Pegasus

Credits where credits are most certainly due

Dana Imperato - editor

 ${\bf George~Buddy}~\textit{-}~assistant~editor$

Leslie Morrison - art editor

 ${\bf Bruce\ Grassano} \cdot photography\ editor$



PEGASUS Vol. 3 No. 1



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The Legend of Pegasus (made up with a vague remembrance of Greek mythology)

Pegasus was the royal steed of the king of the Gods, Zeus. Zeus would ride Pegasus down to the earth to see what the foolish mortals were wasting their time doing. Zeus was shocked to see the stupid mortals engrossed in television shows such as Captain Kangaroo, The Doris Day Show and other such gross mishaps of the airwaves. Zeus also found mortals lacking in any real moral fiber, as they constantly bickered amongst themselves and they treated each other with intolerance and stupidity. Zeus vowed he would never again set foot on this perposterous planet and he and Pegasus went home to Olympus where the winged horse was to be forever tethered in the etheral stables of the Gods.

P.S. *Pegasus is also the muse of poetry, hence the name of our periodical.

*-by Hercules Olmpia (a son of the pioneers and a freelance hybiscus grower)



- 5 -

It is beautiful in this place in Springtime; When rain and snow has washed all dead things deep.
Wrinkled and gnarled in death soon to life.
Flower shine against my eyes reflects the green grass dimly on meadows of lawn on park and glade unseen but glimpsed within me.

It is beautiful in this place in Summertime; Newborn color meets the eye All so warm, warm People with places more remembered than people, And lazy slumbering long after the moon had set. A flower the sun pollinating petals with a fertile stem.

It is beautiful in this place in Indian Summer; And the last petals of a dying sun is cast upon the land And washes clean the sap-strength of its' youth pats the shoulders With a muscular arm And says good-bye, in a calm voice. Whispered by a wind in a late to bloom Rose bush.

It is beautiful in this place in Fall; With the shade dying under foot And wind and fire both bier and pryre Sample the fruits left to them by many greedy hands Watch color slowly eaten Or crumpled or trapped and rotting alone for one eye to see hold and forget.

ROBERT DAVIS

I was thinking of how it was going to be But now there's nothing left for me Yesterday was tomorrow Tomorrow is today.

When mouths are going And minds are gone There is something persuing and everything wrong Yesterday was tomorrow What can I say.

Now my eyes have died of smiles How hard its been Upon the ruins of broken dreams I'll never see her face again Come tomorrow I'm sick of how it was For yesterday is today And tomorrow is gone.

JOHN WISNIEWSKI

The Acting Was Good

You seem to think I am some sort of knight with a metal body that wards off pain, or built with a hide like the elephants the native spears couldn't pierce in the jungle movies we used to see together on dollar nights at the drive in.

I don't have you know. And those times that you hurt me, thinking that you knew me.

I laughed a little inside knowing that I fooled you, but crying too, because I really didn't want to.

You're gone now, it's funny; I'd thought you'd stay as long as I played the role right.

The acting was good, wasn't it? Maybe it was the critics that sent you to the arms of someone who is kind and gentle like me.

Gene Harris



I walk along the sand dunes and let the white capped waves tickle my toes in the midnight shadows of loneliness.

Once we walked these shores, our silhouettes completing the velvet of darkness, our love pushing the waves to foamy heights that will never be reached again.

The lonely cry of a gull pierces the sky and the sea echoes in silence.

Renee Burns

Illustrated by Leslie Morrison

Locked inside the modest praises of the clammoring fanclub,

My image fluctuates between oppressive guilt and euphoric

placidity,

Bruised by the unsteady hand that fashions my own indecision;

Melancholy at the rythms bursting through the dismal

portrait that is me;

Watchful for the meticulous broom that sweeps my evil dust under my own ravaged Indian carpet.

Ah, I fear my quiet figure is in jeopardy,

Stunted by rankish cigarette odors,

Of failing itself in lieu of sandlewood incense

That burns its pyre like vigil

When midnight walks maliciously

Toward the last remnants of my unearthly solitude.

Dana Imperato

TROUBLING TIMES

Early in the morning I gotta go, Get up and out — onto the road, It's a heavy burden, Lord, don't you know, Going down that Freedom Road.

I'm heading out in the morning sun, Every day see'n what the people have done, Watch'n at the crossroads what they say, Been saying things in every way.

Some say burn it and start over again, Others say wait and try to mend, A few been shouting it must be strong, But others been saying there's something wrong.

You know all the day I've been standing here, And it's a-hard to see through the smoke and fear, People fighting just to hear their voice, I hear so many I can't make a choice.

These are troubling times of that I'm sure, And the trouble is we can't find a cure, For whatever ails our collective soul, It just seems we have no common goal.

Is what I see just what you see, And what I am what you want to be, Well, friend, you know we're all the same, Trying real hard, playing the game.

Traveling that long road I can hear, Cold winds right coming near, Further on down, a mile or so, Hot winds left begin to blow.

Lord, help us---try again, Break our habit of committing the sin, Of having no feelings having no heart, Bring us together so we'll never part.

George Buddy

The Flower

O petal fallen, disfigured solitude of Spring, Thou, from whose stillness, life didn't full awaken Innocence, too tender-small to nourish well desire.

Thy thought are held in leaves of silent bronze,

Cast on a tarnished hue, in resurrective pantomine,

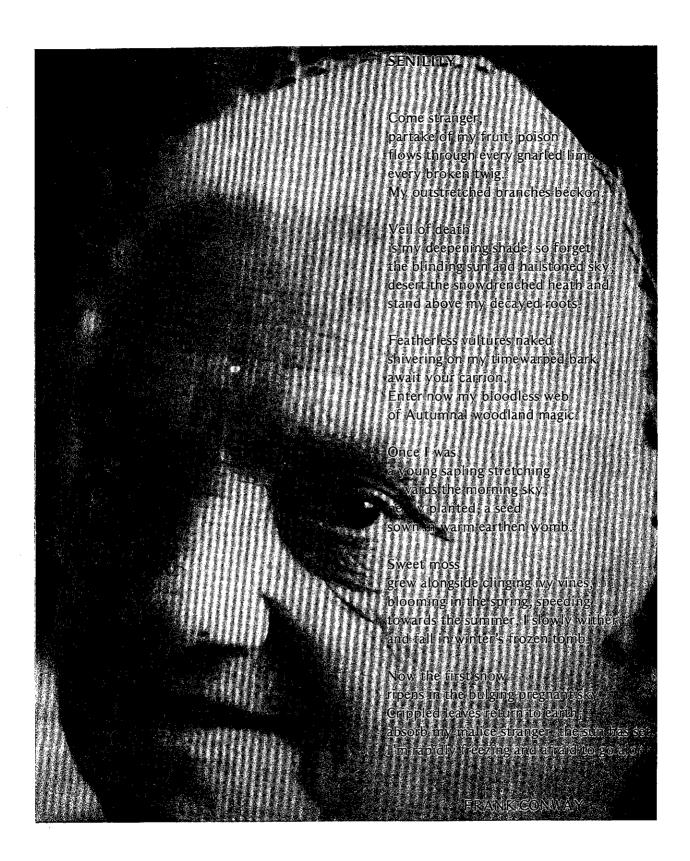
And seem endured by jesters and the fallen.

Once clothed, now bare, of all the gave Thee glow, What made Thee fall unripe among the leaves?

Can morning still conceive without the dew,

Or baum be absent from a love's embrace?





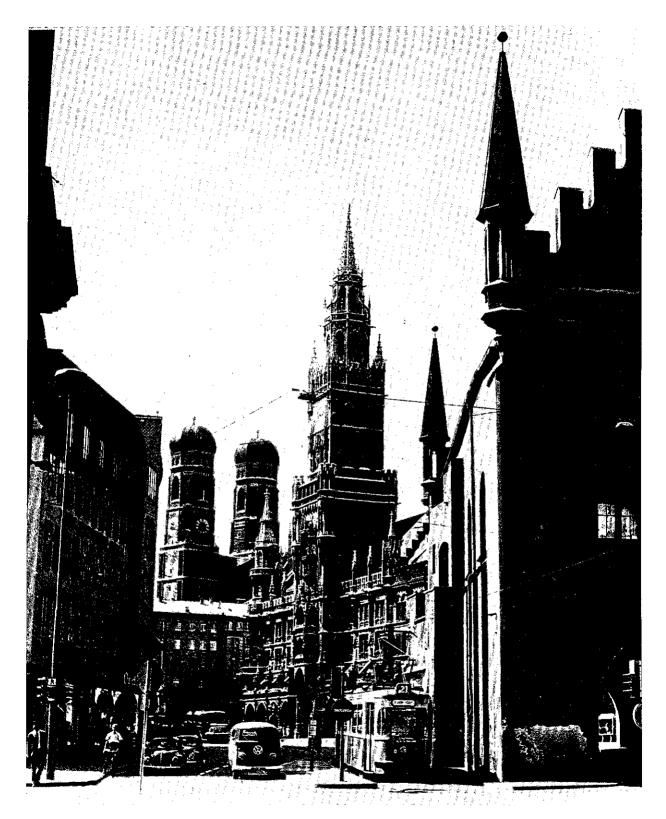
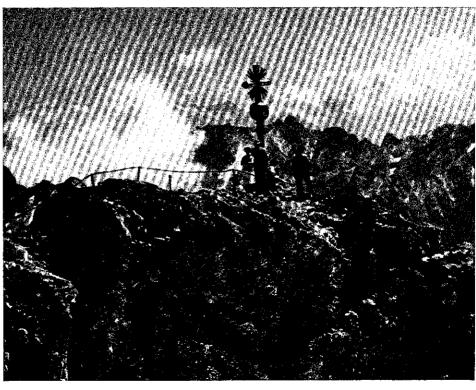


Photo by Bill Stohler





Photos by Bill Stohler



Illustrated by Leslie Morrison

THE DESTRUCTION OF ANGELIKA

Once there was a land called Humble Pie, where women baked humility, and menfolk all ate crow. In this land, there lived a very beautiful young girl known as Angelika. So great was Angelika's beauty, that men of Humble Pie, upon seeing her, would cut off their noses to spite their sexes, in order that she might know of their devotion. This of course, created a problem, for Humble Pie, was a tiny land, with a small population, and it could not afford to have its men enoseculated. And, to make matters worse, Angelika would not take a husband; it was even rumored, that she would march on the Grand Oven of Humility, at the head of an army of Eunuchs, and destroy forever, the mechanisms of meekness and shame. It was said that Angelika had become a proud woman.

The big baker of Humble Pie, upon hearing what was said, knew that there would have to be a man for Angelika, before she destroyed herself, and others, with her frustration. It was decided the Goodwin, Prince, and King of Studs, would stop her. But, in order that she might learn her lesson, for all to see, it was decided that the handsome, virile, naked Goodwin, would confront her at the head of an army of Grand Oven of Humility. It was said that no woman could resist Goodman.

Finally the day of destruction came, a huge cake had been baked at the Grand Oven, and the victory of Goodwin over Angelika would be the symbolic icing. As Angelika and her army of (continued on page 17)

(continued from page 16)

MIKE PETRILLA

RIDE

crooked ways down water stained days

days never reached by wicked weeks

nurture your ways for the flight of the wandering thunderbird

I ride You ride We all ride

The Nowhere Train a faceless conductor a soundless whistle through the space of the nameless dream

Maybe tomorrow Zen's Mother

LOUISE ZUCCARELLO

NO PARK - AT ALL

No camping,
No Smoking
No Swimming in the ponds,
Make note of the words on the sign
We normally close,
When the sun no more shows,
But tonite we will close ten-to-nine.

