as our own marriages are concerned, for it seems to degrade something we esteem. Conjugal sex is the embodiment of a loving relationship. (Who says?) How can it conceivably be akin to money? How can it

(Continued on Page 16)



This poor fellow had a lot to live for. The opening of BRAND X at the Elgin Cinema and the arrival of the new rag FRESH FRUIT & PRODUCE will create enough energy for everyone. Not him, this was the last straw, for a minute later he expired. — STEVENS

PLAYBOY By Driefus

(Continued from Page 6)

observation that "Revolutions traditionally appear first as clouds no larger than a man's hand." Then it goes on to vividly describe last Fall's Congress to Unite Women, complete with a scene in which one Congress participant cuts off her hair. "You might for instance never have noticed the tiny cloud that appeared one night last fall at a feminist Congress to Unite Women meeting in New York, a conference attended by thousands of anxious members of women's organizations ranging from Hadassah (That's supposed to be a slur - to be a "Hadassah yenta" is the Jewish equivalent of being a "Shrafft's lady.") to a small radical group somewhat muscularly named Female Liberation Cell-16." Had you attended it you also might never have noticed reporter Morton Hunt at the meeting, for the Congress was "women only" gathering. NO men allowed. So how does the guy get to describe what people wore, what color and length their hair was, and

whether or not their boots were custom made? Good question.

Without shame, the article continues. Yeah, women have their gripes. But on the whole the movement is silly, unnecessary, and potentially dangerous to the egos of American mankind. Dig on some of Morton Hunt's more choice passages. After describing last August's Miss America demonstration. "Sneer at all this, if you like - but don't deceive yourself that it's nothing but the exhibitionism of a handful of neurotics, uglies and dykes. For these women are martyrs of a new faith being propagated among the multitudes. Behind the few hundred extremists there are from 5,000 to 10,000 - no one knows the actual figure (Note - women's lib sources estimate the figure to be more like 40,000 women in the movement.) vociferous but less extreme women who belong to all sorts of liberation groups and behind these thousands are

millions of non-joiners..." Wow, this man has just invented the "Domino Theory of Feminism."

On various feminist demonstrations: "The NEW YORK TIMES, pestered to death by demonstrators and lawyers from NOW (the National Organization for Women), stops listing help-wanted ads according to sex. Neofeminist (he keeps referring to the sisters as "neofeminists," whatever they are. Neologisms, Hunt should only know, are pseudo-intellectual.) women march upon Wall Street, carrying placards and shouting denunciatory slogans, because it allows so few women to function as brokers and only one to hold a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. And NOW president Betty Friedan and a handful of her pals picket the Plaza Hotel, where businessmen can lunch away from the sight and sound of women." Well, if the "sight and sound" of women really spoil Morton Hunt's appetite, perhaps a more appropriate place for him to lunch might be the St. Mark's

PLAYBOY

By Walley

(Continued from Page 15)

but moreover done to the accompaniment of twenty well-endowed girls shaking their behinds and limp-wristed men dancing, the whole spectacle becomes ludicrous. And even as Hef was singing along, from the back of the cameras I raised my clenched fist and Joe MacDonald known for his taciturn demeanor since his bust laughed and his teeth gleaming. Fixin to die indeed, and it was all going on insanely while Hef held his newest old Lady, Barbie Benton, Miss twinkle eyes 1970.

On his same show were shown cuts of the Woodstock movie, with Mike Wadleigh the film's director acting as commentator with Hef asking all the right questions. (Hef dug the movie and touted it to his invisible audience as "possibly the greatest peace/love festival of all time.") So you can't fault the man there... and the clips were really fine even though they were met with plastic applause from his "guests" (they'd seen it all before in some dark cinematic dungeon). The playboy of the Western world must be into everything, even though it is purely a surface orientation. Playboy After Dark is the type of party one goes to where no one had the uncommon indecency to spill a drink or mess up the dip (between takes the dip and crackers disappeared to shade them from the kleig lights). The ashtrays were not in evidence though on camera all one could see was jars full of filter-tipped and regular cigarettes. Funny about surface games, funny how you could get roped into the surface. Playboy was built from a single man's vision into an empire, a veritable pleasure dome of hutches and expense accounts from London to Los Angeles to Tokyo.

It is easy for the Underground to be turned off to Hefner. He stands for all those things which make America what it is today, a crass materialistic plastic country. No, Hefner didn't make America what it is today, he merely exploited those things already rampant in the culture of the late forties and early fifties. He put it all on paper in a slick magazine form, what all American men wanted and desperately needed: untouchable nookie, the girl next door who didn't do IT but went to three bases. Hefner marketed a concept of American men which was attractive, and even though false, it has served America well.

Playboy After Dark's women are indeed something else, not what one would expect. During the taping one girl was seen (perhaps on camera) to be reading Hesse's *Narcissus and Goldmund*. (Ahah, I thought to myself, this is certainly a Playboy play at being cool... "you know Miss Tammy is a High German expert"). No,

not the case, I asked about the book and she turned her blond-blueeyed visage and said, "Man, it's a drag to sit up under the lights... and this whole thing's a drag. Besides, this book is incredible." That shut me up. Sometimes it pays not to be a professional cynic, a professional bloodshot EVO eyeball.

Playboy cannot be summed up. It is evident from Playboy After Dark that there are people out there in America who really get off on plastic. It really doesn't matter who Hefner has on his show. The total effect, the total ambience remains the same in subtle ways; it affects whatever is on the show — Richard Nixon, Ralph Williams, or Eldridge Cleaver. Playboy is a medium, things become Playboied passing through. The proponents of middle America dig Hefner, he has a franchise on the American dream and he'll sell it to you, and only you for a dollar a copy or a key holder's fee. Then all those little bunnies will squirm and say, "Look, don't touch, fluff or muss." And you'll pay for it. Bunnyland is where all good Americans go after a hard day at the office, and there is nothing there to shatter the fantasy that Yes, Virginia, there is an America, and Hugh Hefner has a good chunk of it. Even Rita the TWA girl knows about it, natch!

RANDOM NOTES

Sometimes songs never get their proper due, sometimes they do. Rather obviously Jimi Hendricks in his infinite stoned wisdom lifted a tune from the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble off their third album called "Sing, Lady, Sing," clipped the arrangement, changed the lyrics and called it "Changes" (why not?). A hip musician acknowledges where he gets his material, how about it, Jimi?

Just saw ten hours' worth of synched film from Frank Zappa's forthcoming epic *Uncle Meat*... it's not to be believed. One of the main cameramen is Haskel Wexler of *Medium Cool* fame. *Uncle Meat* will be released or at least finished sometime around the beginning of July. *Uncle Meat* is about the Mothers, a monster (Don Preston), Phyllis Auerback, unreciprocal love for the monster and so on... seven plots tied into the other. It will be another Bizarre production.

Other points of interest: *Grinder's Switch* (Vanguard) led by Garland Jefferis — music for your peace of mind.

Quote of the Week

"Take-a-lid. Smoke a lid. Pop the mescalino! Stash the hash! Gonna crash! Make mine methedrino!"

Bored of the Rings

PLAYBOY (Cont

from Page 15) **By Driefus**
possibly serve the same ends?"

Had enough? If not, Hunt can also be found in the April, 1970 edition of FAMILY CIRCLE: "Unfaithful Wives: The Reason Why?" This gem, written up with left-over research from a book he recently published on adultery, includes a passage that asks: "But why would a woman with so seemingly normal and satisfying a life (a suburban housewife) do anything so disloyal (as to take a lover) so dangerous and so contrary to the standards of middle-class behavior?" Yes, Morton Hunt makes his living off of women and yet he understands so little about them that he places their freedom movement in "the discard pile of history."

