

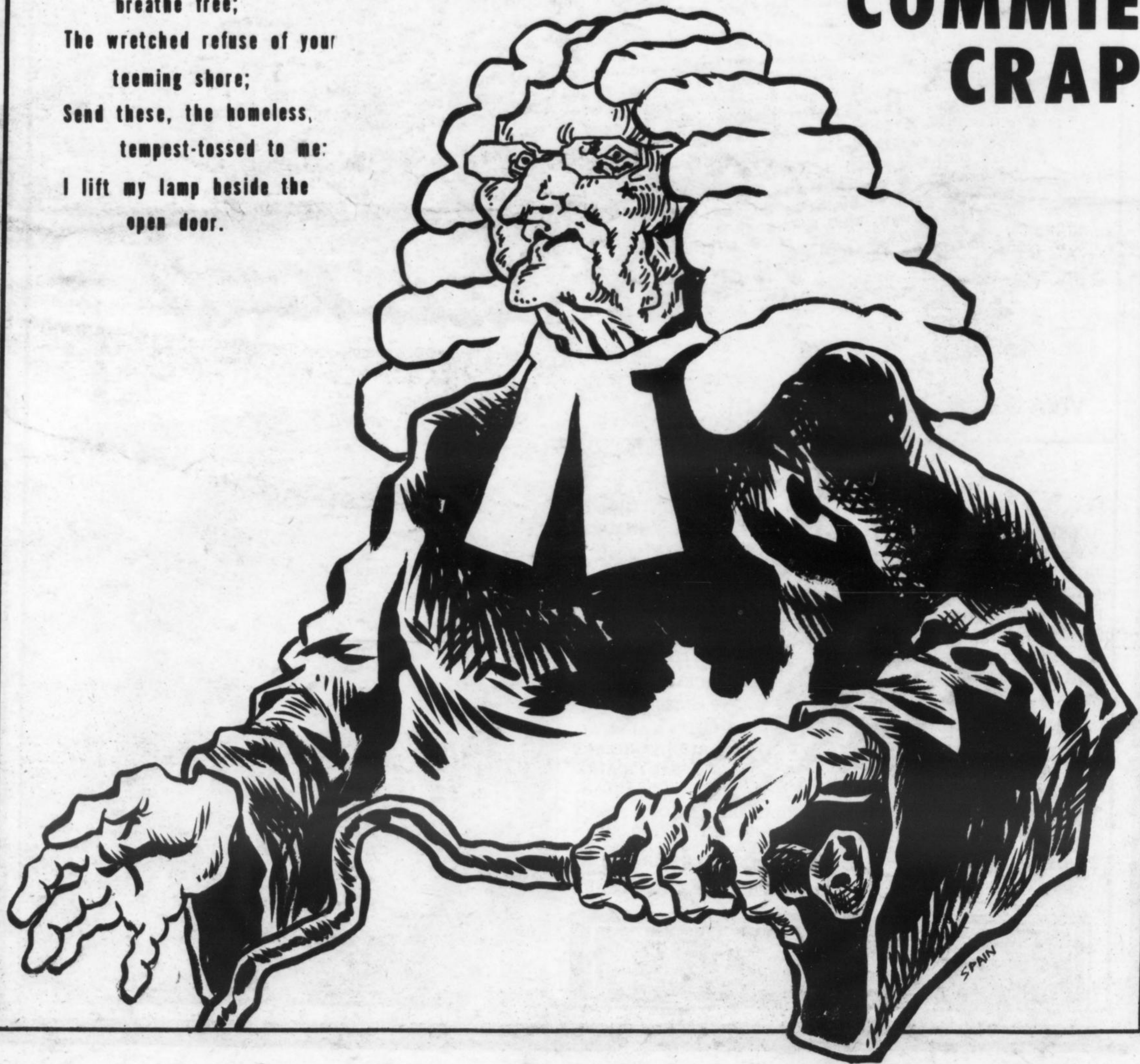
ANOTHER GREAT COMIX ISSUE

THE EAST VILLAGE OINKER

Vol.5 No.29 June 16, 1970 25¢ New York 35¢ Outside

**4 MORE PAGES
OF
COMMIE
CRAP**

'GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your
teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tossed to me:
I lift my lamp beside the
open door.



HIRAP

There was a time when the likes of Peter Burian would have had it pretty easy. Formerly, being tall, blond and blue-eyed meant safe passage, if not outright idolization. Times, they must have changed. Presently, it seems that being tall, blond and blue-eyed makes you a prominent target. Especially when Olof Palme, the Swedish Prime Minister of I Am Curious (Yellow) fame, was visiting folks at the Waldorf last week. Curiously enough, Olaf Palme-- who, by the way, seems to be the grooviest of all possible prime ministers-- has become the ILA's favourite whipping boy.

From Kenyon College in Ohio (where he was picketed while giving a commencement address) to Park Avenue in New York, hordes of On-The-Waterfront type patriots have been in hot pursuit of Palme and any old Swedes they could lay their paws on.

That's where Peter Burian comes in. "Hey, you Swedish?" This from a tong of Waterfront types boarding a chartered bus which had ferried them to the anti-Olof demonstration at the Waldorf. "No, I'm German." "That's all the same," and with that the pack of gorillas started to beat the be-out of Peter Burian, 29, actor and model who also happens to be against wars and violence. A spade cop rescued him, while his whiter brethren stood peacefully by making no arrests.

"I am very astonished at the fascistic mentality of these longshoremen and construction workers. I am also pleasantly suprised at all the people who came to me and expressed their sympathy and outrage. It was very reassuring."

"Are you going to stay here?"

"Yes."

"Even if it happens again?"

"Then I would have to leave and advise everybody else to leave too."

Less than an hour ago I received a call from Peter: "When I returned home this morning, I found a longshoreman hook tied to a hangman's noose in my mailbox. I really don't know what to make of it."

"That'll teach you to give your address to the pigs and the papers." Burian's address was conveniently printed in both the NEWS and the POST. "What are you going to do now, go back to Germany?"

"No. I don't think so. If I go, everybody else ought to go to. I don't think things have come to that as yet."

BUT THEN, WHO KNOWS IF IT IS 1933 OR 1939?

See book 2

VIVA JENÖ

JAAKOV KOHN
ALLEN KATZMAN
JOSEPH STEVENS
JACKIE DIAMOND
KARIN BERG
FRED MOGURGUB
STEVEN HELLER
RAY SHULTZ
DON KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIN
CHARLIE FRICK
JACKIE FRIEDRICK
KIM DEITCH
FLICKA DE MOID



DEAN LATIMER
JOHN DA SWEDE
RENFREU NEFF
HETTY MACLISE
STEPHEN KOHN
ALEX GROSS
NORTH : THE KID
JACKIE ACON
SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
DAVID WALLEY
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
LIL PICARD
YOSSARIAN

LONDON : MILES R. CRUMB EUROPEAN OPERATIONS : JENÖ
AMSTERDAM : SIMON VINKENOOG JOHN PETER ZENGER
PARIS : J.J. LABEL ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA DURANCE VILE : TIMOTHY LEARY

BURIAN



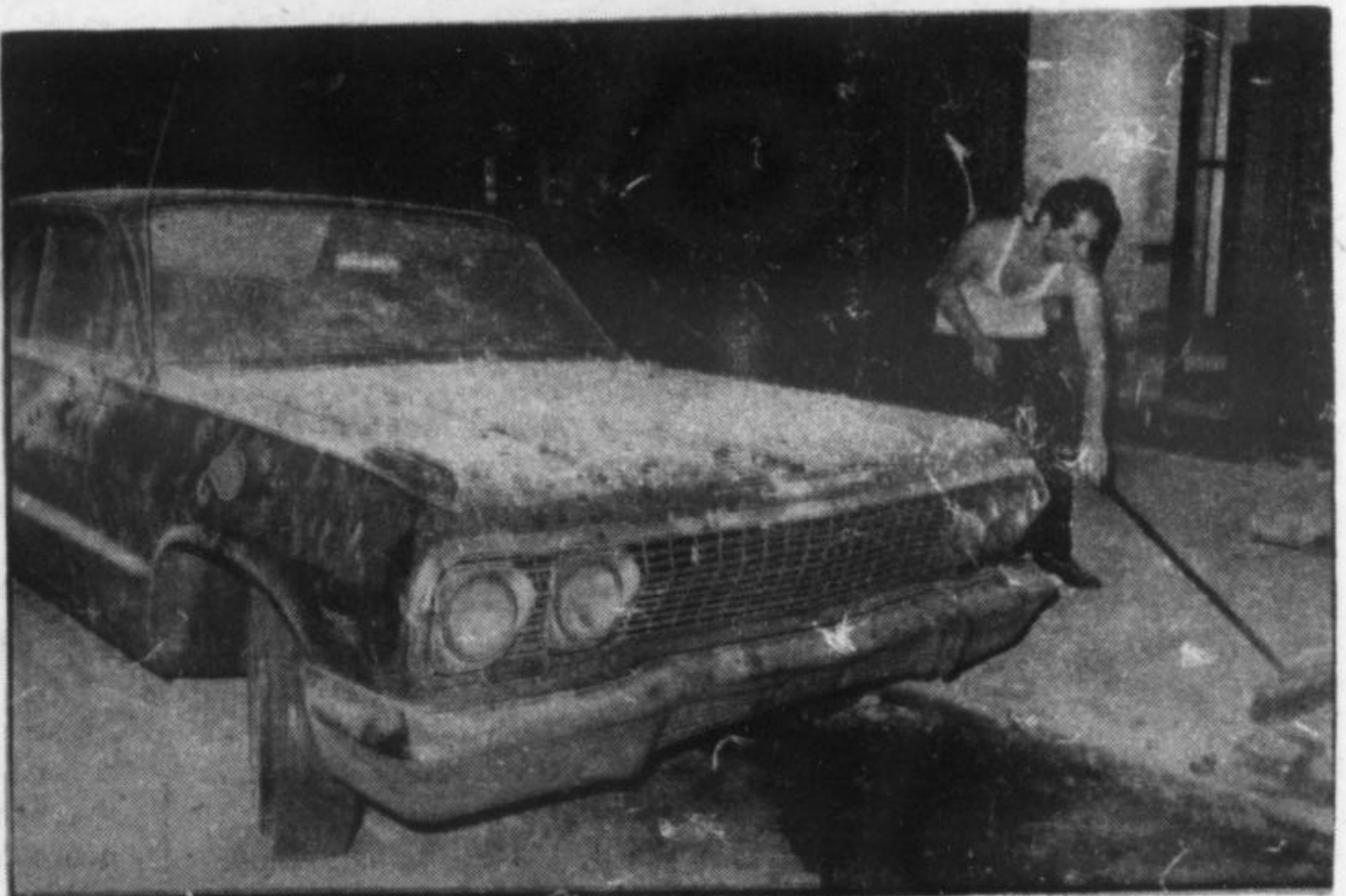
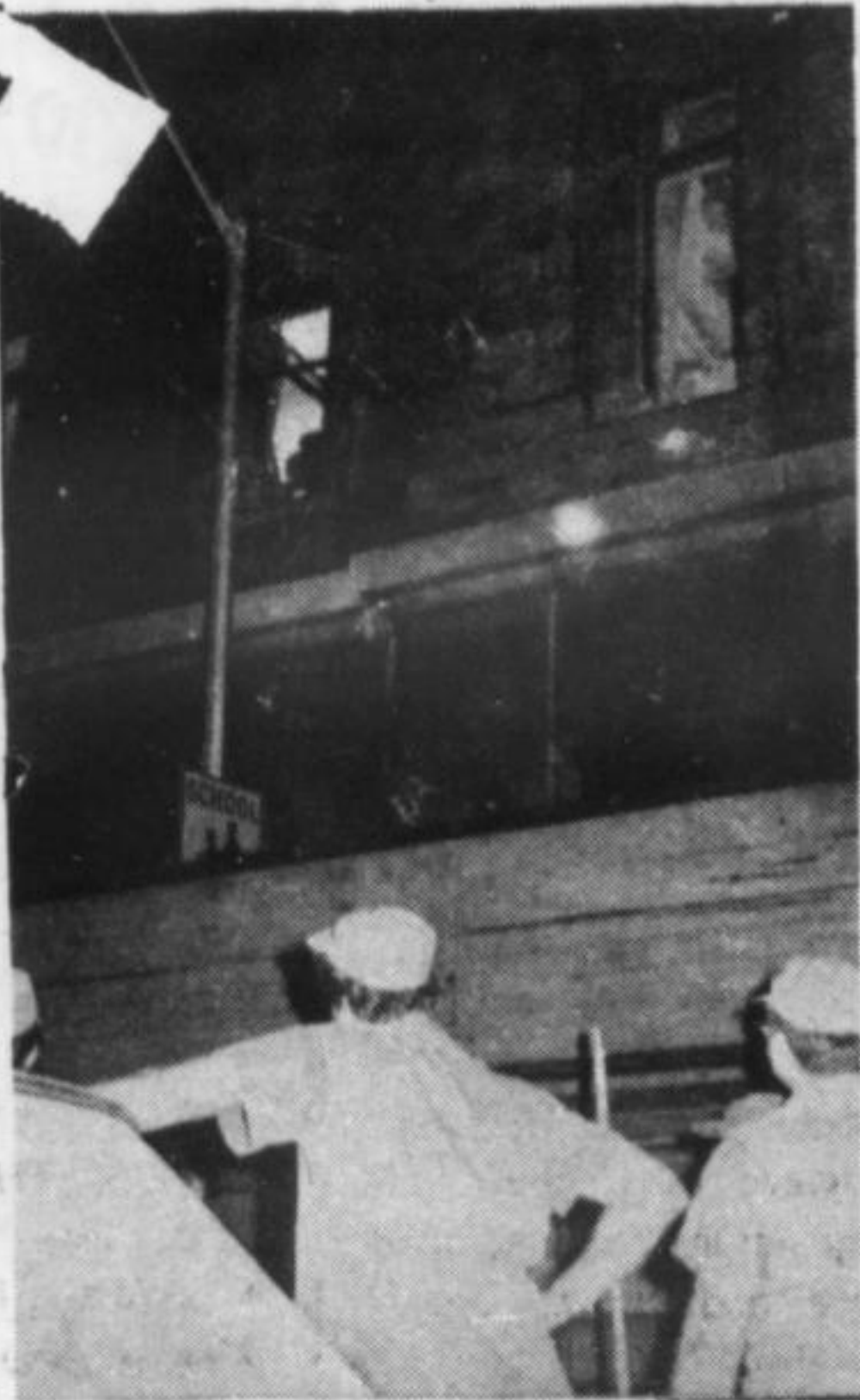
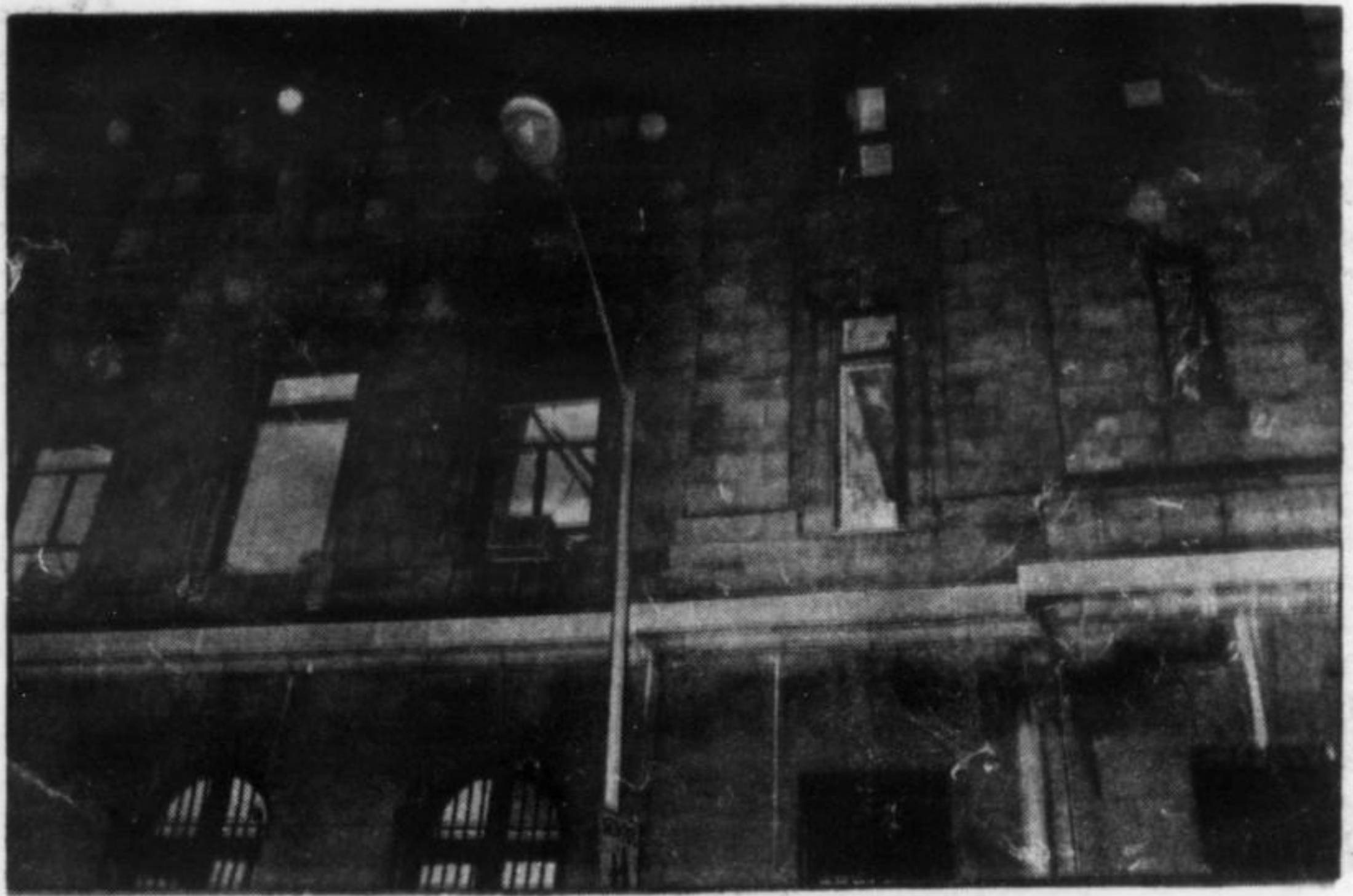
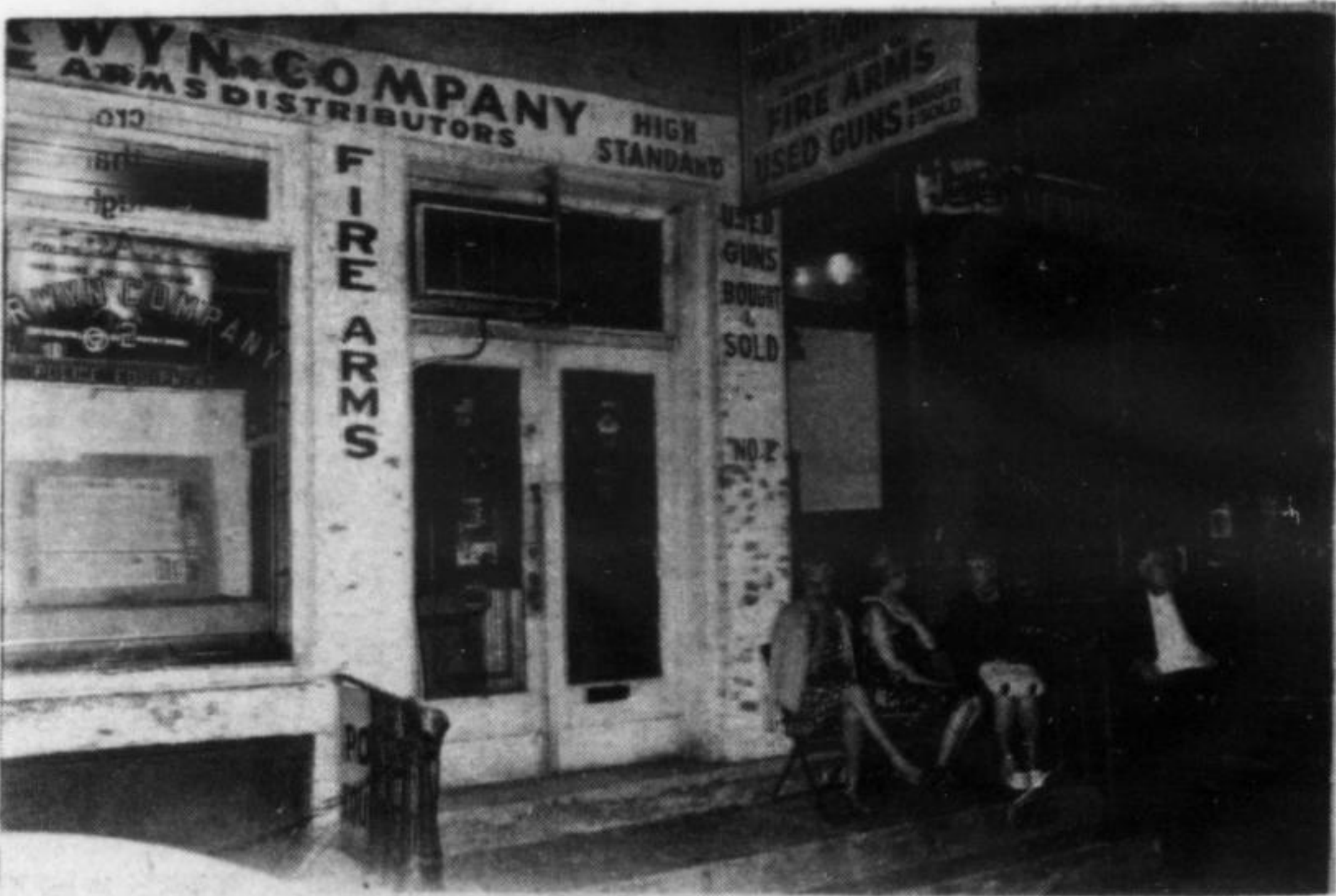
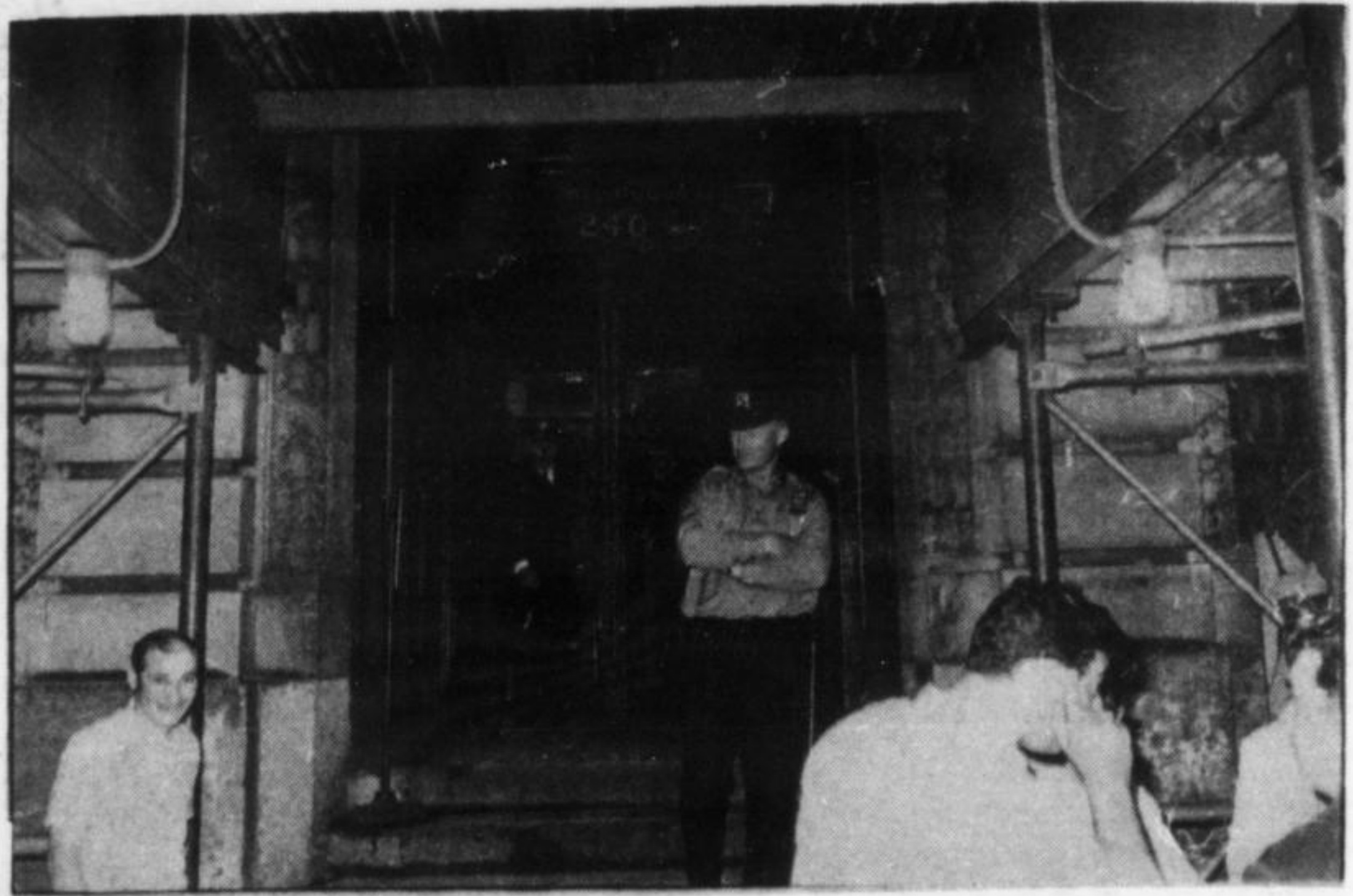
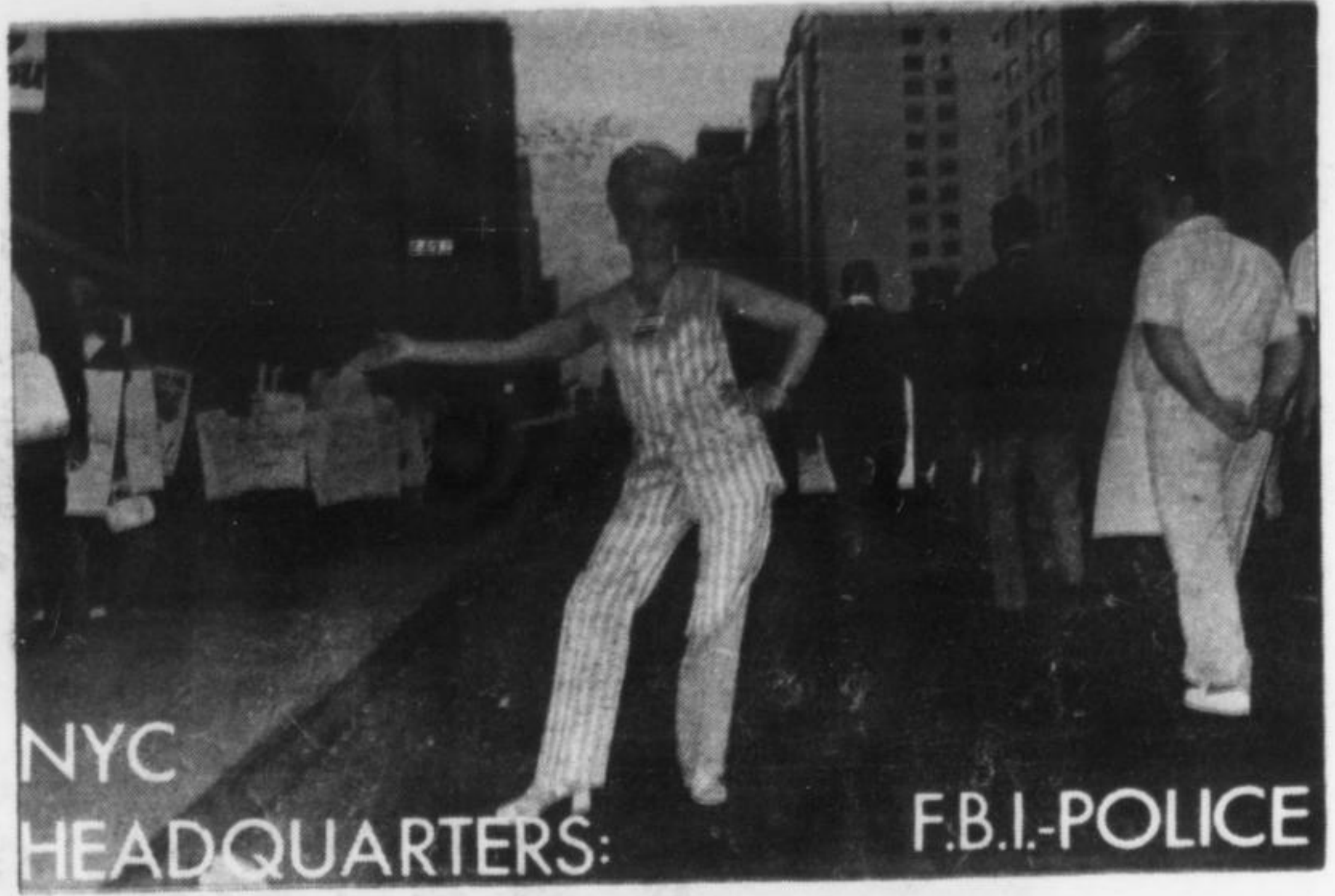
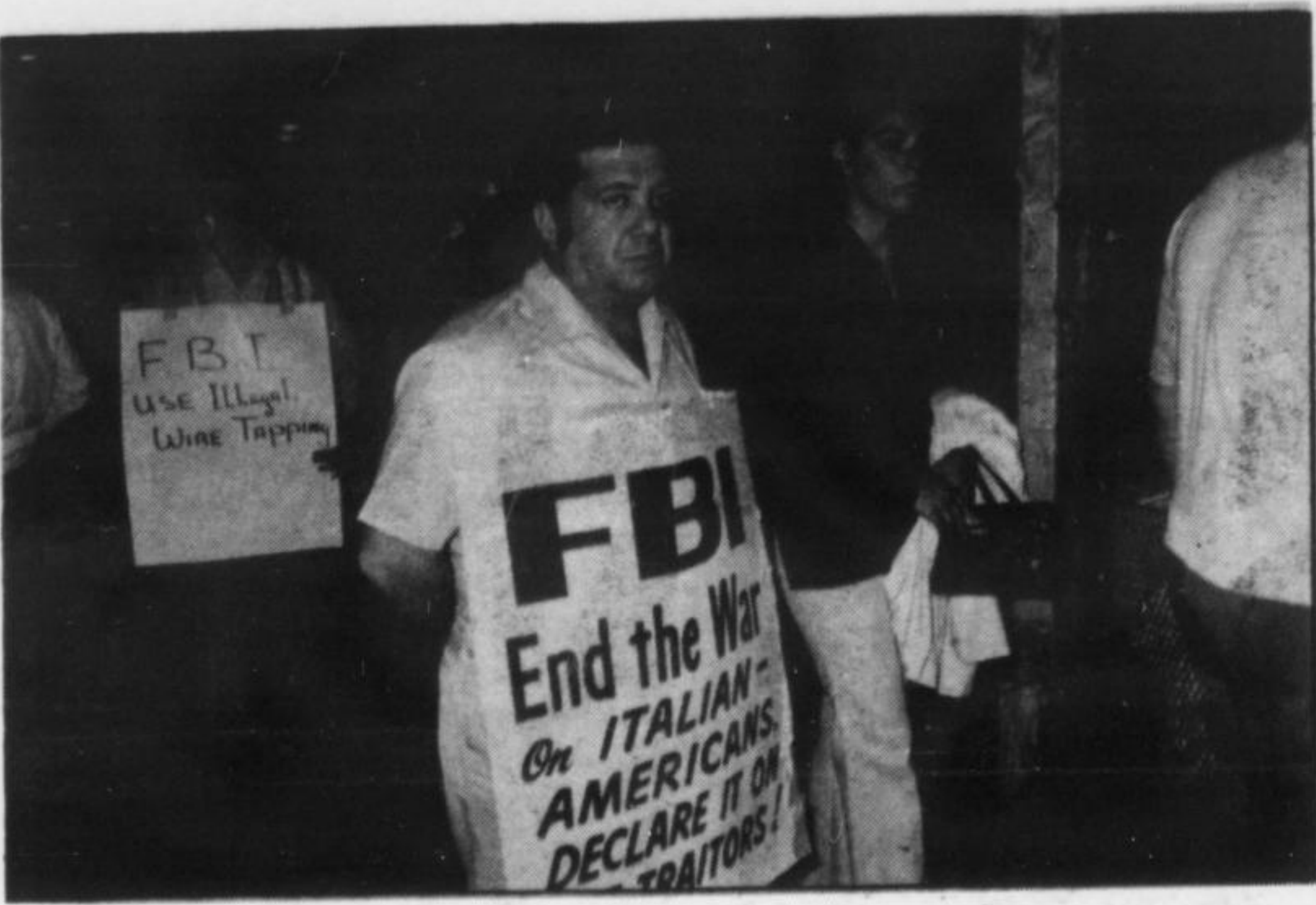
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weather
report

