

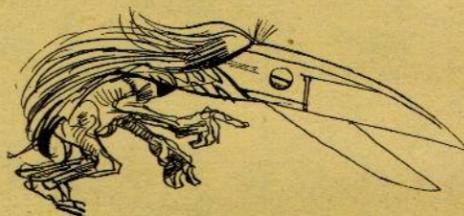
# WABINGER

POSTAGE PAID AT TORONTO  
SECOND CLASS MAIL  
REGISTRATION NUMBER 1905



# 2 Letters

Special note: Perth county Conspiracy is having a free concert at Massey Hall November 16 at 8:30. An album is expected soon.



The Censor

Dear Prostitute:

I, in my day and time, was forced by the fun of the thing, and by the heat of my feelings, to spend with you

Our thirty-one nights and days, Some few mornings, afternoons, odd hours, as we met up at all of those odd places,

The rotten shack in the Texas boomtown, and told you that I loved your body, but hated your roddy shack and your old crum-my mattress.

I loved you and I told you so, yes even before I climbed over on top of your belly and before I slid my hot pecker in at your juicy place. I told you I' ridd you till you felt so good that you would give me a

Drink of your bitter bottle

And pay me to stay with you

Just so you could hold the rumps of my hips in your hand and wriggle your whole body,

Honey Sweet, and roll, and squirm,

And pooch it out slick, hot, wide open, oozing that sweet blistery juice of love's own creating, dripping down in the folded hot skin between those proud kinky legs of yours.

I didn't catch any disease from you, and your hair and skin and eyes have changed off to every colour while my lips and tongue went over you. I came to you in love to offer you myself to get you out of your trap.

But my work took me away from you in other directions. I hated the system of penis and pussy for profit, but this was not anywhere in you, nor in your actions.

I slack my speed today

To tell you I wish my tickly pecker could shoot a whole army up in the hills of your belly to march out right this very hour and kill this whole black-market system that lays us in our beds of chanced hate

For a penny or two clear profit.

Woody Guthrie

STAFF

David Bush, Larry Williams, Jan Attwood, Bob Foley, Duck, Schel Shanen, Al Gordon, Joe Bell Cover; D. Bush, J. Attwood.

The staff no longer feels obliged to put out futures issues, this does not mean that there will not be any more Harbingers, as ideas, bread and energy collect, they will come out irregularly and indefinitely.

note: Rick Leswick is not the editor.

HARBINGER 393 Spadina Ave, Toronto 130 --921-2046

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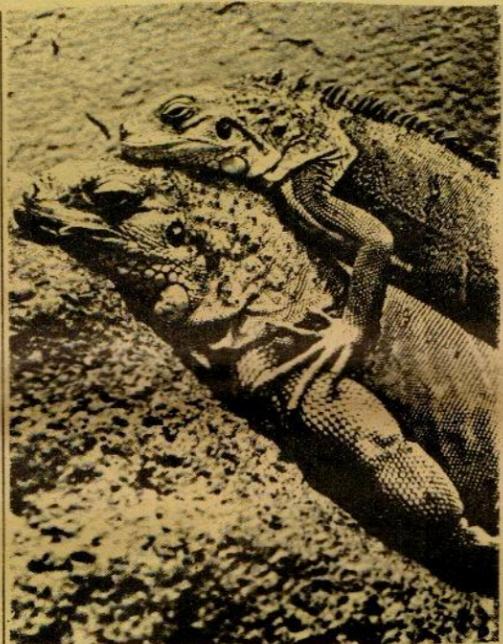
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Hey Baby, this is where its at!!!!



## Classifieds

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At "The House" on Gerrard: Auditions Nov. 14 - Jazz, Blues, Folk. For future programs. 265 Gerrard St. East.  
Nov. 15: Folk & Poetry at 8:00 pm. Special guests: Kathy Aurthur & Michael Foran (poets) & Natalie (folksinger). \$1 admission for payment to artists.

A spontaneous collaboration to master and exercize the film mediums being named freex show has commenced centering itself at 393 Spadina Avenue for daily visual filming and sound taping invites the community of space ship earth to participate with their time and/or capital on any conceivable level.

Those interested are invited to world premiere of first feature movie THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE to occur at tribal celebration in the toronto center city area in near future. Glad to spontaneously project so-far completed section of THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE and ask actresses, actors for immediate shared experience.

**VENDORS!!!**

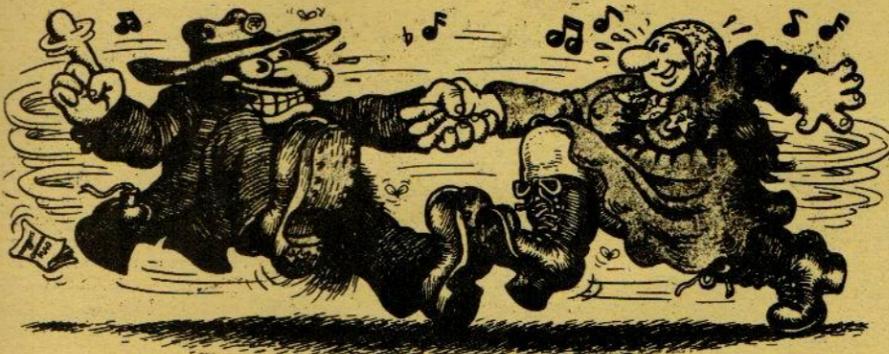
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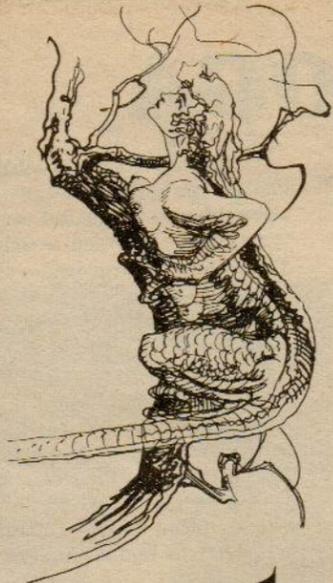
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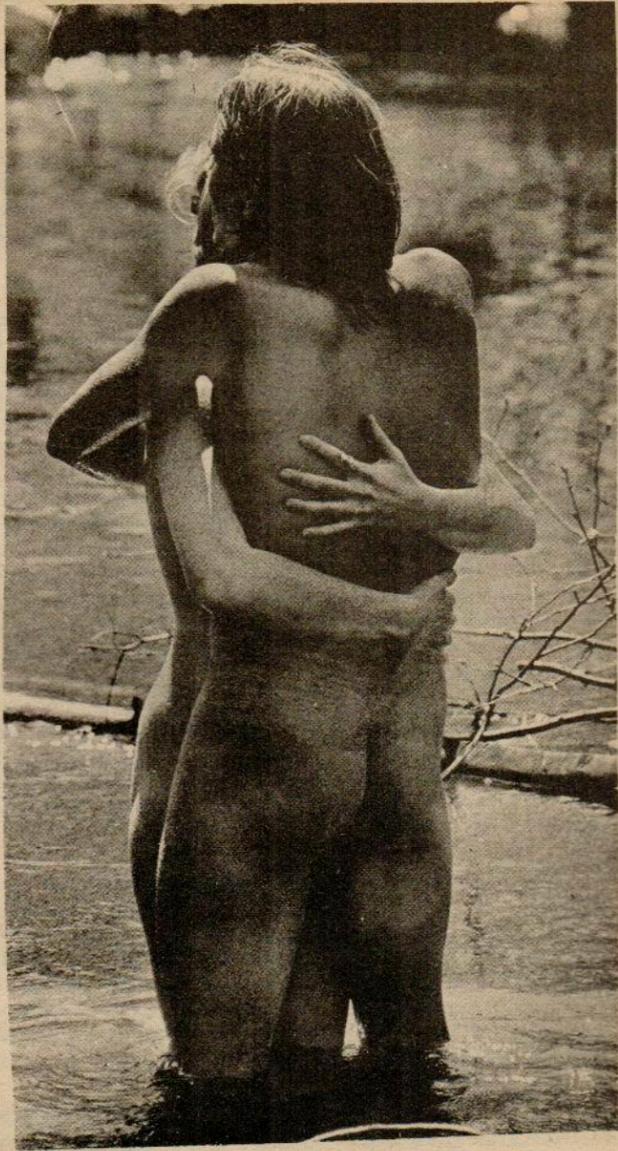
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Educator supports computers as best method of teaching sex



WHAT IS

OBSCENE?



## "I HATE THE POOR"

I do not walk in the slums of the city. Dostoevsky loved to walk among the poor. He loved beggars. They made books for him. I hate the poor. Once again: I hate the poor. Oh yes, the kingdom of heaven - through the eye of a needle; but I have no use for their heaven, I could invent fifty better ones in a single day. I was born of the poor. I never had enough to eat. I never had decent clothes. I couldn't stomach it. I said: I won't be poor. I go hungry often enough now, but I am not 'of the poor'. I am richer than the richest banker. Because: I hate the poor out of my love for them. Until all men unite in hating the poor, there can be no new society. Stalin loves the poor - without them he could not exist. The revolutions of the future must be directed

not against the rich but against the poor. To be poor means to be blind, demoralized, debased. The poor have been the slop-pails of capitalism, repositories for all the filth and brutality of a filthy, brutal world. Do not liberate the poor: destroy them - and with them all the jackal-Stalins that feast on their hideous shrunken bodies. How the Church and false revolutionaries draw together: love the poor - for they are humble. I say hate the poor for the humility which keeps their faces pressed into the mud. The poor are a product of a false and cruel society; but they are also the cornerstone of that society. Lift them to the stars; tell them to walk proudly on this earth: the cathedrals and broad roads were made by the labor of their hands; it

is the duty of all true revolutionaries not only to restore these things into their hands, but also - and this is the key - to put them into their heads. Empty stomachs, empty heads: fill both with good food. Don't shove Peter the Great back into their throats.

Are you heavy laden? Throw off your load. Do you understand this? Your backs are bent under the junk of property, which you came by because of your fear. You were afraid to possess your soul, so you went by the wayside and acquired property. It has been said that property is theft: I say that property is murder. The hands of dying children reach up through your bread. You beat me with your stick. You made the war. Even now you take the side of murder: no one must have your money. Your dollars become rifles: you will protect to the last drop of someone else's blood that was never

yours. You walk over my face. I am the poor. I am the one in whose house you live. It is my food you eat.

*you leave nobody else without a bed*

*You make everybody else thoroughly at home I'm the only one hanged in your halter*

*You've driven nobody else mad but me*

Kenneth Patchen  
The Journal of Albion Moonlight

# SEX AND YOGA

Thad a Rita Ashby

All energy is sexual energy. Therefore, when we use the word sex we should mean all energy. The divine lust that creates the world is the sexual attraction between all forms; sex is electro magnetism. In Tantra Yoga we are liberated through sex into Eros: All Energy.

Alan Watts charming us by the sweet sound of his own music, tells us that man has developed his 'spotlight intelligence, his ability to concentrate on one thing exclusively, thus he spends his life isolating a fact from the field around it, so that it can be studied. This spotlight intelligence needs to plug in to the warm womanly floodlight intelligence, which is aware that nothing can be experienced or studied without experiencing its 'vibes', the field around it, aware that anything includes everything, aware not of isolated particles, but of wave forms all connected. She is all connected Mother Earth. Her ocean tides feel the pull of Her moon which inspires her dogs to howl, lures her sleepwalkers to prowl their midnight obsessions unconsciously away, and moves woman to menstruate - her body receiving messages from and paying homage to Her daughter the moon. For Mother Earth is mother to the Moon.

In "Island" Aldous Huxley wrote about an exotic utopian island-community called Pala. Given what we know about eugenics, biology, basic human needs, sex and drugs, all his ideas can be realized now. That is his main point, and Tantra Yoga is central to the theme.

The Palanese use Moksha or "liberation" medicine - a magic mushroom to meditate better. In particular they practice a form of sexual meditation called "Maithuna". Consequently, the Palanese are happy and immune to most of the afflictions of the world in Game/Time. The perfection of the Palanese may sound like a rewriting of human nature, however, they do show a different human nature; our own potential nature, more deeply realized, thus the Palanese can make a success of Utopia. Pala is the first hip commune.

## VICTORIAN PREJUDICES

In India Westerners "fight to keep the jungle out of ones garden", "The jungle is-almost-obscene." God's shameless drunken sailor spending its fecundity. The jungle bursts with sexual/digestive display-flowerings, rootings, seedlings fritting-writhings with Life/Death/Rebirth, Nature which we now confess includes ourselves is a super sex whammy.

## THE PLAYBOY HANGUP

The 19th Century Puritan sublimated sex (all erotic energy) into culture. The contemporary (Playboy) Puritan discharges energy (tension) whenever any arises. Allowing sex to grow and blossom like an erotic perfumed bloom-takes more time than Game/Time people have. So, our (Western Man's) sex life is anxious. We dissolve the ego of Western Civilization during that one moment of body rapture: orgasm. After orgasm: angst. We alleviate our tension, as do addicts, temporarily, by concentrating pleasure very locally, very genitally. The more we do it, the more we perpetuate our sexual hangups.

## SEX A DRAG?

After orgasm, we tend to lose our sense of generating an exchange of energy (synergy), perhaps like a circuit grounded, we dissipate our energy - we cannot contain the charge for long - we lose the magnetic moment of fusion. If sex isn't fully soulsatisfying, we afterwards feel frustrated and then guilty. If western man "hates himself in the morning", he is not alone; his woman also hates him. She feels used, not for a great religious purpose that subtly explores her multi dimensions of ultra purple... of silken fire - but used as a means of relieving but not releasing his neurotic tension.