There's an interesting history to how Morton Hunt originally received the women's lib assignment. Originally, PLAYBOY had broken with their sexist practices to hire a woman writer. The writer, an attractive woman named Susan Braudy, describes herself at the time as "not being very political and not very involved in the feminist movement." Susan was told by one of the men in PLAYBOY's Articles Department that they wanted a "fair and accurate picture of the feminist movement." The pay would be \$2,000. "I think they understood," she said in a reluctant EVO interview, "that a man would never be able to interview any of the women. They're not stupid at all. What's more, I really thought I could do some good writing for a male audience."

So Susan - Girl - Playboy - Reporter snuck into women's lib meetings by pretending that she was putting together a study for some scholarly Yale journal. Afterwards, she put together what she considered a moderate but sympathetic piece on the woman's cause. "I tried to talk to the question of male liberation," she explained. "I wrote that I thought this system imprisoned both men and women, that sexual roles had made it impossible for men to cry and be emotional and dependent. What's more, I was writing for men, I mostly talked about the more moderate members of the movement."

When it was all done, Susan Braudy sent the piece to Chicago, where PLAYBOY is headquartered, and received a note that the article had been accepted. Some time later she found herself in Chicago on assignment for another magazine. As a kind of goodwill gesture, Susan called her editor at PLAYBOY to say hello and to thank him for taking her piece. Of course, he invited her out to lunch.

When she arrived for the luncheon, Susan found that none of the male editors were attending — including the man who had given her the assignment. What's more, PLAYBOY's only lady editor was to be her hostess. It was a strained, but amicable meal.

The next few days were hell

for Susan. Her presence in Chicago had caused a lot of stir in the PLAYBOY offices. (Jokes: "I bet our ladies lib writer shows up in combat boots.") Hefner, it turns out, never approved the idea of an "Objective" article on feminism. Hef is furious that the piece had been commissioned, so he circulates a memo blasting the idea of an "objective story." The memo, which is presently circulating around media women circles in New York, was obtained through sources other than Susan Braudy. (Remember what I said earlier about journalism being such a gossip-ridden field?) So here it is... magic words from the masculine mouth of our Playboy:

"For a brief conversation with Jack K. — of a couple of days ago, it sounds as if we're way off in our upcoming feminist piece. Jack indicates that what we have is a well-balanced 'objective' article, but what I want is a devastating piece that takes the militant feminists apart. Jack seems to think that the more moderate members of the feminist movement are coming to the fore. I don't know what he's been reading that brings him to this curious conclusion, but I couldn't disagree more. What I am interested in is the highly irrational, emotional, kookie trend that feminism has taken in the

past couple of years. These chicks are our natural enemy!... The only subject related to feminism that is worth doing is on this new militant phenomena and the proper PLAYBOY approach is to devastate it."

The Lord hath spoken and Susan was told her article was dead. However, PLAYBOY was willing to give her \$2,000 if she agreed to let another writer use her research. Poor girl. Women have traditionally been used in publishing houses solely as "researchers." The Research Department is the female ghetto of any magazine. And here was Susan Braudy, a professional writer, degraded, niggerized, and returned to a woman's traditional place. That's how Morton Hunt was able to give such a vivid description of the Congress to Unite Women without ever having been there. And that's how Hugh Hefner was able to place ads in every important newspaper in the country announcing his expose of the "man-hating feminists." "I felt used," Sue Braudy said later, "terribly used. I began to understand the rage that a lot of women feel."

Meanwhile, Hugh Hefner will no doubt continue to go on television to tell the world what a great supporter of the feminist cause he is. To paraphrase an old Brooklyn proverb: "With friends like that, who needs enemies?"

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Somewhere further along in the article on Page 46, Newfield & Cowan, the team of the first part, quotes the team of the second part, the Media Project's response to the team of the third part, Newsweek: "Media needs spectacle because the news is a commodity and spectacle sells." Now this is something the Voice could never be accused of. But since they took the space and time to agree with the truism, I can only wonder why the Voice sells at all. Its media is neither spectacle or spectacular and its news is often lost among its dull gray veneer and preponderantnewsworthy ads, classified and what's happening back page. Once in awhile something other than the ads come through (but in the sense that the Village Voice never intended) as witnessed by Howard Smith's perversion, Scenes, in the same issue: "PICTURE THIS resume: the applicant has been in the CIA since 1965." (Continued on Page 21)

Poor Paranoid

(Continued from Page 4)

familiar authority, its distrust of insurgency, with a hip, flip, now-generation style of prose. The style not only helps conceal a rather conservative political line; it also, almost certainly, boosts sales by persuading Middle America that they are privileged insiders during the two hours they read — without jolting their prejudices much. But it also creates a further distortion of the magazine's contents. News is often confused with what is fashionable, and packaged as if it were merchandise. A tone of uncertainty, an emphasis on ambiguity, might compromise —'s authority or make it less marketable. And the fundamental objective of an American newsmagazine is to sell ad space and copies, not educate readers to complexity."

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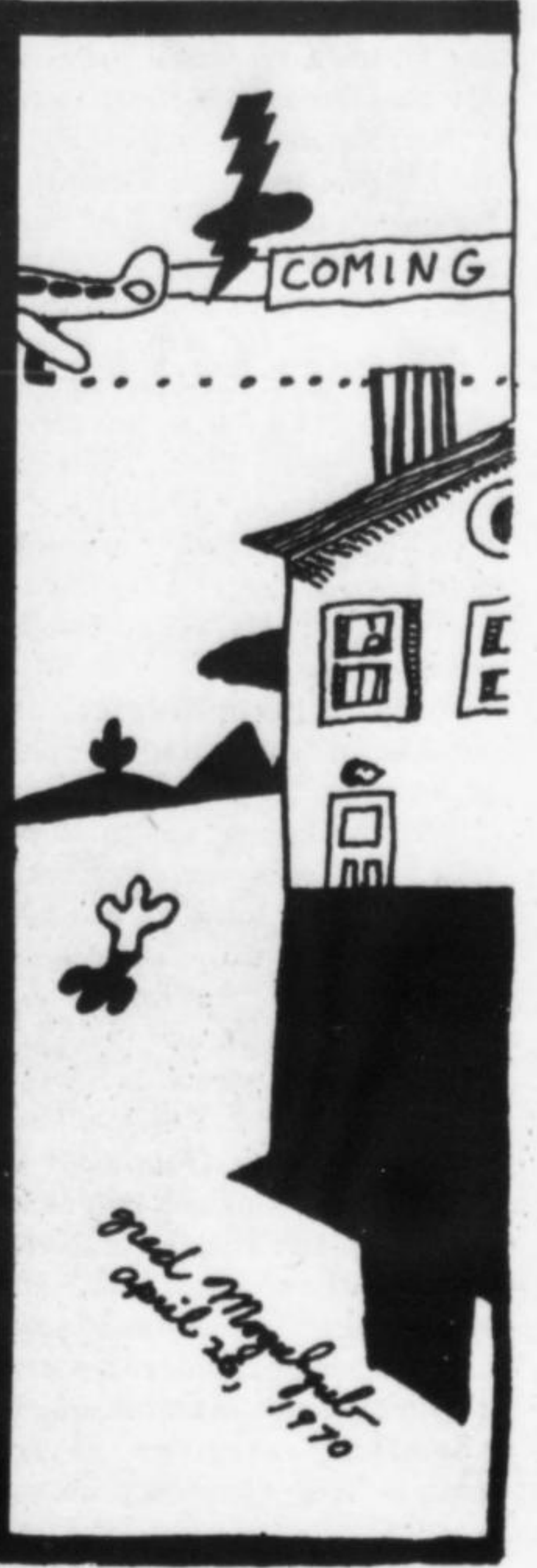
???
 (Continued from Page 9)
 create this theatre we must oppose and expose aspects of exploitation in the existing theatre. We cannot really create a free theatre until all theatre is free, for until that time our brothers and sisters are still being exploited and how many of us can swear that we would not be whores if the price were high enough or pleasant enough? It is not enough to create the ideal theatre in a vacuum. We