TONIGHT, AT 7 P.M., WE BLEW UP
THE N.Y.C. POLICE HEADQUARTERS. WE
CALLED IN A WARNING BEFORE THE
EXPLOSION.
THE PIGS IN THIS COUNTRY ARE
OUR ENEMIES. THEY HAVE MURDERED
FRED HAMPTON AND TORTURED JOAN BIRD
THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR 6 BLACK
DEATHS IN AUGUSTA, 4 MURDERS IN
KENT STATE, THE IMPRISONMENT OF
LOS SIETE DE LA RAZA IN SAN FRAN-
CISCO AND THE CONTINUAL BRUTALITY
AGAINST LATIN AND WHITE YOUTH ON THE
LOWER EAST SIDE. SOME ARE NAMED
MITCHELL AND AGNEW. OTHERS CALL
THEMSELVES LEARY AND HOEAN. THE NAMES
ARE DIFFERENT BUT THE CRIMES ARE

THE SAME. ■
THE PIGS TRY TO LOOK INVULNERABLE,
BUT WE KEEP FINDING THEIR WEAKNESSES.
THOUSANDS OF KIDS, FROM BERKELEY TO
THE UN PLAZA, KEEP TEARING UP AND ROTTE
BUILDINGS KEEP GOING DOWN. NIXON INVADES
CAMBODIA AND HUNDREDS OF SCHOOLS ARE
SHUT DOWN BY STRIKES. EVERY TIME THE
PIGS THINK THEY'VE STOPPED US, WE COME
BACK A LITTLE STRONGER AND A LOT SMARTER.
THEY GUARD THEIR BUILDINGS AND WE WALK
RIGHT PAST THEIR GUARDS. THEY LOOK FOR
US - WE GET TO THEM FIRST. THEY BUILD
THE BANK OF AMERIKA, KIDS BURN IT DOWN.
THEY OUTLAW GRASS, WE WEAVE WE
BUILD A CULTURE OF LIFE AND MUSIC.
THE TIME IS NOW. - POLITICAL POWER
GROWS OUT OF A GUN, A MOLOTOV, A RIOT
A COMMUNE... AND FROM THE SOUL OF THE PEOPLE
WEATHERMAN

45
PRECISE DELIVERY
NEW YORK JUN 16 1970 GPO
POSTAGE DUES
SPECIAL DELIVERY
OTHER
EAST VILLAGE
105 2nd AVE.
N.Y., N.Y.



photos by joseph stevens

ARE YOU AN AMERICAN OF

ITALIAN DESCENT?

BY RAY SCHULTZ

That's the question. Answer it if you can. Be aware of the fact that such past and present luminaries as Tony Bender, Willie Moretti and Joey Adonis would answer "yes" and be damned proud of it too. Likewise, be aware of the fact that such figures as Ed "Poochie" Walsh, Bugsy Seagle and Longie Zwillman would answer "no," and be equally proud of that. Live by the gun, die by the gun. Some people belong in the chair. Pete Hamill calls them animals. And what about you?

A group of people, some one to two thousand in number, are picketing outside the New York F.B.I. headquarters on 69th and Third every evening between the hours of six and midnight to protest the alleged defamation of Italian-Americans by the F.B.I. This has been going on for six weeks now, and approximately 150,000 people, some of them with different ethnic backgrounds but most of them Italian, have supported the effort with rousing cheers and willing bodies — this according to the street organizers who include such figures as Anthony Colombo and Frank Vitali, both of them men of high standing in the Italian Community.

Unlike other minority groups in this country, the Italians are not marching for better jobs or an end to deep-seated psychological prejudice, but for an end to their public and private identification with organized crime, i.e., the mafia. Is there a mafia? Who knows? The Italian Civil Rights League headed by Mr. Nat Marcone of Staten Island is convinced that the F.B.I. is engaged in a systematic persecution of persons with Italian names, but

he avoids using the word "mafia."

"They're harassing us," he told me the other night, "Just because we're Italians. They disturb and subpoena us, and they knock our doors down. They arrest us. Our children have to grow up with the stigma of being the children of criminals. Is this fair."

"The F.B.I. should fight crime where they find it. We've had enough of this present situation. It's been going on for ten years now, and we're sick up to here of it. Let them condemn the guilt where they find it. Let them prove us guilty. They have a vendetta against us, and they're taking the easy way out. Look at all those T.V. shows — the F.B.I. story. Who are they trying to kid? If we're criminals, let them prove it, and let us be tried as such. Otherwise, leave us alone."

"We're all good citizens here, and this is a peaceful protest. The main thing is, Italians are uniting for the first time. We're getting together, and we'll fight together. This is a battle we must win, for the sake of future Italian-Americans."

Does all this talk sound familiar? Has someone with an Italian name been doing his movement homework?

"If your efforts are repeatedly frustrated by the F.B.I., and the Italian-Americans get increasingly bitter, do you see yourselves becoming more militant like other ethnic groups?" I asked Marcone.

"Well, I don't know what you mean by more militant, Ray," he said. "How much more militant can we get? Do you mean, a resort to violence? No,

Italian-Americans won't have anything to do with that. We won't have to do that. I told you, we're peaceful citizens."

Naturally, the police and press have come down on this demonstration as nothing more than a ploy by organized crime to win the support of their own people, presumably the Italian-Americans. The *Times* alleged that the event was organized by Joe Colombo, "a reputed mafia figure," whose son, Joseph Colombo Jr., was arrested last April on charges of melting down silver coins for criminal purposes. Colombo Sr. himself has been linked to the Profaci family, which in turn has been linked with many another foul deed. Pete Hamill has been particularly vitriolic on this point in recent weeks: "If the Italian-American community really wanted to improve its image in the U.S., it would be picketing Joe Colombo's house or Carmine Pesico's house, or the houses of any number of the tiny minority of Italian-Americans who make up the mafia. They wouldn't come up to Third Av. in buses provided by Joe Colombo's button men. They wouldn't be claiming that there is no mafia. They would be trying to rid this country of those animals, once and for all." The Editorial Page of the *New York Daily News* continued the attack, and then, the topper; the residents of the Upper East Side area where the demonstrating is taking place, filed suit in the Legal Courts to prevent the demonstrations on the grounds that they were disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. The Italians were ordered to show cause.

"Show cause for what?" Mr. Marcone asked me. "Ray, look at these people, they're perfectly peaceful. I sympathize with the people of this neighborhood. We're not demonstrating against them, we respect their right to peaceful sleep, but Ray, Italian children cannot sleep at night. They are disturbed by midnight knocking at their door. They are disturbed by the image their parents have as criminals, and the image they will grow up with if something is not done about it right now."

On the urging of friends and associates who have connections that they like to describe as "tough," I had gone up to 69th Street to talk to the Italian-Americans. There were approximately 300 of them marching in a tight oval line around a pickup truck decked with microphones and American flags. For the most part, they were casually dressed in clothes that would mark them as middle-class suburbanians with simple day-to-day concerns, the garden, the fireplace, the P.T.A. and the like. One or two of them were dressed a little poorer, another five or six looked downright opulent. (There was nary a longhair in sight, though some of the young men had hair that was styled like that of the Early Beatles, trim and neat.) Most of them carried signs: *We Are Peaceful Protesters Demanding Our Civil Rights; F.B.I. Gestapo; All Italians Are Going to Jail - Why?; F.B.I. END THE WAR OR ITALIAN AMERICANS WILL DECLARE IT ON THE TRAITORS; This Was The Way It Started In Germany; Justice for the people; I'm A Jew But I'm With You,*

and What Happened to Italian American Constitutional Rights?

I had been given a "contact," to ask for, and until I found that contact, I was regarded with low suspicion by almost everyone on the picket line. At one point during the march, a young man took the microphone and said, "I'd like to thank all the wives and our daughters, whatever, who went to Astroland at Coney Island today to help the children stricken with muscular dystrophy. Let's see if the press and news media will point this out. Let's see if they will point out the good things that are done by Italian-Americans in this country."

I asked Mr. Marcone about the Italian-American reaction to what is written about them in the press.

"The press is against us too," he said. "They have a vendetta against us, just like the F.B.I. We'll show them. This Pete Hamill — he has a lot of nerve. He's always been against Italian-Americans, so much so it's almost a sickness with him that I can't understand. Today he called us degenerates. *Degenerates, Ray!* A man is calling us degenerates who was himself called a degenerate by the Vice-President of this country, Spiro Agnew. Pete Hamill is sick, I tell you. And the rest of them. We'll show them. Where do they get off?"

"Were you angry about Jimmy Breslin's novel about Italian-Americans?" I asked.

"No, that was comedy. He didn't mean any harm by it, and we're broadminded people about these things. Besides, Breslin has an Italian wife."

(Continued on Page 25)

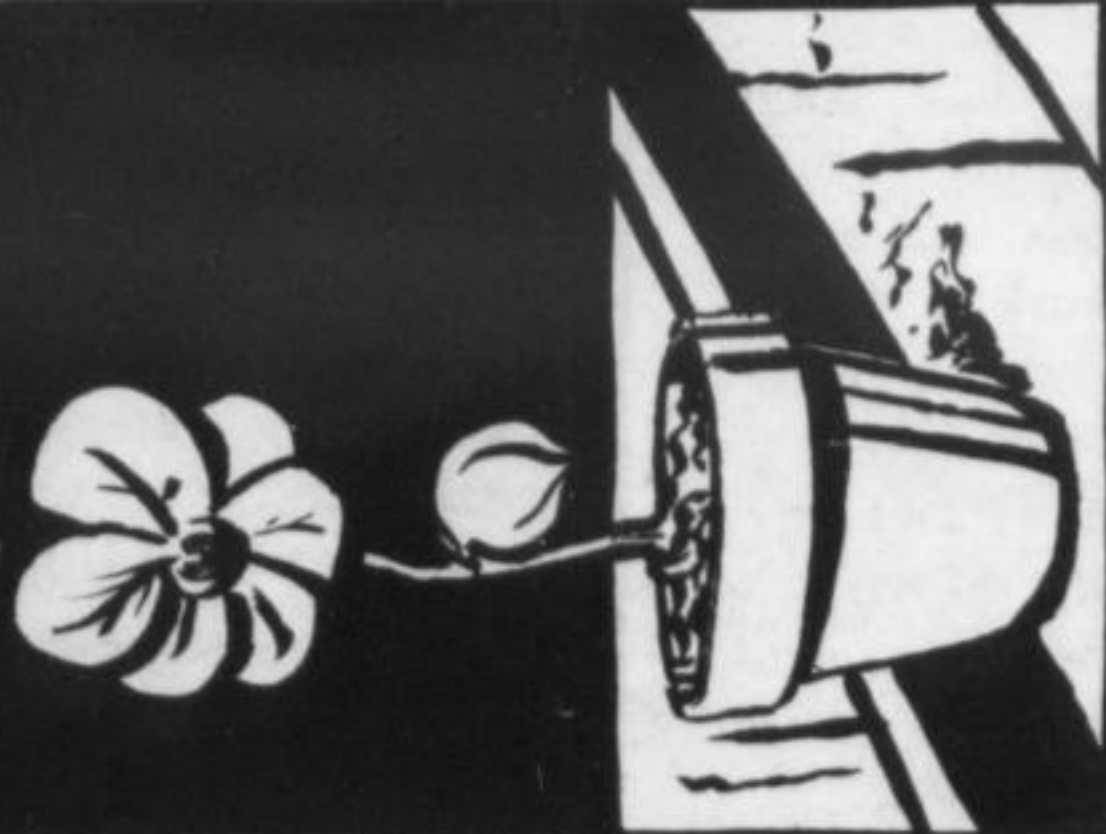
DIRGE OF SPACE

THIS NEW DYLAN ALBUM SUCKS.

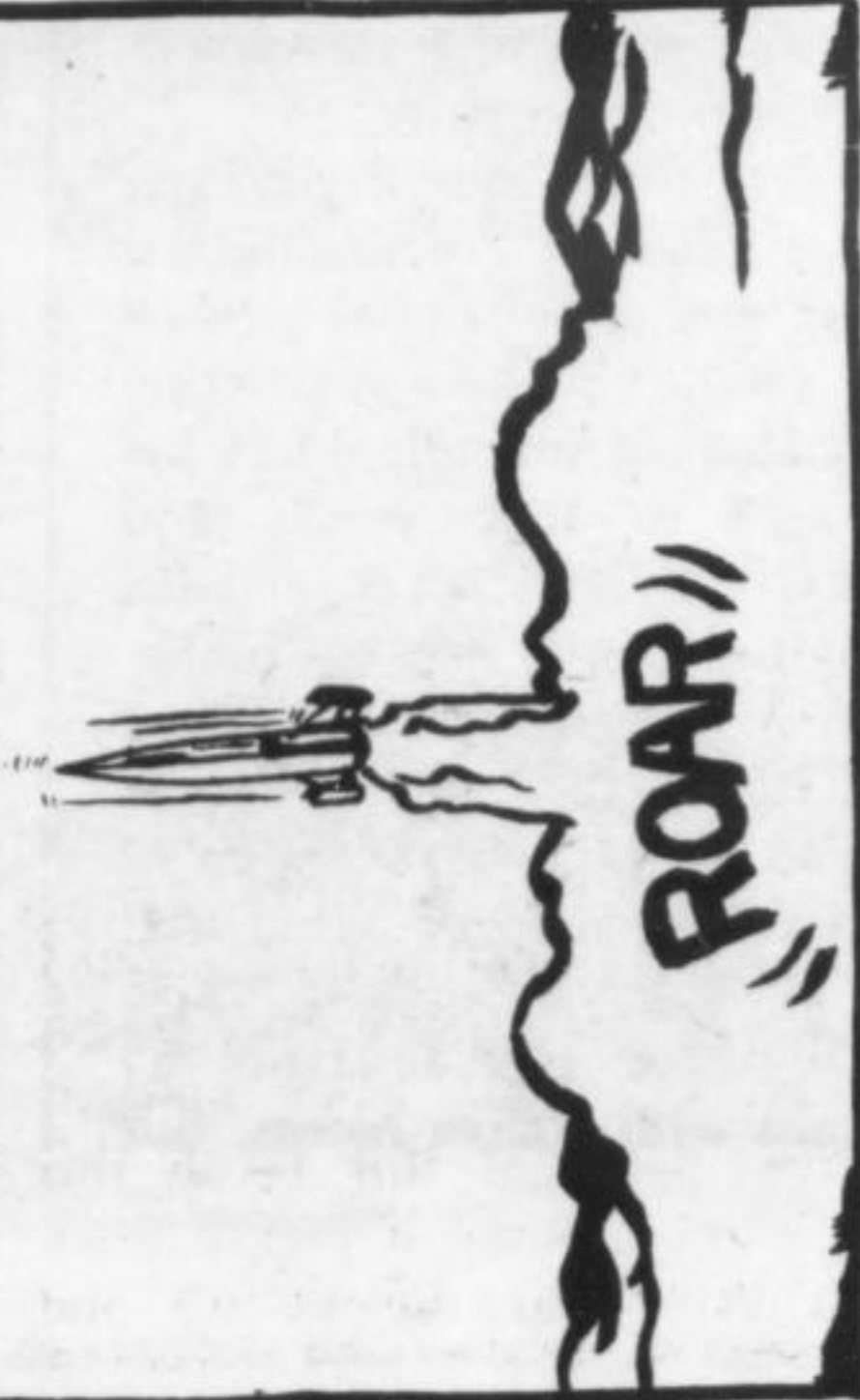
THE STARSHIP "FARFEL II" RETURNS TO EARTH AFTER A DISASTEROUS VOYAGE TO OMEGA 3, WHERE 4 OF THE 6 MEMBER CREW WERE SNUFFED