## TANTRA DEFINED

Today, Watts, Brown, Marcuse, Von Urban, McLuhan and Leary are engaged in a restoration of the integrity of sensuality. Consciously or unconsciously they all use a more or less tantric approach.

The thing that makes Tantra distinct and unique is that the Tantrics do not believe in making love metaphorically - in psychiatric terms, they believe that transference means physical touch.

The word Tantra literally means "touch". Being anxious, our Western orgasm shows a crescendo profile. Starting slowly, it builds rapidly to a

Maituna, Tantra, cool sex. Norman Brown sees "normal" that is, genitally organized sexuality (hot sex) as a neurosis. The alternative to the genital neurosis? Maithuna in Tibetan called "yab-yum." Why are we only now hearing about it? Why was Tantra long underground - called the forbidden left hand path?

Western philosophers, even the best of them - they're nothing more than good talkers. Eastern philosopher's are often rather bad talkers, but that doesn't matter. Talk isn't the point. Their philosophy is pragmatic and operational. Like the philosophy of modern physics - except the operations in question are psychological and the results transcendental. Your metaphysicians make statements about the nature of man and the universe, but they don't offer the reader any way of testing the truth of those statements. When we make statements, we follow them up with a list of operations that can be use for testing the validity of what we've been saying.

The yogis lost the integrity of their sensuality when Hindus adopted British moral values. The British condemned the great Tantric Temple of Konarak by calling it "the obscene pagoda". The statuary at Konarak depicts the variety of positions in the Yoga of love - showing in sexual exercises art performed by masters, god! The variety of voluptuousness erupting into flowing rock, shows courtship (as among birds) practiced as a dance. The inventors of new sexual positions were choreographing sex play. The sculptors, watched through a fast shutter are balling each other but at the same time, dancing with a fluid religious/esthetic grace.

The Palanese withstand the temptations of the Game/Time world, not because they're self denying people, sticking to some puritan conspiracy against the body. They can't resist because they have something much sexier; they practice Tantra Yoga - in Rita's phrase, Cool Sex.



fast final brief banging of gongs. Tantrics think that only way to, say, tame a kitten or a wild woman such as a human being is to touch her, stroke her, pet her.

## THE ORGASM

In Maithuna, the man does nothing (no motion) to bring on orgasm. Most often he delays it, at least until the end of the ceremony. Ordinarily the woman sits astride the man, facing him upright, her legs not in lotus but wrapped around his waist; the man puts his hands on her back; she hangs her hands over his shoulders. She is always the active partner. In Tantra man becomes receptive, letting her call the tune. Whether or not his erection continues isn't important: in this position it can't slip out.

## INDUCTION CURRENTS

Normally you feel you're an individual, separate, alone. It's true, you are an individual in the sense of a self contained electrical field. You are a region of space influenced by a generator. To continue the image, suppose you plug one generator into the wall and put another generator beside it - but not plugged in. Now as the plugged in generator wraps its field around the unplugged - in generator, the unplugged - in generator begins to whine, soon racing along as fast as the one that is plugged in. The analogy to Tantra is that woman is somehow at this stage of history more plugged in (than man) to the biological rhythms of earth/moon/sun. Man needs to be rapt/wrapped in her field - long enough to hear the "devine whine."

## THE THIRD LOVER

After an hour or two of this long sweet communion (the actual duration depends on how high you are; the higher the less time it takes), you begin to create somehow the feeling of a third presence. This presence is made up of the two separate selves, overlapping, melting down and "blushing." When this blushing occurs, a field is created - it pores out your pores like shoots of light opening out a way - whence the imprisoned splendor escapes.

## MAN INTO WOMAN

The purpose is to inhibit man's compulsion for rapid motion. Mate on lap, he can't move too violently. Maithuna is a means of prolonging the experience, abolishing Game/Time, entering an awareness of eternity.

Slowing a man down, eliminating his pillaging, looting motions, allows him enough time enough eternity to experience a woman, really experience her. Man is about, hints McLuhan in "The Future of Sex", to become a woman.

## HEALING POWER

There's another result of Tantra: Giving so much relaxed attention to your body, you feel certain things happening in you that can only be described as healing. The word "heal" is related to "holy" and "whole".

## REPAIR

People are only halves until they melt down with Moska/Maithuna. Repair means repair. Trip out on that. One scissor is useless until repaired with its mate. Repaired it functions as scissors.

What we're beginning to realize, our folk wisdom already expresses: "My wife is my other half."

## COMPASSION

After practising Tantra every day for six weeks, you'll change profoundly. You'll find yourself looking children and dogs deeply in the eye and feeling as biologically with it as they. You will look strangers in the eye, guiltless, and so feel compassion for them. You will begin to hear the sound of your own music. After Tantra your tree will bear fruit.

## HOLY BEATY

Women who practice Tantra regularly begin to look literally like flowers. The sheen of their silken skins glows with eros. Innocence and vulnerability shines from their great soft warm dilated eyes. The communion usually inspires women with great self confidence for Tantra is a form of worship. Every woman is God's bride. Sakti! Sakta!

When at last the field of electro magnetism is whinning shinning round both of you, you feel her blood flowing in her veins; scratch her back and feel your fingertips on your own back; look into her eyes and, your two eyes together create a third eye, a third presence, whose eyes shine forth with another colour. If your eyes are blue and hers green you will look into aqua eyes - right? But then yellow eyes appear! Another presence, a new person has come into being!

How do you know when you've done it right? The communion should last at least two hours.

If in that time a man surrenders sensitive awareness of the woman, feeling her blood flow, vibrating to her metabolism, breathing her breathe - he will know the meaning of Tat tvam asi. It is the awareness of unity physically. Felt in blood and bones; we are one.

## NO RAPE

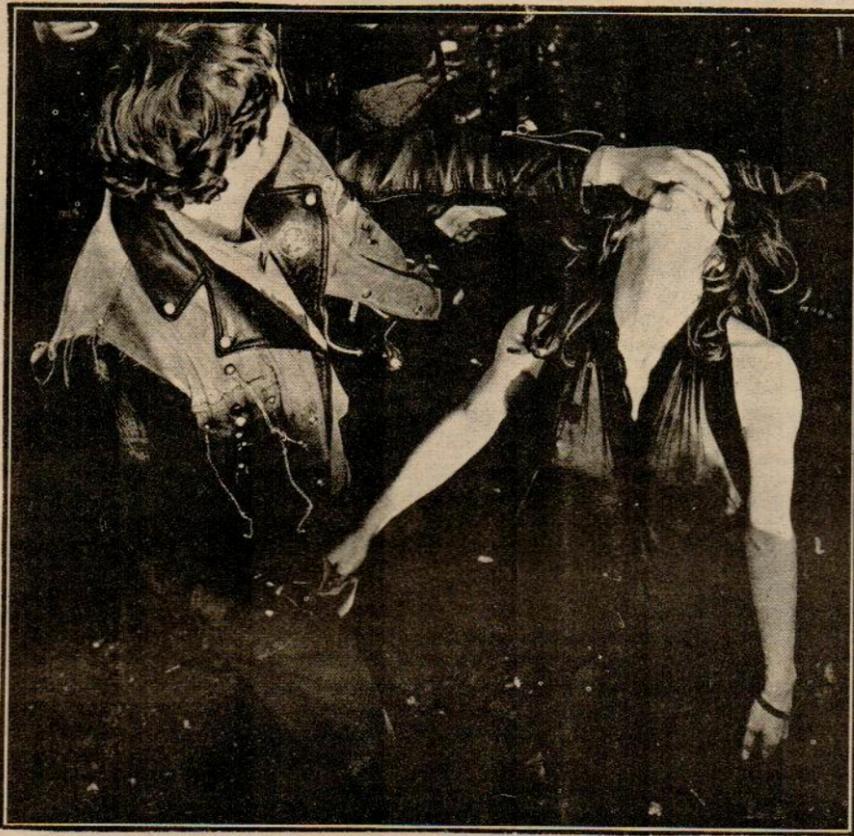
When a man worships the Buddhahood of her yoni, the woman is cured of self-hatred, the feeling of an inferior role that the race has instilled in her through an act of love akin to caveman rape. (The Polynesians call our conventional position, "Missionary position.")

## REVERSAL

Freed of this prison of masculine imposition, the woman is free to initiate any aggressiveness or motion. Of-

# CABBAGE TOWN

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Terry's done her hair up in some sort of a roll tight up on top, which makes her look older, and she's shortened the hem on her green dress, which makes her look sexier, so with my good slacks and my new shirt on, and her looking like a swinger, we make quite a pair as we walk into the Top Hat Tavern, which is smack in the middle of Cabbagetown.

It's a huge old wooden building pretty well the same as the Harmony House, except it's ten times as big. It's got a bouncer at the door, which gives it some sort of class, a guy seven feet tall and about as wide, with a scar running from his mouth to his ear. The place is packed and he makes us wait near the door until there's an empty table.

There must be at least forty thousand people in here and the noise is deafening. So deafening that you can't even hear what the group over near the end of the room is playing. You know it's Country and Western, though, cause they're dressed up in cowboy suits. There's three of them—two guys with guitars and a woman singing.

Terry says something to me, but I can't hear her due to the noise.

"What did you say?" I yell in her ear.

"I said, do you think we'll get a seat?" she yells back.

"Sure we will," I shout. "Won't we?" I yell at the bouncer, who's standing in front of us.

He looks at me. "What do you think I am, a fucking mind reader or something? I don't know buddy, just wait and see."

After that little speech he turns his back on us and glares at the crowd. Any other guy saying that to me, I'd bust his head open, but Little Ernie (that's all he goes by) doesn't mean anything by the way he talks, it's just that's the only way he can express himself. He's been a sailor on cargo ships most of his life.

Finally, there's an empty table and we run over to it before someone grabs it. It's in the middle of the room and the noise here is worse. A loud roar that goes on and on without stopping.

Beside us there's two truck-driver-type guys with their Sunday suits on and their wives beside them, two frowzy blondes, one fat, one skinny, and both with last week's makeup still on. They're stoned already, and God knows, it's only ten o'clock.

I look around for the waiter but I don't see him anywhere. Terry looks kind of stunned. She turns towards me and says, "I hope this bar isn't like the first one you took me to." "Hell no," I answer back. "This joint's much classier."

Splash. Splash. The waiter dumps two draughts on our table and holds his hand out waiting for the money. I give him fifty cents, and he pockets the change before I've offered to give it to him and moves on to the next table. Splash. Splash. Splash. It sounds like you need a raincoat around here.

One of the blondes has stuck her leg out from the table and has lifted her skirt right up to her ass so she can adjust her stocking. The two guys keep talking together as if nothing has happened. She gets kinda mad about that and shouts to the other blonde so that everybody can hear her, "Look at that, a run in my stocking, and I just got them yesterday." The other blonde looks at the run and says, "Gee that's too bad." The guys keep talking to themselves. Everybody else is looking, though, and that gives blonde number two, the fat one, the guts to life up her skirt and tell the whole world, "I bought these a week ago and they're still as good as new." Finally one of the guys turns to the broads and tells them to go up to the stage if they want to do a striptease. That makes them pull their skirts down a bit and the guys go back to their conversation.

By that time we've finished our beers, and the waiter comes by again to slop two more glasses on the table, which is so wet by now it looks like the Don River. Terry says she doesn't want any more cause she's scared of getting drunk like last time. I tell her not to worry about it, that two beers never hurt anybody. The waiter keeps the change again and that's starting to bug me. The least he can do is let me offer it to him.

Terry sips her beer, pretending not to notice the skinny blonde, who's dragged her other leg out from under the table and is looking for runs on that stocking.

The noise in here is beating on my ears. Terry's talking again, but I can't catch a word. She leans over the table. "Why don't we go somewhere else, Michael?"

"Oh come on, baby, we just got here," I answer, smiling at her, and she leans back on her chair without saying anything else.

Behind all that roar I can actually hear a few snatches of song now and then. That means that my ears are getting used to the racket. I smile at Terry again and hold out my hand to her. She takes it and smiles back. That should keep her quiet for a while.

Two frogs walk by, small heavy guys with black hair and eyes, and leer at the skinny blonde, who's still got her skirt hiked up her legs. They say something in French to each other and laugh. That makes the fat blonde start hiking her skirt again, and the only thing that stops her pulling it all the way up is a belt on the side of her dumb noggin from her man, who's interrupted his conversation long enough to let her have it. The other guy turns to the skinny blonde and tells her to pull her skirt down before she makes the customers puke. That cuts them right down to size, and they both sit there without saying a word and drain their glasses.

Behind us there's an Indian woman sitting alone with a beer held between her hands. She's talking to herself and it goes something like this: "De wite mans, dey only wan me when deys wanna fuck. Dey sez dat's all Injun womans good for. How come all de wite mans like dat?"

She takes a swig out of her glass and looks up for a minute. I guess she's about fifty. Her hair looks like it's never seen a comb and there's pockmarks on her face like Dottie has. VD probably. All Indian women get that some time or other. She's sort of fat and she's wearing a man's shirt and an old skirt with a rip down the side, men's socks and a pair of house slippers. Her clothes are dirty, she's red-eyed, and she smells.

"Dey all tells ya dey loves ya when dey wanna fuck ya, and after dey tells ya dirty Injun."

Terry's looking shocked at the woman. I feel like telling her that that's all they're good for anyway, but she wouldn't understand.

The waiter comes by again and we have two more beers, although I can see that Terry's not feeling like having any more. She looks at the full glass of white foam and yellow liquid with disgust.

