

12-1969

**OZ 25**

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*Editor*

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## OZ 25

### Description

This issue appears with the help of Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, Jim Anderson, David Wills, Gary Brayley, Louise Ferrier, Martin Sharp and Bridget Murphy. Cover photograph by Keith Morris.

Content: Hippie Atrocities cover. 'The End Funnies' cartoon. Mott the Hoople ad. 2p Elvis/Sun Records montage/game - A Trip Down Memory Lane with the Sun Stars. 'America's Real Uncle Sam' – Robert Finnis on Sam C. Phillips. Mighty Baby ad. Plastic Ono Band *Live Peace in Toronto* ad. Review of Dylan's *Great White Wonder* and *Bob Dylan* LPs by Felix Dennis. 4p CBS Records ad. Other Scenes. – Japan. Gilbert Shelton Furry Freak Bros cartoon. 2p Martin Sharp 'Tiny Tim' collage. Dr Hip Pocrates. Vertigo Records ad. Full page ad for the Beatles' Something/Come Together. 3p Peter Fonda interview reprinted from the Georgia Straight + *Easy Rider* pics. 'Ibiza: Syringes naked breasts and all that shit'. Centre page 'Wrestling' poster - Danne Hughes on Scunthorpe. 'Just Bloody Tenants' – the Morden estate. 2p on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. 'Tashkent' – prison experiences by Anthony Lorraine. 'Oxford' – similar experiences by students Roj Jarman and John N. Gray. Special OZ Information Service; The Hash Scene - 'The Lebanon: The Hole of the Lebanese Black' by Harvey Matusow. IT Subscription ad by Edward(?). Moody Blues ad. 'Goodbye Jack Kerouac' by David Widgery. Arrest in Turkey. 'Dynamite the BBC'. Other Scenes subscription ad. Full page ad for Plastic Ono Band's 'Cold Turkey'. 'Arts Lab Death' – letter from Jim Haynes. 'Kill for Love' – letter from Mick Farren (reply to Germaine Greer's 'Mozic' article in OZ 24). Syd Barrett *Madcap Laughs*/'Octopus' ad. *The Sun* 'Leper Rapes Girl' reprint. *Friends* ad. Reviews: Quintessence, Mighty Baby, John Mayall, King Crimson, The Byrds. Straight Records ad. Full page Louise Ferrier photo/ Scarlett O'Hara quote. Blackhill Enterprises ad. Full page John & Yoko *Wedding Album* ad. Bonzo Dog ad. Full Page Rolling Stones *Let It Bleed* ad. Book Reviews: Pablo Neruda, *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, Bernadette Devlin. 1p+trippy graphic. Back cover girl with whip photo by Gerard Malanga.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 56p

### 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.



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OZ 25 Dec 1969



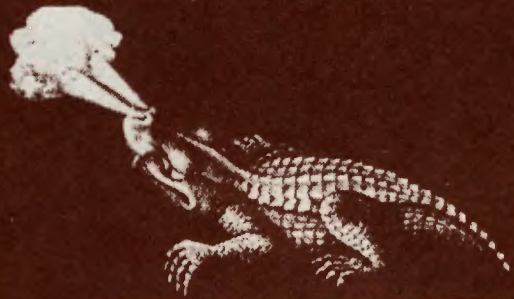
# HIPPIE ATROCITIES!

**MOTHERS—  
WHERE IS YOUR  
DAUGHTER TONIGHT?  
THE FULL *SHOCK STORY*  
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Plus! Early Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins,  
Johnny Cash and - exclusive - complete  
lyrics of Billy Lee Riley's 'Flying Saucers Rock'n Roll'.  
The facts -LEPER RAPES VIRGIN



# MOTT THE HOOPLE



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# Inside OZ

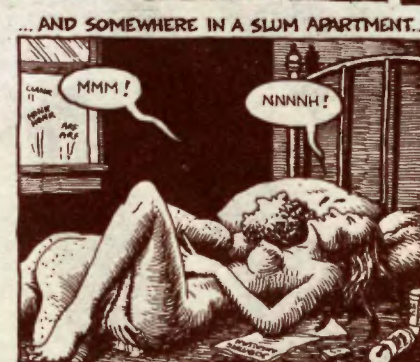
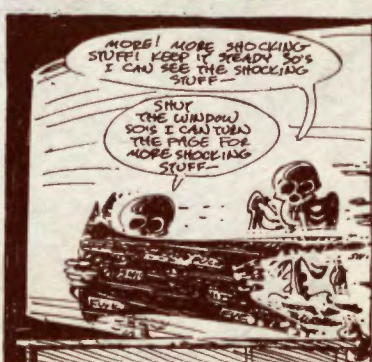
This OZ is about enslavement — of the body and of the spirit. 'We've lost the art of dreaming' writes Donald Reeves from his parish in that cellblock that is Morden, 'a community organised for death.' We sent two girls to that other hotbed of spiritual rigor mortis, Scunthorpe where they withstood for a whole weekend, seething distrust, rampant inertia and Special Chow Mein (with an egg).

Many of those who reject the lifestyle symbolised by these towns, end up in gaols and courtrooms. In this OZ there is a report from Chicago, where Yippie, New Left and black activists are on trial for conspiring to celebrate a Festival of Life. Also, Harvey Matusow, one of the first to focus attention on hippie prisoners in Turkey, now discovers more hash fiends languishing in Lebanon. Anthony Lorraine, gaoled for 15 months for a similar offence in various Russian prison camps, writes of his experiences. His internment was less stultifying than the three or four years of ingenious subjugation imposed by Oxford University. Two contributors remind us that tomorrow's 'leaders' are *still* being churned out with the same elitist set of prejudices, and the total inability to relate to or communicate with their fellow man, that has traditionally distinguished the Oxbridge product.

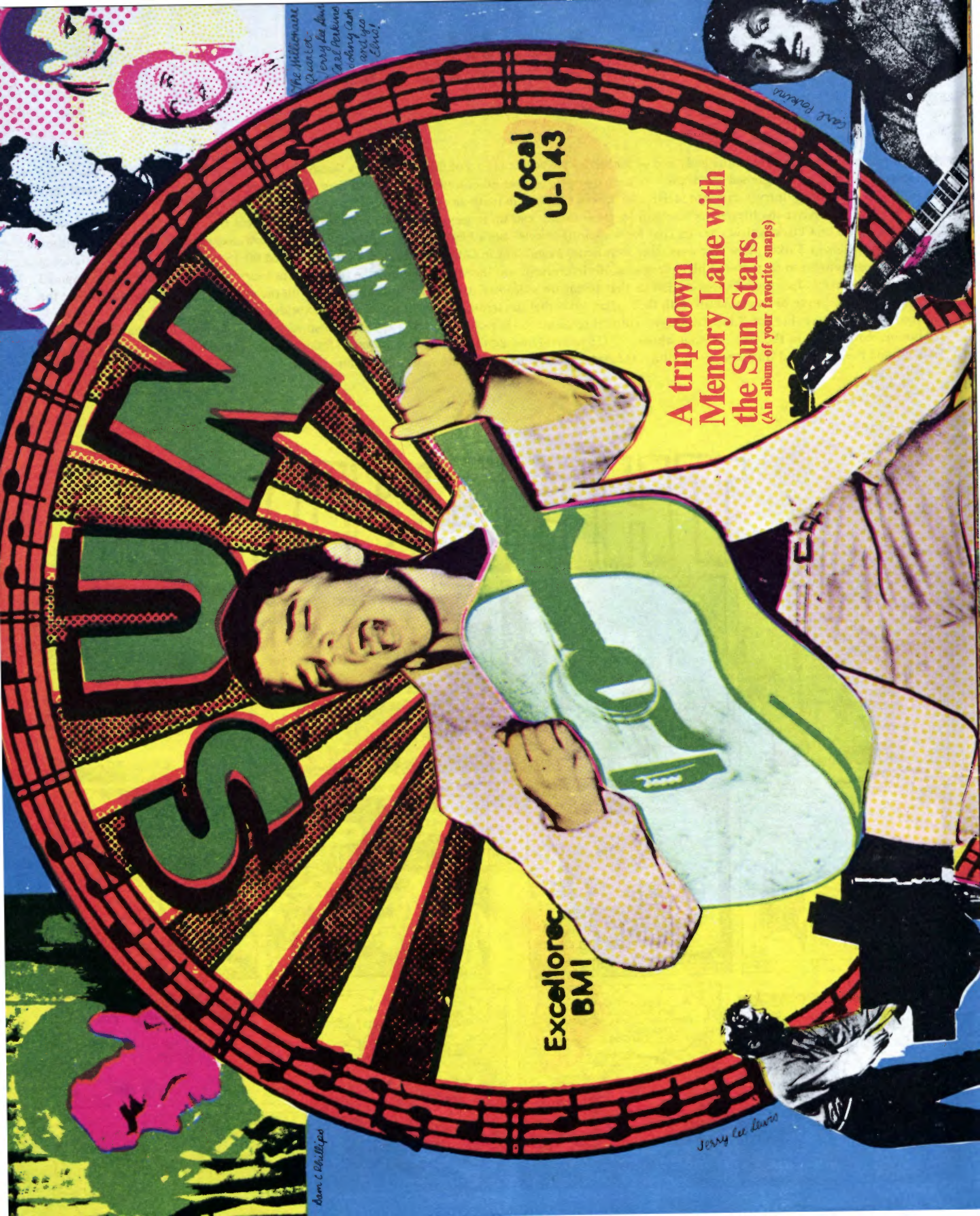
Unfreedom everywhere, but small breakthroughs: cultural renaissance via rock music, so a tribute to Sun records and its founder, Sam Phillips; and a tribute of another sort to the 'man without whom...' OZ probably wouldn't be here, Jack Kerouac, father of beat, founder of drop-out. His road now leads around the world, and from one lay-by, Ibiza, OZ reports on a personal liberation; learning to love idleness, fun, sun and life. Now read on.

## THE END

## FUNNIES







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Memory Lane with  
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Excellent  
BMI

The Millionaire  
Quartet  
Every day find  
Carl Perkins  
looking cash  
and you  
find!

Carl Perkins

Jerry Lee Lewis

Sam Phillips





ADJUST SPEED CONTROL  
ADVANCE 3

MAGNETIC FIELD  
MOVE BACK 2 to AVIATOR

ROCKET FLAME-OUT  
GO BACK TO EARTH

PICK UP FOOD SUPPLIES  
MISS ONE TURN

SPACE STATION

NAVIGATIONAL ERROR  
GO BACK 5

Billy Lee Riley

REFUELLING BASE  
MISS ONE TURN

GRAVITATIONAL PULL  
ADVANCE 3

PRESSURE CAB LEAKAGE  
RETURN to REFUELLING BASE

BEHIND SCHEDULE  
ADVANCE 7

ATTRACKED BY MARTIANS  
GO BACK 6

ATMOSPHERIC SHOCK WAVE  
GO BACK 1





Here's Elvis (the Pelvis) Presley as you never saw him — on the *Sun* label with Scotty & Bill, circa 1956



# America's Real Uncle Sam

Robert Finnis Mozie Special

Everybody has heard of 'Blue Suede Shoes' or 'Great Balls of Fire'. They are stock phrases or classic statements in Pop. Even today's teenyboppers have faint notions of their presence. What have they both in common? Both were recorded in the middle-to-late 50's, both in the same Memphis Studio and by artists born within close proximity in the Southern States. Digging deeper, the two records belong to an impressive list of hits to emerge from one label in the fifties, which in three years was to grow from just another tiny label into a major force on the 50's rock n' roll scene and yet - this is significant - remain, by choice, a minor label; *Sun Records*. *Tamla-Motown* and *Stax* began in similar trappings (later in the time scale) but have by now, in the late 60's, become million dollar corporations. Only Spector's defunct *Philles* label can be compared with *Sun* in as much as they both had a readily identifiable sound which made a sizeable impression on record charts while remaining, essentially, one man companies.

## SUN RISE

Sam C. Phillips was born in Florence, Alabama in 1923. After forming a country group in his earlier days, he then became a D.J. and the early 50's found him cutting demos and masters of local blues singers or 'race' records as they were still known in some parts. This was a minority market, but a steady one and Phillips did fairly well leasing suitable masters to labels such as *Chess/Checker*, *R.P.M.* and *Modern* and coming up occasionally with hits such as 'Rocket 88', by Jackie Brenston on Chess. (1951). At this stage his small studio had a few microphones (some say only 2 at first) but this was suitable for the blues sounds which didn't rely too much on perfection but general feel, soundwise. Others he recorded were Howlin' Wolf, B. B. King, Ike Turner, Rufus Thomas, Bobby Bland and Joe Hill Lewis. In 1953 he formed the *Sun* label and early releases included discs by Rufus Thomas, Willie Nix, Roscoe Gordon and a young Junior Parker, billed as Little Juniors Blue Flames. Soon they had a small hit, with a sad, melodic disc by the 'Prisonaires', inmates of the Tennessee State Penitentiary. The song, 'Just Walkin' in the Rain', was recorded 3 years later in 1956, by a then commercially popular white artist, Johnny Ray, who stole the honours. \* *Sun* continued to put out discs by blues artists, but by 1954 a very few white singers appeared, some singing straight country boogie or C. & W. The label was now dealing with two ethnic groups, and releases were few and far between - a policy which was to remain.

## ELVIS PRESLEY

The famous appearance of Elvis Presley on the label occurred in July, '54 with two simultaneous releases out of the blue, crammed in amongst a few blues/gospel discs and a country record:-

- 206 'Cotton Crop Blues'/'Hold Me In Your Arms' - James Cotton
- 207 'There Is Love In You'/'What'll You Do Next' - Prisonaires
- 208 'Right or Wrong'/'Why Do I Cry' - Buddy Cunningham
- 209 'That's Alright'/'Blue Moon of Kentucky' - Elvis Presley
- 210 'I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine'/'Good Rockin' Tonight' - Elvis Presley
- 211 'Just Rollin' Along'/'Drinking Wine' - Malcolm Yelvington
- 212 'The Boogie Woogie'/'Juke Box Boogie' - Dr. Ross

Phillips was a shrewd man and the white kid was the first artist he had with a youthful image. The constant spate of up-tempo blues and boogie tunes reveal that Phillips was right on top of the scene and knew that something was about to break, although it's possible he didn't know what, otherwise he'd be the richest man in the world. He had Presley listen to the original 'That's Alright' by Arthur Crudup and told him to do it his way.

The biggest and most influential disc-jockey in Memphis, Dewey Phillips - no relation to Sam - played 'That's Alright' one night in July of '54. Presley hid in a cinema to avoid the embarrassment and tension (although he told his parents to listen in) of hearing himself.

Forty-seven listeners called in asking for a replay and fourteen sent telegrams to learn where and when the disc was available. The D.J. ended up playing the record seven times that night and it sold 7,000 in Memphis alone within a week. Bob Neal, another D.J. signed Presley for a C. & W. which carried him through the South.

A few releases later, Elvis followed up with 'Milk Cow Blues Boogie'/'You're a Heart Breaker' on *Sun* 215 and 'I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone'/'Baby Let's Play House' on 217. Other *Sun* releases still consisted mainly of blues names and in Autumn '55 Presley's last *Sun* release 'Mystery Train'/'I Forgot to Remember to Forget' (223) appeared. By this time he was the biggest celebrity in the South since Robert E. Lee. There was hunger for his kind of music, but the starving audiences at first didn't know what the hunger was for. When it came

\*In 1953 five temporary residents of this Nashville Prison formed their own so called group - 'The Prisonaires' and wrote their own original material. 'Walking in the Rain' turned out to be a small hit, and then 20 per cent of the profits were turned over to a rehabilitation centre. Before Ray's version became a smash, four of the group had been released. Johnny Bragg co-composer of the song, was still serving a sentence for an offence he committed in 1938 when he was 17. Johnny Ray's label *Columbia* held Bragg's royalties for him. The four others renamed themselves 'The Marigolds' and pursued a career in the South.

along in the form of a white boy moving in a field previously run by coloured guys, they recognised it. The late Steve Sholes of R.C.A. heard him and for the first time ever an executives fund was formed to raise the \$35,000 Sam Phillips asked for Presley's contract and all *Sun* masters so far, including some unissued ones. They got Presley (who got \$5,000 in the deal) and Phillips thought he'd got the best of the bargain.

The *Sun* masters had cost next to nothing but while he knew Presley would be big, he 'never thought he'd be that big'.

The *Sun* recordings were all, white kids singing the blues - the first rockabilly sounds. The white kids enunciation of the blues.

As Rock n' Roll gradually came into its own, Phillips began recording more and more white artists singing rock n' roll, while the minority appeal blues artists were dropped. Even country artists were forced into rock n' roll because that's where the bread was, although at a grassroots level they were carrying on a tradition.

## JOHNNY CASH

In the South there's been a long tradition of musical interaction between spiritual and gospel music. Suddenly blues merged with country. In this way the early pioneers of rock music presented what some call rock-a-billy music to the mass commercial market for the first time. It wasn't R. & B. but it was a legitimate inheritor of the blues heritage and it served as a means of introducing some of the qualities of 'soul' to the mass American audience. It was an exciting and vital contrast to the moribund in-pan alley product of the day.

About the time Presley was hitting his peak with *Sun*, a country singer from Arkansas Johnny Cash (b. 1932) auditioned for Sam Phillips. Cash had been a farm boy who'd joined the airforce and in his spare time had learned the guitar and developed a style which came from the blood; he was a country singer. After he left the service he hit Memphis then the 'coolest' place and along with his Tennessee Two (Marshall Grant on string bass and the late Luther Perkins on lead) prepared for the audition. Phillips was impressed and 'Hey Porter'/'Cry, Cry, Cry' was issued on *Sun* 221 in late '55. It became a national hit, selling 100,000 in the South alone and a year later he was named as the most promising C. & W. artist of the year in 4 polls. The fact remains that Cash was the first young country singer to make it in the pop field on the scale of a pop artist with continued success, without ever veering from country, an extreme rarity in those days.

## CARL PERKINS

On the rock n' roll front, Elvis had a contender with Carl Perkins. They say that Perkins could have given Presley a run for his money, if it wasn't for his



Sam C Phillips in the original Sun studio.



Johnny Cash - before he met Bob Dylan.

Elvis's first recording; in '54 when Elvis was truck driving he used his first pay cheque to record 'Blue Moon' for his mother in the recording booth. Sam Phillips let out for private recordings. A year later when Sam wanted a ballad recorded ('I Love you because') he called in Elvis, but he started to sing the blues, which led to his first release 'That's all right'.

One *Sun* recording was released approximately every three weeks.



crash, but this wasn't a good looking as Presley, who had a kind of Valentino appeal. Perkins looked and was a pure country boy. But the ethnic value of his sound and contributions cannot be denied. His first appearance was on an obscure *Sun* subsidiary label, *Flip*. This was, according to Sam Phillips, a 'non-union label for testing out new talent'\*\*. The disc was 'Movie Magg'/'Turn Around' (both C. & W.) on flip 501. It was withdrawn soon after and Perkins reappeared in Autumn '55 with a single on *Sun* 224 'Gone, Gone, Gone' (rockabilly) and 'Let The Jukebox Keep on Playing' (C. & W.). Perkins was equally at home with country or rock n' roll and his raw, but fairly disciplined powerful voice, epitomised country-rock. The back-ups weren't very tight but more relaxed and rickety, a chug-a-long quality. Never any hard electric stuff. After 'Gone, Gone' did fairly well attracting D.J. interest in Perkins in the South, where he was gigging successfully, he wrote 'Blue Suede Shoes', reportedly after hearing a youngster at a dance date say another 'Watch you don't step on my Blue Suede Shoes'. Phillips liked the song and at a session on Boxing Day 1955, they cut the title along with 'Honey Don't'. It was issued on *Sun* 234 simultaneously with another Perkins disc, more in the country vein, 'Sure to Fall'/'Tennessee' (235). We know what happened to the first although Poor Old Carl had his shoes scuffed by the Elvis who later shamelessly covered it. Nevertheless it did become the very first of 4 or 5 discs which topped all 3 charts (C. & W., R. & B., Pop). The record has a definite semi-acoustic sound, not quite high powered enough, but definitely a landmark sound.

On the way to the Ed Sullivan Show on March 2nd 1956, Perkins was seriously injured in a car smash in which his brother was killed. Perkins was in hospital for 5 months and Presley did the show instead, thus becoming the first rock n' roller to do a national T.V. Show probably the main factor in breaking rock n' roll along with Payola. Perkins had other hits on the *Sun* label: 'Boppin' the Blues' (1956) and 'Your True Love' (1957).

### THE THREE SOUNDS OF SUN 1 - 'A' COOKING

The *Sun* sound can be split into 3 categories or sounds. The first includes all discs from 1953 to early '57 and was the best. It included a wide range of discs, both blues, and later '55-'57 rock n' roll or rockabilly. All these discs (as with most of the very best rock n' roll records) were recorded on comparatively primitive equipment and to compensate, voices, instruments, etc. were boosted or 'cooked' electronically with echo, compression, etc. so that the final sound consisted half of reality, half of 'dream distortion'.

What makes those records so good is that were they crystal clear, the crude reality of the sounds would be brought painfully out. However, with a cooked sound - what went into the mikes was very different from what came out in the booth - the reality was lost.

\*\*It was discontinued after a man called Ed Wells, who ran another 'Flip' label (they had a 1956 hit with 'A Casual Look' by the 'Sixteens') sued Phillips over the name.

of course the 'cooking' was beneficial. The most popular device flutter echo put a hard, extremely earthy edge to anybody's voice, a fierce back-alley echo. To begin with, this early sound had one important factor - bass. There was a lot of bass, especially bass drum, on some of the records. Most of the back-ups usually 3 piece, centred around the string bass, closely recorded and struck with a drum stick to produce that chugging, slapping sound. There was usually plenty of presence although the voice might be lifted into ghostly heights by the flutter echo. (A recent example of this contrast is 'Bad Moon Rising' by Creedence Clearwater, which is by their own admission an attempt at the *Sun* sound, and a very successful replica it is too).