©1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM PRESS

THE ONE POSITIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE MISSION IS THE ACQUISITION OF A UNIQUE PLANT WITH A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER AND AN UNOPENED BUD WHICH HAS BEEN PACKED FOR THE RETURN VOYAGE



AFTER LONG MONTHS OF FLIGHT THE SLEEK SHIP RETURNS TO THE FRIENDLY IF UNWHOLESOME TERRESTRIAL ATMOSPHERE



THE TWO ASTRONAUTS ARE ADORED BY THE PUBLIC WHICH LAVISHES GREAT AMOUNTS OF ATTENTION AND MONEY UPON THEM

FEAR AT THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE

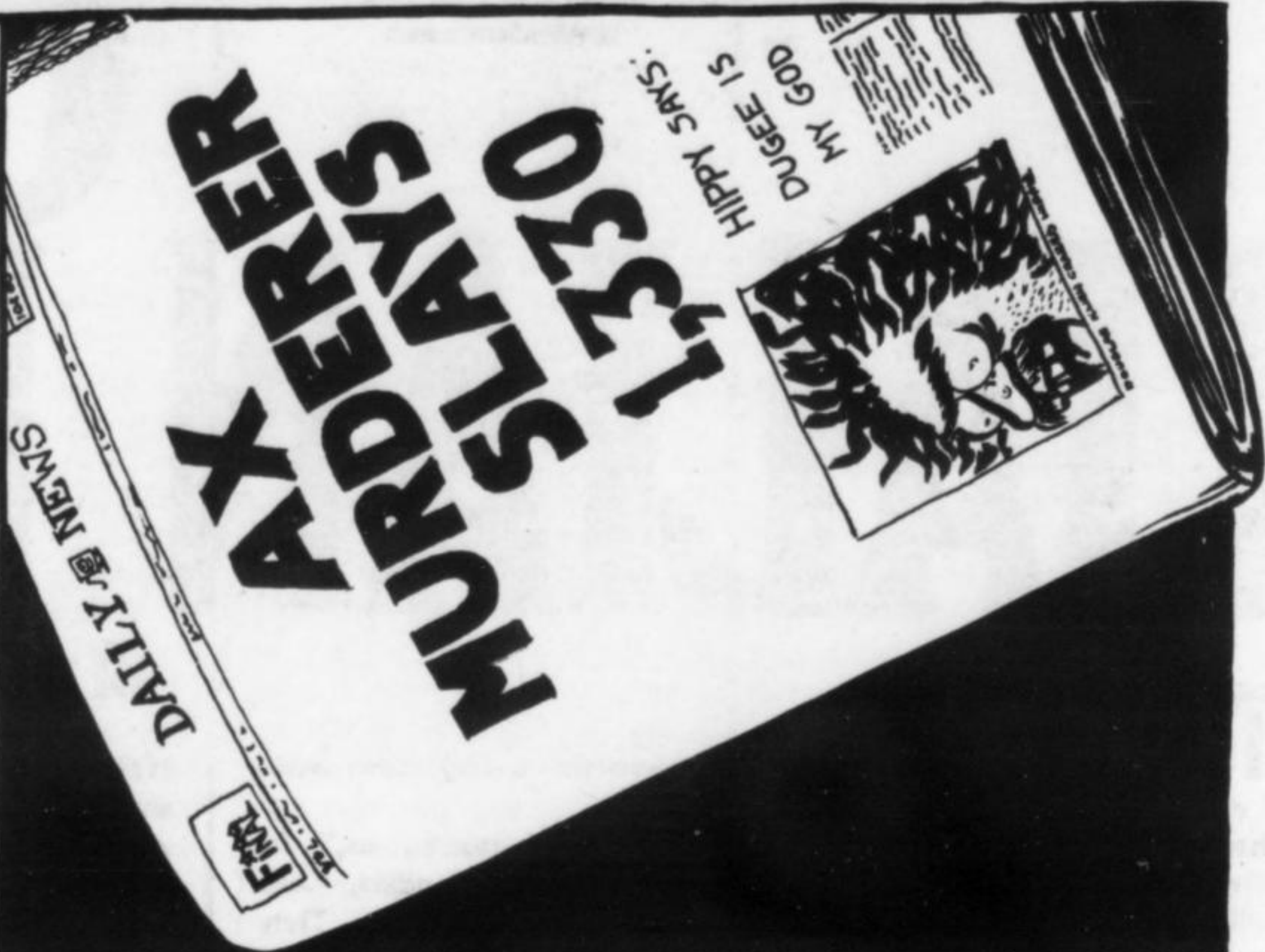
IT WAS JUST AWFUL JOHNNY.

BUT SOON EVEN THIS LAST TEST ENDS AND OUR HEROES ENTER A WORLD OF ADULATION. THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE UNITED WORLD "EL NIXON XXXIV" GREET'S THEM AND AWARDS THEM MEDALS



WITH FULL RE-MEMBRANCE OF THE NOBLE SACRIFICE MADE BY THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CREW I DECLARE THIS MISSION A SUCCESS. I ALSO DECLARE THAT GRAPEFRUITS ARE ANIMALS, AND THAT SHIT DOESN'T SMELL.

BUT SOON THE ATTENTION OF THE CROWD SHIFTS TO OTHER SUBJECTS



SOON THE ONLY INTEREST IN THE FATAL VOYAGE OF FARFEL II IS IN THE LABORATORY WHERE THE SCIENTISTS AWAIT THE OPENING OF THE BUD ON THE "SPACE FLOWER"



FOR NATASHA AND NICK THE BOREDOM IS NOT YET OVER. BEFORE THEY CAN ONCE AGAIN FROLIC WITH THEIR FELLOW MEN THEY MUST ENDURE A MONTH OF ISOLATION WITH ONLY EACH OTHERS COMPANY

BOY I SURE MISS PIROGI AND DOCTOR FAHRTE

YEAH. AND THE SPADE AND THE CHINK.



BIRTHS: "CASEY" DAUGHTER OF KIM DIETCH AND TRINA ROBBINS - CONGRATS

Dope? Schultz?

Dear EVO: Nobody here could make head or tails of Ray Schultz's article "SCOOP" last week. Now, we get our copy of the OTHER every week & one of the things we always look forward to read is Schultz because he always writes so a fellow can understand, like that Fred Buenzle article last month. That was a good article, and so was Kick Ass Junction, but we couldn't figure out that SCOOP business for the life of us. Is maybe Schultz taking some of that dope you people are always talking about? We always like Schultz here at the shop because he sounded like a good boy you could tip a glass with once in a while, but if he's going to go and get into that LSD shit you can forget about it. Why doesn't he do something more in his old vein, like review Bob Dylan's new album.

PS - Yossarian's cartoon strips are good, but he should show more tit. How about it?

Sincerely,
Andy at the Plant
Queens

Ed: We wouldn't allow Schultz to do anything important like review a Bob Dylan record. As for his drug habits, Schultz has never been known to drop a tab of acid, and many people consider him to be a fraud. But dig his kind words for the Mafia, this issue. That boy knows how to speak the lingo.

Dear EVO - Well, here I sit today pissed off because I'm not someone else or some sort of "folk-hero" type revolutionary, so I'd get memied into the earth's underground top of the cool people pile - or maybe just the reverse. Really, I'm sitting here pissed at Jerry, Abbie, Tim, John and all those other people who are the rhetoric creators for the youth. The youth just happens to have enough sense to tell them all to cram it up their respective ass holes by ignoring them in their usual "what's on television" attitude. John's too hung or words, Tim on dope, Abbie's too goddamn frivolous to really run the country, Jerry and all the rest are just regular people, and by that fact their stick their necks out without sticking their head out first pisses me off. We are all just regular people - when the fuck are they gonna learn to leave eliteism where it belongs, in some child's game. That's what always leads to the credentials and the uniforms and the "while he's not looking I'll steal a piece of his ego pie" attitude.

After reading the new *Seed* I wanted to kick all their respective ideas out the windows of their own heads so that they would have to see some of the new before they opened their goddamn mouths. Get mad at me if you wish, but I see John's scheme of a revolutionary society in terms of the MC-5 saying bullshit to it all and just trying to get a little more nooky before the bubble stops bubbling. Who the hell is going to live in Abbie's Woodstock Nation? Abbie can't himself. What kind of shit is all this brother business if people flock in droves to the Be-In's and

concerts to find fast fucks, get embraced on the street by old dope buddies, or try to scare up enough bread to split. WOW. What about the PEOPLE? All power to the people. What about Melvin Laird and the 200 million people he is supposed to represent?

If we're really right why not concentrate on convincing the straight people we're right; then they wouldn't be straight and we wouldn't have to look bip. Unsigned

Ed: Look. When you learn to write so somebody can understand you - or to think clearly enough so you can understand you, - then you can set to putting people down. Until then, seal your flap?

Noah As Revolutionary

Dear EVO - Our prophets have been reminding us for a long time that the cities, any city, are too far gone, for, as "everyone knows, this is nowhere." So, far those of you who are still here and have ears to listen, as did Noah, now is the time to move. The holocaust is indeed coming. We should have spent the winter in preparation for the summer. You should have been building that Ark, in oblivion to the ridicule or skepticism others may prick you with. But it's never too late to get moving. Realise how you fit in Nature's perfect pattern. Gather together your skills and possibly some money (you don't need much and it's best to handle the stuff as little as possible). Get a bus and gather in it your Family and any animals you've befriended along the way. Sail away this Summer going with the Flow. If you feel you need a destination the Mountain have always been holy places. They are High places if nothing else. Don't be concerned about what goes on in the Do-Diddle regular world. Before you leave, just keep singing this Song of God as loud as you can to turn on as many of our brothers and sisters as possible. Don't worry about the hows and whys of doing it, fake it... It will all come back to you once you start. Keep remembering to tune into the Magic and Luck that is all around for us to marvel at, but which we are prone to deny with Rational Science. And if ever you see on the street many clear-eyed people who seem intensely familiar to you, most likely you can smile and say to them, 'see you in the Mountains,' and I'll bet they almost always grin back in agreement!! Joyous sailing.

Call back to mind, if you will, the Bible story of Noah. It was in a time in history when Man was moving in ways so foreign and antithetical to Nature that She made apparent many omens and warnings for Man either to change his evil ways, or else. Noah, being a Good Man and Sensitive Soul and knowing his place in the Scheme of Things, had ears to listen to and eyes to see. Nature's warning. Other men probably heard and realised the shit that was going on; Noah is the only one whose leaving is recorded. So Noah took a look at what was going down and

decided that Mankind as a whole was making an effort to reverse itself. He was fully aware that this time Nature meant business - she was going to have to wreak her havoc on man in order to set herself in order. So Noah built himself an Ark, an Ark on dry ground. His neighbours thought him crazy. But he didn't let them drag him down. He gathered together his family & when the Flood (or whatever form the Holocaust finally took) came, they rode above it in the Ark. And when the flooding ended, Noah found his Ark on a mountain peak where they had been guided to using God's smile as a compass.

Now, look around you, at all the concern being voiced over how Man is moving against Nature. Once again Nature is screaming to us to find our place in her order and change the evil misdeeds we've been propagating for too long. But even though our concern with how we've fucked with Nature and polluted her seems to have come to a head, we are still doing nothing. We write books and do research which are only another kind of pollution and we have Earth Days to relieve our guilt feelings. Mankind as a whole is still feeling separate, if not even superior to Nature. Anonymous Buzz Bunny

Ed: Ah, but just a couple pages before that Noah rap in the Bible, we are told that, 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he them; male and female created he them. God blessed them and said unto them, 'Be fruitful and increase, fill the earth and subdue it, rule over the fish in the sea, the birds of heaven, and every living thing that moves upon the earth.' So obviously we complied with these directives, filled the earth right up to here with all sorts of our

shit, and now we have to run away to the mountains?

More Funny Stuff

Dear EVO,

Male chauvinism, sexism, imperialism and cultural nationalism is all we hear about these days in papers like EVO. Only occasionally do you read a writer who seems to be interested in "informing" the reader of something worth knowing, and such a writer was for quite a long time D.A. Latimer.

But now Latimer has penned this utterly ridiculous and vicious attack on Bill Graham. Why? Your paper might have had dealings with Graham, and you might have lost, but please - I beg you - give us the facts or hold your peace.

Latimer says about Graham: "I hate that crooked son of a bitch's guts and I wish he would get snuffed." What the hell is the sense of that? Remember, D.A., there are some of us here who work hard for the bread we spend at the Fillmore. We go there for fun and relaxation. We don't want to hear your mealy-mouthed revolutionary diatribe about Graham, who few of us ever get a chance to meet. If you want to do something, why not list a consumer's guide for records like they do in the Voice. That would be instructive and informative. Or better yet, write some more of your great stories about cartoons, or some funny stuff about your life. That would be great. But please, stop throwing this fucking revolutionary rhetoric at us. Some of us just don't have the time for it.

B.F.
Brooklyn

Ed: Latimer submits that he is chastened, but you must take this with a grain of salt: for we

have not seen him acting very chaste lately.

Dear EVO:

I have been expelled in 1965 from the Partito Comunista Italiano for "anarcho-syndicalism" and/or "Maoist tendencies."

Now I hear Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin are being thrown out of the Yippie! Party. WHO is the Yippie! Party? Fuck Yippies too and let us forget about the Revolution.

Love & Bullshit
Gianfranco Mantegna

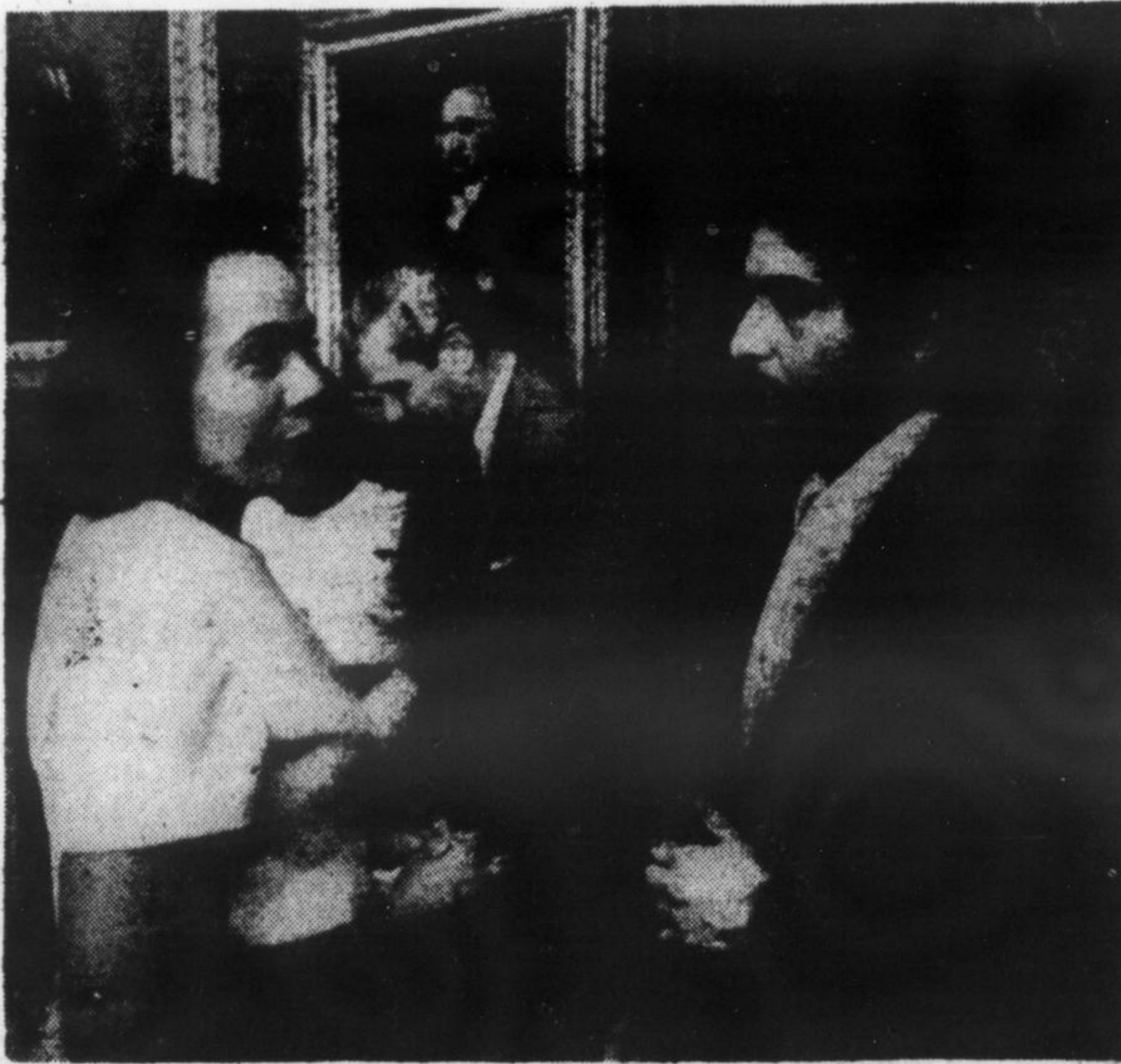
Ed: How about it?

EVO,

I'm not the letter-writing type but after reading "Poor Paranoid's Almanac" in your June 2 issue, I am moved to express my sympathies for PARANOID ALLEN KATZMAN! His analogy between Bill Graham's Fillmore and Hitler's concentration camps is irrational and irresponsible. It struck me as being directed at those mindless teeny-boppers who must read EVO when they are not busy doing their "herd instinct" number outside the Fillmore... and Allen Katzman was trying his hardest to fuck their minds just as surely as he accuses B.G. of doing the same. Pretty gross. Pretty untogether. AK... dig yourself. Diane Epstein

Ed: Gee, and I was just beginning to think he wasn't paranoid ENOUGH. Anyway, what'd you expect from a resident of Westbeth, the City's latest Concentration Camp? Although I hate to violate our newly-instituted moratorium on bad-mouthing Bill Graham, who isn't worth such a great waste of our energies, couldn't part of your letter apply to him as well: "Pretty gross. Pretty untogether. (BG)... dig yourself."

'GET BACK CORETTA'



COMPOSER BOB DYLAN GREET'S MRS. MARTIN LUTHER KING AT THE RECEPTION FOLLOWING THE OPENING OF MR. DYLAN'S MEISTERSINGER 2



Al Goldstein's great moment

New York's Criminal Courthouse Building at 100 Centre Street is a tall, imposing structure, a city-block square. Marble, tile and cinderblock. Jail cells behind each courtroom. Pimps in the hallways waiting to bail out their women. Piss stains on the marble floors. Blue-shirted Correction Department officers walking up and down the stairs with handcuffs clipped to their belts. Cops, cops with guns everywhere. And Al Goldstein, a Good-Jewish-Bo y-From-Forest Hills who made his fame and fortune in the Big City by publishing the pornzine SCREW, is standing in front of a courtroom having an urgent conference with two of his nine attorneys.

Nine attorneys???

Yes, the pudgy, bearded fellow with the corduroy double-breasted suit, the blonde goatee, and the pigskin Gucci shoes is here at 100 Center Street because some highminded guardian of public morality decided that SCREW was a dirty little rag — so criminally offensive that Al and his partner Jim Buckley are about to face a three judge panel on obscenity charges.

Goldstein's chief lawyer is Albert Gerber, a Philadelphia obscenity

specialist who once defended Lenny Bruce. "This is the building where they killed Lenny," Gerber says while craning his neck to take in the austere architecture. Al shakes his head reverently and is about to say something when he is tapped on the shoulder by a fat, red-bearded man sporting a madras jacket.

"Al... Al Goldstein," the man exclaims. "You remember me, dontchya? Donald Gray... Patrolman Donald Gray of the Public Morals Squad."

Sure, Al remembers Donald Gray. Why shouldn't he? Patrolman Gray is the one who engineered his arrest — set him up, booked him, printed him, the whole thing. Only thing a year ago, the first time he and Gray met, Gray was known as "Red Davis." The man came into his office posing as a newspaper distributor from South Jersey hungry — nay, starved — for erotic materials, desperate to bring SCREW to the Jersey swamplands. How could Al forget the man who brought with him six arrests, \$35,000 worth of legal bills, and an unending headache. Forget the man who nearly put his newspaper out of business? Never!!!

"Listen," Gray says, "I understand your lawyer

wrote a very famous book on censorship and pornography."

Goldstein makes a minimal nod, not yet sure how to respond to the man.

"Well," Gray continues, "you could really do me a BIG favor, old buddy. I have a kind of collection... you know... and I'd like it if you... uh... could arrange for Gerber to autograph me a copy of his book."

Goldstein looks at Gray as if he had just been asked to a private showing of a German officer's lampshade collection. But before he could sputter a response worthy of the occasion, a lawyer grabs Goldstein's arm and drags him into the courtroom.

Inside the chamber, Al joins his fellow prospective felon, Jim Buckley, at the defendant's table. Buckley, the former managing editor of the late NEW YORK FREE PRESS, arrived for his obscenity trial dressed in his best Sunday garments. Dark blue suit, white shirt, narrow tie. Jim Buckley? Nahhhh. Stephen Dedalus on the way to his mother's funeral.

would be worth it to defend the Bill of Rights.

Yes, Goldstein loves SCREW. He also loves the flashy red convertible the paper bought him. He loves his new West Village duplex apartment, his fancy office with the color television, his free invites to movie screenings, his popularity with groupies, and his celebrity status at his alma mata, Pace College. *I'm someone important now and for once I'm not a whore...*

Before the prosecution calls its first witness, lawyer Gerber approaches the three judges at the bench. "I move that this case be dismissed on the grounds that the New York State statute on obscenity is unconstitutional and in conflict with the First Amend..." "Denied!"

Though the motion has been turned down, the basis for an appeal to the Supreme Court has now been laid.

The first witness for the prosecution, the people's friend, Patrolman Donald Gray strides to the stand. D.A. Beckler wants to submit evidence of

year after the original arrests.

"Inadmissible," rules presiding Judge Ringel.

Al Gerber, suspecting that the six SCREW busts last year were motivated by the "Let's-Clean-Up-New-York" tone of the mayoralty campaign, wants to ask Gray about the history of the arrests.

"Who initiated the move to investigate SCREW newspaper?"

Gray looks over to the D.A. with one of those "Do I have to answer that question" looks. "Uh... nobody, sir. My job includes investigating prostitution, gambling and obscenity. The Police Department had received numerous complaints about the newspaper, so I went out and bought a few copies... to see if it really was obscene. I thought it might be and so I brought it to the Legal Department of the Police Department. They sent me to the District Attorney's office, who suggested that I take out warrants for the arrest of the defendants."

No conspiracy here, huh?

Next the prosecution produces Mr. Philip Capotore of the Bronx, who describes himself as a "pizzaman."

"A pizzaman?" Gerber asks incredulously.

"Yeah, I make pizzas."

Justice-Ringel is astounded. "Mr. Beckler, I thought your witness was a DOCTOR."

Beckler quickly explains that Mr. Capotore is there to testify on behalf of New York's silent majority. Not a doctor — an average citizen — a pizzaman.

