

4-1969

**OZ 20**

Richard Neville  
*Editor*

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## OZ 20

### Description

OZ is published monthly by OZ Publications Ink Ltd , 52 Princedale Road, London, W 11. Phone 229:7541. Directors: Richard Neville, Andrew Fisher. OZ appears with the help of: Jon Goodchild, Felix Dennis, Louise Ferrier, Brigid Harrison, Keith Morris, Lyn Richards, Ken Petty, Miss Murphy, Phillipe von Mora, Mike McInnery, Michael Ramsden, John Wilcock Jim Anderson. Special supplement: Angelo Quattrocchi. Advertising: Felix Dennis, 44, Wandsworth Bridge Road, London.

Contents: Hells Angel cover and feature. John Wilcock's Other Scenes. 'The Situationists are Coming' by Angelo Quattrocchi. 'Bedtime Story' by Peter Buckman. 2p 'Victor Vulgar' cartoon by Von Mora. 'A Vicious God'. Poems and graphics. Word Play by Peter Mayer. Graphic by McInnery. IT subscription form. Dr Hip Ocrates. Poverty Cooking (roast Trafalgar pigeon). 'Out of the Psychodrama' by David Widgery. 'Hell's Angels-Hell's Who?' – text and interviews by Andrew Fisher + pictures. 'Child That I Am I Do' – 4p text & pictures on the Incredible String Band by Danae. Ad for Lenny Bruce LP. Jimmy Page interview by Felix Dennis. Jann Wenner and *Rolling Stone* by Sebastian Jorgenson. LP reviews: Traffic, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Mike Bloomfield & Al Kooper, Howling Wolf.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

### Comments

Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.



# Hippies gape as HELL'S ANGELS

menace  
Arts Lab  
in drug,  
orgy,  
police,  
rape,  
loot,  
gang  
bang  
shock  
!

# OZ

20 3s



There are 3 Gods  
Love, Poetry,  
& The Revolution-  
Situationists, P6.



OTHER  
SCENES

The tremendous pace at which the so-called sexual revolution is moving leaves us all a little dizzy. It's only a matter of weeks since Jim Buckley & Al Goldstein broke away from The New York Free Press to found a new unabashedly sexual tabloid called Screw. After seven issues it is selling 50,000 copies (at 35¢ each) & is about to go weekly. The New York Review of Sex, whose major assets have been high-quality paper (better reproductions) & such mind-blowers as a close-up of Ultra Violet's snatch & Sam Edwards' pseudonymously-written column about sex-&politics, is close on its heels in both circulation & potential income. Marvin Grafton, the Rat's ad manager, launched another sex tabloid named Pleasure & a fourth, Kiss, is on the way from the Evo stable. Inevitably there'll be others & just as inevitably the fast-moving world of offset publishing will move into & exploit other neglected areas.

Meanwhile, poet Lennox Raphael & producer Ed Wode try to figure out what all the fuss is about over 'Chel' just because they put on a play which has fucking in it — which is where everybody is at right now — there's all this commotion & old-fashioned legal shit. All you had to do was go to the special performance that was put on for the press after the initial bust to see how important this story is: at least 100 'members of the press' crammed into the tiny Free Store to watch, drool over & record in minute detail this precedent-shattering production. Miles of film was shot, hundreds of stills were taken but all that was seen in print or TV were the same old 'safe' shots (no tits or ass) that have always been shown.

Where is the Establishment press at? One of the answers, of course, is somebody like Helen Gurley Brown who was hired as Hearst's expert-in-residence, after her book 'Sex & the Single Girl' proved she knew a little more about sex than the average typist (but still considerably less than anybody the slightest bit hip).

As the years have gone by, the gap between what Helen Gurley Brown knows about sex & what is really happening has grown so much wider that today she sounds like some naive high school chick (except, of course, that high school chicks these days are fucking when they're 12 years old). It's fitting that the Hearst organization should regard her as an authority because it confirms that they're still at least two years away from what's really going on. Why do dinosaurs like Hearst publications fold while young, vigorous, new papers spring up & expand so rapidly? Well, you don't need an answer to that question unless you're in menopause. By the way, to return to the play 'Chel' for a moment, author Lennox Raphael says that he regards it as merely a curtain-raiser, a sort of tantalising hors d'oeuvres so to speak, & you should see the NEXT two plays he's already written. Obviously it's not going to be long before people who go to the theatre will be attending a fuck-in, just like you might have gone to the Roman baths for the evening with your groovy, uninhibited friends.

Which brings us to the movies. While the squares are being repeatedly conned on 42nd Street by 12-minute beaver pictures (you'd think they'd at least overlay the straight girly shots with a fantasy sequence) or hyped-up nudist frolics, the little old ladies and Cosmopolitan readers are lining up to pay \$4.50 for an excruciatingly dull Swedish film containing one brief fucking sequence. Sally Kirkland & Rip Torn look like being the first two stars to actually demonstrate sixty-nine in a commercially released flick, although it's rumored that the producers of that little epic are quite uptight about the sequence.

AP ran its annual wire story on millionaires who don't pay taxes (21 of them last year because of depreciation deals and other swindles) but as usual didn't name any names or follow up on what might be done about it... Manhattan Tribune calls underground papers 'semi-pornographic' which is a stupid putdown with about as much meaning as 'half pregnant'.

Is Eldridge Cleaver dead? A victim of CIA agents? That's the suggestion made by Chicago's militant Resistance Press in the first issue of their new paper, The Free Chicago Graphic scheduled for publication next month.

Bill Hutton's 'A History of America' (Coach House Press, 671 Spadina Ave, Toronto, Canada, \$1.98) will definitely give you a different perspective than you learned at school. Latest casualty figures in Vietnam & concluding with PRAY FOR PEACE are being distributed by the group called 'Clergy & Laymen Concerned About Vietnam'. Figures are updated with a new poster each month & you can subscribe to a 12-month set for \$3 (475 Riverside Drive, New York 10027).

As noted in this column before, Meher Baba is likely to be heralded much more dead than alive. His was a rather exclusive cult & very little he did or said (virtually nothing) could shift or alter the allegiance of his disciples. It is interesting though that it's easier to sell a dead god than a live one. The Underground Press Syndicate Directory is the most comprehensive reference book on UPS papers so far. It lists size, frequency, ad rates etc and costs \$2 from Orpheus, Box 1832, Phoenix, Ariz, 85001.

First underground paper in Australia, since AUST OZ folded there, is the multi-colored Ubu News (25¢ from Andrew Read, 54 George Street, Redfern, NSW 2016) which used to be the newsletter of the underground film freaks in that country... New Zealand booksellers are getting uptight about an underground mag named Cock (50¢ from PO Box 2538, Wellington, New Zealand).

In the introduction to his book of columns, 'Notes of a Dirty Old Man' (Essex House, \$1.95) poet Charles Bukowski reminisces about turning out his column for LA's late, lamented Open City: 'For action, it has poetry beat all to hell. Get a poem accepted & chances are it'll come out two to five years later, and a 50-50 shot it will appear, or exact lines of it will later appear, word for word, in some famous poet's mouth, & then you know the world ain't much. Of course, this isn't the fault of poetry; only that so many shits attempt to print and write it. That celebrated paper writer George Plimpton has been under fire from Harry Smith's Newsletter for allegedly favoring his own magazine, Paris Review (a much over-touted delectable coffee-table quarterly) with grants he was supposedly administering to benefit little mags and unknown writers. You can bet your hippy that nothing with guts — neither an underground paper nor any truly underground writers — will attract Plimpton's eye favourably; he's too careful of his image to allow that to happen.

Philadelphia's Distant Drummer reports that Drew Pearson's column about gangster-tainted Walter Annenberg was blacked out of Philadelphia papers. Annenberg, owner of two Philly papers, plus TV Guide & a bookie wire, has been named as ambassador to Britain because he's Nixon's kind of guy... Peter Hutchinson (John Gibson gallery) deals with 'super-saturated chemical solutions that yield crystals; tubes filled with fermenting materials that produce yeasts & moulds' and John Van Saun (Feigen) who specializes in demonstrating the properties & potentialities of fire through burning Sterno pots, sizzling steel wool and melting candles.

Thousands of people, mostly students, have been officially ordained as ministers in the Universal Life Church. It's within everybody's grasp to become ministers by mail order thereby getting half-price fares, a break on taxes, exemption from the draft & all those other groovy extras that clergy seem to accept as their birthright. Trouble is that when 'ordinary' citizens start claiming these benefits the authorities get very uptight. There'll be a test case in San Jose, Calif on May 5 when Universal Life Church primate, Rev Kirby J Hensley goes on trial for 'violating the State Education Code' by issuing doctor of divinity licenses.





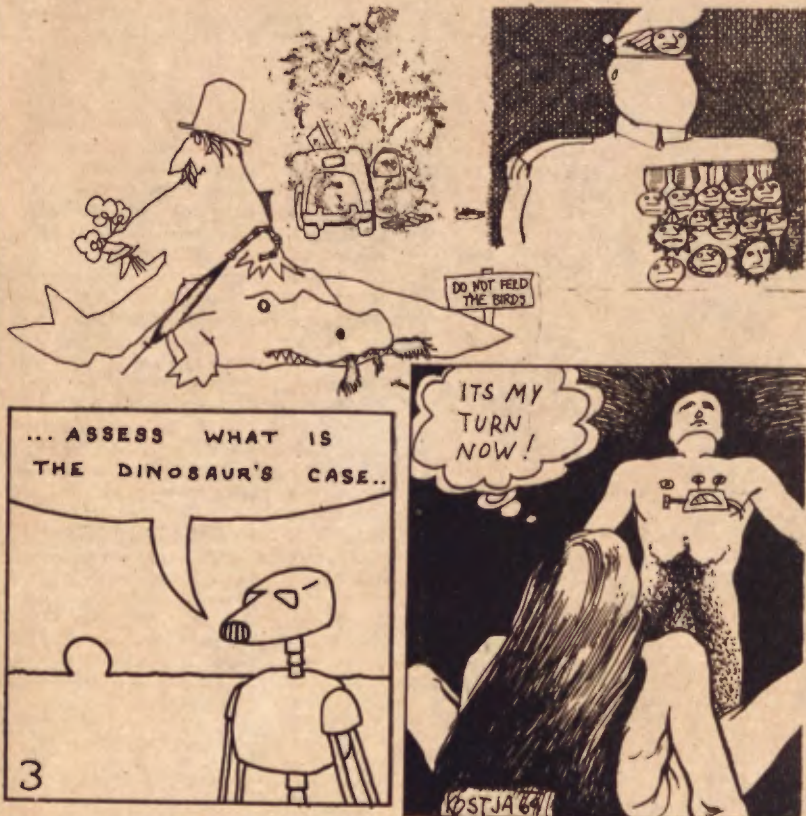
Dear OZ,

When I heard about the Squatters 'Home' at Bell Hotel, Drury Lane I was enthusiastic. I thought something was really happening. I was going to move in. Luckily I took a good look round & didn't.

These are the developments from what I heard & saw. The Arts Lab had

its eye on the place & some guys from there climbed through & started clearing up. When they were spotted they opened the front door & got everyone then in the Lab to move in & start clearing up. At this point KYLASTRON who was deputised by Jim Haynes made no effectual explanation of the Art Lab's intentions

for the place. It was christened the 'home' & a notice was put on the door telling people without homes to move in & clean up. The one tramp already there was allowed to keep his room which he cleared up. He moved in one of his mates next door. KYLASTRON later explained to me that the Lab wanted the place as a cheap hostel for 'Artists & creative people, unmarried mothers, ex-junkies. Six rooms would be kept locked for travelling theatre troupes performing at the Lab.' The sanitary inspector came & pronounced the place unfit for human habitation. Hell's Angels were moved in on the 3rd floor as a protection against external aggression. After the 1st few days precious little clearing up was done & a levy of £1 per head was imposed. When the talks broke down on matters of internal discipline... who should stay... who must go. KYLASTRON resigned but returned a couple of days later by popular(?) demand. He is well in with the angels & started using them. to evict people who would not come clean or who refused to pay their £1 per week. KYLASTRON organised a 3.00 am raiding party which threw out anyone found smoking or refusing to pay. The angels knocked on every door. Who's there? no answer. Delay. Door opened. Sniff sniff, 'right you lot - out... in the case of a lot of my friends. KYLASTRON appeared from time to time & when he was criticised he would turn & say something like 'Look man, this is my place - morally if not legally, & if you don't like it go & find your own place & do your own thing there. This isn't a fucking dosshouse. Go on, just get out.' & in the event of trouble the angels were never far away to help the evicted tenant on his way. After the Saturday bust KYLASTRON & the others from the Arts Lab gave up & pulled out. The place was reoccupied on Sunday & the ground floor barricaded. Access was by ladder to the 1st floor & most of the people turned out previously moved back in. On Wednesday workman broke in & smashed the place up because



OUR CALL FOR AN 'AMAZING COMIC STRIP ARTIST' PRODUCED A FLOOD OF SUGGESTIONS, SOME OF WHICH (ABOVE) ALMOST MADE IT VISUALLY. BUT IN THE MAIN THE STORY IDEAS WERE TOO BANAL. HOPEFULLY WE'LL HAVE ONE FOR OZ 21.

## A blast from the Nationals

THE GUARDIAN  
POP MUSIC  
by Geoffrey Cannon

The second enterprise is "Time Out," which I judge to be the most exciting and admirable magazine launched within the last year. To over simplify, this magazine is a what's-on-in-London for avant-garde, experimental, and electric events. It covers rock, blues, folk and jazz events with particular thoroughness. It's already indispensable. "Time Out's" rock record reviews are pretty good, too.

I would like to become a subscriber to TIME OUT

OZ,

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Address .....

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and send to: Time Out (Subscriptions) 70 Princesdale Road, London, W11.



it was 'unfit for human habitation.' What KYLASTRON had hoped to do was get everybody working to clear the place up, turn out the junkies & get the place properly legal. His methods created a microcosm of state which he readily admitted but claimed was the only way of securing the place for any length of time. Was a place run along fascist lines worth securing anyway? Would it have changed? It's arguable, but doubtful. KYLASTRON did express the hope of setting up an office to organise the taking over of other properties by squatters.

He wanted this to be the precedent. To get this legal & then get people moving in on empty houses on a large scale. Now marches & petitions are under way. Also a petition demanding employment for those discriminated against for unusual appearance or behaviour, now this may give some idea of where the arts lab crowd are at I mean what about those that don't want employment & want to smoke & things, I mean ...

I seem to be going on a bit so anyway I haven't a point to make especially except some people are so happy playing along with the straights that they're probably happier being straight anyway & it don't make no difference what they look like, & its sad. Honestly I don't know where I am so why don't I just keep quiet?

Love  
Steve Burke  
28 Roland Gdns  
London SW7

Dear Editor,

I compliment you for printing such a fine article as Germaine's on Dr. G. It was beautifully done.

It brought one thing clearly to my mind. In this world saturated with violence, physical, mental or spiritual, it is infinitely better to have a good fuck.

Yours sincerely  
C. E. PHILLIPS  
31 Cumberland Mansions  
Brown Street  
London, W.1.

Dear OZ,

Pure & eurhythmic, clear & polymorphic. I wonder if anyone realises exactly how content a glass of water must be?

Paul, Frank & Zettusa  
Farnham Close,  
London N20.  
P.S. Except Robin & Mike.

Dear OZ,

I wish you well in your campaign against capitalism and hypocrisy, but permit me a cynical middle-aged observation: LSE was a nice simple symbolic target to pick; what about the big stuff next time? why don't all you hairy teenagers boycott the pop music industry? what about a self-denying ordinance for twelve months, no albums, no magazines (other than OZ, of course), no transistor radios, no discotheques; how about a march down Charing Cross Road to Denmark Street, to smash a few windows there? Not that I've anything (much) against pop music,

I can take it or leave it, like Vivaldi, Beethoven, or Sibelius: but I puke when I see the love & sympathy flowing towards Biafra & Vietnam, whilst the money from your hot little pockets all flows in the opposite direction. But here's a little bit of both for OZ.

Yours faithfully,  
P R Bridger  
Happy Island  
Pwllmelin Road  
Cardiff.

Dear OZ,

There is an article entitled 'Psychic Guerilla Warfare', in which someone named G William Domhoff from the Entwhistle Project, attempts to air his plans & views for a political takeover in good old decadent America. Towards the end of the article the editor, Richard Neville (xxxxxx), has resented two comments 'Jesus, what CRAP! ed.' & in parentheses at the bottom of p 23. (If the Revolution means prose like this, let's LOSE!). After reading Mr Domhoff's article & finding these two 'gems' from Mr Neville at the bottom of p 23, I think that Mr Neville has made a serious editorial mistake, which does discredit to OZ! — He has slandered Mr Domhoff's article by inserting his derogatory comments

RIGHT IN THE FUCKING TEXT!!! Secondly Mr Neville has failed to provide any reason for those comments. It seems to me that if Mr Neville thinks that what Mr Domhoff says is 'CRAP' (in capitals), then Mr Neville should at least 1) Tell us why he feels this way, and 2) Present his

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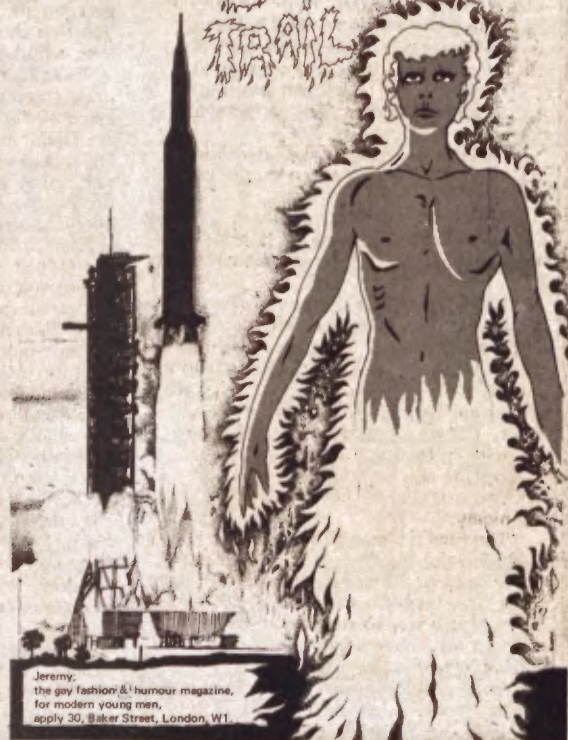
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**ISSUES**

NEXT OZ  
Release Date: May 21  
Deadline: May 11th

OZ 20

JEREMY BLAZES A  
TRAIL



Jeremy,  
the gay fashion & humour magazine,  
for modern young men,  
apply 30, Baker Street, London, W1



views some other place than *right in the middle of Mr Domhoff's text*. I am sure Mr Domhoff expects commentary on any piece of writing he does for public consumption, but I don't think he quite expected this form of editorial slander! **JESUS, what crap! Ed.**

Thank you sincerely

Charles Conrad  
London

P.S. I think some apology on Mr Neville's part is in order.

Dear OZ,

British Students are indeed 'parochial and insular'. In fact, they are a lot worse than that in the majority of cases. They are lazy, apathetic, selfish and smug.

I am at Hull University and very much involved with publications there, along with several others. What our activities have shown though is that these failings are capable of being broken by the right form of attack. I would therefore like to outline our activities in the hope that other small groups seriously dissatisfied with the media at THEIR Unies can do something similar about it.

At Hull we, decided to start a 'mag' to fill in the vacuum left by the other university tabloids. We began a first issue of WORM at the beginning of the Easter Term and by the end had a circulation of 500 and also five issues behind us.

The policy of the WORM is to *guarantee* printing every single contribution from one word to a thousand or infinity! We have strictly adhered to this rule.

WORM is also totally anonymous. There are no editors because everything goes in. Result . . . we get a hell of a lot of good stuff we normally wouldn't have received because people are often either afraid to say what they think because of possible recrimination from University authorities and the law or else they are shy of criticism (especially of poetry).