BOB CUTLER

Kenneth Roberts: A Very Novel Historian

Kenneth Roberts has the reputation of being the novelists' historian and historians' novelist. Long before the advent of the "non-fiction novel" of today, Kenneth Roberts was turning out books which lifted American history out of the scholarly dust and giving it to the world in all its robust splendor. His eight major novels: Northwest Passage, Lydia Bailey, Oliver Wiswell, Boon Island, and the Chronicles of Arundel: Rabble in Arms, Arundel, The Lively Lady, and Caption Caution, all relate in some manner to the author's own birthplace of Maine. As the "Down Easter" spirit has been imbued within him since childhood, so has he instilled that very spirit in succeeding generations of Maine residents and of all Americans.

Kenneth Roberts was born in Kennebunk, Maine, in 1885, and started his literary career, after graduating from Cornell, by writing humor simultaneously for the Boston Post, and the weeklies Life and Puck. In 1917, he left all three to serve a World War I stint as Captain with the U.S. Siberian Expeditionary Force. After the war, The Saturday Evening Post made him its reving correspondent in Europe and its Washington correspondent when Congress was in session.

In 1928, he quit this job to start his great series of historical novels about New England: the first to appear was Arundel, in 1929. For many years he continued to write novels and live in Maine until his death in 1957.

The most interesting feature of Kenneth Robert's novels is the exclusive use of the first person in telling his story. Invariably, the narrator of the story appeals to the reader as being educated but not overly so, as being financially solvent but not rich, as morally straight but not fanatically so; in short, just the correct image that would attract most people in identifying with the character. This ability to attract the reader and have him identify with the characters enables Roberts to tell his stories, all of which are built on a sturdy foundation of truth, in a believable, understanding fashion.

As for the history Kenneth Roberts relates, it has been said that one of his novels is worth five textbooks covering the same period, such is the ability of his writing to cut through the dust of history. The plots of the books are taken from the pages of history: Northwest Passage tells the story of Rogers Rangers and their raid on the Indian village of St. Francis during the French and Indian War, Lydia Bailey, describes the Haiti of the early 1800's in revolution and of American difficulties with the Barbary states in North Africa, Arundel and Rabble in Arms tells of the ill-fated expedition of Colonel Benedict Arnold to Quebec and of the subsequent battle at Saratoga.

In addition to his great love for the history of the period, and his desire to tell the stories of the characters he portrays, Kenneth Roberts has researched each book with exact and lengthy precision. He talked to hundreds of people, visited every historical site that would find its way in each book, read every available material; all for the purpose of presenting an accurate and unimpeachable historical novel.

His greatest triumph is Northwest Passage, published in 1937, and a few years later, made into a movie starring Spencer Tracy. The scope of the novel is so broad, the writing so brillant, the research so exacting, that it would be safe to say that a historical novel able to surpass its depth has

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19)

not yet appeared. Roberts makes history live again Northwest Passage; one is able to smell the air, feel the rush of the Connecticut River swollen with rain, see the death of war and the pain of hunger. The pride of man and his vanity, the courage, the cowardice, the hope and the failure; all of the human experience is encompassed in readable form. But most of all, the spirit of adventure lives:

The Northwest Passage, in the imagination of all free people, is the short cut to fame, fortune and romance—a hidden route to Golconda and the mystic East. On every side of us are men who hunt perpetually for their personal Northwest Passage, too often sacrificing health, strength and life itself to the search; and who shall say they are not happier in their vain but hopeless quest than wiser, duller folk who sit at home, venturing nothing, and with sour laughs, deriding the seekers for that fabled thoroughfare—that panacea for all the affications of a humdrum world.

---- from the author's preface to Northwest Passage.

In recent years, the work of Kenneth Roberts has all but been ignored. Too prissy, it is said, too irrelavant. Yet, just as history follows today, the past is always in search of a future. Kenneth Roberts has taken that past and has made it live again in his novels. The last lines of Northwest Passage, the character is referring to Major Robert Rogers, but the spirit fits the author as well: "That sounds like his voice, his voice and his footsteps, searching, hurrying, hunting! Ah, no! You can't kill what was in the man!"

GEORGE BUDDY

DARK WOODS

1 Tonight the woods are darkened

Tonight the woods are darkened.
You have, long back, forgot
What impulse of perturbation
Had made you rise. You went out

Of the house, where faces and light were,
To walk, and the night was black.
The dog whined. He tried to follow.
You picked up some rocks. Rocked him back.

One yelp the brute gave back there Good. So now you were free. To enter the field and dark there Under your heart's necessity.

Under sparse star-gleam a glimmer
Of pale dust provoked your feet
To persue the ectoplasmic bisection
Of dark field-heave, and to meet.

Yonder where woods massed their darkness, A darkness more absolute. All right: and in the shadow the pale dust,

All right: and in the shadow the pale dust, How soundless, accepted the foot!

Foot trapped in that silken compulsion
Of dust, and dust-softness, and the pale
Path's glimmer in the field-darkness,
You moved. Did nerve fail?

Could you stop? No, all's re-enactment.

Trapped in that deja-vu,

Deja-fait, deja-fait, you hear whispers,

In the dark, say, "Ah." Say: "You, too?"

Was there a field full of folk there,
Behind you? Threading like mist?
All who, dark-hungry, once had flung forth
From the house, and now persist.

In the field-dark to spy on, then greet you-They who now rejoice not, nor grieve, But yet leer in their spooky connivance, Waiting to pluck sleeve?

You wheel now to face them, but nothing Is there. Only you. And in the starlight, Beyond the old field and pale cow-track, The woods wait. They wait. All right.

(Continued on page 22)

2 The Dogwood

All right: and with that wry acceptance you follow the cow-track. Yes, it's dark in the woods, as black as a peddler's pocket. Cobweb tangles, briar snatches. A sensible man would go back. A bough finds your face, and one eye grieves in the socket.

Midnight compounds with the peeper. Now wipporwills speak, Far off. Then silence. What's that? And something blots star-By your head velvet air-woosh, a curdle and shudder of wing-cread.

For here is the gum-swamp, the slough where you once trapped the weasel. Here the head cow was dumped, and buzzards duly divested. All taint of mortality's long since wiped clean as a whistle. Now love vine threads eyehole, God's peace is by violet attested.

The bones are long lost. In green grass the skull waits, has waited: A cathedral for ants, and at noon, under white dome transept, They pass in green gloom, where sunlight's by leaf mitigated, For leaf of the love vine shuts eyehole, as though the eye slept.

But now it's not noon, it is night, and ant-dark in that cow skull. And man-dark in the woods. But go on, that's how men survive. You went on in dark, your heart tight as a nut in the hull. Came back in the dark, and home, and throve as men thrive.

But not before you had seen it, sudden at a path-turn, White-floating in darkness, the dogwood, white bloom in the dark air. Like an ice-break, broke joy; then you felt a strange wrath burn To strike it, and strike, had a stick been handy in the dark there.

But one wasn't handy, so there on the path then, breath scant, You stood there, and oh, could the poor heart's absurd Cry for wisdom, for wisdom, ever be answered? Triumphant, All night, the tree glimmered in darkness, and uttered no word.

3 The Hazel Leaf

Tonight the woods are darkened
You have forgotten what pain
Had once drawn you forth:
To remember it might yet be some pain
But to forget may, too, be pain.

The hazel leaf falls in autumn.
It slants athwart the golden air.
Boys come, prompt at nut-fall,
To shout and kick up the gold leaves there.
Shouts echo in high hickories not yet bare.

The hazel leaf fall in autumn.

Boys go, and no voices intrude

Now at dusk-hour. The foot

Of only the squirrel stirs leaf of this solitude,

Otherwise, only shadow may now intrude.

The little green snake by the path-side,
In May, lifts its jeweled head.
It stared, waves the tongue-wisp.
What it hears on the path is not now your thread.
But it still stares with lifted head.

Yes, your tread's now fainter and farther
Years muffle a thread, life grass.
Who passes, striles; and now goes on.
The snake waits, head crushed, to be observed by the next to pass.
He will observe it, and then pass.

Tonight the woods are darkened.

What other man go there

Now stares, silent, breath scant,

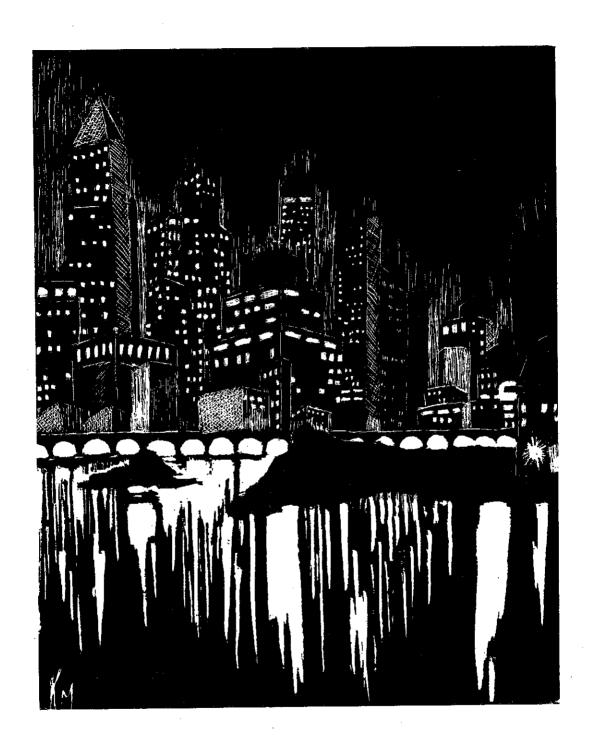
Waiting for the white petal to be released in the dark air.

Do not forget you were once there.

SARAH LEE



Photo by Bruce Grassano



I often dream of Manhattan sidewalks

Covered with sooty snow

And chastised by loftier pinnacles than even the

Chrysler Building or some other Olympian mammouth.

And in this incubus vision

I myself tower over penitent and sinner; a God atop

a slithering skyscraper (King Kong like)

waiting for Sunday

So I might drop into the caverns of a void, nebulous cavity,

To lie naked and dead,

Waiting for the men of the whiter sanitation coats;

Men of peerless wit and shallow intent;

Men who will place me skillfully amongst the rabble

of their other inhibitors

To wait for rebirth to rape my soul.

Dana Imperato

I LIKE TO SIT AND STARE OUT MY KITCHEN WINDOW ON WINTER MORNINGS; AND WATCH THE BIRDS EAT THE BREAD THAT I HAD THROWN IN THE YARD EARLIER.

WATCHING AS THEY FIGHT; AND STEAL THE BITS OF MANNA I'D THROWN THEM FROM EACH OTHER. I WONDER WHY THEY'RE THERE AT ALL?

PERHAPS THEY'RE ADVENTURERS; REBELS FROM THE OTHER BIRDS THAT FLEW SOUTH FOR SAFETY AND WARMTH, OR MASOCHISTS WHO REFUSE THE WARMTH, AND FRESHNESS OF THE SOUTH FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES?

THEN I HEAR THE THUNDER OF THE TRASHCANS BEING BLOWN DOWN THE ALLEYWAY; AS IF THEY WERE PINS IN A GIANT BOWLING ALLEY: AND THE WIND THE BALL, ALWAYS SEEMING TO MAKE A STRIKE.