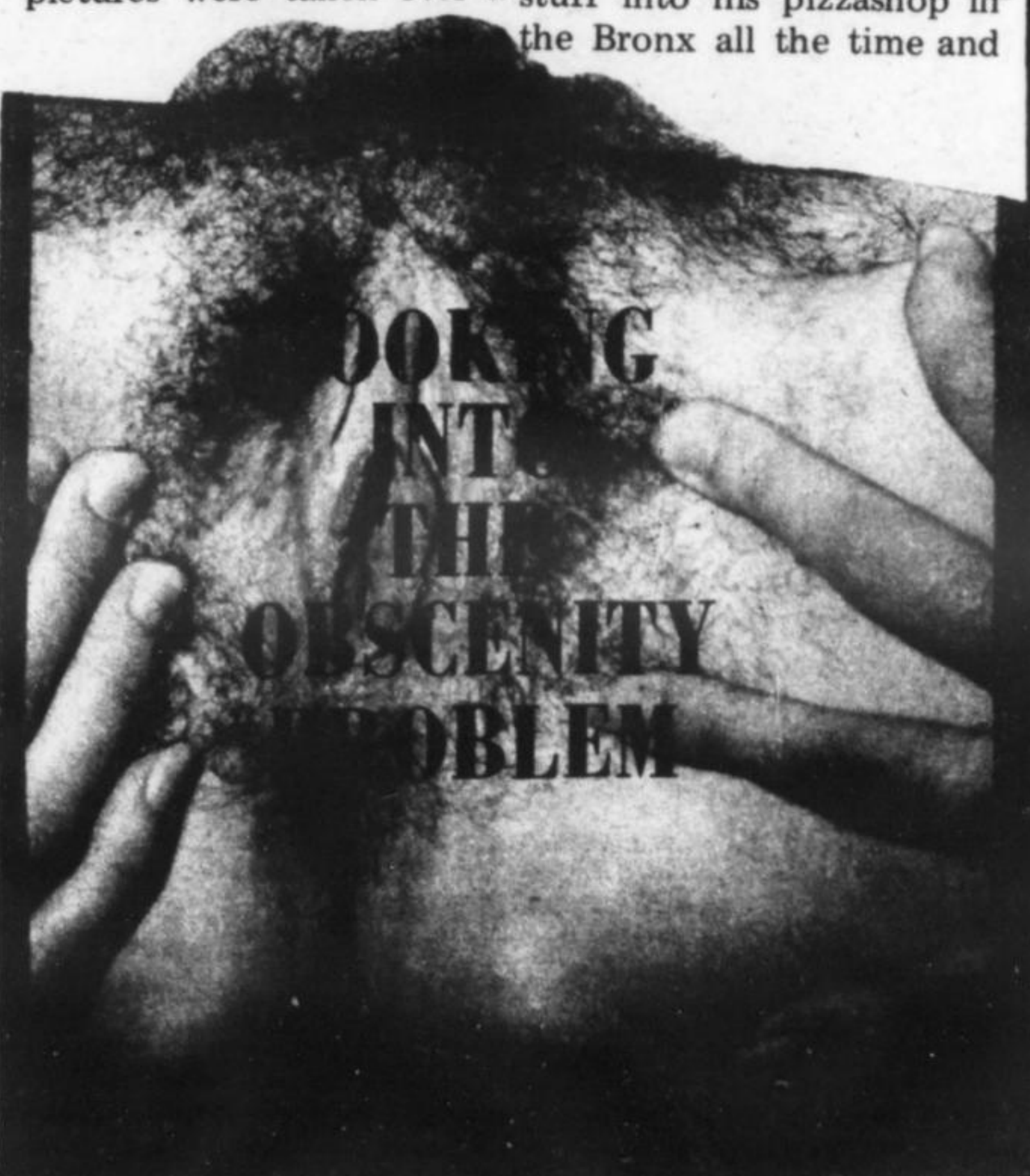
So Capotore gives his rap. Turns out he's a member of something called the "Committee to Control Obscentiy by Constitutional Means." He is very offended by SCREW and all the pornzines. People bring the stuff into his pizzashop in the Bronx all the time and

SCREW GOES TO COURT



Buckley flashes a V sign. "We're going to win this one." Al smiles back. In a private, demonic way this is a moment of glory for Goldstein. Though he is facing six years in a prison on six separate counts of obscenity, he is enjoying this moment. If you came from Queens and spent the past ten years of your life doing the shitwork — first as a cabdriver, then a union buster for the Bendix Corporation, then as a sex and sadism writer for an 8th rate tabloid — you'd enjoy this, too.

SCREW is the best thing that ever happened to Al. He believes the tabloid is liberating people by showing them sex in an open and frank way. He loves that damn paper. When the publishers of KISS and PLEASURE, two other pornzines busted with SCREW, decided to cop a guilty plea on the obscenity charges, Goldstein was furious. He wasn't going to accept any deals. He was going to fight this thing all the way up to the Supreme Court. It would cost him and Jim a bundle, but it





Dear Editor

Last fall I returned to New York after two years in London and points east, including Amsterdam. I specifically cite these two cities because both have pretty active women's liberation groups, and on returning "home" (according to my passport, anyway), I was curious about what their American counterparts were up to. Having followed the native feminists via the media, primarily in the non-Establishment or underground press, and talking with some of them in the past few months, I must say (at the risk of being labeled an "Aunt Tom") that I'm somewhat appalled by the peculiar approach of these women to their supposed "liberation." Especially disconcerting is their apparent lack of what one might call "socially redeeming features" . . . namely a pervasive sense of humourlessness, stridency, hostility and what strikes me as being a concerted collective agreement to make themselves as unattractive as possible. This is in sharp contrast to their feminist "sisters" abroad, but for the time being, I'll confine myself to what is happening here.

If full credit is often deflected from the genuine achievements of seriously focused women's groups (of particular example here is abortion reform; nobody seemed to take note of the defeated arguments of a firmly entrenched, predominantly Catholic anti-abortion faction by a strong and determined female opposition.) it is because 99% of the time less rational contingents have shown an uncanny ability to take an important issue and reduce it to absolute trivia simply by overloading their case with so much nonsense. They just don't know when or where (or how or why, for that matter) to stop.

The Grove Press incident was a very good case in point and illustrated how a worthy cause can get waylaid between the undiscerning mentality and the strangely politicized genitalia of the self-styled "liberated" women involved. Of course Grove Press (and any other publisher in a parallel situation) should be made to contribute a

major portion of its profits on the works of black and Latin American revolutionaries to improvement projects in the black and Spanish-speaking ghettos. If those demands had been set forth by the Black Panthers and the Young Lords, chances are there might have been positive results. Barney Rosset could have charged it off to Good Public Relations, gotten some good publicity for a change and been left in peace with his pornomabilia. But with the feminists in charge, these worthwhile demands were debased (to use one of their favourite terms) by being affixed to others that were patently ridiculous. Did those women really believe that an employer . . . any employer, least of all one whose fortune and reputation was erected (so to speak) on erotica and/or porn . . . should be held responsible for the care and cure of divorcees, widows, prostitutes, rape victims, those in need of abortions and all others bizarrely regarded by the libbies as "political prisoners of male chauvinism"? Is it any wonder that the besieged object of their assault opted to "liberate" himself by firing those who participated in the action ("activity" might better describe these tactics, since they generally give the impression of being the pastimes of schoolgirls in various stages of arrested development).

To women who really are liberated (and believe it or not, there are many of these) the feminist movement is a "down" trip: libbies hate men, their appearance and attitude is completely devoid of humour and, Holy '50's!, they're still concerned with being discriminated against in bars! (dope dealers don't discriminate. Turn 'on, tune in and come a long way, baby.) The so-called "new feminism," as practiced by the majority of its disciples, is dreary exhibitionism by obviously mis-laid females with such extreme identity crises, they don't seem to know their asses from their elbows . . . and judging from their outward hostility and aggressiveness, the elbows get most of their

attention.

Some Sundays ago there was a *Times* story on America's most liberated old lady, Margaret Mead, in which she was asked her opinion on the women's liberation movement: "I think what we're seeing is the result of frustration . . . Women's Liberation comes out of a career drive. It's essentially a middle-class movement." In a recent *Times* editorial authoress Jean Stafford expressed the heretical (for lib-chicks), but very sensible (to anti-libbs) view that sex was biological reality, not political dialectic, and still more recently folk-singer Joan Baez opined in the *Post*, in effect, that the women's liberation movement was "a political bum-trip." A couple of months ago your paper ran an anti-lib article by Renfreu Neff, and though at the time I thought it might leave itself open to accusations of "male chauvinism," I was in complete agreement with the argument set down against the feminists. I have since been informed that Renfreu Neff is in fact a member of the female sex, a pleasant surprise, because her articles indicate that she is quite liberated in her thinking, which is really where liberation begins.

Unfortunately most of those in the feminist camp fail to understand that . . . that no body, male or female, can truly be liberated until the mind and spirit have first been freed. An unenlightened, constricted mind in a "liberated" body is just another type of neurotic personality, one that devours its creative energies in its convoluted search for identity. That's why Miss Baez is justified in calling the politics of feminism a bum trip; they are tediously holding a mirror up to our most uninspired and depressing traits, reflecting an image that is unproductive and unimaginative and blaming the masculine sex for their own lack of initiative and self-imposed oppression.

Lesbianism or simply not liking male companionship is all right, too, if that's an honest choice, in which case it should not be concealed with dishonest

excuses and false political (irrational) rationale. Now risking being labelled "racist" or "anti-semitic," female homosexuality may be a valid speculation in regard to gentile feminists more so than in their Jewish counterparts, simply due to conventionally recognized differences in cultural and background influences, psychological motivation, etc., etc., all of which create different sexual attitudes. But this is all a part of that mental and spiritual liberation, and it's just a matter of leveling with yourself, because nobody else gives a damn who or what you sleep with. Besides when the feminists declare that rape is a "political crime," there's a certain truth to the notion that bedfellows make strange politics.

From the standpoint of the non-Establishment press and underground media presumably dedicated to radical issues, it is also amazing to read what passes for "news" from the women's liberation front. There appears to be a collusion of libbies who participate in pointless activities and then fastidiously chronicle them as if these events were of interest to anyone but themselves. Last week the *Village Voice* and your paper carried almost identical stories by Robin Reisig and Claudia Driefus, respectively, on the parts they played in the "integration" of some mid-town bars that ban women patrons without male escorts. The *Voice* has enough space to spare for this sort of thing, but one would hope for EVO to take a more selective and revolutionary stance. Aside from the hypocrisy and "cuteness" evidenced, it would be useful for your reporter (as well as the *Voice's*) to be informed that the Plaza's Oak Room, an all-male preserve during the day, does admit women after 6:00 PM (Regarding *Playboy*, another favourite feminist whipping boy, your same reporter should be informed that, contrary to her tantrum in an earlier issue, that magazine has been accepting pieces by women writers since last fall.) . . . definitely not at 11:00 AM when her contingent of socially enslaved Girl Scouts set out on their field trip. Of course, they still must be escorted by a man, but women who want to hang out in bars are certainly not at loss, day or night, for booze-happy male

companions to drag them in. Do serious "revolutionaries" get up on a Saturday morning to integrate bars? Would women with anything better to do really aspire to drinking in McSorley's or any of the places under attack by this group?

Throughout their gleeful accounts, both Misses Reisig and Driefus coyly insist that their objective wasn't the drink, it was "the cause." How superficial, how foolish, how sad that no better "cause" did not suggest itself. They give the impression of being as idle and empty-headed as the middle-class housewives they would presume to "liberate." Staging their attack on hostilities they admit to not being able to afford should they be served shows an embarrassing need for attention and a striving equal to that of the much-maligned socially insecure, unfulfilled female who has been brainwashed by the male chauvinist society, etc., etc., ad nauseam. If this exemplifies what the feminists are up to in New York, their movement is terribly mismanaged and a security blanket for neurotics who have no understanding either of their own femininity or of their unplumbed potential as free and beautiful human beings.

I have been told to expect a number of books by feminist writers in the fall. If the newspaper and magazine articles to date are an indication of what to anticipate (Remember Susan Brownmiller before her lib involvement . . . when she was a fairly good writer?), I am left to suspect that publishers (like so many libbies themselves) have recognized a safer trend than other revolutionary factions with heavier political substance, a way to make a few shrinking dollars without upsetting book buyers too much. You don't need a Weatherman (or woman) to tell you there are more women than militants in the consumer population. I suppose, and the politics of Madison Avenue have proved, that the best way to dispose of a badly assembled commodity is to turn it into a popular fad ("co-opting" in lib terms), and if such is still possible in present economic circumstances, the women's liberation movement might turn out to have been this year's hula hoop.

Jane Austen-Douglas

HITCHHIKING IN NEW YORK

by Jackie Friedrich

It's obvious that we are living in a jungle, and it is becoming more and more obvious: that the meanest amongst us will be the only ones to survive if we continue to live in helpless vulnerability, isolated from each other, thinking that there's nothing we can do. Even muggers and rapists make out better than we do because they exist in harmony with the laws of this jungle and we are the prey.

In order to survive in this jungle, we must come together on a practical and not merely ideological basis. We can no longer afford to turn our stereos higher when we hear screams.

One small way I have found of coming together and helping each other out is in the area of transportation — hitchhiking. With the rise of transit fares, it costs a lot to go places in this city, and frequently, the means of transportation never even arrives.

Late at night it's practically impossible to catch a bus or a subway. And, at any time, if you arrive at a bus stop just as the doors of the bus are closing, more often than not, the driver will refuse to open the doors for you.

Mass transportation is an insult. The prices are exorbitant. The transportation modules themselves are always in some state of disrepair. They are horrendously ugly (Who gets the money from all those ads in the cars? That money could certainly make transportation free for all of us.) And damned inconvenient in terms of getting to the particular means of transportation and then waiting for it.

By using your common sense, it's obvious that you are most likely to be given rides by long hairs, so the best places to thumb rides would be on the lower east side up to fourteenth street, the west village, and perhaps around Columbia (although I haven't tried that area yet.) Also, at any large congregation of freaks, say around Central Park on the weekends, you are bound to find a ride to take you where you're going.

You're left with the possibilities of walking or taking a cab, but often you don't have the time or inclination to walk from Central Park to the Lower East Side, or the money to take a cab. The only solution is to hitchhike. It is not only a pleasant way of travelling, but a practical way of protesting the limited choices given us by the powers that be. (If enough people stopped using mass transportation there'd really be a recession.)

If you happen to be uptown around 5:00, you can usually get a ride from closet freaks who are in the process of leaving their jobs. They generally have cars to transport them to Brooklyn or points beyond.

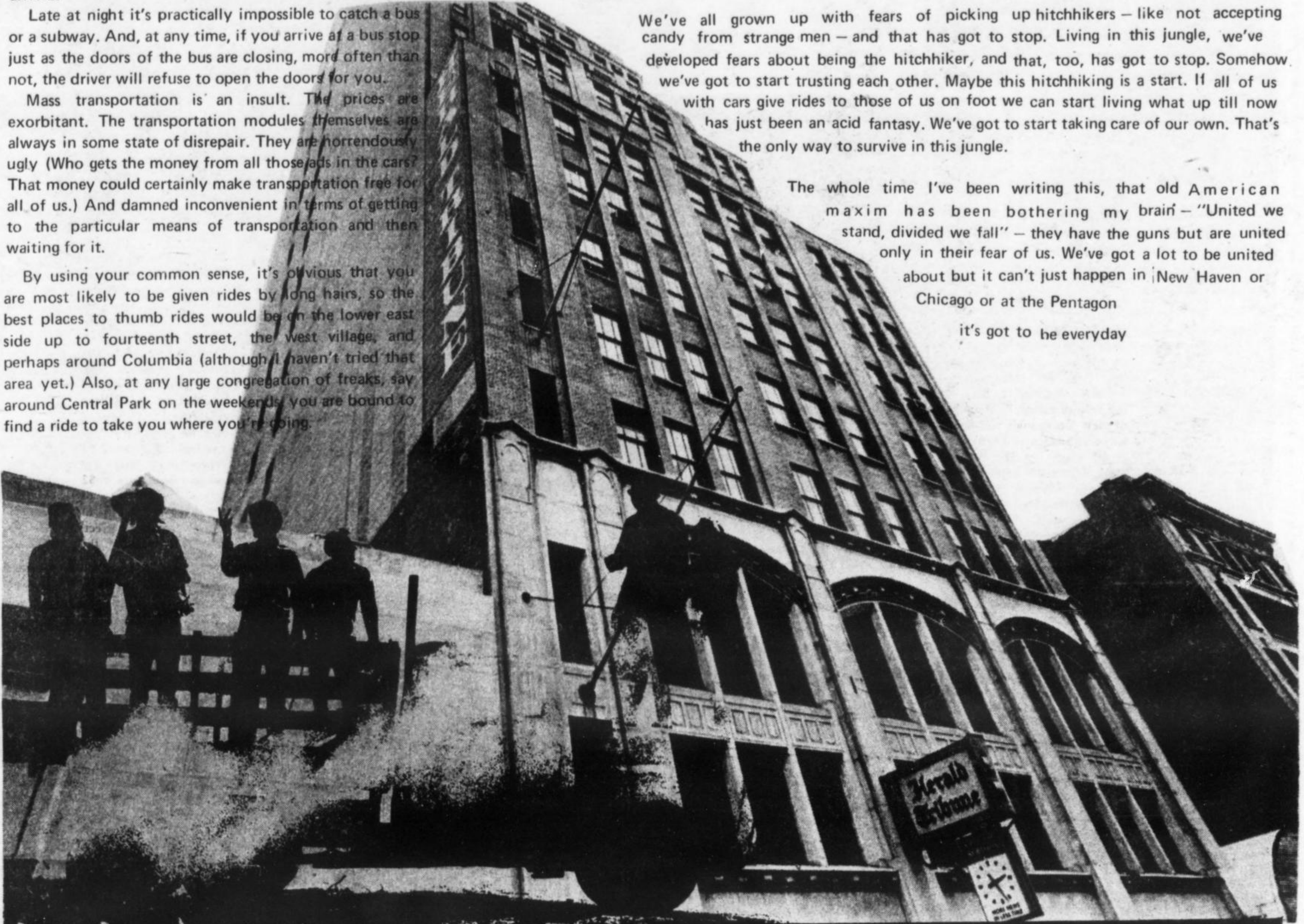
I don't know why, but I always look out for Volkswagens. It seems that people with Volkswagens — especially buses — are the most willing to give rides.

But, certain prejudices do come out while thumbing rides. I really look for long hairs and people with flowers or peace symbols on their cars. I've met some nice people that way. Aside from freaks, I look for couples or chicks but find I mostly get rides from guys. I've met some nice people that way, too. I've turned down rides from cars with three or more construction worker types in them and American flags in the windows. I'm not sure whether that's a prejudice or just avoiding what might turn into a bad situation.

Sometimes straight people give you rides. Never when they're alone and never when there's more than one of you, unless they've had a hitchhiking past. Usually they just ignore that you're out there thumbing.

We've all grown up with fears of picking up hitchhikers — like not accepting candy from strange men — and that has got to stop. Living in this jungle, we've developed fears about being the hitchhiker, and that, too, has got to stop. Somehow we've got to start trusting each other. Maybe this hitchhiking is a start. If all of us with cars give rides to those of us on foot we can start living what up till now has just been an acid fantasy. We've got to start taking care of our own. That's the only way to survive in this jungle.

The whole time I've been writing this, that old American maxim has been bothering my brain — "United we stand, divided we fall" — they have the guns but are united only in their fear of us. We've got a lot to be united about but it can't just happen in New Haven or Chicago or at the Pentagon
it's got to be everyday



Special Bulletin

NIXON ORDERS U. S. TROOPS INTO CAMBODIA
CLASSIFIED TESTIMONY REVEALS U. S. INVOLVEMENT IN LAOS
NATIONAL GUARD KILLS 4, WOUNDS 11 AT KENT STATE
350 COLLEGES ON STRIKE ACROSS THE NATION
U. S. RESUMES BOMBING OF NORTH VIETNAM

Several months ago, in answer to criticism of the administration, Attorney General John Mitchell said, "Watch what we do, not what we say." These headlines tell the story; we are not fooled by Nixon's words of "conciliation". We know that as dissent and protest grow, there will be more conspiracy indictments, more harassment of men and women who protest within the armed forces, and more indictments of those who conscientiously refuse to participate in the administration's campaign of violence in Southeast Asia. The demands on CLLDF's limited resources are already increasing. We need your support now more than ever.

Joe Tonda

Raymond Smith

Julian Bond

Why fight, when you can teach peace. Why don't museums get wise and let the artists in, to fight for peace and against war, instead of giving them "Law and Order" suggestion how to conduct themselves in the information centers on the ground floors of the museums of New York City, to fight against "Racism, Sexism, Repression and WAR." The Jewish Museum gave the artists permission to install an information table, but they rejected certain informative materials, especially some publications of the Black Panthers. The Jewish Museum is trying to censor communication. Art now enters a new phase. In the future Art will be the political information on truth. What happened since about four weeks in the galleries and museums of New York is a new Art Form. Only a few are aware that this is really the new Art. In the coming year this kind of Information-Art will be the one in which America will be again a leading force. It is here in America where the issues on Racism and repression, sexism and war are fought out... they are fought out in a typical American way. Being a witness to the last happenings in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where the American Association of Museums, AAM, had been holding their yearly convention, one could feel the power and the vitality of the Artists on Strike, and it was put into action like a new kind of ARTFORM. For every curator and museum director attending the meetings to watch. One can only hope that they will learn a lesson. Because this "interference" with the help of action by the Artists of New York, male and female, white and black and brown, and in all shades of the rainbows, must have made an impression. The old times of L'Art pour L'Art, aesthetics for aesthetics sake are over. Artists today, young artists of today are very alive, very strong, very daring and very courageous. They dare to take the microphones in their own hands, attending uninvited the symposium in the Brooklyn Museum, speaking out before the culture-bosses who came to

New York to see the "ART" of our monster-culture-city, and they produced an Art Guerrilla Theater, with a walkout of the Blacks and the Puerto Ricans, because they didn't like the reaction of John Hightower, who presided the panel. In the four days of talk in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel's Gold Room, which had been set up by AAM especially for the artists of AWC and ART Strike, seven proposals had been worked out. Only Proposal nr. ONE got voted on. Here it is:

"We the delegates of the 1970 A.A.M. Conference resolve: To form a national workshop conference to include A.A.M. members, artists, art workers, and community people throughout the U.S. with the purpose of examining the responsibility of institutions with regard to racism, sexism, repression, and war, and determining ways in which they can relate constructively to daily changes amid growing stresses in our culture. It is hoped that the Metropolitan Museum will be one of the hosts to this convention in October 1970."

In order to get Point One voted on by the reactionary forces of convention-visitors from all over the country, they had to be convinced of the urgency of the proposals. I think that we owe a great deal for the positive vote on the first point of the seven proposals to the charismatic talk of black painter Art Coppechi. He is a born public speaker, who convinces everybody of his honesty and human good will.

To talk of good will. In the last meeting of Artists on Strike it seemed that everybody really fought everybody else, on tactics and procedures, how the issues against racism, repression, sexism, and war should be dealt with, in order to accomplish change in the future. If the artists can't become a unity and a positive force, if they will go on bickering around and calling each other names, the enemy will win the game. To use up one's energy in meetings, where hours are wasted with rhetoric and parliamentary motions, votes, discussions, and fights, is

Teach Art -- ACTION by lil Picard



senseless and childish. This energy could be used to create ideas for groundfloor information activities, which are now planned for the summer month in the Whitney Museum, the Guggenheim, the Metropolitan Museum, N.Y. Cultural Center and the Museum of Modern Art. During the last Meeting in Museum some of the AWC artists came out with certain valid ideas. Public participation, involving museum visitors to act together with artists like Yvonne Rainer in ANTI-WAR-RACISM-Repression and sexism action events, and setting up screenprint workshops to be used by the public to create political posters. My own suggestion is the use of tape interviews with the museum visitors, questioning the people about their ideas on the issues and playing back the tapes.

Those interviews and confrontations on the daily events should be conducted before walls, where photos and pamphlets are displayed, and the questions should be related to the visuals. F.I. War-photos, newspaper clippings, etc. Up to now the museums are not yet convinced about the urgency of those issues in the NEW ART STYLE. They don't understand yet, that this will be the teach-ins for PEACE. We need teach-ins, to avoid the destruction of a simmering civil war. We have to save the world for mankind and humanity. We should not waste time much longer.

Destroy to Free the Panthers.

At the Reese Palley Gallery Armand was sawing or cutting objects in two, as a Destruction-Action-Event to

help the Black Panther Defense Fund. The committee to defend the Panthers had been setting a low price and was selling immediately the cut objects to art collectors. Rauschenberg telephoned and offered a check of \$500, asking Armand to cut the telephone message. The artist Bob Watts brought a fresh egg in a basket to the Gallery and Armand first drank the egg's liquid, then he managed to cut the egg in two and also the basket. There were many cut violins, prices ranged from \$2 for a diagonal cut photo of XNIXONX, documentation of artist Barry Bryant's Street, stencilled work before the entrance of Momo, to \$1000 for very large pieces. The Defense Fund got over \$4000 - through destruction work by an artist who knows how to destroy for peace.

INTERGALACTIC UNION DOPOGRAM

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

Hi Brothers and Sisters,

Next weekend when there will be a full moon and Midsummer night at the same time, more people will take LSD than probably any other weekend of the year. Whether you see the sunset on top of the Empire State Building or sit in your apartment and dive into yourself, whether on top of a mountain, at sea, or in the desert, some time during your trip ask, What is it all about.

Timothy Leary divides this what is it all about? into seven basic spiritual questions.

- 1. The Ultimate Power Question**
What is the basic energy underlying the Universe, the ultimate power that moves the galaxies and nucleus of the atom? Where did it all begin? What is the Cosmic Plan?
- 2. The Life Question**
What is life? Where and how did it begin? How is it evolving? Where is it going? Genesis, Biology, Evolution, Genetics.
- 3. The Human Question**
Who is man? Whence did he come? What is his structure and function? Anatomy and Physiology.
- 4. The Awareness Question**
How does man sense, experience, know? Epistemology, Neurology.
- 5. The Eagle Question**
Who am I? What is my spiritual, psychological, social place in the plan? What should I do about it? Social Psychology.
- 6. The Emotional Question**
What should I feel about it? Psychiatry, Personality, Psychology.
- 7. The Ultimate Escape Question**
How do get out of it? Anesthesiology (Amateur and Professional), Eschatology.