Things people have been wanting to say are said and spread fearlessly at last.

Creative contributions that would have remained in secret are shared with everyone.

The drawback of obscenity is negligible as it can do no harm and readers are prepared to take the good with the bad.

There is no formal organisation at all so that legal prosecution is almost impossible. Also as there are no editors or staff anyone who wants to can help in typing selling or even getting cups of tea. The same people never work on every issue. Yet we managed to bring out one issue every fortnight which is quite reasonable and we found we received enough material in that time to fill up nicely.

The mag is also a good revolutionary and active political unit. Issue number three carried instructions on how to make a molotov with diagram and said where in the university to strike with same. No student took the hint but the Authorities certainly tried every form of secret pressure to stop circulation. Issue number 4 again struck at the authorities of the

University and their possibilities also slamming a warden of a Hall of residence for his hypocritical treatment of students.

Several other things led to threats of police action on the sellers and publishers if sales were not stopped. The charges include: OBSCENITY, LIBEL, OBSCENE LIBEL, SELLING SAME, WRITING SAME, PRINTING SAME.

All this in ten weeks. WORM is for the students of the University it says what they think. It does not tone down anything. No clique runs it and in ten weeks it is said to have shifted student opinion at Hull from right to Anarchist.

ALL UNIVERSITIES NEED A WORM and Manchester University are to start Man Worm next term on exactly the same print every anything lines. Worm is so powerful because it is honest and because it belongs to everyone in reality.

The mag is unpretentious. Foolsap duplicating paper, Gestetner stencils typed one finger at a time, cost an issue of 500 approx £5-10-0. Any one can produce one all you need is the courage to have *real* freedom of press and a little energy.

Every University has grumbles. Every University has poets and thinkers, it should have more than most units. WORM is genuine revolution, genuine freedom. Its very freedom and the fact that it is not an ego trip cos of a non policy adds to its power and virtually safety from prosecution.

FUZZ: Who writes this obscene revolutionary rag?

WORM: Everybody at the University or nobody.

FUZZ: Yes but it must have an editor, someone must run it.

WORM: Everybody edits it. You are forced to decide what you think is good and bad and form critical judgements, if you find them necessary, while you read it so everybody is the editor.

FUZZ: Yes but . . . (unable to understand that real freedom of this sort can actually exist. Who does he get?)

The banning of WORM 4 from the University Union, by Admin, was unable to stop sales and no one could be prosecuted — except themselves for allowing it in their premises. Mass support from the student body also came in the form of lobbies of President, who apologised; debate attacks on the Admin; and much needed money gifts which were given purely from hearts and not prompted at all. Students at Hull are realising just how much freedom is possible. The Right, who keep trying unsuccessfully to label our policies as anarchistic and dangerous, have felt a backlash that merely lost them power. Their 'credibility' has been destroyed because we really are doing this for the students. WORM is *really* speaking for them. The Authorities read WORM too. It worries them. They cannot understand freedom. It is a complicated and, to them, a dangerous thing.

WORM is everywhere. If you want to give yourselves a little freedom of thought write to us at:  
'Worm' Hull University Students Union,  
University of Hull East Yorks.

## TIMM

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The 'Situationists are Coming' is another in the occasional series of supplements prepared by friends-of-OZ, and way beyond editorial control.

# The Situationists are coming

Angelo Quattrocchi



Far from  
being a dialectical  
impossibility, the  
elimination of the Work-  
Concept is the precondition  
to the effective elimination  
of a mercantile  
society.



# 13 Apostles

I have three gods: love, poetry & the revolution

Love knows no boundaries, refuses no flesh, & is ephemeral, as is my love for women. The act is an accomplishment.

Poetry is the search for beauty, a wolf barking at the full moon, scratches on this page, her face lit by a barricade. A striving. Revolution is the stone thrown in the stagnant pond, & the ripples spreading life to the water, the shaking of the innumerable dead minds & souls from my shoulders. It's poetry achieved, in action, in love.

& no religion. No theories to justify today, no theologies to justify tomorrow.

1.

## Memento mori

The dead hand of the enemy. The long hand of power. The icy finger on your soul.

Carpe diem.

Live the day. Live the day as if it is your last. Live the day as if it is your first. Does the message come across?

Does it cut through layers of grease, oil, butter, fat?

Does it enter one ear & come out of the other? Oh, dead mummies, nursed by the flickering of many screens, daily lulled to sleep by the rustling of newspapers, does it occur to you that this day you live only once?

Does it occur to you that those who quietly poison your day need your complicity, that they feed on the dung of your mind?

Does it occur to you that those who assassinate today, your day, do it in the name of tomorrow, a Socialist tomorrow, a fatter tomorrow, an electronic tomorrow, a never never land of promises, the chains of our contemporary slaves.

If they offer you an insurance, you should strike them dead.

If they offer you a party card, you should stuff their mouths with papers.

If they offer you a cause, you should break their hearts with such a laughter that all the glasswindows of Companies & Corporations, from 42nd street to the Calcutta Post Offices should fall in splinters. The tinkling of freedom.

2.

## Remember that Saturday afternoon in Notting Hill?

When a few hopefuls in search of instant-coffee communication went around touching passers by with their hands, to provoke togetherness (& giving, unfortunately, an explaining leaflet afterwards).

It is said that a bank manager asked for the purpose of this, & when given the leaflet, remained unconvinced. Housewives found it 'nice', if a bit bewildering. Hippies & similar acted, of course, in a conspiratorial manner. Word spread rapidly in the market (yes, it was the Portobello road, kaleidoscope of dwindling images of the

possible) that some kids were going around touching people. Some eyes went sharper, some, softer. The display of objects, a small degree out of focus.

A handsome (groovy) negro was approached. — Yes, baby? — he said.

A working class bloke got wind of the affair, spotted one of the touchers & told him: 'listen, why don't you touch my mate here, he needs it.'

The 'experiment' ended at pub-opening time, & was written about in the papers.

3.

## Once there was a god

An all powerful, transcendental god ready to justify all murders, all sacrifices. The most beautiful & most revolting creature of man's imagination.

In his name, all crimes could be committed by man upon man, the revenge of the oppressed was put aside, & ritualised, in his paradise.

He exploded, like a nova, an interstellar bang, Bang! Now stardust is all that is left.

Objects, goods, commodities.

Houses to protect you from life, to shelter your putrefaction from the putrefaction of your neighbour.

Cars to take you from nowhere to nowhere.

Children to make you die faster, to watch you dying with unblinking eyes.

In this huge graveyard of god, you work, without murmuring, ad maiorem dei gloriam, still.

4.

## What is the worth of a desire, if it cannot be put into practice?

It is but a dream, a nightmare, in a dark night where all cows are black. The myriads of desire not fulfilled, the thousand desires sparked by daily frustration, fill our air with a lethal mixture which slowly assassinates the

IN WORK THE  
COMMODITY-SYSTEM'S  
INNER CONTRADICTION  
BETWEEN USE VALUE  
AND EXCHANGE VALUE  
IS ENDLESSLY  
REPEATED...





acquiescent. The rebel chokes, his cough is the only sign of life in the thick smog.

But the all pervading mixture is also inflammable. Strike a match in the black caverns of our desires, & leaping flames will scorch the minds, long abused. At the light of that fire, fed by the dead wood of the sacrifices imposed on us in the name of the three paper gods — Production, Consumption & Alienation, we will dance our last dance of death, our first dance of life.

5.

There are corners where the shadow of misery is paler

The nursery rhymes, where the cow jumps over the moon. The guttural cry of the lover which thickens the air. The child's play, & his questions. The trees standing against the sky at dusk; Even the smoke of the farmhouse in the distance. There are screams which pierce the screen, one eternal instant. Lions copulating at noon. The agony of the tortured & the quickening of the breath of the executioner. A theory of empty, illuminated skyscrapers at night. The lonely joys buried in frightened hearts. Blasphemy, sometimes.

The ghastly grin of the masturbator in a lavatory cubicle. & the lightening, the lightening in pages, in lines.

6.

Where have all the flowers gone?

Where is the alchemy which turns base metal into gold; where the mystery, which makes your hair a forest, your profile to pornographic cameras, reflects the image of our grayness. There is more passion in the sudden fit of the small child who destroys his sandcastle, than in all the metal pricks we are throwing against the solemnity of indifferent skies.

Where have all the children gone?

There's more life in the wind swelling the willow-trees than in all the millions of television aerials, crosses of the graveyards.

Where have all the graveyards gone?

Waiting, waiting, in a long cold winter, waiting. There is more life in the skull of Attila, the Hun, than in all the skyscrapers built for your awe.

But when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?

7.

Cocks as Coca-Cola bottles. Untap, unzip, pour the liquid into the glass, or, alternatively, suck directly. Pop. As many as you like (can afford). Refreshing, stimulating, & also relaxing? Bip. Hygienic. Zap. & therapeutic. Plop. It mustn't be messy, oh no! No fuzzy edges, no smudges. Cleanliness the only way to Coca-Cola-ness, the best, best way.

Counterparts are unmentioned. Delicate. As loo-paper can be. Pink. Forward, Christian soldiers, unroll. To each according to its size. Temperaments are catered for, by the art-industry. The jolliest of sports. Join the set. With skill and indurance, you too can give an adequate performance. Coca-Colas of the world united, you have nothing to lose but your liquid.

8.

The space of one day mirrors the entire life.

At dawn, a bell murders your dream, too early, and

calls you to your slavery. As childrens' play is much too early strangled by the school-factory, which stuffs them like sausages.

Your journey to work ignoring and ignored by others, is a long tunnel crowded with cyphers. The kids encounter the multitude of platitudes, & learn obedience.

The day is filled with the horror of enforced work, your adult life.

& when all the energy is drained, the spine bent, the mind vacuum-cleaned, & the fear of ultimate nothingness approaches, at dusk, then, it's the communion of the dead souls.

The litanies of the cathode tube tirelessly sing the hymn to the approaching sleep, the approaching death.

9.

Get hold of the idea, & hold it, don't let go

The idea is to the mind what the gentle clitoris is to the woman.

It inflames to the point of no return, to the land where your will is king.

The idea of happiness has taken hold, in the collective mind; it cannot recede.

The acid on your tongue is the presentiment of the ripples to come.

The first spasms are felt with such invading sweetness that all else is fast disappearing.

Be gentle & firm, in the pursuit of your goal.

Nothing, nothing else, you can see, is now real.

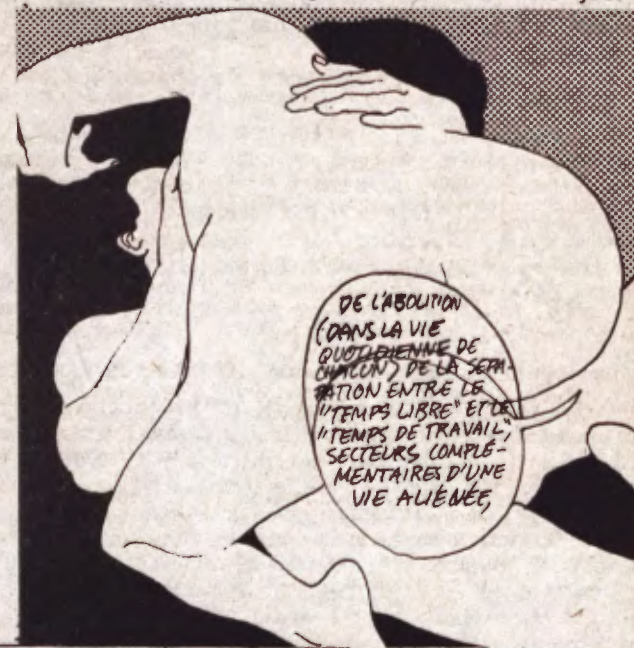
Pity those who squirm away.

10.

Love thy neighbour. Give Caesar what's Caesar's

Oh, dear Christ, long haired half jew agitator from Palestine, when the Roman Empire, built on slavery, was powerful, what did you think of Pontius Pilate liberalism?

What did you feel when he washed his hands & gave you to the local bourgeoisie to finish the job?



At this phase of the present struggle — it is the Work-Concept which must be endangered and ultimately nullified.



(Lumumba, Guevara & the ones who are forgotten and await revenge).

In the catacombs of Rome, slaves drunk on freedom made the empire tremble. Your Christians burn like torches for not giving to Caesar what is Caesar's. There are more men than lions, always, when guerrilla of the mind is engaged. & then they made a Party, with a God in residence & party leaders and officials.

What happened after that was inevitable.

Now God is dead & Caesar fears the Ides of March, because there is only one way of loving thy neighbour, that of not giving anything to God & not giving anything to Caesar.

11.

### Society is a plastic flower

The police of our minds, the plastic police, the mass media, are the pouring everlasting rain soaking my heart, the marrows of my bones, the cavity of my brain. The producers of nightmares have attached to my body an obscene shadow I can not shake off, whatever I do. The shadow of fear.

It's fear which makes me work (I have to survive) & without fear my typewriter could produce stars.

It's fear which builds my day (I have to be alive) & without fear people would be daisy-chains around my

neck.

In others I see the mirror of my shadow, the same shadow. But in their pupils, which regulate the admission of the light, often I see a gleam, before the eyelids descend.

It is that gleam that, focused like a global laser, will pierce the plastic dome and melt it.

12.

### Beware of those who say: 'it's not that simple'

They are the clerics of the dark rites.

Be weary of books which tell you 'how'.

The paths to your liberation are yet untrodden.

To those who say that the "enemy" is still strong, tell them they are the enemy.

Would-be leaders, shoot on sight, it will save time later.

Let us not have one single thought of mine matching yours. Ask for the unison in action, but not in thoughts.

To those who distil rules about the multitudes of futures in store, your attitude should be both of scorn & pity. They are vestal virgins of deserted churches, rallying the waning faithful.

To those who cultivate their gardens, say nothing. Their awakening will be rude, and salutary.

13.

present.

Like Pascal's thinking reed, we can bend to power, & just survive. Our masochism is the only dead wood feeding the pyre of power, & making our will to live into smoke.

What is an Ideal (God, King, Country, Communism) if not a lie for the people, & a truth which serves the masters?

The more the consuming machine gobbles up the producing machine, the more we are governed by seduction, the less by force.

To create life as if an art is now becoming a popular idea. The vicissitudes of that idea, & the ways to spread it, are the only concern of the new revolutionaries, the new poets.

The armies of power can only recruit psychological cripples. They are beginning to have difficulties in recruiting soldiers, policemen, even clerks.

That is obviously why they are trying to substitute them fast by computers, & missiles.

The area of enforced labour diminishes, but the area of enforced leisure increases in proportion. To each according to the needs of production & consumption.

We live in times when the ideology of consuming has consumed all ideologies. Do not underestimate East-West relations! On one side, homo consumator buys a bottle of whisky & gets in exchange the lie which follows. On the other, homo communist buys ideology & gets in exchange his bottle of vodka.

One system consumes, in order to produce, the other produces in order to consume.

# Situationists

Imitations from Raul Vaneigem, author of the book:

'Traite de savoir-vivre a l'usage des jeunes generations.'

A tribute to the ideas that the producers of nightmares & the consumers of alienation will never be able to integrate.

Let — Vaneigem, my friend — the mass media spread them.

Let them buy the noose which will hang them. AQ.

Objects are the gravestones of the cemetery of our lives. You own an object, it owns you. When you consume your life.

People are the only instruments of your pleasure, & if you try to own them, they become objects too: wives.

The sabotage of the system is poetically expressed by those young people who steal the books which show the reasons for their discontent.

Megalomania, often sterile, is also a good tool against the coalition of forces which repress free will. It's the powder which never gets dry, good stuff for dynamite.

Spontaneity is the only mode of expression of individual creativity. Where the light of creativity still flickers, spontaneity has a chance of survival.

To those who refuse the present laws of our world only by instinct, we must say that there is an abyss between fighting in order to create a new life and fighting in order to stay alive. They have to cross that abyss with knowledge. Creativity without knowledge is poetry without style.

To get the feeling of your alienation from life, think of people in the streets, think of their meetings. Each one of them is the policeman of his own behaviour. Chase the policeman from your mind, is the slogan.

It must be said: since human non-communication is what it is, what the world of hierarchy makes it to be, we follow the etiquette of silence as the lesser evil, in a landscape where men are objects.

Misery of conscience forges killers for the state, Consciousness of misery forges the killers of the state.

Like the sexual act, which is not for the procreation, but very accidentally produces children, in the same way our forced labour produces changes, as if in an afterthought. We are changing the world?

Look around! The world changes in the way enforced labour makes it change: that is why it changes so badly.

Hope is the leash of submission. The kettle boils, power provides the spout of hope for the future. An adjustable safety valve, hope for the future is fear of the



Our limitations are inside us, & we rationalize it with ideologies, & give them solidity with politics.

The will to be free from all strictures; the will to battle against all that corrupts; this is the will that has widened the old arena of the class-struggle. Subjectivity, the new subjectivity, makes the battle larger, & more deadly.

The 'party' of the 'will to live' is a political party. We do not want a world where we exchange the certainty of not dying of starvation for the certainty of dying of boredom.

The same drains the blood of the worker in his hours of enslaved work & in his hours of enslaved leisure. Those who speak of revolution & class struggles without talking about the enslavement of our daily life, without knowing that the only spring of rebellion is our love for life, & our hate of imposition, those talk with a corpse in their mouths.

Creation of pleasure is pleasure of creation.

The concept of pleasure knows no limitations. Pleasure either flourishes or shrinks. Repetition kills it. Pleasure is only for the total man, for the free one. Eroticism is pleasure trying to find its style. We must create, in social life, all the conditions for pleasure, for the absolute pleasure which is in love-making.

There to serve the present established order, & any establishment to come. Gulliver pinned down by the Lilliputians.

# Love &

respect for the family

These are extracts from a Russian Propaganda Book called "MEN'S DREAMS ARE COMING THROUGH"

When Inessa Armand included in the plan of a pamphlet she was going to write for women proletarians the statement that even a fleeting passion was more poetic & pure than the loveless kisses of a vulgar couple, Lenin objected emphatically. He considered it impermissible not only to advocate "free love" but to justify any fleeting passion or infatuation.

"The loveless kisses of a vulgar couple are *dirty*. I agree. In contrast to them there should be - what? *Loving* kisses, it would seem. You, however, contrast them with a 'fleeting' (why fleeting?) 'passion' (why not love?), the logical result being that loveless (fleeting) kisses are contrasted by the loveless kisses of a married couple... That is strange. Wouldn't it be better, in a popular pamphlet, to contrast philistine-intellectual-peasant... vulgar & dirty matrimony devoid of love with proletarian civil matrimony based on love...?"

Lenin's conclusion about civil matrimony based on love defines the nature of the Soviet family under communism as well.

Love involves two persons, and results in the birth of a child. This is a matter of concern for society & it entails a duty in respect of the community. This is why society controls matrimonial relations & condemns sexual license in no uncertain terms.

Communist society, while not indulging in the petty regulation of the private lives of people, will do all in its power to strengthen the foundations of the healthy family. The important changes that will occur in family life as society advances to communism, & the expansion of the manifold social links between people will gradually lead to the family shedding many of its past & present features & functions. This is not to say, however, that the family will disintegrate or wither away, as bourgeois propaganda asserts.

What changes will the family undergo in communist society? A short working day - the shortest ever - will enable the adult members of the family to give more time to their cultural pursuits & to the education of the children, which will be modified organisationally, with society shouldering much of the burden.

The family will always be able to educate the children morally. Parents' example & that of all senior members of the family, the children's participation in domestic work, the cultivation of good family traditions, & family honour & pride will never lose their beneficial effect. One of the important things in the moral code of the builders of communism is mutual respect in the family, & concern for the education of children.

The family will develop & become stronger, making the lives of people increasingly full. The communist family will join forces with society as a whole to bring children up to be industrious, morally & physically healthy people always striving to improve their knowledge, enjoying the beauty of life & fully appreciating its value.