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cannot consider cattle calls irrelevant because we do not take part in them. The people who were on the streets of Chicago did not consider the Democratic Convention irrelevant because they weren't democrats and didn't plan to vote anyway. We should liberate open calls to remind actors that they are people and not cattle, and to remind producers that they must look at these people as people and not as life size 8 by 10 glossies. Let us protest the awarding of grants from foundations which are really corporations, to theatres that are also corporations like Lincoln Center. We are being co-opted and misrepresented by the producers of "Hair", "Salvation" and "Sidewinder" for middle American audiences who wish us dead, to ogle and laugh at, as they do when they take tourist buses down our streets. Let us go up there and show them what we're really like. Let us bring theatre to theatre.

irrelevant, and superficial - a pleasing opiate. Real conflict is alive in every aspect of life in America - let us be the first to bring it to the theatre - in the streets by protesting repression and exploitation, and in our theatre by performing the real conflicts of a constant confrontation with life in Amerika.

Yes, we must create our own theatre, but we must also attack the exploitative methods on which the present theatre and all of Amerika operate. And if we find conflict in our souls because we have been offered a pleasant price, be it a grant or a job, let us create by doing; let us incorporate that conflict into the text of our theatre.
 Conflict used to be the heart of a play. If there is conflict in any play running today it is usually circumstantial,



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LAW & ORDER

(Continued from Page 9)

maneuvers, lost no time in burrowing over with addictive drugs to tide the kiddies over until the trippy stuff got flowing again.

Then some shell-shocked military ass reported that the My Lai massacre was caused by some soldiers alleged to have smoked marijuana on the eve of the atrocity. Or was it the Song My massacre he was referring to?

No matter, it fitted neatly into Keeping Those Dissidents Busy, getting all that shit together and throwing it at them from all sides... If there're no bombs, look for dope. If one isn't there plant the other, it's all the same as long as we get them. Ecology, moon shots, excellent public relations, but what we're after are incendiary, narcotic, dangerous and suspicious substances. Get those substances!

Only schizophrenics are capable of converting paranoia into energy.

Which brings us to some heavy shit encountered recently from various sources, paranoia products like those distributed by Winston Products for Education and Sentry Surveillance Systems, Inc. and a magazine called *The National Sheriff*. Reading from right to right, the Winston company, located in San Diego, California, puts out a catalogue that advertises "educational aids" and "teaching-training devices" which are made available only to specified categories of law enforcement agencies, civic and service groups and, the list finally concludes, "individuals interested in the welfare of youth and society."

For \$18.50 you can get... if you really want them... fifty 35mm color slides on Narcotics and Drug Abuse, including the abuse of Volatile Substances. For \$4 there's a set of twelve posters depicting Marijuana, the Effects of Dangerous Drugs, Disoriented Perception, Erratic Behaviour, a Map of Illegal Drugs into U.S., and Etc. Is this the best they can do to challenge sooty Ringo posters? At \$3.60 per dozen (minimum order) Pocket Cards of Symptoms of Drug Abuse can be had, and there's a Marijuana Cigarette Display Kit (\$2.50) featuring a total of seven facsimiles, included here facsimile joints rolled in both white and brown paper ("both twisted and tucked ends" are illustrated), a "typical roach" and a typical roach holder. It's all sealed in durable transparent plastic. Typical.

\$3.80 nets ten Marijuana Awareness Packets, each packet containing five wafers which, when ignited simulate the aroma of burning grass. Neither the simulated aroma nor the wafer are harmful, it promises, and there's also a plastic leaf in the packet. It doesn't say what the leaf is for, so maybe it's harmful, but the stated educational purpose of the whole thing is "to make pupils aware of the aroma of burning marijuana and motivate them toward establishment values and attitudes which preclude

personal experimentation with marijuana." Not to mention Combination Packages ranging in price from \$68.00 to \$150.00 and comprised of numerous assortments of Abuse kits and cards, Illustrated Symptoms, Flip Charts and so on.

Sentry Surveillance Systems, Inc. is located in the Bronx, and they... two retired detectives of the New York City police department who designed and market the thing... produce the Markotrol Narcotic Detection Kit, which is supposed to help you "Detect and Prevent Narcotic Addition (sic)" and promises to give "immediate and positive identification of heroin, marijuana, cocaine and amphetamines," depending on which kit is used, and there's a handy Combination Markotrol that detects all of them. Suspected Substances, it says here, can be sniffed out of pocket residue and it's intended for use on "anyone you suspect of using drugs." You also have to allow ten days for delivery. In the event that you're not suspicious of anyone who uses drugs, you have ten days to snort your pocket residue and have your jacket dry-cleaned so you can test your stash in a clean control-pocket.

The National Sheriff, published monthly in Washington, D.C., is something else and it's really sinister. The issue I saw was snatched away before I could examine it thoroughly. A friend had copped it from someone else and he was afraid the same thing would happen to him, if I held on to it too long, so I just had a chance to glance at the masthead where all the editorial positions were in the names of a collection of Sheriffs... Society Editor: Sheriff Dork Whatshisface, like that... and dig the ads, which were appropriately insane. Like one for a brand of pepper fog tagged "the street-cleaner," which comes in a dispenser so sensitive that it shatters immediately on impact with any object. Its most touted sales feature, to suggest one or two "objects" unspecified in the ad, is that "it can not be thrown back at you." Most of the ads are for "products" like pepper fog, teargas and Mace, there're a lot of ads for weapons, and each product proclaims its superiority over competitive brands. Police-oriented advertisements for clothing and accessories, decorations, helmets, all that drag... It's all carried out with the same Mad Ave fervor and jargon that goes into selling soap or automobiles, but here it's all

EARTH DAY

(Continued from Page 5)

be great: as a kid working in the neighbour's barn, one of the few luxuries afforded my life was to scoop an occasional finger of blackstrap molasses out of the vat wherefrom we took it to garnish the dry winter hay, and this in the Earth People's Park cookie was the very same stuff! It was strong as licorice and heady as dope. 'Of course,' the Park commune kid went on,

'after this you'll go right on eating poison, but it's a great little taste, huh?' Claudia and I nodded and went on to dig on Earth Day.

Did I forget to say there were millions of people there in Union Square for Earth Day? Just look at the photos on this page. Not only were there millions of people there, but there were all kinds of people there. People from every walk of life, yup, and every conceivable sort of ethnic group and language population were in and around Union Square enjoying Earth Day. *New York* was there, by George, and quite a bit of Jersey City, and Great Neck, and Mount Vernon too - why, Claudia pointed out two ladies with expensive bourgeois clothes and enormous Lily Dache hatboxes who must have been from *Greenwich, Connecticut*, or so she said. Why, I saw one lady who was built like a barn door, fully as broad as she was long, bouncing around the square with a big fat round enamel-plated *Environment* button on her lapel, under her big fat round grin. Basement Bertha? That lady was the epitome of Planet Power.