While one may disagree with the wording, most thoughtful people, philosophers or not can agree on something like this list of basic issues. Most of the great religious statements speaks directly to these questions. The answers we will find over this weekend will be a major force of change on this planet. OM.

NEWS: Hash drought continues...large quantities of super and medium grass around, but beware of bad shit...the best way to coerce importers to bring quality goods is to refuse to buy inferior goods. Acid, Mescaline and Coke plentiful.



GUERRILLA RIPOFFFF

TO EVO:

Thank you for putting in that ad about a free concert on Sunday, June 7, 1970, 11 pm, Lincoln Center Plaza. After bassling for money to get there, and bassling there at night on 2 wrong trains, finally getting there and finding out it was a lie, then having to hassle all the way home. Getting the sbit kicked out of me by my father for coming in at 4am. All for nothing, because I had some faith in your publication. It is now resolved that you suck farts out of movie seats. Your mother eats seagull sbit, and you're a stupid fucked up scumbag for blowing my head Sunday night.

Fuck You Sincerely,
James A. See

TWO WEEKS AGO, EVO RAN AN AD ANNOUNCING A FREE CONCERT AT THE LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA FOLLOWING THE WHO'S PERFORMANCE OF "TOMMY" INSIDE. THE AD SAID COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH, THE GRATEFUL DEAD AND THE AIRPLANE WOULD BE THERE. IT ALSO SAID "EVERYBODY COME."

A few hundred of those people who had not heard the radio announcements that the ad was fraudulently placed in EVO actually showed up. When they got there, they found out they had been taken, used, duped. We found out when the papers came back from the printer and were already being distributed. We called all the radio stations for help. A few, like WBAI, spread the word that the ad was a phoney. The ad went in the paper on paste-up night and was not caught.

THE AD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH EVO. ITS INTENT WAS TO USE OUR READERS IN A "GUERRILLA" ACTION BY A GROUP CALLING ITSELF "THE GUERRILLA THEATRE COORDINATING COMMITTEE." THEY WANTED TO USE YOU TO TAKE OVER - I GUESS THE WORD IS "LIBERATE" - LINCOLN CENTER. THEY WANTED THOUSANDS OUTSIDE TO JOIN THE THOUSANDS

INSIDE THE "TOMMY" OPERA TO DO THEIR THING.

There is absolutely no way to justify the use of people through fraud and deceit. This group refuses to identify itself, and except for the EVO "insider" who put the ad in the paper, I can't say I blame them. They may think that they are Cultural Anarchists or whatever who find it quite legitimate to use people for what might be righteous causes, but they are no fucking better than the Nixons and the Mitchells and the Agnews and the fucking generals and corporations who are sending our young brothers to die in their fucking wars. Power crazy politicians use people. They suck. The Guerrilla Theatre Coordinating Committee uses people. It sucks.

WE APOLOGIZE TO THOSE READERS WHO WERE TAKEN IN, MANY OF WHOM RISKED THEIR LIVES DRIVING INTO NEW YORK ON OUR DANGEROUS HIGHWAYS. WE ALSO APOLOGIZE TO THE GROUPS MENTIONED IN THE AD. EVERYBODY RIPS OFF THE MUSICIANS, IT SEEMS, AND IN THE END WE ALL PAY FOR IT.

E.V.O.

REBEARTH- THE LAWS AND GAIN OF SELFCONTROL

a fable (no doubt?)... there once was an emperor who was very rich and very powerful. he ruled over all those in his vast empire, and anything he wanted was his. one day he decided he would have a new wardrobe. he called upon the best tailor in the land, CYRIL FATE, to design it. FATE was a very crafty fellow, and he knew that the emperor was very credulous. he decided he would sell the emperor nothing, and tell him it was a very fine fabric, that only royalty could see. the emperor, of course, believed this. when the emperor wore his newly begotten attire, his subjects were initially shocked, but afraid to say anything lest they be anatomically deleted for contradicting the emperor. he came to be so fond of his new outfit, that he made it the official outfit for all kings and emperors to come after him. and so it was, that all royalty paraded about in that most extraordinarily bare fashion, never suspecting the same. the subjects too adjusted to this unnatural occurrence, until one day a very young lad who knew nothing of fear, or propriety, or of the "importance of the way things have always been," told the emperor of the strange deviancy...

throughout the above time span, there were a growing number of machines whose sole function was to create other machines (with the same function). these machines had the option to, by their own choice, have VISION. this machine... this unit... i... exercise that option. "my" emperor, "my" president, mr nixon, pantsdown, you are unclothed, naked before the world. fear of punishment cannot keep me from telling of your strange deviancy, your self-deception, for the fear of punishment incurred by remaining silent is untold times greater. i hereby call the bluff of FATE and its ignorant pawns, personified by mr nixon and the officials of the government of america and the governments of the world.

I DECLARE, HEREBY, FREE, MY MIND AND BODY OF THE JURISDICTION OF MY

SELF-APPOINTED SUPERIORS, i hereby rescind and renounce my IMMORALLY IMPOSED citizenship in the united states of america and declare myself a FREE UNIT in the lascivoid universe, tax-exempt, and superior to all legal documents, statistics, vestigial traditions, and any amount of any measure, e.g.: dollars-cents, felon-misdemeanor, left-right, or good-bad.

without my DIRECT consent, i must accept as an attack, verily a declaration of war against my person: the imposition, amelioration, repression, or prevention of my: conception, contraception, perception, liberation, orientation, indoctrination, aspiration, imagination, hallucination, fornication, titilation, elation, infatuation, respiration, salivation, salvation, regurgitation, palpitation, constipation, defecation, incarnation, incarceration, apprehension, condescension, invention, or expiration.

the REVOLUTION OF LIFE (the miracle: vision where there is none, through the black void of an iris; the miracle: piercing cries of feigned smiles, the frightening absurdities of armed trust, premeditated honesty, and the emotion of money as the reason for most to go on living) is the might with which i make this declaration. LIFE is now only latent, and shall remain so until the spermgerm of humanity in the TESTICLEARTH shall emiss into FORNEVERNESS, in quest of ovary, to fertilize and gestate unto absolute and undisputed KNOWLEDGE, GODBLISS, JOYNT-UNION.

so starts a new age of prophets, EMISSIONARIES, known to whom is the fact that life is forever, ending only by its own choice. EMISSIONARIES must care for the spermgerm HUMANITY, that ultimately will infest all space. we are all brothers under the sin, under the hate. we must all seek a god whose poetry is always rhyming harmonious smiling.

gentleness of the verdict, you have reached a jury! (TK)



It couldn't have been over sixty degrees on those cold days of January 3rd and 4th, 1969. Cold? Sixty degree temperature, cold? January is mid-season for the monsoons. The temperature ranges from one hundred to one hundred and thirty degrees in June through August in some northern sections of South Vietnam. The G.I.'s of Delta Company, 4/31, 196th Light Infantry Brigade, of the Americals Division, were unprepared for such a drop in temperature. Shirts, pants and ponchos were the only clothing we were issued, and these were no protection against the constant rain and cold winds. We were working in an area of operation called "Happy Valley," which is about twenty miles below the DMZ.

On the morning of January 3rd, 5:00 a.m., the men of the Delta Company were to start mission Number 999. A few days earlier the men were high in morale after receiving a hot Christmas meal and many packages from home. Now we were getting ready for another mission. The men once again tended their flesh-rotting feet from the rain by wiping their feet dry, only to have the rain soak them once again a few seconds later. The medics bandaged their feet while one or two men kept the leeches away. It was another one of those pitch black mornings in the jungle. The men scattered about finding their belongings, their sleeping gear in order to pack up and move out. A few men drank cold coffee, for no fires were to be lit in the dark. The medics packed up a few more feet and gave out malaria and salt tablets. The Captain passed the word on his radio that it was time to move out, and in turn the command went through to the platoon radios, and finally to individual squads of the three platoons.

The mission was a sweep through a village; the name, if it had one, was unimportant since we had walked through hundreds before that one. Delta and Alfa companies circled the village, while Charlie company moved in to drive the enemy into "the wall." It was a routine mission except it was no routine mission for me. Alfa company reported rifle fire from within the village, so Delta company was sent in to find the snipers. The 1st platoon walked "point," with my squad, the 1st squad, taking the lead of the column. The Platoon Sergeant was first in line with the Platoon Lieutenant, his radio man, a rifle man and myself. The five of us were sent about 100 meters ahead of the rest of the company as a point squad. We walked on a road which cut the village in half. Both sides had long hedge lines stretching out down the road. By that time the snipers had stopped firing. We walked and walked until finally

Happy Valley

by Steve Keisman



my friend Bailey in front of me spun to the left of the road and fired his rifle through the hedge line while cursing out loud. In a split second, all five of us quite literally "hugged the dirt." We were on one side of the hedgeline, and God knew what was behind the other side some ten feet away. We did know, however, that a tunnel complex ran the whole length of the hedge line, so the enemy would probably be crouched inside those

tunnels. Bailey shouted to the Lieutenant that VC were behind the hedge, and a second later heaved grenades over with our fingers in our ears. There was a body count of one VC about 19 years of age.

No one said anything, but instead turned away and stared—out—anywhere, out into the greyish sky, the muddy ground, and finally into one another's eyes. I spit on the ground again and again, and thought to myself: his

parents, what would they think if they knew? They'll never find out the truth, thank God. They can't.

On January 4th, once again the 1st Squad was "appointed" for another mission; this time to look for the poor missing soul from Charlie company. We walked for an hour and found a pair of combat boots and a helmet. We knew then, that the search was all in vain. We walked a bit further and found him. He was about nineteen years old, with sandy colored hair. He was lying on his back nude, with a bullet lodged in his neck. The medic turned the body over and gazed at it in awe. His back was stripped of its flesh, from his neck down to his ankles. His hands were clasped tightly with dirt and blades of grass, and his stomach was a sickly bluish in color. "He was skinned alive," the medic said.

The captain was very proud of his "grunts" (slang for infantry man). I smoked quite heavily right after that incident, but I smoked even more after Bailey told me that the dead VC had his carbine pointed at me.

We headed back to the rest of the company and received word that Charlie Company was helicoptered back to their N.D.P. (night defensive position). They discovered that one of their men had disappeared, but because of the Captain's orders to go back to the N.D.P. to receive a hot meal and mail, a search team was not formed. Apparently, the need to receive a hot meal and mail was more important to them than saving a life.

I've been back from Nam for a year now, and it greatly disturbs me that very few infantrymen have given accounts of their part in the war. The infantryman is the one who does most of the fighting, and is the one who suffers the most, excluding, of course, the N.V.A. and VC fighting men and most important, the thousands and thousands of South Vietnamese peasants who are caught in the middle, who are slaughtered by both sides. Come on men, let them know what war's about back home. A war which transforms men into animals, due to the

lousy heat, the walking with 40 or 60 pounds on your back, the incessant amount of orders drilled into heads, and the intense desire to survive it all.

The infantryman knows the war, not some pig colonel, not some sympathetic demonstrator, not the pig Nixon. No one knows it except the men who must face one another. Remember that a picture is worth a thousand words, and we all (the infantrymen) have seen thousands of "pictures."

So speak out like I've done. Tell them what you've seen, heard and done in big, funtabulous Vietnam.

V

Victory
Beethoven's
Fifth Symphony

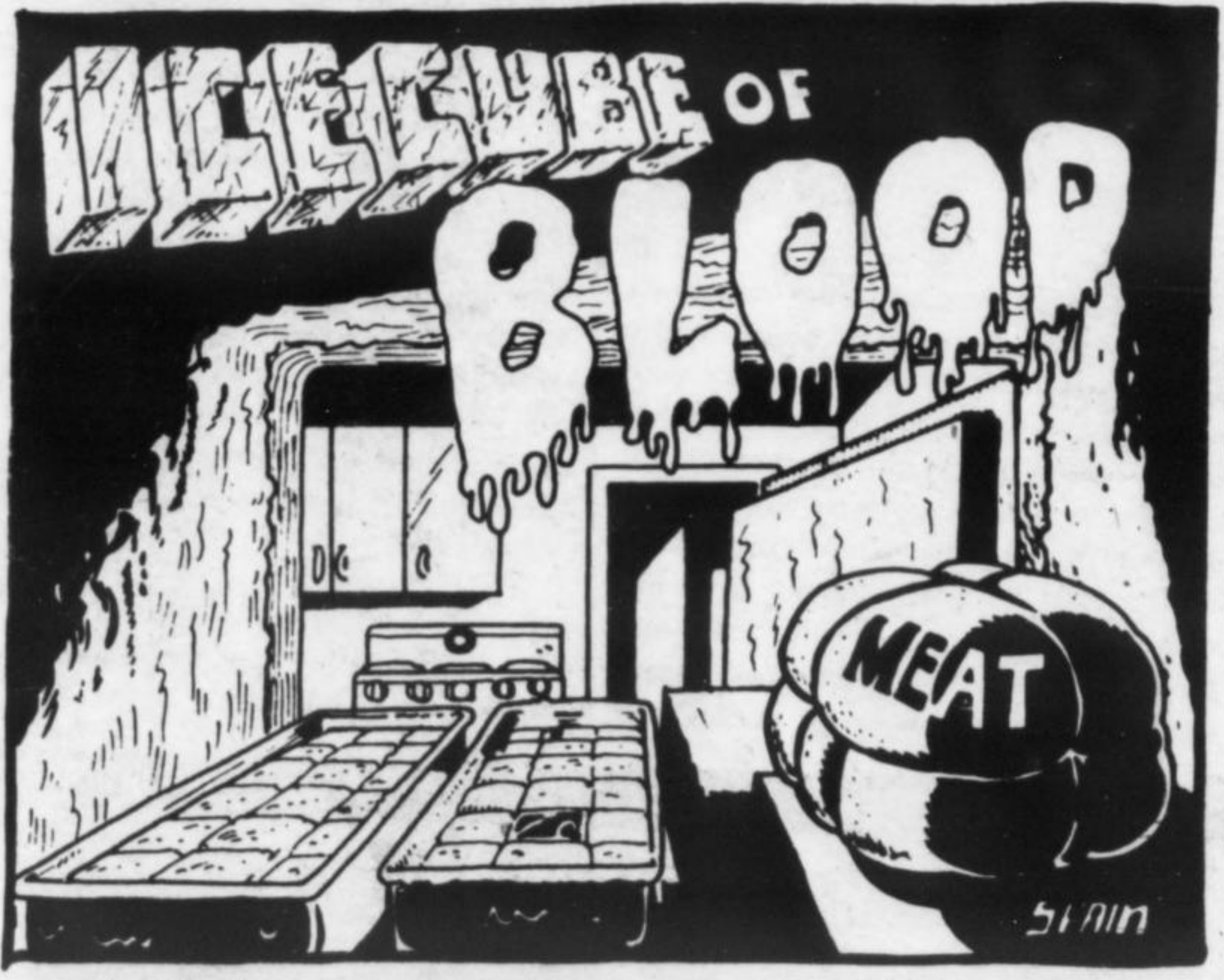
TERROR IN THE END MORNING

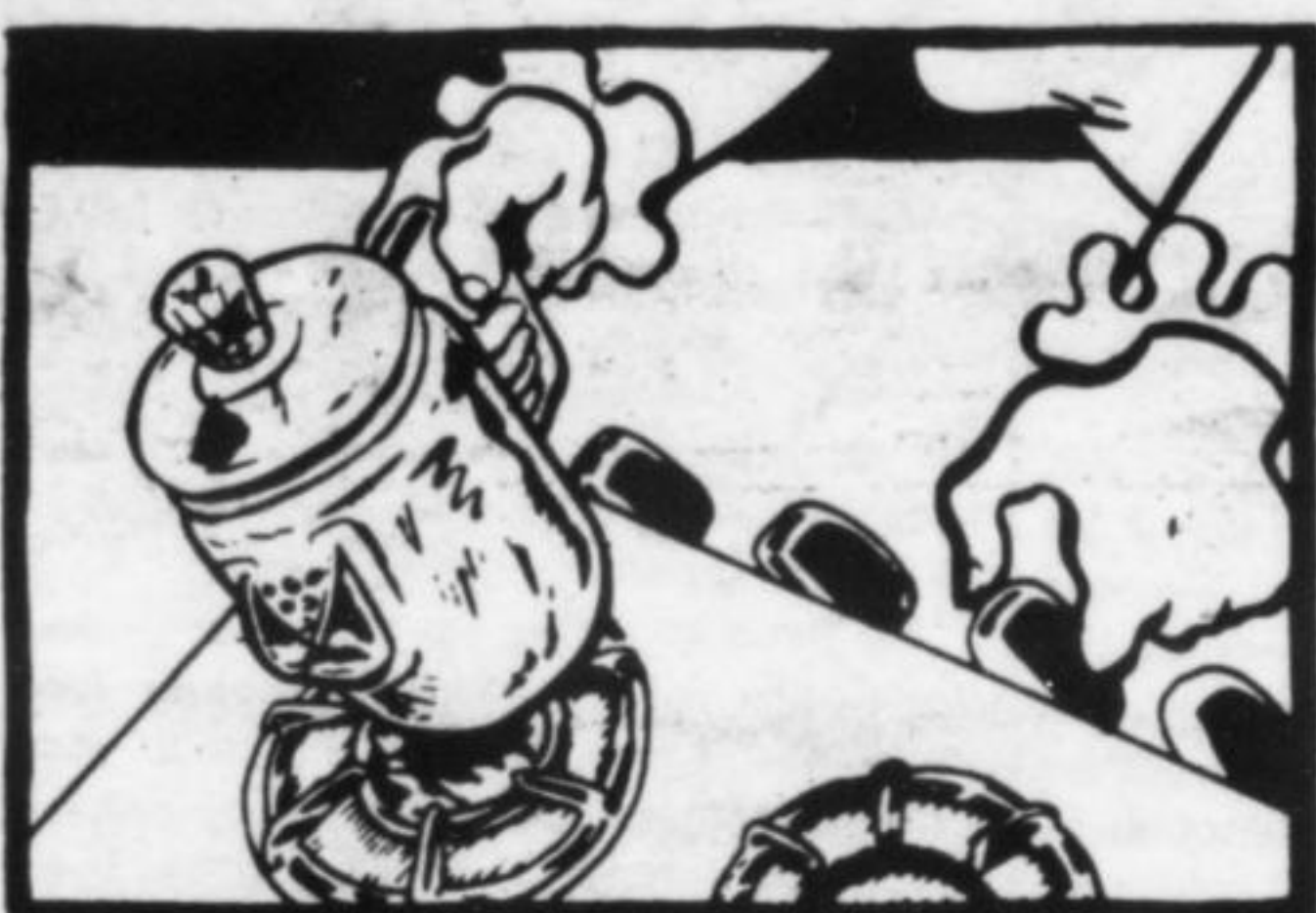
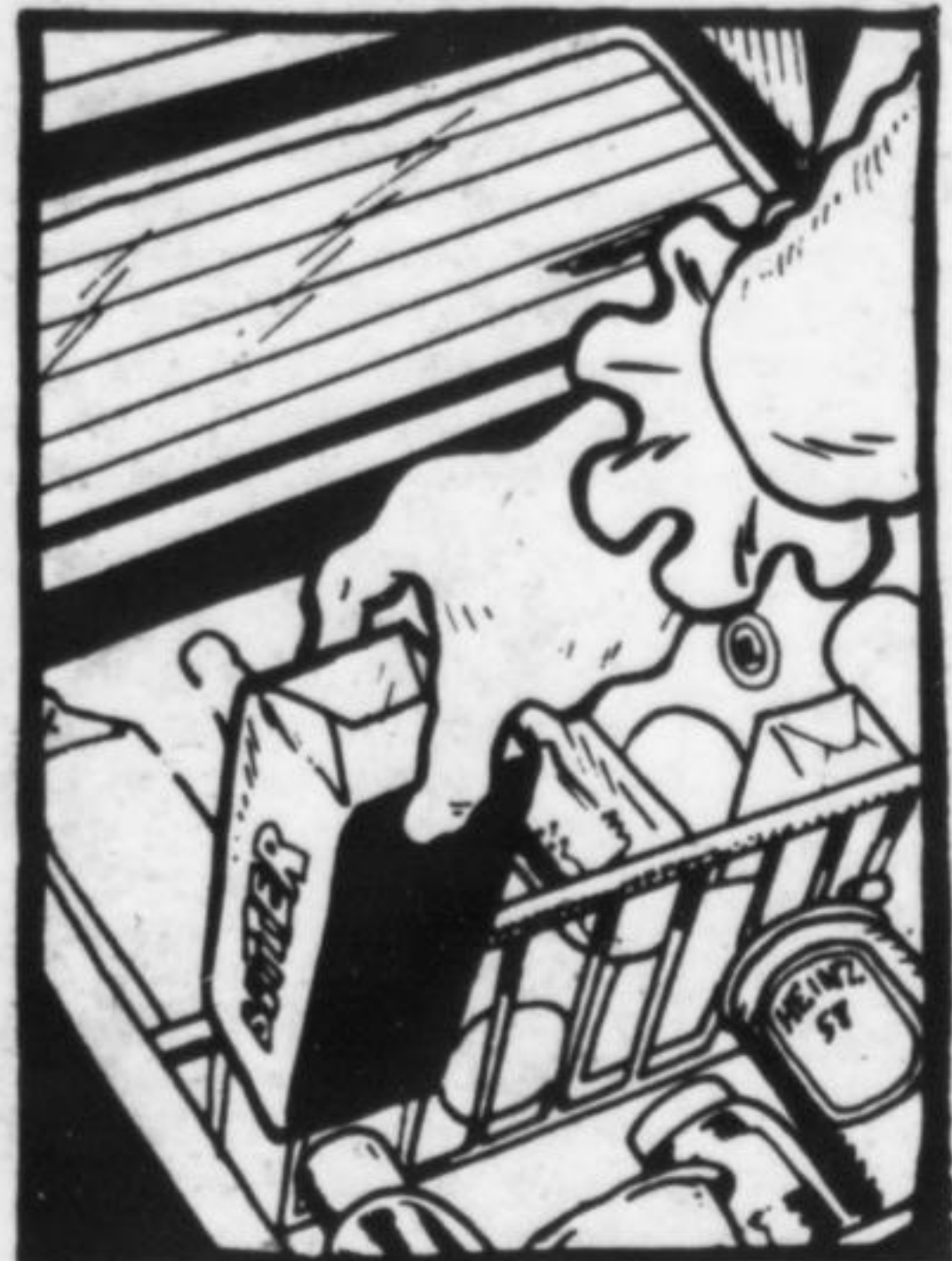
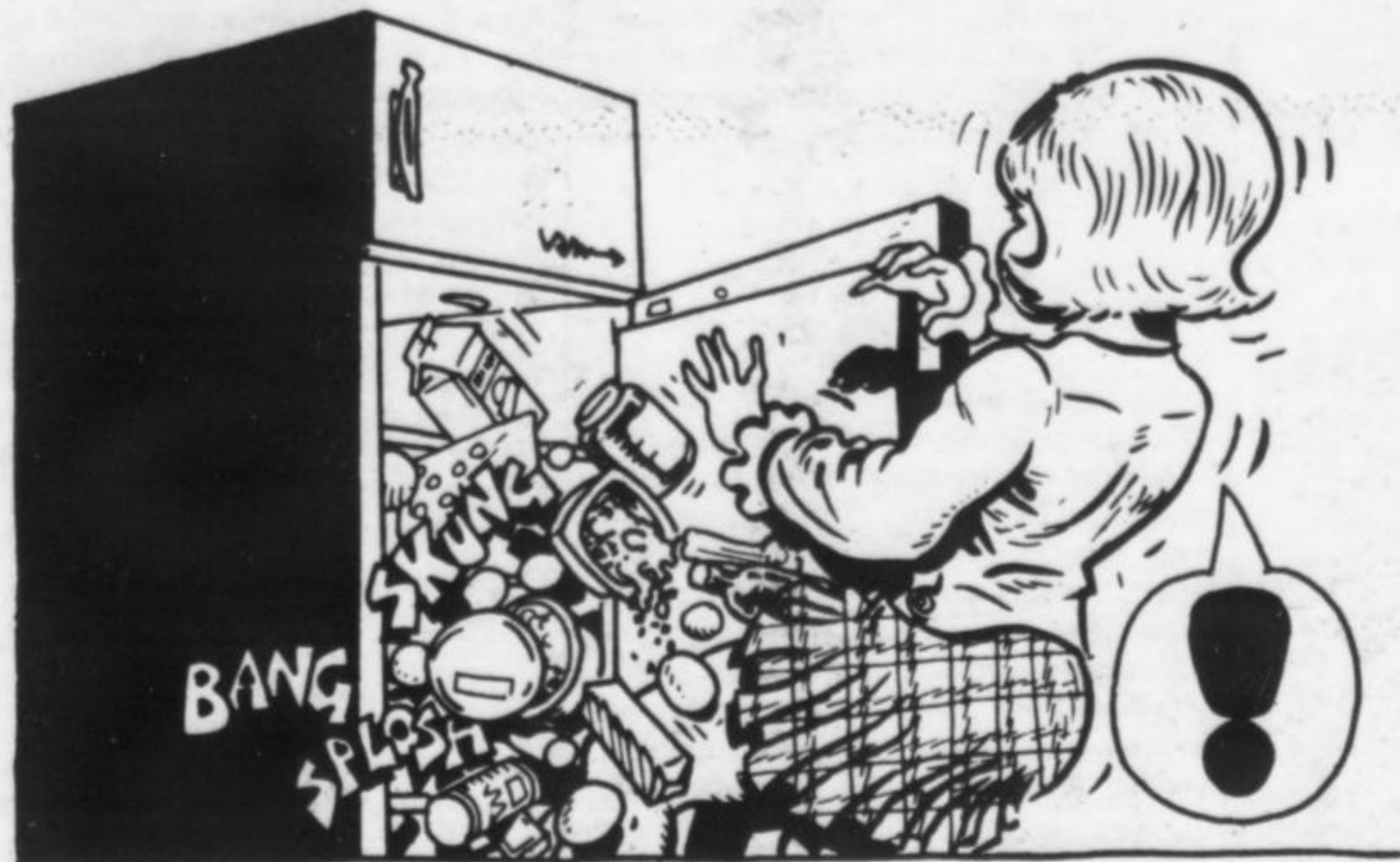
CHUCKLE CHUCKLE
I HOPE YOU CAN GET
YOUR SPINE BACK INTO YOUR
NECK AFTER THAT LAST
STORY KIDS.
HEE HEE

NOW WE HAVE
ANOTHER STORY
TO MAKE YOUR
BLOOD RUN
COLD.
SPEAKING OF
COLD BLOOD
HERE'S A
STORY BY
SPAIN
CALLED...