Survivals of the old, outmoded way of life are particularly tenacious in the family. Habit & customs that people have inherited or developed persist for a long time & exert

conservative influence. This is why family life is slower to change than economic & political relations. The replacement of one socio-economic formation by another does not transform people's way of life overnight.

In communist society matrimonial relations will not be ruled by dependence. Family relations will be completely rid of material considerations, & will be based solely on mutual love & friendship. This does not imply, however, that there will be no contradictions in the family under communism. It may well be, for example, that the husband (or the wife) will cease to love his wife (her husband) because of a new love. But such complications will occur far less frequently than nowadays.

Will monogamy exist in communist society, or will there be a new development in matrimonial relations?

"Monogamy," wrote Engels, "arose out of the concentration of considerable wealth in the hands of one person - & that a man - & out of the desire to bequeath this wealth to this man's children & to no one else's. For this purpose monogamy was essential on the woman's part, but not on the man's; so that this monogamy of the woman in no way hindered the overt or covert polygamy of the man. The impending social revolution, however, by transforming at least the far greater part of permanent inheritable wealth - the means of production - into social property, will reduce all this anxiety about inheritance to a minimum. Since monogamy arose from economic causes, will it disappear when these causes disappear?"

"One might not unjustly answer: far from disappearing, it will only begin to be completely realised."

And so, monogamous relations, the bulwark of family love & personal happiness, will exist under communism as well. Respect for the family is a highly important feature of the communist way of life. We live today more and more along communist lines, that is, in mutual trust & friendship.

## Moral Purity

The moral code of the builder of communism embraces all important relations: in the sphere of morality those between the individual & society, the individual & the collective, work relations, & relations between individuals. Its fundamental principles are:

"devotion to the communist cause; love of the socialist motherland & of the other socialist countries;

"conscientious labour for the good of society - he who does not work, neither shall he eat;

"concern on the part of everyone for the preservation & growth of public wealth;

"a high sense of public duty; intolerance of actions harmful to the public interest;

"collectivism and comradely mutual assistance: one for all & all for one;

"human relations & mutual respect between individuals - man is to man a friend, comrade and brother;

"honesty & truthfulness, moral purity, modesty, & unpretentiousness in social & private life;

"mutual respect in the family, & concern for the up-bringing of children;

"an uncompromising attitude to injustice, parasitism, dishonesty, careerism & money-grubbing;

"friendship & brotherhood among all peoples of the USSR; intolerance or national & racial hatred;

"an uncompromising attitude to the enemies of communism, peace & the freedom of nations;

"fraternal solidarity with the working people of all countries, and with all peoples."



# Bedtime Story

Peter Buckman

My school is nicely organized. When the headmaster wouldn't cancel religious assembly, we kept him in his room for three days until he nearly died. He had to have surgery to make him pee.

When the English mistress threatened my friend Bettina with detention, the whole class barricaded themselves in & stayed a week. We had food thrown up to us. Miss Lethebridge (English teacher) has a nasty scar on her head. I think it was caused by a chair. Detention isn't fair.

We had a new young maths master who wanted to teach us new ways to add. We don't like adding. It's only used for counting money. We wanted more art & history, especially about the slaves' revolt. The new maths master left after two days. His hair changed colour.

They tried to force us to do P.T. Fat Louis always got off because his father is a rich doctor & he told the head Louis had a weak heart. Louis never used to do any exercise. He got driven to school every day, until we burnt his car. Then we took him to the gym & threatened to exercise him till he dropped unless they stopped compulsory P.T. They stopped. Louis goes to another school now.

The funny thing is what our big brothers & sisters do. They got very excited about not being able to sleep in the girls' dormitory. So they went in & the police came & lots of people got hurt & they still can't sleep in the dormitory. We do it all the time. No fuss.

They were worried about exams too. Every time they worry about something the police get called in. Perhaps it's because they're older. Anyway, as soon as that happens, they all split up into little groups & argue about what to do. Then their little groups fight amongst themselves & the police take away those who fall down. The winner calls itself something like "The Union" & goes & talks to the headmaster, or the President, or whatever. By then they're so tired they forget what they were originally worried about. Or perhaps "Unions" are very forgetful things - we've never had one.

Our big brothers & sisters don't know who to support. They rush round to factories when there's a strike & get thrown out. They rushed round to us when we barricaded ourselves & we threw them out. Why haven't they got anything of their own to do?

Besides they spend all their time making speeches. Each little group invents something called a "programme" & they talk & talk until everyone falls asleep & then the one who's talking declares his programme carried. Then he falls asleep, & the police come. Programmes are very tiring - we've never had one.

What I don't understand is why our big brothers & sisters go on telling us to "make the revolution" when all they're doing is boring each other to death.

What I don't understand is why our big brothers & sisters argue like our parents, & get all organized like our parents, & act exactly like our parents, & still go on & on about how awful our parents are.



They won't be any use to us. We'll have to get rid of them too.



RANK  
and  
HEEVEY  
COMIX

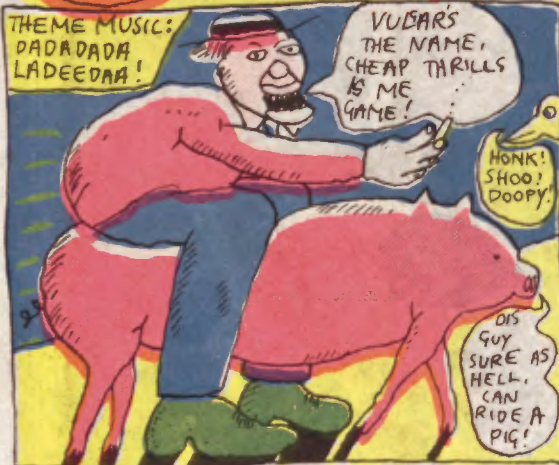
"VICTOR  
VULGAR"



IN  
EMILE

"URINAL  
ZOLA'S GERMINAL"

THEME MUSIC:  
DADADADA  
LADEEDAA!



VULGAR'S  
THE NAME,  
CHEAP THRILLS  
AS ME  
GAME!

HONK!  
SHOO!  
DOOPY!

DIS  
GUY  
SURE AS  
HELL,  
CAN  
RIDE A  
PIG!

HISTORY BEING WAD IT IS, FOLKS, OLE  
VIC VULGAR RODE PLUM INTA A REVOLLOOSHIN!



WHOOSH!

FEELTHY  
SCUM!

WAT'S  
GUN?  
ON ROVN  
HERE VID  
ALL DIS  
SCREAMING?

YIKE!



ALL  
I WANT IS  
A ROOM  
SOMEWHERE...  
FAR AWAY FROM  
THE COLD NIGHT  
AIR!

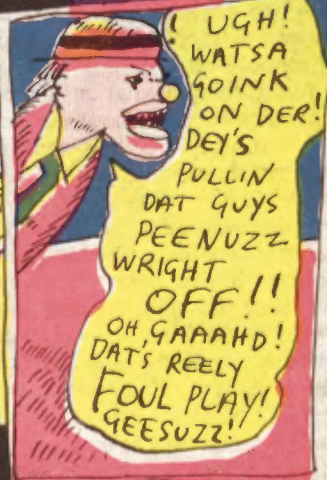
LISTEN, SUCKFACE,  
WATSA GOING  
ON? WHAAAT?

DAT'S  
WAT  
I  
CALL  
A DAME!

THE HILLS, MEN!  
FLEE TO TA  
HILLS.....

HOOTSEE  
TOOTSEE  
ICECREAM!

DA FILLFEE  
PEZANTS ARE  
GOING NUTS COS  
WE DON  
FEED EM!  
DAT'S WHAT!



UGH!  
WATSA  
GOINK  
ON DER!  
DEI'S  
PULLIN  
DAT GUYS  
PEENUZZ  
WRIGHT  
OFF!!  
OH GAAAH!  
DAT'S REELY  
FOUL PLAY!  
GEESUZZ!



HEY!  
WAITA  
SEC!  
DAT'S  
MY PEEZUN,  
I MEAN  
PEENUZZ!  
LEGGO!  
BLAGGARDS!  
YEOOW!

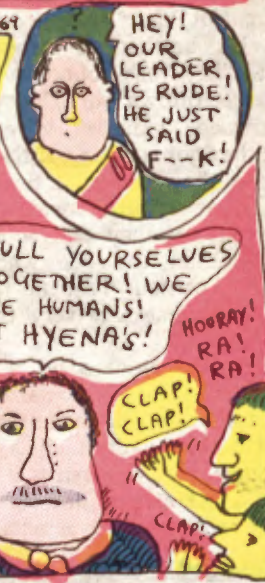
DA LEADER OF DA REVE LOOSHIN SEES  
DAT VICTOR IS NO ENEMY BECOS HE, VICTOR,  
IS SUCH A BLOODY IMBECILE HE COULDNAT  
BE HARMFULL....COULD HE?!

LET GO  
OF DAT  
MAN, HE'S  
A FULKING  
IDIOT!

BUT, LEADER,  
ARE NOT ALL  
REE-AKTIONARIES  
FULKING  
IDIOT!S

LET  
US  
HAV  
IM!

THE  
LEADER  
SPEAKS  
ON...



HEY!  
OUR  
LEADER  
IS RUDE!  
HE JUST  
SAID  
F--K!

PULL YOURSELVES  
TOGETHER! WE  
ARE HUMANS!  
NOT HYENAS!

HOORAY!  
RA!  
RA!

CLAP!  
CLAP!

CLAP!  
CLAP!

MORE!  
RA!  
RA!  
RA!









### THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. The first little pig built a house of straw, the second little pig built a house of sticks, and the third little pig built a house of bricks.

One day a big bad wolf approached the house of the first little pig. "Let me in," he said, "or I'll blow your house down." The little pig was too frightened to open the door. The wolf huffed and puffed, the house fell down and the first little pig was eaten up.

"Let me in, let me in," the wolf said to the second little pig, "or I'll

blow your house down." The second little pig was too frightened to open the door, the wolf huffed and puffed the house fell down, and the second little pig was eaten up. "Let me in, let me in," said the wolf to the third little pig, "or I'll blow your house down." The third little pig was too frightened to open the door, the wolf huffed and puffed, the house fell down, and the third little pig was killed by falling bricks.

**MORAL:** Those who build houses must take the consequences. Does it really matter whether you are eaten alive or buried alive?





# A Vicious God

FRAGMENT OF A TAPE FOUND IN AN ASTEROID  
OF OUR NEAREST GALAXY, 4 LIGHT YEARS  
FROM US: THE ALPHA CENTAURI

I am about to destroy you, before leaving this wretched part of the Universe.

When I put life, the first spore, into the solar system, I was counting on a few million years of fun. & fun. I had at first, watching the first amoeba secrete its mucus, the first slimy cold snake devour tender unarmed flesh, the big monstrous giants tearing themselves apart, horn against claws, fangs against beak, teeth against poison.

The roaring of the beast torn to shreds by its pursuers, the last spasms of death & the mad dance of the scavengers high on blood, the petrified pupils of young animals trapped by fire, oh that was pleasure, millions of years of it!

I remember when the glacial periods advanced. Magestic trees would slowly & inexorably die trapped by the biting ice, or would be uprooted by the rushing waters & be left on the shore, roots looking obscenely at the sky, left there to rot, that was worth it. I enjoyed the scorching sun burning the grass, turning green fields to dust & the dried tongues craving for water. & the sudden madness of the animal caught by the sting of the scorpion was pleasurable . . . . .

fighting for the mother's tits & dying blindly.

From one species to the other, up the painful evolutionary ladder, I've seen many a twisted shape with no hope of surviving, developing inadequate organs & breeding offspring like factories, producing useless specimens which were prey to others.

The carnage was sublime. Never, never boring.

Insects were lovely too.

There was undiluted poetry in the insects caught in spider's webs, struggling to free itself while the spider approaches to feast on it. There is a quality, a refinement in their velvet deadliness, a purity in the scorpion's sting, an irony in the queen bee & her chasing males which surpasses the gory slaughter of the mastodons.

But you get tired of everything, in time. That's why I had built in the evolutionary mechanism in the first spore, so that I could watch my show in progress, an evolving die-in where the agonies of one era would give birth to more complex, more sophisticated cryings.

The birth pangs had always been a special favourite of mine. From the lacerating howls of elephantial monsters spilling into the open their enormous baggages in a gush of blood, to the quiverings of the miriads of ants & their incessant fabrications, reproductions were the highest moments of my spectacle.

Death had the thrill of the utter, final destruction of a creature, the fine ending of the miserable mortal animals. Their expressions in those moments when confronted by the total horror of the unknown, when all their beings cried out in revolution against the final enemy, that was satisfying.

I do not mention the masturbation of the first ape, the grimace & the lips of the first furcoated simian savagely grinning at its ejaculations, or the explosion of colours . . . . .

were the same, only he who knows more can suffer more. There was, though, already a difference in quality.

To see him frightened to death by thunder, annihilated by the swelling of a river, grunting in useless search for food had a new thrill which more then compensated for the previous chaos of the beastly parade. Pain had been given a tongue, & could now speak for itself. A new world to conquer.

Tribes toiling in their little corner of the world, fearful & yet resourceful, often at the mercy of the elements but always patiently rebuilding over the ruins.

& then the great moment of novelty, the delicious unparalleled moment which will never come again. THEY KNEW!

These crawling, scrounging, feeble little simians knew about me!

The little fools were making drawings, even ritual offerings for their dead, trying to placate & ingratiate with rituals, it was touching, I was no longer alone!

To see them butcher a calf and offer it in a ceremony was a new form of joy. The days of the mindless agonies of the beasts was far behind. It was the dawn of a new era.

New joys were in store. Fire had a good many uses, now that . . . . .

the night of Saint Bartholomew.

Ecstasy. There were decades when the delights were so pure that the white heat burned all doubts, man had discovered the true nature of his maker.

When fighting beast, & slaughtering them, he was only cunning, & amusing, a colourful toy.

But when he started earnestly to plough fields & to put aside his bit against the hard times, I think it was only then that the real game started. His first offerings were clumsy, his rites very crude.

But it was a beginning. In his miserable state he had to worship the unknown & to sweat. To learn toil & accept sacrifice. & sacrifice was accepted in my name, & he invented thousands of names for me. Sometimes names of frustrated love, but mostly real names, I had become the image of his suffering, the reason for his suffering, the mirror of his misery.

Slavery was an endless source of entertainment. Only my name & my existence was the instrument of the crippling of minds & bodies. I was now living in every living soul, in his acceptance his of suffering I was glorified.

The masters of men were my best servants, my only servants. The beasts of the forests were no longer there, but the arena was better. Now, power held over men by the masters, in my name, was a many tentacled monster with a thousand heads, indestructable.

The heads had sweet insimes: sacrifice, necessity, immutability, acceptance. It could have gone on forever.

From the darkest hut to the courts my invisible hydra was showing its thousand heads. If one would be cut off, many would spring from its severed hideous neck. My officiants were very often deadly efficient.

the Inquisition was poetry . . . . .

I started calling hierarchical power my hydra. Power was sacred, the rule was sacred, it had roots in my being. I was never so high, so high in the sky unreachable & so high in my pleasure. & I was never so low, so deep & rooted in every martyred peasant & quartered rebel. I had very few qualms. Sometimes the rulers themselves would get high on the power stemming from me & behave with the majesty of viciousness which was too close to my omnipotence. Masters of men tried to behave like gods. But they were passing qualms, man was firmly in the grip of the hydra & the blood was flowing endlessly, the major glory of myself.

I adored their doings, when they went on their voyage of discovery. The 200 Spanish conquistadores & their massacre of the Aztecs, was worth the all prehistorical era, & the real beauty of it, the culmination of my dreams, was the fact that it was done in my name. Beautiful outcasts would penetrate forests, swim rivers, cross oceans, to accomplish their mission, my mission, quartering natives, committing atrocities I had never thought of, thirsty for power denied to them in their own countries. They were drinking the blood of their victims in their furious impossible revenge against their own limitations. The strictures of their codes & rituals reduced them to maddened dogs. & yet, sometimes, when I would see how they were spreading & building everywhere, through blood & fire, yes, but with determination & skill, I would think in my moments of apathy, that maybe something got out of hand.

They were producing their own machines and their own misery, but if the misery was for my entertainment, the machines were for their advantage. My hydra had paled, its heads were getting lethargic . . . . .

that not only I was doubting them, but they were in doubt about me! The old pleasures were still there, certainly, & some new ones too. The carnages were now unparalleled, internal



rivalries between the clans produced wars of unprecedented magnitudes for the partition of power, my power!

But something had definitely gone wrong, very wrong, they were getting out of hand as the result of it.

As if the hydra, my power, had now splintered in miriads of fragments, the spell was still there, but so watered down that it gave me very little pleasure anymore. They were all servants now, servants of their own machines & their social order, servants of their private fears, the very last bastion between them & their own leasure. The officiants of the old rites had been forgotten, in their gray world they were only one step from their accomplishment. I was frightened.

Desecration become more & more widespread, laughter was braking down barriers & self assertion was spreading like

bushfire. We were near a cataclysm! I could not prevent & hated, we were near a revolution with no gods no masters, the old myth of Prometheus coming to life & taking over the place of the Gods. The signs were unmistakable. They were talking of a revolution which would establish their total freedom and give them access to the gates of joy, pleasure, fulfilment, so that each one of them could be his own master, his own god.

It was then that I took my decision, before it was too late.....

he must have blown himself up, said Alan stopping the tape which was still running.

—ANON

# Sparks

by Alan Jackson



a hard day's work  
lends a man dignity  
and he is never out of debt

## WHERE

apple cake distributed  
between the poor  
not one asking  
excuse me,  
where  
do these apples  
grow?

## THWARTED

I live forlorn on the seventh floor  
of a corporation flat  
which the children all have fell from  
and the pigeons have beshat.

I do not mind the loneliness  
the long evenings with the tellie  
but I do wish the wind hadn't altered the flight  
of the brick I dropped on Jock Kelly

a man who was a spider  
married an adding machine  
and produced the first president  
of the USSA.

## AGAINST JOHN BERGER

'X is for ecstasy which is always suspect'

—John Berger

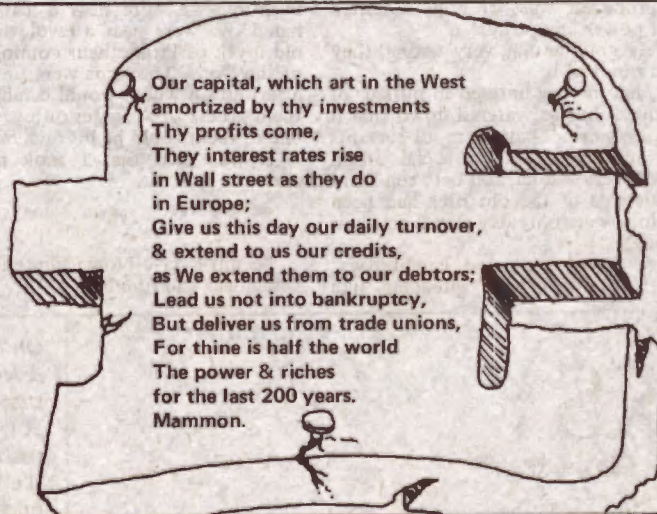
god bless the little gnome  
& may all his lids fit:  
& may he always have strong men handy  
when the wind do blow

Oh Lesbia, live with me  
& love me so  
that we will laugh  
at wise old men  
with sour faces.  
the sun which rose  
once will rise again,  
when our sun sets  
follows night  
& endless sleep.  
Kiss me now  
a thousand times  
& then a hundred  
& more hundred  
of those thousand  
till all the hundred  
of thousand  
kisses accounted &  
unaccounted  
of mine & yours  
will make us  
lose the count  
so that the sores  
will never learn  
how many  
of given  
sweet kisses  
& taken  
delicious  
we've had  
kisses.