'I don't like this,' frowned Claudia. 'I don't like this at all. These ecology people are such deadbeats, they're nowhere. And they're getting all this publicity... Did you see, they get free subway ads - free - and they get television spots and everything, plus all that advance

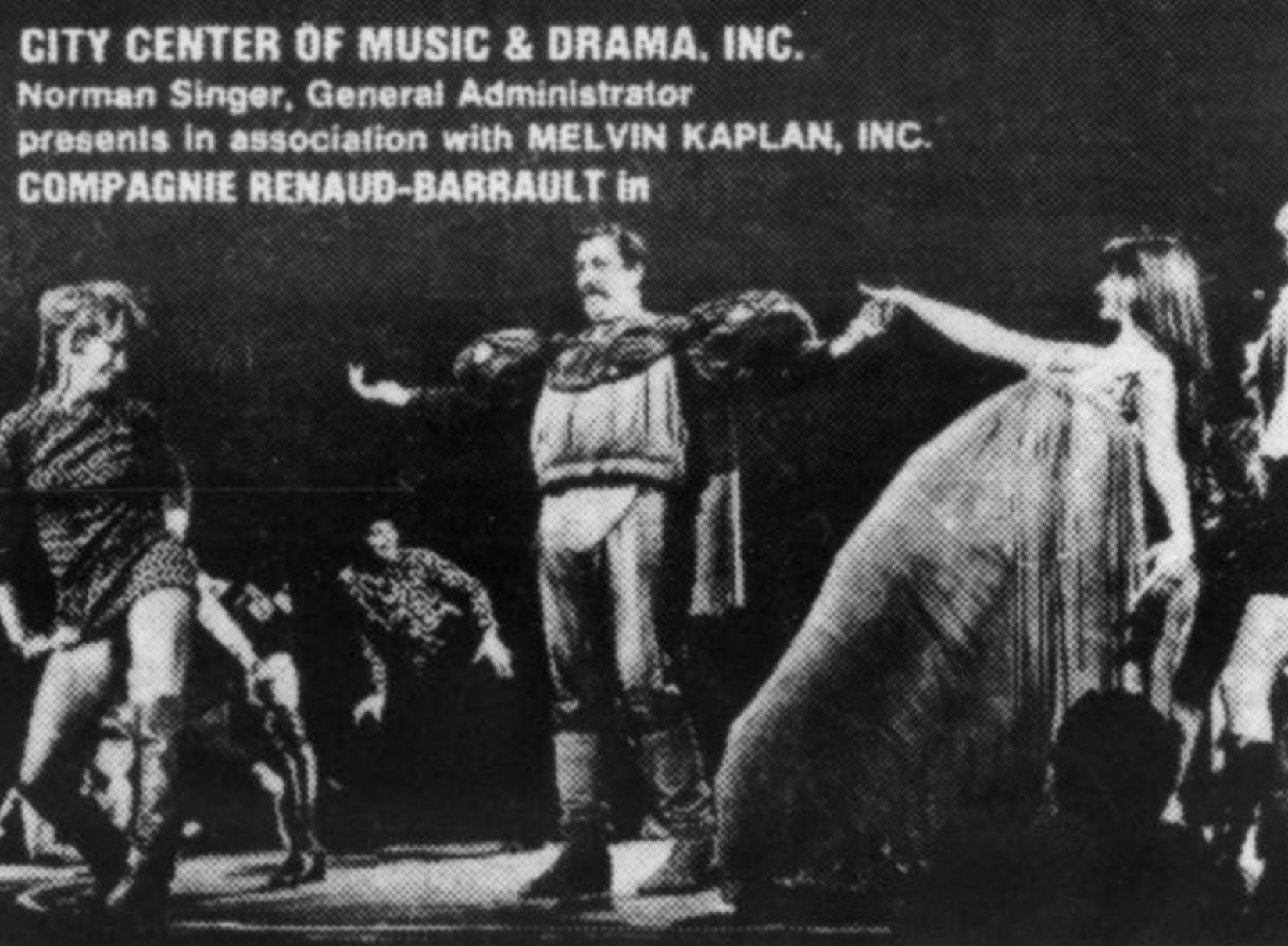
coverage in the newspapers. Did the Mobe get anything like that? We had to sue the Transit Authority just to get the right to pay for subway ads, and we've never been able to get ads on television.' At this point, my attention was distracted by an incredibly beautiful girl - and there were lots of beautiful nip-nips bouncing around that Earth Day, lots of girls in miniskirts and net stockings, girls with bare torsos in middy blouses, plenty girls in blue jeans and bellbottoms with tight asses, but this was an exceptionally beautiful girl - giving her old man a backrub in the middle of the street, which had been shut off from traffic. When next I tuned in, Claudia was saying: '...And these idiots who organized this thing? Don't they have the slightest shred of social consciousness? My God!!!!'

We were gaping now at the Consolidated Edison 'clean energy' car. It was a little blue-and-white automobile, Con Ed colors, sitting at the southeast corner of the square across from May's, with a crowd of uniformly skeptical people standing around it. The hood in front was up, revealing twelve automobile batteries packed in

(Continued on Page 19)

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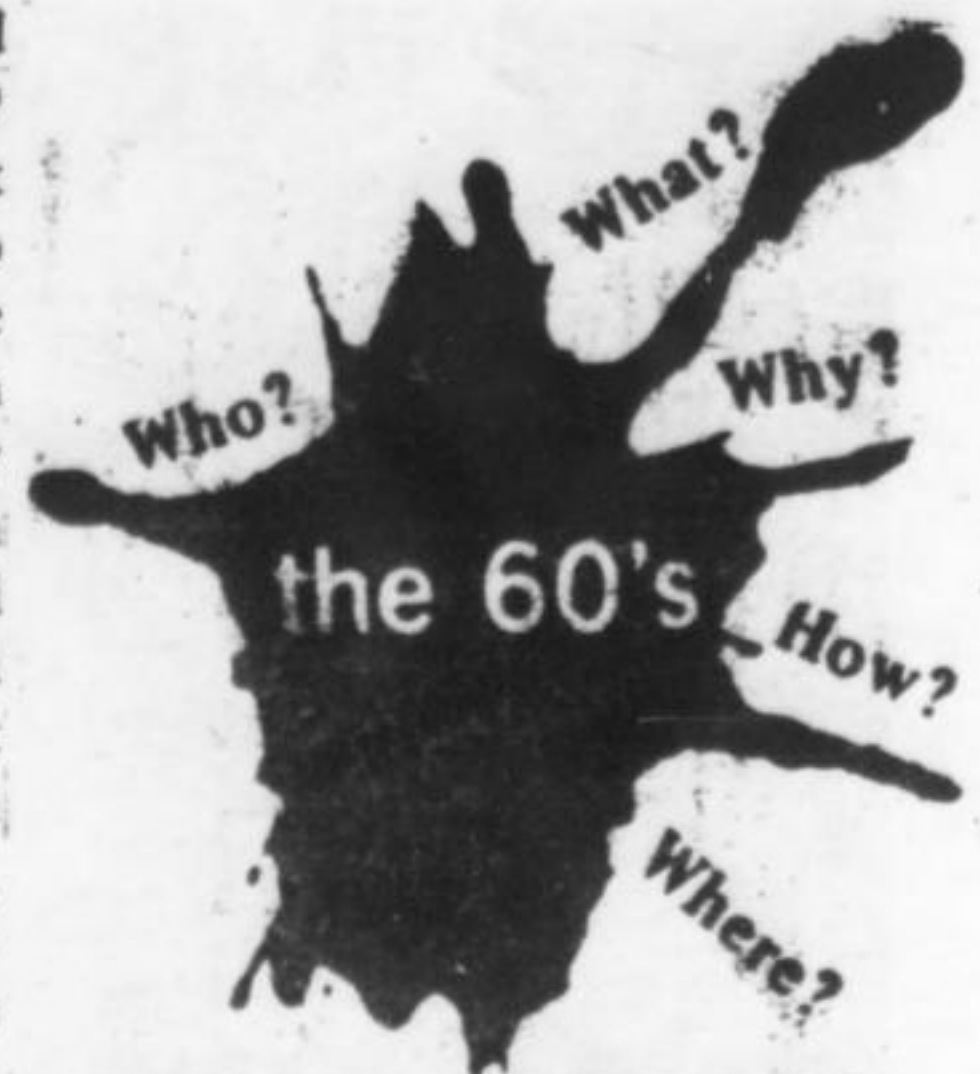
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"Don McNeill was the only reporter I ever knew who transcended his by-line... It wasn't sympathy which Don projected; it was absorption in the deepest, most courageous sense. Don's stories covered him. And in these days, when 'involvement' is a technique learned in journalism school, his pieces stand as small chunks of truth—too precise to be literary and too real to be journalistic."