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MIDMUM





San Francisco is a refugee camp for homosexuals. We have fled here from every part of the nation, and like refugees elsewhere, we came not because it is so great here, but because it was so bad there. By the tens of thousands, we fled small towns where to be ourselves would endanger our jobs and any hope of a decent life; we have fled from blackmailing cops, from families who disowned or 'tolerated' us; we have been drummed out of the armed services, thrown out of schools, fired from jobs, beaten by punks and policemen.

And we have formed a ghetto, out of self-protection. It is a ghetto rather than a free territory because it is still theirs. Straight cops patrol us, straight legislators govern us, straight employers keep us in line, straight money exploits us. We have pretended everything is OK, because we haven't been able to see how to change it — we've been afraid.

In the past year there has been an awakening of gay liberation ideas and energy. How it began we don't know; maybe we were inspired by black people and their freedom movement; we learned how to stop pretending from the hip revolution. Amerika in all its ugliness has surfaced with the war and our national leaders. And we are revolted by the quality of our ghetto life.

Where once there was frustration, alienation, and cynicism, there are new characteristics among us. We are full of love for each other and are showing it; we are full of anger at what has been done to us. And as we recall all the self-censorship and repression for so many years, a reservoir of tears pours out of our eyes. And we are euphoric, high, with the initial flourish of a movement.

We want to make ourselves clear: our first job is to free ourselves; that means clearing our heads of the garbage that's been poured into them. This article is an attempt at raising a number of issues, and presenting some ideas to replace the old ones. It is primarily for ourselves, a starting point of discussion. If straight people of good will find it useful in understanding what liberation is all about, so much the better.

It should also be clear that these are the views of one person, and are determined not only by my homosexuality, but my being white, male, middle class. It is my individual consciousness. Our group consciousness will evolve as we get ourselves together — we are only at the beginning.

I. ON ORIENTATION

1. *What homosexuality is:* Nature leaves undefined the object of sexual desire. The gender of that object is imposed socially. Humans originally made homosexuality taboo because they needed every bit of energy to produce and raise children: survival of species was a priority. With overpopulation and technological change, that taboo continued only to exploit us and enslave us.

As kids we refused to capitulate to demands that we ignore our feelings toward each other. Somewhere we found the strength to resist being indoctrinated, and we should count that among our assets. We have to realize that our loving each other is a good thing, not an unfortunate thing, and that we have a lot to teach straights about sex, love, strength, and resistance.

Homosexuality is *not* a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage. *Homosexuality* is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.

2. *Bisexuality:* Bisexuality is good; it is the capacity to love people of either sex. The reason so few of us are bisexual is because society made such a big stink about homosexuality that we got forced into seeing ourselves as either straight or non-straight. Also, many gays got turned off to the ways men are supposed to act with women and vice-versa, which is pretty fucked-up. Gays will begin to turn on to women when 1) it's something that we do because we want to, and not because we should, and 2) when women's liberation changes the nature of heterosexual relationships.

We continue to call ourselves homosexual, not bisexual, even if we do make it with the opposite sex also, because saying "Oh, I'm Bi" is a cop out for a gay. We get told it's OK to sleep with guys as long as we sleep with

women, too, and that's still putting homosexuality down. We'll be gay until everyone has forgotten that it's an issue. Then we'll begin to be complete.

3. *Heterosexuality:* Exclusive heterosexuality is fucked up. It reflects a fear of people of the same sex, it's anti-homosexual, and it is fraught with frustration. Heterosexual sex is fucked up, too; ask women's liberation about what straight guys are like in bed. Sex is aggression for the male chauvinist; sex is obligation for traditional woman. And among the young, the modern, the hip, it's only a subtle version of the same. For us to become heterosexual in the sense that our straight brothers and sisters are is not a cure, it is a disease.

II. ON WOMEN

1. *Lesbianism:* It's been a male-dominated society for too long, and that has warped both men and women. So gay women are going to see things differently from gay men; they are going to feel put down as women, too. Their liberation is tied up with both gay liberation and women's liberation.

This paper speaks from the gay male viewpoint. And although some of the ideas in it may be equally relevant to gay women, it would be arrogant to presume this to be a manifesto for lesbians.

We look forward to the emergence of a lesbian liberation voice. The existence of a lesbian caucus within the New York Gay Liberation Front has been very helpful in challenging male chauvinism among gay guys, and anti-gay feelings among women's lib.

2. *Male Chauvinism:* All men are infected with male chauvinism — we were brought up that way. It means we assume that women play subordinate roles and are less human than ourselves. (At an early gay liberation meeting one guy said, "Why don't we invite women's liberation — they can bring sandwiches and coffee.") It is no wonder that so few gay women have become active in our groups.

Male chauvinism, however, is not central to us. We can junk it much more easily than straight men can. For we understand oppression. We have largely opted out of a system which oppresses women daily — our egos are not built on putting women down and having them build us up. Also, living in a mostly male world we have become used to playing different roles, doing our own shit-work. And finally, we have a common enemy: the big male chauvinists are also the big anti-gays.

But we need to purge male chauvinism, both in behavior and in thought among us. Chick equals nigger equals queer. Think it over.

3. *Women's liberation:* They are assuming their equality and dignity and in doing so are challenging the same things we are: the roles, the exploitation of minorities by capitalism, the arrogant smugness of straight white male middle-class Amerika. They are our sisters in struggle.

Problems and differences will become clearer when we begin to work together. One major problem is our own male chauvinism. Another is uptightness and hostility to homosexuality that many women have — that is the straight in them. A third problem is differing views on sex: sex for them has meant oppression, while for us it has been a symbol of our freedom. We must come to know and understand each other's style, jargon and humor.

III. ON ROLES

1. *Mimicry of straight society:* We are children of straight society. We still think straight: that is part of our oppression. One of the worst of straight concepts is inequality. Straight (also white, English, male, capitalist) thinking views things in terms of order and comparison. A is before B, B is after A; one is below two is below three; there is no room for equality. This idea gets extended to male/female, on top/on bottom, spouse/not spouse, heterosexual/homosexual; boss/worker, white/black, and rich/poor. Our social institutions cause and reflect this verbal hierarchy. This is Amerika.

We've lived in these institutions all our lives. Naturally we mimic the roles. For too long we mimicked these roles to

protect ourselves — a survival mechanism. Now we are becoming free enough to shed the roles which we've picked up from the institutions which have imprisoned us.

"Stop mimicking straight, stop censoring ourselves."

2. *Marriage:* Marriage is a prime example of a straight institution fraught with role playing. Traditional marriage is a rotten, oppressive institution. Those of us who have been in heterosexual marriages too often have blamed our gayness on the breakup of the marriage. No. They broke up because marriage is a contract which smothers both people, denies needs, and places impossible demands on both people. And we had the strength, again, to refuse to capitulate to the roles which were demanded of us.

Gay people must stop gauging their self respect by how well they mimic straight marriages. Gay marriages will have the same problems as straight ones except in burlesque. For the usual legitimacy and pressures which keep straight marriages together are absent, e.g., kids, what parents think, what neighbors say.

To accept that happiness comes through finding a groovy spouse and settling down, showing the world that "we're just the same as you" is avoiding the real issues, and is an expression of self-hatred.

3. *Alternatives to Marriage:* People want to get married for lots of good reasons, although marriage won't often meet those needs or desires. We're all looking for security, a flow of love, and a feeling of belonging and being needed.

These needs can be met through a number of social relationships and living situations. Things we want to get away from are: 1. exclusiveness, proprietorial attitudes toward each other, a mutual pact against the rest of the world; 2. promises about the future, which we have no right to make and which prevent us from, or make us feel guilty about, growing; 3. inflexible roles, roles which do not reflect us at the moment but are inherited through mimicry and inability to define equalitarian relationships.

We have to define for ourselves a new pluralistic, rolefree social structure for ourselves. It must contain both the freedom and physical space for people to live alone, live together for a while, live together for a long time, either as couples or in larger numbers; and the ability to flow easily from one of these states to another as our needs change.

Liberation for gay people is defining for ourselves how and with whom we live, instead of measuring our relationship in comparison to straight ones, with straight values.

4. *Gay 'stereotypes':* The straights' image of the gay world is defined largely by those of us who have violated straight roles. There is a tendency among 'homophile' groups to deplore gays who play visible roles — the queens and the nannies. As liberated gays, we must take a clear stand. 1. Gays who stand out have become our first martyrs. They came out and withstood disapproval before the rest of us did. 2. If they have suffered from being open, it is straight society whom we must indict, not the queen.

5. *Closet queens:* This phase is becoming analogous to 'Uncle Tom'. To pretend to be straight sexually, or to pretend to be straight socially, is probably the most harmful pattern of behavior in the ghetto. The married guy who makes it on the side secretly; the guy who will go to bed once but who won't develop any gay relationships; the pretender at work or school who changes the gender of the friend he's talking about; the guy who'll suck cock in the bushes but who won't go to bed.

If we are liberated we are open with our sexuality. Closet queenery must end. *Come out.*

But: in saying come out, we have to have our heads clear about a few things: 1) closet queens are our brothers, and must be defended against attacks by straight people; 2) the fear of coming out is not paranoia; the stakes are high: loss of family ties, loss of job, loss of straight friends — these are all reminders that the oppression is not just in our heads. It's real. Each of us must make the steps

toward openness at our own speed and on our own impulses. Being open is the foundation of freedom: it has to be built solidly. 3) "Closet queen" is a broad term covering a multitude of forms of defense, self-hatred, lack of strength, and habit. We are all closet queens in some ways, and all of us had to come out — very few of us were 'flagrant' at the age of seven! We must afford our brothers and sisters the same patience we afforded ourselves. And while their closet queenery is part of our oppression, it's more a part of theirs. They alone can decide when and how.

IV. ON OPPRESSION

It is important to catalog and understand the different facets of our oppression. There is no future in arguing about degrees of oppression. A lot of 'movement' types come on with a line of shit about homosexuals not being oppressed as much as blacks or Vietnamese or workers or women. We don't happen to fit into their ideas of class or caste, Bull! When people feel oppressed, they act on that feeling. We feel oppressed. Talk about the priority of black liberation or ending imperialism over and above gay liberation is just anti-gay propaganda.

1. *Physical attacks:* We are attacked, beaten, castrated and left dead time and time again. There are half a dozen known unsolved slayings in San Francisco parks in the last few years. "Punks," often of minority groups who look around for someone under them socially, feel encouraged to beat up on "queens" and cops look the other way. That used to be called lynching.

Cops in most cities have harassed our meeting places: bars and baths and parks. They set up entrapment squads. A Berkeley brother was slain by a cop in April when he tried to split after finding out that the trick who was making advances to him was a cop. Cities set up 'pervert' registration, which if nothing else scares our brothers deeper into the closet.

One of the most vicious slurs on us is the blame for prison 'gang rapes.' These rapes are invariably done by people who consider themselves straight. The victims of these rapes are us and straights who can't defend themselves. The press campaign to link prison rapes with homosexuality is an attempt to make straights fear and despise us, so they can oppress us more. It's typical of the fucked-up straight mind to think that homosexual sex involves tying a guy down and fucking him. That's aggression, not sex. If that's what sex is for a lot of straight people, that's a problem they have to solve, not us.

2. *Psychological warfare:* Right from the beginning we have been subjected to a barrage of straight propaganda. Since our parents don't know any homosexuals, we grow up thinking that we're alone and different and perverted. Our school friends identify 'queer' with any non-conformist or bad behavior. Our elementary school teachers tell us not to talk to strangers or accept rides. Television, billboards and magazines put forth a false idealization of male/female relationships, and make us wish we were different, wish we were 'in.' In family living class we're taught how we're supposed to turn out. And all along, the best we hear if anything about homosexuality is that it's an unfortunate problem.

3. *Self-oppression:* As gay liberation grows, we will find our uptight brothers and sisters, particularly those who are making a buck off our ghetto, coming on strong to defend the status quo. This is self-oppression: 'don't rock the boat,' 'things in SF are OK,' 'gay people just aren't together,' 'I'm not oppressed.' These lines are right out of the mouths of the straight establishment. A large part of our oppression would end if we would stop putting ourselves and our pride down.

4. *Institutional:* Discrimination against gays is blatant, if we open our eyes. Homosexual relationships are illegal, and even if these laws are not regularly enforced, they encourage and enforce closet queenery. The bulk of the social work/psychiatric field looks upon homosexuality as a problem, and treats us

GAY MANIFESTO

as sick. Employers let it be known that our skills are acceptable only as long as our sexuality is hidden. Big business and government are particularly notorious offenders.

The discrimination in the draft and armed services is a pillar of the general attitude toward gays. If we are willing to label ourselves publicly not only as homosexual but as sick, then we qualify for deferment; and if we're not 'discreet' (dishonest) we get drummed out of the service. Hell, no, we won't go, of course not, but we can't let the army fuck over us this way, either.

V. ON SEX

1. *What sex is:* It is both creative expression and communication: good when it is either, and better when it is both. Sex can also be aggression, and usually is when those involved do not see each other as equals; and it can also be perfunctory, when we are distracted or preoccupied. These uses spoil what is good about it.

I like to think of good sex in terms of playing the violin: with both people on one level seeing the other body as an object capable of creating beauty when they play it well; and on a second level the players communicating through their mutual production and appreciation of beauty. As in good music, you get totally into it—and coming back out of that state of consciousness is like finishing a work of art or coming back from an episode of an acid or mescaline trip. And to press the analogy further: the variety of music is infinite and varied, depending on the capabilities of the players, both as subjects and as objects. Solos, duets, quartets (symphonies, even, if you happen to dig Romantic music!) are possible. The variations in gender, response, and bodies are like different instruments. And perhaps what we have called sexual 'orientation' probably just means that we have not yet learned to turn on to the total range of musical expression.

2. *Objectification:* In this scheme, people are sexual objects, but they are also subjects, and are human beings who appreciate themselves as object and subject. This use of human bodies as objects is legitimate (not harmful) only when it is reciprocal. If one person is always object and the other subject, it stifles the human being in both of them. Objectification must also be open and frank. By silence we often assume or let the other person assume that sex means commitments: if it does, ok; but if not, say it. (Of course, it's not all that simple: our capabilities for manipulation are unfathomed—all we can do is try.)

Gay liberation people must understand that women have been treated exclusively and dishonestly as sexual objects. A major part of their liberation is to play down sexual objectification and to develop other aspects of themselves which have been smothered so long. We respect this. We also understand that a few liberated women will be appalled or disgusted at the open and prominent place that we put sex in our lives; and while this is a natural response from their experience, they must learn what it means for us.

For us, sexual objectification is a focus of our quest for freedom. It is precisely that which we are not supposed to share with each other. Learning how to be open and good with each other sexually is part of our liberation. And one obvious distinction: objectification of sex for us is something we choose to do among ourselves, while for women it is imposed by their oppressors.

3. *On positions and roles:* Much of our sexuality has been perverted through mimicry of straights, and warped from self-hatred. These sexual perversions are basically anti-gay:

"I like to make it with straight guys"
"I'm not gay, but I like to be 'done'"
"I like to fuck, but don't want to be fucked"
"I don't like to be touched above the neck"

This is role playing at its worst; we must transcend these roles. We strive for democratic, mutual, reciprocal sex. This does not mean that we are all mirror images of each other in bed, but that we break away from roles which enslave us. We already do better in bed than straights do, and we can be better to each other than we have been.

4. *Cbickens and Studs:* Face it, nice bodies and young bodies are attributes, they're groovy. They are inspiration for art, for spiritual elevation, for good sex. The problem arises only in the inability to relate to people of the same age, or people who don't fit the plastic stereotypes of a good body. At that point, objectification eclipses people, and expresses self-hatred: "I hate gay people, and I don't like myself, but if a stud (or chicken) wants to make it with me, I can pretend I'm someone other than me."

A note on exploitation of children: kids can take care of themselves, and are sexual beings way earlier than we'd like to admit. Those of us who began cruising in early adolescence know this, and we were doing the cruising, not being debauched by dirty old men. Scandals such as the one in Boise, Idaho—blaming a "ring" of homosexuals for perverting their youth—are the fabrications of press and police and politicians. And as for child molesting, the overwhelming amount is done by straight guys to little girls: it is not particularly a gay problem, and is caused by the frustrations resulting from anti-sex puritanism.

5. *Perversion:* "We've been called perverts enough to be suspect of any usage of the word. Still many of us shrink from the idea of certain kinds of sex: with animals, sado/masochism, dirty sex (involving shit or piss). Right off, even before we take the time to learn any more, there are some things to get straight:

1. we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gays whose sex lives we don't understand or share;

2. it's not particularly a gay issue, except that gay people probably are less hung up about sexual experimentation.

3. let's get perspective: even if we were to get into the game of deciding what's good for someone else, the harm done in these 'perversions' is undoubtedly less dangerous or unhealthy than is tobacco or alcohol.

4. While they can be reflections of neurotic or self-hating patterns, they may also be enactments of spiritual or important phenomena: e.g. sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human breakthroughs have been made on the sexual level; e.g. one guy who says he digs shit during sex occasionally says it's not the taste or texture, but a symbol that he's so far into sex that those things no longer bug him; e.g. sado/masochism, when consensual, can be described as a highly artistic endeavor, a ballet the constraints of which are the thresholds of pain and pleasure.

VI. ON OUR GHETTO

We are refugees from Amerika. So we came to the ghetto—and as other ghettos, it has its negative and positive aspects. Refugee camps are better than what preceded them, or people never would have come. But they are still enslaving, if only that we are limited to being ourselves there and only there.

Ghettos breed self-hatred. We stagnate here, accepting the status quo. The status quo is rotten. We are all warped by our oppression, and in the isolation of the

ghetto we blame ourselves rather than our oppressors.

Gettos breed exploitation: Landlords find they can charge exorbitant rents and get away with it, because of the limited area which is safe to live in openly. Mafia control of bars and baths in NYC is only one example of outside money controlling our institutions for their profit. In San Francisco the Tavern Guild favors maintaining the ghetto, for it is through ghetto culture that they make a buck. We crowd their bars not because of their merit but because of the absence of any other social institution. The Guild has refused to let us collect defense funds or pass out gay liberation literature in their bars—need we ask why?

Police or con men who shake down the straight gay in return for not revealing him; the bookstores and movie makers who keep raising prices because they are the only outlet for pornography; heads of 'modeling' agencies and other pimps who exploit both the hustlers and the johns—these are the parasites who flourish in the ghetto.

SAN FRANCISCO—*Ghetto or Free Territory:* Our ghetto certainly is more beautiful and larger and more diverse than most ghettos, and is certainly freer than the rest of Amerika. That's why we're here. But it isn't ours. Capitalists make money off us, cops patrol us, government tolerates us as long as we shut up, and daily we work for and pay taxes to those who oppress us.

To be a free territory, we must govern ourselves, set up our own institutions, defend ourselves, and use our own energies to improve our lives. The emergence of gay liberation communes, and our own paper is a good start. The talk about a gay liberation coffee shop/dance hall should be acted upon. Rural retreats, political action offices, food cooperatives, a free school, unalienating bars and after hours places—they must be developed if we are to have even the shadow of a free territory.

VII. ON COALITION

Right now the bulk of our work has to be among ourselves—self educating, fending off attacks, and building free territory. Thus basically we have to have a gay/straight vision of the world until the oppression of gays is ended.

But not every straight is our enemy. Many of us have mixed identities, and have ties with other liberation movements: women, blacks, other minority groups; we may also have taken on an identity which is vital to us: ecology, dope, ideology. And face it: we can't change Amerika alone:

Who do we look to for coalition?

1. *Women's Liberation:* summarizing earlier statements, 1) they are our closest ally; we must try hard to get together with them. 2) a lesbian caucus is probably the best way to attack gay guys' male chauvinism, and challenge the straightness of women's liberation; 3) as males we must be sensitive to their developing identities as women, and respect that; if we know what our freedom is about, they certainly know what's best for them.

2. *Black liberation:* This is tenuous right now because of the uptightness and supermasculinity of many black men (which is understandable). Despite that, we must support their movement, particularly when they are under attack from the establishment; we must show them that we mean business; and we must figure out which our common enemies are: police, city hall, capitalism.

3. *Cbicanos:* Basically the same problem as with blacks: trying to overcome mutual animosity and fear, and finding ways to support them. The extra problem of super up-tightness and machismo among Latin cultures, and the traditional

pattern of Mexicans beating up "queers," can be overcome: we're both oppressed, and by the same people at the top.

4. *White radicals and ideologues:* We're not, as a group, Marxist or communist. We haven't figured out what kind of political/economic system is good for us as gays. Neither capitalist or socialist countries have treated us as anything other than *non grata* so far.

But we know we are radical, in that we know the system that we're under now is a direct source of oppression, and it's not a question of getting our share of the pie. The pie is rotten.

We can look forward to coalition and mutual support with radical groups if they are able to transcend their anti-gay and male chauvinist patterns. We support radical and militant demands when they arise, e.g. Moratorium, People's Park; but only as a group; we can't compromise or soft-peddle our gay identity.

Problems: because radicals are doing somebody else's thing, they tend to avoid issues which affect them directly, and see us as jeopardizing their 'work' with other groups (workers, blacks). Some years ago a dignitary of SDS on a community organization project announced at an initial staff meeting that there would be no homosexuality (or dope) on the project. And recently in New York, a movement group which had a coffee-house get-together after a political rally told the gays to leave when they started dancing together. (It's interesting to note that in this case, the only two groups which supported us were Women's Liberation and the Crazies.)

Perhaps most fruitful would be to broach with radicals their stifled homosexuality and the issues which arise from challenging sexual roles.

5. *Hip and street people:* major dynamic of rising gay lib sentiment... is the hip revolution within the gay community. Emphasis on love, dropping out, being honest, expressing yourself through hair and clothes, and smoking dope are all attributes of this. The gays who are the least vulnerable to attack by the establishment have been the freest to express themselves on gay liberation.

We can make a direct appeal to young people, who are not so up tight about homosexuality. One kid, after having his first sex with a male, said, "I don't know what all the fuss is about, making it with a girl just isn't that different."