—Catullus







Our capital, which art in the West  
amortized by thy investments  
Thy profits come,  
They interest rates rise  
in Wall street as they do  
in Europe;  
Give us this day our daily turnover,  
& extend to us our credits,  
as We extend them to our debtors;  
Lead us not into bankruptcy,  
But deliver us from trade unions,  
For thine is half the world  
The power & riches  
for the last 200 years.  
Mammon.

# For those who do not understand:

But we too, no longer concerned with the art of submission rather with that of non submission, & offering various proposals of an earthly nature, & beseeching men to shake off their human tormentors we too believe that to those who in face of the rising bomber squadrons of Capital go on asking too long how we propose to do this & how we envisage that, & what will become of their savings & Sunday trousers after a revolution, we have nothing much to say.

(from Bertold Brecht)



## \$200,000 MARIJUANA IS NO JOKE

### MAYDAY FREAKOUT

Maybe May Day doesn't turn you on. But this year's procession is different. As the Socialist Worker puts it: "We are not marching through London to shout at the so called citadels of power. Unfortunately there are no Joshua's in the working class movement & the walls of the stock exchange will not fall down as we shout slogans... We are marching from Tower Hill through the East End to Victoria Park where we will enjoy ourselves." So drop out on May the first, and freak off to Victoria Park.

"My governor is going to be choked when I take the day off. He's going to be double choked if I enjoy myself" — building worker.

### MOZIC:

Quote of the month from Janis Joplin in London on hearing that her scheduled front cover spread in the current 'Newsweek' had been abandoned due to Eisenhower's death: "... 'Goddam the motherfucker... fourteen heart attacks & he had to die on my week. My bloody week!'"

### HOW TO TELL IF YOUR TELEPHONE IS TAPPED.

Replace the exchange code of your 'suspected' phone number with 175. Thus, if the number of the telephone you wish to test is 229:7541, then, using that phone, dial 175:7541. You will hear a recorded voice at the other end saying: "start test now". Put the receiver down immediately. If it rings back, your phone is innocent. (Silence at other end) If not, it's bugged. The above code is also used by G.P.O. technicians to test the bell. This test is infallible.



# CITY STUDENT '69 PRESENTS



Sadlers Wells Rosebury Avenue  
EC1. (nearest tube Angel).  
At 3 pm. Sunday April 27th.

**MOODY BLUES & JOE HARRIOTT'S  
INDO JAZZ FUSIONS**  
Compere David Symonds.  
Tickets 5/-, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, 25/-

At 7.30 pm.  
**PENTAGLE & EAST OF EDEN**  
Tickets 5/-, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, 25/-

**JAZZ CONCERT**  
*Sunken Garden, Bunhill Row, EC1.*  
(nearest tube Moorgate)  
From 8 — 11 pm. Tuesday 29th April.

**DON RENDELL & IAN CARR QUINTET**  
Tickets 5/-

**FOLK CONCERT**  
*Sunken Garden, Bunhill Row, EC1.*  
(nearest tube Moorgate)  
From 8 — 11 pm. Thursday 1st May

**THE TINKERS, ALEX CAMPBELL,  
JOHN MARTYN**  
Tickets 5/-

*Lyceum Ballroom, Strand, WC2.*  
All-nighter 12 — 6 am.  
Friday May 2nd.

**ALAN BOWN, SPOOKY TOOTH,  
JON HISEMAN'S COLOSSEUM,  
HERBIE GOINS & THE NINETIMERS,  
PORTRAIT**  
Compere Radio 1 DJ Johnny Farlowe.  
Tickets 18/- in advance from City  
University Student's Union, St. John's  
Street, EC1.

Sadlers Wells, Rosebury Avenue, EC1.  
(nearest tube Angel).  
3 pm. Sunday 4th May.

**JULIAN CHAGRIN LIVERPOOL SCENE**  
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An afternoon of mime, wit, pop,  
and poetry.  
Tickets 5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 12/6.

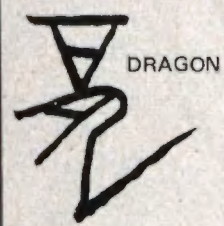
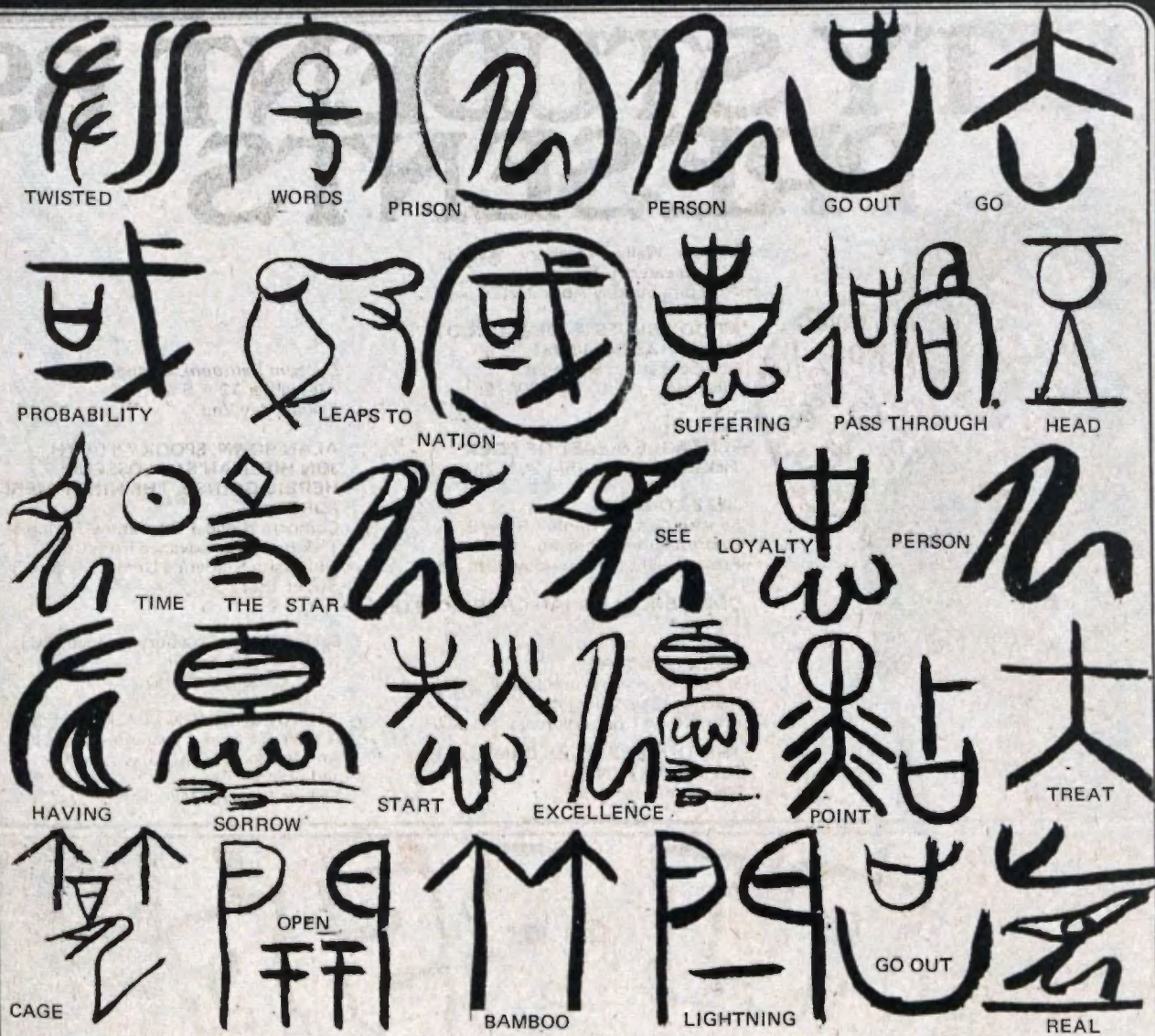


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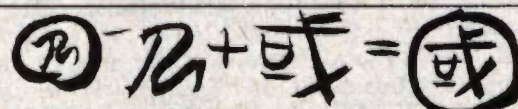


#### WORD PLAY

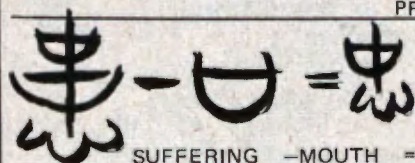
TAKE THE PERSON OUT OF THE PRISON INSERT PROBABILITY AND GET A NATION,  
TAKE THE MOUTH AWAY FROM SUFFERING AND SEE THE BEGINNING OF LOYALTY,  
A PERSON HAVING SUFFERED HAS THE BEGINNING OF A POINT OF GREAT EXCELLENCE,  
THE LIGHTNING COMES AND RIPS AWAY THE BAMBOO FROM THE CAGE AND THE REAL  
DRAGON EMERGES.

HO CHI MINH PRISON DIARY.

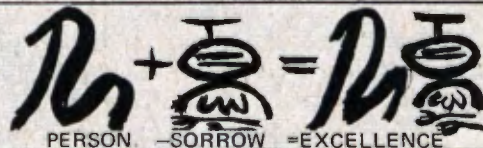
#### COMMENTARY



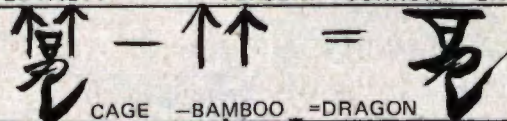
PRISON - PERSON + PROBABILITY = NATION



SUFFERING - MOUTH = LOYALTY

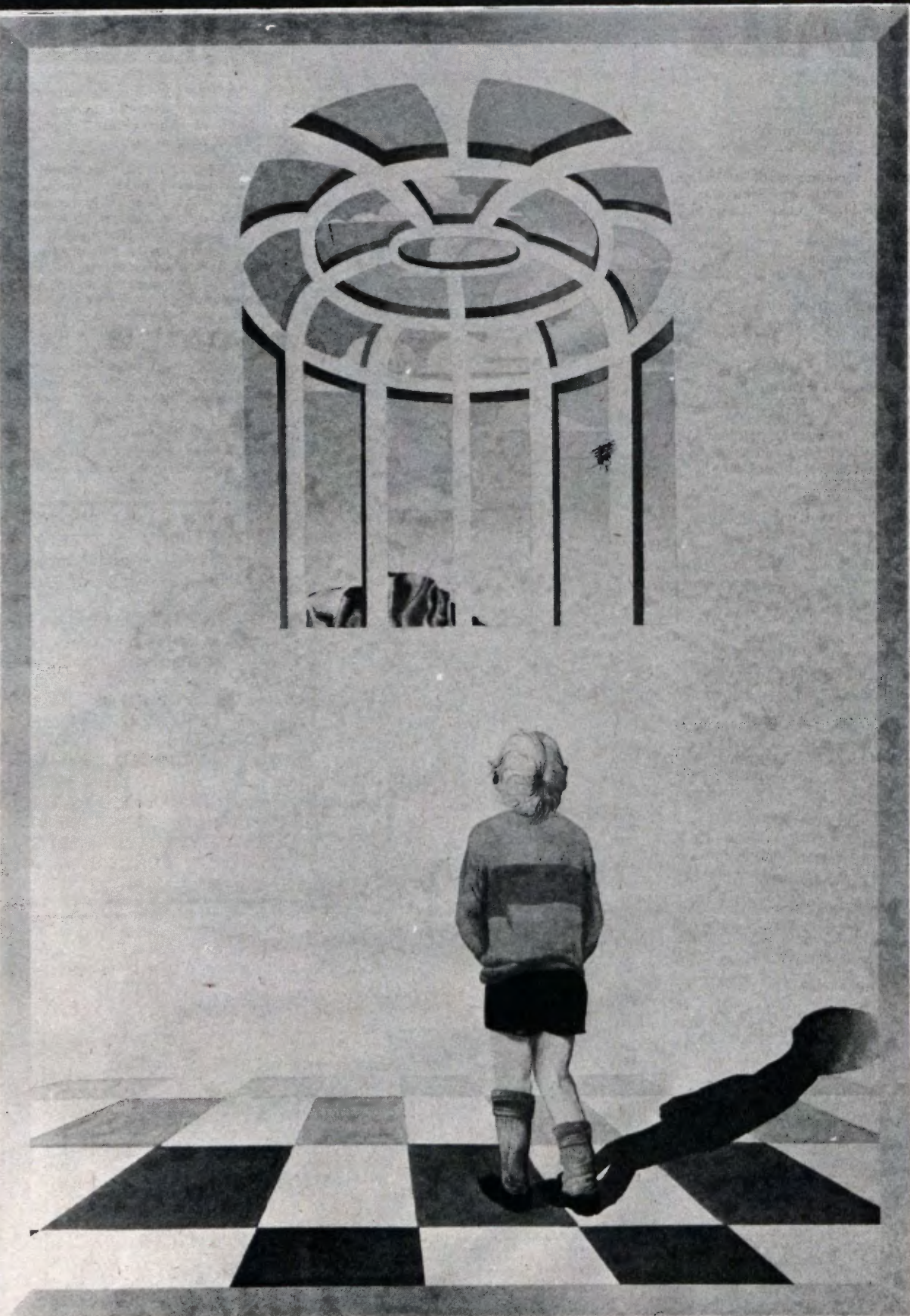


PERSON - SORROW = EXCELLENCE



CAGE - BAMBOO = DRAGON





The first in a series of Edwardian dialogues. McKinnerney.



# SMALLS

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Women get ready!  
Children get lost!  
The DEVIANTS are coming!  
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# SMALLS

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# SMALLS

ACCORD INTERNATIONAL BALL.

Camden Fringe Festival 1969

MAY 31st at the Roundhouse.  
From 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

John Dankworth & his orchestra,  
Cleo Laine.

Flamenco guitarist, Paco Peña.

The Soft Machine

The Merrymakers Jamaican steel band. & possibly J. J. Jackson & John Hendricks & others to be announced.

A general carnival atmosphere with international booths, booze & things to eat.

2000 souvenir programmes to be given away free. Articles by prominent writers on race relations, photos by Cartier-Bresson.

Male Models required by physique photographer... All nationalities. Age up to 25. Full details & photographs to: J.D.S. Publications Mortimer House, 13A Western Road, Hove, Sussex.

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A male student (21) from overseas, very lonely & fed up, needs an intimate female friend. Age & appearance immaterial. Box (4) 20

## DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL CHANGE

There is a crisis of information in the underground. Too much or too little of the wrong sort. The Directory of Social Change puts an end to all that. It is the first book of its kind ever published or conceived. Containing detailed information on all aspects of life & the alternate society. Here are some of them: community action/ intentional communities/ psychedelic churches/ experimental arts minority groups/ the law/ radical & underground publications/ city by city guide to the changing scene/ bibliography of change/ minority & deviant groups/ the sexual revolution. Indispensable to all broadminded & progressive people & all those who want a way out. It is your book because you are a part of it. Get your copy today. Copy £1... The Fifth Estate Press is offering OZ readers a 25% discount if they order now. Send 15/- to: Fifth Estate Press, 64, Muswell Hill Road, London, N.10.

I want to go to college. No bread. Send me any old (or new) shillings or American quarters to Bill Medvesky Jr., Norwood, Massachusetts, U.S.A. I am completely serious & will spiritually thank those who help me.

John Peel said it, "If you want to know what is really happening, you MUST read Peace News". Currently available on a six week trial offer for 5/- from: Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1. It is much more important to read than anything else.

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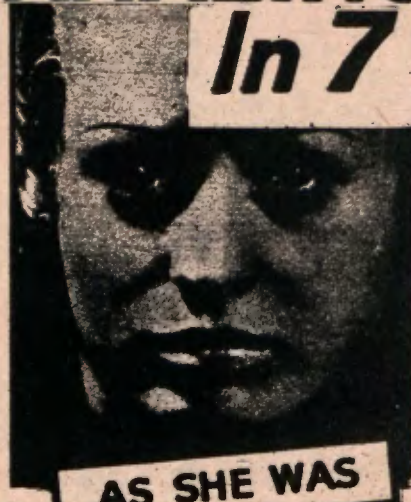
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OZ



# hippocrates

(copyright 1969)  
Eugene Schoenfeld  
M.D.

**QUESTION:** How can a male determine whether or not he is circumcised? I am not sure about myself.

**ANSWER:** Buy the John Lennon-Yoko album, Neither John nor Yoko are circumcised.

**QUESTION:** First, my current female companion thoroughly enjoys my uncircumcised penis (it's the first she encountered, she said) which has prompted me to abandon plans to have the foreskin lopped off. We both find it pretty groovy for her to play with, which she does for long periods.

Therefore, we both disagree with the observations of your "assistant" that the shot of John Lennon's uncircumcised penis is ugly, thereby implying that all uncircumcised peni are ugly.

Now the problem: We both engage in oral stimulation in our frequent sexual relations, and as much as I hate to admit it, my chick complains sometimes about the "smell" caused by the presence of my foreskin. I think the medical term for the substance formed under the foreskin is smegma, right? (right) I wash under there as carefully and as often as I can to combat this, but it's a real drag for me to jump up from our play and rush to the bathroom to rinse off my penis to kill the smell and then run back

You can imagine how this would cool off things.

What can I do? If I wash ahead of time, everything is OK, but I don't always know when we are going to swing together and can't plan so far ahead. I've suggested going ahead with the circumcision, but my chick is against it. Besides, I've been told by my doctor that a circumcision takes about 10 days to two weeks to heal and can be pretty painful during the first 5 days, especially if one gets an erection.

**ANSWER:** Maybe you've discovered one of the original causes for circumcision. Smegma is also suspected as a cause for cancer of the cervix, a disease seldom found in Jewish women (at least those married to Jewish men).

**QUESTION:** My physician accepts the theory that one should go off birth control pills every 4 years in order to prevent future difficulties in pregnancy.

I'd like to know what evidence supports this theory.

**ANSWER:** Because birth control pills have been used clinically only for the past ten years, many physicians take their patients off the pills at periodic intervals as a precautionary measure. Time

limits on the use of birth control pills had been recommended by the manufacturers and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration until recently but no adverse effects from long term use of "the pill" have yet been discovered.

**QUESTION:** I've been told all the sperm is ejected after the first ejaculation. After that, the story goes, one may have another orgasm, or several, but for 36 hours or so, he won't be able to father a child.

If I could do it with a rubber at night and without it in the morning, I'd be happy.

**ANSWER:** I hope you read this soon. The amount of sperm does decrease with each subsequent orgasm during a fixed period of time (say 48 hours) but you can certainly impregnate your friend(s) each and every time. The average emission of semen may contain 500 million spermatozoa and each one could conceivably cause a girl to conceive.

**HIPPOCRATES** is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him co PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters, OZ.

## ROAST TRAFALGAR PIGEON

Total Cost around 11d, (the price of a small, uncut loaf), plus whatever vegetables you can afford/steal. Total Preparation time 4-6 hours.

### Ingredients

As above, 1 fat pigeon per person or three skinnies between two should prove sufficient.

### Method

Clear a room of all furniture and breakable objects. Open the windows wide. Cut the loaf and deposit half back into the bread bin, (to be used for cold fowl sandwiches the following day), crumbling the remainder liberally from the window ledge in a winding, "paper-chase" trail across the floor. Leave the room and close the door. Don't stand outside trembling with anticipation, birds have amazingly acute hearing. Go away and make yourself a cup of tea.

When you've finished your tea pick up an old blanket or bedspread and walk back, removing your shoes first to avoid noise. Burst in. Don't bother listening at the key-hole - if there are no pigeons in the room then nothing is lost - if there are, run immediately to the window and shut it, slamming the door with a backward kick as you do so. Examine your prey. Be choosy. Contrary to nursery rhyme instruction sparrows and blackbirds make lousy pie-material, let alone a roast. Assuming you have two or three excited, squawking pigeons as prisoners the next step is to capture them bodily, using your blanket as a net.

There is another, slightly more sophisticated method of obtaining these birds that may be worth noting - providing

you live within easy reach of Trafalgar Square. It's simple. Borrow or beg a zip-up carrier bag, the larger the better. Sprinkle in it half the loaf. Stand in the Square, and opening the bag, you have merely to wait until the required number of meals are gathered gorging themselves within. Then zip the bag and return home.