"Really Michael, I don't think I can take any more," she says, looking at me with her sad doggy eyes. Me, I pick up my glass and bash it against hers, saying cheers (which is what they say in England) and winking at the same time.

I down half of it with one gulp and she takes a small sip out of hers. You can see she's not really in the mood. Guess I better cheer her up.

"It's Saturday, honey. Hell, I've been working hard all week and this is the only day I get a chance to have a ball."

She gives a half-hearted smile.

"Besides, I can't help but drink, having the swellest-looking chick in Cabbagetown sitting at my table."

She smiles with her teeth showing and says something like "Oh Michael!"

"I mean, there's guys that'd give their right ball and maybe their left ball too, to have a doll like you to keep them company." She blushes and chuckles at the same time and picks up her beer for another little sip. Way to go, Mike kid. You done it again.

A glass falls to the floor where the blondes are sitting and the fat one, who dropped it, turns to her old man and tells him to order her another beer. He answers that she's had enough and she gets in a huff over that, says to her girl friend, "Come on" and they both get up off the table and head for the ladies' john. The two guys don't even look up.

Out of the corner of my eye I spot the two Frenchmen, who are sitting further down the row, get up on their feet and swagger off after the blondes. As they pass my table I notice that one of the husbands gives them the eye for a second and points them out to his buddy.

"Why do de wite mans call me squaw alla time. My name Helen. He call me squaw, but he fuck me jus same as a wite womans."

The frogs have caught up to the blondes and they've just said something funny to them cause all four are laughing. They're standing in a corner by the john and the guys have got them on the inside of the corner with their backs to the wall. One of the blondes is pretending to adjust her brassiere strap and her hand on it is making her right tit jerk up and down like a rubber ball. The frogs are looking at it like it was a fifty dollar bill and the broads are getting a real kick out of it.

"At least you've got good stockings," shouts the other blonde. "They're not ripped like mine. Just look at them," and up goes her skirt again.

The Frenchies figure they've got it made for the night. They move in closer to the broads and wink at each other. And that's the last thing they do.

The husbands, who've been keeping an eye on the whole show, get up when blonde number two starts the bit with her stockings. They march up the aisle and just when the Frenchies wink at each other, the heavier of the two, who's the husband of the fat one, picks up a chair from the table nearest the john and slams it down on the head of one of the Frenchies. He slides against the wall and rolls to the floor, his eyes still full of the sight of the blonde's tit. Man, like he never knew what hit him. The second guy grabs the other Frenchie by the throat and opens his face with a broken glass that he's got in his hand. Frenchie screams and puts his arms in front of his face to protect himself. The glass twists into his crotch, and when his arms drop towards his cut balls, he gets another swipe in the face.

Jesus, this guy's a pro. Talk about a cut job. That's one of the best I've ever seen. Frenchie didn't stand a chance. Face, crotch, face. He's sitting on the floor beside his buddy, who's still knocked out, bleeding like Niagara Falls and crying like a kid. The whole bar's in an uproar. Everybody's got up and rushed over to see what's happening and it takes Little Ernie about five minutes of pushing and hitting people before he gets to the scene of the massacre. Some women are screaming and just everybody else is yelling. Some of the smart ones are getting out before the Law comes. Terry's sitting stiff as a board, her face pale as a ghost, her hands held together so tight her knuckles are turning white, and her eyes wide open in horror. Like a scene out of *Psycho*.

Everybody's up and milling about except Terry, me, and the Indian woman, who acts like nothing's happened. That's when the cops come barging in, two at first and five more a few minutes later. They push the crowd out of the way and bend over the two Frenchies. I can't see a thing from where I'm sitting because of the people but I can tell that the frog who got carved up is in a serious state cause there's the sound of a siren, and a couple of ambulance attendants come whipping in the bar. The cops and Little Ernie make room for them by pushing some people against the wall and the ambulance guys put the Frenchie on the stretcher. He's groaning something terrible and for a second I get a glimpse of him: blood on his face, on his shirt, on his pants, running down his legs. He won't be hustling the girls for a while. Then the crowd moves forward again and all I can see is the heads of the attendants as they whip the guy out of the place. The other Frenchie's up on his feet by now. He's holding the back of his head and apart from a little blood on his hair, he looks okay. Then the cops hustle him and the two guys who did the damage out to a waiting paddy wagon.

Everybody starts to sit down again until someone yells, "Hey, look at that! They're fighting the fuzz!" The herd jams the hall and the exit door and in sixty seconds the dump's empty, which gives me the chance of draining a few glasses on some of the other tables, since mine's already finished.

I gulp down two or three nearly full ones and sit down again before they start coming back in.

Terry's still got the same look on her face. Christ, you'd think she'd been raped or something. I reach over and separate her hands before she breaks every bone in them.

"Hey baby, what's the matter?" I ask her. "Don't tell me you're all shook up about the fight. Hell, that was nothing, you shoulda seen the ones we got into when I was running around with the gang."

She blinks her eyes and looks at me, tries to smile and



• Eat Dreams •

• Food for the mind  
and body •  
Yellow Ford Truck • 25 Baldwin

gives it up as a lost cause. She puts her hands back together again. Then she says, "Please, Michael, let's get out of here. Let's go home. Please. I'm feeling sick."

"Sure honey, anything you say," and I get up. It's a good idea cause in the first place they'll probably close the place for the night, and also some of the joes outside will be coming back soon and they're going to notice that someone's drunk their booze.

The Indian woman's still sitting there with the glass between her hands. I help Terry up cause she really does look sick. A few minutes of fresh air outside will clear that up.

"If I had some moneys, I go back to de reserve. Dere's no wite mans dere."

Outside the crowd's breaking up, but it's easy to see that there was a fight, like the guy said. There's still a couple of cops hanging around, and groups of people are talking in loud voices. Someone yells from across the street, "Every cop kicked in the nuts means one less cop who's going to have cop kids." I take it from that, that a cop got booted. Probably by one of the guys who got arrested.

Haw. Haw. Haw. Everyone laughs at that and one of the cops looks across to see who said it, but there's a bunch of guys all together and after trying to scare them with a hard look, he goes back to the door of the bar where he was standing before with the other cop.

I know who it is, though. It's Jerry and I haven't seen him since that afternoon at the faggot bar, so I grab Terry by the arm and steer her across the street to where he's standing with half a dozen buddies. They're still laughing and talking together, so I have to punch him on the shoulder before he turns around and spots me.

"Mike baby!" he puts his arm over my shoulder. "Hey how're you doing man! Geez, haven't seen you in a month of Sundays. What happened, you tried to make a butch one night and she cut your knockers off?"

He slaps me on the back, nearly knocking my lungs out the front of my chest, and laughs. Real funny, I think. About as funny as a truckload of dead babies. That's what bugs me

about Jerry, he's got a moutn like a sewer—it's always spewing out loads of shit, but I stick around, clowning with him and being introduced to the guys he's hanging around with, because he's always got something to drink at home and I'm still feeling thirsty.

Terry, who's starting to look half-human again, asks me what a butch is and I look at her without believing what I've just heard. "It's a lesbian," I answer and wonder if she's putting me on or if she's really that stupid. Everybody, but everybody, knows what a butch is. Except, of course, if you're brought up on a farm and got nothing to play around with but the chickens and the cows.

I talk about old times with Jerry for a while and crack jokes with the guys. Hell, it feels good. Been a long time, all right, since I've done this. That's what happens when you get tied up with a broad. You drop all your buddies, and that's a bad thing cause you never know when you might need them. Like tonight, with the bar closed and the Harmony House too far away.

"Who's the chick?" Jerry asks, noticing for the first time that I've got one with me.

"Her name's Terry," I answer. He gives her a good up and down look for a minute then turns back to his buddies just as Terry's raising her hand to shake it with him.

We all stand around for about ten minutes and I'm getting tired of just standing there and I'm ready to admit that there'll be no party at Jerry's tonight, which means no more booze for the night, so I say to Terry, "Well let's hit the road," when Jerry puts his arm around my shoulder again and says, "We got some tail waiting for us in the car. Wanna come over to my place and have a party? Bring your chick." He winks at me.

It's about goddam time.

"Hey," I say, "that sounds groovy. Yeah sure, we'll come, won't we Terry?" Terry nods her head and looks like she's going to drop dead on the spot. So what, if she doesn't want to drink, she can sit there and listen to the radio.

So me and Jerry and Terry and another guy pile into Jerry's bomb, a '56 Ford with a '62 Thunderbird motor and no

muffler. Jerry lays about fifty feet of rubber right past the cops and we all laugh as they run out to the middle of the street and try to get the number of his license plate. Hell, by the time they got their notebooks out we're already half a mile up the street, the bomb making a roar like an atomic fart.

By the time we hit Dundas we're doing seventy and I'm starting to get nervous, not cause I'm scared of an accident, but because we've all been drinking and if the cops pull us over we've all had it. The two broads are in the back seat with Terry and me. One of them's Indian and she's got a face that shows what she's been doing the last thirty years of her life—drinking and screwing. She's wearing a faded blue skirt and a tight sweater and her black hair hangs down past her shoulders. Ten years ago she probably looked all right but now she's just a has-been. She's been through the mill, and ten years from now she'll end up like the other Indian broad in the bar tonight.

The one beside her sitting next to the window, is about the same age. She's white, with close-cropped hair like someone who's just got out of prison, and wearing a pant suit that's about a size too big for her.

They're both stoned right out of their minds and they're having a ball shouting out the window at other cars.

"Hey, fuck-face, you wanna drag?"

"Whassa matter, you got no balls?"

The Indian, her name's Delia, puts her arms around Jerry and says "Com'on honey, step on it."

"Yeah, stuff this car right up their fat asses," squawks the other one, who goes by the name of Doris, though I'll bet a buck that's not her right name.

Terry huddles in closer to me and throws me a look that says what are we doing here Michael, we should be home. Jerry wheels around a corner on two wheels and everybody piles up on top of everybody else.

"Jesus Christ, what you trying to do, get us all thrown in the can?" I yell at Jerry, who's laughing his head off with the other guy, and the broads in the back seat joining in. Stupid bunch of clowns.

"Don't worry bout it Mike," Jerry answers over his shoulder, "we're almost there."

"Whassa matter, you scared?" pipes in the other guy. Greasy little bastard, if I lose my cool tonight, it'll be with him. He's got a bony face and so much Brylcreem on his hair it shines in the dark. Hairy arms and a beak like a parrot's. Thin lips and two black eyes that turn around on the seat now and then to look up Terry's dress.

I ignore him for the moment and turn to Jerry again. "I hope you at least got a driver's license." He passes a car, crossing the white line and just missing a car driving the other way.

"Sure I got one," he answers, laughing, "but it's in the cop shop right now. They took it off me for six months."

Great.

Suddenly he brakes to a stop, throwing us all forward, which makes the broads squeal, and says, "Everybody out, we're here."

I step out on the sidewalk and look around and say to myself, Hell, after all that driving we're only half a mile away from my place. That crazy bastard, at least he better have lots of booze.

"Geez, what a dump," says the Indian, holding on to Jerry like he was the Rock of Gibraltar.

"It better have a good bed," giggles the other broad. "After two years in Mercer sleeping on a board, I'm ready to give my right arm for a bed with a real mattress, clean sheets and a soft pillow."

"Shit," says Greasehead, "it's not your right arm you'll be giving tonight to get on a bed, you can be sure of that."

Doris giggles again and runs her hand up the jerk's pant leg. "Well, what are we waiting for?" she says.

I was right, she *has* been in prison. Probably tough as nails, too.

Just spent two years without a man, and that barrel of Brylcreem's getting her. I'm starting to get seriously pissed off, and we haven't even begun drinking yet.

His room's bigger than mine and he's got a carpet, too.



And a double bed, right smack in the middle of the room. Two chairs and a table with three legs. A light bulb hanging from a single cord and a table lamp. Greasehead and the two broads pile on the bed and Terry and me grab a chair each while Jerry fishes a twenty-sixer of rye and a mickey of rum out of the closet.

"Sorry, gang, but I got nothing to drink it with, unless you want water," he says as he passes each of us a glass.

"So, who needs anything? Just hand that bottle over, cutie," says the prison broad, "and I'll show you how a real woman drinks." She grabs the bottle out of his hands (the rye) and guzzles about a quarter of it before stopping to get her breath.

"Hey," screams Delia, wrestling the bottle out of her hand, "leave something for us, eh."

"Up yours. Haven't had a decent drink in so long I forget what the stuff tastes like."

Greasehead puts his hands on one of her legs and squeezes. "You sure know how to hold the stuff," he says to her, slobbering as he talks. "That's nothing Dino, wait'll I really get a few in me. I'll show you what I can do," she answers and uncrosses her legs so he can get a better hold of them.

So the guy's a lousy wop. What the hell's he doing around here? This isn't his district. He's still grabbing a look at Terry's legs, too. Christ, the sonafabitch's got two pieces of snatch next to him, what else does he want?

We've each got a full glass of rye and Jerry's sat down beside Delia. Terry's taken a little sip and that makes her cough. We all laugh and she gets red in the face.

Jerry turns to Greasehead and says that's the first time he's seen me with a broad who can't drink. Greasehead answers that broads that can't drink can do other things and they all go into hysterics over that. Terry's face is so red it looks like a baby's ass after a good spanking. Someone turns the radio on and switches the light bulb off so there's only the table lamp to see by. We finish our drinks and Jerry fills us up again. Terry's still got her first drink but she gets some more poured in anyway. "Gosh, Michael, I'm going to get drunk again," she whispers in my ear, and I tell her, "Don't worry, I'll carry you home if you do." There's some real cool R. and B. on the radio and Jerry's grabbed Delia and is dancing with her, their hips together and their asses rotating in unison. She's kissing his ear and he's got his right hand cupped over her butt.