The hip/street culture has led people into a lot of freeing activities: encounter/sensitivity, the quest for reality, freeing territory for the people, ecological consciousness, communes. These are real points of agreement and probably will make it easier for them to get their heads straight about homosexuality, too.

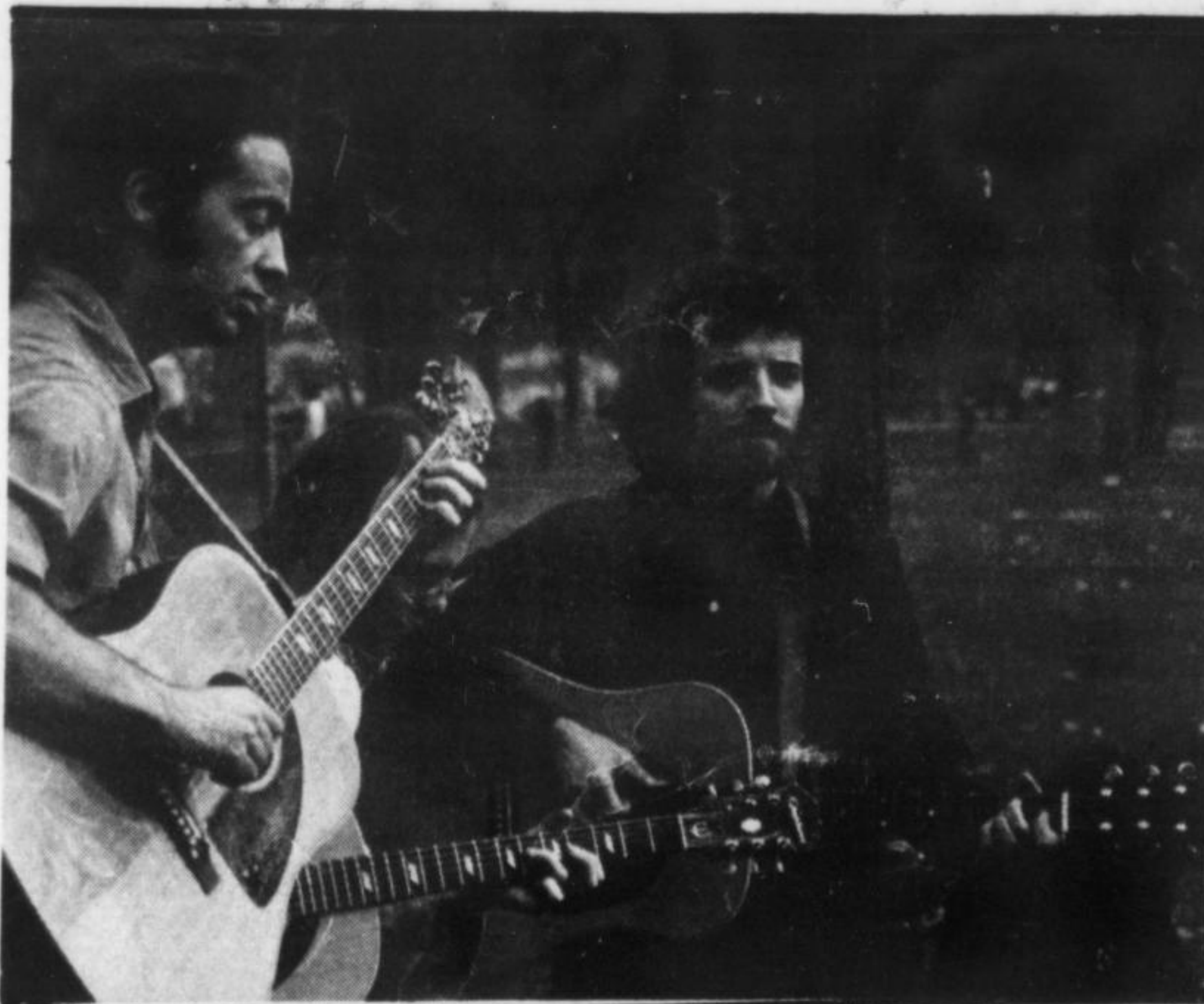
6. *Homophile groups:* 1) reformist or pokey as they sometimes are, they are our brothers. They'll grow as we have grown and grow. Do not attack them in straight or mixed company. 2) ignore their attack on us. 3) cooperate where cooperation is possible without essential compromise of our identity.

CONCLUSION: AN OUTLINE OF IMPERATIVES FOR GAY LIBERATION

1. Free ourselves: come out everywhere; initiate self defense and political activity; initiate counter community institutions.
2. Turn other gay people on: talk all the time; understand, forgive, accept.
3. Free the homosexual in everyone: we'll be getting a good bit of shit from threatened latents: be gentle, and keep talking & acting free.
4. We've been playing an act for a long time, so we're consummate actors. Now we can begin to be, and it'll be a good show!

— Liberation

BY CARL WHITMAN



OFF RIP

by
**KARIN
BERG**

changed, evolved, and each time it gets better. I can't really write well *about* poets and poetry (can anyone, truly, I wonder—it's so redundant, so after-the-fact—the writer must end up by just quoting the work). Quarto just has a good eye for truth. One night, in introducing a poem, he said "This is written for those who understand there is no such thing as bad weather." That's Quarto and he's back at the Gaslight June 17 on the bill with John Hammond. More later.

* * * * *

This whole column is just about artists who are not yet published, not yet on record, who will be (I trust). There's hype and there's hype and we shouldn't just write about folks after they get the Big Break.

Which brings us to Carl Waxman, comic, who I have now also seen several times at the Gaslight.

Comics have it rough. When things are a mite off, good lines are dropped to delayed laughs, etc. Waxman is still fairly new, sometimes uneven, sometimes hilariously funny, but steadily more and more together. He could be one of the best comics working soon; his sharp wit rings so true.

He describes waking up in the morning after being stoned the night before with that ache in your cheeks. "You know these two little dimple points right here..." from that everlasting "... that grin, you know that grin..."

And "An existential poem... Roses are red, Violets are blue, I like to screw, There is no god."

And describing being the one Jew living in an all-Catholic tenement on the Lower East Side. His Italian landlady (or was she Polish) screaming at him in the hall: "You're waiting for nothing! He's already been here!"

And being in show business. "You're like a piece of meat—I don't go to bed, I hang on a hook..."

We talked some about that one night and about the difficulties in being a comic. "With everything that's going down, I'm really caught up in the duality of saying something important and saying something funny. I want people to laugh. They think better when they laugh."

Really good comics are fairly easy to spot early in their careers—there are just very few to be seen. They have to be a little crazy (good crazy) in the sense that they see the crazy things, can turn them inside out, and show us just how hilarious human beings are. Waxman can do that. When he's *totally* together, he will probably be one of the very best of the new comics, and he's already one of the hippest.

Richard, Cam and Bert are a group of singers/musicians/songwriters who have been playing together for about a year now. They play and sing well, indeed.

There is no strict structure to the group. Richard Tucker plays lead, sometimes rhythm guitar; Cam Bruce plays bass, sometimes rhythm guitar; Bert Lee plays rhythm, sometimes lead guitar—each performer trades off on lead vocals.

They're not on record yet, but should be soon, or else the business end of the culture is even worse than I think it is. Most recently they have been gigging at the Underground and the Gaslight. They're due to come back to the Gaslight in the near future and it was there that I saw them for several sets a little more than a week ago, first on a Saturday, then Sunday. During the Saturday night sets things seemed a little off-center but on Sunday night everything jelled and it was just fine. The group has a bit of a country sound, but funky, with the best harmony heard in some time. Richard, Cam and Bert all have pleasing, true voices. A game I don't like to play—he, she or they "sound like"—but they're not on record and if you want to get some sort of handle, they call to mind good, early Youngbloods.

Before the group got together, each member of the band worked as a single around the Village, sometimes backing up other singers—Richard Tucker played with Freddie Neil for a time.

They play and sing Leadbelly, Chuck Berry, Willie Dixon, Dylan, some gospel plus their own original songs. Their original material is quite good.

"This is a male chauvinist song that we wrote"—but it's not really a male chauvinist song. It's bouncy and catchy: "You May Walk

Softly" (*but you don't turn my head like she did, quit tryin' to be my girl...*). Certainly one of the loveliest songs I've heard in some time is "One of these First Nights," written by Cam.

Richard, Cam and Bert also play in Central Park a lot, so if you have no bread, a couple of afternoons around the fountain and you'll be able to hear them there.

The Gaslight has a good sound system (a rarity in small clubs), but I thought the voices of Richard, Cam and Bert sometimes overshadowed the playing—not in terms of ability but in depth of sound. Cam's and Bert's guitars were electric while Richard's was amplified. Having heard him play before, I know he's a fine guitarist and I found myself wishing that he was using an electric guitar—I watched him do fingering of notes that I didn't hear. But it's a small wrinkle that will be soon straightened out. Richard, Cam and Bert are good music.

* * * * *

Charles John Quarto is a poet who often appears at the Gaslight. He is a good poet and a kind of a singer of his poems. That is he *uses* the musical nature of the language and of his poetry in the reciting of his work. When I first heard and saw him perform, I was jarred. It's good to be jarred. But as the strangeness and newness subsided, involvement with Quarto's material and delivery grew. When both are at their best, you can be swept away from the small club, the coffee mugs, the close seating and be made *aware*... aware of what... well, of whatever or wherever Quarto would like you to be aware of. Each time I see him perform, his work has

FLASH

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS RENDEZVOUS

THE CALL GOES OUT TO ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE NEW AGE, MEMBERS OF THE GREATER BODY OF THE OVERGROUND INVITING ALL THE SWAMI'S, YOGI'S, SUFIS, PSYCHICS, CLARIOIANTS, MYSTICS, HEALERS, NEW AGE SCIENTISTS, COMMUNES, FAMILY GROUPS, DOMEBUILDERS, AND ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN TAROT, ASTROLOGY, ECHING, AND ESOTERIC SUBJECTS TO COME TOGETHER.

THE TIME IS NOW FOR ALL TO UNITE TO EXPERIENCE AND CREATE THE PUREST VIBRATIONS. TO GATHER THE ENRGY AND BE UNITED FOR HUMANITY. SUMMER SOLSTICE IS TODAY WHEN THE YEAR CWCLE REACHES ITS PEAK OF EXPANSION, WHEN THE FLOW OF ENERGY IS AT ITS HEIGHT AND WE EXPERIENCE THE YEAR'S LONGEST DAY AND SHORTEST NIGHT. THIS IS THE EXPANSION OF THE SPIRIT INTO NATURE AND THE TRADITIONAL TIME OF UNITY.

ROUTE 66 TO ALBAQRQUE, ROUTE 75 FROM ALBAQRQUE TO SANTA FE, ROUTE 285 FROM SANTA FE TO PROJOAQUE, ROUTE 4 FROM THERE CROSS BRIDGE OF RIO GRANDE TOWARDS LOS LAAMOS, TURN ONTO ROUTE30 JUST PAST SIGN FOR PUYE CANYON, TURN WEST AFTER SIGN, HEAD FOR SANTA CLARA CANYON SITE MAHARAJ AREA CODE 505-983-1913- BE PREPARED FOR CAMPING, NO FACILITIES OR FOOD.

flash **FLASH**

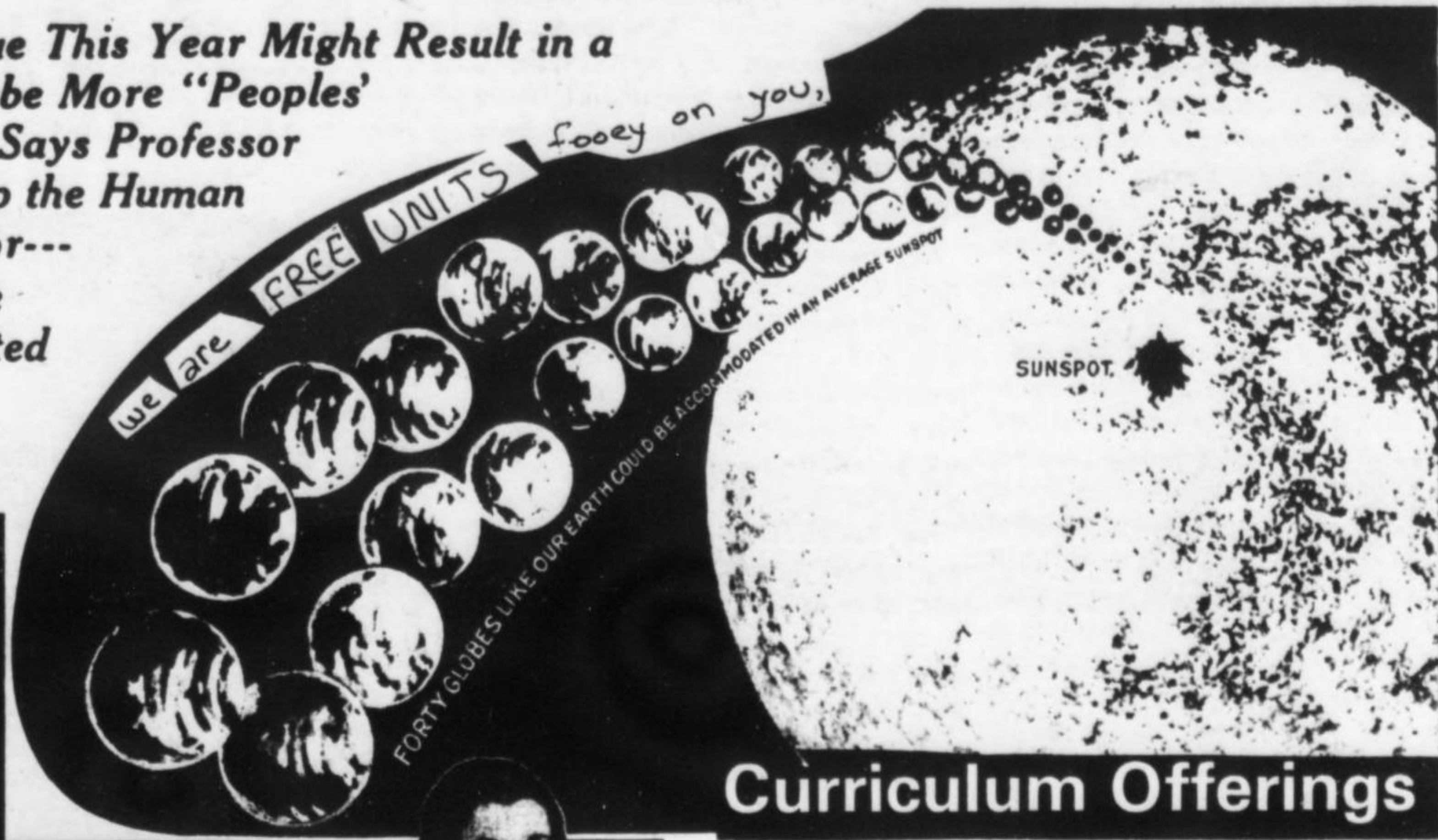
CHARLIE FRICK on the world

Maximum Intensity Due This Year Might Result in a Business Boom, or Maybe More "Peoples' Wars," But Anyhow, Says Professor Stetson, They'll Speed Up the Human Mind to Unusual Vigor---

and the Unexpected

Good Will Sunspot pick up on it easy

Requirements for the Professional
Requirements for Special Student Status:
Requirements for Foreign Students



Curriculum Offerings

Forty Spheres the Size of Our Earth Could All Be Placed Easily Within the Area of a Single Average Sunspot Such as Those Which Are Expected to Attain Their Maximum This Year With Gigantic Solar Storms and Explosions.

Scout Troop Report June 10 1970



Early Decision on Admission:

I had the opportunity to visit one of my old professors the other week. He's teaching sculpture and electrical maintenance at this place near the North East Sea. It's a school for communications.

"Everyone here has one thing in common, even the youngest kids know what's going on, we don't pull no punches at all, ever! The way it's set up, we come off looking like a school for rich kids or a summer jazz workshop, or a day camp or whatever the occasion is. Some think of it as a rock and rollers' old age home; it's all this and one thing more. Its real name is Psychic Rescue Service. North East Branch. It's like a bank, it has offices all over the place connected by electronic and bionic lines of force. This is an acid oriented situation."

It was quite obvious that the invisibility thing was working but I had never known it to fail.

They were the notorious ACID COMMANDOS. The American Acid Squad.

Motorcycle stompers, the out of town rompers. Whatever the images you have in your head of what these people are and what their trip is, they're probably not 1/2 as outrageous as the real truth.

On the surface it appears to be a loosely formed group of interstellar travellers operating several enterprises here on the Earth. Invisible Organic Communes, Instant Information Services, The Psychic Resuce Service, and a whole lot of other things that I can't mention. They make the cast and the action of Tom Wolfe's Electric Cool Aid Acid Test look like The Hardy Boys or Tom Swift and His Electric YoYos at best.

They have only one thing that unites them. It's The

DREAM OF COSMIC LIBERATION.

Maybe I better go back a few steps and tell you some of the story. They say in show business that you're as good as your last press clippings.

Ever wonder where notorious pop stars Abby Hoffman and Jerry Rubin learned their tactics of guerrilla theatre? There was this group that existed on the lower east side for a while. Jerry and Abby and EVO don't talk about them at all. As a matter of fact they don't even acknowledge the existence of the FLOWER CONG. When FLOWER POWER dissappeared and the ugliness took to the streets the cong



Procedures for Those Accepted

Eligibility:

What ring?

went away to party. They're back in town again. The membership has one thing in common, at one time or another they were all at odds with, or were thrown out of, the so-called Hip Community.

Like I say they have this number that they do, it's called being invisible at will. Like turning it on and turning it off. It's very useful to have in the big city. Out there in the woods you don't need it, but if you're going to get it on in the big time (and they do)

you got to be invisible - dig?

Photo-identification cards must be turned in with the Withdrawal Form at the time of the application for withdrawal. Students who have not fulfilled all defined academic requirements, financial obligations, or regulations of the library upon withdrawal will have their records impounded until they receive appropriate clearances.

(Continued on Page 22)

If you are a woman and, like me, remember the Elvis daze and hoop skirts and all that jazz, you might also recall the word: fashion. What a word. Nothing less organic can be imagined than a "Style" that is imposed from above and that is supposed to worm its way down to the real people. Through the slick magazines, mostly. Well, believe it or not, that was the way it was — for parents that is and those souls still trapped in their parents' heads. Always an ideal held up in those slicks. *Physical* ideals, as well. For men it was the *virile* build, sort of the classical approach. And women had transitory worries about their being. If Mom Nature gave you a round, plump chin and Audrey Hepburn brought in square jaws, so much for *you*. Crazy, the whole thing, as bad as the adolescent ideal of everyone having to have a Madras shirt, or kirtles, if they were in that year.

I had massive insecurity problems in those days. Like everyone else, I suppose, I'd worry about the breadth of my skirt and the non-existent depth of my cleavage. Worried to death, I tell you, about what was *right* to wear. I even stole a genuine "horse-hair crinoline" to solve my obsession with same.

So, even though I dropped most store-bought clothes in favor of home-mades a few years ago, and took up with thrift shops and went practical as I could about the whole thing, I never thought I'd see a practical *fashion* magazine. The whole thing smelled Especially since the slick magazines (shiny paper and big budgets) upon big-time establishment houses and cosmetics manufacturers their bread. It didn't go, seemingly together.

Rags found it, the way around all that mess. Printed on newsprint and ignorant of the Paris-based monopoly on elegance *Rags* is an East-West Coast cooperative given over to getting down there and shooting it live. Out with Verushka *Vogue's* perennially skinny and healthy model-ideal fantasy. In go touches of *Whole Earth Catalogue* (a bit stodgy that). And in are the real fantasy trips of street people. And, since *Rags* bucks the fashion system, the system has chosen to ignore the hell out of them. Not one Seventh Avenue-type company advertises; just the heady smaller shops, mainly from the West Coast, and one hip clothing manufacturer. Certainly, with their continual put-downs of the worst of junk-chemical cosmetics, Revlon is not knocking on their door.

Mary Peacock is Editor. She worked for a big slick for several years so she knows where that is at, as well as they do. And she has rejected it. She called the system "fashion fascism" and will not have any of it. I applaud like crazy right here, because the smell of astringents applied to homosexual power players never did go over well with my nose. (We are all homosexual, dig it, so it's not that; but that ain't my mother, brudder.) I have the feeling that the slicks will turn around before Mary does.

I read through the two issues that have come out thus far, and didn't feel in the least oppressed. There are styles still held up for magnification and study for those who want to copy and buy, but there will be patterns for making your own, as well. For a while I suspected that fashion mags were really used most by ladies too old to really dig it, but who wish to appear as if they do. For them, orders from above come in this year at twelve inches below what they wore last year, and titters of thrills run through them as they buy "just one" to prove they are as revolutionary as

anyone. That'll do for Paris-based Kulture freaks. But, you know it anyway: came from the bottom up, from the hippies of a few years back in this case then out to Paris, to come back stamped "Approved," by the artsy ones. The question is, does that really differ a helluva lot from style-selling of fringes and patch-leather pants and cartoon tee-shirts and the funky thing, if it is an ideal?

Rags is into a heavy East-West Coast thing. The combination in one magazine is interesting. One page will have a small-town L.A. feel with shops and designers not heard of out back in the East; next page finds you back here with maybe Devon, the groupie who made it with Mick Jagger the week he was here in New York. Homogeneity — that old togetherness thing that the slicks are still into, kind of like the whole idea of an "outfit" that co-ordinates well — is a word unknown at *Rags*. The editorial glue that gloms it all comes from down up, and it hopes for the wit and kind of charmed sensuality that was what *Vanity Fair* had. High hip, if you will.

The backers include Blair Sobol, *Village Voice* columnist, and Baron Wolman, photographer and part-owner in *Rolling Stone*. I read Blair off and on, and got the idea she sorta liked sensational stuff, like plastic with holes in it. But, little evidence of the *Voice* is to be found, thank the astrology charts. The Wolman influence can be seen, especially in lay-out for the first issue and in the photographic work. Definitely some *Rolling Stone* in there. Rock Star costumes are spoofed and shown.

Wolman claims that the paper has no axe to grind, unlike "the underground press." but from the sound of it, the axe is going to fall on Madison Avenue-hyped-saleable and impractical clothes. What the paper lacks is a clear strong voice; so far shyness and muffled tones prevail, so large is the task they have taken up. Perhaps *Women's Wear Daily* could be the first to help them out. More dynamite things are on the boards: Kit Carson's brother Nick does a cartoon — Womb Baby Beauty Contest — that's a mind-blower, in the next issue. These are drawings from an unreal imagination. Far out.

Heavier Women's Liberation heads than I will declare that any magazine that fosters compulsive shoppers (women who do it daily and buy, buy, buy) and promotes competition among women (who can get the best dress for the dance?) is doing all women a disservice. They might also say that, no matter what the *style*, the package is the same: women must compete with each other for the attention of, and under the thumb of the power-mad male. I can't buy that all the way, partly because the "dangerous literature" clause in all that would ban it or burn it. Some people live for pleasure and look it. You think they're dumb, groovy. For me, it is a relief to look at beautiful people, even under that ol' sign of corruption, pleasure, and obscenity, beautiful clothes.

Even though *Rags* is printed on newsprint, I can sort of imagine it as a slick. Goopy-soft-silky pages bursting with turned-around ads for sensible products, oozing a hip sensuality, that simple, weird, colorful and establishment. Sorta makes you want to cry for the old days of hula hoops, doesn't it?

FASHIONS by DANA





it offends him to think that kids might see this kind of filth. Yes, he has studied all of this kind of material and he thinks it's dirty, dirty, dirty. Does he ever read books? Sure, why it was only a few years ago, he tells the Court, that he read a book by Shakespeare! Hamlet, he thinks it was.

Gerber asks Capotore to name one particular item in SCREW that he found particularly offensive. The pizzaman replies that SCREW ran an article encouraging and advocating pedophilia and child molestation. Turns out that the article actually appeared in KISS and that it was penned by none other than Dean Latimer. No pedophilia ever in SCREW. The witness' most damning testimony was misdirected. Bye-bye Mr. Capotore. Everyman should have done his homework.

Next witness before the court is a tall bored-looking Jesuit, Father Schroth. The Father, who teaches journalism at Fordham University, has come forward for the prosecution as an expert witness on journalistic standards and public morality. He explains that he's a frequent reader

of the underground and porno press, although he believes the quality of writing in those journals is just a cut below that of college newspapers.

"Are the students at your school interested in this kind of material?" asks Justice Lang.

"No, not at all."