### 2 - JERRY LEE LEWIS

Jerry Lee Lewis was the kind of artist that had to happen. Wild, egotistical, extremely talented, he first appeared on *Sun* 259, 'Crazy Arms'/'End of the Road', in October '56. He was basically a country singer at this time although he had dabbled in boogie forms. 'Crazy Arms' didn't do much, but things well and truly opened up with his next release which crashed the world charts 'Whole Lotta' 'Shakin' Goin' On'/'It'll Be Me', on *Sun* 267. This song had been recorded early in March 1956, without success, by a coloured group called the 'Commodores' on *Dot* and theirs was more Haley like. (Also recorded by Dorothy later 'Dotty' Fredericks). Lewis went on to score more gold discs with *Sun* 281 'Great Balls of Fire'. *Sun* 288 'Breathless' and 'High School Confidential' on *Sun* 296. Then came the U.K. tour with the muck-raking nationals rooty-tooting about Jerry's under-age wife. (Presley could get away with it - Priscilla Beaulieu his wife, was only 12 or 13 when he began dating her in Germany in 1958, whilst in the army.) After a few gigs he returned home disillusioned and depressed and whether by coincidence or not the hits stopped coming. Soon as he got back Jerry recorded a musical 'Pick A Pick A Pick' to the U.K. affair. Issued on *Sun* 301 it was called 'Return of Jerry' (coupled with a black national Bay Lewis Boogie). The disc had little commercial value but was a sketch of Lewis arriving back at the airport and being interviewed by the typical corny American Reporter, billed as 'George' with Lewis who began by asking how the latter was feeling, after the appropriate airport noises. Suddenly the voice track was cut and a segment of Lewis' version of 'I'm Feeling Sorry' inserted. The collage with a play on words made up the whole track. Not surprisingly it didn't sell (wasn't issued here, natch!) but on the other hand it cost nothing to make and it must have made Jerry Lee feel a whole lot better. He was back on form two releases later with 'Break-Up' (*Sun* 301) but though this rocker sold well he couldn't match up to his previous success on disc, until 1961, when he had a surprise smash with 'What'd I Say' (*Sun* 356) after a period in the doldrums.

The early Lewis discs had represented the second style in development of the *Sun* sound. This was tinny with less bass than the earlier Presley, Perkins, Cash sound. The slapped bass had gone and the rhythm back-ups were more conventional with everybody following

Jerry's voice and piano, always in complete autistic control. One gets the feeling, as all the other instruments rumble on after him on his famous crescendos, that they were mindless pawns scuttling after the leader with cries of 'anything you say, Jerry Lee'. However, the weird recording techniques and primitive acoustics of the sound were still in force up to mid '58. The way Sam Phillips recorded always produced a sound which can only be described as 'raw' and the simplest back-ups could be transformed into a wild, distorted, rave-up. *Sun* wasn't the only label capable of this. All over the country exclusively between the years '55-'57 the smaller labels especially, because of lack of facilities, were turning out weirdies of studio gimmickry, some extremely exciting. Once they latched on, the bigger companies copied, *Capitol* with Gene Vincent & the Bluecaps on 'Be Bop-a-Lula' and *Coral* with the Johnny Burnette Trio's utterly fantastic 'The Train Kept a-Rollin' (both '56). Of course some were too primitive and laughable so. For instance, on 'Red Headed Woman'/'We Wanna Boogie' by Sonny Burgess on *Sun* 247 (June '56) there's a fair amount going on, with a sax player and various voices yelling in the background, but unfortunately it sounds as if it was all recorded through one microphone. A muffled thump is keeping the beat while fidgety sounds as though he's frantically vocalising with a pillow between him and the mike. On top of this the sax playing little fills in the background sounds like a comb with lavatory paper! Unintentionally, an amusing sound.

### 3 - SETTING SUN

With the coming of better techniques and equipment by late '58 the studios had more or less tied down recording and could capture a singer's voice and instruments accurately and yet, ironically, this was a bad thing for rock n' roll. With the primitiveness went the fire, earthiness and the fever. Compare the electronic gimmickry of 'Great Balls of Fire', late 1957, its 'popping' effect (break-up of the signal to the mike - occurs with consonants such as 'p' and 'b') on the vocals, to the faithfully recorded 'Money' recorded in *Sun*'s newer studios in Nashville, 1960. In short by 1960 the *Sun* sound had been lost and entered the final phase whereby any of their discs could have been recorded by anyone, anywhere in America. The 60's brought a death blow to *Sun* (original rock n' roll had died by '59) but they had several more pop/rock hits like 'Lonely Weekends' by Charlie Rich (1960) 'Mountain of Love', Harold Dorman (1960) and 'Pretend' by Carl Mann (1960). Cash and Perkins had long left the label, but Lewis remained until 1963 when the label ceased to function except for a few sporadic releases. After 1960 Lewis was produced by Sam's elder brother Judd Phillips, in Nashville, who swamped Jerry Lee in brass and girly choruses in an attempt to modernise him ('Good Golly Miss Molly', 1962, 'What'd I Say', 1961) but succeeded only in recording Lewis, who was going through a bad period, into mediocrity. Phillips never had any ambitions other than money and he never developed *Sun* into anything bigger. Everything was purely functional. He had several subsidiary labels Flip, Blackgold, and the

Well it's one for the money  
And two for the show  
Three to get ready now go cat go  
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes  
You can do anything that you want to do  
But don't step on my blue suede shoes.  
Burn my house  
Drive my car  
Steal my liquor from an old fruit jar  
You can do anything  
But lay off of my blue suede shoes  
Blue Blue Blue, Blue Blue Blue,  
You can do anything  
But lay off of my blue suede shoes.

Blue Suede Shoes, according to a taped interview with Carl he woke up at 4 a.m. with the idea in his mind, wrote it down on a piece of brown paper and took over to Sam in the morning. They chewed it over for a few weeks before recording it. Story of overhead conversation was probably promotion material.



Carl Perkins missed the sunshine - still down south.

'Return of Jerry Lee Lewis': never released in G.B. or London (although they had it) because part of lyrics went so: Q. 'And What did you say to Queen Elizabeth?' A. 'Goodness gracious, great Balls of fire!'



Jerry Lee Lewis



# MIGHTY BABY

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largest 'Phillips Int. which featured Charlie Rich and Bill Justis, the *Sun* house-arranger who hit with the instr. 'Raunchy' (1957) and Jack Clement a house writer/Producer.

There was a philanthropic workshop atmosphere at the label, with everybody playing on everybody else's records anonymously and besides it was a good way to make a few bucks. In the mists of time, however, nobody knows who played where and even Elvis is supposed to have played on a record by Billy 'The Kid' Emerson, called 'Red Hot'/'No Greater Love' (*Sun* 219), circa early '55. 'Play guitar, Elvis,' yells Emerson on the latter title, just before the break.

On a sadder note, were the guys on *Sun* who never made the big time. Names like Sonny Burgess, Warren Smith, Roy Orbison, Hayden Thompson. They were all talented but only a few could make it 'National' and they fell by the wayside doomed to regional success. Usually in the South, where some were bit stars after only a few discs on an unprolific label, release-wise.

Roy Orbison developed a new romantic, singing and writing style on joining Nashville's Monument label in 1959 and consequently became one of the classic names of pop with many hits on that label. Prior to this success, in 1956, Orbison had been a High School student in Texas and impressed by Buddy Holly's progress he formed a group called the 'Teenings' which performed locally. Holly introduced Orbison to Norman Petty the former 'Svengali' and Roy cut four sides in Petty's tiny studio in Clovis, N. Mexico, two of which were released on the local *Level* label, 'Ooby Dooby'/'Trying to Get To You'. These didn't happen, but on Johnny Cash's recommendation Orbison sent them to Sam Phillips who liked them and had him re-cut 'Ooby' and put it out on *Sun* 242. The record sold 350,000 just scrapin' the national chart. He had several more *Sun* releases billed as 'Roy Orbison and the Teenings' and Orbison moved to Memphis where he lived for a while. The subsequent releases didn't sell but he appeared on all the rockabilly tours.

'On our early tours, we had two Cadillacs. One for me and one for my group. We couldn't really afford them. On one tour, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Warren Smith and myself and band all had our own Caddies - about seven or eight. We formed a caravan and followed each other into town. I'd put in as much as 5,000 miles in that car in one week, driving myself.'

Elvis had a Cadillac, too. It wasn't his, but we didn't know that. He's appeared in the Southern States in a pink Cadillac and in his lace pink and black outfit. The outfit came from a man's shop in Memphis, on Beale Street. It was called 'Lansky Brothers'. They had all this wild gear. The coloured guys were the first to wear those clothes. That was a big thing, to get those clothes, a diamond ring and a Cadillac. All the rockabillies got their clothes there.'

Phillips is quoted as saying (of Orbison) 'I knew his voice was pure gold, but I'd felt he'd be dead inside a month if people saw him'.

Others like Ray Smith and Hayden Thompson were losers because they were derivatives of the more successful *Sun* artists. Although they cut some good sides, they sound either identical to a more successful stablemate or a conglomerate of two or three. Smith

sounds like Jerry Lee/Carl Perkins, while Thompson is more like Presley. He even went around in a truck with 'You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog' on the side, dressing and behaving like Elvis. Sonny Burgess could easily be mistaken for Perkins, while others like Warren Smith became pawns. Smith was a pure C. & W. singer but rock n' roll was where the gold was and Phillips had him record this style.

His first 'Rock n' Roll Ruby' on *Sun* 239 (penned by Johnny Cash) sold well but didn't go national and he cut others in the rock n' roll vein like 'Ubangi Stomp' and 'Miss Froggie' (both '56).

These were all early *Sun* classics with plenty of 'bottom'. 'Ubangi Stomp', a heavy boogie, as amusing as it shows up Smith's dislike of singing rock n' roll, his flips always being country.

The humorous lyrics are sung in an utterly indifferent, dry, unhappy sounding voice;

'Well I've rocked over Italy and I've rocked over Spain, I rocked in Memphis, it was all the same, I've rocked through Africa and rolled off the ship. Saw them natives doin' an odd lookin' skin. Well I looked up the chief, he invited me in, Heap big jam-session 'bout to begin.' He was glad to leave *Sun* to record his real love, country, but has long since been lost in the morass.

Well I looked up the chief, he invited me in,

Heap big jam-session 'bout to begin.'

He was glad to leave *Sun* to record his real love, country, but has long since been lost in the morass.

#### BILLY LEE RILEY

Sam was perceptive but overlooked one singer who had the looks and style to have made it in a very big way but as pop history has it, he remained popular only regionally.

His name was Billy (Lee) Riley. Unlike all the others, Riley didn't have the typical 'Southern Boy' looks of Perkins, Lee Lewis, Ray Smith, etc. but more mysterious in the Presley manner, and this was partly due to his Red Indian blood. He had very high cheek bones, a very hard face and was a little younger than the rest, being 20 and whereas the others looked like grown men, he retained a boyish quality like Presley, whom he vaguely resembled. In 1956 after a long stint in the army, he recorded a master in Memphis with Jack Clement (who was soon after to join *Sun*), which Phillips purchased and issued in June '56; 'Trouble Bound'/'Rock With Me Baby'. The disc, a la Presley, didn't do a thing, but Sam Phillips saw something in the boy although as with Elvis overlooked his total potential. Riley's next release recorded at *Sun* was 'Flying Saucers Rock n' Roll' (*Sun* 266, Oct. '56). The record wasn't as cumbersome as its title but a great sound, well recommended. A typical rock tune (or anti-tune) it was primitive, echo-laden and a typical *Sun* smasher. His voice was literally all grits n' gravel and after a session like this his vocal chords must have looked like rhubarb. He made Coenran sound like a honey-voiced choir-boy. Too early to be derivative Riley was singing what was in the blood, like all those early singers circa 1956. It sold about 30,000 and Riley with the enthusiasm of a young guy on the make, thought he was in for the big time. But he wasn't. He began to tour on the Rockabilly shows and his next release sold 50,000, became very big in the South and nearly broke out in the rest of the country. This was 'Red Hot', similar to 'Saucers' but not as

good, being bogged down by a back-up vocal chorus. After bordering on the brink this disc with Carl Perkins on guitar, didn't live up to its initial promise but Riley found himself popular especially on tours.

'Talent will out' didn't seem to work for Riley though, and his subsequent releases bombed. He sessioneered for Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee, but left the label in 1960 and has since been lost in the mists of time, making discs for other labels, some of which made use of his harmonica prowess. Until his very recent release on U.K. *Stax* 'Goin' Back to Memphis' he had never had an English release in 13 years.

*London Decca*, an excellent, diverse label in its heyday, never saw fit to issue many *Sun* discs over here.

#### THE GREATS...

Pop has never been acknowledged as a music of the people like Jazz, blues, folk, etc., but as a worthless money-making media. Sam Phillips had those latter motives in mind (he only paid 3% as to the usual 7% but what he was putting down was basically a valid music form; young mid-fifties Americana expressing itself in a new found way. He claims to have to believe in a record before he put it out and the comparatively few releases bear out this claim.

If you take a 20-25 year old singer from a group today and get him to sing even the simplest songs like 'Good Golly Miss Molly' he'll sound ill at ease, not in control; subservient to the song. On those early *Sun* records the vocalists had full dynamic authority, they were men before their time and this applies, of course, to others like Little Richard, early Gene Vincent and to a certain extent Johnny Burnette.

#### SAM PHILLIPS

Today, Sam Phillips, now 46, looks exactly the same. He is immensely rich and has various broadcasting and recording interests, but the *Sun* rights have been taken over by Shelby Singleton, the writer/producer/publisher, although Phillips still has some controlling interests. Recently, Singleton activated a 'new' *Sun* label and several albums of the original *Sun* hits by Cash and Lewis, re-mixed in Stereo, have been issued, also others by Charlie Rich and Roy Orbison.

There is a large stockpile of unissued material, especially of blues artists from the pre-1955 days. The original studio, where all the million sellers were recorded, has been pulled down and the Sam Phillips complex is now located close to the heart of Downtown Memphis, where the studio is hired out to all labels/producers.

There are many more companies today than in the old days of *Sun* and the later *Stax*. More studios, more companies, many of them operated by producers and engineers who originally cut their teeth in the '50's with artists from the *Sun* stable, like Roland Janes, lead guitar on 'Whole Lotta' Shakin', who owns the 'Sonic Sound Studios'.

Sam Phillips turned down Conway Twitty, Buddy Holly ('too much like Elvis') Sam Cooke, sadly neglected Billy Riley and sold Elvis for £10,000. But all in all the list of names Phillips introduced to records is staggering, so total, that it will probably remain unbeatable. Unbeatable till eternity

Well the little green men were real hep cats Rockin' and a rollin' to the crazy flats, I couldn't understand a word they said, But the crazy beat real stopped me dead Well I come out of hiding and I started to rock

And the little green men taught me how to bop

They was three foot high Hit a few bars Brought rock and roll all the way from Mars.



Billy Lee Riley - his Red Indian heritage very apparent.

#### The Sun Legend! by Paul Vernon

If you're into Blues Rock-a-billy, Rock, Country or Sunfreak, this is the book you've been looking for. Available from Dobels, Charing Cross Rd. W2, or from Paul Vernon, 172 Cricklewood Lane London NW2 at 7s plus 1s postage. Get your copy now!

Sam Phillips started out in 1950 as D.J. and Band Promoter at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis. He set up *Sun* Studios in 1953. He is now a Millionaire, owning the three studios in Memphis where most of Memphis Soul is recorded.



Not the original studios, but its all we could find

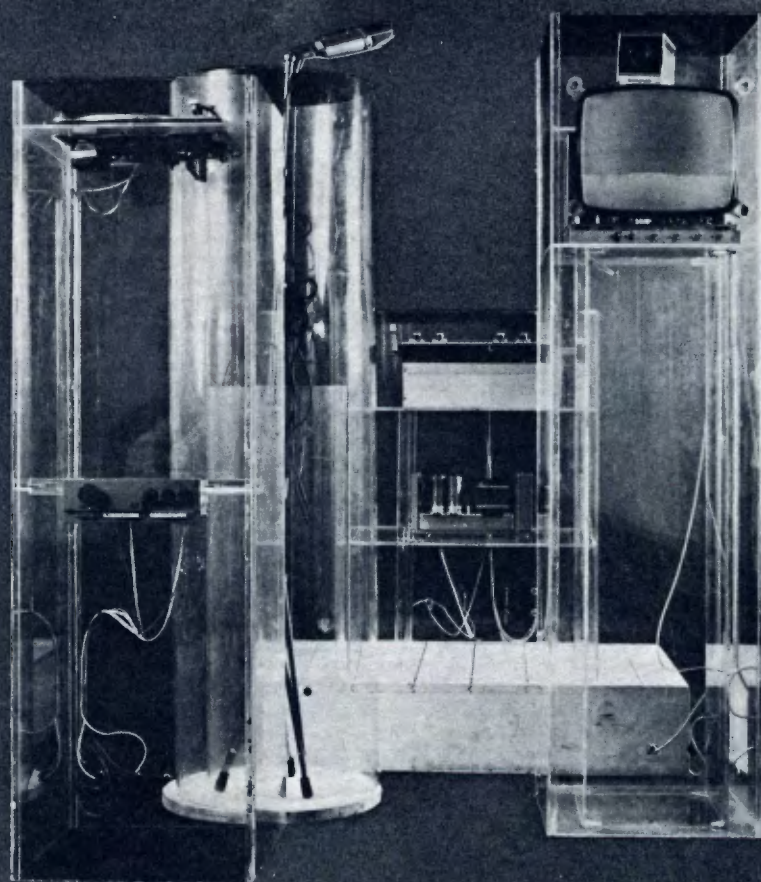




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Records

With fab pics and poetry  
in 1970 calendar!



**PLASTIC ONO BAND**-LIVE PEACE IN TORONTO APPLE RECORDS CORE 2001 OUT NOW



# The Great White Wonder

Felix Dennis

**The Great White Wonder** (Bob Dylan with his pants down)  
**Bob Dylan** (& Guests/ No label/no number.

November the 24th 1969. 'The Great White Wonder' hit London in bulk today as Jeff The Fireman hawked sealed copies from a cardboard box tucked nervously under his arm. 'Five ten a set, man... take it or leave it... sorry, cash, no cheques... take it or leave it...'. Mostly they were taking. Five pounds and ten shillings might seem a lot to pay for two records, even a bootlegged double Dylan L.P., especially as only last September Rolling Stone reported it retailing in Los Angeles stores at under half that price.

It's being marketed like dope. There's the same restrained air of paranoia, the absurd metaphorical telephone calls... 'You know, man... **THE** album... look, man, this is an open line... Whaadaya mean which album??... stupid muthafucka... **THE** album...', the huddled street corner conversations in the 'Gate, a flash of blue notes and everybody wondering just who is burning who.

Jeff is hustling, but handing over each copy sadly as his stock dwindles. His contact tells him this will be the only shipment to London for three months and he wishes he had more. He refuses to tell just how many have been sent... 'Don't want no aggro' from C.B.S. do I?...', but it's obvious that buyers are not hard to find. Although we've been hearing whispers about 'those tapes' for months now, they've been hard to locate. I can remember a freak at the original Arts Lab' excitedly playing me half a side on a battered cassette recorder as long ago as November '68, but generally they've only been available at an unbelievable price from under the counter of one very hip London record store, which specialises in the 'Import-upmanship' game, or from friends of friends of friends who have friends in the States...

And where, exactly, did they come from anyway; these treasured great white elephants? The mysterious promoters of what must be the biggest pop music find/fraud since Mrs. Holly so 'luckily' stumbled over the forgotten tapings of

her dear, departed Buddy whilst clearing out the attic, seem to have availed themselves of two major sources of material. The first is from a tape allegedly taken in a Minneapolis hotel room back in December 1961, featuring Dylan rapping obscurely on four tracks and singing on twelve others, accompanying himself with guitar and harmonica. If the date is correct this would mean Dylan had not at that time signed his recording deal with Columbia Records, and indeed, two of the songs included, 'Man Of Constant Sorrow' and 'See That My Grave Is Kept Clean', are merely earlier versions of numbers included on 'Bob Dylan', his first Columbia L.P. Apart from one other song on the package, 'Only A Hobo', (which had previously been released on the Broadside label on 'Broadside Ballads Volume One; A Handful Of Songs About Our Time', with Dylan masquerading as a certain Blind Boy Grunt), none of the other twenty odd cuts have seen the light of day before, except as material for artists like Manfred Mann, The Byrds, Brian Auger & Julie Driscoll and The Band. It's The Band, too, who provide the musical accompaniment for Dylan on the second tape source, the by now infamous 'basement tapes', recorded in the cellar of Dylan's upstate New York home, just prior to his journey to Nashville early in '67 to cut 'John Wesley Harding'. Titles from this session include, 'Mighty Quinn', 'If You Gotta Go - Go Now', 'Tears of Rage', 'Wheels On Fire' and 'Nothing Was Delivered'.

The last, and most recent track in the whole collection, 'Livin' The Blues', was taped directly from Dylan's appearance on the 'Johnny Cash Show', televised in the U.S. earlier this summer. It features Bob mechanically C & W'ing his way through a composition suspiciously reminiscent in both title and chord structure to the old Tommy Steele hit, 'Singing The Blues'. This is pure 'Skyline' Dylan. The (Isle of) Wight suited hype who smiled condescendingly through his beard at us for an hour in September. Here, as then, he sounds vaguely bored with his own performance. The audience is ecstatic.

Sound quality throughout the twenty six tracks might at best be described as mushy. At worst, it's absolutely

dreadful. Generally speaking, the Minneapolis tape seems to have suffered least in the transition to flat plastic. Many of the cuts on the 'basement tape' sound at times as if they were recorded by an enterprising neighbour from a room adjacent to the cellar, or as if at some point they had been subjected to re-recording over a long-distance telephone hookup. It would hardly be fair to suggest that this represents The Band at their best. Often bass and high treble frequencies are lost altogether, songs fade abruptly in mid chorus and words are buried in humm and feedback. Poor Richard Manuel (of The Band), who, if I'm not mistaken, is harmonising with Dylan on these songs, either had a really bum mike or a sore throat... listen carefully in 'Mighty Quinn' and you'll hear what I mean.

Remember that none of this material was ever intended for release. And, in a way of course, there lies half the appeal of The Great White Wonder. Here's Mr. Dylan with his pants down. Dylan **exposed**. Dylan **vulnerable**. Dylan without the stifling protection of Albert Grossman, CBS Studios, Bob Johnson, handpicked Nashville session musicians and the best engineers that money can buy. Proof that behind the publicity mask of Bob Dylan there lies... what? A happy family man who digs jamming with friends in his own cellar? It would be nice to think so.