Jack Newfield:

"Don wrote the truth. And he kept getting better all the time. Those are the two best things I know how to say about a writer."

Allen Ginsberg

wrote the Introduction.

Paul Williams

contributed the Epilogue.

Peter Max

designed the jacket.

\$5.95 • Alfred • A • Knopf

EARTH DAY

(Continued from Page 18)

where the motor would otherwise be, and in the back under the trunk was a half-dozen more batteries. Con Ed had taken a slightly remodeled Karman-Ghia and stuffed every available crevice with batteries, and this was their sop to the hordes of Ecology. On the back seat for some reason lay an electric meter, the kind in the basement that they turn off and padlock when you're behind in your payments. 'Yeah, that's pretty shitheaded of them,' I concurred. 'They shouldn't have let Con Ed anywhere near this place. Somebody ought to take

this car and smash it up against a tree and leave three bloody dummies inside. Clean energy my ass.'

As we strolled away from the square, Claudia went on, encouraged now: 'These people are getting all this encouragement from the system... I mean, when Nixon comes out in support of something, you know it's not on the level. Remember, "We will support everything our enemy opposes, and..." "Eeek! What's that?"'

That was an historically funny artifact, — a green American flag. The Stars and Stripes done in green. White stars, green stripes, green field behind the

stars. It was hanging over a booth distributing ecology leaflets, they were selling copies of it for ten bucks apiece. It was just hanging there and no policeman was busting it, no longshoreman was berating the vendors, no concerned patriot was lodging any complaint of any sort. Remember CBS and Abbie's shirt? Funny as all *shit*.

Back at the office, I tried to get into some work stuff. This was hard because Coca-Crystal, the receptionist, was wearing a brown leather miniskirt and tall red boots — what a *day!* — and it was so easy to just lay around smoking cigarettes with the feet up on the editor's desk, rapping politics with Jaakov and Schultz and Katzman, watching her whiz back and forth in the main office. National secretary of the Scorpio Liberation Front, every few minutes the hem of her astrologically-embroidered tee-shirt would hike up over her soft blonde belly-button, and Latimer would do a fade down on the floor and start kissing her boots. Much of the next two hours were spent in such frivolity until the thirty Red Communist journalists filed in.

Yeah, you're just sitting there with your feet up on the editor's desk one Earth Day, and all of a sudden in come twenty-nine different versions of Arte Johnson, plus three American translators and one Chinese who looked so evil he belonged more on Creature Feature than Laugh-In. There were big hulking black-haired Communists with shaggy

eyebrows and flat noses, there were skinny nervous-looking Slavic Communists with frizzy grey hair, there were robust, red-cheeked, red-haired Communists, and there were even a few girl Communists with breadbasket hips and thick ankles wearing intricately embroidered scarves on their heads. They were making a tour of the United States, and Allen Katzman had invited them up to the EVO office for some shop talk.

Clumsily enough, none of them could speak English. Eyebrows rose as Coca-Crystal hustled in and deposited a stack of last week's EVO on the Gay Power desk, and then a heavy guttural rumble of Red Communist conversation arose as they went through it. I heard the word 'homosexshual' altogether too many times for comfort, so I went back to the files and gathered a hefty collection of old issues for them, in order to provide them a more accurate perspective. I gave them the Song My cover, a lot of old Trashman strips, and the EVO-Rat collaboration issue, among others. Some of the others I stuck in the stack were copies of KISS, which I trust soon had them forgetting all that 'homosexshual' talk.

Through the translator, Katzman was explaining EVO to them:

'The East Village *Other* was formed in 1965 as a vehicle of dissent against the erosion of Democracy in America...' The thirty Red Communist journalists were all standing

around making notes on little leather notebooks. As they worked, I gained the realization that more than Communists, more than Russians; more than anything else, they were *journalists*. I mean, they were journalists like those dudes you see hanging around big demonstrations and fires and press conferences and other calamities, wearing long heavy-duty overcoats, taking down notes in their little notebooks, braced on the thigh with the foot propped up against a chair, a police barricade, or a pile of rubble. I really *dislike* people like that.

'The East Village *Other* was the first paper to call for the legalization of marijuana, and for repeal of the abortion laws.' What the hell is Katzman saying now? Those Red Communist lady journalists, by and large, were an uninteresting variety of woman. Most of them were exceptionally solid for women — do you have to lay bricks in the Worker's Paradise before they let you become a journalist? — and looked as though they would ball very vigorously, with much sweating and moaning, and then forget about the whole thing five minutes later. One of them, though, had long black hair piled on top of her head, *teased*, and she was just downright *slurpy*. Big wide cheekbones, black eyes — I was staring at her, she was staring at me, we were getting it *on* until like a fool I started twirling my moustache and licking my chops. This

(Continued on Page 20)

The Grove Press conspiracy in paperback

The Bust Book

A step-by-step explanation of the process of arrest and detention: what will take place between the person arrested and the police officer, practical ways of responding to the officer, various strategies for handling the case. This book is not a substitute for a lawyer; it is legal first aid. \$1.00

The Little Red White and Blue Book

A primer of protest, this short book of patriotic and revolutionary quotations was written by C. Wright Mills, Huey Newton, Franklin D. Roosevelt, H. Rap Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Helen Keller, among many others. \$1.00

The Great Rebel CHE GUEVARA IN BOLIVIA

By LUIS J. GONZÁLEZ and GUSTAVO A. SÁNCHEZ SALAZAR. The first historical account of the drama played out in South America, from the moment Che first set foot on Bolivian soil in 1966 until the last of his guerrilla band fled in February 1968. "A diamond-edged account... penetrating and just." —*N. Y. Times Book Review* \$1.45

Pentagonism A SUBSTITUTE FOR IMPERIALISM

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Fidel Castro Speaks

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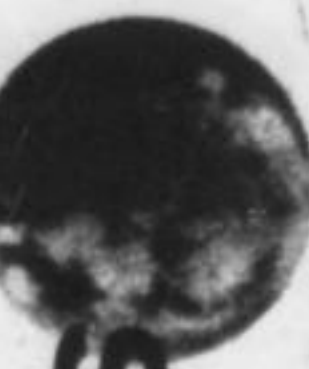
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EARTH DAY

(Continued from Page 19)
usually slays 'em, but she just stiffened up and started staring at Katzman.