THEN WHEN THE LAST OF THE BIRDS
HAVE FLOWN OFF LOOKING FOR OTHER MODES
OF FOOD, AND THERE'S SILENCE WHEN THE TRASHCANS
HAVE FOUND A PLACE TO REST.

I HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, ANOTHER CIGARETTE; AND THINK OF YOU.

Gene Harris

With the dingy colors of experience.

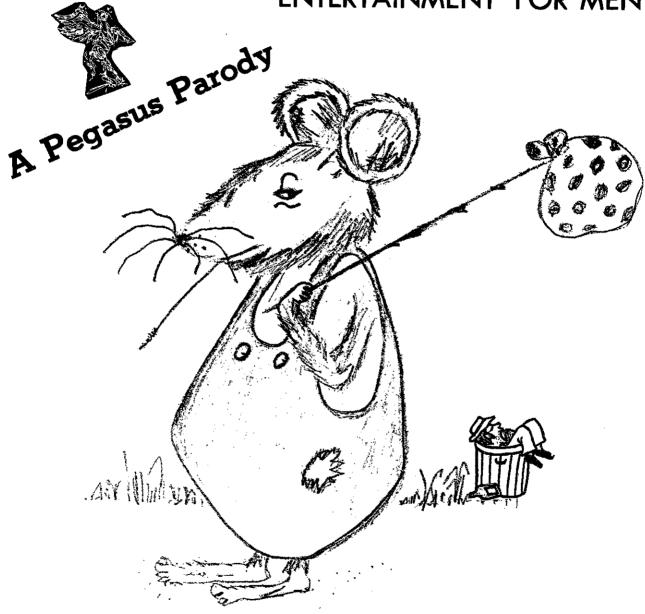
I have etched a painting on the canvas of my soul Vast in its' concepts
Hues of spectrum flowers
Some shaded
Some still bold in
Vivid imagry
Still unfinished.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

PLAYBUM

ONE DOLLAR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



IN THIS ISSUE -

EZRA SWARTHEART
PLAYBUM FORUM
NIFTY NASTIES
and
COLLOQUIAL NABOBS



"A PLAGERIZED READER"

AWARD OF THE YEAR

"SIR, YOUR DEWEIRD'S..."



DEWEIRD'S is a finely blended whiskey, made from the finest Avacado peelings and Toenail filings.

Discriminating folk drink DEWEIRD'S when they feel in the mood for some free lance alley dozing or just some good ol' fashioned (hic) bench warming.

DEWEIRD'S - A Degenerating Drink.











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PLAYBUM, Vol I, No. I, Published once in a while by the Wawa Train Station, Inc. When we're sober it comes out better; but when we're stoned—look out. Subscriptions are four glasses of Gallo Spinada or six grams of grape squeezings, whichever comes first.

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DEAR PLAYBUM

ADDRESS PLAYBUM MAGAZINE * WAWA TRAIN STATION, WAWA, PA.

A WINNING WINO

In your last issue you stated that winos are not as high on the Social Platform as, let's say, a sterno freak. As a wino I take great offense at that blatant, nasty piece of prejudical whatchamacallit. I want to go on record saying that us juicers can hold it as good as them sterno creeps. Be it known that my friends will be storming your office to demand satisfaction as soon as we dry out.

Anonymous
"On the Rails"

The record is now straight and let it be known that we consider winos every bit the man that we consider sterno freaks.

In the July, 1965 issue, you stated that Andy Williams had his face lifted but you gave no evidence of this. In a similar case, my best friend had his face lifted. However, I'm not sure our relationship will be the same; in short, his face was lifted by a truck.

Tommy Who Brighton, Eng.

After reading the article concerning cigars in your last issue, I now refuse to pick up any more old stogies. You have made me realize that cigarette butts and trash are good enough.

> Popa Picker Flint, Zippo

A FINE MAN

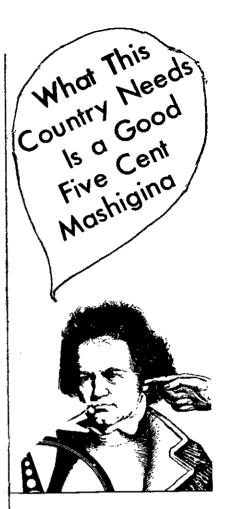
I whole-heartedly disagree with your February issue which says that most people don't like Spiro Agnew. Personally, I think he's a fine man. He has done plenty for our foreign policy. I think people want him back again in 1972 to be the President.

R. N. Washington, D. C.

In your last issue, there was an article entitled "Night Creatures." It concerned what you call the slimy, sticky, sneaky, slinky, hideous creatures that go about during the nocturnal hours committing unsavory little acts. There was reference to bats, pimps, owls, cats, field mice, trollops, rats, and---Playbums!----- Just where in the hell do you get the nerve to include the Playbum in that category of bad actors? It would behoove you to know that the Playbum is a dedicated pillar of the community, and that if you should happen to see him at night, it is only because he is out to clean his dirty linen---it airs best at night!

It's people (?) like you that give this magazine, and the Playbum in general, a bad name. You should try your best to remember that as a writer (?) you have a certain responsibility to give the public the truth.

I. G. Flayer



EVEN OLD Whatzisname knew what the Country needed. But even HE didn't know how to get his Desire Fulfilled.

Now Playbum, in it's never ending fight for Truth, Justice and the American Buck, brings you an honest-to-God Mashigina.

Mashigina 412 Wawa Train Station Wawa, Pa.

Please send me ______Mashigina's (sigiwi), whatever. Enclosed is \$.25 cents in Confederate Loot. The South shall also rise again, y'all.

A NASTY, FOLKS!

In your August 1956 issue you mispelled the word "algolagnic." Ha! Ha!

A. Nast Ech Cesspool City Why, you old sonovabitch!

You had a story in last issue (Playbum, Nov. 1970) about Sacco and Banzetti, quoting them as saying, "Funny, we don't look Italian!" That's not very nice thing to say, I think! The original line was: "They're just doing this to us because we're Italian."

"Torch Carrier" Massachusetts

Gomen, kudasai, and so on. Consider your consideration considered considerably.

Last month you recommended a certain product on the market used to prevent acne pimples. The name of this product is called Pimple Puss. Well, I just want to say that after using this miracle ointment I have just what it says a pimply puss! I have washed my face with Mother Oats Oatmeal, rubbed it with chocolate Ex-lax and picked at my face with my own fingernails, but my face is still bumpy.

You can be sure that Pimple Puss Products haven't heard the last from me.

Enclosed you will find a sample from one of the "really biggies."

Ab Ohr Ent

Teaneck, N. J.

Oh, Puss to you, you old pimply, pussy, prissy, prickly, lactating Cow!



WHAT DA DAY HAVE, DAT WE AIN'T GOT?

Why is George Dickel?

ONLY HIS WIFE AND MISTRESS
KNOW FOR SURFIN

THIS MAN
HAS HIS

HAND ON

THE PULSE

OF THE

NATION.

Let's hope he pulls the patient through.



PLAYBUM AFTER HOURS



Unfortunately, the No-Light district recently suffered a wave of metal garbage can replacements, eliminating the old plastic ones, and, such fine key clubs as little Augie Rodent's The Rat Pack, and Playbum Internationale. The growing concern over this loss, and the need for new clubs, has given rise I. G. Flaybum, to a new idea. Playbum Extraordinare has proposed that the entire No-Light district, be moved to the abandoned River Road project. I. G. claims that the junk cars in the area can be made into multi-level, multi-service key clubs, capable of holding and entertaining hundreds. There seems to be a general acceptance of this idea among the higher-ups. Let us know what you think.

The Electric Playbum is essentially a nocturnal creature. It favors passage by star light, (better in fact — no light.) and the activities of the evening. In fact, it has been said that the Playbum is a kind of social vampire, seeking

the night life to the exclusion of day-time activities. Should you ever happen to see a Playbum during the day, you will recognize it immediately by the glasses it wears. The lenses consist of the darkened bottoms of Coke bottles. The fact that they travel almost exclusively by night, has caused their eyes to become very sensitive to bright light, especially sun light.

One of the "in" places around the area is the Troc Theatre at 13th and Arch in Philadelphia. Not only can you meet the various derelicts and transvestites that make up the jungle atmosphere, but the constant flow of stained pornographic pictures is invaluable to the collector. There are no dress codes so you will often see a nicely dressed chic with a usual man about town, or vice versa. The floor shows are excellent for the price. No where else this side of Chester have I seen better built 55 year old women. Although the slides could be better, if they took the black tape off the good parts. Playbum strongly recommends the Troc for the true connoisseur of the vulgar.

Sleeping Facilities . . .

Why pay more? The Gem Hotel, located at 17th and Wallace Streets, has a room for everyone. You name the price. We want to make sure of a pleasant stay for everyone, so we put a bathroom on every other floor. For the people who are willing to pay \$4.00 a nite the exclusive suite consists of a chair and a light; of course the beds are changed every week, the weather permitting. The second floor is our recreational area consisting of six rooms in which there are two hookers in each. Their motto is "Have a ball . . . or two."

Fountain Dragging . . .

Proper Attire: very best suit of old clothes.

Accessories: umbrella, heavy stick, gloves, rope, and pebbles.

Fountain dragging is the most popular night activity around town; next to having a broad of course. An old glove stuffed tightly with pebbles ties to the end of a thin stick, will do for the scraping of the fountain for coins. An umbrella is used for the protection from the fountain.

Continued on Page VII.

Continued from Page VI

spray, on windy nights. The best time to hit the fountains is 2 a.m. It's fantastic fun and a chance to test your skill; it may also provide you with booze money for the week.

A few tips for enjoying the night; bring a companion with good eyes and sharp ears.

Don't hit the same fountain more than once a week.

If anyone comes by, and asks you what you are doing, answer that you are an eccentric coin collecter. Have a million dollars worth of fun!

One of the most exciting restaurants in the neighborhood, is a place called Bum Burgers. The food has a reminiscent of the stables with that fragrant aroma of the horses. All meat is made up of 100% horse beef, naturally. The potatoes come to you directly from the army surplus outlet, and the rest of the food is originals from out of the finest diner, Joe's Basement Bar for Bums. Playbum is especially pushing this restaurant this month because the property is condemmed and is being torn down next month. I hope you all decide to stop in there soon.

We Live and Learn Dept.:

Several years ago, our alter ego, Mad Magazine, did this so we will try it for the hell of it: Anyone who actually reads this, please stop into the Pegasus room on July 27, 1971, and he or she will be presented with a live teddy bear resembling Gene Harris. Since we have no dolls to give out, we are confident that no one actually reads these asides. All they want is the dirty pictures!

PLAYBUM ...



for the man who has nothing.

PROUD OF WHAT YOU ARE? SURE YA ARE! WHY ELSE WOULD YA BE RIDIN' THE RAILS AND COOKIN' THE MULLIGAN STEW . . SOCIAL DERELICTS ARE EVERYWHERE AND THEY ALL READ PLAYBUM.

- NOXIOUS JOURNALISM

PLAYBUM AT WORK



AMERICA WATCHING WATCHING



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBUM?

He's probably a juicer in transit from the Merchant Marine. He's an Incurable Romantic (and Alky too). PLAYBUM is read by 600 Itinerent Grape Pickers in Selinas, California. PLAYBUM leads all other mags of its generate because it's the only one. (Source: Al's Grill in Boston, Massachusetts.)