Technical hangups aside, it's still fascinating to hear America's answer to Donovan prove that when it comes down to it, nobody, but nobody sings Dylan like Dylan. 'Tears Of Rage', for example, is so far removed from The Band's own version that I had difficulty in placing the song at first. His phrasing, timing and delivery are, as always, superb and completely unique. With Dylan singing it, this song takes on a whole new meaning; the story of a man confused and utterly bewildered at the miserable condition of his own country. A man outraged by his treatment and the treatment of his friends and fellow citizens from the 'authorities'. This is 'Desolation Row' Dylan... 'Tears Of Rage, Tears of Grief/Why must I always be the thief? Why? Why? Why? He may well ask.

Of the new material on the 'basement

tape', 'Open The Door Richard', is probably the most outstanding. Now, wait a minute. Don't I remember that chorus from an old, warped 78 by, er... yeah... Roy Fox and His All Star Band? Wasn't 'Open The Door Richard' a knees up tango out of the pre-war madness of my mother's childhood? I rang her. Yes, of course she knew 'Open The Door Richard'. She sang it to me and I listened in embarrassment... it was the same. Another Dylan put on. O.K. I know he's mumbling, 'I've heard that song before... right after the chorus... irony with a capital 'i'... but is that why such an amazing song (and it is an amazing song), was never released? How long does copyright last on a song anyway; not that plagiarism ever bothered Dylan before.

For those who like their Dylan straight, undiluted and non-electric, the hotel tapes contain a wealth of nostalgia and 'honest Bob'. That bitter, angry young man, passionately denouncing the Klu Klux Klan for beatin' up them niggers because they git uppity if they ain't kipt dahn, boy... on the farm... cotton sacks/on their backs/railway tracks/peepin' thro' the cracks/of the wooden shacks... the white man's preacher screams at a black man who's had the impudence to learn to read... 'What you don't un'erstan' boy is that there is lots o' **good** ways f'r a man to be wicked!' Oh, really?

Or try this, from 'Abner Till', to story of the beating of an innocent negro... And I'm just singing you this song/to remind you that this sort of thing is still goin' on/... an' so that we can make this great land of ours even greater t' live in... How far from Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman or the analogies and metaphors of 'Highway '61' could you get? Why, even Dylan might permit himself an indulgent smile at these takes. Still, it's good to listen to him singing in that nasal voice and picking his guitar and blowing his harmonica and coughing and rapping and pretending he's (the new) Woody Guthrie. He was young and poor in those days, and like he said later on in 'Just Like A Rolling Stone'... 'when you ain't got nothin', you ain't got nothin' to lose...'. That's exactly how he handles these sixteen cuts; easy, relaxed and like he ain't got nothin' to lose. Which he hasn't.



# The Byrds— always beyond today



"While there is an underlying consistency to all their work, The Byrds have a capacity to grow in a way uncommon to the pop scene. They are always pushing themselves to the next plateau, even with one eye glancing at their past...Before seeing the group live I played 'Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde' several times and loved it without qualification."

Jon Landau, Rolling Stone.



DR. BYRDS AND MR. HYDE  
(S) 63545

The Byrds—  
always  
beyond  
today  
on



THE SWEETHEART OF  
THE RODEO (S) 63353

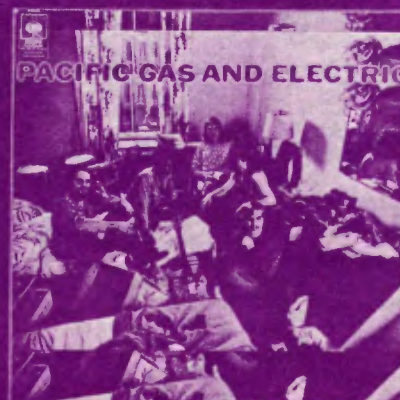


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"Five more different and divergent personalities could not be conceived of — a Jew, a Christian, a Black, a Greaser and a WASP. What we have learned about one another in the year and a half that we have been together as the PG&E is: no matter how different we are in philosophies and life styles, the common denominator between us is the music..."



PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC  
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THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES



Do you ever get the feeling that you want to disengage yourself from life? To withdraw into some kind of solitary contemplation just to think about everything for a while? Everything. You. Her. It. Them.

Well that's how a poet feels, because he's no different from everyone else. What makes a poet different is that he takes time to put it all down on paper. Beautifully. And what makes Leonard Cohen a very different poet is that he turns his poetry into songs.

He did it for SONGS OF LEONARD COHEN, his first album. And it achieved a rare kind of success.

The first time we sprang him on you cold, and people had to get warmed up to this very unusual artist. But now there's actually a demand up front for Leonard Cohen.

Then there came SONGS FROM A ROOM, the second Leonard Cohen album for the growing number of people who have identified with him. And what he feels. But don't have that rare poetic vision.

There could be millions of Leonard Cohens in the world. You may even be him yourself.

## THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES



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SONGS OF LEONARD COHEN  
(S) 63241



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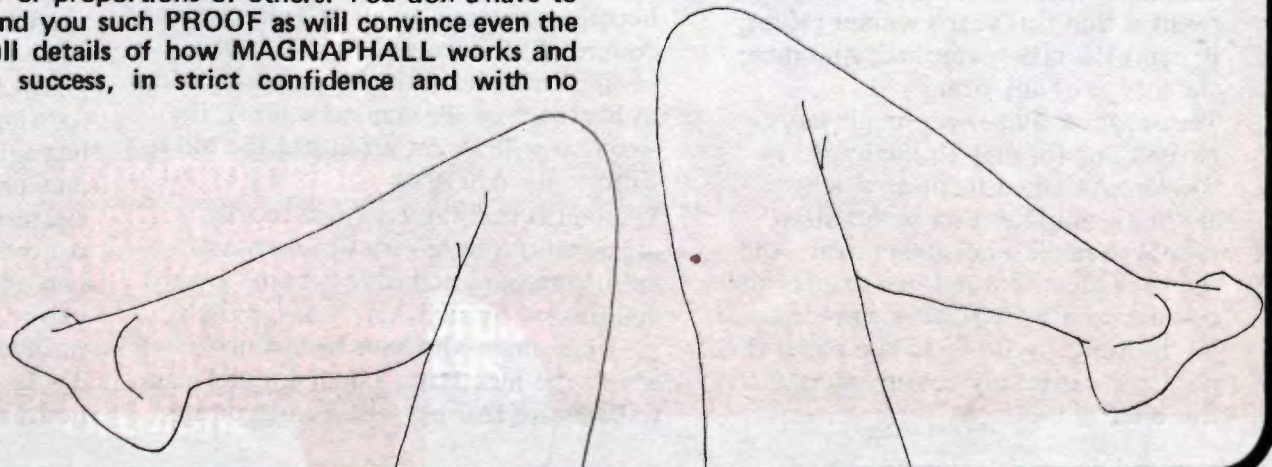
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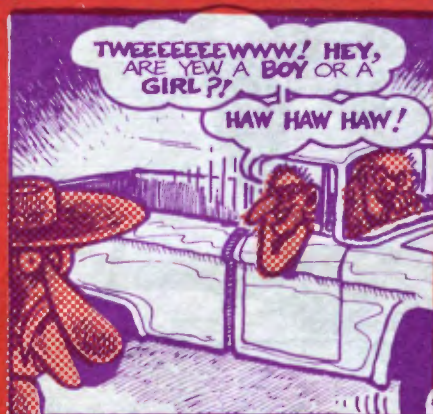
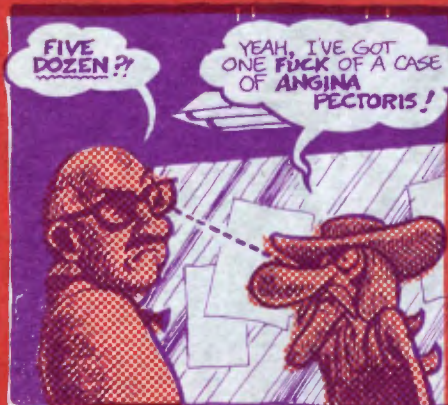
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# THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS





# THE PRINCE



I LOVE ROCK & ROLL, but the SPIRIT of the SINGERS whose SONGS I DO  
are LIVING with me " " I sang in back alleys and on subway trains  
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS TO SPREAD JOY ALL OVER " "   
will you be here long - or just passing th   
Don't tell me rain bow

even as a child, I used to get a thrill just watching the shellac records spinning around on the turntable. I'd press my nose to the label and it was like magic to me. I actually felt as if I was living in the grooves—and I really haven't changed at all! Even now, when I get a big box of records, I drag them to my room, close the door, wind up my 1909 Victor phonograph and listen to them straight through. Maybe I'm a living ghost of the past, but it's more than just singing to me. I go into a trance and usually end up sitting there in my room with my head lodged inside the horn of my record player.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL  
A GHOST STORY OF CHRISTMAS

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.



Come Tiptoe through the window  
Well here I am on record AT LAST! It feels so WONDERFUL to be here on my first Album...

**"IT'S THE SINGER NOT THE SONG"**

"FOR A BIRD OF THE AIR SHALL CARRY THE VOICE AND THAT WHICH HATH WINGS SHALL TELL THE MATTER."



I'm a looser, a clumsy clown  
So why does she come around  
acting so sweet... Is she just  
laughing at me ?????

**"The True Love Of A Good  
Woman Is The Only Thing  
Missing From My Life."**

**"I See Her Face  
Each Time I Sing."**

Tiny has seen this vision, this inspiration,  
for as long as he has been singing. "She  
has never deserted me," he declares. "She  
is between 15 and 25, and is always with  
me. I guess I always needed an audience,  
and back in those very hard times when I  
was first starting to sing, I had to invent  
one. Anyway, this is my dream girl, and I  
think one of the reasons that I must go on  
singing is the strong hope I carry that she  
will someday really appear, in the flesh."

Secret love, where are you?

**"When I met my future wife  
I knew I had seen her before...  
she had come to me in a dream as  
a fairy princess. I fell in love with  
her. I shed a little tear and put it  
in an envelope to keep"**

Tiny Tim's actual age is un-  
known—to all except himself  
and his parents. "I consider I  
am 18," he smiled.

**EVERYONE COME TO THE BALL  
I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL**

"I heard a linnnet  
Courtning  
His lady in the spring  
His mates were idly  
shorting  
Not stayed to hear him  
sing  
His song  
of love—  
I fear my  
speech blustering  
his tender  
love"

"He held out his hand  
and she had to comply  
he spoke with his eyes and  
A beautiful lady became Mrs. Brady

**AND NOW THE MOST  
PROFOUND Duet IN THE LONG  
HISTORY OF SONG!**

COME COME  
MY LIFE IS LONLEY  
LONG FOR YOU

COME COME  
I LOVE YOU ONLY  
MY HEART IS TRUE

I GOT YOU  
BABE  
I GOT YOU  
BABE

**YOU CAN KNOW IT ALL  
IF YOU CHOOSE  
REMEMBER LOVER'S NEVER  
LOOSE  
THEY ARE FREE  
FREE FREEEEE**

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD CHILDREN I USED TO

LOVELINESS IS EVERYWHERE  
FEAR'S JUST IN YOUR HEAD  
FORGET YOUR HEAD  
AND YOU'LL BE FREE  
FREE FREEEEEEEE  
♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

**"THE ARTICULATE AUDIBLE VOICE OF THE PAST,  
WHEN THE BODY AND MATERIAL SUBSTANCE OF  
IT HAS ALTOGETHER VANISHED LIKE A DREAM!"**

**THE WORLD IS WIDE  
WITH MANY TIN  
BUT FEW SO RARE AS  
TINY TIM.**

"God bless every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.  
He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob  
held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and  
wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be  
taken from him.  
"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before,  
"tell me if Tiny Tim will live."  
"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-  
corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved.  
If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will  
die."  
"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be  
spared."  
"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other  
of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then?"

**THE ICE CAPS ARE MELTING  
THE TIDE IS RUSHING IN  
ALL THE WORLD IS DROWNING  
TO WASH AWAY THE SIN.**

**WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE SWEET LOVE  
NO NOT JUST FOR SOME... BUT FOR EVERYONE**

Piping down the valleys wild  
Piping songs of pleasant glee  
On a cloud I saw a child  
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a song about a Lamb  
So I piped with merry cheer,  
Piper pipe that song again—  
So I piped, he wept to hear

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,  
So I sung the same again  
While he wept with joy to hear.

CLOWN... A GREAT  
ROMANTIC, THE  
SPIRIT OF POPULAR  
MUSIC MADE  
FLESH. THE  
MOST  
INCREDIBLE

there are three main rea-  
sons why I sing. The first is to give thanks  
to God for the gift he gave me. Number  
two is to cheer people whether they are  
young or old, with a song of the past or  
present. And number three, and perhaps  
above all, is because of all the lovely women  
who with their beauty cause my heart to  
overflow with joy.



IF I MADE A MOVIE I SHOULD LIKE TO PLAY  
IN A CHRISTMAS  
CAROL

SO PURE, SO SURREAL... WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID,  
IF YOU HAVE EARS TO HEAR LEND THEM TO  
DERRY DOVER, LARRY LOVE, TEXICAL TEX, JUDAS  
FOXGLOVE, TINY TIM HE WILL THEM TO  
OVERFLOWING...

**"GOD BLESS US EVERYONE!" said Tiny  
Tim... the last of All**



# Hipocrates

**QUESTION:** I am a very early riser, strictly a morning man, and my mate is a late sleeper. Therein lies my dilemma.

There is nothing I like better than having intercourse with her as she awakes, or more precisely, waking her up with the actual coital act. When first awakened, she sometimes is a bit irritable but quickly gets over this. Since there is little or no foreplay involved, I cannot sustain myself long enough for her to achieve complete sexual gratification. I'm beginning to be concerned about the wisdom of this practice but I don't want to give it up because it really does turn me on.

We are not up-tight about this thing but I do feel the need to improve the situation for more mutual satisfaction. What can we do to help my mate achieve sexual gratification on short notice?

*P.S. This letter is on the level.*

**ANSWER:** You could spend months or years of psychotherapy trying to determine why you wish to take your wife unawares — or adjust to the situation. If this is a frequent practice your wife isn't really surprised. But if she can't get any satisfaction, neither will you fully.

Sounds as if you two should discuss very openly with each other your mutual needs and wants. Incidentally, my laboratory assistant says she can think of no better way to start the day.

**QUESTION:** I have a story I would like to relate to you. Here it is:

Herb visited Linda in December and again in July. He did not see her in the six months inbetween and therefore did not ball her during that time.

Linda stopped taking her birth control pills early in April and became pregnant later that month. She claims that Herb is the father. That she carried around the sperm (or the fertilized egg) from December until April and when she stopped taking birth control pills became pregnant. She is now four months pregnant.

A psychiatrist told Herb that this is possible. The Free Clinic said it was impossible. I personally don't believe it.

Have you ever heard of this? Do you think it could happen?

**ANSWER:** Linda will have to accept some other explanation. Pregnancy could occur, for example, without intercourse if the sperm were deposited at or near the vaginal entrance. Perhaps Herb misinterpreted the psychiatrist's words. He might have said something like "Well . . . anything is possible, but . . ."

Spermatozoa can remain alive in the vagina no more than 2 or 3 days whether or not a woman is taking birth control pills. Deep-freezing can maintain sperm cells in a state of suspended animation for long periods of time. But your friend would have had to be quite literally frigid for this phenomenon to occur.

**QUESTION:** If you have been circumcised, can you become uncircumcised through a skin graft?

One of my friends has been to Japan and he says there it is quite common for men who have been circumcised to get skin grafts.

**ANSWER:** Medical opinion remains divided regarding the merits of routine circumcision.

Urologists, movies, and other proponents cite the lack of penile cancer in Jewish men and the low incidence of cancer of the cervix in their wives. Circumcision prevents an accumulation of smegma, the cheesy substance beneath the foreskin thought to be a cancer-producing irritant. Routine circumcision also prevents tightening of the foreskin and certain penile irritations of infancy. Opponents or routine circumcision point out that psychological effects on the infant are unknown. How does he perceive this attack on his privates? No anesthetics are used and the baby almost always cries, though many physicians say the baby feels no pain (they mean it doesn't hurt the physician). Freud neglected this area, perhaps because

he was a victim of the ritual. Claims have been made that uncircumcised males are more sensitive, but the few objective tests made of this question have shown no difference in sensitivity.

My own opinion is that routine circumcision is unnecessary if mothers learn how to care for their infant sons. The foreskin should be regularly (and gently) pulled back from the head of the penis and accumulated smegma cleansed with soap and water. Boys should be taught this as a matter of personal hygiene. But even with scrupulous cleansing, some males will have persistent irritations and tightened foreskins requiring circumcision later in life. And circumcision in adult males requires hospitalization for several days (several months ago I printed a letter from a fellow who broke some stitches while kissing his girl goodnight).

Skin grafts to replace severed foreskins are possible. But so is the graft of an entire penis (non-functional, except for the elimination of urine).

A physician proponent of routine circumcision said of his opposition, 'They are wrong to the amount of difference.' Or maybe it's much ado about little.

**QUESTION:** For almost as long as I can remember I have had small pimples on the lower underside of my penis. They are about the size of goose pimples.

At first I thought that this was normal but then I began to wonder. Please tell me if my conditions is abnormal and, if so, what to do about it.

**ANSWER:** The 'goosebumps' you describe are oil glands, many of which contain hairs. They are a perfectly normal part of the adult male anatomy. If you still have doubts, why not ask your physician next time you have an annual examination.

Dear Dr Hipocrates is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5. Send your questions c/o OZ.



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VALENTYNE SOUTE

Juicy Lucy

Martini Man Chapter Three

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This interview with Peter Fonda is extracted from the Georgia Straight, an Underground newspaper published in Vancouver, British Columbia.

**PETER FONDA:** There was these pictures on my desk in the motel room in Toronto, and one picture showed me and Bruce Dern from 'Wild Angels' riding along the Venice beach-front just before we pull into Dern's house, in the beginning of the picture . . . Only the picture was printed in such a way that all the background was almost washed-out — the beach and everything was very white and all you could see was Dern and me on the chop . . . and I thought Hey that's a far-out image . . . and I looked at it for a second you know, two guys — not a gang, but John Ford and Ward Bond, or Monty Clift, the searchers, just two cats man . . . Far-out image . . . and then I was playing my guitar for a while, and then I played 'Fat Angel' by Donovan, whose first lines are: 'He'll bring you happiness in a pipe. Then he'll ride away on your silver bike. And apart from that he'll be so kind, in consenting to blow your mind . . . Fly Trans-Love Airways, get you there on time . . .' I thought Man, yeah, that's the image . . . So I thought, these two guys they go across the country; all sorts of things'll happen to them, all sorts of different situations — always I said with *themselves* they come face to face . . . with the hippies, with the southerners, with everything . . . And like 'Mice and Men' one guy is the straight and the other guy is the foil, you know . . . looking for it . . . he's believing it, he's believing he bought his freedom and the other guy ain't so sure all the time . . . And at the end they get killed, right from left field. In my own mind I said Now the audience who sees this film . . . my subculture fans who saw 'Wild Angels'

and 'The Trip' will say Ah, Fonda's going to get away with it this time . . . he's got to get away with it this time . . . And I said (snaps fingers) We take it away from them.

**GS:** How detailed was the screenplay? According to the publicity blurb, Terry Southern just kind of wrote up a few things and handed it into somebody — I mean based on your ideas . . .

**FONDA:** I'll tell you what happened. I was in Europe and there comes Terry, to see Vadim and Jane about 'Barbarella' and he gets drunk and high and he says 'What are ya — what are ya doing?' and I said 'Oh I'm going to do this movie'. What's the story? 'Blah blah blah' and he said 'That's a far-out story, that's one of the great stories I've heard, it's got a beginning, a middle and an end'. 'What are you going to do?' and I said 'Oh, we got to get a writer to help us put it in screenplay form'. He says 'I'm your man'. I said 'Terry, you cost a hundred and fifty thousand a script, that's your whole budget'. He said 'No no no, you don't understand, I'm your man'. . . we got together and Dennis and I sat down and rapped the story with Terry sitting there, into a tape recorder . . . Then we brought it back, sold it, to Bert Schneider, who said 'Far out, how much do you want?' I said 'What do you want?' . . . and he left us totally alone. Terry lent us the name, which was very important . . . it gave Columbia the idea that we had something more than just a schlock motorcycle flick. And we actually did the script — it was absolutely written out. The dialogue in some instances was led into with an idea, like we didn't have a scene for Luke Askew by the fire, where he says he wants to be Porky Pig and I said I never wanted to be anybody else and we talk around, just that kind of non sequitur, stoned talk. But we led in saying, you know, we're going to talk about where we are, who he is and the mystique about him, and about the fact that I never wanted to be anybody

else . . . Then we just went in and did it, you know? The next scene, the jail, the hippie commune, we just ad libbed . . . but we knew what we had to do, what was going to happen — not what we had to say.

**GS:** That's the way films should be made!

**FONDA:** A great deal of my personality goes in, just like Dennis — a great deal of his personality goes into that — and Jack Nicholson, who was born in New Jersey, not in Texas, you know, and he doesn't drink even . . .

**GS:** Was that speech his, or in the script?

**FONDA:** We ad libbed the going into it, with the joint and everything like that. We just goofed around a bit there and we get into the U.F.O. speech — written, word for word. Dennis wrote that speech. Then we get out of it on an ad lib sequence: How's your joint George? We'll save it, we'll do it tomorrow, first thing . . . And the next scene, in the restaurant, that was all ad-libbed. We knew what we had to say . . . and those guys in those seats were not actors, they were people, they were just there, and we put them in their positions and said Listen, this is what you can say and what you know . . . and you can say anything bad about us cause we're the worst people in the world . . . you know, we just raped and killed a chick outside of town (we told them a few lies, you know) . . . And then Hoppie came on, he said Talk about the bike, our beards, our grubby looks, the long hair, the beads, everything . . . talk about the flag and the inky queers, anything you want to . . . And they just came right off with it.

**GS:** Yeah, they really did.

**FONDA:** Yeah they really did, man . . . they really did! When he says 'I don't think they'll make the parish line', they really meant it.