'The East Village *Other* has always supported the Black Liberation movement, and the struggle of the oppressed Third World citizens against exploitation from the so-called Free World and the Communist Countries alike...' Give 'em hell, Katzman! Just then Karin Berg walked in, and I was glad enough to get away from those Red Communist journalists to rap with her.

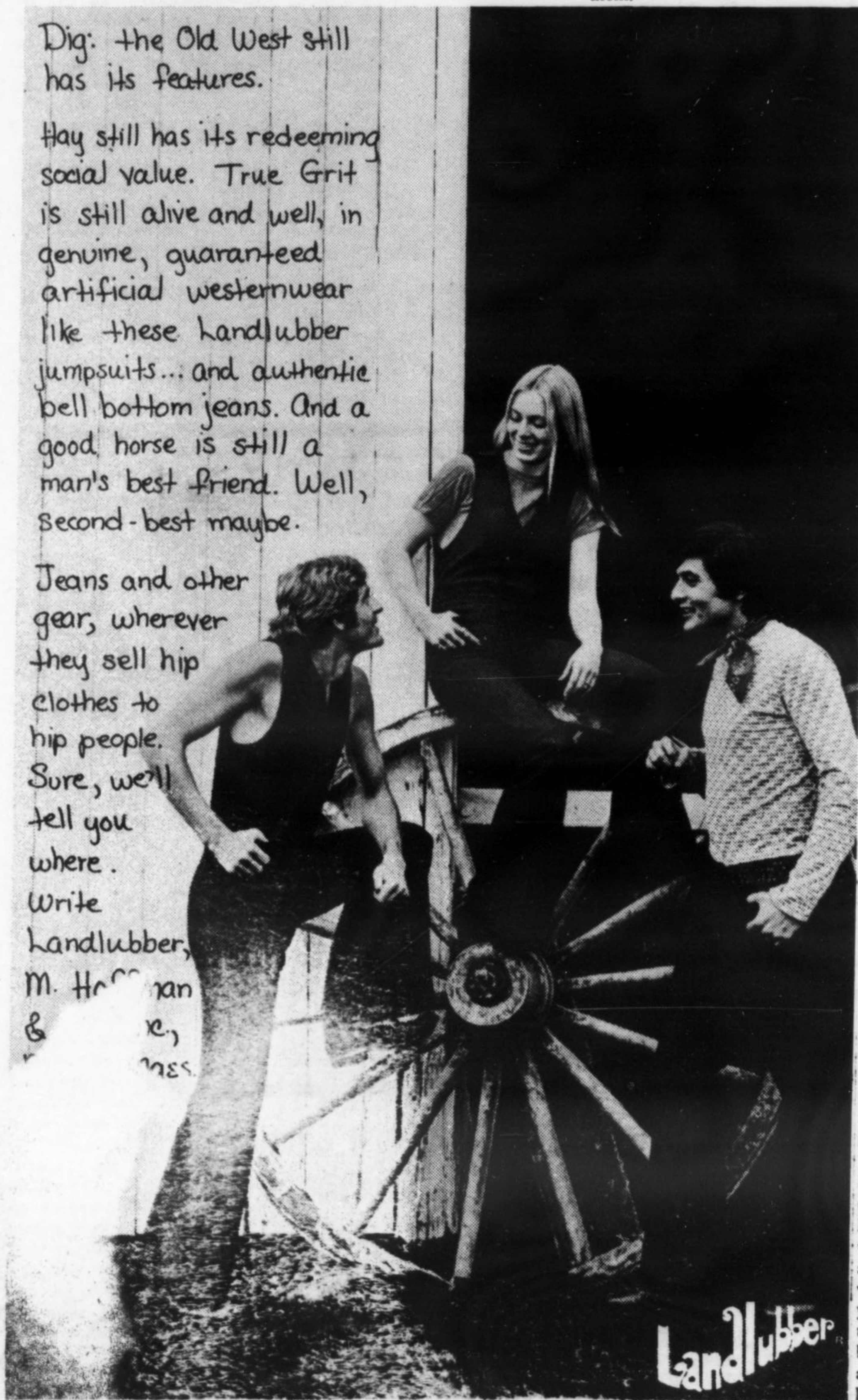
'Dammit,' I complained to Karin as we strolled out into the intoxicating Earth Day afternoon sunshine, 'I gotta get some work done today. Gotta make that old long green, that moolah, get them crinkly Chlorophyll Georges settling into my pocketbook. I got mouths to feed, man — seven of them.'

Dig: the Old West still has its features.

Hay still has its redeeming social value. True Grit is still alive and well, in genuine, guaranteed artificial westernwear like these handlubber jumpsuits... and authentic bell bottom jeans. And a good horse is still a man's best friend. Well, second-best maybe.

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Handlubber

This is no lie. To date, only two people have responded to the announcement, in this space a fortnight ago, that Latimer is trying to get rid of five kittens. You ought to see them now, they walk, they talk, their little eyes are open, they piss and I have a suspicion that what's more they *shit* now and I gotta get rid of the little bastards. There are two entirely black ones and one black-and-white one left unaccounted for. Like their father, they all have whiskers *above* the eyes as well as about the nose, and this is a remarkable entertaining feature in a feline. Imagine the surprised expression on your old man's face when he comes home one day to find one of these cuddly little wow-wows stalking the living room for cockroaches. Better yet, take two and watch them vigorously try to kill each other with their little pearly claws and teeth. Endless entertainment offered by these amusing little fellows, and they're *free*. They would be cheap at twice the price, and you can get them by calling 228-8640 any day of the week.

'Shit,' I went on, as Karin led me through the masses of Earth Day people down eighth street, 'I ought to be doing an article for *Screw*. I ought to be working on my comic strip for the next *EVO*. Steve Heller's halfway through laying out a subscription ad for the back cover, I gotta finish it for him tonight. I ought to get some shit together and take it to Richard Goldstein for a book. Fuck it, what an I doing bopping over to the West Village in the sunshine? It'll rain tomorrow and I'll *bate* myself.' Karin went into a recitation of her own economic difficulties — these we will leave for her to brood over — and by the time we got to Christopher Street we were both wretchedly sorry to have left our garrets. Earth Day is all well and good, but you gotta draw the line somewhere. Supper improved our spirits. In the place where we ate, a beautiful West Village sort of family was also having supper, and it was great to look at them. Momma and grandmomma were unobtrusively lovely, and the two little mopheaded girls in bright skirts and tights were precociously sexy and noisy. The waitress was delectably beautiful, the food was great, and Karin Berg is the prettiest lady journalist this side of the fabulous Lindsey Van Gelder.

Next we went to George Herdt's tavern on Christopher Street for a couple brews. After all the time I spent in Herdt's a few years ago, you'd think they'd remember me as a trusted old patron, but no, they were downright *hostile*. Bad things are happening with the fine old Irishmen that hang out there, as evidenced by a half-dozen cheap stick-on American flag decals here and there about the joint, which were *not* there in 1966; an illustrated sign over the bar which runs to the effect that if your heart is not in America then get your donkey out. Bad, bad things. This prompted Karin and me to recall our lower lower-middleclass roots, and we

had a lovely sentimental conversation.