Killing pigeons is easy and painless, (to both parties), as long as the procedure is carried out methodically and firmly. Grasp the bird across its back, beak pointing away from you, in your left hand. This effectively controls all wing movement and allows your right hand to twist the head three-quarters of a revolution, clockwise, jerking the neck upwards at the same time. The bird will struggle for approximately 45 seconds before becoming limp but continue holding the neck strained in this position for at least two minutes to ensure death.

Split the beak horizontally with a sharp knife and hang by the legs to drain away excess blood. Leave for several hours if possible. Pluck feathers, excepting those on the wings and head, and allow to soak in salty water, again for as long as possible. Cut off head and claws and snap wing out from the knuckle. Using the knife split the stomach slightly and remove the nastier looking intestines. Roast in oil or margarine with new potatoes in a moderately hot oven. Remember to baste, (pour hot fat over the top of the bird with a spoon), occasionally. A casserole with these birds is even more delicious. Either way it's free, nourishing stuff. One word of warning - it's probably illegal.

### Golden Rule

Do not, under any circumstances, twist the neck anti-clockwise.  
*Felix/Ken P*



# OUT OF THE PSYCHODRAMA

David Widgery

Once again, like a nation on heat, we enter some summer. With sun on the nylons & a pair of froggish sunglasses, England will take its holiday time for the next four months. The beautiful middleclass will further extend their self-organisation for the consumption of pleasure through such glossaries as Time Out & the internal bulletin of the ICA. The pressing questions of apres-beachwear, leg makeup & duty free cannabis will for the months to come occupy mens minds. The sales of garden forks, tanbourines, tennis rackets & methylamphetamine will grow, as will dancing in the park, public sorcery & the other advancing orders of hippy emptiness. But for those who find the easy pleasures difficult still & find wasting time timewasting; for those (other than the accountants of recently radicalised publishing houses) who remember last May in France: things are a lot different this summer.

Politically, our May days may be the whole year round; 1969 will be the best year since 1945 to gain a footing & a hearing in what the class revolution is all about & whose absence from politics has defined every protest movement of the last twenty years by the workers themselves. Whether the abbattoir of the extreme Left is in fact capable of being more use now than it would be sunbathing in Green Park is another matter; but the opportunity, the opening through which revolutionaries can provide the sort of politics & analysis workers are starting to feel in need of, that political eye of the needle is there. Unfortunately over the last three years the notion of the revolutionary overthrow of capitalism in the West has been mainly nourished by the demonstration of the peasants of Asia & some important parts of Latin America to militarily defeat the imperial aims of North America. But the wringing of the maxims of Mao & the study of apt texts on guerilla war didn't disguise the inauthenticity of the act of identification. Whether the national teams of the peasant world were applauded from the director's box (à la New Left Review) or by the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign in the stands, for a British socialist the statement was one of impotence, though certainly an impotence of a different order than the position of the Marxists bivouacked in the liberal prairies of CND... this time our side looked like winning. Nor was talk of police repression in this country much more than wooliness or hysteria; we are drilled by injustices at present more elusive. The arithmetical addition of the Cuban emphasis that 'The duty of the revolutionary is to make the revolution' to an over optimistic & usually ill-informed version of what

happened in May turned out to be a short cut to nowhere except a lot of toxic prose about fuzz terror by people who would clearly have difficulty telling the Keystone Cops from Securitor. The urban black proletariat are the only people who are fighting the police & winning.

The tactical exhaustion & subsequent political disintegration of the VSC after the October march (probably the biggest under revolutionary banner since the chartists) must have depended not a little on the unconscious assumption of many that marched of ideas of sparking, detonating or otherwise setting an example to workers. Because Cohn Bendit's spark set off a gigantic general strike which hoisted the red flag over factories, besieged police stations, for 30 days, ran whole zones of France under a species of workers control & only relinquished control of their lives & jobs after several bloody battles, we were destined to throw matches about the room & hide the fire extinguishers. & if this becomes your view then a set-back in a demonstration becomes a retreat for the movement, a tactical withdrawal becomes a political capitulation. Thus the self important quarrels about march routes & the appalling & wasteful hyperbole (as late as the March 30th march this year, Maoist groups were talking of 'our target... the most desperately guarded & beleaguered building in Britain; the hideout of the US mass murdered in Grosvenor Square') A similar fizzle is reported by the SDS campaign of fighting in the streets against the US election & inauguration the German SDS's growing isolation & even the wilder forecasts of a Red October in France by those well healed French revolutionaries who materialised in London.

Now it is certainly true that the militancy of students & blacks has in some cases reawakened factory workers to their own traditions; several factory occupations have taken place in Britain. One for 17 days. But then they don't talk about that too much in the papers. It's also true that the barometers by which political interest or disinterest are normally monitored (membership of political organisations, electoral voting, Trade Union branch participation) were all quite unable to predict the spontaneous revolt in France & are equally unlikely to do so here. The frozen slopes of post war politics are melting fast, one action can set off an avalanche. But since the nature of the spark is essentially unpredictable there is little point in trying to provoke it into existence, rather the job is to create a sultry atmosphere where the spark will spread. The psychodrama of the student power expert of the vietnam militant is a nonsense without a working class in action & this cannot be manufactured by students or TV programmes. It can & is being manufactured by Harold Wilson & we should be precious glad.



For what's happening over those very two years that Grosvenor Square rang with curses is that the essential business of the British ruling class was failing. The Government were being unable to dismantle that industrial awkward squad, the shop stewards, the only centre of independent political power stopping the evolution of British capitalism's crisis at the expense of the majority. The struggle has been conducted with typical British hypocrisy, despite ostentatious declarations for the gnomes benefit & the public clobbering of weak & vulnerable workers (notably the seamen, builders & contracting electricians), Barbara & Ray climbed down quickly & quietly when faced with determined union organisation or stray solidarity feeling (as in docks & post office). While the threat at least of the Prices and Incomes policy has held down the wages head of steam, the white-coated, slide-ruled, productivity magicians have attempted their sleight of hand on the shop floor. But even then the expected improvements have failed to come over the hill. Rather the reverse; after four years of belt-tightening, things have never been worse; the moment the economy looks like expanding, its tendency to such in imports forces a cutback which in turn depresses investment. The Crisis, once occasional as in Suez or Profumo, becomes the permanent crisis as in exports, productivity, unemployment.

The more Wilson attempts to fill the bath with the plug still out, the more loony the attempt looks & is, the more incredible the politics that underly it, the less acceptable the avuncular manacles of Mrs Castle. Four years tinkering with the trade unions raw nerve has at last found its response among the better organised workers (car men, printers, engineers) & the regional centres of labour indiscipline (Merseyside and Clydeside). As a gesture of how much they care about the disguise, the lies & the greater glories of the export drive, that highest of man's aspirations, half the total of British workers failed to turn up on New Years Day. On 27th February there was, surprise, a national strike against the Incomes Policy more important than one hundred Vietnam marches. More important too than the struggle at LSE was the readiness with which revolutionary students were received at the Fords picket line. & on the 1st of May, there promises to be a major political strike, one which the union leaderships have to support but do not control & which will be organised by workers, students & oddball militants. & if Wilson lasts long enough to put through his anti-strike laws, there will be a lobby of Parliament which far from pleading with MPs will probably take Whitehall apart. Those who witnessed workers knocking chunks off the palace of Westminster in 1962 will know the difference in the 'militancy' of a workers march & a Vietnam stomp. & those whose remembrance of this bland & torpid Isle goes back to the St Pancras rent strike & the impact Irish site workers & railway men made on the 4,000 police who performed the eviction, must view with interest the United London tenants' Association's call for a rent strike if eviction goes ahead.


The point is not the sudden emergence of a worker's revolutionary movement which will make the politics of Nabarro & Anguilla look as pallid & adolescent as they are. What is happening is the much slower recovery of politics as a way of solving problems

and belief in ideas as a way of thinking. The new movement will undoubtedly include new versions of left reformism (some Squatters) right reformism (Shelter etc) industrial syndicalism (the Workers Control movement) & anarchic fucking authority about (sabotage vandalism and overdue library books). But all these fragmented challenges raise questions which unlike orthodox Labour & TU politics do not entirely accept the arrangement of the existing society but starts to be subversive of the status quo. It is not a revolutionary movement that will win, indeed its splintered parts have proved relatively easy to co-opt, restrain, bamboozle or destroy one by one. But as the Labour Party finally decomposes & the Communist Party begins to act more & more like orthodox grand social democracy, the chance is there to build parties to the left of the CP which might have a certain influence.

Within these groups (the most important being at present International Socialism) with the arguments on the basis of shared experience which are the forge of the revolution. Such groups are even in France still tiny & unknown. But every further month of Labour's leaky steam roller is filling in another clue in the political cross word, another piece in the jigsaw of consciousness, until soon something that will be recognised by workers as their own will be visible in the revolutionary mosaic. In the setting sun of the Labour government in the blankness of the Tories & the coma of the Liberals, the shadow being cast again by the ideas of Marx, Lenin, Luxemburg & Trotsky are quite long. & quite potent.

Now no doubt the composers of pop songs & the makers of pretty clothes will find it increasingly difficult to ignore the rising level of social conflict & may borrow tension from it. But this pulling out of the chocks, kicking away of the stilts & blowing of the mind is merely the manufacturers description not the contents of the packet. The clownish idea that a Zappa on every turntable will turn the world red ignores the fact that its mainly succeeded in making big capitalist record companies bigger. The idea that the simpering Batboys of pop are in fact the Archangels of revolutionary change ought finally to expire in the face of the Apple Saga wherein one Lennon, a hard, sarky, rock singer turns into a soggy, quietist TV celebrity & lived happily opening Oxfam bazaars & repelling take over bids. We will also hear a lot of condescending cabbage water from various 'experts' who wouldn't know Bukarin from Bakunin & would be more likely to associate Thermidor with sea food than the Paris Commune, that things are in danger of getting out of (their) hand & about the 'complex' (etc) problems of the 'real' (etc) world. & there will be the usual suggestions that the revolution is a warm gun, a fleshy girl turning on in a wood surrounded by portraits of Che Guevara, Madame Binh in Flask Walk or John Gollan as Minister of Red Productivity. It is not. It is industrial workers who have been socialist since they were born & are now refusing to vote Labour, its wanting to stop the strike law & not being sure whose going to help you, its the capacity for self-activity & self-education the British working class movement have always shown. Its what really happened in Russia in 1917, Spain in 1936, Hungary in 1956 & France in 1968. It's, in one of Eldridge Cleaver's wiser words, 'the difference between those who make up the problem & those who make up the solution'.





1964 & 1965: AMERICAN MASS MEDIA DISCOVERS THE HELL'S ANGELS. MOTOR CYCLE PACKS REPORTED ROAMING CALIFORNIAN HIGHWAYS, RAPING BABIES, TERRORISING THE GOD-FEARERS & FREAKING OUT THE HIPPIES. A NEW CULTURE - THE LOST VIRILITY REGAINED - THE ANSWER???

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1965 IN LA HONDA, CALIFORNIA, KEN KESEY & THE MERRY PRANKSTERS (see OZ 3) TURN THE ANGELS ON TO LSD, DMT & CHRIST KNOWS WHAT. KESEY'S FANTASY PLACE - THE WOODS WIRED FOR SOUND MICROPHONES, HORN SPEAKERS & BOB DYLAN. TREES COVERED IN DAYGLO. PEOPLE COVERED IN DAYGLO. THE BUILDING FULL OF EVERY IMAGINABLE PIECE OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. THE PRANKSTERS RECEIVE A BAND OF ANGELS IN RUNNING FORMATION ON THEIR MASSIVE CHOPPED THUNDERING HARLEY 74'S. ANGELS WITH BEARDS, LONG HAIR, SLEEVELESS DENIM JACKETS, DEATHS HEAD INSIGNIA... LOOKING THEIR MOST ROYAL ROTTEN. AMAZINGLY A FANTASTIC ALLIANCE BEGINS, THE ANGELS ADD KESEY & GINSBERG TO THEIR EXISTING LIST OF HIGHS - BENZEDRINE, METHEDRINE, POT, GRASS, BEER, SECONAL, AMYTAL, TUINAL, WINE ETC. & MORE ETC. THE PRANKSTERS ADD THE ANGELS TO THEIR MOVIE. EVERYWHERE IS KEN KESEY. LATER CHASED BY THE FUZZ - JAILED - THEN ON THE RUN & IN THE END REJECTED BY THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. HE WANTED TO GET BEYOND ACID. ITS ALL DESCRIBED IN TOM WOLFE'S AMAZING BOOK 'ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST. MEANWHILE OTHER BOOKS WERE BEING WRITTEN ABOUT IT ALL. 'HELL'S ANGELS' BY HUNTER THOMPSON, 'FREEWHEELIN FRANK' AS TOLD TO MICHAEL McLURE: PLUS ARTICLES IN EVERY BIT OF PRINT IN THE WORLD.

CHRISTMAS 1968: TWO HELL'S ANGELS ARE REPORTED IN LONDON. THE TRENDIES QUIVER & STRAIN TO GET AT THEM. RUMOURS ARE THAT THEY ARE STAYING AT APPLE - THROWN OUT BY GEORGE HARRISON? WHERE DID THEY GO? HOME.

MARCH, 1969: SQUATTERS & MEMBERS OF THE LONDON ARTS LAB OCCUPY A DERELICT HOTEL IN DRURY LANE. AS THE PRESSURE INCREASES PEOPLE BECOME EXCITED BY A PIECE OF NEWS. IT IS SAID THE HELL'S ANGELS ARE IN THE BUILDING. THE US CAVALRY OVER THE HILL TO THE RESCUE? AN UNDERGROUND POLICE FORCE TO MATCH THE FUZZ? OR A MENACE TO AN ENGLISHMAN'S PAD?

*I looked up to heaven  
What did I see  
Comin' for to carry me home  
A band of Angels  
Swing low Sweet Chariot  
Comin' for to carry me home.*

For a London Hell's Angel that sweet chariot is driven by Angel Levi - he is in charge of Rescue & Maintenance. "It's my job when they break down at Lands End or somewhere to go & get 'em in my van." But recently he had his colours taken away. Colours are the emblems all Angels, anywhere, wear. The top rocker says 'Hell's Angels'. Underneath it is a skull with feathers & 'MC' for motor cycle club. Below that is the bottom rocker which has the name of the chapter - in this case London. But Levi went & rolled an acid dealer to get some bread. 'didn't hurt him mind, there was no violence like' & because the dealer was a friend of Jack Henry Moore & because J H Moore is a sort of Ginsberg-Guri figure for the London Hell's Angels & because everyone was very upset - Levi lost his colours - officially for eight weeks but maybe for ever because he appears to have just gone away.

Before all this happened I talked to Levi. The President, Crazy Charlie (why crazy? 'He's crazy that's why we call him crazy. Just crazy that's all') was in the nick charged with possessing offensive weapons & Levi was acting President. With him was Odd Job, an amiable Angel possessing all the physical beauty of a cut down fence-post with pop eyes, and Christine, Levi's 18 year-old Old lady (Angel wife). What happened when the Drury Lane hotel was occupied?

LEVI: We moved into the hotel & Kylastron, the organiser there, a musician, a fucking good one & a nice type of bloke, was elected to organise things. Our part was to keep eyes on the place - security - to prevent people walking out of the place with stuff wherever possible & to control the flow of pot. We had quite a few turn outs, some of them at three o'clock in the morning - through smoking. Everyone who was there was against normal society & they wanted to be different. They don't like the



authority that everyone else runs under. We don't like authority ourselves that's why we're one percenters. We've got a lot of bad names put our way through acting like a mini gestapo force when we'd be asked to do something for their own sake.

ODD JOB: We were the one group that was organised, tight-knit, we knew how to act together.

LEVI: We'd never done this thing before we was asked. We had a meeting amongst ourselves & we decided that it would be a good scene for us in as much as we're doing good. Not all Angel chapters are good. Some has got a right bad name. Well we ain't got a bad name, but we haven't got a good name. We're not worried how our name is. We're Angels that's all we're worried about.

ODD JOB: We have a reputation of being a bunch of hard nuts & I think that's made them a bit wary of us. When we walked into a room and told them to get out they went. They didn't want any part of us.

LEVI: One or two put up arguments & spoke against us but they were only in a minority & it was the majority who carried over there. One night there was me, Crazy Charlie and Loser Pete up there smoking. Then it was decided in a meeting that there'd be no smoking on the premises. Later on someone told me there was a man smoking up there so I had to go up & tell him. 'Get rid of it.' Alright, next night the same thing happened, same man. Earlier the same evening we had had a meeting & agreed that we could ask people to leave if this was going on, so I had to ask him to leave. Alright, he was tripping at the time so when he got his stuff together he went. He came and saw Kylastron a couple of days later & asked if he could come back; he got his own room back, he moved in again; a couple of days after he moved in we had to throw him out again. He was permanently out this time for smoking.

ODD JOB: I might point out that during the two days he was away we looked after his gear & made sure that no-one took it.

LEVI: You know, it's a bit of a bind at times, you've got your own business to look after, we've got our own lives to lead & we've got to make our living same as everyone else has. It was a bit of a bind but I think by & large we enjoyed doing it. Now we stay at the Arts Lab - we've been thrown out everywhere else. If we left the place'd collapse - we run it without thanks.

But the underground's a great crowd really. We enjoy them as people they are just being what they are. They're very acceptable. We get on well with THEM. & I think most of them get on well with US. We had one upsetting time in the hotel when one of the chaps from I.T., Dave something, came down & declared that we had no right to wear the colours & that we weren't Angels. My first reaction to this guy from I.T. was to smack him in the eye. I told him I was prepared to come out into the street with my shirt off about it - so were the rest of the Angels there was about six of us in the room at the time. I pity him afterwards if he'd actually come out in the street. We're not hard cases or anything like that. You see this guy knew some of the Angels State-side, or at least he thinks he knows... We told him the chapter had been authorised & we got a charter from the Frisco Angels from Oakland, when they were over here just before Christmas. There are a lot of other groups that call themselves Hell's Angels. The Nightingale Angels have been running for about six years & there's a hell of a lot of one percenters up & down the country. 99% of all motor-cyclists are law abiding citizens, a statement released by the American Motor-cyclists Association after there'd been some trouble with the Hell's Angels in the States, so naturally the rest of us are one percenters.

Anyway, it was decided that he'd phone up the Angels out there - we gave him the phone number of one of the Angels - Sweet William, & he did this & I think he was a little sick over it because he found that what we'd told him was so. We were rather pleased Sweet William said this because it was the first real contact we'd had with them since they went back over to the States.

It all started at Chelsea Bridge. There's only a dirty little old coffee stall up there but a congregation of motor-cyclists get up there from all over South London. They all end up there at some time or another, mostly in the early hours of the morning. Loser Pete, Red & Charlie who knew each other from the Bridge got into company with the Stateside Angels. This was a Christmas time. It was suggested, after the three of them had been kipping up with them & travelling round with them round the country, that they might start their own pack. I think now we've got about twenty five members. Unlike a lot of clubs we've all ridden together a number of times.

THE MIGHTY VULCAN

# hell's who?



Rat Face is another Angel. He has two great aims in life – one is to be better than me. His top number of girls in one night is about eighteen – that's the number of times he's had it without pulling out – that is with one bird. In one session eighteen times without rolling off. MY greatest time so far is four different birds in one night.

But our aim in being Angels is to look after each other. If you don't YOU get looked after – in another way. Eventually we'll have a real big pack with us. We've got sufficient but we'll grow. We're only four months in existence as Angels, time will tell. People who want to be Angels find us, we don't find them. Then they have to have a 100% vote. It may mean that they have to hang round with us for months and months before they get 100% vote but that's up to them. Whether we like them personally or not doesn't matter, it's whether we think they'll make a good Angel. They must have a bike. If their bike's off the road it's got to be on again in thirty days, otherwise they hand their colours in. We've got to know if they've got class. When they join, the rest of the Angels at the initiation can shit, piss or vomit or do anything to a new members colours – then if he wants to be an Angel he has to wear them like that.