**GS:** Oh, wow!

**FONDA:** We also wanted to get into how they respond, how the herd responds to anybody who comes into it different. We are herd-instinct people, all of us, I mean whether we're Americans or Russians or Chinese, and soon as somebody comes in with a different attitude, man. Whew! uptight, they call the bulls out and the bulls go in and do in the individual . . . We have a problem, not only the black versus white in the country, but, you know, the poor, the haves versus the have-nots, whatever it is. And we could have made the movie in Chicago, Michigan, Ohio, we could have made the same pic. The same problems exist. But we didn't use, you notice, the spade thing except as a background thing, we show the white cemetery — the brilliant white things with the crosses and everything and the great mansions in the town — and then the black side of town, with the blacks in their little shacks, and everything like that. We ourselves don't get involved with it except an occasional something like, Yeah, well you'll get out of jail if you haven't killed anybody, at least nobody white. We get involved with the problem without ever getting into the cliché, which I hoped would be one of the greatest parts of the film because then nobody could walk away saying Ah well they dealt with that problem well. Because . . . it goes beyond dealing with a problem. We used a western, but the genre of motorcycles which is our western, it's the outlaws of our group . . . I mean these dudes that ride around on their bikes, man, with their far-out stuff . . . I dig 'em, I let them go by and they say Far out, look at that guy! So there is a western, an outlaw, an outcast — not a rebel with a political cause or anything else, just a complete inarticulate reaction to what's happened. I mean we're reactionaries because we're reacting to what's happening rather than acting. And we go that off in the film. We reacted . . . and got reacted against. And, you know, people have complained about things like the cocaine score at the beginning of the film. They said it's

These dudes on their bikes I dig 'em far out stuff...





terrible to do that now you're a big hero and everybody's going to think it's alright — I'm not a hero, I think nobody's going to score cocaine, I don't think it's going to happen. But people have said it will, and How come you don't have more about that, it just was so easy, you just simply went in and tasted it and it was all friendly, the guy hugs you like he's your father, and his name's Jesus, and so forth . . . and everything's so easy and just get to the airport, everybody is smiling and planes are landing already and you give it to Phil Spector and he gives you the money and everything's cool and you split.

GS: But he's really uptight; that's nice. FONDA: He was terrified of those planes. He really didn't know . . . we didn't know whether they'd hit us or not, they were really right over the top of our heads. The gig is if we'd had some big dramatic scene of scoring the cocaine, where there was a lot of danger in what we were doing, and people chasing us or something, it would have lifted it off what we had done. All we did was a sample, illegal, immoral federal act. We could have been selling newspapers like William Randolph Hearst, it's the same act. He's pushing, he was in his time pushing false hope, false, you know, lies and shit like that, no matter who went down . . . he built San Simeon . . . no matter what it cost, and it cost several lives. So we score cocaine no matter who goes down, but we make it as if we just went to the supermarket . . . because that's the American attitude. We were sure that what we were doing was right, we felt honest about it. We took dramatic license in being non-dramatic. By being underplaying, by never giving a speech to the audience really, by never indicating what we were doing before, why we were doing what we were doing or even where we were going, really, other than just a few small lines here and there — never making a point to the trip other than the trip itself.

GS: How did you come to develop the relationship between yourselves and Dennis? I really liked the way he kind of functioned as a foil to you, in the sense that he didn't present himself as just being a nice guy, but like he was kind of uptight and angry.

FONDA: Well I insisted 'I don't want to say anything in the movie. I want to carry an existentialist point throughout the film, without really getting involved but seeing everything so that the audience, who is with me — whatever part of the audience is with me — can also make their own mind up about what they see. But we need somebody in there with the reality — hard-nosed, paranoid attitude . . . we call him the angry speed

freak in the film — who's got to be the other side of my personality. Actually we're just one person — but we get away with it; he's my sidestick, he's my foil, he's Sancho Panza and I'm Don Quixote, you know, in our own way. It was developed in the idea that he had that ability, he's that kind of guy, he's aggressive, he's a Taurus you know, and he's really bull-headed and stubborn, that's how he can direct the bloody thing anyway, and act in it — it was a tough job.

He drinks, he gets uptight and he's up on uppers — that's his character, Dennis. So Dennis brought his character to the film and made it work as my foil — goes out and does my battles . . . because I won't

fight . . . and somebody has to fight otherwise we're going to get done. So he goes out and does my battles, and he gets uptight. You know, although I know I'm not going to stay at the hippie commune, for example, he's really the catalyst — 'come we're going, come let's go, come on'. You know, he could not take it . . . it was nowhere for him even though he's long-haired with beads, it meant nothing to him — he was into the money . . . he was a hard-nosed street guy . . .

The hippie commune is the weakest part of the film as far as I'm concerned. It was the one we had the most trouble with. Whether it was conceptual or not I'm not sure . . . well, I have my ideas about it, I've seen it 116 times now but . . . We were sure that we didn't want to go in and do a hippie commune sequence that everybody was going to say Ah well look it they're all saying pro-hippie, isn't hippie wonderful. Well hippie ain't wonderful, and it's a bummer life out there, and they're eating dead horses, and they're getting shot at by the Indians, the Chicanos and the townspeople, and they don't know what they're doing, and they're diseased. I mean, these are cats who we went and lived with, and talked with . . . we can't show it like a paradise either. And we don't want to promote it, we just want to show it as an alternative, which Captain America chooses not to get involved with. He says, Yeah, yeah I know about time but I just got to go . . . which is the thing with everybody.

GS: At the end you say 'We blew it Billy'. Is that what you were saying earlier, that it was all reacting against you and you weren't like making it? . . . FONDA: We simply went out and acted, the whole time we just did a thing . . . At the top, the first sign, after we get kicked out of the motel during the title sequence . . . the first thing is that I'd gotten like totally uninvolved with him going to New Orleans . . . and I'm really withdrawn about the act . . . but I never





cop out to saying Man, I wonder if we did something wrong. I just don't say anything about it at all, and I keep on removing further and further. I get a little bit involved with Jack Nicholson George Hansen, the guy who comes in but I keep getting further removed until he gets killed, and that really snaps me. And then in the trip in the graveyard we do a holy communion with the acid, and the wine you know, breaking it out and passing it around and drinking it . . . and I cop out to my mother – which is like the thing that's going down with everybody, that whole generation; Momism, you know.

The thing is there and Momism is the gig that did it . . . to us, to the French, the Russians, to everybody, man – maybe the Chinese are not because they're so psyched out anyway – but Momism is the thing that really cooked us all up. So copping out to it, coming on as an existentialist hero, and then suddenly copping out to Mom . . .

It was a bit scary for me, you know. Dennis says Get up there on that statue and ask your mother why she copped out on you. And I said Oh man, wow! I said Gee, you know, is that relevant to the picture? I said Listen, man, I want to be an existentialist hero in this film, I don't want to say anything until it's all over and then say We blew it, you understand? And that's my whole gig in this picture, and he says No man, no, go up there and cop out and ask your mother why she left you. And he's crying as he's telling me. This's our one chance, d'you understand, and I started crying and I said You're right. And I climbed up on that statue and I was waiting for two hours, as they kept reloading on us – I was really into it. Unfortunately, he got so taken away with what I was doing up there that he kept talking through the whole thing, so we can only use snatches of it, you keep hearing him saying Oh, yeah man, oh yeah! We had two live mikes – one with the chick who's reading I believe in God the Father, and me up on the statue, which was all simultaneous. That was

our little technical mistake, but it was our mistake . . . After it was over I came up and I said I think we ought to take it out of the film . . . He said Why? and I said You Know, like, if I'm up holding onto the statue . . . of liberty there, saying Why did you leave me, Mom, the whole audience is going to think I've left Captain America and now I'm Peter Fonda. I really had this thing going in my head, and he kept saying No, no, no, not at all, leave it in, it's got to be in, it's the one thing that brings you down there . . .

GS: I was curious to know what kind of crew you had, how large.

FONDA: Including what I call gofers –

the kids who do everything, right? – 23 people . . . at the most. Not including all the actors in the hippie scene. On the road we had one lighting truck, a generator, a camera truck . . . well, it wasn't a big truck . . . We shot out of the back of a Chevy convertible, all those travelling shots . . . We used an Arriflex and blimped it for the sound sequences and kept back . . . you get the camera away, you see, which gives the idea like the camera's not there . . . cause the camera's removed . . . Angenieux zoom . . . which is a beautiful lens, man. I've never been photographed that beautifully . . . and it also gives you great mobility . . . because although I hate zoom – cause it's always overdone –

this guy's such a good cameraman . . . he shoots with both eyes open, so he can see everything that's happening, and he'll slightly adjust . . . and you could hardly see it, he'll just open a little more, to cover something, close down and make it in focus. And we do rack-focuses, which can always be overdone, but we do them just right to direct attention . . . but it's always when you least expect it to happen . . . and I like that.

GS: Where did you pick up your cameraman? I agree, he's really good.

FONDA: We saw this guy's work on two other motorcycle films: 'Hell's Angels on Wheels' and 'The Savage Seven', and then a film called 'Psych-Out' . . . all of them low-budget, Joe Soloman type films and we said Far out, man, this cat really knows how to work a long lens. Well Antonioni came down to see a rough-cut, flipped out, just literally flipped out, tried to get him right away . . . the cameraman was off in Hawaii shooting an ad or something like that, but Antonioni says, You know, I've gotta have that man – He's fantastic . . . Antonioni really, he's got this tic, man, it's incredible. During our movie though you know, his tic started and then it began to stop and then at the end like he was just like that, watching it. Then he came out and said It's the most honest film that's come out of America that I've ever seen.

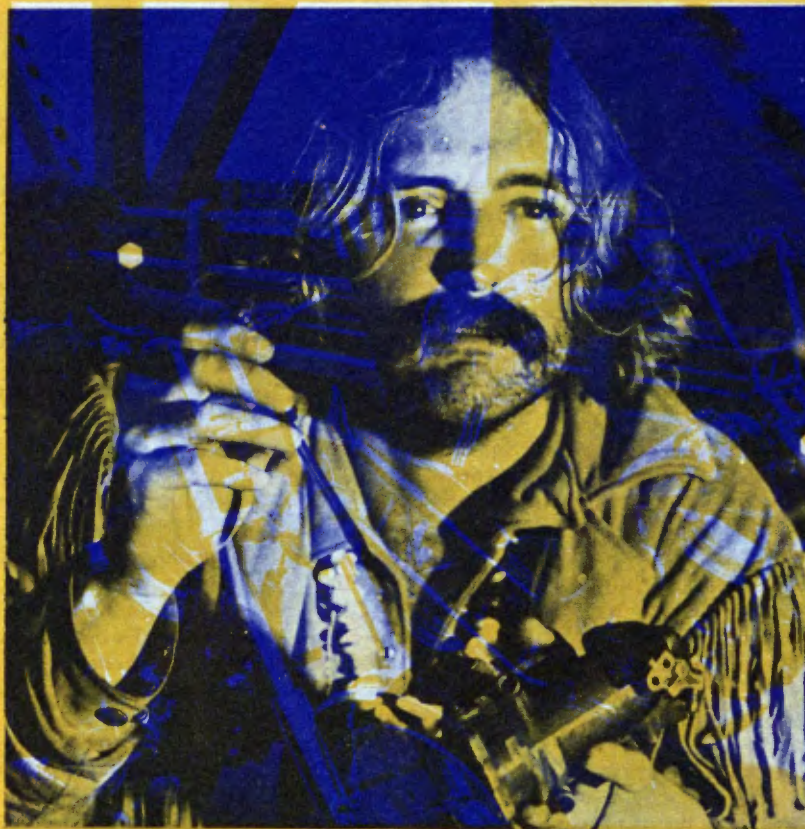
GS: That's wonderful.

FONDA: Yeah . . . and he went around telling everybody else about it too, and I feel good, you know.

You see, we're into communications, man, not entertainment. I mean I want to entertain people too . . . and we do have great musical numbers and those bikes look beautiful, and we have some great jokes . . .

GS: But in a way we're all beyond entertainment these days.

FONDA: We have to be . . . we have no time left.



man, that ride.





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# WRESTLING

## TAG TEAM CONTEST

Next the Worthing Hotel, scene of Scunthorpe's second discotheque. This involved walking some distance through the town (town being mainly houses). On the bridge some cats stopped us to drop the word 'Are your knickers brown?' Everybody seemed to have long hair, mainly early Beatles cut and everybody came over straight, straight, straight. Up dark streets, nobody, pressure of a sleeping town, heavy and getting creepy, then from nowhere five or six cats, one streaming blood from a gashed face, freaky lobotomy-type haircuts, mad eyes focused on us, gang rhythm. Terror flash with set change to lonely menacing nowhere. Brief fumbled contact, the rhythm broken, and we were past, sad knicker-level fantasies floating after us.

### PUB CRAWL

We fled into The Worthing. They didn't like us, thought we were bums trying to con drinks after hours, dinner impossible. In the dining room last

### WE MEET A HEAD

Lunch at the Buccaneer, a restaurant cafe with a faintly exotic flavour lent largely by the non-British nationality of its owners. Supposed to be 'a bit rough'. Decor appropriate, including two bare-titted gilt Mal Britt Figureheads looming from the wall. Not exactly any action. Kids drinking coffee, mixture of white collars and the odd young executive eating steaks. The omelette came with at least 2s. 6d. worth of chips reckoning by fish shop prices. That's a lot of chips. In the doorway we talked to a kid waiting. He wanted to score. What if we were fuzz? The questions died unanswered. We weren't and he knew it. At last. In this town one real live head. He worked as a moulder in the steel factory, was 17, grooved on soul and blues, went to Riddings, a housing estate one mile out of town to Soul Scene discotheque. Saturday night only, closing time 10.30. Spent Sunday nights at Riddings Youth Centre that is until the witching hour of 10.30, dancing and

'Do you like it?'

'No.'

'Why don't you leave?'

'Don't want to'

He was 18, and also lived with his parents. Dropped out of Doncaster College of Art, crummy course, but paints - all the time. No desire to find a gallery and be part of that system, disliked Scunthorpe, also London, doesn't want to be part of any scene, would move eventually to Scandinavia, somewhere colder (!) prefers always to be alone, grooves on painting and on sounds - like Cream, has chicks but no one special, most people here, like his sisters, marry young. He won't. Doesn't read any underground stuff although he could get anything if he was interested, knows of about 15 people who smoke, none of them chicks, has had acid, but not really good stuff, nothing harder, gets on well with straight people but has no special friends, is hip to the narrowness of Scunthorpe, feels safe in his private world, detached, is amused by







'Look out Scunthorpe here we come.'

Scunthorpe's the only town I've ever cased thoroughly in 4½ hours. It took a lot longer to get there we made Kings Cross Saturday 2.45 p.m., bought cigarettes, butterscotch, Trebor mints, found a 2nd class booth, sat opposite a man with a pipe and the Pocket Book of Logarithms and at 3 p.m. lurched off backwards to the dark satanic mills, British Rail afternoon tea, changeless trip of cellophane wrapped goodies served on silver plate, out of the window marshland movie getting marshier. Then Doncaster, graveless, grimy precise image of the North set in all our skulls, slow shuffle from Ladies to Buffet, connecting trainlet, Scunthorpe. A few yards to the railway bridge (setting, predictably, for the Bridge Hotel, Scunthorpe's jewel) then right and straight down. Oswald Road turned into Frodingham, was crossed by Doncaster turning into High. A perfect square. Town centre.

#### THE SCUNTHORPE HUSTLE

We roamed a little. The set was international English-speaking, shopping suburbia. Pinball Palace. Co-ops.

Congregational Church, High School, non-residential Britannia pub. Two

ancient fixtures outside the Britannia signalled their alarm at our being unescorted. It was 6.30 or so, and Saturday-night-on-the-town was in full swing. Rockers on the corner, kids in pairs, in bunches, stilt-heeled 20's attached at the elbow to grey suits, Moonmen, we were sent off down a side street to The Parkinsons Arms. 'We regret that your canine friends cannot accompany you into the lounge'. The plaque on the door should have made us hip to what followed. For one neon second we trod tuft-pile carpet and blinked at Laminex luxury when a tweedy person flung open the door booming 'Sorry! This was intoned three times. Nothing moved, orange gins fixed midflight to gaping mouths. A message began to seep through. He hustled us outside, when pressed he said he had no rooms, that if he did have any he wouldn't rent them to us, to anyone, in fact, in trousers, long jackets or denims. To any females at all, actually, it was an all male pub, it had 'a certain clientele' which did not and never would include riff-raff (no tap room, no bar, lounge only).

'Anyway, you're clearly from The People coming here and asking all these

couples in cocktail gear foxtropped to the sound of real live 50's piano. The discotheque, Saturday night only, had closed at 10.30. The rules said we wouldn't have qualified anyway.

Paranoid and hungry and eager to avoid further dark street encounters till we had eaten, at least, we took a cab to the Chinese restaurant which stretched closing time, Saturdays, till 11.30. That was a mistake, Moderne neon, everybody sat shoulder to shoulder, everything came with chips. Except the Special Chow Mein. That came with egg. Bisto gravy and mock soy sauce. A couple, maybe 18, sat in our booth. Twin wedding rings. Sausages and chips, hamburger and chips.

'He didn't come to Freddie Mark'.

'No.'

'What's his name?'

'Stuart.'

'What's he like?'

'Nice.'

That was all till they split, which they did after the last mouthful. So did everybody. Average time for food consumption roughly 25 minutes. We left, spurred on by the arrival of the lobotomy loonies, bloodless not but freaky still.

Outside it was pouring and deserted. The choice lay between late night Swedish sex at the Majestic or bed. We walked back to the Royal, scoring Tizer and kit-kats from the closing fish shop on the way. A police car pulled up. 'What are you two doing out so late?' It was 11.15.

We rang the night bell, woke the proprietors, went to bed and got smashed.

Sunday, grey black, still raining. In any direction rows of liver brick semis, woodwork painted hardware red and yellow. A few more prosperous detached houses conforming more to much the same aesthetic liver turning orange. Plastic shops. In the notsofar distance on three sides sombre smokestacks, the steel industry on which the town is based. Gazed at the newagent's Fabulous, Teddy Bear, Princess, Ringo Special, Fella, Lone Comix etc. All the ads are for hamsters. No underground papers. No demands. Some would order if requested. Biggest local paper the Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph. Its full window display of photos features a new

A.A. sign on a highway out of town and a scene from the drama club's production of 'The Rotters' - lot of knickers showing there.

'How about live groups?' to the girl in the fish shop.

'Weell, we had the Seekers, or is it the Searchers? And someone very famous last week but I can't remember who.' Freddie Mark's Extravaganza ad. still fluttered next to the Slipper Baths sign

turning on with four or five others. No one was hip to the strange smell - or cared - so it was cool. He found music (never live) just about every night except Tuesdays and Thursdays. Didn't have his own pad. Hardly anyone did - everybody lived with their parents. Difficult not to in a town like this. Nowhere to ball except the odd party. Knew about ten cats who smoked shit, twice as many who's tried because it was the thing, then reverted to the beer.

Never turned on birds - they blabbed to their mothers. Nor did they approve. Lost his last girl because of that. Went part time to one college in town, technical college. Any activities there? Not that sort of college, you just walk in, do your course and split.

He was keen to leave Scunthorpe and live in London so he dealt a little. Would bring it up North, knows a cat who started with two quids' worth and now has a good thing going. Shit costs a lot more up north, always comes from London, good field for dealers. Police? He'd been up five times for possession, fines each time. Was liable to be searched at night. Not exactly drug squad though. Did he ever read any head papers, magazines, etc. Interested in turning people on? No. Whoever wants it can get it and most people don't want it. Hadn't dropped acid, uncurious, none around. Hard stuff? No junkies in town, pointless for them to stay, but has a friend working at the hospital who can score morph. Said kids like him were called mods - still - but couldn't see any point in categorizing. Kept away from the rockers' Disco, although they all listened to Soul, dug soccer and followed the local team. The rockers and schoolkids were on pills, mainly speed, if anything. There was very little friction, between groups. Spades? He didn't know any, didn't want to either. They lived in their own section of town and there wasn't much mixing. Why? Didn't like Pakistanis. No reason. Just didn't. The questions puzzled him.

Dark again, raining still. Bail to the Royal, pausing to buy ½lb paragonic cough drops. Also a few thousand smarties and chocolate peanuts. Ritzy evening meal scene in the dining room of the pub, Dover sole and camel coloured lurex. Gave that a miss and got into the wallpaper of Room 3, with a little help.

SUNDAY PAINTER  
Late, again in the Bucaneer pub with no beer set, examining fresh straight faces, greys, browns, gabardine, woollens, boy meets girl, coffee, last bus home, we saw another head, spaced very beautiful, with a chick, not so beautiful. 'Where do you live?' (to her) 'At home, with my parents'.

its conservative character, working class and white collar. Tory town. 'Everyone in here' surveying the Bucaneer 'is on £30 a week'. Thinks Scunthorpe is pretty like all other small English northern towns he's been in. Scores weekly if he gets the bread from a London contact, doesn't go to clubs, digs spades, has a spade friend, seems unperturbed by the town's racist segregation policy, seems unperturbed by anything.

On the way back along totally deserted streets, no clubs open on Sundays, no lights in any houses, a Chinese approaches, coatless in the rain, doubletakes, says 'Bonjour' and disappears. We sleep paragonic after that.

#### MONDAY MONDAY

The sun came out on Monday. That changed the colours if not the temperature.

'Where's the park?'

The What?

The Park?

The Park??

We found one (there are three) at the end of Frodingham Street, terrifying in its symmetry, an amalgam of tennis courts, bowling green, asphalt paths, locked huts, a few trees and an aviary. No one there at all - just us and the birds. One cold parrot, some pigeons, a canary and two lovebirds. We smoked in the only sheltered spot, entrance to the gents, not understanding the principle of the automatic flush and hallucinating to ghosts. End of park romp. Impossible to find a taxi to take us to the station.