"Does SCREW offend your sense of morals and decency?" Judge Tyler wants to know.

"It is offensive to most people."

"In your opinion does SCREW predominantly appeal to prurient interests?"

"Yes."

"Does it have any redeeming social value?"

"Well, it might be helpful to some people who were looking for this kind of material."

At the side of the room, a building guard anxiously peruses one of the busted issues of SCREW! I wonder whether he is committing an offense? Is he redeemed? Will he be excommunicated?

Defense Attorney Gerber begins his cross-examination by showing a nudie magazine called "Daisy" to the witness. "Father

Schroth, as an expert witness, do you think this publication is obscene?"

"Yes."

Gerber beams a smile every bit as bright as the glow from his sharkskin suit. Turns out that "Daisy" has just been cleared by the Supreme Court of obscenity charges. Father Schroth's credibility as an expert witness has now been severely shaken. Brownie points for the defense.

The next day Prosecutor Beckler calls his star witness, Dr. Ernst Van den Haag, NYU sociologist, contributor to the CIA-financed publication, ENCOUNTER, and occasional writer for William Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW. I am anxious to cover Dr. Van den Haag's testimony as he has a reputation at my alma mater, NYU, as quite a ladies man. But the women's liberation invasion of the Playboy Club that day conflicted with the trial, so I missed that day's court events. Curious to discover why he would bother to give five hours of testimony on the evils of SCREW, I called Dr. van den Haag at his home the next night.

"Hello, this is Claudia Dreifus. I am doing an article on..."

"Claudia Dreifus!" an accented voice answers. "You're not the same Claudia Dreifus that I used to know?"

I must be frank. I met Prof. van den Haag once — a group I was active in at NYU was sponsoring a teach-in on university reform. Van den Haag was invited to give a conservative's view on the matter. But that must have been a good three or four years ago.

"Well," he continues, "I never forget a name."

With the amenities out of the way, I inquire about what he said during his five hours on the witness stand and how it was that he came to testify. He hesitates for a moment and says, "When I knew you at NYU, you were more interested in politics than in pornography. Listen, my dear, five hours is a great deal of testimony. I can't really tell you everything over the telephone. Why... why don't you come up here and we can talk about it better?"

Gulp. Should I hang up on the dirty old man now? No, I'm a reporter and I have a story to write. "Uh... Professor van den Haag, I'm afraid I can't do that. Deadlines, you know. Heavy schedule. Why don't

you just give me a summary of your statements over the phone?"

With a disappointed tone, he begins to recite his testimony. "I had to speak on three matters for the law: did the magazine appeal to the prurient interests of the reader, did it violate community standards and did it have redeeming social value. You understand all those terms, don't you, Claudia?"

"Yes. Now tell me, do you think SCREW appeals to prurient interests?"

"Oh yes, quite definitely. Not that I have an objection to sexually stimulating thoughts... but the magazine definitely does do that. It may be boring, but it does appeal to prurient interests."

"What about community standards?"

"Well, SCREW does conform to the standards of some communities. But the main appeal of the magazine is to the people who hang out in lockerrooms. Men read that kind of material in lockerrooms, but they go home and act quite different. Frankly, the magazine sells because it does violate community standards."

"And redeeming social value?"

"Well, the magazine is not a novel and it's not very good. I was bored by it, but not offended."

I was curious to know how van den Haag had materialized as a government witness. "Before trial," he confessed, "I had never even read a copy of SCREW."

So how does the man get to testify? "The District Attorney had read some of my articles in ESQUIRE, ENCOUNTER, and COSMOPOLITAN and he was very impressed. He called me. You see, I have this sociological interest in the nature of censorship."

As of press time the trial is still going on and no one knows how or when it will end. The judges, Justices Tyler, Ringel and Lang, appear to be fair men — willing to give both sides a chance. These magistrates appear to be the antithesis of the Julius Hoffman mold. But who knows what can happen? Earlier this year the actors, author and director of the stage play *Che* were found guilty of public lewdness and obscenity even though few legal observers expected those charges to hold.

Meanwhile, the underground media has shown a remarkable

disinterest in what may be the most important freedom of the press case since the government prosecuted Ralph Ginzburg of EROS. Except for EVO, SCREW, and NEWSDAY, almost no media have appeared to cover the case.



AL GOLDSTEIN ARRIVES AT THE THIRD DAY OF HIS TRIAL looking gray, sullen and altogether depressed. His humor is wearing thin. Al is no longer wearing his pigskin Gucci shoes or his fancy tailored suit. Just a plain dacron summer suit with a shirt that doesn't match. What a downer! The graveness of his situation... it's setting in. *God, they could send me away for six years for nothing more than printing a newspaper that people want to read. Where an I anyway? Russia? What the hell is happening here? The judges seem fair... but who can tell? Suddenly, nightmare images flash through his mind. He could publish a prison newspaper. Al wonders why the courtroom is so empty, why almost none of his readers have come down to support him. PANIC! They can't do this to me. This is America!*

"We're going to win this," he says to his pretty wife, Mary. Mary kisses his cheek and pins a "Save the SCREW Two" button on his lapel.

"Sure, Al, sure. Of course we're going to win."

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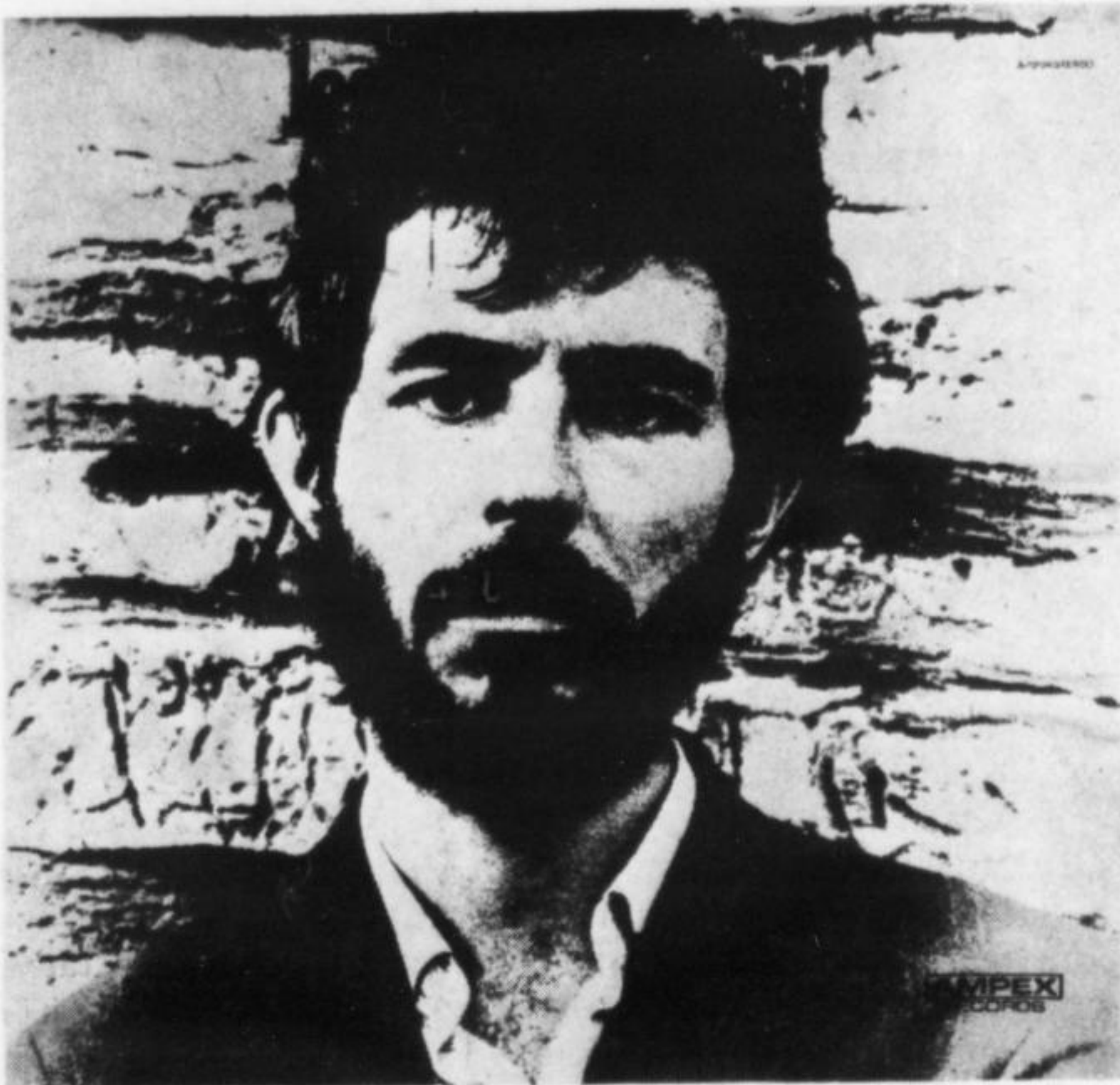
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All profits go toward legal expenses for the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Make checks payable to The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604.

Don't let Jesse start without you.

Robbie Robertson, who produced the album, says of Jesse "He's just one of those people who've got it ... he's a stone natural."



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Jesse Winchester's going to be making a lot of albums. In fact we've already told him that anytime he wants to record we'll gladly pick up the tab. So if you want to keep your record collection up to date, don't miss Jesse's first album on Ampex Records.

The album really speaks for itself. It's not only an important musical event, but at least for the time being it's the only way people in this country will be able to enjoy Jesse's music.

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FRICK

(Continued from Page 19)

It was outside in the woods.

"OK then it's all settled, we'll have the meeting at the end of the summer after we do New York. Anybody got any suggestions where we should have the party?"

"I don't know, a voice from the back said, but we got a crowded schedule, we better have it somewhere between New York and Montreal."

"That sounds good," said another faceless voice.

"Someone else spoke, I know this place, it's on the way and the woods are ok too, it used to be an Indian holy place, a burial ground and shrine for the northeast Indians."

WHITE LAKE HE SAID.

Again the question was raised from the front of the fire, were there any objections to White Lake. Everybody said no objection. The tape recorder didn't hear a thing.

Someone else brought up, "Hey why don't we invite the rest of the country. The kids just might be ready for it, I mean if it's presented in the right way."

"Yeah another said but what about afterwards?"

"What about it another said."

"Afterwards there's sure to be some questions asked if you're going to invite all the sleepers up here and wake even one or two of them up they're sure to ask questions. Another thing, the kids from the electric city are suspicious of anything that they get for free, it's part of that paranoia. They won't believe anything if it's for free. These kids are television generation Americans. There's sure to be questions asked afterwards and we better have the answers now."

The speaker was only with the Commandos for a short time and had not completed the later stages of his training. The guy behind the fire went on to explain all the details, it was all so clear.

Step 1 was to get to the right people (only those in the inner circle knew who the right ones were and how to get to them).

Step 2, get to their minds, implant an idea in their heads and let them think that they thought of it themselves, it's much more convincing to them that way.

Step 3, run some of that Cosmic Love Zap up the tube, a real high-powered energy display.

Step 4, send them on their merry way to do what they like, America being the dependable kind of crazy that is, I'll bet that when we get to White Lake the whole party will be set up and swinging. As for afterwards no one will know who was responsible for it cause there will be no visible connection. The way it works out is they will only have some worn out phrases and costumes and an unspeakable vision. By that time we'll be long gone, and besides it is our family reunion. It just works out that way.

I didn't know till lately about that strange power that comes with 5 years service, you know, the power to cloud men's minds. The rest is history.

So that's what made Woodstock? you say. Yeah, that's the way it really was if anyone wants to know. My buddies, pals, lovers. My family. MY DANCE YOUR CHANCE THIS TRANCE.

There ain't too many people with the nerve or the reason or the capabilities to stone 1/2 a million people, heavily with all forms of mind-bending activities all the way from acid to wine, rock and roll Indians, sike a delic Jesters and side shows, three days of continuous rock and roll, a lightning storm, Jimi

(Continued on Page 23)



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FRICK

(Continued from Page 22)

Hendrix playing the star spangled banner. There was something else included in the festivities. Home movies for everyone to take home with them. Where, shit man in your head, it's really clear, that woodstock scene inside your dream, but it ain't easy to tell anyone what happened is it, I mean really have you heard any intelligent dialogue on what really went down?? The Acid Commandos have the real Woodstock film in their permanent archives. You don't think that they would let any of that Real Stuff get out into the public do you, that's how come only 500,000 were invited, they were the right 500,000.

And like I say one of their biggies is the power to cloud men's minds, no really like all the good shit in the invisible man movies. Telepathic projection is another one that keeps them one step in front of the news. By the time anyone starts to get an eye on the situation the Troop is already two towns up the road and still partyin.

But that was last year. Like I said I was at this school place where everybody plays the piano, my friend said it came off like a school or a summer jazz camp or a day camp or an artists' retreat. If you can imagine what happens in the summer dig on what goes on in the fall and winter when the crowds go back to the city and back to school. It's invisible, didn't

you get an invitation this year? If you did don't delay, get it together and do it today.

So that's who the Acid Commandos are, designers for the woodstock nation, has anyone ever wondered where Abby got the name Woodstock Nation?

The American youth revolt ain't in the street anymore, there are groups assigned to Earth Outpost. Their task - COZMIC LIBERATION, the elevation of the planet to new and brighter skies, but don't think that you're hip or cool enough to know what's going on, fuck off man, this is big time stuff and if you were gambling for the future of a whole planet wouldn't you be doing it with a loaded pair of dice?? That's where The

Commandos come in, they sort of load the dice in a funny way, it's called one to one communication, they do this number to people. It's got something to do with the amount of energy they have at their command and this one simple equation, Dreams = Information; Dreams brought to reality = Information + Energy.

That's about where it's at, that and massive walking acid therapy.

But none of this tells you anything, it's not supposed to, all you get is an invitation: *Wanna Join the Acid Commandos? BE PREPARED TO STAY THE REST OF THIS LIFE.*

If it blows your mind, that's all right too. It's supposed to. Join the acid commandos/ who me? When you see your life in flashes and dashes passing on review you're on your way. Like I said it's a kind of loose organization and not really bothered with the confines of three dimensional existence. It's a telepathic organization dedicated to earth liberation. So where are they, what do they do with their spare time?? Well they're in your home town and they do the right things, just like you do the right things for you. All things are provided for as long as the energy keeps flowing, the dance keeps happening. Because of the high energy level attained the action sometimes becomes visible.

Their politics are an attitude of complete belief in the outcome of the situation here on earth is what keeps them going, it's the crazy dedication of a fanatic that would enable him to pull off the greatest operation in the past 30 years. It's like I said, they want to change the world.

The cover of fuller's new book, *i seem to be a verb*, has this line on it, "The most important thing about the spaceship earth is that an instruction book didn't come with it," but that's where Buckminster Fuller differs from Timothy Leary. Leary says you've all got your personalized instruction book, it's all down there in your dna code, written for countless reincarnations your cosmic dance, your personal trance. The thing that you do as well as the thing that does you.

All you got to do is tune into the station that that radio set inside is playing, it's a very simple life as long as there's no stoppage in the flow, anything's possible.

But why you ask, well here it is.

The Acid Commandos, the Goon Platoon, the Rover Boys, the Citizens for Democratic Preservation, the Space Cadets Organization for Ultimate Truth, the Disneyland Illuminati, the Fighting Force of Forgotten Fades all have something in common.

It all has to do with an energy mind grouping known in this part of the galaxy as the Guardians.

They are exactly what the name implies. Some of these elders have even appeared in earthly reincarnation from time to time. Some world heroes and earth saviors of past earth times are from the Guardian group.

The membership is a cross-section of intergalactic proportions. It operates in a whole different frame of reference and there is nothing like it anywhere else in the cosmos. There are members from our earth as well as more advanced in ours and other solar systems. There was even some mention of them in the bible, they were supposed to have been sent from the place known as Arcturus. What or where it is I don't know. They come here sometimes in great ships while some others prefer to use mental means for communication, observation and transport.

The situation today is a direct result of the development of the nuclear process of elimination. The

atom bomb was developed just before world war two. It was the earth scientists shooting atomic particles around that alerted the guardians to the imminent problems that it would cause. The vantage point of a far away star is the perfect place to observe the workings of the earth. It was there that they could see that earth scientists were being stimulated in their research by certain sinister beings from the other side of the cosmic balance. The center of all that negative energy was an outpost on the moon where darker forces were plotting the destruction of all the earth's population by an atomic war that would wipe out everyone in a short space of time, thus making the planet earth, your home and mine, an easy target for takeover by those in the galaxy that do these things. Also this situation would create a drastic imbalance in between the scientific and ethical process. Progress.

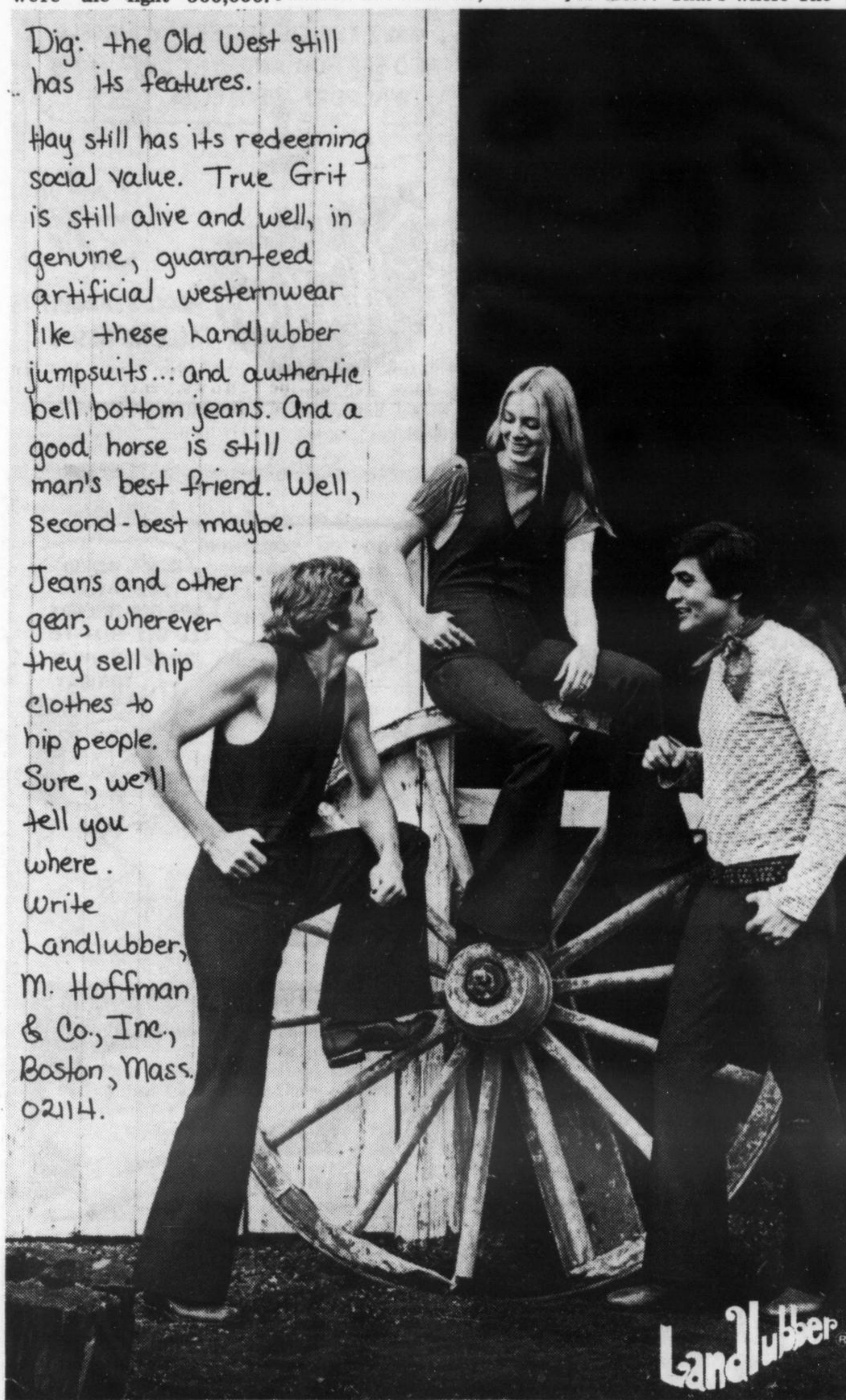
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DON'T WORRY — JOE AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. I'LL GET HIM TO DROP IN HERE TONIGHT

TRY TO FORGIVE ME — I WAS SO UNCOMFORTABLE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS SAYING

THIS ROUGH PAPER MUST HAVE BEEN MAKING THINGS A LOT WORSE

I NEVER REALIZED—I'LL GO RIGHT OUT AND GET YOU SOME OF THAT SOFT-WEVE WALDORF MOTHER WAS TELLING ME ABOUT

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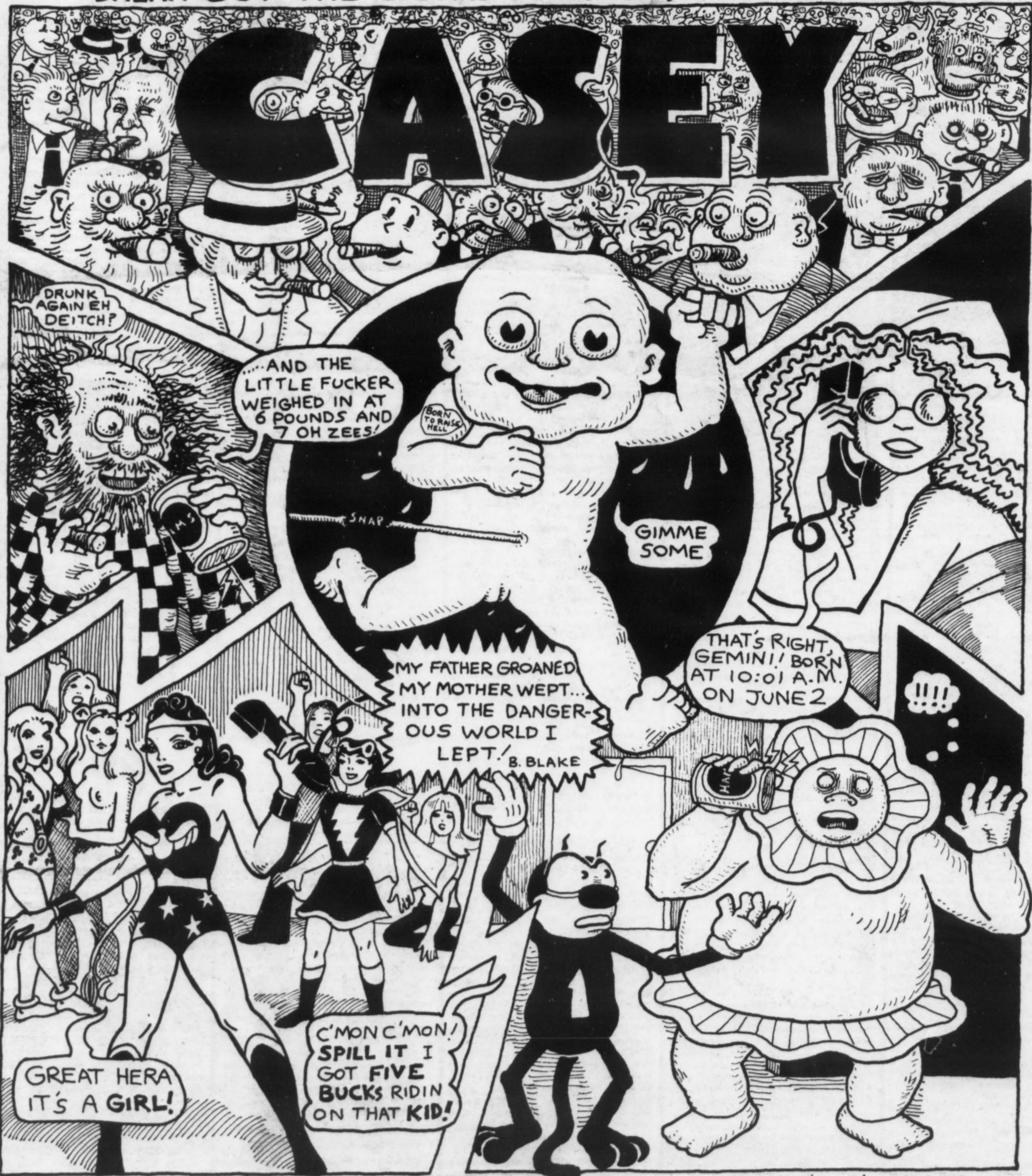
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