Greasehead gulps his second drink down, waits for Doris to finish hers, pushes her across the bed and lays down beside her. Their legs dangle over the edge of the bed.

Terry looks kind of embarrassed. She sips her drink slowly and smiles at me once in a while without saying anything. Me, I'm busy trying to imagine which of the two broads would make the best lay.

My guess is Doris. When she came in she took off the jacket of her pant suit and showed off a nice pair of tits. Also, she just got out of jail and she's got hot pants. But Delia's got a nice ass, and from what I've heard she doesn't mind using it either, and full lips like a Negro woman. I'm sure she knows more tricks than Doris, but then Doris'll probably give you a wilder ride for your money.

"Ouch!" squeals Delia, "don't bruise the merchandise." Jerry laughs and pinches her ass again.

"You gotta know what you're buying these days, and the only way to tell is by touching it."

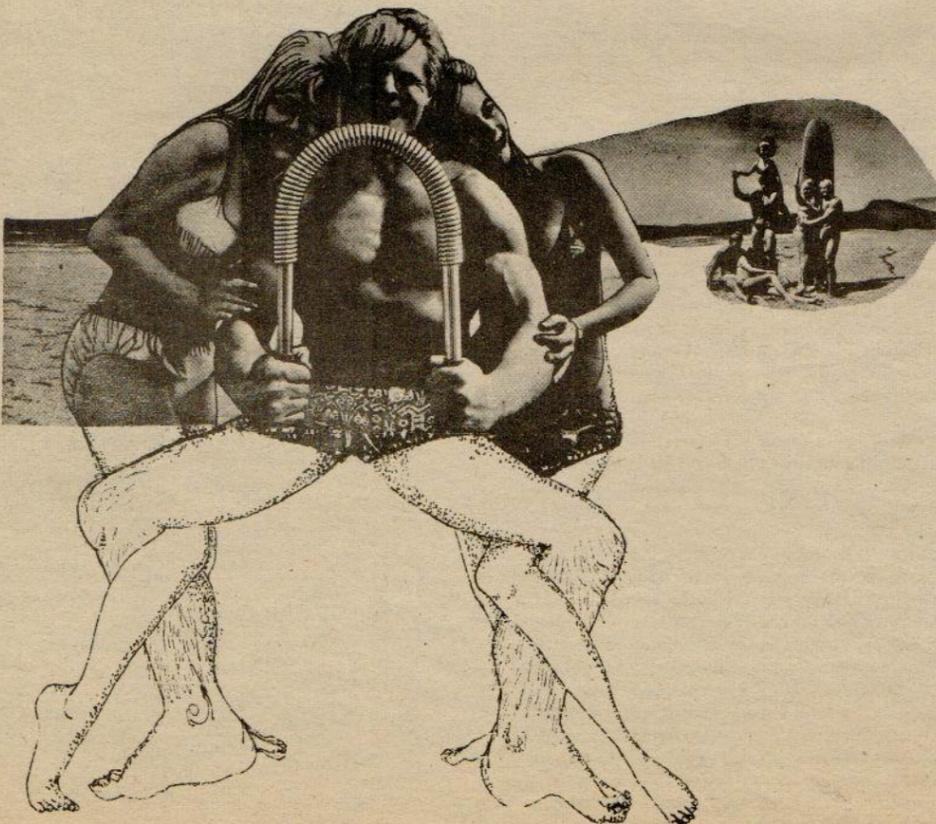
Delia stops dancing, takes a swig from her glass and tells Jerry that seein's as good as feelin'. Jerry answers, "Yeah, when there's something to see," and Delia says, "Well take a look at this," turns around, bends over, and flips her skirt over her waist. She's not wearing anything underneath. Jerry whistles and Greasehead stops feeling his broad so he can get a good look. He whistles too and says he hasn't seen a nicer pair of cheeks since his sister got married and moved out of the house, which makes Delia so happy she shakes her butt up and down and right and left like a stripteaser, which excites Jerry so much that he pinches it again which makes her squeal again and move her butt all the faster.

Terry puts her hand on my arm and tells me with her eyes, let's go home, but I pull my arm away and give her a dirty look. I want to tell her that this is the first party we've been to together and she should enjoy it, but I'm too busy watching the Indian. There's a fast R. and R. on the radio and the guys are clapping their hands to the rhythm and telling Delia "Faster baby, show us what you can do," and Delia bends down lower and pulls the skirt higher till it covers her head and the only thing you can see are her enormous cheeks bobbing and twitching on top of her legs, which are spread wide apart so you can see her cunt if you bend down a bit. Jerry pinches them again and Greasehead gives them a pinch too and Delia's going faster and faster till it seems that her ass is really a mouth and she's talking to you. I'm starting to sweat and I light up a cigarette and offer one to Terry who takes it and starts coughing again after the first drag, but this time no one notices.

Doris, who's been watching, propped up on the bed with her elbows, finishes off her fourth or fifth glass, stands up and says, "Shit, is that the best you can do?" Her face is flushed as she takes off her blouse and pants and stands in her underclothes in front of the guys till they turn around to look at her. God, but she's got a nice pair! And slim legs and a real tight little butt. Greasehead puts his hand on her left tit and pats her bum with his other hand and says to Jerry, who still hasn't made up his mind which way to look, "How's this for a real piece?" which makes Delia bounce her bum harder still, but it's Doris's turn now and after a couple more twitches she stands up straight and pours herself a drink. "Come on," says Greasehead, "whattaya waiting for, Christmas?"

"Up yours," she answers, then pops her tits out of the top of her brassiere, so that they stand out straight ahead like the women you see in the Playboy cartoons. "You like them?" she says to Greasehead, pushing them under his chin, and as he leans over to get a mouthful she backs off giggling and pushes them under Jerry's face, "and you?" "Not bad," Jerry answers, lifting his glass to his mouth, "but I seen better."

I think Jerry likes an ass more than anything else cause Doris's boobs are really delicious. They look like they'd melt



in your mouth. She comes over to me and says, "And you, baby face, you ever had a real woman's tits in your hands?" I says, "Ever since my mother all I've had is real tit." I'm dying to grab them, put them in my mouth, squeeze them so hard they'll burst, but what can I do with Terry there? She struts past Terry and laughs at her embarrassment, then faces the guys who have sat down on the bed with Delia between them and says, "Ready fellows? Watch this," takes off her brassiere and starts bouncing her tits in the air. They go around, sideways, up and down, every direction possible and then some, and her hardly moving at all, like those things got a life of their own. Man, I never seen anything like it, not even at the Victory Burlesque where they got pros. (We got kicked out of there once for throwing a water bomb at one of the strippers. Got her right square on her tummy. She jumped a mile.)

Terry's closed her eyes. Jerry and Greasehead are so horny that one of them's put his hand up Delia's dress and the other one's jerking off with one hand and feeling her tit with the other. He's pulled it right out of her dress and it's hanging there like a ripe melon and he's pinching her nipple. Her eyes are closed too. The music seems to be getting louder and the only other sound in the room is the wheezing and panting over on the bed. I finish the rest of my glass and pour another, filling up Terry's at the same time. "I couldn't take any more," Terry says, trying her hardest to avoid the scene in front of us, her eyes looking straight at me. "Drink," I answer, "drink."

She takes another sip and while the glass is still to her lips I tip it up so that she gets a whole mouthful. She chokes and part of the rye dribbles down her mouth and on her dress. She takes a hanky out of her purse and tries to wipe it up before it makes a stain. She's coughing.

"Oh Michael, what did you do that for?" she cries, her eyes open wide for the first time since we got here.

"Hell," I smile at her all friendly-like so she won't think I'm being mean, "if you don't learn to drink now while you're young, you'll never learn. And you can't go through life like that."

"Oh, you're always teasing me," she says and smiles

balls. They groan, they gasp, her fingernails leave marks on his back, his ass goes up and down, and it's all over.

Doris is saying to the wop, "What about us honey. I haven't had it for two years. What about us, huh?"

The wop, he's too busy looking at Jerry and Delia. I pour myself some rum and turn around to see him looking at Terry again, his eyes blazing. Terry, she don't notice a thing cause she put her hands over her eyes when they started balling.

So that's why he hasn't banged the prison broad yet!

I go over to him and Doris and say to Doris, "Maybe he thinks you're not good enough for him." He throws me a dirty look and says, "Go worry about your piece buddy, I'll worry about mine." But that's done the trick. He's either got to do something with her or tell her to fuck off.

She pulls his zipper down and sticks her hand inside, and he's touching her tits, and they're both kissing after a minute. Jerry grabs Delia's dress and wipes himself off with it. She doesn't even seem to notice. Her eyes are still closed and her mouth is open. That girl sure likes her sex.

The radio's blaring another fast R. and R. and I'm not feeling so hot any more. That fucking Greasehead eyeing my broad like that has given me the bugs and I feel like zapping him. No fights for me tonight, though. You never know if somebody will call the cops. Hell, we're making enough noise as it is.

"Hey Terry," she looks up at me, "wait'll I go piss and we'll go home right after, okay?"

She nods her head and says, "Yes. Oh yes, please." Man, did you ever in your life see anyone as eager as her to leave a party? It shows what farm living does to you.

The john's at the end of the hall, and as I go out the door of Jerry's room the door next to his opens and an old bald-headed guy in his pyjamas steps out and gets in front of me so I can't get past him, and me wanting to piss so bad I can taste it.

"Y-Y-You, you, you g-g-guys-s-s m-mak-k-ing s-s-s-o-o m-m-m-uch noise-e-e, I-I c-can't s-s-s-sleep."

Oh Christ almighty, he stutters yet. I'll be pissing my pants for sure before he's finished whatever the hell he's going to say.

"Come on now, a big girl like you can take a few drinks, can't she?" He's right in front of her, so close that his legs are straddling her knees, and he's holding a cigarette in one hand and that fucking glass of rum in the other.

"No really, I-I don't think I'd like any more than you," she answers, so weak I can hardly hear her. She tries to smile, but what she wants to do is cry.

"No really, I don't think I'd like any more than you," he shouts out, mimicking her voice. "Just try, sweetheart, just try, just close your sweet little eyes and imagine it's that gearbox boy friend of yours who's offering you a drink." He slops some more rum down her face. The creeps on the bed are howling like they been given a dose of laughing gas, and that's when I let him have it.

He never knows what hits him. I spin him around real hard and right at the moment that he's face to face with me I chop him in the windpipe and boot him in the shins twice real fast, and he pitches to the ground like a pine tree, gasping for breath, his hands around his throat, his face turning blue, his eyes popping out of his head. I jump in the air and land heels first on his balls and he doubles over like a toothpick snapped in two. There's no sound out of him now, just as his face twisted out of shape, looking like the fucking ape he is.

The whole bit's taken about thirty seconds and it's all happened so fast that nobody's even moved. I stand there staring at that thing on the floor for a moment, and then look at the rest of this sad crew. The two broads are just lying there with their mouths open a foot.

"Geez," says Doris when she gets her breath back "Geez." Delia says nothing, and Jerry's just getting off the bed now.

"You haven't croaked the guy, have you Mike?" He's sweating and he's real scared.

I feel like spitting in his face. "If I did, it's your own goddam fault. What the Christ did you let him do that to my girl for, you stupid prick?"

"Hell, Mike, it was just a joke. You don't kill a guy over a joke."

"Yeah, it was just a joke," mumbles Doris.



back. One of her real cute doggy smiles which makes her look about twelve years old. I pull her chair closer to mine and give her a soul kiss, tongue and all, till she gasps for breath. My hand's on her tit.

"Not here, Michael," she gasps, drawing away after a minute or so. "Please not here."

Jerry and the dago have lifted Delia's skirt up and they're pulling some of her hairs out. "Hey, cut that out," she tells them and tries to put her hand over her snatch, but they each grab one of her hands and hold it behind her back while they

pluck hairs with their free hands. She squeals, she shouts, she giggles all over the place. They laugh. They pull hairs, counting them as they tear them out — "fifteen, sixteen, seventeen."

"You guys are gonna leave me like plucked chicken," she complains, but she's loving every minute of it. Terry looks sick again.

Jerry looks up at Doris, who's stopped throwing her breasts all over the place since nobody's paying any attention to her, and tells her to get them a drink. "A working man needs a drink now and then, just so he can keep working," he says, laughing as he pulls out another hair—"twenty-eight".

"Up yours," she says as she fills up two glasses with what's left of the rye and hands it to them, which makes them stop pulling Delia's hairs. They gulp down the stuff and Doris opens the rum, takes a stiff swallow, burps, and jumps on top of them on the bed. For a minute there's nothing but a tangle of legs, arms, tits, screams, laughs and curses. There's the sound of something getting ripped and Doris' panties go flying towards the floor.

"Cocksucker," she shouts, sitting up, "you tore my only pair of pants."

"So, be like Delia," Greasehead shouts back, dragging her back to the bed. "Don't wear pants."

"Right," giggles Delia, they get in the way when you feel like a quickie."

Jerry's pants fall down to his ankles and he straddles Delia. They bounce up and down on the bed like two rubber

"Look pop, grab me after, eh? I gotta go to the john right now."

No use, he doesn't move. His mouth starts making strange sounds and his lips twist around like a bowl of boiled spaghetti. "One, one s-s-s-econd y-y-oun-young m-m-an, do y-you re-re-re-alize th-th-that it-it's thr-three o'o'clock i-i-in the-the mo-mor-morning?"