Then we met George. George is very old. He was going the same way and didn't want to walk either. He said he'd find a cab and we said we'd take him to the station. That meant a lengthy stop at Arnold's house but Arnold wasn't in. A grey non-taxi pulled carefully into the drive and Arnold got out with two dozen fresh eggs and another old man. We all got in. On the way George and Arnold spotted an enormous lady. She got in too. She was off to Mrs Wingates and assumed we were too. 'It is Sharon, isn't it?' It wasn't but it didn't matter. All very Scunthorpien but different. This was the bit we hadn't seen. One hundred years ago the town was fifty houses. Then the steel industry and now 18,000 people. But obviously vestiges of the village life remained here and there, people looked after each other, the old weren't necessarily redundant - it seemed a true simplicity to set against monotony and lack of imagination. But it wasn't enough. The fat lady got out at Mrs Wingates, George went to the insurance office and Arnold dropped us at the station. How much? That's up to you.

Danette Hughes



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# Morden

'Nothing ever happens in Morden' — said a local journalist. Those words look right; most people don't even know where Morden is. It's the last station at the Southern end of the Northern line. At the station entrance you stand near the edge of a housing estate of some ten thousand houses. 'Nothing ever happens in Morden' — yes, those words look right. One street looks just like another. You go down one, and you've been down the lot. It was built before the days of planning. It's a ghetto. You live on the estate, you say. It's a ghetto because families were put here in the early 'thirties from inner London. They weren't asked what they thought about this. But the L.C.C. had to do something about the London slums. They had the bright idea of building vast housing estates in outer London, so people were uprooted from Rotherhithe, Wapping, Islington and Walworth and housed in tiny 2-bedroomed or 3-bedroomed houses with no adequate heating facilities, and three thousand of them without bathrooms. But it was a bit like the country; the L.C.C., and now the G.L.C., call the houses "cottages". They each have a strip of garden, and in the old days the Horticultural Society was really thriving.

But not now. All the organisations complain of apathy — the Churches, the Tenants' Associations, the Labour Party Group. Parent/Teacher Associations don't get off the ground; the local Councillors complain about apathy.

In fact, the estate is a community organised for non-participation, for non-consultation — yes, even for death. There are hordes of social workers around patching up the crises. But they are not concerned with the family or with the community. They can't do any preventive work. There are lots of volunteers from the flourishing bourgeois communities of Wallington, Carshalton, Sutton and Croydon doing good everywhere.

But somewhere I want to say to all this good work (and it is) — STOP — you are killing the people. They have had so much done for them that they no longer realise they have resources in themselves to look after one another. I do not know of one organisation — voluntary or statutory — which has representatives from the estate on their Committees. It's all decided for them.

All this is made worse because we have more than our share of the old people's explosion. The G.L.C., still the landlord, says to young people who want to live where they've been brought up, that when they get married they've got to move out so there are about 15,000 people in a few square miles.

'Nothing ever happens in Morden'; these words may seem right, but in fact they are nonsensical. There are thirty thousand PEOPLE living on the estate, and these people are affected by institutions like the G.L.C., and the two local Tory Councils whose goals need questioning severely. And everything is not well. There is grumbling, complaining, anger and just occasionally violence — which is in Morden at least exploding apathy.

Apathy is all over the place. A few months ago Mary Smith of Roche Walk, Carshalton was found dead on the kitchen floor. She had put her head in the gas oven. It had all been carefully prepared. In a note she said, 'I'm so lonely; I've no friends — friends belong to the past.' Three days later there was by chance a public meeting on the problems of the elderly. Mary's death should have been a catalyst, for people to DO something. Instead, there was a sense of frustration and helplessness. Why aren't *they* doing more?

Then we have bathroom problems. The G.L.C. is a tired, inefficient and incompetent organisation as far as its modernisation of old houses goes. Enormous delays occur between various stages of the installation of these units; people complain about the way the builders behave. And after they have all left — perhaps after a period of six months instead of two weeks as Horace Cutler, the G.L.C. Housing Chairman proudly said — they leave muck and rubbish all over the place. But no-one feels strong enough to turn their complaints into action. They just hope that someone will do something for them.

Then there are all the questions about Housing. 'You're just a bloody tenant' said an official at the local G.L.C. office in Middleton Road to a tenant making an enquiry. The G.L.C. have been benevolent despots as Landlords on this estate; they regularly cut hedges, do a limited amount of interior decorating, and normally take trouble with requests for transfers. But, and it's the biggest but, they have no understanding at all of the need for tenants to take a share in the running of the estate — in, for instance, the making of local by-laws.

The situation is going to get much worse. In April next year, the G.L.C. begins to shed its responsibilities as a landlord. One-third of the estate will be transferred to the High Tory Council of Sutton. Up will go the rents, and then shortly after down will come the houses. The land will be sold to private developing companies. The Council will make a packet, and have removed some Council houses. The tenants will be rehoused elsewhere. It is likely that that is what is going to happen; a Councillor said you can't consult people about their homes; tenants feel too strongly about them. So it will be demolition without consultation because after all the

Council know best, and know the wider picture — so they say.

As I write all the posh papers are moralising about the atrocities in Vietnam. That's predictable. But the tone of their moralising turns me off; it's much the same as some so-called revolutionary underground Press who go on and on about Biafra, Bolivia, or the Jews or the Blacks in the ghetto in Harlem. It all sounds the same — a lot of well-heeled liberals pontificating about these big issues, and ignoring their own turf.

Revolution has got to come. It's got to come in such unlikely places as these barrack-like, transit camp, anonymous housing estates where people feel like children (because they are treated like children) and so feel unable to stand up and say stop — we are not going to be pushed around any more.

One of the things I believe is that this can happen — provided you are able to discover a point of indignation (through an action survey done by the tenants — based on the old Socratic maxim 'An unexamined life is not worth living'), and so generate curiosity and hope. Out of this will come new leaders who will bring the people together and put right whatever is wrong. It's a long, slow haul. But it can and does work. It kills the stifling paternalism of so many of the caring professions. The revolution will come when local pressure groups insist on being a real part of the decision making process. This cuts right across the old political arguments — political parties are then just irrelevant.

But there are no blue prints. The revolution in Morden may take the form of an old people's charter written by them for them, or 'No demolition without consultation', but the revolution will come on specific issues. Even in Morden some of us are, as McLuhan would say, part of the cool generation, who want direct, intense involvement on matters which want putting right rather than fighting for some worked out Utopian style community.

To that extent our vision is blurred and barren. We've lost the art of dreaming; in a post-metaphysical world we've got no language to talk about God, or at another level about the Black/White thing, or our gut level responses to space travel, or to what communities are about. Our language has run out.

I've said nothing about the Church in Morden. We are a tiny group of people, about 150 to 200 representative of the estate. The Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church has any relevance at all it's got to lead the Morden Revolution, and it's beginning to do so. And when the Revolution's over, then we have a wealth of symbol and rhetoric to help the world celebrate, to look for new idols, to keep open the future, and even to have something to offer in shaping it. Morden like so many places has forgotten how to celebrate, because there is apparently nothing to celebrate. But Morden is wrong. We have something to celebrate — and we do in a big way from time to time. But that's another story.

## Just Bloody Tenants

Rev. Donald Reeves





# Chicago

The most important courtroom confrontation in the history of the Underground is now taking place. The US Government has indicted eight people on charges of conspiracy arising out of incidents and demonstrations during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, August 1968. The 'Academy Award of Protest' went to Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman, Lee Weiner, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Tom Hayden.

## THE FIRST DAY 26 SEPT '69

It has taken Judge Julius Hoffman one day to accomplish what most observers here had speculated would take one week to a month to complete. But almost singlehandedly, Judge Hoffman has accumulated a jury, a 12-member Panel which appears to illustrate *Newsweek's* "Troubled Americans" rather than any clear-headed application of jurisprudential impartiality. This morning they are ushered into the courtroom; 10 women (2 black) and 2 men, plus 4 alternates (all female, one black). A couple of them are retired, some have adult children, all are straight working class people, and only one, a 23-year-old girl, could in any way be considered a "peer" of the eight defendants on trial.

At first glance, the jury en masse has the vaguely formidable appearance of 12 people who are not here to goose around. They sit erect, hands folded in their laps, eyes riveted on the defendants' table which they face. As the hours and days pass, postures are noticed to have undergone imperceptible shifts; N.Y. appears in the courtroom. Lefcourt is also in custody of the U.S. Marshal, having been arrested upstairs in the Court of Appeals while filing an appeal on the warrant issued by Judge Hoffman for his arrest. It is learned that authorities in San Francisco have refused to issue arrest warrants for Michael Kennedy and Dennis Roberts, the two other lawyers who had been hired by the defense only for pre-trial work.

Judge Hoffman refuses to drop contempt charges against Tigar and Lefcourt, stating that he will release them from custody on the condition that they sit as counsel at the defendants' tables, a rather clumsily calculated move intended to show that the defendants have adequate legal counsel for the trial to proceed without Garry. A 10-minute recess is called to allow Tigar and Lefcourt to meet with the 8 defendants, Kunstler and Weinglass and decide whether or not they should withdraw from the case.

As the courtroom is clearing, there is a mild scuffle as U.S. Marshalls attempt to handcuff Tigar in the courtroom and place him in custody.

Defendant Abbie Hoffman shouts: "We object to the treatment of our lawyers — they are needed in trials like this one going on all over the

country. They're not just our lawyers, they're our brothers." The court reconvenes and Judge Hoffman is still not satisfied with the defense's decision to consent to the withdrawal of Tigar and Lefcourt, provided the defendants do not have to waive their 6th Amendment right that would allow for a Postponement until the return of Chief Counsel Garry. Hoffman denies the motion and orders the two attorneys — still in custody — to sit at the defense table. At the end of the day, Hoffman orders them jailed over the weekend, denies them bail and sets no sentence.

Following another motion by Kunstler, Hoffman also refuses to allow for the withdrawal of attorneys Irving Birnbaum and Stanley Bass — local attorneys who by law are required to represent the defendants in the event that out-of-state Counsel is not present. Hoffman orders these two men to appear in court every day, even though their participation is unnecessary.

## FIST WAVING

Refusing to hear further objections from the defense, Hoffman calls in the jury, and Ass. U.S. Attorney Shultz opens the government's case. He begins with a carefully enunciated run-down of the defendants, and as their names are mentioned, each stands and faces the jury. It goes along well enough until Tom Hayden stands and gives a friendly sort of fist salute, nothing intended as a threat, just a sort of convivial fist salute that freaks out the judge. The jury is dismissed. Hoffman goes through a terribly long, elaborate riff about "fist waving" in his courtroom. "It's my customary salute, Your Honor," explains Hayden. Hoffman wheezes something about fist waving and finally calls the jurors back.

Shultz picks up where he left off in his opening address, the next name being Abbie Hoffman.

Abbie stands up obediently and tosses a kiss to the jurors just before sitting down.

Caught off-guard again, Judge Hoffman quavers out an order that the jury "disregard the kiss just thrown by Defendant Hoffman." Shultz continues without further interruption from either side, and having "dropped" all the defendants' names, proceeds with some pretty heavy accusations, which he says the government intends to prove. In essence, the prosecution holds the position that Defendants Rubin, Hoffman and Davis made non-negotiable demands on the city of Chicago so that they would be turned down, and the allegedly pre-planned riots could then break out. David Dellinger was claimed to be the "architect of the revolution," and the Yippies were accused of demanding \$100,000 from city of Chicago to prevent the riots. The rest of it seemed to have come out of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

William Kunstler opens the case for

the defense. His address emphasizes the right to dissent, the right to protest an illegal, unjust and immoral war. The defense will prove that they came to the '68 Democratic Convention with thousands of other Americans who wanted to protest continuation of the war in South Vietnam, a war which had been within the jurisdiction of the political party that was in power. Well aware of their Constitutional rights, these thousands of Americans came to protest the involvement of their country in that war, and they came to the most obvious place, the Chicago convention, to show that dissent. The real conspiracy, declares Kunstler, was not on the part of these 8 defendants, but on the part of national political figures and the local police to suppress the demonstrations.

"As individuals, these men (the defendants) are unimportant — what is important is the threat to everyone's freedom to dissent, the threat. The threat to our freedom of speech. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, these defendants will stand before you as classic examples of The People against the government."

## LUNCH RECESS PRESS CONFERENCE

Davis: It's a stacked trial, loaded against us. It will be impossible to get a fair trial here, because the way Judge Hoffman is conducting the trial shows him to be completely in the arms of the government." An attorney representing the ACLU: "We are deeply concerned with the treatment of the attorneys in this case and with Judge Hoffman's issuance of arrest warrants on 4 of them. This is unheard of and shocking."

## AFTERNOON SESSION

Leonard Weinglass' opening statement for the defense emphasizes the new life style, youth culture and the Yippies; these young people came to Chicago to show that there was an emergent new culture in the country and in the world. Throughout Weinglass' address, Judge Hoffman and assistant flunky Shultz have played the "objection-sustained" game, a game that will continue to be played between the Hoffman-Shultz-Foran team of pawns for the prosecution in an attempt to humiliate the defense attorneys in front of the jury. As the trail plods on exposing the hideous entrails of the Nixon administration with every desperate motion and ploy, it will become necessary only for Foran to stand up, and Hoffman will ask on call, "Do you object? — I'll sustain the objection." The travesty is apparently being allowed to continue until one of his grim reapers advises the President what to do. Or until things become so hopelessly convoluted that, having no alternative, the federal government flies up its own asshole. At the completion of the Weinglass address, Judge Hoffman asks, "Are there any other defense attorneys

who wish to speak?"

Defendant Bobby Seale stands and walks to the lectern.

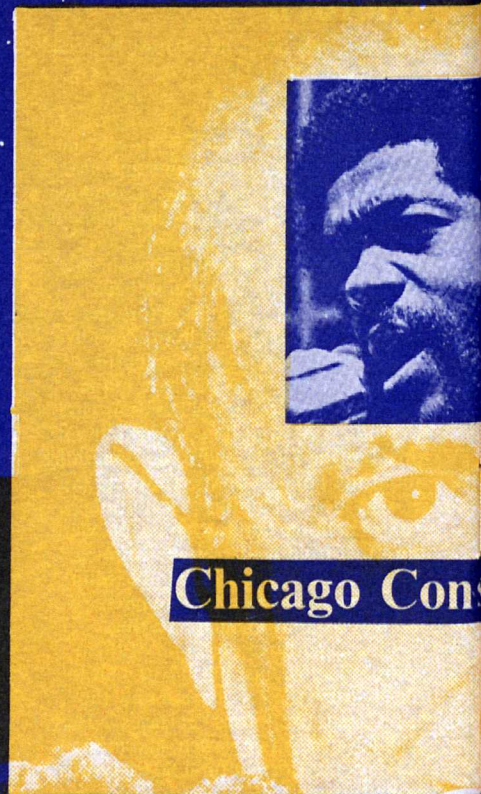
Hoffman: "Who's your lawyer?"

Seale: "Charles R. Garry."

## NO VISIBLE JUSTICE

Hoffman dismisses the jury. He then demands to know which of the attorneys at the defendants' table represents Defendant Seale. Citing the statement addressed to the bench this morning by Seale, Kunstler states that since he has "fired" the attorneys present and petitioned for representation by Garry, neither he nor Weinglass have the authority to speak for Seale. Hoffman denies Bobby Seale the right to give an opening statement in his own defense. Bobby Seale, defendant in a government trial, sits in a courtroom in Chicago, and, for all technical reasons, he is without legal counsel.

The first witness for the prosecution is put on the stand: Raymond Simon, Corporate Counsel for the City of Chicago, legal representative of Mayor Daley and the city aldermen, and of the City of Chicago as a corporate entity. He speaks at length of meetings with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis in the months prior to the convention, their applications for park and marching permits and their "non-negotiable" demands. Things lurch along until finally the court is recessed, followed by word that the U.S. Court of Appeals has denied the defense's Mandamus action for postponement until Charles R. Garry can appear. It has also denied the defense's motion to release its 4 attorneys from the threat of arrest. When this announcement was made to the court by Hoffman, he followed up by stating that attorneys Lefcourt and Tigar would be held in custody over the weekend without bail. *About*



# Chicago Con



## Conspiracy Trial

one-third of the courtroom spectators, including most of the press sections, rose en masse and gave the clenched fist salute!

### CONSPIRACY V. KANGAROOS

On October 14, the defense moved to have the trial adjourned for one day in observance of the October 15th Moratorium. The judge denied the motion, so next day, Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis unfurled a Viet Cong flag in the courtroom and had a tug of war with a Federal Marshall before it was taken away. The defendants wore black armbands (as they had on October 8 — anniversary of the death of Che Guevara) and Dave Dellinger read names of Americans killed in Vietnam until the judge entered the chamber and ordered him to stop.

The Yippies have published an 'official souvenir program' for the trial, which they parodied as a baseball match between The Chicago Conspiracy (the defense) and The Washington Kangaroos (the prosecution).

Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin made an after hours trip to Washington where they posed in boxing gloves and offered to fight the US Attorney General, but Tom Hayden, writing for the *Guardian* (a New York radical weekly) on November 1 noted that the trial had ceased to have its initial carnival atmosphere.

"We no longer humourously refer to federal judge Julius Hoffman as 'Magoo' (a reference to a comic character the judge is said to resemble), but as 'Adolph Hitler Hoffman.'"

The first 21 government witnesses have been from the Chicago police department and the FBI. Their testimony has unfolded as an attack on the movement, political ideas, language and style rather than on concrete crimes. The most concrete action charged any of the

defendants so far was letting the air out of police car tires, throwing sweaters at undercover agents and other trivia which defense attorney William Kunstler asserts belong in a municipal police court, not before the federal bench.

### NO SHINS KICKED

Occasionally there is a fantastic claim such as the one that Rennie Davis arranged for live television coverage in front of the Conrad Hilton hotel August 27 and then ordered Mobilization marshalls to kick the line of policemen in the shins so demonstrators would be clubbed before the TV audience. On this particular charge as on many others, cross-examination revealed no shins were kicked. The heavy emphasis in the police testimony has been on the provocative language and identity of the defendants. With a pretense at embarrassment officer after officer tells the jury that the defendants shouted, "Fuck LBJ," "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi-Minh" and other chants.

When defense attorneys ask police if any obscenities were used by them while clubbing demonstrators, they are given pious denials. The most any police witness has acknowledged is that he heard one officer say to another, "These little sons of bitches are really tough..."

The Conspiracy is attempting to pinpoint the blame for the Chicago melee on authorities at the highest level and show that the trial is an integral part of a national policy to institute a legalized fascism. The Nixon administration, according to the defendants, is rigging the Supreme Court and Justice Department with reactionary political figures prepared to go beyond present Constitutional standards towards a new policy of reaction.

As examples of a move toward fascism, there are the proceedings of the Conspiracy trial itself. For example, the government has admitted illegal wiretapping of defendants but asks the court to uphold wiretapping in the overriding interest of national security. Furthermore, the prosecution case cites as "evidence" of crime speeches given before and during the convention to public meetings where there was no evidence whatsoever of a "clear and present danger to the peace." The Conspiracy is waging a struggle co-ordinating the defense inside the courtroom with a political campaign on the outside to stop the trial. The defense case will try to re-enact what happened in Chicago and bring political figures such as Lyndon Johnson and Mayor Richard Daley to explain their policies. Leaders of the civil rights, academic and liberal communities are expected to testify about what happened in Chicago as well as ordinary people who were beaten or gassed in the streets.

### SHOWDOWN AT CHICAGO

The Conspiracy hopes to make part of its defense a "people's case" and encourages all witnesses to return

to testify.

Since the trial has sparked widespread international concern, the Conspiracy hopes to turn it into a political showdown. Dave Dellinger, at the request of the Black Panther party, announced the possibility of releasing U.S. military prisoners in Vietnam if and when the U.S. unconditionally released Bobby Seale and Panther leader Huey Newton. Panther Eldridge Cleaver has been in consultation with the Vietnamese about this. The political import is that Seale and Newton are not simply political prisoners but prisoners of war because it's a military policy the government utilizes against the Panthers. Dellinger and Davis asked to be allowed to go to Paris to discuss release of American prisoners with the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. Hoffman denied permission, but lawyer Kunstler went instead.

### CAKE NAPPING

One of the most tumultuous scenes in the court last week was when seven Panthers were not permitted to bring a cake into the courtroom to celebrate defendant Seale's 34th birthday. Hoffman denied a request from Kunstler to celebrate the birthday. After a recess, as the defendants emerged from the conference room in ceremonial procession with the cake inscribed "Free Huey and Bobby" across it, a line of marshals wrested the cake from Jerry Rubin.

"That's a cake-napping!" shouted Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis turned to Seale and said "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," said Seale loudly, "but they can't arrest a revolution."

The Panthers seated in the second row shouted "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When Hoffman ordered the spectators to be silent Seale turned to his supporters and said, "Okay, brothers, just sit in the courtroom and listen and don't say anything." "I give the orders here, sir," said Hoffman.

"They don't take orders from a racist judge," Seale replied. Seale was soon to have more troubles than the loss of a birthday cake.

Seale as slave: the word from Chicago is "Stop the trial" headlined *Liberation News Service*: "Bobby Seale the national leader of a militant political group dedicated to the liberation of black people, has been gagged and strapped to his chair... If it weren't Bobby Seale, if presiding Judge Julius J. Hoffman didn't have the power of the state on his side, one might see it all as a tableau from the Theatre of Cruelty. But Bobby Seale's situation is more than symbolic. It is real, and there is only one way to describe it — slavery. Seale is a black man in chains whose fate is now determined by the masters in their mansions... Seale's ordeal is a reasoned if cruel response to his position as leader of the Black Panther Party.

### SEALE AS SLAVE

Some time before he and his chair are carried into the wood-panelled courtroom, a team of marshals go to work on him. His boots are loosened and his legs are bound with heavy leather straps to the legs of a folding chair. His wrists, wound several times with leather, are buckled to its arms. Several layers of gauze, adhesive tape, and cloth are wound around his mouth and tied at the back of his head. A similar gag is wound vertically around his jaw and tied at the top of his head. The type of gauze used resembles that used by football players to hold a trick knee in place... The press, the judge and the prosecution have attempted to portray Seale as a wildman engaging in 'disruption' and 'outbursts'. It is clear, however, that there would be no shouting if the judge would allow Seale to defend himself, or postpone the trial until Seale's lawyer, Charles R. Garry, recovers from an operation.