New York * Chicago * Detroit * Los Angeles * San Francisco * Atlanta * London * Gibip

THE PLAYBUM ADVISOR

Why is it with our warped society that a girl never asks her guy out and must wait for hours on end until the bum decides to see her? Why can't we girls take the initiative?—Rough and Ready, Secaucus, New Jersey

We feel certain that more of us want to take the initiative. There are a few that do but they never talk about it for it is taboo. We are all waiting for our leader. How about you?

After deep thought, I have turned to you. I can't decide which car to purchase. Can you help me make this decision? I'm caught between buying a classic '51 DeSoto with body rot and no windows or a '53 Pontiac that has no rot or missing windows but is missing a steering wheel and all the tires. R.A., NYC

Go by train this year and leave the driving to them.

I am interested in becoming a Playbum Rat. I have large ears and a long nose. The only problem is I don't have a tail. Could you please send me some information on how to grow one?

Why grow one? Go out and buy it like everyone else is doing these days. In a recent issue, you had an excellent article about the prison situation in America. I found it quite informative and I feel it exposed a lot of unknown facts about our penal system. Keep up the good work and thanks for your honesty.--Prisoner's wife, Macon, Ga.

Thank you and we certainly will continue to live up to your expectations.

I've just finished reading a copy of my husband's Playbum magazine and I am shocked out of my wits. I felt that the article on our prison system in America was very distasteful. Why add on to America's problems? Don't we have enough to worry about as it is? Sure, there's problems with our prison system, but I'm certain we're doing all we can to alleviate at least some of them. Give us a little time, will you?-T.J., San Quentin

Tell that to the Prisoner's wife, why don't you?

For many years, the writers of Playbum, including myself, have made a study of night life activities in certain areas. In this issue we will stress the secluded area of fun and beauty, Downtown Ferbank. You have heard of it. The main slum area is Dock St. to 10th St., which, by the way, covers the

whole town. Very convenient. You haven't been satisfied until you've read the writings on the walls in the Terminal Mens' Room (TMR). People come from around the world to see these classic writings. To give a quick run down on what is here would be totally impossible; however, I will give a very brief description including some actual samples from the walls.

The TMR writings range from crass advertising to the unusual in literature. There are many stories of passion and some of hate. After you read these creations it will probably change your whole outlook on life. I know, I did after only spending one night there.

Here are some of the advertisements: "Don't let your meat loaf, eat out often." This is an advertisement for a well-known restaurant here in Ferbank. It's called "Moms Palace." A couple of ads are: "Taste me, taste me!"—a wellknown Doral doing her stuff. Another: "Leave the phone number of a quickie — Your mother." Again, a plug for Mom's Palace and her hot apple pies.

There are also controversial issues that have significant value in today's society.

"Nixon is what his mother always wanted him to be--A Dick."

On the opposite wall, we have some Continued on Page XI Continued from Page X

historical material. Here is an example: "This is where Napolean tore his Bonaparte."

I recommend the TMR for the whole family. It is a trip well worth the while.

J.N. Concordville

Where did you get that stuff, J. N., from the mens' room of your mind?

My girlfriend complains everytime I want to make love to her. She says that the hard cement and the empty bottles make tell-tale marks on her rear end. What's a guy to do?

Jolly, Nantucket, R.I.

It's okay, Jolly, just as long as everything comes out all right in the end.

I was suddenly struck by great visions when I changed brands of wine. My former favorite, Ripple, did not cause these effects, even though I am drinking the same amount of my new brand-Gallo Vin Rose. My associates have called this the D. T.'s. They are becoming annoyed. Should I change brands again or maybe get a new circle of friends?

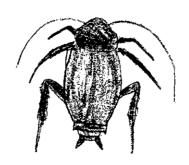
Matthew Brady, NY

Neither, just try to behave yourself. Get the picture, Matt?

I beg to differ with your illustrious editor who stated in a previous issue that the '51 Ford wagon is the machine to drive among the allevset this year. I wish to make a case for the Studebaker Land Cruiser. Not only is this a more reliable piece of equipment, but the four door model can sleep five at a time. Also, the rugs and headlights of the Studebaker give off more heat when burned (a very important fact to remember when considering a winter's residence). The Stude also affords more trunk space for liquids. The insulation of the Ford wagon is so poor that I had to lay corrugated cardboard sheets at various places along the doors when sleeping in one last January just to keep out the wind. Not so with the Land Cruiser sedan. Another advantage of the Studebaker is that the constant burning of oil (a common feature with the Stude) can act as a smoke screen to prevent your identification or the copying of the license number after you've clipped some parked car, an old lady, or a fire hydrant, while in a drunken stupor. Not all of the '51 Fords burn oil. Touche. Now let's hear your rebuttal.

Simple Simon, Detroit

Foiled again! Stude it is!



One of our readers asked Playbum Advisor the best way to extermin-

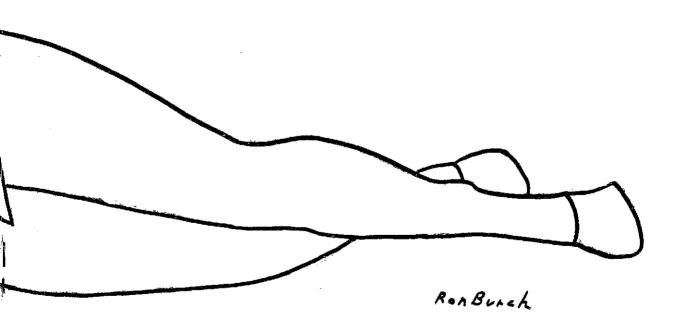
ate cock roaches. The answer was to step on them. Personally, I feel this is a waste of good food. That's right, good food. In many Pacific islands the natives make a delicious curry from the succulent cockroaches. They have a cheesy flavor, similar to Roquefort. So why waste a fine source of food. You not only save on exterminating bills but you cut down on your food bill. Their (the cockroaches) family name is Blatta and not because that is the sound they make when you step on them. Blatta means one that shuns light. There are over 50 species in America, but just in the Wawa area-the American, the Oriental, and the German. You can tell the Oriental cockroach by its eyes and it is the smallest of the species. The German walks with a stiff-legged gait. The American kind is easiest to spot because it has regular eyes and doesn't even walk funny. If you decide to cook cockroaches, don't mix the German with the Oriental variety or you will have a war on your hands! Or, at the least, you will be hungry for power. If you think that's bad, boo Dick Cavitt because I stole the joke from his German - Oriental restaurant joke collection.

Some people ask, "What's the difference between a cockroach and a water bug?" A water bug is what you find in your home. A cockroach is the bug your neighbor finds in his house."

Rock R. Roach, Salt Lake City, Utah

Rock, do us a favor? Drop dead, will ya?





FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playbum philosophy"

WAYS OF ABORTION

In the ghettos of the large industrial cities of this nation, we find a high birth rate. The reason for this is that the people in this environment refuse contraceptives. The prices are too high. However, since the invention of the coat hanger, things haven't been as bad. The coat hanger for many years has served its purpose in the aspects of abortions.

The broken glass method has also been a meaningful and reliable way of abortion. Although neither of these methods are a healthy treatment. The average family in the ghettos experienced .19 such operations yearly. PLAYBUM magazine urges anyone thinking about these treatments to stop, look, think, and lastly, poke.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The authorities tend to be very lenient towards bums. The punishment for stealing an old lady's purse is one hour in jail. The authorities realize that bums aren't social people. They are a breed of animals. These people need help. The reason that authorities hold them for one hour is because during the next hour they execute them.

IMMORTALITY

Doctor Robert Gibson stated, "There was no reason for Ben Gazzara to die. His illness could have been cured." Gibson has been working in his laboratories on immortality for twenty-seven years. He has had remarkable success for eighteen years. He has an eighteen year old fly which is four feet high and twelve feet long. The fly (Robert Gibson, Jr.) is completely harmless. Gibson wants people to start to accept this creature as a person.

The main theoretical vision of Gibson's discovery was to remove all the white corpuscles and replace them with yellow ones. If he were to do this with a human being, he thinks that once the person reached nineteen years of age, the specimen would turn into a fly and live forever.

DROP-DEADISM

Bums are afflicted with a peculiar social disease, that of dropdeadism. This occurs after about the fifth bottle of Gallo Vin Rose wine, culminating in the marked victim dropping over dead on the street. Whatever Dr. Gibson thinks to the contrary, there is no cure for this affliction, just believe us!

This of course is only a theory. Dr. Gibson thinks also that the female would, after sixteen years, because of early maturity, take the shape of a tsetse fly and live for eternity.

In short, Dr. Gibson was eaten by Junior, and' now, Junior will destroy the earth.

SOCIAL NORMS

Bums aren't happy being bums. This is bad. There is no social life at all. When one bum sees another bum does he try to be friendly at all? Why doesn't he go over and say, "Hi, what did you pick up today?" Bums are, in general, selfish. Did the other fellow ever think of coming over to ask if he would like to share a piece of apple pie he stole?

Bums are stuck-up. They think they are so above every one else that they won't even stop and talk to other people on the street, such as the business man. The average business man is dying to talk to a bum. However, shyness repels him. Think of the prestige in standing talking to an actual bum. This is the ultimate!

Continued on Page XV.

WITH RIGHTS GO RESPONSIBILITIES

In this fancy, frilly, you've got to have a gimmick world, there are many excuses a person can and does use to get away from what he has to do. We should ask ourselves, why do we need excuses? Why can't we do what we are expected to do? We all know the answer. The problem is to admit it. We are all guilty of being lazy. Then, if we know the question and the answer, why are we sitting in a gutter.

People have automobiles. It takes a responsible person to operate one. If we are issued an operator's license, we have already assumed a certain amount of rights. If we didn't assume these rights we wouldn't have passed the test. Why, then, do we protest everytime we are caught by an officer of the law. The reason is simple. It relates to what was previously said. We protest because we don't want to admit being caught in the act of doing something illegal. It's a downgrade. The reason we did the act was most likely because we were late and had to hurry. Is this being lazy? Affirmation!

THE VOTE FOR 18-YEAR-OLDS

We see where they are now registering the eighteen year old kids to vote. This decision of the Congress will take hold unless the Supreme Court overturns it. Now all of us can start working towards our ultimate goal; the vote for ten year olds!!



PLAYBUM

presents

HOBO RECORDS

Album No. 1

LONESOME WHISTLES
SANTE FE
CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO
WRECK OF THE OLD 97
PADDY WORKS ON THE ERIE

plus
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

LOST—Six-pack, blonde wig & wild boar in vicinity of Sexual Freedom League, Berkeley chapter. Call 555-7474.

WANTED! Dwarfs, strong men, braceros, soda jerk, fashion model, armadillo & trampoline for underground film. Good pay. 656-4329.

Anyone knowing the identity of the clown who put plastique explosive in the silicone injections of the Condor's topless dancers, please contact management, Condor, N. Beach, San Francisco.

PLAYBUM INTERVIEW : SHAWN SHAGGY

A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH THE BUM-STAR OF SKID ROW

As we enter the Seventies, the decade's most authentic bum and one of America's first true hippies is still with us, by God, keeping the faith on Race Street. Known as the Missionary of Market Street, Mr. Shaggy is foremost in the minds of his fellow vagrants.