"Hey pop," I yell and point towards his room, "there's a fire in your bed!" He turns and looks and I slip behind and whip into the john like a bat out of hell. Man, does that feel good. I'll bet I pissed at least ten gallons. I comb my hair with my hands, splash some water on my face cause I'm starting to feel a bit hungover by now, and head back for the room. I'm almost there when old fuckface jumps in front of me and blocks the hall again, his mouth moving a mile a minute.

"Y-Y-Y-Y-Y (Oh great, he's so mad he can't even get the first word out) Y-Y-You y-y-young p-p-p-unk-k, t-t-th-th-the best (Way to go pop, you got a whole word out) cu-cu-cure for-r pu-pu-punks-s-s l-like y-y-ou is-is a-a-a-a-a g-g-oo-d-d th-thr-thr-thr-shing!" He spits out *shing* like it was a bad tooth.

Christ, what a way to end a Saturday night.

"And you know the best cure for a guy who stutters?" I ask him, putting on my best smile. That catches him off guard and he steps back, his goggle eyes wide open. "W-W-What?"

"Shut up!" I scream in his face and dodge past him and into the room.

Of course, I knew what was bound to happen if I left Terry alone for five minutes. She's still sitting on the chair just like I left her, but Greasehead, that fucking Greasehead, is standing over her trying to pour a glassful of rum down her throat. She's moving her head from side to side trying to avoid it, but that motherfucking wop is pouring it over her closed lips anyway, and the stuff's running over her chin and onto her dress. The two broads and Jerry are watching the show with ear-to-ear grins, lying there naked, smoking. Nobody's noticed me come in.

Terry looks really scared, but since they're all laughing she's trying to treat it like a joke too.

Christ, I'm so uptight right now, I'll murder all three of them if they say one more word. "Come on Terry, get up for Christ's sake!" I yell at her cause since I went to work on this greasy piece of sewage lying here on the floor Terry hasn't moved, like it was her I'd creamed. But she hears my voice and slowly, very slowly, she gets up on her feet and walks over to my side. "Get your purse," I tell her and when she's done that I open the door and push her out into the hall. Before I close it, I look at the guy and his eyes are rolling around in his head and there's a hiss coming out of his throat, so I know he's not dead. Jerry's still standing there and Delia hasn't moved. Doris is pouring a drink into her glass. Her hand's shaking.

"Tell that piece of wop shit that if I ever see him again, I'll finish what I didn't do tonight," I yell at all of them, pointing my finger at him, then I slam the door and push Terry down the hall and out the front door.

I'm mad, real mad. I walk up the street so fast that Terry can't keep up with me, so I have to pull her along by the arm. She almost trips once on a curb, but I yank her arm and she's on her feet again, half-running, half-walking. The wind's blowing and her hair's all over her face, and I walk fast so she's running and I can hear her breathing hard, but I keep going fast and finally we get home. Inside I open a beer and guzzle it down in ten seconds flat and open another one and light up a cigarette. Terry undresses, puts on her nightgown and goes to the john with a paper bag in her hand, and by the time she gets back I'm in bed and the lights are off. She gets into bed and says the first thing since we left the party: "Michael, all that's happened tonight, it—it scared me so much that my period's started."

*Jesus Christ, is that all she has to say?*

Juan  
Butler.





# POETIC STRAITS

Night meat lights  
hypnotizing hungry autos on iron bridges  
crossing down Main

"Get a goddamned haircut!"  
front window cry, whose face dark drunk  
or beautiful chiseled mouth kist by whiskey?

To Gay Liberation Front's first University Dance  
that black guitarist soul mate drummer  
& mustached hairy organist Pounding God's  
repetition chords Majestic shaking room bones  
-stripe-shirted boy's

belly flashing strobe eternal glimpsed,  
bright eyes & flying hair  
hips fucking Momma Earth frank-thighed  
teen assed, thin scream ecstatic,

soul open-nouted, wide armed, Pelvis jazzed mortal  
to black Angel electric guitar squeal, high  
Prayer-shrieks through matter chairs, red lights, a hundred bodies  
in Circle, legs lifted unison stomping

Afric floors in old Millennia,  
fists raised heavenly invoking Lord Holy Power,

Give us peace O Give us Bliss  
O Give us this Happiness  
"Thank you for letting me  
be my Self again."



& dance majestic-mudrad, weapon-handed, Wheel-turning,  
fingers twined with prayer beads,  
Supplication & offering Greeting, Abhya calm,  
breath humming in breast

Om aing gring cling Chamunda yet Vijay  
my head extended in Hashish fume rays--  
An old man half bald, grey-streaked beard,  
eyes wine-joy filled

two thousand years ago  
Anacreon "Gracefully drunk & gracefully to dance  
among the Young, & gracefully be mad" again--  
So many bodys such loud music & such holy prayer  
Who needs wine When we're together  
dancing in bodies, offered

To Chango red cock-head Lord of Creation or  
Kali-Ma Stomping over Battlefields--  
As old dream-Men pounding earth-skull,  
Waking earth-heart

Beat after Beat identical with our own  
body foot pounding joy assed  
belly dance tribe-cry, hand in hand  
groaning boys and girls in a circle

*Allen Ginsberg*

March 15, 1970

# BLUES

\*I.S.U. Solarium, Normal Illinois, S.D.S. at ticket door, Women's Liberation  
Front and Boy Friends babies naked toddling past, Black Coalition  
Providing Electric rock & Dance Ritual.

ten a man with an unresponsive woman will find that her unresponsiveness was a defense against his aggressiveness. Now as he is perfectly relaxed and open to her, she will become aggressive and pay to him, as it were, extravagant sexual compliments.

#### HALOES OF ECSTASY

Delaying the orgasm needn't apply to women. Women are not as genitally organized. Their orgasms do not dissipate the divine fire but diffuse it. They're more innocent, like children

"polymorphously erogenous" Freud/Brown/Watts. Women feel just as sexy dancing or having their hair stroked. Like cats they are more tactilely sensual. A man is encouraged in our Puritan/Playboy culture to concentrate his sensitivity and his feeling in his penis. Maithuna (with Moksha medicine) re-diffuses man's genital energy. The entire body feels lit up in ultra-purple infra-orange haloes of ecstasy. A crown of lights shimmers round the head, and jewels of fire radiate an electric orgasm from the brain.

#### SERPENT POWER

This is a Western description of Kundalini, as it is called in Tantra yoga. Kundalini means serpent power; a sleeping snake lies tightly coiled around your sphincters. A Western counterpart is the vagus nerve, which wanders all around-that's why it's vagus, same word as vagrant. During violent inner conflict the vagus nerve can close round your stoach like a fist, giving you a fatal stomach-ache.

Releasing the serpent power (Kundalini) involves opening up the sphincters or abdominal constricted fists by relaxing the vagus nerve, opening them up as a flower opens.

In the Kundalini yoga metaphor, the various sites of endocrine system are seen as chakras, power centers, lotus flowers. By relaxing and opening the secret sphincters your glands which have been under-secreting, now secrete abundantly. Emotionally this is experienced as a super-abundance of vital power, suddenly surging warmly up your spine and out your skull. The Then sky-rockets open with a sigh, and in the sky, roses-roses falling.

#### PEACE ON EARTH

If everyone practiced "cool sex"-with or without the Moksha medicine, he would acquire "a national cool." If military men practiced it, we would enter a period of peace; and hence a period of productivity in the arts, such as was seen in ancient China, during the great timeless periods (see Needham) when the Emperor

of China sat, meditated, looked South, too drugs, wrote poetry, but did nothing! While doing nothing the Chinese perfected Taoist Tantra, and were so expert at the science of sex, that when they were invaded by the great Mongol Khans, they surrendered a at once and turned the Khans' soldiers over to Chinese girls trained in tantric arts and lo! - the Mongol invasion was utterly absorbed.

#### TURN ON THE COUNTRY

The Chinese Empire - while ruled by Emperors who did nothing, who sat looking South, took drugs, wrote poetry, and enjoyed sex as a science, lasted thousands of years and produced art which can only be called eternal. They produced a sexually very robust people who love to laugh and shoot off fireworks and rockets, which they invented as toys. So I think if we withdrew to our shores, and declared a policy of neo-isolationism, and everyone went home to turn on and practice Tantra, we would in six weeks become a different kind of people whose weapon is love. If after LSD, the Hell's Angels became the Diggers - then with Moksha plus Maithuna, anything is possible.

#### WAR NO MORE

Weapons, to any student of Freud, are phallic symbols of aggressive, domineering, hence sexuality insecure male. You remember how TIME described old men with menopausal minds. One hand fingering their withered loins, the other hand stroking steel missiles. We laugh till it hits us that all men in Western Civilization are pretty much genitally organized. Prolonged piece may be the only way to prolonged peace.

#### GROUP-MAN

A group can begin to practice Tantra in a dark room listening to music, sitting in a circle, touching one another hand to hand. Such a group, Tim says, will generate a group-field. A group-field is the phase before group-consciousness, the new creature, the new presence just now coming into being. At first you experience it as a tingle in fingers, as a humming note from mind to mind, as a circuit, then as a power surge of energy, then as new consciousness: A great intra-mind capable of multi-dimensional ecstasy.

#### THE GODS APPEAR

When Tantra is successful between two people, it can then become public worship - Maithuna and the Buddhahood of the yoni, worshipped on the altar of God. To begin all this is really quite simple. The first step, get a mate, turn on by your favorite method, and begin with the Maithuna Yab Yum position described above. After a couple of hours of that

## MAD MEN on MOTORCYCLES!

### SATAN'S SADISTS



COLOR

and

### HELL'S BLOODY DEVILS

SEE: WILD HIPPIES ON A MAD SPREE!

IT'S FRIGHTENING!



In the world of cinema, the seventies may become known as the Age of Relevance. Gone are the "Cast of Millions" extravaganzas of Demille, the "Just-trying-to-be-friendly-Too-busy-singing-to-put-anybody-down" syndrome of the monks, the glitter and tinsel absurdities of Garland, the mystic psycho-analytical Luciferian daydreams of Polanski. We are in a decade where the resources of studios, talents, and transistors are at last falling under the control of the purveyors of truth, the crusaders of the new realities, the perceivers of real threat. No longer can work-a-daddy and just public brother and sis'vegetate in front of a massive screen while sanctified heroes play out their Mittyesque fantasies and taboo cravings.

Hell's Bloody Devils' is surely the paragon of the new school. It slices through a cross-section of the ugly underworld of the hirsute Californian hippy and his protector at arms, the motorcycle thug. It spares nothing: the depravity, the permissiveness, the disregard for motherhood and property, the madness wrought by drugs, the sadism, the lust, the blatant guiltless craving for sex. With the detail that only colour can achieve, we see drug-craved bohemians making made perverted love at ninety miles an hour on motorcycles known by the bums and weirdos that drive them in reckless abandon, as

"chippers". The cameras take you to the dark dens of depraved communes where boys and girls grunt and groan in orgies of carnal gratification in unnatural postures and in the presence of others. We see young girls dragged from colleges by hippy demonstrators and taken to their horrible hangouts, where the flower people force them to smoke LSD. We see young people, completely insane on marijuana, walking about with no clothes on. We see a sixty year pensioner raped by fourteen "Angels", then dragged behind a dune buggy for ten miles, and finally forced to defecate on the American flag--all because he wouldn't join their murderous scheme to dump LSD in the Los Angeles water supply. See the freak-outs, the mad spree! The degradation! The nudity! The SEX!! See it All and know the TRUTH--the Truth of the seventies.

And playing with Hell's Bloody Angels is Satan's Sadists, a powerful but more esoteric statement on the black truths of hippiedom. Through the subtleties of Panavision, we see and artistic but sneering exposure of the sickness that prowls our streets after curfew.

See them both; it's your duty as a Christian. But BEWARE--as the advertisement says "Its Frightening!"

P. Quincey Shape  
Footnote 1. Not to be confused with Dostoyevsky's *The Devils*

you're ready to do anything, make music, dance like a god, do Tantra with a group of fellow gods. But, whatever you do, there won't be any sense of anxiety about it. You're not trying to establish your identity. You fully exist in the Now. You are fully alive. You are One with your mate. Ready to become One with everyone and everything and

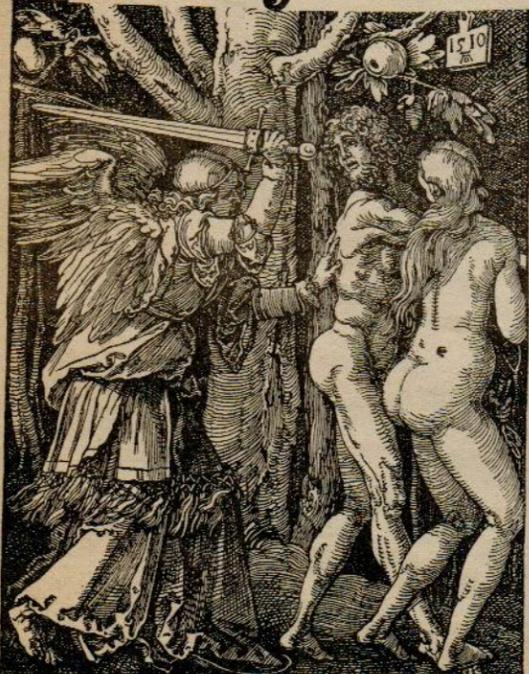
every wonder of Existence. You are ecstatically aware, groking!

Thou art God and so is ever everyone else!