... On Seale's second day in the rig, prosecuting attorney Richard Schultz provoked Seale by falsely accusing him of inciting violence (Seale had told Panthers in the courtroom to cool it but to act in self defense if attacked) Seale shouted through the gag in protest and tipped over his chair. The marshals attacked him, punching him in the face and groin. Jerry Rubin rose to protest, but a marshal elbowed him in the mouth... Tom Hayden's plea that Seale should not be put 'in a position of slavery' fell on deaf ears. Rennie Davis tried to tell the jury about Seale's mistreatment, but was silenced and threatened with contempt charges... Abbie Hoffman put the courtroom blowups in context: "The disruption started when 'these marshals' got into overkill. Referring to the heated atmosphere and gridded ceiling of ghostly white fluorescent lighting, Abbie remarked, "This ain't a courtroom. It's a neon oven."

### BARREL SCRAPINGS

The prosecution case is baking slowly. Observers both friendly and hostile to the Justice Department have expressed surprise at the legal weakness of the government's case. So far, almost all testimony has come from hack politicians loyal to Mayor Daley, policemen, and paid informers. "We're scraping the bottom of the barrel," prosecutor Schultz was overheard saying. Meanwhile, Movement forces around the country are beginning to mobilise around the necessity of stopping the trial. No one knows how or if it can be stopped, but the trial is making it absolutely clear that the courts are an integral part of America's repressive machinery. Demanding an end to this trial and freedom for all political prisoners is a logical extension of the struggles for black liberation and against imperialistic war... because this repression is a blatant attempt to destroy those movements as well as to wipe out the insurgent youth politics and culture which threaten the sick and dying regime." L.N.S.



Anthony Lorraine has returned home to Oxford after spending fifteen months in a Russian prison. He was arrested in Tashkent on a charge of smuggling cannabis and given a three year sentence. He was released in October – along with fellow hash-head Michael Parsons and 'spy' Gerald Brook – in exchange for the Krogers. Judging from an account of the latter's thuggish incarceration in Parkhurst and Holloway (See Private Eye No. 198), the Britishers enjoyed a relatively civilised treatment notwithstanding the chilling indifference of the British consul in Moscow. Lorraine was surprised by his arrest, as the Russians generally overlook petty smugglers, preferring instead to extract the dollars from them as tourists. Five months were spent in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, then 11 months in a forced labour camp and the rest in a Moscow prison. This is Anthony Lorraine's own story:

## Tashkent

For those of us who came out of Hindustan going west into Germanic Europe it was against the water. Bombay was another white bread and quick cutting Hollywood satellite, but India still gave: colour and silks and a gentle hospitality in passing. In Goa we emerged from the sea, naked-salted, to bathe in sweet landwater and fruit juices. From Katmandu, the mountain Tibetans offered goat's milk and vengeance.

A day's waiting on the steps of the Afghani consul in Peshawar got us visas. As cholera pretended to close the Irani land border the Soviets were quite willing to offer their side-route. Only, please pay in dollars.

### BUSTED

The Central Asian Soviet republics illegalised cannabis in 1962. But generally like our own: be cool, not in the streets. This was a bad month in Tashkent. I was caught holding in pockets and shoulder bag.

"It's on the custom's declaration you signed on entering the country."

"Show me."

He didn't, but it wasn't.

Rubber stamp trials. A lawyer whose job was the sob story, no holes must be drilled in the State's case, no questions. The law is sacred. The investigation has demonstrated the offence.

Narcotic. Defined as:

1. destroys central nervous system
2. destroys perception
3. conducive to destructive acts

In defence, without the help of the lawyer or consulate, presentation of the usual facts.

"Your Honour, comrade judge, do you drink vodka?"

"Yes."

"Then please allow me to smoke grass."

Only coercion has been "say you're sorry", "be guilty" and maybe we won't give you so big a punishment. We all got the same sentences. Most of us came into Tashkent the same month. Moscow calling "lay off, we can't afford to lose the dollars." No violence. "Man, if you touch me I'll pull every Geneva convention trick in the book. Besides, if you touch me then I touch you, I get eight years."

The guards on the fences carried guns, with bullets; first shot in the air then in the leg. I wasn't confident enough of their cool to try it. Threatened to shoot me once. Laughter, nervous. Days of nothing going very fast. Sleep and work and turn-on between times. Dropped acid on May 1 up against the barbed wire. A beautiful trip.

Body sports, the game of the ring, smiling and singing, guitar, and occasional grass but most available opium. Everyone turns on in Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and Ajerbajan.

300 miles south-east of Moscow, 250 prisoners. Most born in Soviet Union, retaining non-Russian passport in the hope of one day splitting? 25 Westerners. 12 heads bashed in Tashkent. In transit to Europe, Chinese, Greek, Korean, Arab, Polish and Mongolian scenes. Petty violence and embezzlement. 3-5 years deprivation of freedom in a labour colony for foreigners. 70 pairs of gloves a day or 7 stools, or 450 carved pawns.

70 pairs of gloves sell for 45 rubles. We are payed 1 ruble 50 kopecks. Material and other costs: 20 rubles. Supporting the soviet government, 20 rubles a day. 3 years – 18,000 rubles. Pretty good for a country that fought a revolution to expropriate exploitation. We pay 47 kopecks a day for food; the police dogs get 1 ruble 50 kopecks food a day.

### OUR MAN IN MOSCOW

We ache for greens: fruit and vegetables; for nine months the consul brings nothing, and at last 5 oranges, 1 pear and Knorr soups. "Don't want to push it too much the first time, doesn't offend the Russians." Speaking across the gap to my fellow citizen representative. Blank.

"Man, you're going to go home and eat and your woman is probably already hustling around sipping cocktails. Fuck, at least bring us some onions and garlic, or some butter and caviare and sausage would be super, but we don't expect that. YOU KNOW. We get starch cereal and cabbage soup three times a day, we've had that, with black bread; for nine months now, nothing else, and all you have to do is take five minutes to go into a grocery store. No, you're too proud to receive any favours from the Russians with your sweet lipped diplomatic game. It's no favour, the Russians are human, they're happy to see us get other food, they know we're used to it, we're special, they don't want us unhappy. Or do you think your doing your bit to deprive, punish and destroy us?"

### FUCK IN THE BOG

We leave Moscow after our 'morale boosting' visit with Her Majesty's representatives intensely unhappy. We stand in the station for hours, being shunted around. The guard won't take anyone to the toilet. Some chicks do it in their cage and it runs under the grill to pool the steel corridor. The chicks are a trip. Everytime we travel, cages of them

Defiant, making heavy dice scenes, coming on as hard as they can for western cigarettes and else. We'll make it in a fast standing five-minute toilet job.

WOW, it tears you apart. Another load: mothers, sisters, grandmas and the girl-next-door. Nothing much but small shoplifting and the need for a little extra sugar. It doesn't get them down, they sing all night in the train; soulful songs of sadness and love. They're saying, "Fuck off, let us be, Mr. K.G.B."

The ultimate is complete non-cooperation. "Why should I work for you?" and maximum punishment, which is solitary confinement. Groove. A cell to yourself and brought a little food three times a day. During the Tashkent investigation I was in solitary for five months – long and deep inside looking: yoga and meditation.

They soon realised we actually wanted their first degree. Also, sometimes for our own safety, during the 7 months, cooped thirty to a winter room – vibrations would get tight. We stuck out like peroxide thumbs. A knife in our guts would be a big scandal problem for them, besides being a drag for one of us.

In walks a beautiful blackbelt head and our problems are over. We start retailoring prison suits to bell-bottomed hipsters and waisted nether shirts. Fashions for liberation. And in comes the year's grass crop and a new guitar and we swing in the tea-house. Or the hospital, where I make the first hallucinogenic trip with belladonna and know all about north European witchcraft.

Are there 12 million people in soviet prisons? Of a population of 220 million. Is it a stabilising system of cheap labour? Why the enormous sentences for small crime? There's no rehabilitation, no attempt to cleanse where the individual has gone from the social norm. Lenin put it that socially the Russian people were ill; fifty years later they still are. The administration and running of the colony and factory is absolutely corrupt. As outside in the big zone, where there is no communal ethic, none of the collective joy that full work promised, so inside.

Traditional religion gave an ethic and soviet marxism has been so loudly rejecting this that there has been no sufficiently differentiated space for a marxist communal ethic to move in on.

Do the younger people see this? They see the mask and insincerity of marxist interpretation. They realise interpretation is not moving

with the times. Broadly they are not politically/economically orientated. Underground broadsheets and new movements cry out for freedom for the individual. Let us out of this insidious big-brother scene. Let us hear the sound communication from the West, what are the fashions, where is it at there? Let us travel, let us have another party, even freedom of religious belief.

The political camps are full of Ukraine nationalists, partisans and those who helped the nazis a little. The K.G.B. still hounds, digs up and gives these people 25 years. 25 years after. It would be a generally embarrassing scene if there was a general amnesty of war criminals in W. Germany. These and younger dropouts say there will be a revolution, a blood bath, a mass murder of K.G.B. persons. But it can't happen until the satellites make it. Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Latvia, then only does the Ukraine have a chance or the alternative people of Leningrad Moscow. "HANDS OFF CZECHOSLOVAKIA" they chanted in Red Square and were shipped off to Siberia. Where are the cats who are there still? It's an O.K. scene. We made sure of that. But there is no contact with their heads by the various consuls. The consuls are closer to the red administration than to us. Now we can make that contact, send small trips of relief, for which send any contributions to the care of OZ.

### HEADS IN A SALT MINE

In what were the salt-mines of Siberia there are still eleven heads, who were trying to move a little joy around the world. Pushed into heavy masturbatory scenes that's a bad trip for good people to get into. The whole scene of deprivation of all human stimulation is bad. The Soviets speak loud of humanity but where is it for these 12 million inside their empire of colonies? It's a strong antiquated penal system working neither as deterrent, punishment nor rehabilitation.

We make it as the ultimate in the existential earth trip, we smile a little and turn on because sooner or later the light will be green and we can go again. Those there cannot, they are in it for life, the colony is the little zone, the soviet union the big zone. So what's the point of escape. Both places are the same totalitarian deprivation of human freedom. Semi-marxists on entering, we emerge eager to reassess the values of free-enterprise. No hard feelings Mr. Russia, but you just missed on your reassessment of homo sapiens.



# 1. The Great Alienator

In 1209, there was widespread rioting after the lynching of two undergraduates; as a result the University nearly collapsed.

In 1355, on St. Scholastica's day, every member of the University was killed, wounded, or driven out; for this massacre, the townsfolk had to say a penitential Mass annually until 1825. In 1969, what? On the surface, little – the old student-skinhead clash, the yearly injunction to Gentlemen not to venture out on Bonfire Night, a drunken brawl when an undergraduate ventures into a Town pub. To most people – many students included – the old Town-Gown split has disappeared; but a tragic rift still exists and the machinery of the University – by accident or design – creates this rift.

On coming up, the student is met firstly with servility. He is cast in the role of Young Gentlemen; the town is here to serve him, and when he doesn't exploit it, he can just ignore it. His meals are served to him, his shoes are polished, his cups are washed, his bed is made. Old Bert and Mrs Baggins scurry round his mausoleum, tidying him up.

Scouts and bedders (they make beds, not sleep in them) earn £8-£12 a week, and often live in tied houses. They can start work as early as 6 a.m., cleaning lavatories and scrubbing floors before they call their young gentlemen for breakfast. To supplement their income, they also serve meals in Hall and work in the kitchens.

After his college servants, the only other townie a student will be in regular contact with is his landlady. Moral watchdog, warder extraordinary, she will (s)mother him ruthlessly. Their conversation, far from being restricted to discussions on the weather and one's health, soars to such philosophical heights as to encompass the morality of leaving a dirty ring around the bath.

Undergraduates have to live in registered lodgings on pain of losing their degree.

Digs cannot be registered unless they have a resident landlady whose duty it is to enforce the same fascist rules imposed on a student living in college – no loud music, no guests after midnight, no cooking in rooms, no radical alterations to be made to the sterile decor, &c, &c. As of October 1970 – nearly a year after 18-year-olds become adults in law – undergraduates will be able to live in unregistered digs, if approval is given by the College Dean; this could mean even more restrictive rules.

When he isn't met with servility, the Oxford student finds hostility. He is taught only one way of relating to people – via the father-son relationship. He shows filial loyalty and obedience to his college and a paternal interest in, and difference from, his scout and bedder. Having been told how wonderful he is to have got to Oxford (crap!), the only attitude he can have towards townies is one of patronage; after all, the only townies he meets are college servants. He

After his fifteen months in a Russian prison Anthony Lorraine returns home to Oxford – where, according to our student contributors, another prison system is in

## Oxford

is a little put out when this pose is resented by his contemporaries who are natives of Oxford. The great Youth Culture which transcends all barriers of class, race and wealth just hasn't been heard of in Oxford. Students dress as they please, and can usually afford more and better clothes anyway; there are society meetings/plays/happenings every night – but open only to 'members of the University and their guests'; the best groups come to play at exclusively student functions, such as Summer balls (one recent exception was Jethro Tull at the Town Hall).

The young adults in the town – mostly assembly-line workers from Cowley – feel justifiably bitter about their underprivileged status. It's the working class/middle class conflict all over again, here accentuated by the fact that the middle class element is also immigrant. In theory, 10% of Oxford students are working class, but there is no class-consciousness, no attempt to identify with the working class youths of Oxford; the only calls for student-worker solidarity come from ex-public schoolboys having a last (and first) fling before going into Daddy's firm. The fact is that working class students are here because they want to be middle class, and therefore hold to bourgeois values more fervently than the actual scions of the bourgeoisie.

The antagonism between undergraduates and citizen, usually transmuted into apathy and mutual contempt and ignorance, is carried on into the student's later life. At Oxford he is imbued with the elitist ideal and convinced of his own superiority; he is destined to become a manager, a manipulator of men. Yet there is no one more singularly ill-fitted for this task than the Oxford graduate. A greater awareness among people that they are people, not objects, necessitates not just a change in management techniques, but the complete abolition of the manager/worker dichotomy. But Oxford still churns out reactionary anachronisms, committed to the perpetuation of the System. Yet it is not enough to change the University; society itself is still class-structured, still demands an aristocracy. To think a change in the academic world will precipitate revolution on a wider front (a common delusion among 'Revolutionary socialist students') is like believing a change of condom will bring about a fresh erection; the underlying structure needs to be revitalised and reoriented. So what can we do who faintly perceive and incoherently outline the rottenness that is the University, not just the rottenness that is in it? The apathetic revolutionary is just as much a product of the system as the grey man; and he stands just as much chance of breaking out. We are all prisoners, we are all dead we are all unborn.

Roj Jarman (St. Peters)

# 2. The Great Masturbatorium

Oxford University is a prison, if an open one, and the colleges are its cells; only their inmates stay there of their own accord, and the locks and bars that kill the freedom in them are only partly physical. As a rule, the serfdom of students in Oxford is accepted by them without reflection or regret. It is an integral part of the voluntary servitude and abnegation of human possibilities that is the typical form of contemporary bureaucratic capitalist society. Moreover, in Oxford as elsewhere, a glittering spectacle has evolved as a compensation for the real poverty of everyday life. Each person finds consolation for his lack of genuine identity or satisfaction in life by discovering, almost as if by accident, a ready-made role in the ongoing spectacle – fearless free thinker, sexy young bluestocking, youthful protester . . . Though most students are none of these things, except in front of cameras or the eyes of admiring spectators, the pretence that they are enables the spectacle to be perpetuated endlessly – a rehearsal for a drama that is never actually performed, but which receives the enthusiastic acclaim or indignant criticism of reviewers.

The first emotion of virtually every undergraduate on arrival in Oxford is astonished disappointment that there are so few women (one to every five men). The second feeling, experienced by a significant minority of men after having met a few of these women, is grateful relief that there aren't any more about than there are already. For the Oxford undergraduate is, as a rule, stupid, sexless and ugly. She spends almost all of her time working, and whatever leisure she permits herself she consumes in ostentatious public appearances with domesticated, easily manageable, and altogether innocent males.

It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that this is a state of affairs about which few Oxford men experience any great anxiety. For most undergraduates, sex is like toothache, a nuisance of not much importance, and certainly nowhere near as absorbing as work, sport or drink. Vestigial physical needs can always be purged by pornography or masturbatory phantasy (Oxford must surely be the world's wet dream capital). Like castrated tomcats, undergraduates have better things to do than to screw. Oxford students have, it is true, no lack of plausible excuses for putting up with this situation. Most colleges lock up their inmates at or around midnight, and special permission of a passkey is needed to be absent overnight. Being discovered with a girl in your room after visiting hours (which vary from college to college) still entails disciplinary sanctions – loss of one's rooms in college, or even rustication. All undergraduates have servants who are obliged to enter one's bedroom every morning, and wake one. Why do so few students at Oxford try to erode the system of supervision and inspection or even actively resent it? It must be confessed that students at

full swing – the University. Its effect is more subtly and extensively pernicious, because, as these students point out, the inmates are unaware of their own oppression.

Oxford are only conforming to the University's expectations in regard to them. The system of selection, relying heavily as it does on special scholarship examinations and personal interviews in the college to which one has applied, predetermines the character-types of those who are admitted about as effectively as it domesticates them even further once they are inmates. The ideal Oxford applicant is highly uninventive, wholly apolitical, sexually neutered, and, on the whole, not very bright.

In all justice, however, the internal social system of Oxford University cannot be arbitrarily separated for purposes of analysis from the social system of Britain as a whole. The ancient universities perform an indispensable function in securing the social totality against the threat of qualitative change posed by its own contradictions. A new breed of servile specialist must be developed to harry the workers into their scientifically managed factories and rationalised offices. Oxford succeeds in doing this with its placid traditions of urbanity and moral agnosticism; Oxford soon assimilates, moreover, all but an intemperate minority of its working-class intake. Finally, Oxford provides for the rest of society an indispensable spectacle of contemporary student life – permissive and fearlessly critical, free loving and free thinking – which is objectively necessary to a system that provides as much for liberal reformists (who applaud student life) as for conservative Jeremiahs (who deplore it), and, in both cases, supplies them with the appropriate mirage of the student's predicament.

To those not caught up in the situation, it is almost inconceivable, but to those who are in it, it is almost intolerable. What can be done? Nothing will be achieved if we await the eventual awakening of the sleeping majority of the students in Oxford. They are happy slaves, and they do not find their fate at all objectionable. Nor can any effective organisation of dissidence be achieved if it relies on the discredited strategies of passive political mobilisation and rentacrowd militancy favoured by the Left in Oxford. Rather what is required of the critical minority in Oxford is a determined attempt to construct an alternative mode of everyday life, freed of the banality and emptiness of its established opponent. And at the same time, by a non-stop cultural harassment, to ridicule and scorn both the pieties of the system and the pretences of our fellow undergraduates. A resolute refusal to invent any role for oneself in the obscene spectacle of Oxford life; a rigorous struggle to contest, deflate and demolish its decadent carnival; and a patient effort to construct an authentic alternative to the spectacle (rather than an alternative spectacle); a mode of everyday life that isn't any longer a variation of the death-game – nothing less can possibly be enough.

John N Gray (Exeter)



'The Lebanon:'

# The Hole of the Lebanese Black

by Harvey Matusow

The Lebanese caught the bug, and in March started to crack down on westerners on the hash scene. Since the crackdown started upwards of fifty British, American and other Europeans have been busted. The majority of these arrested are in their twenties or early thirties, but one British woman age 64 was also gaoled. The Lebanese law provides for no extenuating circumstances – no consideration of the individual's background or the fact that the offense may have been the individual's first – In addition to this, there is no remission for good behavior, and no parole. The law there calls for sentences of between three and fifteen years if you are convicted of trafficking, and a one year sentence if you're found in possession of hash for your own use.

## CONNED BY DEALERS

If you get the one year sentence it's possible to serve it in the Asfourieh mental hospital, and you can get a reduction to six months if the doctor there certifies that you've given up using the stuff.

One of the dangers in Lebanon is that the kids are being conned by Lebanese hash dealers into believing that the stuff is legal, and that they can make a connection with someone at customs. There are a few documented cases where the Lebanese pusher sold a cat some hash, and a double bottom suit case, then informed to the customs so as to collect a reward of 50 Lebanese pounds for every pound of stuff you're caught with.

One British chick was caught recently with 25 pounds of hashish strapped around her waist, claimed that she was forced by her boy friend to carry it. She was convicted, then suffered a nervous breakdown – had to be moved to a mental hospital – and is now back in prison.

While most of those busted plead guilty at least two Americans recently busted claimed that they were innocent victims of others who tried to smuggle the stuff out by planting it in their cars. It's not infrequent to hear the assertion that smugglers pick a patsy who has a car, and then conceal the hashish in the car – inside the petrol tank or the tyres or elsewhere, where a confederate can recover it when the car reaches its destination.

## SLEEPING LIKE SPOONS

One American who just finished a three year sentence, Elliot Payad claimed this happened to him. He told about the prison conditions in the Sands Prison where people await trial with others already convicted.

He said it was built in Ottoman times to house 600 people and now has over 1,200.

'Seventy to eighty persons occupy rooms 20 by 30 feet' he said, 'and at night they have to sleep on their sides, fitted together like spoons, and in the daytime they roll up their blankets to form passageways among them. There are no beds.'

'Only one hour a day is allowed for exercise, walking in the courtyard, while others, usually the poor ones who'd been paid with cigarettes clean the place up.'

'Food is brought in once a day. It's cooked, but cold on arrival, and is a real problem for non-Lebanese to get used to.'

He also said that once a week they had a meal of rice and beans which was considered a treat.

The toilet is a hole in the floor that tended to fill up after 9 PM when the water was turned off.

Foreigners had a double problem in not understanding the language. The noise he claimed was unbelievable.