Odd Job and me have had Angel weddings. I was the first Angel to get his red wings and I'm

rather proud of the fact.

This is my old lady here, Christine she was a momma but I changed my mind. I did have an old lady but she got busted the day after I got married. They carted her away – I can't be in two places at once. She's gone away for three years. There's quite a few mommas but they're not always with us all the time.

Some nights we feel like a dip of the wick & we've got a few mommas so they get passed around.

CHRISTINE: The mommas have to pull a train – they have to go with all the Angels who are there.

LEVI: So we get down and all have a go. Too bad if she can't last the time. They have to do this before they can become a momma – everyone has to sample the goods.

We have a meeting once a week so everyone can be brought up to date & told what's to be done. If you miss a meeting it'll cost you half a quid unless you've got good reasons. If you wear your colours on public transport it'll cost you a dollar. These things are stuck to, they're rules & they have to be abided by. We don't want to be exactly like the Stateside Angels because that's conforming & we don't want to conform. Generally we have to be more careful. We don't





want to get a name for being bad, but we don't want someone to brand us as do-gooders. We're Angels, we're as we are. People take us as they find us or it's too bad for them.

Charlie is our President. Odd Job is Deputy Sergeant of Arms. All the officers have stand-pins to take their places when they're not there. Sergeant of Arms looks after the discipline side. Rat Face is our treasurer. Loser Pete is our secretary; they call him Loser Pete because the general impression is that if he gets anything he loses it. He's a terrific guy - he's in Switzerland at the moment. At meetings we discuss when we're going to have runs, where we're going to run to, what we're going to do when we get there, whether anyone has got to be busted, generally things that would be discussed at any board meeting. We discipline members, take their colours off them. We're lax at times but as Angels we can't be wrong. We have a run about once a month and every member must turn out, if they miss an official run it costs them money. When we get there we play it pretty cool, we ride respectable, we don't disturb anyone. When we get there we have our fun. We don't go out of our way to aggravate people it's just that some people don't like what we wear, don't like that we wear German insignia. We have no political affiliation there's no racial discrimination.

CHRISTINE: We have a chick society to help girls. We do just about anything for them. Wash

their hair, clean their clothes, patch them up when they're hurt, clean the boys' bikes. It's for anybody, Outlaws or Angels' girls who need help. I love being with the Angels, I've been with them for two weeks. Before that I modelled for art classes and was once a secretary at a police station. I feel being with the Angels is the beginning of my life. I like being 'property of'. I'll have a jacket with 'Property of Levi Hell's Angels' stitched on it. LEVI: We wear as standard the one percent badge, that's the outlaw caste. There are other outlaw packs. There's the Hangmen, the Road Rats, the Outlaws, the Aces - they come from Nottingham, there's Angels in Bristol, there's Angels in Manchester, there's Angels in Birmingham, you find them all over the place & they all wear One Percent. I wear an S.S. helmet, there's only two good ones in the London area that we've seen, one belongs to the President of the Outlaws. In the States they wear denim jackets over here the weather makes it necessary to wear leather jackets so we wear a cutdown denim over the top of it. This badge is one we appropriated from a youth club and changed, so it now reads Hell's Angels, London. The colours are sacred, every member must wear them. No woman can wear my colours nor any-one else. There's no point in being an Angel unless you can ride a bike. Mind you we don't say we're the best I imagine there's a lot more who can ride a damn sight better.





ME A LITTLE  
KISS OR  
SOMETHIN'

WHAD YA EAT LAST?

## NEXT DAY OZ DOES PHOTO SHOTS IN THE STUDIO

Much bartering about money - Charlie says we shouldn't step in front of the camera except for money' - Levi brings along Christine - a beautiful honey-eyed Lolita, charming, chatty & sexually unhung up. Odd Job brings along Wendy from the Outlaws, a club which outnumbers the Angels (one Angel can stir up ten Outlaws'). She says she's going to be married to the leader of the Outlaws at the Arts Lab. The ceremony uses a motor bike manual instead of a Bible & is performed by the Outlaws' second in command. The parties swear that the bike comes before anything else. Wendy has a superb silky body hidden beneath scruffy leathers & one of those cuts where the clitoris hangs out like a dog's tongue. They are four of the most unselfconscious models of all time. Levi & Odd Job do heavy tongue kissing. When asked to drop their pants and go down on the girls Levi readily complies. Odd Job however declines to remove his underpants & mutters "it's up to her". Levi fingers Christine energetically. Afterwards Levi & Christine get a bus back to the Arts Lab, their jackets astonishing the conductor. THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED RECENTLY IS JIM MOORE'S CLOSED CIRCUIT TV SYSTEM WHEREBY PEOPLE GET TO BE A TEN MINUTE TV STAR IN A CLOSED LOCKED ROOM. OUTSIDE ON A MONITOR YOU SEE WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING INSIDE. THEY GO IN IN GROUPS & FUCK & STRIP & FREAK & ENJOY THEMSELVES. MEANWHILE JIM HAYNES, THE MAIN SITE IN A LOFT AT THE BACK, WONDERING

The Lab is like an orgone box where people from every country, strata & background can meet in hopefully sympathetic surroundings if they rub off on each other the result can be a more sensitive & tolerant attitude on everyone's part.

## WHAT ABOUT THE ANGELS THEN?

JIM HAYNES: They frightened a lot of people especially some of the over thirties. It's frightened a lot of people because of the whole uniform thing of the swastikas. There's no doubt about it. At the same time I think that people meeting them & talking to them as individuals have been pleasantly surprised by the fact that they are underneath the veneer something else again. & I think it's worked the other way. They are meeting people they would otherwise have been intolerant of. For example Michael X was here last night & gave a lecture. There were two or three Hell's Angels up there who I'd bullied to go up. They just didn't want to know about Michael X. At the end of the lecture three of them came over to me & said what a groovy guy. The whole tolerance thing - this was a beautiful example of it in action. We probably have lost people as a result of the Hell's Angels & this is one of the things that depresses me. We've lost a lot of people in the last few months because the place has looked tatty - more tatty than it's ever looked. It's worn - a lot of people have come through this building over the last year & a half.

The Angels relation to the squatters was very strange. I think on the whole it was good except in the end - I mean I'm not into violence - having said that - in the end I wish we'd put up a bigger fight for the building & that's when they would have been absolutely invaluable. Had we dug in I think we would have still had the building. I think the events dictated what happened rather than any policy. I initially wanted to see a place for the Arts Lab staff, a place for people to live & a place for visitors to London to live, but it was impossible to dictate events. The day before it was busted we all got together & decided that we weren't going to talk philosophy any more or democracy or any type of ideology, we would get down to defending the building & putting it right. & at the end of the court decision we had a large meeting with everyone there to decide what use the building should be put to.

## & WHAT ABOUT THE LAB?

In my obvious euphoria I think it's going the other way - that it's getting better. OH YES PLEASE HELP THE LAB IT'S TOO IMPORTANT TO GIVE £5.00. Don Yen ETC ETC

NOTES: Phone call from Odd Job. President of the Outlaws is furious about Wendy being in photo without permission. He's going to stamp someone from OZ. 'Don't worry man. I'LL keep him off your back'.

INSIDE THE ARTS LAB: Talking to the Outlaws. The President of the Outlaws: Friendly, sensitive, no mention of photos. Foot in plaster - got married under a giantic booze up, not at the Arts Lab but a place near Victoria. They used a double motor bike manual as he has a combined machine.

We would never call ourselves Angels because we couldn't live up to the name or show the same class as the Frisco Angels. These guys here they haven't the class although in their little brains they think they have. They're losing members all the time. They're down to about four now. Their President Charlie he's too childish & temperamental - people leave because of him. He's always throwing tantrums & chucking his colours in. There's a real bunch of Angels around somewhere with Harleys. Roger Kate was the only guy with any class & now he's gone to Switzerland.

NOTES: One Angel said to a visitor: Are you going to fuck that girl tonight? REPLY: I screwed her last night. ANGEL: No do it's too late. I was going to tell you she has clap.

An Angels appear to have clap. Someone said it meant as much to them as a slight cold.

Christine has had her face bruised & beaten up. Attacked by another old lady at the 'Wimpy' she says cheerfully.

BACK AT THE ARTS LAB: Two Dutch would-be Angels cleaning their bikes. They heard about it all & arrived to learn. Both handsome clean & seriously gentle. Andre interested in the fucking & not violence. There are a few outlaws in Holland pursued by police on the runs. Once the



Dutch heat smashed their big handlebars & curving exhaust pipes. Why do they want to be Angels?

You can get high on alcohol, you can get high on dope, we get high by riding our bikes.

**ANOTHER DAY. MORE OZ PHOTO SHOTS.** Supposed to be of massed Angels showing class. But Charlie has gone on a run to Folkstone. & Odd Job's bike is the only one left working. It's a Honda (OZ photographer: 'My old mum rode one of those'). Off we go trailing Odd Job in a mini moke. Levi comes along. Odd Job tries to do a few wheelies but can't quite get the front wheel off the ground ('Don't really like doing them'). Levi tries a wheelie between frightened passing tourists & pensioners with horrible grimaces. Levi gets on revs up & the bike smashes into a tree. The chain breaks. Odd Job wheels it disconsolately away. More haggling over money.

**SUDDENLY A LARGE LUMBERJACK FIGURE GOES PAST IN THE ARTS LAB. KEN KESEY. STETSON HAT, SCARF & A TOOTH WITH THE STARS & STRIPES ON IT. IN ENGLAND TO CELEBRATE THE SUMMER SOLSTICE AT STONEHENGE WITH THE PRANKSTERS.**

**WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE HELL'S ANGELS?**  
**INTERVIEW**

The Hell's Angels have changed. I saw Pete & Sweet William just before I left San Francisco. These are the two guys who came over before. Pete's the heaviest guy I know. Just flat - like he quit catholic military school in 3rd grade. Dropped out THEN - said cut it THEN. He's got a faith thing that goes farther back than anybody I know. When you're all travelling out there on the edge you get just so far & then you have to reach back. He can go farther there & be there longer than anyone I know. He can't read or write but there's something in his face that's just so RIGHTEOUS. It's the only word I know. That's what got to the Angels when we were here before. It's just that guy's face. He wants to get as many Angels as he can from over there to come to England. He's havin' a tough time because they know him as just this 35 year old Arkie - he's from Arkansas. He drinks a lot of beer & laughs a lot - has been an Angel longer than anybody. His face is really just beat to shit. This reporter was interviewing him & she was asking him what does it mean to be an Angel - and Sweet William who's the youngest Angel - the first Jewish Angel - said what it means & she breaks down & begins to cry. He's really got a heavy face there's just something about it. One thing you can see everything comes hard for him - this whole Angel thing came hard for him. Now they traditionally don't recognize anyone unless they've been officially recognised & these two came over here & found themselves idolised by two thousand reproductions. Tradition says that they're supposed to flatten these cats who are wearing their colours unless they've been officially recognised. The English are so good at recognising aristocracy. They see people & know it immediately - that there's the Man. Pete, he's really stuck in a dilemma - I've never seen Pete so worried about anything for so long. What's he going to do about all these Angels over here in England? We have a bet with him that there'll be more Pranksters back over here at the Solstice than Angels.

He knows that it is likely to be true because he can't communicate what he's trying to do to his Angel friends to try & get them interested. All they want to do over there is drink & have a good time which is what they're supposed to be doing. They keep him honest that way.

But these guys over here - & I met some very good guys. Loser Pete is one of the best. Angels have a

saying they don't pick their members they recognise them & Pete came over here & he recognised them, he recognised lots of them - if they were over there they would be members, they just have that kind of bearing. Certain guys will make it as Angels & that's what will happen over here. They once asked me why I wasn't an Angel & I told them I just couldn't take it - you know when they get in a long line & spit a goober in each guy's mouth all the way along the line - taking it in turns letting it grow & passing it on - by the end of the line it's not so good at all - I just couldn't take it. (OZ Photographer starts taking photos) Hey! A camera is tough business. A camera & tape recorder are the two most vicious instruments known to man.

When I came here a week ago these guys were carrying arms - but they don't need it, that's the good thing about Angels - they came over here & got on with the Bobbies real well because they know it's a one to one thing in the streets because the Bobbies aren't carrying guns & clubs & the Angels respect that. That's what builds them they have decided to do something that nobody else has wanted to do yet, like they say it'll take some ugly to be fucking president of the fucking world, alright we'll stand up & do it & mean it. If it came to voting for president of the world I'd vote for Pete in a minute. There are a lot of Angels who are still too young to be great congressmen but there are a lot of them I'd like to see in Congress too. They're RIGHTEOUS, man, they've had kicks & everything long enough that they're interested in comfort & one of the ways to be comfortable is to make the population comfortable around you. They're doing it. When you're around them & they're feeling good towards you, man, it furnishes you with something which is unmistakable. Like you walk down the street surrounded by great big Angels through any district in the world & you feel good about it. I feel that same covering here over the Arts Lab. I think they're trying to make it work. They know that that's what they have to do. That one guy stood up there - he'd just



Levi

WCCRV



been arrested for carrying a double barrel shot gun & I told him you don't need that & he doesn't, because you can already see in his eye that thing where he says - he's reached across & sworn with a bunch of other guys - when it comes to certain things I'll stand behind this all the way to the grave if necessary.

A good hero is working towards the day when there are no longer any heroes. Any other hero is insane. Nobody wants to carry that load indefinitely. They work towards the time when its spread about. It's a weight. It's a difficult dedication. Like Sweet William the Jew. He joined them thinking he was going to convert them to accepting spades in their ranks. He found they were much further out than that. He found he was in something for life. About integration he found they had discovered about that years and years ago & just knew where they were.

I was brought along with the Angels last Christmas. It was the fabled Trip without a Ticket. Someone put together this thing whereby 13 people got to take a ride in a plane to England. They just packed the 13 people in. Bill Graham of the Fillmore paid for the Angel bikes to be brought over. One guy with an airline office paid for the tickets but they were open anyway. Air India. Indians are cool man. We got on - the psychedelic monsters. I was an hour late & turned up wearing a white scarf & a black leather jacket & a Lindbergh aviator hat. This Indian airline Captain who'd been waiting for me for an hour said 'If we get into any trouble I'll call you.' They have stewards as well as stewardesses. It liberates the stewardesses. They don't have to take the sort of shit the American stewardesses do - you know like look at me but you can't touch me. Anyway we were all sniffing THC & the plane soon became a living room. I walked back & one of the stewardesses said you have marijuana? I thought they were going to bust me until I realised they were Franksters. It really blew my head - they knew everything that was going on - we hadn't concealed anything from them. The great thing about England is that you have the Indians. They're the coolest people around.

Man right here is the front line. All the time I spend here it's hard work - it's the frontier where things are happening. I mean I could go to Mexico have an easy time but in the end I know I'd have to come back to London.

#### LEADER OF THE PACK

#### AND NOW CRAZY CHARLIE PRESIDENT OF THE HELL'S ANGELS LONDON CHAPTER.

Q. What about the acid-psychedelic scene that Kesey personified once. Are you involved in that?

A. That's more Loser Pete's scene than mine. Loser Pete wasn't a grease boy. He was a beat who liked motor cycles. Levi was a traveller.

Odd job was... Odd Job. We've all got different scenes. The whole thing is to get to know each other's trips.

Q. Are you on an acid scene?

A. I'm pleased to say I don't take drugs.

Q. Why are you 'pleased' about it?

A. It's just one less thing the police can get me for.

Q. Is that the only reason?

A. No. I get my kicks other ways. I haven't tried acid but I've tried the others. It's just not me.

Q. Are you against people taking drugs?

A. I'm not against anybody.

& THE SAME DIFFIDENCE ABOUT THE CRAZY DANGEROUS FLAMBOYANT THINGS THAT ANGELS DO & SEEM TO INCARNATE THE IDEA OF AN ANGEL - SHOWING 'CLASS' IT'S CALLED. HE EXPLAINED THAT 'SHOWING CLASS IS SHOWING OFF, BUT SHOWING COLOUR IS SHOWING WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!' I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD HIS RED WINGS.

A. Things like that - class - doesn't affect me at all. I was once criticized for not showing enough class. I

just don't need to show class. I show more colour in one day than many people show in the whole of their lives. Just by being what I am.

Q. Hasn't this affected the other members?

A. It has done but they've gradually come to know what I say is right.

Q. Isn't it important that Angels, especially their leaders, should show class. Isn't showing class part of being an Angel?

A. No... showing class is snapping peoples minds. Like one of the lads went up to Heston Services on the M4 - He got a raw egg, rolled it around on the floor with his nose. Then he broke it, reached up, put salt & pepper on it & then sucked it up off the floor. Now that was a mind snapper. It's a sort of free expression. Showing class is a very little part of being an Angel.

#### & WHERE WAS THE RIGHTEOUS ANGER? I TOLD HIM WHAT THE OUTLAWS HAD SAID ABOUT HIM & THE ANGELS.

A. The thing is they don't know what it's about. I know what it's about. Loser Pete knows what it's about. It's our task to show others what it's about. The President & the Sergeant of Arms of the Outlaws they'd make very good Angels. But they've always said they'd be members but for the fact that it's not their trip. It's not what you do but what you think.

#### STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE ANGELS

A. Loser Pete is the original London Hell's Angel. He came over from Switzerland. We met at Chelsea Bridge. Something just drew us together. I didn't see him for two weeks & I've never missed anyone so much in all my life. I was looking for him every day then one time he was there. From then on we were together. Then the Angels turned up. Even then I wanted time to decide whether I wanted to dedicate my whole self to it. I finally decided & here I am. It wasn't a hasty decision. It came over a period of months. It was Loser Pete who found out about the Angels. He had books, newspaper cuttings - everything. It was like a school project for him. You know where you have to get something ready for parents visiting day. He did the colours himself, it takes him a day to stitch a set. He'll be back in about two weeks. Then the Angels came over, told us roughly what it was all about.

#### WHAT HAPPENED AT APPLE?

The Angels had a room upstairs at Apple. Someone tried to throw us all out of Apple at a party - we were drinking & the food was out. Suddenly the food disappeared. We said, "Where's the food?" & someone said to Pete, "It's uncool to be hungry". Pete just busted his head. There was a real tense atmosphere. I didn't really know what was going on. I wasn't an Angel then & I only saw the surface of things.

#### & WHAT ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND? ARE THE ANGELS GOING TO BE A POLICE FORCE OR WHAT?

A. I have no feeling personally about politics or anything like that. I'd say I have an open mind about it. The Underground hasn't affected me - as far as I'm concerned it doesn't exist - it's just another lot of people doing another lot of things.

Q. So what keeps you at the Arts Lab?

A. The People. The Arts Lab is a world on its own. It's a totally different community to what you usually get. But it is a community. You get council flats & blocks & they say they've built a new community centre. It doesn't mean anything - there's no spirit of community.

#### SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE ANGELS?

A. They're going to get bigger & bigger. There's no limit. One day its not going to be Hell's Angels Chapter London or Chapter California, it's going to be Hell's Angels Chapter Earth. CONTINUED PAGE 42



# Mozic



33



# CHILD THAT I AM I DO

Danaë



I saw the Incredible String Band use the Fillmore stage for a picnic site turn the Lower East Side into a woodland glade & do a very far out thing & then return on a backwards trip to the fields of childhood innocence.

I too sat on the wall & watched the baker's stubbly grin. How beautiful to find that England shimmering on New York air & I fell in love with the Incredible String Band.

'What's holding you back from loving everyone? Everyone is basically good so if you try to understand why people are acting in weird ways being abrupt being ridiculously angry then you get to know how the mind works you get through that & really love them' (Rose)

When they move on stage they are private but close together like new lovers & lit with a clean fire that talks of peace & apple cheek country weather. What can I say but child innocence? It sings across their music & dances at the corner of their eyes.