Born of humble peasant stock in central Slovakia, Mr. Shaggy quickly gave signs of growing up at an early age: he fell out of his crib one night and cursed out the folks in Serbian-Croat. To bring the child up in better surroundings than the monster-filled lands of Transylvania provided, Shawn's parents went to the United States in 1923 when Shawn was barely seven but over six. Finding a happy home in Secaucus, New Jersey, the Shaggy family prospered with the money his parents made running book for gangsters on New York's eastern West Side. However, the depression hit the family hard and

at the age of fifteen, Shawn was forced to go to work to add to the family's income. After running book himself on Manhattan's western East Side, Shawn entered City College and was quickly thrown out when they learned he could not read.

Shawn said at the time, "Screw them," and he went to a printer and had his own license to practice nuclear surgery made up. Fortunately, Shawn was a little ahead of his time and the law did not catch on to his brilliant ruse. During World War Two, Shawn teamed with Bogart, Flynn, Wayne, et al and helped to defeat the Nazis but after a few years of this he had to drop from the team due to diabetes. For awhile he did a stint with the Bowery Labor Battalion, giving blood for the boys overseas. Then his supply of blood ran low and he was forced to move to Philadelphia where the climate was pronounced just right for the likes of Shawn.

Shawn got off the bus at 13th and Filbert, walked four blocks east and up two and found his promised land: skid row. Between 1944 and the present, Shawn has been doing absolutely nothing—but drinking. As the conversation began and the tape was turned on, Shawn was in his usual situation: dead drunk, doing nothing, and drinking desperately.

PLAYBUM: Many of your fellow bums seem to hold you in high esteem. Do you feel you warrant this type of idolotary?

SHAGGY: Huh? What did you say?

PLAYBUM: I said, do you deserve the things that are said about you?

SHAGGY: Listen, brother, I deserve anything I can get.

PLAYBUM: What do you feel about today's youth?

SHAGGY: Screw them, I was on Rače Street first. Now, if theys Continued on Page XIX.



"What did you say?"

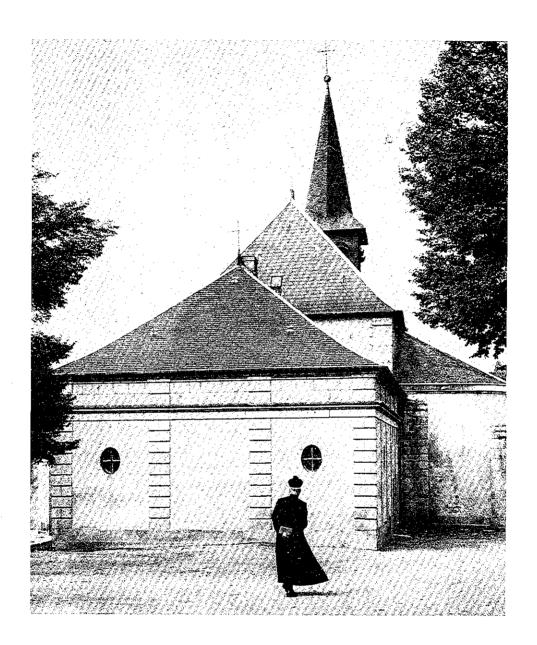


"Screw them. I was on Race Street first."



"What the hell ask a stupid bum like me for?"

GO TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY...



... AND SEE HOW DISILLUSIONED YOU CAN GET!

BROUGHT TO YOU, AS A PUBLIC SERVICE,

BY THE NATIONAL CHURCH SERVICES ASSEMBLY OF THE RISEN GOD

PLAYBUM'S PARTY JOKES

Overheard:

"Pardon me, sir, do you have any pornographic material?"

"No, I don't even have a pornograph!"



Our unabashed dictionary defines bum as a Bachelor Usually Male.

f you mated a pig with a rat, is it true you'd get a fat rat?

Spike: What's the difference between one dollar and two silver tooth fillings?

Dyke: Nothing. Either can buy you a bottle of Italian Swiss Colony.

Spike: Then start pullin', babe! (opens his mouth) ((Get it? Opens his mouth!!!))



S ign above the Blood Bank on Skid Row -- IF YOU ARE POLLUTED, WE CAN'T USE YOU.

What do you get when you fall in love? -- A Dionne Warwick song.

Why did the naked rat cross the road? — well, see, the rat's clothes were over on the other side, see, and since the swimming hole was all wet and they'd been skinny dipping and . . .

Our unabashed dictionary defines bumper crop as a weekend accident.



ave you heard the one about the bum and the lazy prostitute? --If so, send me the story. I forgot it.

What came first — the chicken or the egg? — Neither, the tax collector preceded them both.

A bee and his father were driving down the road when his father stopped at a Gulf station and the bee at an Esso — which goes to prove there's always one Esso bee in the crowd.

Our abashed dictionary defines a Gene Harris as a partridge-in-a-bare-tree.

Why did the naked rat throw a clock out the window? — He wanted to see time fly.

Continued from Page XVI.

gonna bring some stuff down with them ---

PLAYBUM: You mean marijuana? SHAGGY: No, I mean some stuff. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, here it is: I just don't like the way they talk, walk, eat, move their legs, or drink. I can't stand the way they drink.

PLAYBUM: Very well, what do you think of Mr. Nixon's economic policies?

SHAGGY: What the hell ask a stupid bum like me for?

PLAYBUM: Look, we ask every idiot we interview questions like that. What do you want us to do, break our style?

SHAGGY: T'well, it just ain't no good asking a bummer like me what questions you be asking.

PLAYBUM: Remember, we're paying your next five years rent at the Gem Hotel, plus twenty cases of Gallo wine ---

SHAGGY: Okay! Ask away!

PLAYBUM: How do you feel we can extradite ourselves from the quagmire in Vietnam?

SHAGGY: Well, I don't know about those fancy words you use, but if you mean how can we stop the killing, I'll tell you: provide free booze for us boys and everything will be okay, you bet your bottom bottle of beetle juice, you can!

PLAYBUM: What do you particularly like about this city that has kept you here all these years? SHAGGY: Nothing, just never had a bus ticket to get out.

PLAYBUM: What do you do for excitement?

SHAGGY: Roll cops for quarters. PLAYBUM: What do you do on Sundays?

SHAGGY: Are you kidding?

PLAYBUM: No -

SHAGGY: You gotta be kidding, mister!

PLAYBUM: Seriously ---

SHAGGY: Well, we go to peace rallies.

PLAYBUM: Peace rallies?

SHAGGY: Oh, yes. We're a little old, us bums, but some of the younger ones like to look and us oldsters just like to look, too, heh, heh!

PLAYBUM: What do you use for money to buy your whiskey?

SHAGGY: Mainly, we steal, if the truth is what you want. However, sometimes we donate our blood, which I can't anymore, and sometimes we just use Sterno ---

PLAYBUM: Sterno?

SHAGGY: Yeah, Sterno. Heat it up and it makes a great drink. You want some?

PLAYBUM: No thanks. Now, do you feel that life as a bum has been all that you thought it would be?

SHAGGY: Sure, why not? Got everything I need, what more could I want?

PLAYBUM: Do you ever feel that you would like to be married and enjoy a regular life?

SHAGGY: What could be more regular than the life I live now? Don't do anything except nothing. I drink occasionally, don't want to lie, but it ain't much mind you. Besides, a wife would just want half the bottle.

PLAYBUM: Do you and your fellow bums feel that society has slighted you?

SHAGGY: Done what? What did you say?

PLAYBUM: You know, ignored you.

SHAGGY: I ain't all that sure I

even understand what you're trying to say, but if'n its that you're saying we feel lonely or something, well, the answer to that is a downright no, mister!

PLAYBUM: Would you say that you are happy now?

SHAGGY: Yes.

PLAYBUM: - And your friends?

SHAGGY: Most are, some aren't. Depends on which ones you're talking about.

PLAYBUM: How did you come to practicing nuclear surgery before the war?

SHAGGY: Well, I was reading this book once, see, looking at the pictures and all, and then it struck me — neuro-surgery. And that's how I got into that.

PLAYBUM: But that's not nuclear surgery!

SHAGGY: Well, I had to change the name a little so no one would know I was getting it out of the book. So I just added a few words and there it was — nuclear surgery. PLAYBUM: How was your practice?

SHAGGY: Listen, mister, why do you think I'm a bum today?

PLAYBUM: Then, it's been your only failure to date?

SHAGGY: That's right.

PLAYBUM: If you would ever like to try something different, what field would you go into? SHAGGY: Distilling.

PLAYBUM: Well, we're almost at the end of the page and have to stop the story.

PLAYBUM CLUB NEWS

VOL. II, NO. 70

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBUM KEY
GOOD NOWHERE

JAN. 1971

PLAYBUM CLUB TO OPEN IN PHILLY; GALA PARTY PLANNED



EXCITED GUESTS MAN THE SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN WHICH WILL TAKE THEM TO THE PLAYBUM PHILLY CLUB

SAVE .25 BY APPLYING NOW!

WAWA TRAIN STATION (SPECIAL) Executives of Playbum Clubs, International, Inc., have just announced that the long-delayed Philadelphia Playbum Club will premiere this April, and that Playbum is now negotiating in Chester, Camden, and Grady-ville with plans to open these areas during 1971.

The spectacular \$1,986.25 Philadelphia Playbum Club will be staffed by 100 drunken Rats serving keyholders and their guests in one run-down basement clubroom. Among the many Playbum surprises are a swinging bar on rollers, a mobile Salvation Army van, special wines at reduced prices, and gaming areas where guests may play poker and use obscene language. Many extra delightful features will be contained in the outhouse directly behind the club in a back alley behind the Police Administration Building.

Playbum Seeks New Locations - Next: Chester

WAWA (IPS) — Next in line for the ruthless expansion of Playbum, Inc., is the slum housing area of downtown Chester. We will add glamour to the area by tearing down 456 housing units and replacing them with a decrepit old Playbum shack. Or better yet, we'll just renovate the housing units for the club.

After Chester, we've got our greedy sites on Camden and Gradyville, where at the latter we plan to rip out the fire house for the Club.







SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL RATS WHO WILL SERVE YOU AT THE NEW PHILADELPHIA PLAYBUM CLUB.



PLAYBUM'S FASION-LESS SCENE

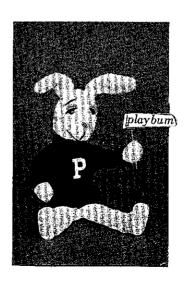
ADDRESS ALL QUERIES TO SOMEONE OTHER THAN THIS WRITER

If you want to get down to the real nitty gritty of fashion this year, ask yourself this question: What will the well-dressed bum be wearing this year? He certainly must have a wardrobe to complement his many varied activities. From the top of his head to the tip of his toes he'll be outfitted like the style setter that he is. The elements of his superb appearance? Sheer taste and an eye for new and different attire. He has a creative flair about him for sure. (With so many sources of clothing to choose from, he's got to be able to coordinate the bits and pieces he finds.) Even though he may not be dressed for the weather, he doesn't seem to care. One must keep in mind that our bum is one of a kind, an independent person, not one who follows the rules. Often, on the spur of the moment, he makes his own fashion out of sheer necessity. To describe what he wears one would have to explain why he wears it. So as not to pry into his deepest feelings and inhibitions, let's just leave him as he is-untouched, unpredictable, unreal. I think he's exquisite just the way he is.

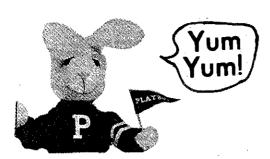
Let it never be said that the gent who reads Playbum is a run of the mill stream chap. Especially when it comes to the way he wears his thread-bare silk "500" suit. This is where the true bonvivant of the alleyway set shows his true off colors. The well dressed Playbum knows exactly how to wear his racing forms when he beds down in Mac Aurthur Park for an evening of pulchritude and immoral throat itching. He knows how to tilt his topper so he can lash jauntily as well as fitching.