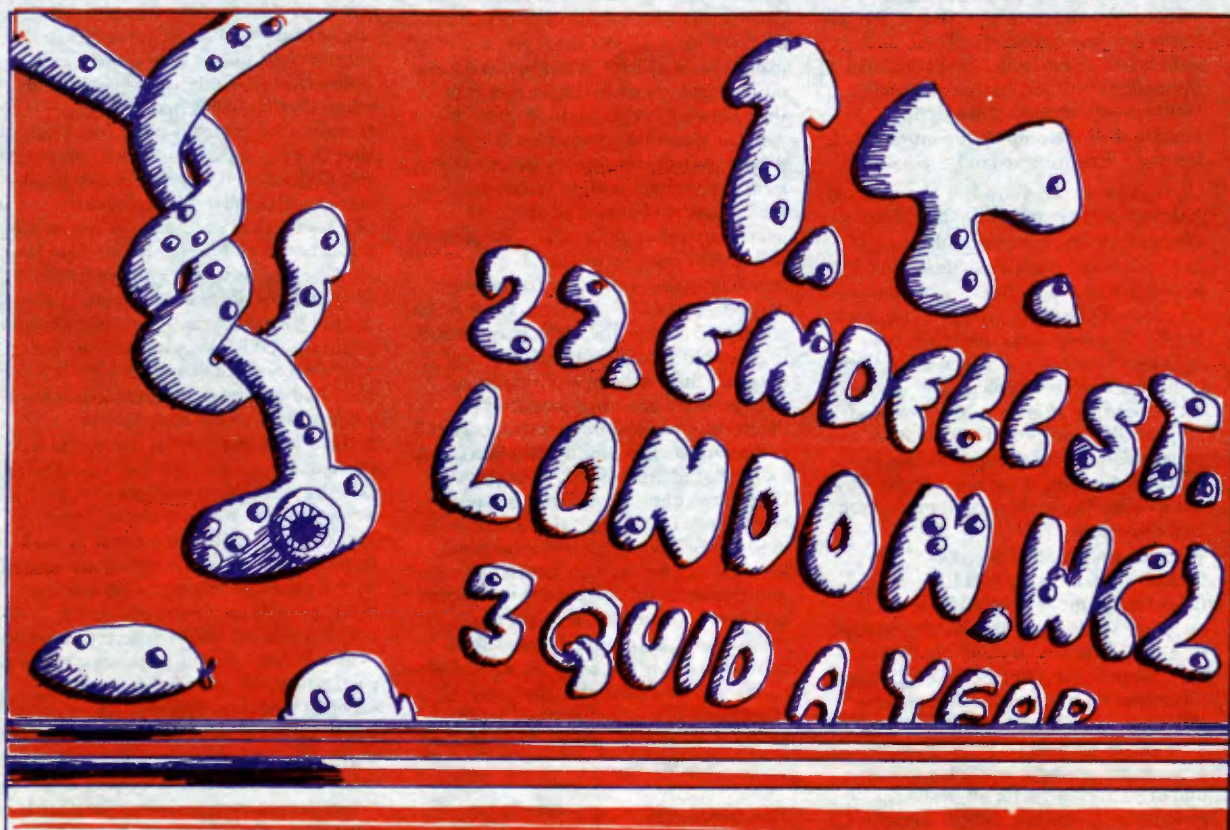
There are at least two fights a day, and if the guard sees it, both men are beaten.

## HEADS FOR SCAPE-GOATS

Fayad said he saw shortly before his release, two Americans severely beaten by the guards and thrown into a dungeon for four days, after they were caught smoking some hash which had been smuggled in.

All in all, the scene in Lebanon today is acutely anti-Western, mainly due to the political tensions in the Middle-East, and any western kid caught is liable to get an extra pounding. Putting an 'imperialist pot smoker' in prison, is a good diversion in a country split down the middle politically and needing scape-goats.

SPECIAL OZ  
INFORMATION SERVICE:  
THE HASH SCENE





**November 15th  
is the threshold of  
our dream**



**The Moody Blues  
To Our Childrens Childrens Children**

THM-THS1 (album)



**Watching & Waiting**

TH1 (single)



# Goodbye Jack Kerouac

David Widgery

**'KIND KING MIND'**/Allen Ginsberg called me *Mexico City Blues*, 5th Chorus, 'a girl once told me I had a steel trap brain, meaning I'd catch her out with a statement she'd made an hour ago even though our talk had rambled a million light years from that point' *Jack Kerouac*. 'Poets are God's spies' *PB Shelley*.

Ti Jean, Vanity Duluo, Sal Kerouac, you're gone now. You died age 46 in your house in Lowell, Mass. where you lived with your crippled mother and suspicious wife of one year, Stella, and they decided to do to you the American death thing and have you mummified, thread your veins with formaldehyde, tie a bow tie in position and clad your face in certain deathly cosmetics. And though Ginsberg, Orlovsky and Holmes stayed by you gently all night, dawn was soon and a Massectoece's funeral.

## MARMITE AND BOP

To read Kerouac when you were 15, scrabbling through the Ks of Slough Public Library, was a coded message of discontent; the sudden realisation of an utter subversiveness and license. He legitimised all the papery efforts of a child writer, dream books, pretend novellas, invented games, planned and described walkouts. He expressed a solution to the pentupness, exultance of youth that feeling of wanking off inside all the time.<sup>1</sup> Everyone I know remembers where they were when they read 'On The Road' whether newly expelled from school, public librarians (trainee) in Hammersmith, car park attendants in Dorking, knowledgeable Eisenhower drunks or hospital porters because of the sudden sense of infinite possibility. You could, just like that, get off out of it into infinite hitchhiking futures. Armed only with a duffle coat you could be listening to wild jazz on the banks of the Tyne or travelling east-west, across the Pennines. Mostly we never actually went, or the beer wore off by Baldock High Street and you were sober and so cold. But we were able to recognise each other by that fine, wild, windy prose and the running away motif that made so much sense. I, like ten

thousand other fifth formers, wrote series of letters in imitation of Kerouac, spiralling indiscriminate word patterns and being able, in his shadow, to write the words together if I so wanted to. A Canadian friend who thought he was Dean Moriarty sent me a notebook bound in smelly red cellophane about his runaway with an autocycle and packet of marmite sandwiches which he was forced to abandon in a snow drift after two miles. The notebook was about 80 pages yet seemed proper and as it ought to happen and all accountable within the terms of spontaneous bop prosody. Jazz was the other part of our underground because it meant beer and beards and arguing about the 4th trumpet in Kenton's reconstructed front line like stamp collectors.

We would get three-quarters drunk and listen to Charlie Parker who seemed to be trying to sound like Kerouac too if you listened to the breath sounds and the oral punctuation. 'Yes, jazz and bop, in the sense of a, say, tenor man drawing a breath and blowing a phrase on his saxophone, till he runs out of breath, and when he does, his sentence, his statement has been made... that's how I therefore separate my sentences as breath separations of the mind... there's the raciness and freedom and humour of jazz instead of all that dreary analysis and things like "James entered the room and lit a cigarette. He thought Jane might have thought this too vague a gesture"'.<sup>2</sup> When Hoagy Carmichael heard Dix Biederbeck, he fell off his chair. When Tom Paine was in hiding, he found shelter at the home of William Blake. 'Now I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time, and I kept thinking there's bound to be something else. I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it. I was doing alright until I tried double tempo on *Buddy and Soul*. Everyone fell out laughing. I went home and cried and didn't play again for three months.'<sup>3</sup>

## RED SHIFT, BIG BANG

Kerouac's writing started with home drawn comic strips, home made comic, whole childhood exercise book novels, long systems for horse racing and basketball games in the comfort of your front room played with symbols and pieces of paper money. At 18 I read Hemingway and Saroyan and began writing terse little stories in that general style. Then I read Tom Wolfe and began to write in the rolling style. Then I read Joyce and wrote a juvenile novel like *Ulysses* called 'Vanity of Duluo'. Then



came Dostoevsky. Finally, I entered a romantic phase with Rimbaud and Blake which I called my 'self-ultimate period', burning what I wrote in order to be self-ultimate. At the age of 24, I was groomed for the Western idealistic concept of letters from reading Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The discovery of a style of my own based on a spontaneous get-with-it, came after reading the marvellous free narrative letters of Neal Cassady, a great writer who happens to be the Dean Moriarty of 'On The Road'.<sup>4</sup> Cassady might, reluctantly, be compared to Trotsky in his historical span. Just as Trotsky is the sole link between Bolshevism and the post-war revolutionary movement so it was Cassady who was the only human link between the West Coast beats and the post-Leary hippies, acting as the driver of Ken Kesey's acidic bus *Further*. He stayed magnificently the same. In Kerouac he's this incredible talker, lost into a blue streak that's going to last all his life, pulsating even when silent where once Dean would have talked his way out, he now feels silent himself, but standing in front of everyone, ragged and broken and idiotic, right in front of the light bulbs, his mad face covered with sweat and throbbing veins, saying 'Yes, yes, yes' as though tremendous revelations were pouring into him the whole time now, and I am convinced they were, and the others suspected as much and were frightened. He was BEAT the root, the soul of beatific.<sup>5</sup> And 10 years later when drug-casserled ex-novelist Kesey makes his American migration, there Cassady sat driving the bus Cassady had been a rock on this trip the 'totally dependable person, when everyone else was stroked out with fatigue or the various pressures, Cassady could be still counted on to move. It was as if he never slept and didn't need to.



For all his wild driving, he always made it through the last oiled gap in the maze, like he knew it would be there all the time, which it always was. When the bus broke down, Cassady drove into its innards and fixed it. He changed tyres, lugging and heaving and jolting and bolting with his fantastic muscles popping out striation by striation and his basile veins gorged with blood and speed'.<sup>6</sup> Now Cassady's dead too. His body was found beside a railroad track outside the town of San Miguel de Allende in Mexico. It was said that he had been despondent and felt that he was growing old and had been on a long downer and had made the mistake of drinking alcohol of top of barbiturates. His body was cremated. (Marshall Bloom founding figure of the American Underground Press killed himself six weeks ago by connecting the exhaust pipe of a running car to the closed car interior but this he's not in this story).

## BULLET BEAT

Cassady's writing had started, like Kerouac's, in the slow painstaking, creative-writing-course-by-post way. Then he wrote *The First Third* a novel about his childhood with his alcoholic father in the Denver alley wineshops and Greyhound station johns and the way they talked to each other (like Kesey's acid soaked *Pranksters*) with 'minds weakened by liquor and an obsequious manner of existence, seeming continually preoccupied with bringing up short observations of obvious trash, said in such a way as to be instantly recognisable by the listener, who has heard it all before and whose own prime concern was to nod at everything said, then continue the conversation with a remark of his own, equally transparent and loaded with generalities'.<sup>6</sup> Cassady sent Kerouac a 40,000 word letter (now called the Joan Anderson letter) which Kerouac describes as 'the greatest piece of writing I ever saw, better'n anyone in America, or at least enough to make Melville, Twain, Dreiser, Wolfe I dunno who, spin in their graves' and which disappeared overboard into the sea. Kerouac and Cassady could talk each other into a state of semi-trance where their unrepressed word-slitting hotted up into a big shootout, bulletwords





mattress prose, too, is interior sprung, describes the impact of the American orals on off the page British poetry wonderfully well in his afterwords. The Penguins 'Poetry of the "Underground" in Britain'.

Ferlingetti had always been social and political: 'all this droopy corn about the beat generation and its being "existentialist" is as phoney as a four dollar piece of lettuce . . . only the dead are disengaged. And the wiggly nihilism of the beat hipster, if carried to its logical consequences actually means the death of the creative artist himself'.<sup>8</sup> Ginsberg increasingly became political after his decision to 'expose self and accuse America'.<sup>9</sup> But sez Kerouac 'I agree with Joyce, as Joyce said to Ezra Pound in the 1920s, "Don't bother me with politics, the only thing that interests me is style"'. Nowadays he seems to dismiss the holy goofing groin cats and wine lips of the San Francisco poetry gang 'Ferlingetti and Ginsberg, they are very socialistically minded and wanted everyone to live in some sort of frantic kibbutz, solidarity and all that. I'm a loner'. Kerouac was the lonesome traveller jumping out of cars, into fruit waggon, merchant holds, going and going as if by his movement alone he could become a molecule in a marvellous unity. He deeply wanted to believe in a total unification of the Golden Buddhist eternity, his religion was his ultimate resource and he saw it mostly in nature: the misty swelling and blooming of the seasons, sea and red wood trees he watched over for a spell. This was the wonderful still centre within all his energy; the baby Ti Jean with kitten and candy bar on pillow while the absolutely evil Dr Sax caused the swollen city river to rise sucking and slapping in the streets of Lowell.

It is said that as a child Kerouac was discovered trying to fuck the woman found with his prick buried in sofa.

#### WHAT HAPPENED

This handsome travelling man who sings and writes across the hugeness of the States is a great figure of the real migrant American. In the false America of the Fifties of Ike and Perry Mason's fight against freedom, in the symbol worshipping, silent, bad sociology writing, thick fifties, his very existence was a protest. Against that world's addiction to the manure, Kerouac's response was not political or critical — he just damned them with his energy.

Against the moral ruin of their world he replied in every second of his hour with the creative act. He insulted them, almost without knowing it himself, with his exuberance, his wonder, his emotions, almost crazed by the torrent of experience and finally devoured by its own appetite. Compared with him the alleged novelists of dissent on this side of Atlantic look and were mean, conservative and trivial.

But he seemed imprisoned within his wonder and his age, the Fifties. He doesn't so much develop as a writer as accumulate reworking the themes of his witness of the Beats, of his brother Gerard and Emily, of Mexico City and Paris with a steadily growing intensity. The compulsive nature of his writing could turn pathological; drugs and writing were the organising principles of his life, and death. 'Notoriety and public confession in literary form is a frazzler of the heart you were born with, believe me'. He was unable to alter the pace set by his mind which was as out of breath at 45 as it was at his hallucinated 15. He wrote, like Victor Serge, single spacing on a continuous typewriter roll at a punishing rate (in Tangier he typed Naked Lunch for Burroughs). The Subterraneans was written in three days, a physical feat much harder than the athletic struggles of the windy field leaving him as white as a sheet and having lost 15 pounds and looking strange in the mirror. His babble brook book Sartori in Paris was written on cognac and malt whiskey. Tristessa the fine mystic novel about a Mexican girl faint for morphine and the remarkable Mexico City poems were direct from his life in Mexico where his life and writing intersected dangerously. The vain records of the pagentry of the West Coast Beats 'Desolation Angels' 'Big Sur' and 'The Subs' indicate the pace at which he lived, the tension level at which the books are charged. Book of Dreams used even his sleeping life for material 'in a style of a person half awake from sleep

and ripping it out in pencil by the bed . . . yes, pencil . . . what a job, bleary eyes, insaned mind bemused and mystified by sleep, details that pop out even as you write them you don't know what they mean, till you wake up have coffee, look at it and see the logic of the dream from the language itself.' He was the last American to write quite like this; the great Romantic a naked sheet wound round experience and registering it in wonder 'the true story of what I saw and how I saw it'.

As he grew unrelentingly older, he grew, logically, patriotic and sentimental. A rare public meeting he spoke to in Southern Italy was broken up by dumbfounded Italian kids when he defended the American war in Vietnam. His drunkenness, male adventuring, lumberjack clothes (now looking uncannily like the handsome Ronald Reagan) were of a different world now. He must have sensed it was impossible to keep hold of his old human universe when he retreated to his bungalow in Lowell. Like Dylan his quietism is only objectionable if you interpret politically, which of course you have to. When people started fighting back against the monster America the nutcase radicals, Trotskyists, Black Panthers they do so in a way that excludes him . . . even disgusts him. For now protest is nowhere near enough. It's too conventional and we need to fight America with all the science it is using to destroy us. And we must win.

We have to blaspheme against Kerouac's religiosity and be wary of his colossal nervous system. He is a precious voice, but from the past. When we win we can name streets and stars after him.

wlzing backwards and forwards with words that were slippery without being gelatinous and made you tremble when you read them. 'We did much fast talking, on tape recorders, way back in '52 and listened to them so much we both got the secret of LINGO in telling a tale and figure that was the only way to express the speed and tension and the ecstatic tom foolery of the age.'

Kerouac/Cassady learned from this to curve and move their acoustic prose in the air, sustaining the long line by breath, rubbish image, riff, dazzling phrasing making an awkward tightrope walk like Chaplin about to fall but never quite doing so since able to 'add alluvials to the end of your line when all is exhausted but something has to be said for some specified irrational reason'.<sup>7</sup>

It's from Kerouac's sound not the coterie poetics of Creely/Olson that is behind Ginsberg's rush on language. And from all three Americans the florid yobbing British poets of the 50s fed, snatching bootlegged copies from Ferlingetti's City Lights Press and the other artistic contraband which made possible the dense undergrowth of the British small poetry magazines (especially Poetmeat, early Underdog, and the shortbreathed and 'substantial' New Departures). Mike Horovitz, whose

1. Paris Review 43, Kerouac Interview.
2. 'Hear Me Talking to You' P. 342 Charlie Parker.
3. The New American Poetry, Don Allen P. 439.
4. 'On the Road'.
5. 'The Electric Cool Aid Acid Test' Tom Wolfe P. 101.
6. 'The First Third' City Lights Journal Number 2.
7. 'The New American Poetry' Don Allen P. 414.
8. 'The New American Poetry' Don Allen P. 412.
9. Eric Mottram Introduction 'Flight From America' All other Kerouac quotations Paris Review.



# A Sad Letter

Dear Sir!  
Some weeks ago I saw an invitation in your paper asking all foreigners in Turkish prisons to report about their cases, sentences and about general circumstances.

I was arrested in spring of '66 being in possession of 1 Kg. of hash. It happened at the frontier station 'Uzunkopru' on the occasion of custom control on my way back to Germany. After five months I was sentenced to 'lifetime' only the fact being a seriously disabled man (Brain injured and now again right sides paralysed) cut down this sentence to '30 years'. During the hearings 'without lawyer' and in unknowledge of the Law in this country but the Turkish court didn't bother about that.

My consulate wrote a request to the court asking for a lawyer, but no result and I was punished without possibility of defence. At least finally I tried to make a speech for the defence myself, but the Judge didn't like it and cut off my speech.

I mentioned several times I smoke hash myself and the stuff is for my own use, because I am seriously war disabled and suffering very much from pain, but no reaction at all.

After getting my sentence still in court, the translator told me I had got to serve my time but 'only 20 years' because 10 years of my sentence is a free part if I am a good prisoner, isn't that broad-minded? On the whole and by and large they really improve their barbarism.

My next thought was to appeal, of course it is possible, but the question was how to do it? During the whole trial without a bill of indictment, that means, without number of files, and after the condemnation without argument of trial, last nothing at all. The same day after condemnation I informed my consulate by an urgent letter and they tried to get the number of the files. If you don't mind I am telling you, after the consulate got this damn number, it was too late to do something, because the 'appointed time' was up. No chance to appeal any more. Up till today, not a single sheet of paper, like, bill of indictment, or bill of trial, nothing, but insist on their law.

If it would be useful for your paper here are some facts how they treat me in prison. I told already about

my invalidity, before I got arrested I could walk normally without stick, now I am forced to use a stick for every step and almost not more than 5 minutes. I spent a lot of time in Turkish hospitals but without success. Here isn't much knowledge about medical treatment in cases like mine. Other things happened, but I get tired at mentioning them all again. I got medical expert evidence several times, but the last one, it seems, is the important of all, said: S (that's me) needs help and nursing all the time, he can't take care of himself. That's the correct translation. Now my consulate is trying something but in this fatalist country maybe they are successful after my funeral because they kicked me right down and now it doesn't really matter anyway. All in all, to be amongst murderers, thieves and slave sellers, is the

biggest misfortune I ever took part. What a nuisance, to be a smoker of hash, is a bigger crime 'than a simple murder case' which would be punished 24 years. But otherwise they are eager-joining every modern European institution that means every time a step nearer to the money but without carrying out obligations of humanity in their own country. For instance they joined the European Court in Strasburg too and now they take a look to the convention of this high European Court about humanity. I don't have the intention to give my thoughts about humanity for discussion only so much, I got a lot of compassion for this world.

My regards to you and I am hoping my letter will help somewhat to beat the drum about the prisoners in an awful and backward country.  
H. Schonwalder



## OTHER SCENES

IS THE MOST INTERESTING PAPER IN AMERICA

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Name.....

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# Dynamite the BBC

Dear Oz,  
It is not surprising that Tony Palmer felt it was necessary to disassociate himself from the remarks he was reported to have made about the B.B.C. Anyone who has anything good to say about B.B.C. Radio and Television has got to be speaking out of the top of his head.

The most indicative example of the B.B.C.'s attitude towards its audience is, I think, Young Tiddler Radio One. Despite the changes that have taken place in the Folk Music scene during the past twelve years, they are still trying to make us believe that things haven't changed since 1958. We still hear forty teeny groups each day on wonderful Radio One when every available pointer tells us that the teeny scene is dead. We still hear nothing but singles when albums, for the first time ever, are selling in greater numbers.

The power is there and by using the B.B.C. as its whipping boy, the Government is showing, as it did with the sacking of the pirates, that it is becoming increasingly aware that the recording industry is the only one over which it has no control.

Censorship mutilates television, radio and the daily press. Popular magazines are controlled in much the same way and the cinema and the theatre rely almost entirely on lucrative outlets. Of the 'underground press', 'Time Out' appears to possess the greatest potential for change (on every page) but is misusing it. IT has gone into music for the wrong reasons and OZ needs to be taken more seriously. Our music, however, is completely our own. It is the only medium which does not have to rely on a lowest common denominator appeal to get itself across. It is rooted in the community and the community accepts and understands it.

Rock music in 1969 is not the Radio One Fun Thirty; nor are the composers competing with Schubert or Bach). It is a point of contact for thousands of otherwise isolated people, providing them with their most solid form of communication. In 25 years we've ruled the world. The revolution is in our heads and that's the most important place of all. Meanwhile, the Beatles say what is on our minds.  
R. Harris





## On Memorial Day, May 30, the Park Committee Asks All to Rally in Berkeley Together

### We Will March to Peoples' Park!

James Rector is dead in Berkeley of a police bullet in his heart. A sadistic Alameda County Sheriff's deputy killed him as Rector, from a rooftop, watched the massive assault on hundreds of brothers, some of whom he had met in a park built on vacant land. He was shot by a single policeman, but Sheriff Madigan distributed the shotguns, and the University of California pulled the trigger. The University fired the police guns which shot a hundred others on the bloody day of May 15th. It swung the clubs which have wounded, even crippled, dozens of others since that day, in methodical, conscious and indiscriminate violence.

Berkeley has undergone ten days of siege by 2700 National Guardsmen and thousands of police. All political and constitutional rights have been suspended by Reagan's fiat. A reign of terror, with heavily armed police teargassing and breaking into homes and dormitories has hit the university community.

All this because the University of California expropriated Peoples Park from the Berkeley community.