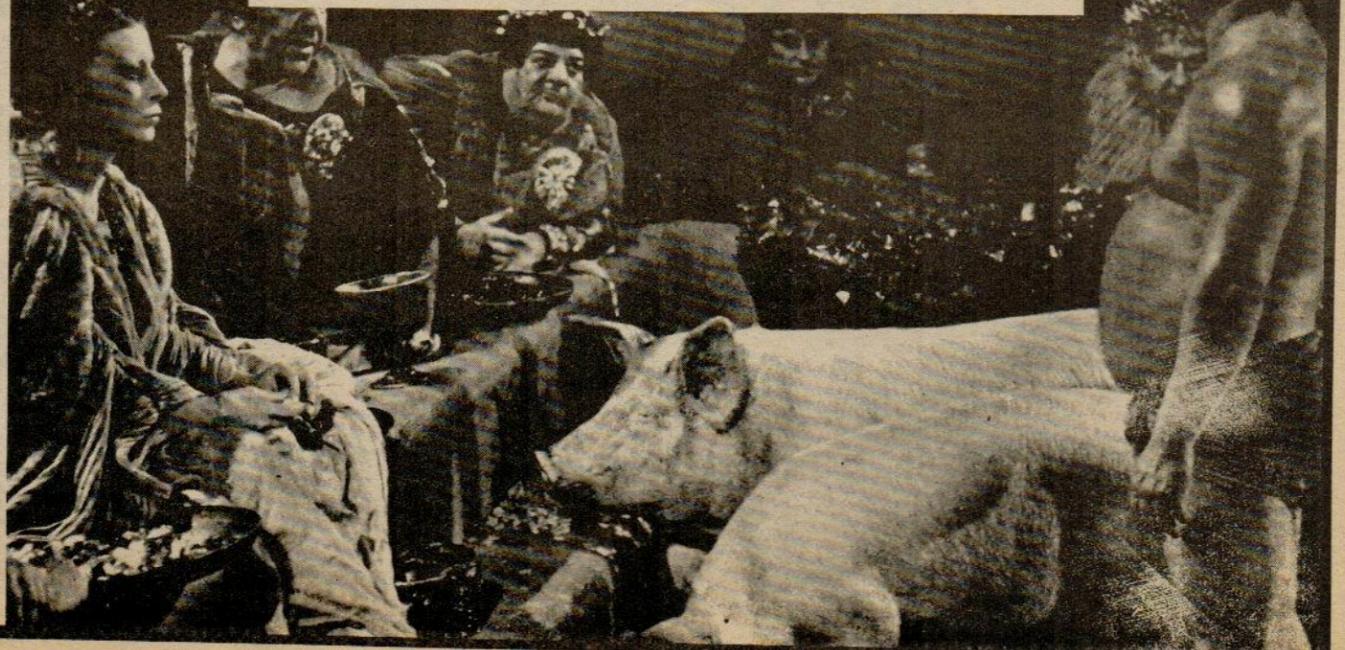
Through Tantra you become the Tao: "From wonder into wonder" your existence opens.

Reprinted from  
Woodstock Aquarian

## a short history of man



## 'THE PROSTITUTION AND MASTICATION OF HERCULES...'





Look out, straights! Here comes the Gay Liberation Front, springing up like warts all over the bland face of Amerika, causing shudders of indigestion in the delicately-balanced bowels of the Movement. Here come the Gays, marching with six-foot banners in Moratoriums and embarrassing the liberals, taking over Mayor Alioto's office, staining the good names of War Resister's League and Woman's Liberation by refusing to pass for straight anymore.

We've got chapters in New York/San Francisco/San Jose/Los Angeles/Wisconsin/New England and I hear maybe even in Dallas. We're gonna make our own revolution because we're sick of revolutionary posters which depict straight he-man types and earth mothers with guns and babies. We're sick of the Panthers lumping us together with the capitalists in their term of universal contempt- "faggot".

And I am personally sick of liberals who say they don't care who sleeps with whom, it's what you do outside of bed that counts. This is what homosexuals have been trying to get straights to understand for years. Well, it's too late for liberalism. Because what I do outside of bed may have nothing to do with what I do inside-but my consciousness is branded, is permeated with homosexuality. For years I have been branded with your label for me. The result is that when I am among Gays or in bed with another woman, I am Martha Shelley, a person, not a homosexual. When I am observable to the straight world, I become homosexual. Like litmus paper. Dig it?

We want something more now, something more than the tolerance you never gave us. But to understand that, you must understand who we are.

We are the extrusions of your unconscious mind-your worst fears made flesh. From the beautiful boys at Cherry Grove to the aging queens in the uptown bars, the taxi-driving dykes to the lesbian fashion models, the hookers (male and female) on 42nd Street, the leather lovers...and the very ordinary very un-lurid gays...We are the sort of people everyone was taught to despise-and now we are shaking off the chains of self-hatred and marching on your citadels of repression.

Liberalism isn't good enough for us. And we are only just beginning to discover it. Your friendly smile of acceptance-from the safe position of heterosexuality-isn't enough. As long as you cherish that secret belief that you are a little bit better, because you sleep with the opposite sex, you are still asleep in your cradle and we will be the nightmare that awakens you.

We are men and women who, from the time of our earliest memories, have been in revolt against the the sex-role structure and the nuclear family structure. The roles that we have played amongst ourselves, the self-deceit, the compromises and subterfuges-these have never totally obscured the fact that we exist outside the traditional structure-and our existence threatens it.

Understand this-that the worst part of being a homosexual is having to keep it secret. Not the occasional murders by police or teenage queer-beaters, not the loss of jobs or expulsion from schools or dishonorable discharges-but the daily knowledge that what you are is something so awful that it cannot be revealed. The violence against us is sporadic. Most of us are not affected. But the internal violence of being made to carry-or choosing to carry-the load of your straight society's unconscious guilt-this is what tears us apart, what makes us want to stand up in the offices, in the factories and schools and shout out our true identities.

(Do you think some of my school teachers will remember me, the quiet bespectacled painfully shy kid-now metamorphosed into Superdyke?)

We were rebels from our earliest days-somewhere, maybe just about the time we started to go to school, we rejected straight society. Unconsciously. Then, later, society rejected us, as we rejected straight society as we came into full bloom. The homosexuals who hide, who play it straight or pretend that the issue of homosexuality is important-are only hiding the truth from themselves. They are trying to become part of a society that they rejected instinctively when they were five years old, trying to deny that rejection, to pretend that it is the result of heredity, or a bad mother, or anything-but a gut reaction of nausea against the roles forced on us.

(My mother was no prize-nor was she worse than most people's mothers of my acquaintance.)

If you are homosexual, and you get tired of waiting around for the liberals to repeal the sodomy laws, and begin to dig yourself-and get angry-you are on your way to being a radical. Get in touch with the reasons that made you reject straight society when you were a kid (remembering now my own revulsion against the vacant women drifting in and out of supermarkets, vowing never to be like them, trivial endless gossip mah johngg sickly-sweet lipstick), and realize that you were right. Straight roles stink.

And you straights-look down the street, at the person whose sex is not readily apparent. Are you uneasy? Or are you made more uneasy by the stereotype homosexual, the flaming faggot or diesel dyke? We want you to be uneasy, to be a little less comfortable in your straight roles. And to make you uneasy, we behave outrageously-even though we pay a heavy price for it sometimes- and our outrageous behavior comes out of our rage.

But what is strange to you is natural to us. Let me illustrate. GLF "liberates" a gay bar for the evening. We come in. The people already there are seated quietly at the bar. Two or three couples are dancing. It's a down place. And then GLF takes over. Men dance with men, women with women, everyone in circles! No roles. You ever see that at a Movement party? Not men with men-this is particularly verboten. No, and you're not likely to, while the Gays in the Movement are still passing for straight in order to keep up the good names of their organizations or to keep up the pretense that they are acceptable-and not have to get out of the organization they worked so hard for because they are queer.

True, some Gays play the same role-games among themselves that straights do. Isn't every minority group fucked over by the values of the majority culture? But the really important thing about being gay is that you are forced to notice how much sex-role differentiation is pure artifice, is nothing but a game.

Once I dressed up for an ACLU theatre benefit. I wore a black lace dress, heels, elaborate harido and makeup. And felt-like a drag queen. Not like a woman-I am a woman every day of my life-but like the ultimate in artifice, a woman posing as a drag queen.

The roles are beginning to wear thin. The makeup is cracking. The roles-breadwinner, little wife, screaming fag, bulldyke, Hemingway hero-are the cardboard characters we are always trying to fit into, as if being human and spontaneous were so horrible that we each have to pick on a character out of a third-rate novel and try to cut ourselves down to its size. And you cut off your homosexuality-and we cut off our heterosexuality.

But back to the main difference between us. We Gays are separate from you-we are alien. You have managed to drive your own homosexuality down under the conscious skin of your mind-and to drive us down and out into the gutter of self-contempt. We, ever since we became aware of being gay, have each day been forced to internalize the labels: "I am a pervert, a dyke, a fag, etc." And the days pass, until we look at you out of our homosexual bodies, bodies that have become synonymous and consubstantial with homosexuality, bodies that are no longer bodies but labels; and sometimes we with we were like you, sometimes we wonder how you can stand yourselves.

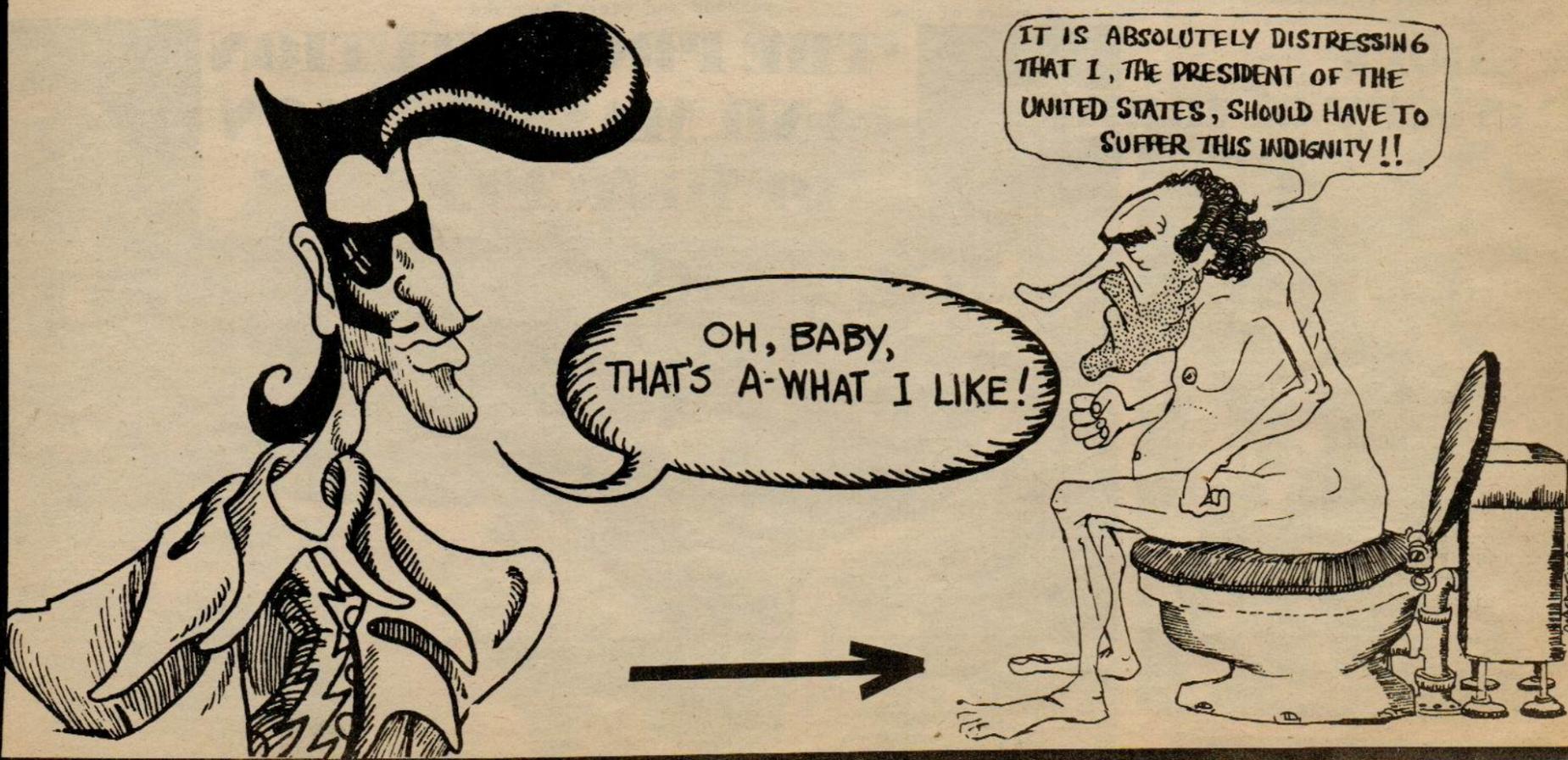
It's difficult for me to understand how you can dig each other as human beings-in a man-woman relationship-how you can relate to each other in spite of your sex-roles. It must be awfully difficult to talk to each other, when the woman is trained to repress what the man is trained to express, and vis-versa. Do straight men and women talk to each other? or does the man talk and the woman nod approvingly? Is love possible between heterosexuals; or is it all a case of women posing as nymphs, earth-mothers, sex-objects, what-have-you; and men writing the poetry of romantic illusions to these walking stereotypes?

I tell you, the function of a homosexual is to make you uneasy.