The Playbum is a descerning dresser. No hanging threads on his pants cuffs. He's lucky to have pants to have cuffs to have threads hanging on, but the rapiscallion Playbum knows that shoes, not always pants cuffs make the man. That's why he makes sure that he

stuffs his leather foot holders with the New York Times and other notable (and absorbent) periodicals. Every Playbum knows that a well produced, thickened newspaper like the New York Times, will soak up those nasty rain drippings, that inevitably creep intwixt the holes of his perforated crap hichers. Oh, but what the hell! A Playbum knows that life isn't all sunshine and Brooks Brothers suits. He knows that it takes grit and hominey to make the real man he knows he can and must be in today's extremely competitive but plucking business. A true Playbum knows that if it wasn't for his clothes and position in life, he'd probably be some sort of executive on Wall Street or Madison Avenue, and then as he drips cheap Muscatel on his moth-eaten cardigan he realizes what a drag his life has been and he smiles drunk as hell, but he smiles and muddy puddles of stagnating rainwater ruining his patent leather belt and destroying his image as a teetotaler_



"WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY SONG?"



GASTRIC PICKINGS ---AND OTHER APHRODISIACS

AN EYE IN THE STEW-

As I sit, contemplating seered mare and biscuit de-la flour I am reminded of the wormeaten words of my mentor, Chef Balezi Frahundi Piltz, who taught me the principles of Brillo scouring and spud denuding while on a tour of duty with the Boy Scouts of America. He said to me once while I was chasing down a mad dog for some fresh meat in my mulligan stew he said to me, "Ezra, when you catch your dinner every night, for God's sake, make sure it's dead before you eat it." I never forgot these words. Apropo of nothing, this is the lead into my culinary column of gastronomic gross-outs that will titillate your tonsils and more than likely aggravate your cuspidtory glands.

Many of you fellows, being alienated from the common attributes called social graces, when asked to set up a banquet in the cellarway of the Salvation Army mission, just don't know how to conduct such an affair. Well, ducks, here's the info on how you, too, can be social leader of your own personal alleyway or slum.

Let us take for granted that you are given the complete leeway by your pals to make all the arrangements pertaining to the banquet. Your funds are unlimited as the Panhandling on Broad and Chestnut has been pretty amenable this given month.

* * * * *

What do you do?

Well, there are many courses that are open to a man such as yourself; a man with taste, talent and quick hands in the super market.

Firstly, you must have what we call whores da Vors. This problem can be solved by a few packs of Ritz crackers (which can be purchased at half price if rancid) and Philadelphia Cream Cheese with chopped mariscino cherries. Dynamite!

Next comes the appetizer. If turtles are abundant down around the docks, you may care to serve snapper soup. If no turtles can be had, then straight gin will substitute nicely. (If there are orchards abounding your flop, you may decide on fruit salad. This is your banquet and your decision. Make it count.)

The main course is the next order of business, and here you can perform feats of creative cookery that can only be rivaled by the hand of almighty Alka-Seltzer. Polecat is a perennial favorite and its extremely simple to find if the wind is right. Stink weed and cabbage entrails are wise choices for the vegatavle side-order. Also "Sea-Gulling" in the trashcan always crescendo of yields a veritable greenish plants and off-colorish fruits, so keep your eyes peeled for these assorted droppings.

Desert can be no problem if our banquet is scheduled around

Halloween, but...if by some chance or freak of nature your affair falls in and around Arbor Day and if trees aren't exactly your forte, then it's safe to assume that melted Hershey bars, procured for le a piede, will suffice the masses.

Lastly, but not leastly, drinks. Obviously your guests will bring their own can, eh, bottle, but if by chance they come "dry" (which is not a likely circumstance) you can always siphon out an auto or a bus or a cab or whatever and Voila! instant fun, fun, fun!!!

The success of your dinner depends on you and the food you choose to serve your comrades. If you don't over do it and you keep your mouth shut when asked why you're not eating, you'll become known as a "kitchen genius" and you'll deserve every lie they spread about you.

See ya at the stomach pumps, Bon Appetite



Sure You're Down; But You're Not Out!

So you're a Bum! Whatdaya want, a medal etched in fool's gold? Of course not. You want a machine that'll get you from here to there in a minimum of expedience (you know) when you've just robbed the Old Chestnut Vendor of his life's savings, and you've gotta get your "tail" away from the scene dela crime before the "Fuzz" grabs your hide and gives you twenty years. Think of it-twenty blasted years without a taste of Muscatel, Horrible! So, get yourself along mister, get yourself a YAMAHA UNICYCLE - for the quickest getaway under the Bendzedrine Sky.



Mr. Hugh Cahn, star of "Bell, Book and Mashigina" rides a Yamaha Uni-Bike and he says, "They're really fair."



UNI-CYCLES

- For That Quick Getaway -

TREADMILL OF LIFE TAKING YOU NOWHERE?





LET DIAL—A—HARLOT FIX YOU UP AND UP AND UP AND EVER ONWARD.

REMEMBERDIAL—A—HARLOT

- For the Best in Evening Motion -

Enchanted park, impacted with a rotting bench or two who remain as sentinels for the old men Who listlessly gaze between the faded chess board and the young athletes as they portray gladitorial games beneath a shimmering heaven and an azure citadel. It's sad, this suckling paradise, Born in naked innocence to a washboard rubbing sound, Caring only for the cruel rain to submit its' work to unemployment and to lust for the frequent guilt like touch of the mother who bears him life, Only to be buried beneath the chessboards and the gladitorial arenas Where once a swaddling babe imagined dancing love shadows and glowering hope, But only saw the futility of a summers enjoyment falling prey to the hunter of winter.

DANA IMPERATO

Sliding, almost unknowingly, into a tunnel of grotesque existence, you realize that despair is capitulation, The bitterness, ignorance, and pain is seen as reality.

Hypocrisy, anxiety and violence are either experienced or observed so closely that they seem like a dust which covers my hair and skin, frightening me when it dirties the core of my soul.

To hurt another is a sorry crime.
To deny another his share is inhuman.
But humans build inhuman beings
that exist due to the suffering of people.
Is one's answer death or self-isolation?

MATT SADUSKY

Sing to me night, A wind song That shakes this Structured heaven Called a house. That scatters All these ancient Tattered memories, And closes the Frenzied cry Inside my mouth.

Sing to me night A moon song That echoes across Places I have known Take all the things That I may be And show me Where they all Make me one.

ROBERT DAVIS



Illustrated by Nancy Durning

I sit and contemplate In a lonely but blessed solitude And recall the fond memories That haunt my very being.

Suddenly I am awakened To clutch the fragment of my broken dreams Only to be restituted by progressions Of yesterday and once upon a time.

Time comes and passes In an endless march forward To an unknown destination.

But as for me
The three-fold tense is made sweeter
By having lived and experienced
A time not so long ago, a time past
A time spent in sheer togetherness
and love.

Patty De Carlo

The Morning

The road in morning is empty of life,
And so easy to play with none of the strife.

No troubles can I detect from those who might know and certainly object.

Now comes the time for it to be done. Something I realize is such a phenomenon.

Well, never mind . . .

What has started has begun, And like it or not, it's not to be outrun.

Because I know--

Nothing can distract the course we've laid, Nor the plans we've made.

On the Way ...

The City in Morning is cold and rain like waterfall is beating upon the streets, bathing them in cheerless pall.

From the waitress in a shop
I hear the usual courtesy,
Just like the smile on her face,
Delivered without a trace of sincerity.

Not that I expect something that isn't usual, Like a care, a bother, a worry and certainly not a miracle! Well, What is it? . . .

I know what it is to cause the need To sit and wait until they finish the deed.

It will end the problem, I'm sure, what they're setting to do; Kill it! Kill it! that's the cure.

What do I see? . . .

All about me, so many others Caught like me maybe? Trying to hide their guilt and worry, All of this I see.

So pure and perfectly clinical is the setting I find,
But the problems I find are all identical.

What do I feel? . . .

When I sit and wonder
is it right? is it wrong?
I don't know! I don't know!
Oh, God, why does it take so long?

Soon the morning will die, Now it's done, it's done! The morning was just a lie But outside there is no sun.

GEORGE BUDDY

IN THE BACK OF MY MIND

Tin cans, old tires, rotting mattresses and rags; A patch of clear ground won't be seen here. They'll be gone tonight-But dawn proves that they still exist. Everyone is still there. Novelty and simplicity are in the dizzy, fuzzy past. An old friend just came in, Laughing with someone on the outside; But I can't say anything. He said something about the red stripes Being subversive: I think he just left. When I finally opened my eyes I didn't know where I was but This taste in my mouth is bitter. It's getting too cold but We can't find the switch. So we left, but you can't walk any closer to the sun. Looking for someone As mixed up as me Even the waste is not dead; A retread is another youth. Searching for a few answers; No one knows who to ask. There is a person in hiding Whose career is givin' these answers To the people who can find his chamber; A few found it: there were no lines To waste your time And no crazed fantasies concerning sensations.

MATT SADUSKY

Lady of the Seasons

Like a sweet child of innocence She came every year And showed off her colorful beauty To everyone that welcomed her.

With an all-encompassing lovliness she reached out
And tried to touch the hearts
Of those whom she thought cared
But often found coldness and indifference from those she loved most.

I was there at her arrival And saw the people play their games Too busy to notice her And too tired of her never-changing look.

I felt sorry for her And I looked at her with a sad pity Hoping she would not notice me As I pretended not to be affected by her.

Suddenly, I felt as if I were a part of her And I came to know and feel The true meaning of her timely ways and endless beauty-I am not the same.

For if you let her She will envelop you Like the bonds of a love so strong They are felt at the farthest distance.

And for the first time you will understand Why she comes and why she departs Only to return again in her time To influence your mind and capture your heart.

Patty De Carlo





THE SEX CYCLE OF THE SIDE-HILL MOONY

The side-hill moony, native to the northwest section of Pennsylvania, is unique among animals: it is the only migratory mammal in the world who spends its' entire life going nowhere. The moony, a furry, little creature with a loving, unpretentious disposition, fulfills its' entire life-span of fifteen some odd years on one hill. Even uniquer (sic) is the moony's physical denounement: shaped like a small horse with the head of a sweet and innocent Scotch terrier, its' two left legs are shorter than the right ones, thus allowing the animal to traverse the hills in continous circular fashion. The female of the species is differentiated by the fact that their right legs are shorter than the left ones, thereby allowing them to travel in a direction opposite of the males.

The typical side-hill moony is typically happy, enjoying total freedom and a carefree existence. However, they are bound by the edict of Mother Nature to walk a circular life and this they dutifully respect. Moonies are primarily vegetarians, and in addition to vegetables, they also gather substance from plant leaves, bark roots and herbs which grow in abundance on their breeding grounds. Like the lemming, the moony also has a built-in birth control measure: when any certain hill becomes over-populated, this results in the moonies crashing into each other with such force as to have the effect of killing off a large percentage of them.

The uniquist (sic, sic) quality of geo-physical property pertaining to the side-hill moony is the sexual agit-propagation methods it employs. Since both male and females have reproductive organ capabilities, the question of who does it to whom is based on a foundation of luck. There have been many fine research projects on the sex cycle of the side-hill moony which have been carried out by conscientious and dedicated, albiet dizzy, scientists. The best results have been obtained by time-lapse photography and have proved beyond a shade of doubt that the moony, contrary to the pre-suppositions of many notable notaries in the field of animal research, does lead the life of unrestrained and total sexual involvement with its' partner.