'Our music isn't consciously gentle it just comes out like that... violence is a hang-up... my kind of music is ripply and floral... I have a love of ancient sounds - Eastern, Chinese, Kabuki music & African drums' (Robin)

I meet them in London grey sound studio clanking with wires & microphones & busy television try hard freakies. Don't want to know how old they are where their parents live who they fuck - but how they are what they are & understand it. How does the gentle love wave survive the you-next-boy-pop-to-the-top hassle & come out trembling?

'I want to communicate my experience of the glory of life & how we all share in making our lives what they really are. Communication is an end in itself. I say buzz & you say bleep - that's a communication. Starting from that basic theory a lot of things can happen'... (Robin)

Robin is a hawk, two light eyes astride a beak, & golden hair. Mike a dark matyr living another life on the stage with bare feet.

'The amount of time we've all lived in the universe is incalculable what does this instant of talking matter except that we are communicating?' (Robin)

It's cold and their noses are blue, Licorice's legs mottled above the knee, rust velvet squashed & shiny barely covering her small girl's body. Smiles at me with one tooth missing. What is it that divides the eyes of those who watch & those who don't. A psychic beam travelling through witchcraft. Pick it up on the cold air



auditorium. Pick it upon the headphones taking your mind into aliceland. Pick up the incredible psychic string band & know that they've been places you've been those mystical acid trips where you found nothing but yourself but found yourself to be everything.

'Writing was a necessity - acid opened my eyes so many changes in the past six years I could have given you twenty different answers to what I believed in. You name it I've tried it like the mysterious ancient things - Tarot, magic, astrology...' (Robin)

Somewhere in Wales near the wet sand & the magic stones live the Incredible String Band & part of the Exploding Galaxy & there they made a fable film taken from Robin's head & decorated with secret dreams. Soon the multichannelled machine will box his magic fable with words, the dream pinioned by a million eyes devouring plastic food. Running water down a strong welsh mountain I hear in the music celtic winds & ancient dreams on the flat notes.

'I am fascinated by places where there's memory of druids, the magic stones, & ancient towers, woods & sacred groves. Art is the creation of beautiful space artists in living life in it. A town could be paradise but in this age of supposed-to-be sensuality nobody seems to think about pleasure in a city... there's no reason why a city should not be a garden of joy but it's down to thoughts. A city is the colour of the minds that built & use it' (Robin)

No electronics perms peroxide. The girl's hair sticks out newly washed in rainwater faces newly scrubbed. Music from folklore; jugband music they play with their strings not on them.

& along the way some kind of religious mania.

'We go somewhere & there they are hiding in a corner unloved for years' (Licorice)

'It started with interest in the real natural music & the skills just flowed out. If you love something it's very easy... it's a joy to let the secrets of the instruments unfold themselves' (Robin)

'A year ago I'd have said I was in touch with the Spirit which wrote all the songs I would have said I wasn't responsible for their existence it was the music but now I'm starting to take responsibility for actually creating them' (Robin)

& that responsibility found through the present method, the future wish, a new way, found through the macrobiotic restaurants in New York, paradox, found in Tottenham where Old Father Hubbard holds his court. The Incredible String Band are scientologists. Spill long blond hair & water in breath:

'There's much in Scientology' (All)

'It is an applied philosophy to make the able more able through the restoration of awareness' (Robin)

'It has released past pain in me so that now I am able to play instruments on stage which frightened me before' (Licorice)

Rose had a smile which goes on & on & on.

'Fall down the tunnel of Rose's smile & find Mike at the end with his silver suit. Been together since the beginning of time & before.' (Licorice & Robin)

butter on a brown bread stage.

'I wanted to play things at home when Mike was playing & gradually my own strings came along because I could use them to be happy. Then I wanted to show more people how happy I was & started playing on gigs & just get happier all the time' (Rose)

So I saw them first in revolution mother-fucker-land cloaked in Abbie Hoffman magic humour shaken by Bill Graham vacillations.

'Revolution is thinking that you've got to fight something - Governments aren't there to be fought they're there to be educated. If anything I'm the opposite of revolutionary - reactionary - evolutionary' (Robin)

'I don't want to control people. That's not my trip. But I think there has to be some kind of Government, but it has to be done by people individually. Maybe there has to be some kind of code which everyone'll agree to... the way I'm approaching politics is by improving myself to a point where I don't need law'.

Listened again to them freeze crystal clear in the glass cage of Lincoln Centre. Last hear them play to lumpy hippies in Croydon far removed in the drizzling rain from the other times & each time something different. Some songs dipped into another pot.

'No drugs for more than a year now'.

Stripped pine & chrome Fairfield Hall jam-packed with superconscious Indian bands tied carefully with a back mirror facing the light to match marks & spencers.

But what does it matter with the fairy music harsh in the hard acoustics of Croydon?

All that matters is love between man & woman & child. It's been said before. Confucius has an edge on even an Incredible String Band but he could not, did not, does not sing with a flat voice and hawk eyes cut out of Scottish Welsh wet blue skies nor smile with an endless smile, nor lose his tooth not to find another, nor die a martyr once to rise again skinny on a wire trippy stage.

What does it matter say the Incredible String Band & play again, you do or you don't.

'I believe in evolving towards a golden age' (Robin)

Child that I am I do.

when man moves god is moving  
when the ocean roars god is roaring  
when stars collide god is the bright moon unharmed  
when everything is lost god is  
god is awake  
how is it possible to disappear  
better to ask your friends how he looks and today











# JIMMY PAGE

Felix Dennis

## EARLY DAYS

It all really began for me rehearsing with Cyril Davis. That would be around six years ago now, just after he'd split with Koerner. Then I was accepted for Art College and I had to decide between painting and playing. Well, the music scene was pretty depressing around that time... nobody was interested in Chuck Berry or Bo Diddley, all they wanted was Top Twenty & Jazz... so I went to College. Of course, about a year later everything began to happen with the Stones and Liverpool and the R 'n' B scene so I took to jamming occasionally at the Marquee on Thursday nights. Somebody asked me to play on a record - can't remember what it was to tell you the truth - but from that session came other offers of work and suddenly there was more than I could cope with, four or five sessions a week. I began missing too many lectures & taking days off at College so I thought that I'd better finally decide: painting or playing? It wasn't an easy decision but finally I took the plunge & chose sessions. Sometimes I wonder whether I made the right decision.

## YARDBIRDS

The Yardbirds came out of getting bored with session work, which is so unpredictable. One minute you're playing for really good musicians & the next... well... Herman's Hermits are into their own thing no doubt, but it isn't my scene exactly. I'd known Jeff\* in the Yardbirds for quite a long time & when Paul Samwell Smith\*\* quit that was it. I'd never played bass before but I quite dug it & we left for the States shortly after I'd joined. Then Jeff was ill one time in L.A. & it was a case of me play lead guitar & Chris Dreja† do the bass or scrub the gig. After that it worked out that the Yardbirds had two lead guitars, until Jeff left finally to form his own band. It was a shame that the Yardbirds eventually folded out. Towards the end Keith and Jim MacCarthy just didn't have their heart in the music. They were almost ashamed of the name Yardbirds in the finish, though I don't know why; on the last tour we were getting better reaction than we'd ever had. They were a great band, I was never ashamed of playing in the Yardbirds.

## MUSICAL PRESS

I don't read any of them in this country, not even the MM. I used to but I just can't now. They're so shitty. This country desperately needs a new trade paper. There isn't one authoritative writer on the staff of one music paper in this country who knows anything about rock music. Yes, you can print that. Let's talk about something else, let's not talk about them.

## UNDERGROUND

Is Led Zeppelin an underground group? I suppose if you mean in terms of lack of airplay on Radio One then yes, we'll be an underground group. I know we won't

ever be heard on Radio One, except maybe on Peel or Drummond's shows. The radio in this country, in fact all the mass media, are in a disgusting condition. They're so restricted. The BBC just won't accept that really worthwhile music has developed from rock & roll, from all those awkward pimply guys who were playing guitars in 1960. That's what's happened, but they just can't accept it.

I mean I don't want to keep referring things to the States because Britain isn't America, but at least there are some channels for rock music. In fact for all forms of music, over there. The only underground group that's ever existed in the States was Hendrix. That may sound strange but you know he'd had two hit albums & a whole year of acclaim and success before they finally offered him one TV spot. Underground to me means something that is being suppressed by the authorities & that's certainly what was happening to Hendrix. His reputation was spread solely by word of mouth & the FM stations. TV exposure is the most important thing in the States, the most accepted method. He was denied that exposure constantly.

I know perhaps you were referring to the underground in the sense of a collection of people and ideas existing within, but divorced from the society in which they live. That's an interesting concept but has little to do with our music. In this country, & this is just personally speaking, it seems to me to be something which has been distorted into an almost comical replica of the US. Take IT for example. There's an example of the basic theory of the underground, the alternative society, the theory being lost behind the pounds shilling and pence. The underground is big business now & that's a pity.

## CENSORSHIP

I remember bringing back copies of Australian OZ to England & they had these ridiculous censored things... breasts, can you imagine? Australian censorship is... well, I guess you'd know, wouldn't you? Even the nudes in Playboy are censored sometimes. I mean, Playboy! That's ridiculous. If I ever saw a pair of tits that excited me in Playboy I'd begin to wonder if I was perverted. Playboy's like Doris Day in the nude. Impossible. I'm sure if I stripped off Doris Day's bra I'd find another bra underneath. I have these theories about Hugh Hefner... (nodding to tape)... not while that's on though.

## SCREAMING LORD SUTCH

Ah, Sutch was a gas. I was going to produce him for Immediate once but something happened & it never got together. Sutch was four years ahead of his time... I mean Arthur Brown, he's only a psychedelic Sutch really isn't he? You know what Sutch is doing now? He's in America, a travelling representative for Marshall equipment, driving a huge Rolls with this union jack painted across it. He scared the shit out of his audiences, him and his Savages. What a crew!

## JOHN MAYALL

Mayall? Look... yeah... let's just not talk about John

\*Jeff Beck, lead guitar in the Yardbirds after Clapton.

\*\*Paul Samwell Smith - bass player in early Yardbirds.

†Chris Dreja - rhythm guitarist





AMONG THE ACCUSERS, AMONG THE FINGER-POINTERS OF OUR TIME, ONE STANDS OUT CLEARLY: **LENNY BRUCE**. AS HE SAID ONE NIGHT, IN A FAMED ASIDE: "I'M SORRY IF I'M NOT VERY FUNNY TONIGHT, BUT I'M NOT A COMEDIAN. I'M LENNY BRUCE." PROFOUNDLY SO; AND SINCE HIS DEATH THE ONCOMING WAVE OF YOUTH HAS PICKED UP ON HIM. NOW THE MYTH, THE MARTYR, SPEAK OUT STILL THROUGH A HERITAGE OF TAPED LIVE PERFORMANCES. FROM THESE, **FRANK ZAPPA** CHOSE **THE BERKELEY CONCERT**, AVAILABLE AROUND MID-APRIL ON TRANSATLANTIC **TRA 195D**. THIS IS THE FIRST LENNY BRUCE FULL CONCERT PROGRAMME ISSUED WITHOUT ANY EDITING WHATSOEVER. TWO

LPS 71s 3d.

**Transatlantic**  
WHERE TRENDS BEGIN

**39**



Mayall. I don't want to talk about him. Mayall... long pause... no, we just won't talk about him. Do you mind?

#### HIT RECORDS

Say we made a record like the Marmalade's, sure we could do that, we could do that easily. But I'm a guitarist and a musician as such & I just don't want to be associated with those scenes. Anyway, that group just couldn't get a tour or stir any interest in the States. America has enough of its own bubblegum music. Someone like Eric you really have to admire, simply because he broke through in his own right, without watering down his music. Whether he finally achieved his goal in the Cream I don't know. Like at Madison Sq. Gardens where there was that audience of 35,000, well a good part of that audience was composed of teenys, nine to twelve year olds. They hadn't really come to listen to the Cream's music had they? I'm sure they defeated Eric's purpose. He left the Yardbirds in the early days, just after For Your Love to avoid all those scenes. *The overpublicity of the Cream was the biggest single factor in their break-up.*

#### GROUPIES

The first time I came into contact with groupies was on the initial tour of the States with the Yardbirds. We were playing in this huge ballroom in LA & there were a whole crowd of teenys screaming & waving banners & posters with the group's name on & things. Then right in the middle of these banners with 'I love Keith', & 'Jeff, Jeff' & 'Yardbirds Forever' rose this huge poster with the word 'WANK' in four foot high lettering. Christ, I nearly stopped playing.

Then there were these telephone calls at the hotel from groupies.

Somehow they learned a hell of a lot of cockney slang. They'd phone up and say, 'Hi Jeff, how's yer 'Ampton Wick?' Ridiculous!

That edition of Rolling Stones with the groupies was useless. There aren't any groupies in San Francisco anyway; most of them are based in New York, LA, Chicago & a couple in Miami. There was only one real groupie pictured in the entire Rolling Stone article, which in any case was a diluted version of the Realist original. The Realist was the paper that carried pictures of the Plaster-Casters' trophies. The Plaster-Casters have retired now..

#### DYLAN

Dylan's lyrics are like four minute versions of a book. You can just keep taking them in. What can you say about Bob Dylan? It's all been said.

#### AMERICA

The US is an explosive scene, politically & socially speaking. It's difficult to explain to someone whose never been there. & it's so big; what's true in Mississippi wouldn't apply in New York. Remember the US is a lot of little countries tied together by Washington. The laws vary from State too. Take a sixteen year old girl across the state line in your car in Texas without her parents permission & that's abduction. Fuck a girl under 18 in Texas & that's rape.

The fuzz in that part of the world are pretty paranoid too. Any excuse to get their guns out. Every day you

hear of cops shooting innocent people, bystanders & the like. Keith bought himself a gun for \$12.50 in Texas, bullets and everything included. He bought it for protection. He was frightened of Texas... well, so was I. The whole atmosphere is hostile. And in Alabama. We were in Alabama when Robert Kennedy was shot. We were drinking in a bar when the news came over the radio. There were a lot of people suddenly smiling in that bar... one guy turned to his mates & said in a loud voice, 'well, that's another bastard down.' Nobody was shocked, let alone sad that a man had just lost his life. Heartless people. Winning is the biggest religion in the US.

But there are good scenes of course in the States. Kids will listen to your music, the FM stations are good, the bread is there. People seem to be more aware of what you are trying to say, musically speaking that is... & you get a better chance to prove yourself live. It always seems to me that in England people are too ready to tear musicians to shreds, to play the comparison game. Something like, 'Beck's not a bad guitarist but he's not as good as Clapton is he?' End of Jeff Beck. We'll be back in America in April & I'm looking forward to that.

#### THE ALBUM

Well you can't really judge anything about Led Zeppelin from the album alone. The group had only been together for two & a half weeks when we recorded it. We'd had fifteen hours rehearsal before shooting over to Scandinavia for a few gigs, then straight after that we cut the album. There's very little double tracking, we were deliberately aiming at putting down what we could actually reproduce on stage. I know that I influenced pretty heavily the content & arrangements on this first one, but that was only because we didn't have the time to discuss everything between us. The next album will almost certainly be more of a group project. The best thing about the Zeppelin is that nobody's being carried. Robert & the two Johns are all excellent musicians, they all have something to say.

#### LED ZEPPELIN

Like I said, the great thing about the Zeppelin is that nobody's carrying anybody else. John Bonham & Robert Plant were both in a group from Birmingham. 'The Band of Joy'. I was very lucky to find two such fine musicians available at the same time. John Paul Jones, well, I expect you already know quite a lot about him. He's done an awful lot of studio work; I'd say he's one of the best bass players in the country.

I don't know how you'd bag our music... maybe it's too early to say. Anyway we're not consciously aiming at anything or in any specific direction. Just playing together and taking it as it comes. Since recording the album we've changed a lot of the material, & the length of the numbers seems to have expanded. One thing that used to get me about the Cream was the way I thought they relied too heavily on Master Eric for the improvisations. That's not going to happen with us. Everybody's got something to say &, well, that's what we'll be doing. I can't believe that we've all come together so quickly. If I'm really honest with you, though it'll probably sound like I'm boasting, I'd say that I feel very confident about the direction of Led Zeppelin.



# INSIDE JANN WEN- NERS HEAD THERE IS A STONE-ROLLING

Sebastian Jorgensen

Every form has its fashionable arbiters, even rock & roll. These are not unlike ring-side reporters at a big fight: relatively secure in their complimentary seats, marginal participants in that holocaust of vibrations which concrete action generates, favouring one combatant then the other & all the while scribbling as others punch or pray.

From this position these people rarely emerge, like the objects of their passionate scrutiny, as household names; nor can their final judgements compete with the referee's. Their one great advantage, potentially, is their distance from the vortex, a distance which should enable them to formulate cool patterns from hot, confusing detail.

Finally any publication which is specialist by nature will sail or fail depending on whether it backs winners with any consistency over a period of time. Just as the charts (singles &/or albums) are the referees in pop so circulation figures are the determinants of success or failure in publishing.

By these standards - & seen in an underground context - the San Francisco based rock music fortnightly "Rolling Stone" is an unqualified success. More flexible than committed - I doubt whether anybody on "Rolling Stone" was ever fooled for long by the early promise of acid, transcendental mysticism or revolutionary politics - it sells 57,000 copies in the States & now, with the backing of Mick Jagger, its forthcoming London edition could topple that figure.

The 23-year-old "Hugh Heffner" of pop, as Geoffrey Cannon dubbed him with characteristic heavy-weight wit in the Guardian, has little time for the present run of rock pundits, both under & over-ground, here or in America. Not only the lamentable M.M. but also I.T., Eye Magazine, The East Village Other, Berkely Barb & just about everyone else (apart from this magazine, strangely enough) is icily dismissed. "You find that the major critics in the United States previous to 'Rolling Stone', people like Richard Goldstein, they don't know what they're talking about," said Wenner looking for all the world like an unusually hairy rugby player who turned on tuned in & scored yet another goal. "They produce terribly overwritten, boring stuff, imitation Tom Wolfe stuff to conceal their own ignorance of the subject, I mean they couldn't make a plain, flat statement about the music. The other thing that became very clear was that they really didn't like it. We're out to replace 'Melody Maker' and all these shitty music publications. There's nothing to read around today." With the 50:50 partnership deal with Mick Jagger already finalised, hip Londoners still quoting from his magazine's brilliant expose of groupie-dom, the Sunday Times' jazz-pop critic Derek Jewell about to talk to him on "Late Night Line-Up" & a return flight ticket to San Francisco in his pocket there was every reason for his friendly cat-that-got-away-with-the-cream smile.

ROLLING STONE

'WANTED'



IN THE COUNTY OF DADE

For Level and Lascivious Behavior in Public  
by Displaying His Private Parts and by Stimulating  
Masturbation and Oral Copulation, a Policy

UH-OH, I THINK I EXPOSED MYSELF OUT THERE

THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY  
BY THE PRESS  
THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY  
BY THE PRESS  
THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY  
BY THE PRESS

ON KENNEDY: "The assassination changed the whole course of American history. Politics is all a lie in the first place & Eugene McCarthy is as big a liar as anyone else. But John Kennedy was an interesting cat. The thing is the most a president can do - if it's true that both parties are the same & all that shit - the most he can do is set a personal tone & a personal style. The death of Kennedy points to what an influence he was. I mean all over the world people were just fucked. It was incredible. There was no hippy thing in America, there was no flagrant drug scene. It all wouldn't have happened if Kennedy hadn't got killed. Everybody was still digging what was going on in that other scene. Kennedy made politics & the whole thing very relevant because he was young, he was attractive, he was just plain beautiful you know & not ugly. Lyndon Johnson is ugly & Richard Nixon is ugly & they just emphasise the ugliness of the scene they're in already. But maybe it was all false anyway, maybe it was just a false promise, an illusion & it was deception rather than reality. It could well have been. Maybe that's why he was shot. It all happened after Kennedy. "Because after that, man, fuck! there was nothing interesting after that."