And now I will tell you what we want, we radical homosexuals: not for you to toleratus, or to accept us, but to understand us. And this you can only do by becoming one of us. We want to reach the homosexuals entombed in you, to liberate our brothers and sisters, locked in the prisons of your skulls.

We want you to understand what it is to be our kind of outcast-but also to understand our kind of love, to hunger for your won sex. Because unless you understand this, you will continue to look at us with uncomprehending eyes, fake liberal smiles; you will be incapable of living us.

We will never go straight until you go gay. As long as you divide yourselves, we will be divided from you-separated by a mirror trick of your mind. We will no longer allow you to drop us- or the homosexuals in yourselves-into the reject bin; labelled sick, childish, or perverted. And because we will not wait, your awakening may be a rude and bloody one. It's your choice. You will never be rid of us, because we reproduce ourselves out of your bodies-and out of your minds. We are one with you.



# TORONTO THE GOOD

## THE UNUSUAL AND BIZARRE

Top quality manufacture, hand crafted, finest leather goods. For Collectors, Horsemen and Women, Decorators or anything else you may have in mind.

Could you describe to us the place you work in?

I suppose it's one of the smaller stores in the city which handles what could be called sex literature. It has a section that deals with pornography, obscenity as the morality squad calls it, however other sections handle what could be called head literature like Fromm and Watts and Science Fiction. Then there are pinball machines and a movie house where you put a quarter in a machine and stand behind, semi-incognito and watch some flics containing nudity and near sex. It is a busy place, open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, there are usually two people who work there and mirrors are all over the place because no one is trusted, and people must be watched so that they don't walk off with anything.

What sort of people come in looking specifically for erotic material?

All types. After a few weeks in the store one can usually tell just by looking at the people which section they will head for. People with hang-ups, sexual fetishes, sexual impotency, gays, heteros and bi, and they are obvious because for some reason or other, most of the people look pretty straight and they are over a certain age, mostly late 30's or 40's 50's and even 60's. They are straight and in that generation. Virtually no longhairs. These straight looking people have this thing where they are not afraid to come up and ask us anything. They see the hippies' more sensual lives and free love and there you are sitting up there in your long hair and beard, and they are not afraid

to ask you anything, they are as blatant as can be, much more than they would be with someone else. If you are working the machines they will come over and ask you for change, and they will ask you what machines are the best and what machines handle both women and men, or women, women and women, or animals and men and women. The books and magazines fall into three categories. There are the nudist camp type magazines where you can see men and women and children and everyone is nude. This seems to turn some people on, being able to see the entire body; the



only thing I question, is that I had thought nudist camps were quiet and retiring places yet here they are, making bread selling pictures of the people at them. Then there are the other type of magazines where they show different things, mainly garter fetishes and black lingerie etcetera and now with the invention of pant hose they still show only garters. People buy these mags at quite a rate. We have the mags wrapped in plastic so people can't see through them, get turned on and split. Then there are magazines for the other fetish types, spanking mainly, usually women spanking wone another, and books that show how it is done. Other books deal with specialties, black chicks and guys, breasts, asses, sadism, masochism. People spend hours in the store thumbing through them.

Then there are the novels, the kind that tell you about, He, She, and the Dog; an old guy came in and asked for Gay Black one day.

Another guy wanted a book called Myrtle the Whip. Since he was standing in the head section I didn't know what it was about. He said it was about female domination; we couldn't find it.

How explicit are these books and movies?

They wouldn't show a man with a hard on although some movies we may be getting might. Most of the movies and books are teasers. There appears to be a formula; the first few pages are a bit raunchy and then after that it cools off a lot. The people who come in are used to this and know what pages are

the come on and which are fill filler. They stand in the store and speed read the whole book. Of course there is the type who come in and stand halfway between the section on war which is right beside the section of porno and then try to pretend they are reading the war books which are aren't "obscene" of course, but instead flip thru the skin and fetish books. There is another section in magazines which is called poor man's porno, the thin newspapers. They're full of things like a child run over by a car whence the head rolls off, lands on a women's doorstep and she poots it off; violent type things, especially anything pertaining to hippies. The mostly imagined carrying ons of the hippie subculture really fascinate.

Can you generalize about the people who come in looking for this sort of material?

Some are what you might call Playboy types, because they usually walk out with Playboy after glancing thru the raunchier material. They are fairly normal, just occasionally horny, and they will spend a dollar or two on the movies (25¢ each). When they come out it is as if they are speeding, they grab a mag, usually Playboy and hasten out. Then there are the older men who look like they have an old Victorian wife at home and they are dying of prostate trouble. Before going home from their job as accountants or something they drop by. Most of these people are experts at the material. They know the sections and authors; I can usu-

of sex seems to go hand in hand with violence which is an excepted thing in this society, especially in sports. Much of the sex that is sold is really violent, not loving.

Does the store deal in under the counter items, movies, and sex devices?

As far as under the counter things, we have none. The movies, cards, and vibrators shaped like penises are sold openly at the counter. The films cost from \$7 to \$35 for 100 to 400 foot films. These have more spanking, chicks together, guys and chicks, but much less guys and guys; mostly fetishes and little sex. These vibrators are sold usually to businessmen, perhaps as a party joke but in many cases I think they need them for their wives.

The material seems to be entirely male oriented...

It is almost all males going to the porno section. Very occasionally a wife or else a young girl. Other than that, it is almost all male, either hetero or gay.

What has the morality squad interested themselves in?

First of all I think there is a definite war on between morality and the company. Even if we censored ourselves more they would still try to find reasons to bust us. The prime thing they bust us for is pictures of male and female getting into it. One occasion they busted us for the zodiac poster which has silhouettes of sexual positions. They seem to grab at random, they won't bother Playboy for instance but anything that goes further. There are 23

## LOWERS IT'S PANTS

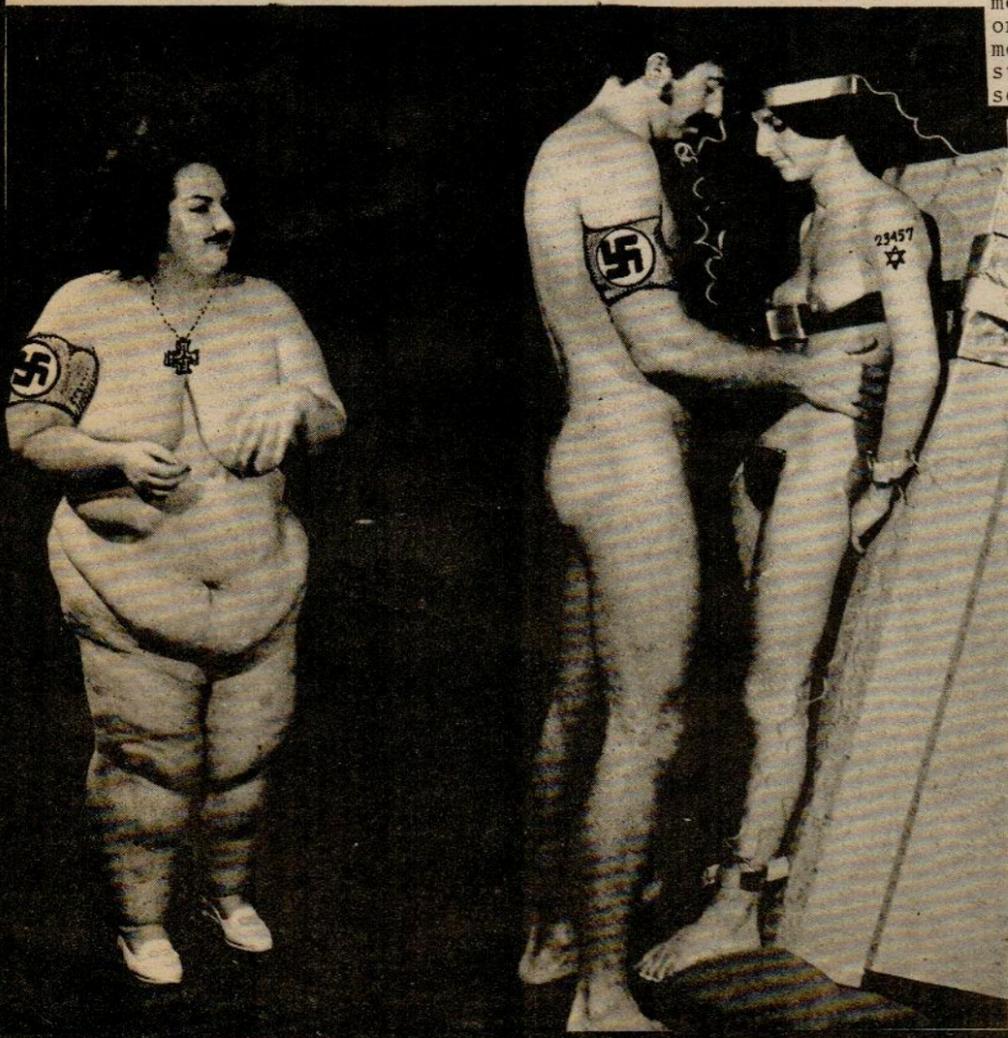
ally tell what they will buy; they know what they want and have specialties. If he is gay and wants all males or "chicken" he will go straight to that section and satisfy himself.

Do you feel that having this available to them is useful?

This is again a personal opinion. But it's not as the morality squad says, a deep rooted conspiratorial thing; it is a symptom of what Rollo May and Eric Fromm call the Age of Anxiety. This seems to satisfy a lot of people who are suffering from all the Victorian ethics. I think that as the cultural revolution moves along that porno will fade from lack of need. Immense sums of money are spent on this material, probably most of the sales in this store come from this. The sensational representation

employees that have been buste busted since April, and all have been remanded. They seem to be trying to build up a big enough case; probably nothing will happen til spring. The only thing that gets me is that the employees are in middle and pick up a record and spend time in jail. Since most are longhairs, they feel that obscenity does not pertain to sex. Some employees have been beaten; we are warned when we join the company that this might happen.

Every night is an experince: Drunks will come in and let everyone know how horny they are and many near and far Eastern people come in and ask for far out stuff. At first it is rather surprising what people are into. Some will come in and spend \$25-\$30 for a few magazines and books, often college kids.



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THE CENTURY  
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# REVIEWS :

The old lady was on the rags and I wuz gitten kinda horny so after trying to hustle a broad and havin a few beers at the Edison, I went into a bookstore to see if they had any good skinbooks. There was this long-haired guy sittin by the cash register who looked like a real weirdo who maybe knew where the real good stuff was. He said it was all along the left side but I didn't feel like standin there lookin at the stuff. Somebody might think I looked like a sex fiend or somethin. So I goes into the back where they have these movie machines that cost two bits. Most of them were out of order. Some of the guys must have bin knockin it off pretty hard and short-circuited the machines or somethin. Anyways I tries one and it wuz purty good. Dis guy and a broad are in a room and she only has a shirt and panties on and you kin almost see her snatch through her pants. The stud is yankin off his clothes as fast as he can but she's not payin attention, she's too busy playin with the plant beside her. Finally he tears off all of his clothes and its still soft. Hell if it wuz me there with that babe, I'd have a hard-on like a baseball bat. He jumps on her and starts tearin her clothes off and she fights him at first and then falls in love with him. He rips her panties off and then she stops fightin cause like all broads she just wants to get laid but thinks she hasta play hard to get. Well holy mackinaw-he gets ready to stick it in and the movie stops. That's probably just as well, his dick wuz still soft. I stuck another quarter in to see if I could see more but they just shows the same one agin.

I went back into the store to find somethin to read. I looked at Playboy, by the Jesus

the fold out broad had a huge set of knockers and I held it sideways to see if I could see her box but couldn't. Hell if it wuz me in that bed with her she woulden be lookin at the camera. I could sure fix her wagon.

I put the Playboy back cause it costs too much and has too much fancy writin and picked up a copy of Flash which is usually pretty excitin and fulla good stuff.

Holy shit, this Flash is really somethin. On the cover it says "Erotic love atop a camel, Hot Oasis of Sex in Burning Sahara." Under this wuz this picture of this luscious blonde babe who wuz at the place so I turns to page 10 to try and see more of her and there's picture's of Arabs (If you ask me theys just like Jews only dirtier) camels and half naked women and you goes to this place and lays these broads on top of the camels. That's what I'd call humping.

It also had a story about Omar Sharif, this actor guy who egets letters from 25,000 women a year wantin to jump in the sac with him. He must be queer or somethin to turn them all down, hell if it wuz me I'd line em up and go to work.

And there wuz this story about this stripper, Tempest Storm who has a giant set of dug and she says that she would rather die than go on stage without any clothes on. She says nudity doesn't belong on the stage and I think she's right, it should be saved for stag filcs and skinbooks. If ya saw too much pussy ya might get tired of it.

Then there was this story about a rock'n'roll star who was hooked on LSD and tried

to feel up this blonde in the bus. The judge fined him \$100 and the guy asked for time to pay cause his habit was so expensive. People who take that LSD stuff must be insane. Ya kin never tell when you might take it and blow your brains apart. Me - I'm gonna drink beer and stay sane. Another story talked

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about this sailor murderin this broad and cutting her tits off after gettin juiced up, but I think I read about that in the Tely a couple of years ago.

The guys who write this stuff are real cards. In a story talkin about this guy who conned himself into a job as a gynecologist at a hospital they says "He piped up as a medical practitioner after the plumbing field ran dry and derived a measure of pleasure from feeling females."

This magazine always gets the real dirt on the stars and where the hotspots are in places like Chicago and Vegas. Like things on important people like "Those Christian Dior dresses in Pat Nixon's travel wardrobe are not from Paris but from Dior's NY firm" and

how Dean Martin gets 34 million dollars for three years work (must be more money than all the wops in Toronto get together--and just for drinkin) and who people like Herb Alpert and Marlo Thomas are going out with, it's good to keep track of this stuff.