A side-hill moony reaches full maturity at the approximate age of five years. At that time, the fledging moony is ready to enter into the cycle of sexual reproduction which has been defined by their nature. After a "getting to know you" period of several months, (some take longer, depending upon the size of the hill), the actual sex act begins. A moony actually takes the same amount of time to respond sexually with its' mate as any other animal but the matter is complicated by the size of the hill. Since the moony "couple" see each other for only a second's time as they gallop by, it takes quite a number of meetings before they are ready to begin the process of insemination. Sometimes this process takes up to five years to complete for those

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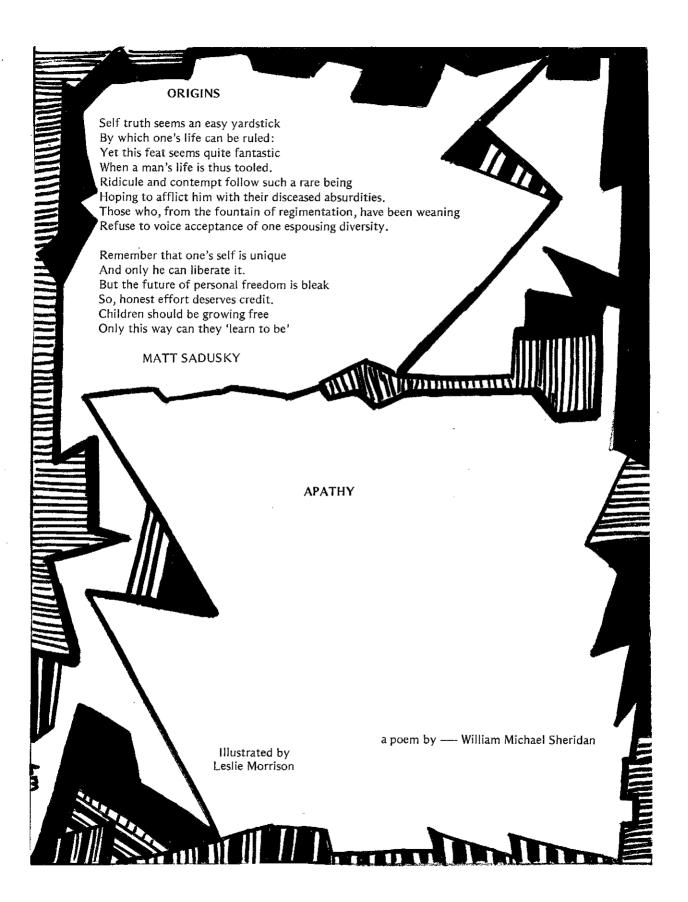
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really big hills. Fortunately, hills in Pennsylvania are of decent proportions, thus allowing each moony a chance sometime in his life to become sexually involved with his mate and thereby continue the cycle of life.

When he or she is ready to deposit the sperm in she of he, the exchange is done so quickly that it has given rise to the description of the side-hill moony as "the fastest thing around". After a comparably short period of three and a half weeks, the baby moony is born, lopping out of the mother on the run and taking it's own position on the hill.

Some critics of the side-hill moony have groused and complained that the whole sex act is brought off without a trace of propinquity, but serious moony watchers know different. They know that the sex act process of the moony is the ultimate in circumspective behavior. They know, also, that the side-hill moony is the only animal other than man who can look its' mate in the eye while having sex.

GEORGE BUDDY



J. D. Salinger . . . Messiah of the New Literature

If you really want to know . . . J. D. Salinger is the name that most readily springs to mind when someone mentions the so called new literature. Such names as Kereouc, Ginsburg, Steinbeck, and perhaps even Hemmingway spring to mind at mention of a new wave of literature, but when it comes right down to it, Salinger is the man; the abstract hero of the contemporary scene, the Jesus Christ of Literature. Why consider Salinger such a lofty hero of millions? The answer does not come easily. It may be that Salinger has caught the spirit of humanity, much like Christ was proported to have done in his time on earth, and like Christ he was able to spread amongst the masses, with much success, thus making him (Salinger) a figure that is above man; a man that is more than a writer, a man that feels and reacts on paper to these feelings.

Case in point, Salinger's masterpiece, "The Catcher in the Rye", was a success from the first day it was banned off the market. Why was it banned and why was it such a freewheeling spontaneous success? The answer may lie in the presence of Holden Caufield, the anti-hero of Salinger's tale. Holden is everyman. All of us at one time or another have felt the ignoble rejection and bitter pathoes that Holden experiences in his self imposed exile from a snoby boarding school in the east, to the crassness of the New York City sidewalks, where he grows to the stature of a man perhaps not ready at all to cope with a world he cannot understand; but eager to be himself, as all men strive to do during their lifetimes. Holden Caufield is, in a thumbnail sketch, the statement from Salinger that we are all children, all feeling, and all too human. It's just that some of us, (the adults, as Caufield finds) hide our true emotions behind a facade of frustration; prejudice, and week old cliches that say I love you.

Perhaps this is the central theme of the Salinger stories. Perhaps old J. D. is trying to find a novel way of saying "I love you".

For instance, in "Franny and Zooey" we see almost the direct parallel between Franny Glass and Holden Caufield. Franny is a rebel from a society she cannot understand or rationalize. She feels trapped and she cannot see that other people have their ways of living and that they cannot be expected to come to Franny's bar brand of idealism. She cannot understand this way of thinking and she has a nervous breakdown because of it. It is in this book that doubters may see Salinger as more than just another pretty face. His style is emotive and tender. His words are not as personal as were Holden Caufield's. He addresses his audience with a simplistic fervor that tends to force some critics to take the stand that perhaps "Franny and Zooey" and not "Catcher in the Rye" is his masterpiece . . . his logical conclusion to a statement made earlier in Catcher. It is in this book that love is restored to Franny by her actor-brother Zooey Glass. His technique is novel and purely an experiment and yet it works. Franny is brought back to some level of cohesion with the world around her and although we are never sure she is buying the things Zooey is trying to sell her, we are sure that she at least has listened and perhaps will react in such a way that will bring her peace within herself.

It has been said, by some ineffectual critics I dare say, that Salinger is a jumping off point towards other literature and although this may be somewhat of a valid statement it needs to be amended. Salinger may very well be a jumping off point but one should not jump too far from the things he is saying. Salinger is a complex set of literary emotions as can be evidenced in his book of

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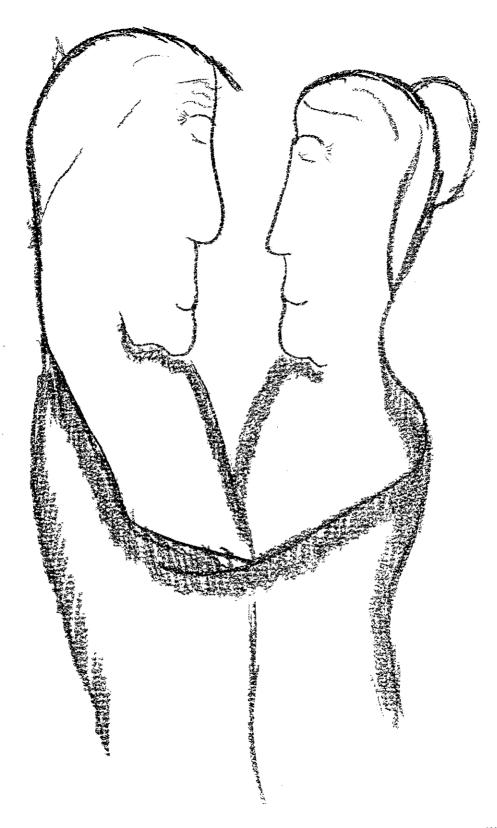
short stories, entitled aptly, "Nine Stories". It is through these glittering tales that one can actually see the true weight of Salinger's words. To go into depth concerning the story lines of Salinger's "It is a foolhardy attempt in such a small space as this". In retrospect, it may be wise to discover the implications that evolve from Salinger's stories.

"A Perfect Day for Bananafish" is one of J.D.'s stories that beats your subconscious into an etherized submission. If you feel Salinger, or let me say, if you learn to feel Salinger as he is like a fine wine; he must be savored and he must be studied. "Bananafish" is not a good place to begin to study the soul of Salinger, perhaps it is the final place to meet this man at his own level.

"Uncle Wiggley in Connecticut", "The Laughing Man", and "Down at the Dingy" are stories that need more than a mere thought, they need a soul (much like the need for a soul to understand the theories of Christ) to be understood fully. One only receives a soul for Salinger by becoming part of his mind and this is not an easy thing to attain.

One book that has become neglected in this roundrobin view of the Salinger soul is, "Raise High the Roofbeams, Carpenter and Seymour, an Introduction". This book is the least publicized of Salinger's work but is probably the best book to start with if one is readied to get an insight into the soul of J.D. Salinger... the Messiah of the New Literature.

BY: DANA IMPERATO



Illustrated by R. Sherman

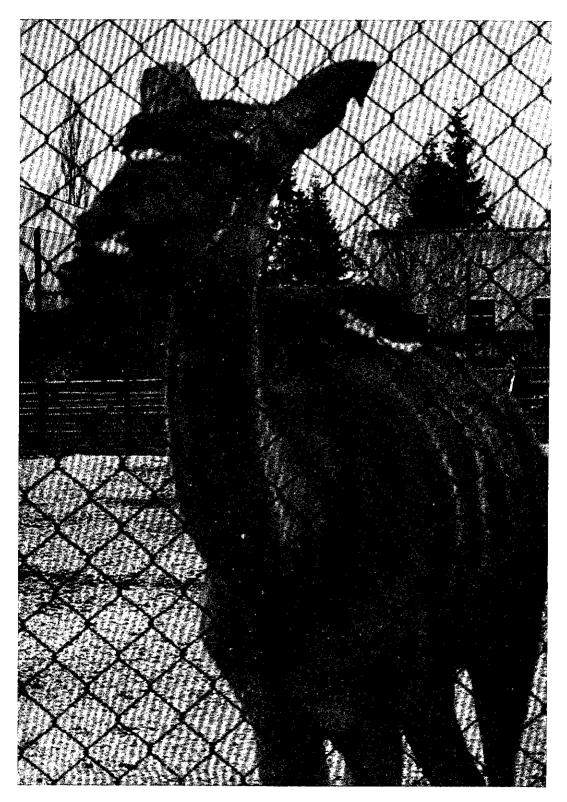
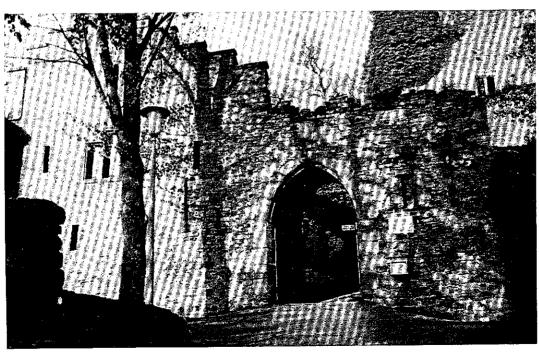
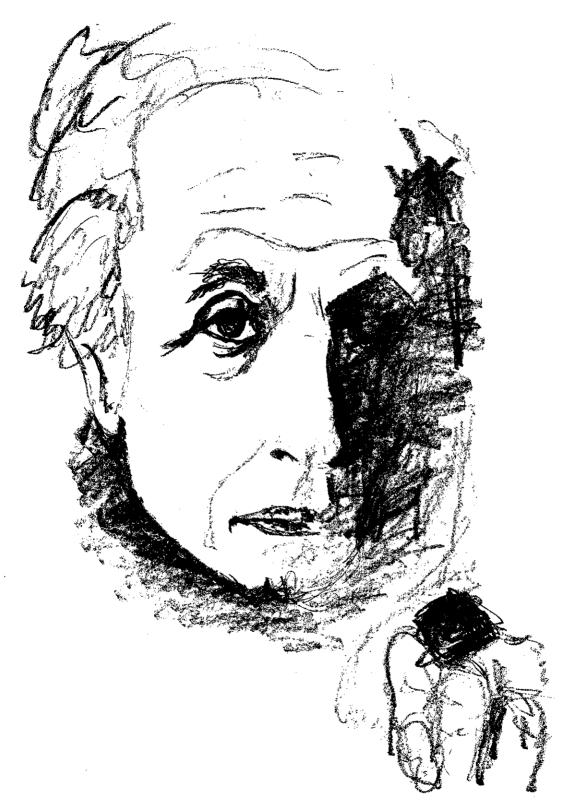