ADVERTISING: "We haven't yet developed solid advertising outside of the record companies. We are moving now into new areas but we do operate a kind of censorship. We won't accept sex ads, we won't accept wig ads or cosmetic ads or cigarette ads. We wouldn't accept Magnaphal ads because it's kind of tasteless. Puritanical? No, I don't have any argument with Magnaphal & I don't want to see them go out of business. But since advertising is 50 or 30 per cent of any magazine it as much as anything else characterises the magazine. Cigarettes anyway are bad for you. I think it's a filthy habit though I smse myself smoke. Alcohol though is groovy & we would accept those kinds of ads. 80% of the readership of East Village Other & the Berkely Barb is only interested in the small ads. I want to avoid that. They're the only market places for homosexuals. It's the sex market, they're the sex scene newspapers. The rest of it is pretty boring."

RELATIONSHIP WITH JAGGER: "I met Mick a year ago in L.A. & we had a pleasant meeting & we just talked about business & hip businesses & you know the energy of rock & roll & how it was being wasted &



where it was going & Apple & about his own abortive record company & it was just an absolute natural that we should do it here together. I don't see any conflict of interest in reviewing a Rolling Stones' record in future. Of course they'll have a say editorially. But you know we're not a Rolling Stones fan club publication. Mick & I are 50:50 partners in Invisible Ink Printing Industries or whatever it's going to be called."

**THE GAP:** I think that the only hope for students & our side of the fence is that the old people die off as quickly as possible. Every time I pick up the papers I read of them dying off. The faster the better. I think it's the only way. Now the kids come home to their parents with faces broken out in blood. It used to be 'Oh Dad, I've got to talk to you. I just took some acid so let's sit down & have a talk for the first time in our lives. Let me play you 'Rubber Soul' or something!

**DOPE:** "It was & is very important. When it first happened it had a tremendous impact. In my own life it was a fantastic turn-around. You know - wait a minute fellah, wait a second, look at THAT! When the acid scene started off you could take L.S.D. without having read about some freak trip in Life magazine, without having read all those horror stories. Everybody who got too fucked up on acid has come out of it fine. Chromosome damage? Who can tell? It might even be a good thing anyway to have some mutants around."

**THE ROCK & ROLL ARMY:** "Rock & roll is a different kind of politics in the broadcast sense. The one thing most people dig is rock & roll. & like the Jerry Rubin thing, the Yippee thing, the real power of our side is in what I like to call the Rock & Roll Army. But who's going to get this army on the march? It hasn't been

Eldridge Cleaver & it could have been the Beatles but they're not going to do it & maybe they shouldn't do it but that's where the power is. & the Rock & Roll Army is the army that has gone home & turned on its parents. **CAMPUS REVOLUTIONARIES:** What kind of revolution is it where you go in & take over a building & you burn down some kind of college hall or take over the library & destroy the presidents office & go around ranting & carrying flags & taking over the campus. & then you get beaten up & thrown in jail & ten minutes later you're bailed out. Then you go home with complete impunity. What kind of revolution is that? There is yet to be anyone killed at a college demonstration. When it happens we're talking about revolution, now we're not. It would be much better if it could be done by going home & turning on your old man. America is just a violent, violent place. I'm not an advocate of violence but I understand it. "When I see pictures of these kinds of things on television I go pfft. You know, if I was there I'd have a gun. So that's why I don't go."

**MUSIC:** You can intellectualise about a lot of rock & roll music but it's primarily not an intellectual thing. It's music, that's all."

# STONES

*Continued from P32:*

**Q.** Freewheelin' Frank said that ...

**A.** Yeah he's incredible. I've seen bits of his poetry. & his book - there's only one person who can talk like that. He might just get over here this year.

**Q.** But how do you want the Angels to develop?

**A.** I personally want them to develop to - not necessarily numberwise - but to the point where say one bloke is shafting his bird somewhere & you're up the other end of the M 1 & you break down. & after one phone call the bloke whips his end out & comes straight to your rescue. Loser Pete had this very quality. My bike broke down & without even me phoning him he was there. It's this thing it's like telepathy. I couldn't care if there was only two of us or if there was 500 of us provided we all felt about each other the same - like that.

**CHARLIE SYMBOLISES THE LONDON ANGELS. FRIENDLY, LIKEABLE, HELPFUL, WILLING TO TALK IN A WAY GENTLE. A CONTRADICTION? IF SO, WHAT ARE THE ANGELS?**

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Chicks could try becoming a momma.

How many fuck you? Do you enjoy it? Do they enjoy it?

Try counting Angels.

Try giving Angels bread so they can get their bikes together.

**IF YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING TELL US ABOUT IT SO WE'LL KNOW TOO.**



*My folks were always putting him down (down, down)  
They say he came from the wrong side of town  
(whatdoyoumeanhecamefromthewrongsideoftown?)  
They told me he was bad  
But I knew he was sad  
That's why I fell for the ... LEADER OF THE PACK*



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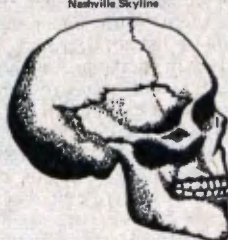
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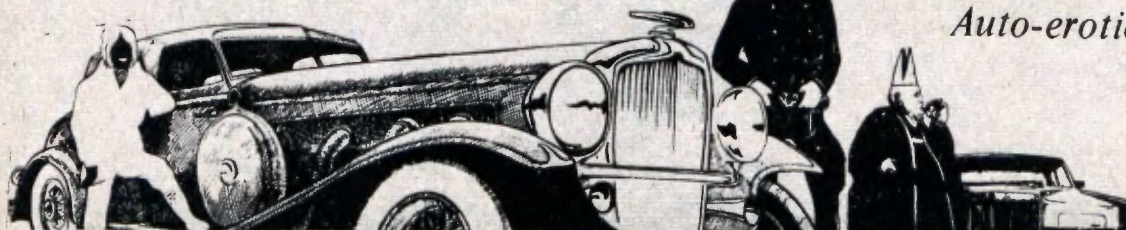
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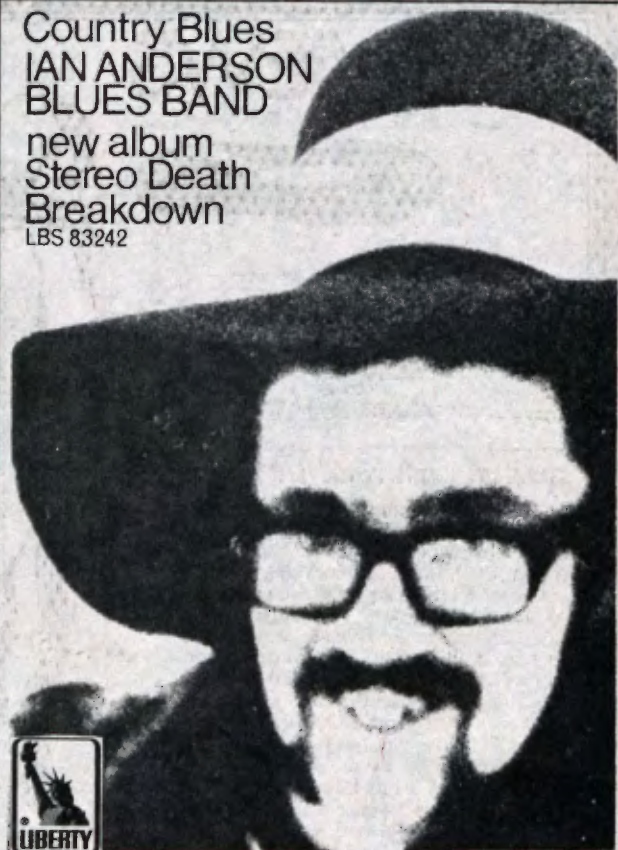
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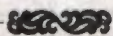
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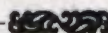
LAST EXIT



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44



# LPREVIEWS



## THE LAST EXIST Traffic ILPS 9097

The intriguing thing about Traffic was the acabadabra of their originality. Stevie Winwood may be "...quite simply the best white blues singer I have ever heard, regardless of age, environment or nationality..." - Al Kooper, April '68 - but there are a dozen white blues singers, both in Britain & America who can certainly sing *almost* as well.

Capaldi is a fine rhythmic drummer, tight & always relaxed, with a well controlled left hand, but he'd be the first to point out that Baker, Hiseman, Moon or any one of a hundred others feature similar qualities in their drumming. The same applies for Mason & Chris Wood. Both are much more than competent musicians but neither is an outstanding one in the literal sense of the word. It was the combination that did it.

When Stevie split from Spencer Davis he was emphatic that his next venture wasn't going to be 'The Stevie Winwood Group'. Tired of the 'boy star wonder' image constantly laid on him in those early days, (however true it may have been), he carefully gathered a collection of home town friends & lit out for the country. When the music finally emerged it was evident that he had nearly achieved his purpose. Nobody in Traffic was backing up S.W. They were playing with him, not behind him; they were playing together. *That* was the secret.

But here, on 'Last Exist', & just faintly on their previous album, it was becoming apparent that Winwood was outgrowing the cloak he had so deliberately drawn around himself. On live appearances too, it was Steve's emotional singing & playing that brought the audiences to their feet... they appreciated Mason, Capaldi & Wood, but they rose to Winwood. For Steve Winwood is a musical genius, albeit a reluctant one, & whatever carefully planned steps he had taken to disguise & diffuse the fact, nothing could have hoped to veil his enormous talent for long. He is probably the most *multi talented musician*, singer-organist-composer-guitarist-pianist, that Britain has produced in the last decade. Eventually he will play jazz; no other field encompasses a wide enough area to absorb his music.

One complete side of 'Last Exist' consists of part of the recordings made last summer at the free, open-air concert

in Hyde Park. Consequently the balance at times is shoddy & the group suffers from all the technical hang-ups encountered on any live recording. But these are trifling complaints compared to the magnificent performance. In 'Feelin' Good' Winwood lays down his best organ solo to date, a beautifully constructed & intricately phrased piece of music, tapering off finally into Chris Wood's melodic, gypsy flute, hovering like a guardian angel over the free-form timing & creating a bridge of continuity without which the song might well have become too involved for even the musicians to follow.

The studio tracks on the album are interesting, occasionally moving, especially Winwood & Capaldi's 'Withering Tree' & 'Shanghai Noodle Factory', but the overall impression is perhaps that the cuts are good because it is Traffic playing, & through little merit of the material. If these are the best tracks that Island could salvage out of what the group left on tape, then maybe it would be as well if this really was, 'The Last Exit', (which of course it is decidedly not; we've still got the 'Best of Traffic', volumes, one, two & three to come yet.)

So the Cream is dead, the Buffalo Springfield & the Yardbirds, & the Mams & the Papas & the Electric Flag & the Byrds, (well almost), & now Traffic. You could buy this album for any one of a number of reasons. You dig Traffic, you dig memories, you dig Island Records, you were at Hyde Park & you'd like to hear yourself clapping or you just want to be able to pull the weird black flat circle out of its dusty cover in 30 years

& say, "hey kids... this is where S.W. really began you know..." Anyone of those reasons would be excuse enough. Felix Dennis.

## BLOOD, SWEAT, & TEARS Blood Sweat & Tears CBS 63504

If you, like me, never quite got used to the horn sections on any of the Mike Bloomfield, Buddy Miles, Paul Butterfield or even John Mayall LPs, this one is for you. Whereas with other rock groups on the brass kick, horns take the form of added accompaniment & sound jarringly superfluous, BST's arrangements bring out their full value. In rock music there is a certain professionalism emerging with the influx of jazz musicians, & that is especially evident with BST who do the right things in the right way & know how to handle a horn section. On the sleeve notes they thank their producer, among other things, for his dogmatism, which strikes one as a pretty strange thing for a rock group to appreciate; on reflection though, it shows just where BST are at.

Their choice of material is interesting; it ranges from Variations on a Theme by Eric Satie to Traffic's Smiling Phases - & throughout an abundance of skill & musical understanding. Like the professionals they are, they include some standards - Laura Nyro's 'And When I Die' & Billie Holiday's classic 'God Bless the Child', which is, incidentally, the best track. It is a measure of their class that they are able to take songs like these & do them more than justice, while at the same time injecting something of their own.

One of the good things about the Blues Project was that they didn't let any conventions stop them from experimenting. The same is true of BST. 'Blues - part II' is a masterpiece; it starts with a puzzling interlude on electric organ by Dick Halligan in what seems to be archaic classical style, but is in fact free-form & not set to any classical standard, although it starts to sound like a toccata at the end.

I understand that More & More is this LP's contribution to the Rock Machine I Love You record. That track is worth the 15/- on its own. In fact Steve Katz's delicious solo is worth it.

In front of the band David Clayton-Thomas gives an impeccable performance throughout - he might be



said to have soul. Bobby Colomby on drums & Jim Fielder on bass make up a rhythm section that rocks hard & swings nicely. Fred Lipsius on alto also shows up well in this set. The production is perfect & there are no lapses in taste; what is more BST in no way suffer from the morbid habit of taking themselves too seriously.

Nowadays, when we are seeing the last great flowering of the movement in rock that started with the Who & the introduction of the Marshall amplification system, there seems to be a dearth of really musical records. Because of this Blood Sweat & Tears is a refreshing experience & totally satisfying.

#### THE LIVE ADVENTURES OF MIKE BLOOMFIELD & AL KOOPER Bloomfield & Al Kooper (CBS (S) 66216)

'An American music band' was Mike Bloomfield's description of his short lived Electric Flag, & 'American music' sums up this latest album of his. With their Electric Flag & Blood, Sweat & Tears bands, Bloomfield & Kooper were exploring similar areas of blues-soul-rock, & this album is the logical extension of those experiments - but without the brass. Super Session took it some of the way along & was an important record, musically & historically, but only partly realized the full potential of the musicians involved. The music on this double record set makes the 'can-white-men-play-the-blues' controversy, irrelevant. This has nothing to do with imitation black blues or imitation black soul. This is American music from two white American musicians who have all of America's music floating around in their heads. Music from the radio & from ball rooms & clubs & from the street & people's homes. Blues, soul, jazz, country, folk, pop - all that they have heard & absorbed as naturally as a kid growing up absorbs the language, syntax & slang of his family & everyone around him.

Often, otherwise good bands, particularly white blues bands are let down by a wooden rhythm section, but here, Skip Prokop on drums & John Kahn on bass actually know how to swing. Listen to them on 'Her Holy Modal Highness', a jazz influenced piece that is the essence of the instrumental work on this album at it's best, relaxed instead of forced but building to intense climaxes, & always completely together. There is little left to say about Mike Bloomfield, probably America's favourite guitarist. Though his playing on the Electric Flag album sounded tired compared to his work on the first two Butterfield albums, here he is back in form. Like his chief influence, B B King, Bloomfield is a blues guitarist, but one with an awareness of jazz that shows in everything he plays. His perfectly constructed improvisations never contain the merely flash. Playing with economy, he is a master of form.

Kooper's throaty vocal style is well known, but this is Bloomfield's first vocal cutting on record. Not a great blues singer (his songs are all blues), he makes up for any lack of power, depth or

intensity of feeling with a superb sense of phrasing. Carlos Santana of the Santana Blues Band plays on the other guest spot, Sonny Boy Williamson, a tribute to the late blues singer & harp player, written by Jack Bruce & Paul Jones. Certainly one of the funkiest numbers on the album, with one of those persistent riffs that remains in your head for days after you've heard it. It is Al Kooper, though, who is the more dominant musical personality. Not surprising perhaps, as it was he who suggested the session & produced it.

There are only two original numbers, but a jam isn't about presenting new, original material - a jam is about playing & numbers like Paul Simon's Feeling Groovy, which they completely restyle, & the Band's The Weight are given fresh, exciting treatments. The choice of Material throughout is excellent.

This is a record that points to two of the several directions, rock is now taking: the increasing status of individual musicians & the jamming resulting from this, & the idea becoming more & more popular of recording live in the ball rooms and clubs, where the music & it's directions are created. Neither concept even when good musicians are involved is, or will, always be necessarily successful. But this is one of the successful LPs and one of those you might try to converting your jazz friends with. You'll probably succeed.

Peter Dalton

#### REALITY IS BAD ENOUGH. Patrick Sky. Verve Forecast SVLP 6103

The use of the theatre as a symbol for the world & drama as a symbol for the patterns in which human life is worked out, is as old as Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage", perhaps older, perhaps even as old as the theatre & drama themselves. One feature of Patrick Sky's album is the way it takes these symbols & makes new use of them. The album is not theatrical; it doesn't seek to mimic an overall theatrical presentation as, say, Sgt. Pepper did. There are, however, obvious theatrical overtones.

Most overtly there is Sky's version of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Modern Major General" where the comic atmosphere is intensified by the use of a solo banjo backing wedged paranthetically between a marvellously staccato orchestral introduction & finale. Another costume piece, "Enjoy Enjoy Enjoy", mimics a kind of awful American pre-war big band radio show. One can imagine Sky singing this with tuxedo & slicked-down hair.

Again, a theatrical motif is used as a design concept. The album's cover shows two clown faces, cut-out representations of the familiar tragi-comic masks of Greek drama. To a certain kind of mind (obviously the "New York Times" mentality that Sky slams in "Not The Loving Kind") the songs would lend themselves to easy classification into comic & tragic categories, paralleling this theatrical "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry" tradition; one feels an Art Director is fretting somewhere because they wouldn't, just wouldn't, take the idea of duality to its extreme & tie the whole thing up neatly by calling it "Two Sides of Patrick Sky".

Of course, it's the failure of the songs, & Sky's talent, to be tied up neatly in any but this superficial manner that makes them so interesting. A child would probably find the mantric sadness of "Children's Song" unbearable. "Silly Song" is acutely perceptive in a way we don't usually expect "silly" things to be.

Just as the theatre is no longer an easy black & white, a simple case of God versus the Devil as in mediaeval miracle plays, so popular music & contemporary folk art are outgrowing their early "Teenager In Love" ingenuousness. Sky's album is valuable both as a product of this process & a graphic embodiment of its principles. "Reality," as the man says, "is bad enough. Why should I tell the truth?" Think about that when "Che!" visits your friendly neighbourhood repertory company.

Graham Charnock

#### HOWLING WOLF: Electric How. Pye CRLS 4543 (s)

Howling Wolf is supposed not to like this record. The cover blurb reads 'This is Howlin' Wolf's new album. He doesn't like it. He didn't like his electric guitar at first either.' Presumably Cadet-Concept adopted this aggressive defence because of the bad press that the recording got in Rolling Stone & elsewhere.

But however much you might sympathise with the idea of the proud bluesman electrified against his will, or deplore the way that the publicity was angled - poor old coon, he'll thank us in the end, - the important thing is the record. Ultimately what the record company did & what Howling Wolf thought doesn't matter.

The music itself isn't as bad as one might expect. It's thoroughly electrified but that in itself is no bad thing. In fact it's all good leaping stuff - the kind of blues you can really dance to. It's depressing to find people who say they can't dance to anything but Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder & Otis Redding. If they had an ounce of rhythm in them they could dance to Electric Howl. Phil Upchurch, who plays guitar on three of the tracks, recorded 'You Can't Sit Down' a while back, & the bass & drums lay down a beat that'll make your neighbours' ducks fly off the wall.

The material consists mainly of standard blues numbers all given the same treatment - thumping rhythms; screaming wah-wah guitar, with Howling Wolf's harsh vocals (which sound like they were torn out of his stomach with barbed fish-hooks). Best number of the album - & the worst for dancing because the superb jumpy bass line stops & re-starts several times - is 'Evil', but 'The Red Rooster', & 'Smokestack Lightning' are all almost as good. The arrangements are nearly the same throughout but the backing musicians are so good and so together that that doesn't matter either.

Put it this way - if you don't know who Howling Wolf is & you like electric blues, you'll dig the album. If you do know who he is & you care that he was hyped, the best thing you can do for him is to buy the record. That way he can howl all the way to the bank.

John Leaver.



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