On the way back, we stopped by Union Square again to check out Earth Night. People were lying necking in the middle of Fourteenth Street, and the balmy April air was alive with music of all sorts. As we sauntered into the park, under the trees, I half expected to hear june bugs and crickets, and see fireflies darting here and there. The only solid evocations of rusticity, though, were the horseturds left by the police mounts, (*see photo*), lying there all organic on the sidewalk. As we stepped around a big NBC sound truck, I saw something very interesting: a bunch of black kids and Spanish kids and white kids sitting on the sidewalk, engaged in a communal sing. If this gets out, Denis Hayes might get fucking *investigated*.

I just gotta throw that in before I finish. The organizer of this whole Earth Day hoopla, according to the *Times*, is one Denis Hayes, late of Stanford University. Now, I remember when Denis Hayes was elected president of the Stanford Student Body in early 1968, by a spare majority of the oafs who took the trouble to vote. His principal opposition took the form (and *what* a form!) of a tall blonde coed whose most salient assets were her breasts, with which she earned her bread and butter in a local Palo Alto cabaret, dancing topless. You may remember her name, Vicki Drake, because she was downed in every newspaper, on every television, from coast to coast, for *months* afterward! She was running on the topless ticket, and I was one of her most ardent supporters. I still have her campaign button somewhere, which featured two circles, side by side, with little dots in the centres. When anyone asks me about it, I tell them it represents The Tao and let it go at that. But in any event, she lost the presidency of the Stanford Student Body to Denis Hayes, a New Leftist who wore a sport coat and carried a megaphone with him at all times. This was accounted a great and stunning bummer by many of my friends, who lost all faith in the Democratic process as a result. And now this radical New Leftist schmuck with the megaphone has blocked off Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street in our city. Watch out for this man: he may well be Nixon's next appointee to the Supreme Court.

We finished up Earth Day, Darin and I, shortly before midnight, at the restaurant of which I sopke earlier, scarfing down their inimitable swill. See how neatly all this ties together? Earth Day was a smashing success, a lot of people got out of their heads and into their surroundings and into other people, and best of all, Tom Seaver pitched nineteen strikeouts against the Padres in Shea Stadium, fanning the last ten batters in sequence. Ten up, ten down. Read all about Tom and Nancy in the current *McCall's*, now on your newsstand.

Broke

(Continued from Page 10)
two for one idea, a price cutting move by producers of a play seeking to encourage attendance at previews or simply trying to fill the house of a play which has been playing for some time and is no longer enjoying sold out status. The way to plus into this comparative bonanza is to get on the mailing list of HIT SHOWS, some sort of clearing house for two-fers, at 330 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Send them a self-addressed, stamped envelope, just once, and from then on the will send you 'two-fers' as they become available. And give my regards to Broadway.

Israeli Response

(Continued from Page 13)
reasoning carries you into dangerous territory and may be used against you. I do not think that ethical behavior is so easy; that because innocent civilians die in your bomb attacks on us, we have "no other choice" but to place bombs in your schools, buses and markets. Be careful, because your words may be used to justify the demands of Israeli hotheads, that we respond to you in kind. I have a face and soul and your simply saying that I am faceless and invisible to you does not absolve you from the responsibility of looking for that face and soul.

cousin; you throw all the responsibility on my shoulders as if you are the helpless victim of fate and I am molding that fate. Many Israelis feel the opposite is true; that your own adamant refusal to recognize us has been the cause of all our troubles. But if there is to be any hope for peace and justice, each man — each of us — must hold himself responsible for trying to see the other man, to search for justice and, by that, peace for both of us.

You wish me success in my studies — I thank you. You wish me success in my self-study — I pray for your similar success. You want Arab and Jews to live together. — How? Lobbing mortar shells is a poor way to

tell me that you want me, even as a "tolerated" minority, in your state.

The tack that you took in your letter was very discouraging, for it left us no choice but to answer your accusations and accusations are always a poor way to start off discussions about peace. Yet, we, at least, feel that we must continue to search for peace and therefore, would like to pose to you several questions of practical value.

You hope that some day "we might together study and live in this beautiful country." Does that imply that you disagree with Article Six of the Palestinian National Covenant, passed by the P.L.O. in July, 1968 that would allow only those Jews to remain here who came to Israel before the "Zionist Invasion," which you define as starting in 1917, (page 51 of the resolutions of the same congress), and which would

homeland?

Do you agree that the problem in the Middle East is essentially one which involves only the Palestinians and the Israelis and no one else? And that it is we who must share the responsibility for finding a solution?

You ask us to influence our government to recognize you — what does this mean? Do you want recognition as equals, or as sole proprietors of our land? Do you want to exchange ambassadors? Does this mean you want to give up violence and negotiate with us?

If you have answers for these questions, it would help to clarify the situation and thereby add to the quest for peace.

Until now you have chosen bullets. I hope you change your mind because we are tired of the killing and tired of the blood. We don't want to study war any more. We await your next letter.

T.B.

thereby exclude me from my National Union of Israel Students

Poor Paranoid

(Continued from Page 16)
reaching the point where he directed research projects on Latin America, and for the past year he was on assignment from the CIA's Office of National Estimates to the National Security Council. You would expect that the next job for a government official with these qualifications would be some higher peephole in the security apparatus.

Wrong. According to a three-inch article tucked away at the bottom of a page in last week's *Variety*, Edward 'Ned' Hamlin has been appointed CBS News Coordinator of Broadcast Research 'in a position in which he will have access to the CBS News film library, including out-takes.'

Even though for me the eye in the CBS logo will take on a new glare, there is no truth to the rumor that this will lead to the station changing its call letters to WCIA."

Now! Now! Howard! Biting the hand that feeds you! The least you could have done was make like a real reporter and

gotten a quote from your boss. I'm sure Carter Burden could have gotten in touch with him for you.

Which brings up another devastating point. Does Carter Burden really read the *Voice*? If he doesn't, maybe he reads *EVO*? And if he does, then let me inform him:

Even though for me the voice in the *Village Voice* logo will take on a new roar, there is no truth to the rumor that this will lead to the paper changing its format to *MONEY*.

One thing is sure, Carter, that bit of information won't get lost among all the ads, more definitely among the graphics and stoned-out layout. It's the price an alternate press pays for living in an alternate culture.

Also Carter, and all the boys and girls at the *Voice*, let me wind up this discourse by quoting from one of your mentors and founders, Norman Mailer, as worded in the now defunct *New York Herald Tribune* of April 10th, 1966, in the article entitled, "Will Success Spoil the *Village Voice*?"

"If there was any danger of the *Voice* getting stuffy, the *EVO* keeps it on its

toes. It's wilder than we are, but it's got a lot to learn."
Yeah, Norman! Yeah, Carter! We've come a long way, baby, but we stop right there.