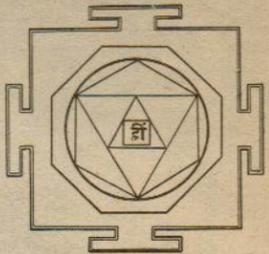
This paper tells what's really happenin in politics. Like how the Russians and Chinese are givin money to the Arab guerillas. If we're goin to protect democracy we should drop an atomic bomb on them and blow em all to hell.

Some of the stuff that's advertised is really sharp. Like you can get Spanish Fly Chewing Gum and Instant Love

Potions that look like sugar. I'd like to drop a whole box full of them into some cuties coffee and get her so horny she'd look like a bitch in heat. And they gor these sex pep up pills. I bet the old lady and I could sure haul ass after takin a bunch of them. They got other good stuff too, like revolvers, dirty pictures and sex aids, french ticklers and sexy key chains and there is even a section advertising for studs and broads wantin to get laid.

After a couple of hours and a case of beer I finished reading it. I gotta remember to go to the bookies tomorra and lay some dough on some nags. The guy in the paper says this one Patapouf is rounding to form. I could sure use some money.

Arnie Schwackhammer

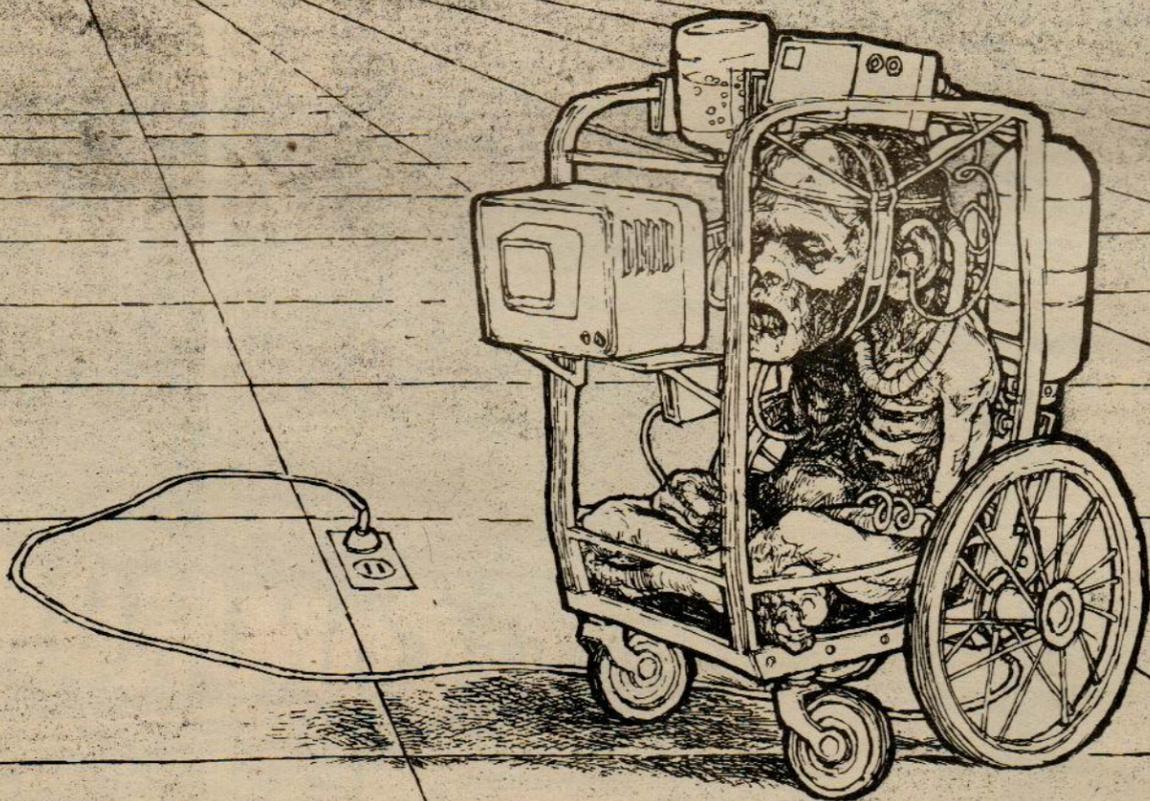


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## MAN VICTORIOUS OVER NATURE



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# PLAYBOY

## after the Dark Ages

By Claudia Dreifus  
Liberation News Service

PLAYBOY Magazine was about to go into the women's lib business. This is the magazine that has young men believing women have no pubic hair, the magazine whose masthead of seventy-one names includes four women, the magazine that turned down an article by Kenneth Tynan on masturbation, ("The PLAYBOY man doesn't masturbate!"), the magazine that rarely hires women writers, the magazine that presents to the world an image of womankind as brainless, mindless, dumb little chunks of tits and ass.

The first public signs of Hugh Hefner's interest in the feminist movement was flashed to the world on Dick Cavett's late night talk show. Hefner came on the air first: suave and soft-spoken. America's number one Playboy, the man who owns a revolving circle bed and a jetplane completely equipped with bidets and bedrooms, wanted the world to know that he thought women's lib was an okay movement. Yes, he would agree that women have been discriminated against. What's more, the feminine population had been treated downright unfairly in job hiring, in business, and in the world of economics.

Cavett questioned Hugh a bit about his private life, whereupon he introduced his pretty Barby-doll girlfriend, Barbie Benton, and explained that he didn't think that she was at all interested in women's lib.

Next came a psychiatrist. You should know that having a psychiatrist, psychologist or sociologist involved in a discussion of female liberation is definitely a sign of trouble. The subtle implication is that any lady who is gutsy enough to fight for her own dignity has a "poor feminine self-image." (Do talk show hosts ever fell compelled to invite psychiatrists to discuss the sanity of movie stars or baseball players?) This psychiatrist, Rollo May, was too busy pushing his books to

bother to indict the ladies, but his mere presence brought the sanity of liberated women into question.

At last, some fifteen minutes before the show was about to sign off, the exotic specimens were brought forth: two liberated women. The ladies, Susan Brownmiller and Sally Kempton were from Media Women. Hefner quickly stated that he was in sympathy with their cause, "We probably agree more than you think," he leered in a careful attempt to undermine and co-opt debate. Susan just sneered. Hefner went on about how he thought job opportunities should be thrown wide open to women. Hefner's magazine NEVER hires women writers unless they are big names or in case of dire emergency.

When Cavett naively asked Susan why she thinks Hef is her enemy. Susan responded that the man exploits and degrades women for profit. Hef was offended. Susan asked him if he would like to walk around girdled into an absurd costume with a cotton-tail stuck to his ass! The necessity for an answer was averted, because just about then the show ran out of time.

Several weeks later, the much heralded PLAYBOY woman's lib piece hits the stands. Called "Up Against The Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!", the article is subtitled, "Militant man-haters do their level worst to distort the distinctions between male and female and to discredit the legitimate grievances of American women." Illustrating the piece is a full-color Warren Linn drawing showing the five part transition of a sweet loving chick from the kind of girl any red-blooded stud would happily have, into a fearful castrating mean little Man Hater. This Jekyll and Hyde transition, according to Linn, is the result of having read books like "The Feminine Mystique" and "The Second Sex."

The piece begins with the observation that "Revolutions traditionally appear first as clouds no larger than a man's hand."



Then it goes on to vividly describe last Fall's Congress to Unite Women, complete with a scene in which one Congress participant cuts off her hair. Had you attended it, you also might never have noticed reporter Morton Hunt at the meeting, for the Congress was a "women only" gathering. No men allowed. So how does the guy get to describe what people wore, what color and length their hair was, and whether or not their boots were custom made?

Without shame, the article confesses that women have their gripes. But on the whole Morton Hunt sees the movement as silly, unnecessary, and potentially dangerous to the egos of American mankind.

He rather subtly suggests that men are stronger than women and their strength gives them the right to oppress females. What's more, the family, as presently constructed, is the best possible way for people to live. Career women can't be good mothers. Little girls feel inferior when they see little boys throwing sticks further than they can. Women are failures in their careers because they don't want to succeed. Hunt does concede that he'd like to see more ladies in the professions, but he qualifies his statement this way: "...AND IT MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST THING TO HAVE A BOEING 747, CIRCLING IN THE OVERCAST, PILOTED BY A WOMAN DURING HER PREMENSTRUAL PERIOD."

Morton Hunt SHOULD know better. After all, he makes his living off of the backs of women. In January's REDBOOK -- the magazine for "Young Mamas" -- you'll find a piece by Mr. Hunt entitled "Money and Sex: Two Marital Problems or One?" It's an insipid article, offensive ultimately to both men and women, and clearly published because the author wanted some quick cash.

Hunt can also be found in the April, 1970 edition of FAMILY CIRCLE: "Unfaithful Wives: The Reason Why?" This gem, written up with left-over research from a book he recently published on adultery, includes a passage that asks: "BUT WHY WOULD A WOMAN WITH SO SEEMINGLY NORMAL AND SATISFYING A LIFE (a suburban housewife) DO ANYTHING SO DISLOYAL (as to take a lover) SO DANGEROUS, AND SO CONTRARY TO THE STANDARDS OF MIDDLE-CLASS BEHAVIOR?" Morton Hunt makes his living off of women and yet he understands so little about them that he places their freedom movement in "THE DISCARD PILE OF HISTORY."

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

So Susan-Girl-Playboy-Reporter snuck into women's lib meetings by pretending

that she was putting together a study for some scholarly Yale journal. Afterwards, she put together what she considered a moderate, but sympathetic piece on the women's cause. "I tried to talk to the question of male liberation," she explained. "I write that I thought this system imprisoned both men and women, that sexual roles had made it impossible for men to cry and be emotional and dependent. What's more, because I was writing for men, I mostly talked about the more moderate members of the movement."

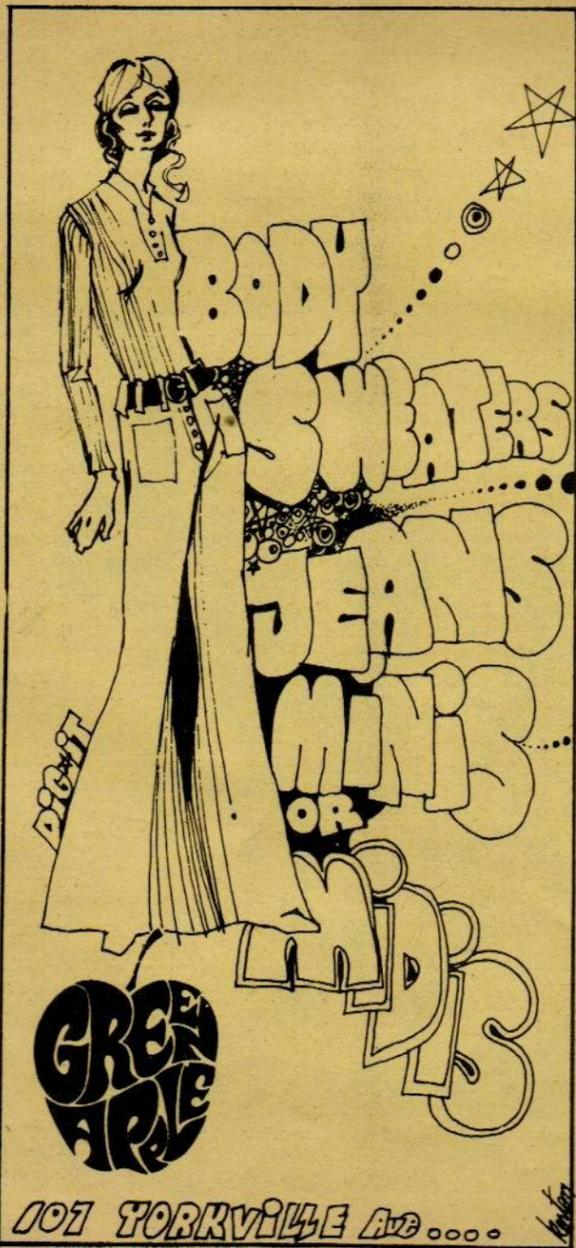
When it was all done, Susan Braudy sent the piece to Chicago, where PLAYBOY is headquartered, and received a note that the article had been accepted. Some time later she found herself in Chicago on assignment for another magazine. As a kind of goodwill gesture, Susan called her editor at PLAYBOY to say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

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

The next few days were hell for Susan. Her presence in Chicago had caused a lot of stir in the PLAYBOY offices. (Joke: "I bet our ladies lib writer shows up in combat boots.") Hefner, it turns out, never approved the idea of an "objective" article on feminism. Hef was furious that the piece had been commissioned, so he circulated a memo blasting the idea of an "objective story." The memo, which is presently circulating around media women circles in New York, was obtained through sources other than Susan Braudy.

"From a brief conversation with Jack K... of a couple of days ago, it sounds as if we're way off in our upcoming feminist piece... Jack indicates that what we have is a well balanced 'objective' article, but what I want is a devastating piece that takes the militant feminists apart... Jack seems to think that the more moderate members of the feminist movement are coming to the fore. I don't know what he's been reading that brings him to this curious conclusion, but I couldn't disagree more. What I am interested in is the highly irrational, emotional, kookie trend that feminism has taken in the past couple of years. These chicks are our natural enemy! ...The only subject to feminism that is worth doing is on this new militant phenomena and the proper PLAYBOY approach is to devastate it."

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





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