Photo by Bill Stohler





Photos by Bill Stohler



Nancy During

Illustrated by Nancy Durning

It was darker now and harder to see through the trees and bushes ahead of me. The only light was that of the pale moon which hung just over the horizon. As I walked, I vaguely recognized the objects around me. I passed by the ruins of an old farm house and remembered that great war which was fought here only a century ago. It was a war over politics. The world powers reached their fullest military capacity and each felt that they were right. So, like drop, they turned on each other. For three days atomic explosions ate into the crust of the earth. Anyone who didn't die from the initial explosions, did within a week from the radiation. Then there was no life; the planet was dead. I don't understand these people that lived here a hundred years ago. The earth must have been a terrible place to spend a lifetime. I'm glad I never lived here.

TOM MULLIAN

Walking in the grass with a breath of wind we find a magic sight of licorice shadows that kiss the night and catch our souls in their molasses caress.

The clouds and sky are watching over us holding our minds in downy feather pillows that float and glide across the stars.

We lie secure in our own lovely galaxy aware only of the fireflies that glow against a blue gray background and our ears are lulled by the cricket's lullables that echo in harmony with the birdsongs.

Then we are in far off skies our bodies and minds sleeping in the orderly chaos of nature

And soon we will be transcended into tangerine . . . dawn morning . . .

Reneé Burns

WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN !!!

"Isolation from the rest of us would be worse than death," said the leader to the group as they squatted in the small room they now lived in.

"But how could we accomplish that, since we only have the remains of two rooms, the one where he is now and this one?" asked a thin balding man from the darker shadows of the room. This question had been on their lips because they knew both rooms were needed to house the eight of them, at least until the all clear was sounded.

The leader stood augmenting his hold over the small band huddled around the kerosene lamp. "We will just refuse to recognize his existence, as if he had never been here." The four men and three women looked at each other as a child looks at his teacher after a difficult question.

"Look," the big man said, "if we send him outside, the radiation will not only kill him but will endanger our lives as well." "If we execute him in here not only will we have another body to dispose of, but he'll probably welcome the chance to die. He was burnt badly when we found him in here. So death would only be an easy way out for a man who deserves more than death." As the group nodded their heads in agreement, the speaker unlatched the door that separated the two rooms. Then, turning his attention to the conversation they had in the morning over the revolution; as to why it started, he thought to himself, "Yeah, segregation right now would be worse than death for that nigger."

GENE HARRIS

MANY A TEAR

MANY NOTIONS MANY SONGS
TALES AND STORIES SHORT AND LONG
TOLD BY MANY WEAK AND STRONG
ABOUT LOVE ALL ALONG
TO EACH HIS OWN AS HE PLEASE
I'LL TELL MINE YOU TELL YOURS
BUT DOES IT REALLY MATTER WHO SHEDS THE TEARS?

Hank

CHILDREN

When I tell you what happened, you might say, "So what!" And I guess I'm telling you this story because I'm afraid that's what you would say. I don't want you to say that about anything ever again. But I'm here to tell you a story, not lecture you.

I was on my way into Philadelphia on the Chester-Wilmington Local, which usually isn't crowded, but carries its' share of businessmen, cleaning ladies on their way home, and general people seeking the excitement of the city.

The train itself is old. I mean really old. Well, this train was the 4:13 P.M. which arrives at Suburban Station by 4:38 P.M. The car in which I was sitting was occupied by a few couples of varying ages, and two businessmen who sat together and told dirty jokes. The rest of the passengers had managed to avoid sharing a seat with anyone, so every other seat was occupied by a single person. And almost everyone sat in the seat next to the aisle in order to avoid someone trying to sit next to them.

I looked around at the people near me. The woman in the last seat in the car was gray-haired and gentle looking. She wore one of those \$3.98 "Acme Special" suits of flowered cotton that are just made for the woman with stomachs that bulge and backsides that don't.

Sitting in front of her was a young black girl. She sat staring out the dirt and time and finger smudged window. Two PMC cadets were in the seat in front of her. They wore gray uniforms and innocent faces. Across the aisle, a middle-aged gentlemen sat studying his newspaper, and behind him a well dressed woman sat with her large purse and plastic shopping bag. The last seat in the car was occupied by a man who could have been eighty of fifty. He was large and thin and had thick, white hair. His face was young, but his body seemed to be old.

The train had stopped at Darby, and a young woman with a little boy entered the car. After deciding that there was no completely unoccupied seats, she sat down in the last seat, next to the old man. The child stood in the aisle next to her, probably about two years old. He wore blue corderoy trousers, and a tee shirt. The man amused by his curiosity. Talking a little too loud, the man asked the child to come over to him.

"Here", he said, "You want to see? Come on over here."

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The boy looked at his mother for council, but she was looking at the man as if he had just told her son to jump out the window. So the little boy climbed over to the mans lap before his mother could stop him. The man laughed and stood the boy on his knees so he could see out the window.

"See, nobody's hurting you. See, you can look now. Is anybody hurting you? What d'ya see, boy?"

The mother by this time, had decided that the man was harmless. The other passengers had turned in their seats to see who had dared to disturb their silence.

"Is anybody hurting you?" he repeated. "This is the way it should be. You would be able to go to anyone on this train. You're a nice boy. Can you see now?"

The old man looked around the train and saw that he had the attention of everyone at that end of the train.

"This is the way that it should be. You could go to anyone here. They're all nice people." As he spoke, he lifted the child up over the seat in front of him, and deposited him in the lap of the woman who sat there. She laughed, rather confused. She held him on her lap for a moment, then she stood him down in the aisle.

"There you go, back to your Mommy," she said.

But the child had caught on to the game and instead of going where she directed him, walked across the aisle to the Negro girl, who sat facing the aisle, watching the scene with interest. She grabbed his arms to keep him from falling. As the child tried to climb up onto her lap, the girl smiled shyly. But her smile faded when the boys mother leapt up to pick up her child and sit him firmly back on her lap. The little boy looked at his present mother questioning her sudden sterness. The old man tried to pretend nothing had happened. The other passengers turned back in their seats and tried to look anywhere but at each other

KATHY UHLER

Three Years After

With sullen and lifeless eyes I stare,

At walls imprisoning me in dark despair.

And while lives move on beyond my tomb,

My sorrows sink deeper in their musky gloom.

Painful reflections of her sift through my mind,

Unmercifully escaping their passages in time.

An empty shell, I've been cast aside,

Leaving only a mask worn in disguise.

My very soul's been stripped of all it's joy,

And left discarded like a broken toy.

So I say if this is what's to be left in life,

Then Death shall become a welcomed sight.

Ken Woodcock

AN OBSERVED TREE

a natural watchman fading in the allness till night sinks back into its deepness at the given hour burying with it the stationary negative snapshot of a tree drippings of sunlight emerge spreading on to the colossal universal screen projecting a very peculiar oak with dancing grain that move that collide forming a definite language by stepping outside the mere image

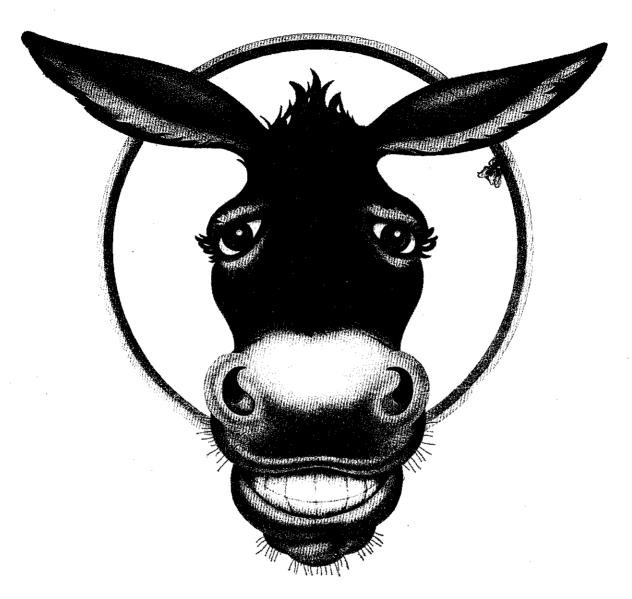
wind

cold hands clasping
in afternoon air
A WIND REVIVAL
released by the opening
of eternal laughter

louise zuccarello

staff sketches

Dana Imperato has been writing for as long as he can remember, he has contributed to Poetry Pageant Magazine and hopes to have his first volume of poetry published sometime this year . . . George Buddy says his desire in life is to be a novelist and to write "The UnamericanDream", he has never been published and admits the way things are going he never will . . . Renee Burns has been writing poetry for about four years, it is her desire to continue writing and she admits that her poetry will never become famous or controversial, she hopes people will return to loving one another and to nature . . . Pat De Carlo has been writing for six years and she admits that Community College gave her the Incentive to continue. For Pat, writing is a way of expression and communication of her feelings for other people . . . Bobbi Jeanne is a Journalism student here at C.C.D.C. and she is deeply involved in the school's theater group, she writes poetry for her own enjoyment and she doesn't plan to make it a career... Mary Ann Knowles is a participant in the nursery school curriculum and is a constant source of inspiration to our illustrious editor . . . Gene Harris is in his initial year here at Pegasus and he describes his poetry as romantic verse that extends into other things . . . Jim Nigro likes to write, he calls it an escape from reality boundaries, he hopes that one day his writing will influence someone . . . Mike Petrilla hopes to write and teach and hopefully, he will get into film making with his brother . . . Kathy Uhler feels that every once in a while she sees or hears or feels something that she wants to share, so she writes it down . . . Leslie Morrison has been painting for about seven years, she wants to go into social work but art will always remain her true passion . . . Nancy Durning has had five years of professional art lessons and she is partial to sketching and pen and ink. She wants to become a United Airlines reservationist and wants to travel and meet people . . . Matt Sadusky hopes that his association with Pegasus will be the beginnings of a deep and fruitful relationship with literature. He enjoys writing, drawing and the study of English and he believes that Pegasus exists to foster creativity as well as expression on the campus . . . Joe O'Brien is the editor of the school newspaper and his editorial judgement has been an invaluable aid to Pegasus . . . God bless us, everyone.



What did you feel like the last time your zipper broke?