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(Continued from Page 18)

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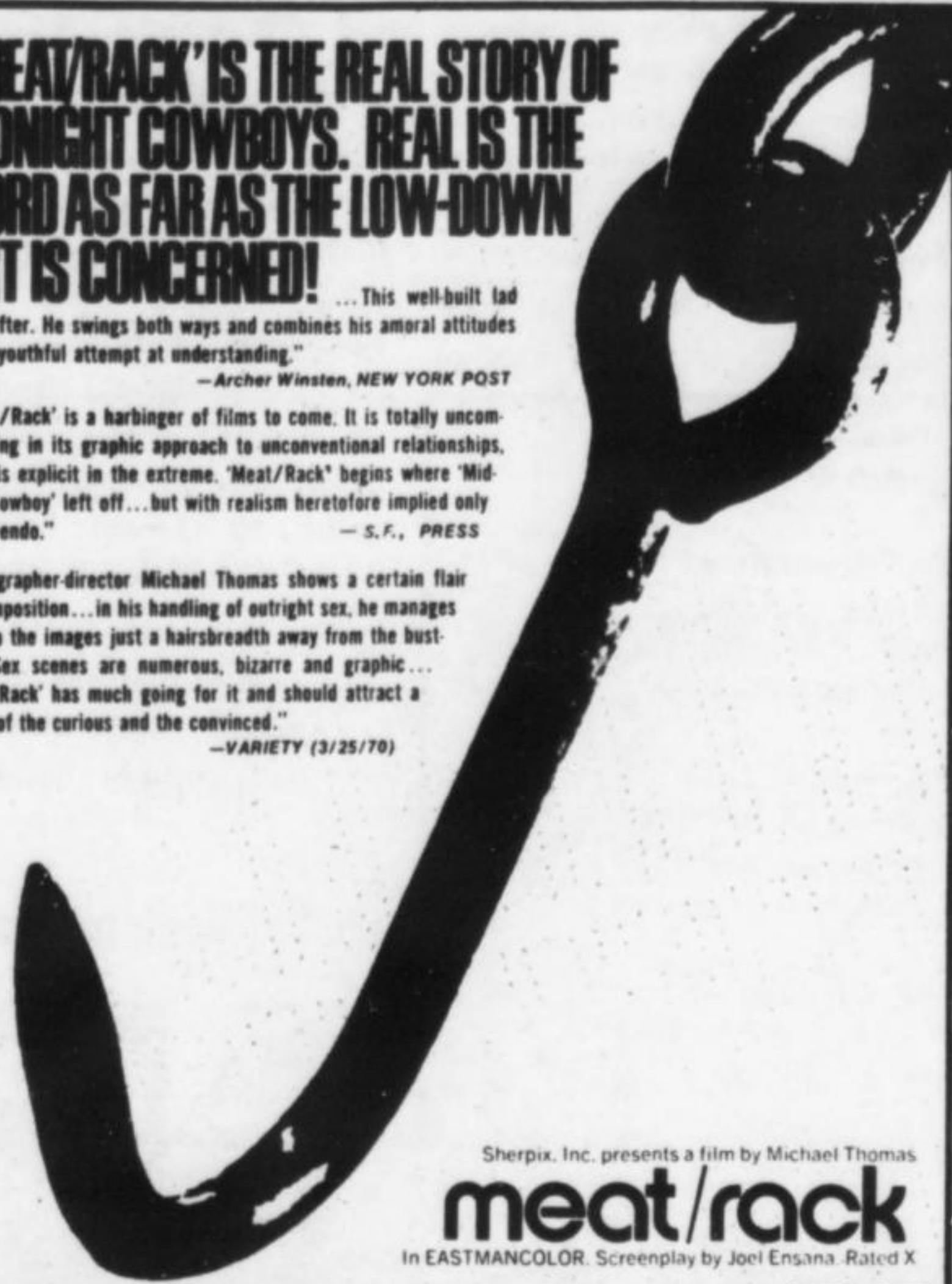
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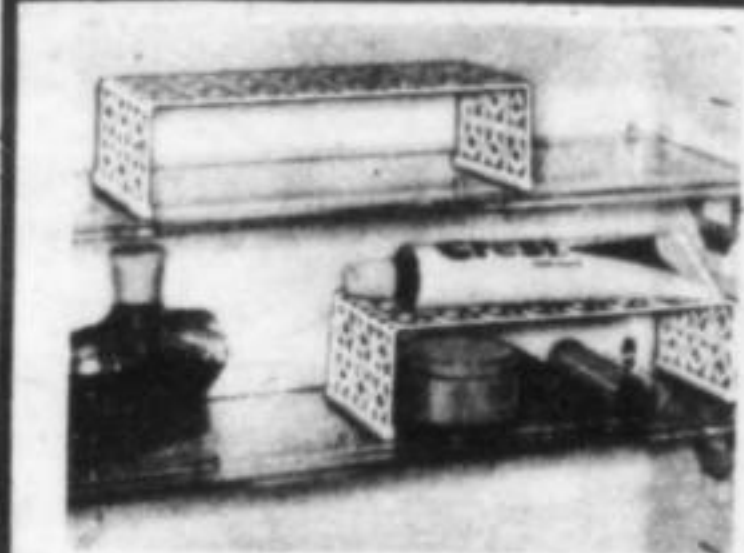
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24 yr. old male grad. student will teach discipline and bondage to discrete men, women and couples. Beginners welcome. \$40.00/session. Send name & phone number to J.B., Box 426, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

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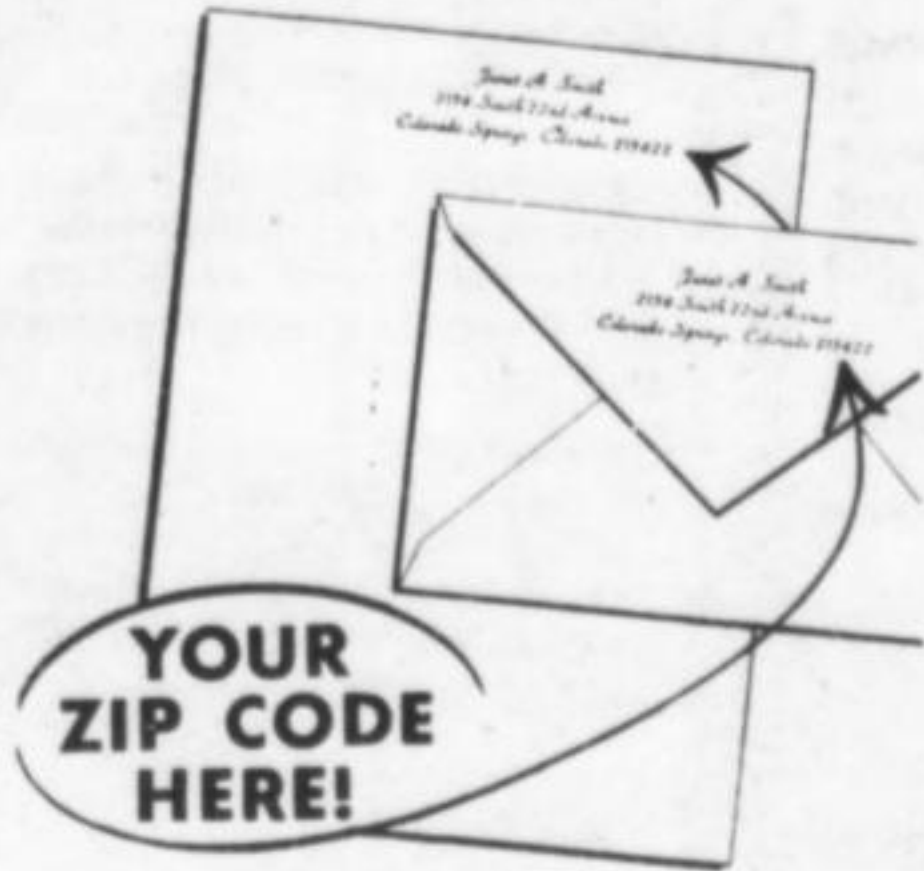
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yu 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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