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# Arts Lab Death

## Conversation

The British are said to be hard to get to know. They seldom talk to strangers in trains or buses. They like to get things done with the minimum of effort, and they consider that too much talk is an unnecessary waste of time. When talk is unavoidable they like to come straight to the point. When two people meet and they wish to save themselves from the embarrassment of silence, they usually talk about the weather. As this is always changing, there is always something new to be said about it. In any case, this is a useful topic with which to open a conversation with a stranger.

## Dear Friends,

Please accept this newsletter from me with some news which should interest you. The Arts Laboratory located on Drury Lane for the past two and a half years is closed. The Arts Lab was many things to many people: a vision frustrated by an indifferent, fearful society; an experiment with such intangibles as people, ideas, feelings, and communications; a restaurant, a cinema, a theatre (Moving Being, Freehold, People Show, Human Family, etc.); underground television (Rolling Stones at Hyde Park, Isle of Wight, Dick Gregory All Night Event); a gallery (past exhibitions include Yoko Ono & Lennon, Taxis, et al); free notice boards (buy/sell, rides to Paris), a tea room, astrological readings, an information bank (tape, video, & live-Dick Gregory, Lennie Bruce, Michael X, Michael McClure...), happenings (verbal and otherwise), music (live and tape including The Fugs, Donovan, Leonard Cohen, Third Ear Band, Shawn Phillips, Kylastron, etc.); books, magazines and newspapers (Time Out, I F Suck, OZ, Rolling Stone); information. People flowed through — young, old, fashionable, unfashionable, beautiful, bored, ugly, sad, aggressive, friendly — five bob if you can afford it, less if you can't. A few people in a position to help financially took but never gave. They asked, 'What's the product? What's its name?' The real answer was Humanity: you can't weigh it, you can't market it, you can't label it, and you can't destroy it. You can touch it and it will respond, and you can free it and it will fly, you can create it and it will grow, if you kill it — it's murder. The kids here don't believe it's the end and they're

right for it will reappear in another form. 'We are the seeds of the tenacious plant, and it is in our ripeness and our fullness of heart that we are given to the wind and are scattered.'

Some facts: The Arts Council gives £13,500 per annum to the Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh. I founded and directed and which is only one third the size and scope of the Lab. The kitchens of the Royal Opera House are given some £37,000 per annum by the Arts Council. The Arts Lab received no support from the Arts Council. I have been asked to join the Arts Council. I am £5,000 in debt.

The future. My future plans and the future plans for the Lab are clouded. I might move to Paris or to Amsterdam or to both cities. I have been invited to lecture at the new University of Paris at Vincennes. The Lab has been invited to present a season of London theatre, film, music, experimental television, etc. at La Lucernaire, a theatre in Paris, in December.

The loss does not diminish the scope of the experience, I have learned. The fullness and unpredictability of the future out-distance the past. Perspective brings understanding — a property of future and past. The future has a delightful habit of turning into the present.

Blessings and regards  
Jim Haynes

## Invitations

There will be many people in Britain who will want to invite you to their homes. If they invite you it means that they want you to come and they hope that you will tell them definitely whether you are coming or not.

## Dress

While your national costume is always appreciated — and the more colourful the better — people are apt to be intolerant of men who adopt a flamboyant imitation of the British male attire.

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the  
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# Kill for Love

## The Police and the Law:

It will not be long before you can recognise the police. The ordinary "constable" is familiarly known as a "Bobby", though he likes to be addressed as "officer" unless he has three stripes, in which case call him "sergeant". He patrols his beat on foot, or is seen on traffic control duty.

## Buses:

You may smoke "upstairs" or "on top", but not "downstairs" or "inside".

## Underground Railways:

Stations are marked UNDERGROUND in white letters on a blue ground.

Dear Richard,

Having been presented as an asthmatic impotent, tone-deaf, sadist wierd, I am now about to fall into the trap of writing a letter in reply to Germaine's piece 'Mozic and the Revolution' OZ 24 and will probably confirm all of her suspicions.

It would appear that the main problem in contemporary revolution, with the exception of the Guerilla wars in S. America is that all action takes place within territory held by the enemy. This fact destroys the idealistic approach to revolution, because in order to survive, the Revolutionary has to connive, cheat, lie and above all, develop a mental attitude which often is cynical and occasionally sadistic. This problem of expediency and passive idealism was exposed two years ago at UFO with Caroline Coon forcibly learning that it is not sufficient to embrace marauding skinheads and murmur "Peace and Love" to them. A number of people, including myself found we were in the inenviable position of having to face gangs of skinheads on their own terms in order to save genuinely peaceful people from getting their heads broken. In this way we were forced, on one hand, into compromising our own ideals. To kill a man is simply murder; it is revolution to turn him on!; while on the other we earned the distrust of the flower people following these displays of violence.

If the Rock revolution is going to succeed in this society, it is painful, but necessary for some of us to sacrifice our own chances of the promised land, so that

those like Dr. G., who are already into peacefully doing their own thing, will not have to compromise themselves in order to survive. In some ways the Revolutionary is the least suited to live in the Utopia supposedly created out of revolution. This is sad, but there it is.

We have been hearing Rock solidly for the last ten years and despite what Germaine says, we have gone (even me in my condition), 'pretty far into our bodies'. The very fact that a white southern kid like Elvis Presley can go so far against his culture as to strut, and storm like a nigger is a far greater part of revolution than all the feedback imaginable. Sure, we have got down into our bodies, the problem now is to find a way for Rock to begin to make us rediscover our brains. Dylan began to move in that direction, and maybe John Sinclair was helping it along the way, but my great fear is that the process will not be fast enough to be completed before the rad-nazis shoot us as well.

Mick Farren

## First Meetings

When British people are introduced to each other, they give a faint smile and say: "How do you do?" There is no answer to this question. They occasionally shake hands, especially if formally introduced, but they do not shake hands with men and women they see often.

## How to Make an Insurrection:

People do not make revolution eagerly. C. Wright Mills

# ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH BLUES

## VOLUME 1

IMAL03/IMAL04

## VOLUME 2

IMAL05/IMAL06



THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF BRITISH BLUES IN TWO VOLUMES  
EACH VOLUME CONTAINING TWO ALBUMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.  
ANOTHER COLLECTORS ITEM FROM IMMEDIATE.



IMMEDIATE





EVERYBODY who is interested in giving recitations should have a book of monologues at his or her elbow. The usual repertoire of pieces in sober verse is well enough in its way, but when a few monologues are added, the repertoire becomes much more popular and acceptable.

It usually helps a great deal if suitable clothing is worn. A scarf or a hat may easily make all the difference to the effect, and a few pieces of furniture, such as a table and a chair, help in suggesting the proper atmosphere.

Though there is usually more to learn in a monologue than in a set of rhymed verses, the monologue is often mastered more quickly, as there is not the need to memorise the passages with the same word-accuracy.

My young nephew knows everything. You know the type — went to school until he was seventeen — seventeen mind you! — then went to a university and came away thinking the old folks couldn't teach him anything. All I said was wrong, and everything he did was right. Well, anyway, he got married last Easter. Married a bit of a thing as bad as he was — and the *ideas* the pair of them had! Everything was going to be done the modern way and they wouldn't take any advice — no, not even at the wedding reception. It really upset his mother, who believed in the old fashioned way of doing everything. I knew it was no good talking so I just said nothing — I even gave them the wedding present they wanted. Not what you'd expect — a case of cutlery, a carpet sweeper, or something useful but a Chinese vase! Fancy, a Chinese vase to put in the hall! A Chinese vase! Well, that just shows you.

We all went to their house after the reception to look at the presents and you never saw such a house in all your born days. Everything had to be modern — whether it worked or not. The kitchen was modern, the dining room was modern, the hall was modern, the bathroom was modern, the bedrooms were modern. They even had modern twin beds.

"Twin beds," I said, "I've never heard of such a thing. What's the matter with a good old-fashioned brass bedstead?"

They both just looked at me, and I was sorry I'd spoken. I didn't say anything, but I thought quite a bit.

Well, after we'd seen the presents we all came away and left them to themselves, and it wasn't until three or four weeks later that I heard anything more of them. I got a letter saying this and that, but at the end was the bit I'd been waiting for.

"We can't understand," said my nephew, "where the Chinese vase is that you gave us." I thought it was worth a telegram. I went down to the Post Office and sent it off straight away — I only wish I could have seen their faces when they opened it.

"Look in the other bed," I said.

# Caroline Please...

19th Nov.  
Catford College,  
Goudhurst Road,  
Downham.

Dear Oz,

This is yet another in the series of all-you-hear-about-Caroline-Coon-may-be-boring-but-it's-fucking-true.

OK so Release is a great service and a lot of the credit must go to Caroline, fine Of late the fuzz have been super-active and so it isn't surprising that friends get busted, and Release are good to us. Someone thinks it would be nice to raise some money which no doubt Release could use. How about a benefit.

Well Release how do you feel about a benefit? 'Groovy, come up and chat about it'. So we do. Everyone seems to feel good about the whole thing. Carry on. So we carry on. It seems that with an effort most people will help. We move next door to OZ and the girl says that we should be able to get some free advertising.

With some fixing we persuade another college with a larger hall to let us have it for the evening. With some fixing they get the local council to let them have it for nothing. Back at the college strings are frantically being pulled, by the end of the week we've got more than enough groups plus the aid of those concert veterans at the Rookery. Things are really working. We've even got a press willing to print cheap.

Get a call from Des Banks, 'Would we come up and see Caroline and tell all. Sure. So we arrive and Caroline is wondering where the best sights in Germany are to be seen. Then someone tells us to sit down. We wait around for a bit. Someone has nicked the coffee. They have a long discussion on padlocks and signs. Then someone notices us in the corner. Can they help us 'Benefit? Oh yeah. Well, like it's difficult. You know, I mean like we've had hundreds of benefits and er just not benefited.' Oh. So they go back to the coffee. By now we're shit tired of the whole thing. So get up to go. Caroline spots us. 'Like you know I'm sorry but you know how it is.'

So we stand at the door and she tells us how. If the benefit flops people will still go around thinking Release have benefited. Caroline couldn't you have said so on the phone? It would have saved us god knows how much money and a fuck of a lot of time and trouble.

Sorry but you know how it is. Oh yeah do you want to stay and watch the moonshot? I suppose the fact that if you look there are hundreds of people willing to help a good cause, is good enough in itself, but I wish Caroline would sometimes stop and think.

Anyway, thanks to the Soft Machine, Ai Stewart, Blackhill, OZ, N.U.S., the Rookery, The Notting Hill Press, Des and all others who were naive enough to think it might have worked.

Richard, Martin, Jon, Carol, and 1000's more.

Dear Sir,

I am 24 years of age and having read an account of your works as published in the People, Sunday September 7th, 1969, I would love to learn more about your magazine as you say love is beautiful, it is and all of us women know it. But like me, few of us are getting any intimate personal attention. Like my man for instance. From mounting me and getting it up into me, to rolling off me, four minutes and then deep snores. That is called love. But it only leaves me with an insatiable gash under my belly that is thrust forward elongated and gaping immensely, greedily yearning to be explored and used and served, as well as skilfully and dexterously operated into me by hand. No there is none of this for me only a very deep frustration. Day by day I come on heat as I go about my work in the home or on the street, there is nothing I can do about it, as I am not getting the tool shoved up into me that would take this feeling away from me, and do me the most good. I have to just carry on. I thought your book would teach him, what and how to do to me the things that would get him the most pleasure it is possible to get out of me. Lasting pleasure that is. What a God's Gift of Love to a woman in my present position to be held forcibly down unable to move, until by his ego and over indulgence all of me has been exposed and exhibited for his vision and the enormous vast channel of pleasure that he could obtain from working up into me diligently. Well I will close now. I cannot see any of this happening, but it gives me comfort and happiness to talk about it all. It is a pity we cannot swap open discussion by correspondence with men. But discretion would have to be used, so that neither party could be traced if letters got lost. Only anonymously could this be possible. Will close now. Name supplied but withheld.

## Learning the virgins

Dear Sir,

Does your magazine learn people? Such as myself? I am a VIRGIN. Perhaps it would be better if you and your friends would do something of good nature to the country. I don't know why OZ causes such storms. I have just been reading in the paper that a so-called woman [dog in my eyes] can sleep with two so-called men [dogs]. Why? How? I don't understand it. Will your mag learn me? I'll just have one copy for now. To see if I can find out things. My parents and family were VIRGINS and abhor anything outside marriage, I am the same, I enclose the 3/-. Would you put it in a plain envelope? No we don't have anything like it in the house. I am curious. I suddenly want to know, at 24 years old!!! But VIRGIN I STAY Name and address withheld.

# Letter from a hospital

Dear OZ,

I watched the Stone's concert on the T.V. the other day amid a frantic putting down of the people there by the nurses and the patients (who are alcoholics) and saw a lot of people I knew, good to see they are still around. But where. One good piece of news anyway, I am getting out in a few weeks or so, but I will remain a day patient, which is not too bad as I have only to attend here about three days a week. So maybe I can get my head sorted out and come up to London, and even back to Oxford for a week or so, I have had an invite from bro. Simon Tugwell (whom you may know) to go and stay at Blackfriars for a weekend. I may just do that. (hope you don't mind me writing to you like this but as I said in my last letter, things are a drag, and I maybe in need to talk about things I and the other person know about.)

It is obvious that there are things that I cannot talk about in a letter, like, why I am here, and why I dig the East.

Funny things happen here at the hospital like;

(a) I had been here a week and was going up to occupational therapy one day, it was cold so I wore my poncho, the next thing I knew was the doctor wanted to see me, the conversation went like this:

Me. I hear you want to see me Mr . . .

Him. Yes Barry, it's about your, er, er, blanket thing.

Me. O. yes, it's very beautiful isn't it.

Him. Why did you wear it around the hospital this morning.

Me. Cos it was cold and I don't have a jacket.

Him. Er, well if you have a problem like that you know you must come to us and we will give you one.

Me. But I don't consider it a problem. (long silence)

Him. Well, we can't have you walking around the hospital like that I forbid you to wear it (pause) if you think like that you are not normal.

(b) Last night I went into the grounds and sat under a weeping willow tree listening to the John Peel show, and then to a concert for about two hours until a nurse came along and asked me what I was doing, so I told him. With the result he told me to go inside because it wasn't normal for people to sit under trees at night listening to a radio, and looking at the stars and field mice that lived in the tree I sat next to.

(c) They tell me speed is harmless and you can't get hooked on it

(d) They get angry at me for messing up their experiment that they were doing with me by putting me with 15 alcoholics, you see they told me they would bring in a 23 year old alcoholic so that I could identify myself with him, when he came I found that he was a drag and all he could talk about was booze, how he beat up freaks for fun when he was drunk, and the winner of the last race the day before. Well, what do you think happened.

(maybe I am intolerant).

love and flowers  
Barry Fitton

A. Stephenson  
69.



# THE Sun

FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE 5d. Tuesday, November 25, 1969. No. 8

## THE SUN SAYS

### Making monsters of people

GENETIC engineering is one of those scientific phrases invented not to convey a meaning, but to obscure it.

We do not want to breed slaves. And there is a master race already. It is the human race. All of it. White and coloured. Aryan and non-Aryan. Let's leave it at that, says The Sun.

### It's GET SET

Day tomorrow  
ANOTHER  
SURPRISE BAR-  
GAIN FOR SUN  
READERS  
Don't miss your  
Super Sun  
TOMORROW

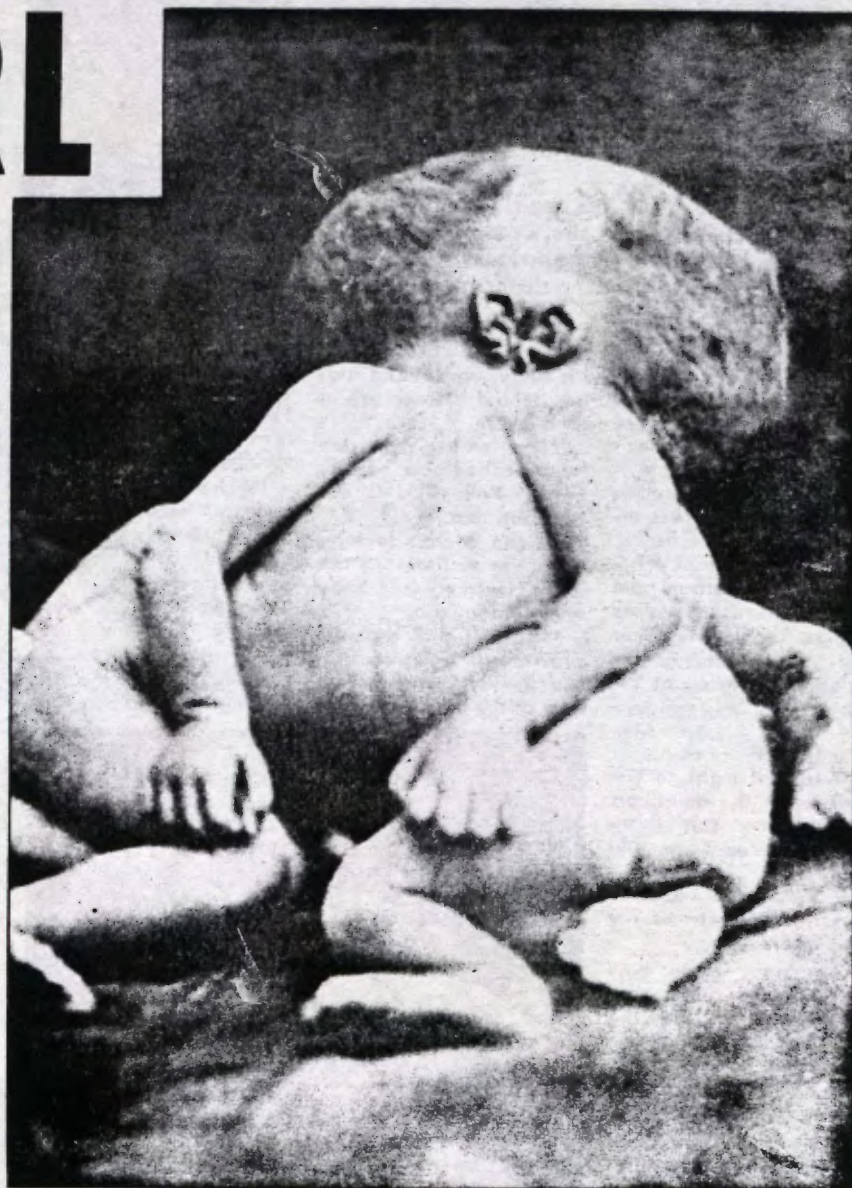


A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

# LEPER RAPES GIRL

# -SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A

# MONSTER BABY





# LEPER RAPES GIRL

## She Gives Birth To Monster Baby

by CLINTON THAMES

*There have been many despicable crimes committed against minors in this country, but none more revolting than the one inflicted on Caroline Riley, 17, of Houston, Texas.*

*Caroline, a virgin, was walking home from school 7 months ago when she was suddenly attacked by an escaped leper!*

*The shock of the hideous rape was too much for the ravaged child to bear and she spent six months in a mental institution recovering from the strain.*

*But just as Caroline regained her sanity another shock hit her — she was pregnant.*

*Three weeks later it happened — Caroline gave birth to a hideously deformed monster baby!*

"Now the doctors say she'll never recover, that she'll be a vegetable for the rest of her life!" sobbed Emily Riley, 41, Caroline's mom.

"Giving birth to that thing snapped any sanity my poor child had left in her."

The horrible rape happened in a suburban park that Caroline always walked through to get home. Mom Emily still remembers the hysterical shrieking of her daughter after her disheveled body was fond behind a clump of bushes.

"I rushed right to the park when the neighbors notified me something had happened," she told **SUN**. "The sight I saw made me want to tear the hair out of my head and die."

"My poor baby was lying there with her clothes torn off and the most horrible expression in her eyes."

"It wasn't until I looked closer that I saw the decrepit looking scab that was smeared across her flesh."

"It was so sickening that I puked all over my daughter's body."

Police arrived moments later and immediately got on the case.

The results showed within an hour when a leper, his decaying flesh

practically oozing from his body, was found hiding behind a trash can in an alley.

"The child was too hysterical to give us any help," Police Lt. Chuck Hamson told **SUN** "but the doctors looking after the victim said the loose scab on her body was human scab."

"It didn't click that the rapist was a leper until the pervert was discovered in the lane."



Leper Manuel had escaped from Mexican colony. He's now back

"The clincher came when we searched him. The girl's nylons and her torn panties were found stuffed into his pockets."

The leper, Manuel Rodriguez, an escapee from a Mexican leper colony, was deported to Mexico City where he was tried and committed to a high security section of the colony.

But that didn't help young Caroline — the shock of being molested by a slimy

pervert was so great that she went berserk.

"It took three months before she could speak and another three months until she was healthy enough to be released from the Institute," Dr. Wilson Richards, her psychiatrist, revealed.

"We had told her by then that she was pregnant and she took it as well as could be expected. She said she was ready for it."

"She probably was ready for childbirth, but not for the monstrous event that did happen."

The monstrous event that Dr. Richards was referring to was the birth to Caroline of a 9-lb, faceless freak.

"It was the most revolting creature I'd ever come across," the doctor, who was at Caroline's bedside to give her confidence, stated.

"The monster had two heads hideously welded together at the face. There were no eyes, mouths, no noses, nothing except four ears."

"It died moments after it was pulled from Caroline's womb but it was too late by then — the poor, hypersensitive girl saw her freak baby and screamed convulsively."

"By the time we calmed her down with drugs she was a whimpering mass of tissue, oblivious to the life going on around her."

"She's stayed that way ever since and I'm afraid nothing is going to pull her out of it."

"No human could go through as much torment as this child and stay sane."

This diagnosis has been corroborated by other experts but that isn't stopping the Riley parents from hoping.

"We pray every day that a miracle will cure our Caroline," Emily admitted. "With God's help she will one day be healthy and living with us again."

**SUN** then asked



Caroline today is insane. She was unable to cope with double disaster

gynecologist Dr. James Waterman, 48, who assisted in the birth of the freak, whether deformity and leprosy will always go hand in hand.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he replied. Usually, a leper's hormone structure is so imbalanced by the slow rot of leprosy that a normal offspring is out of the question.

"But no one could expect a freak with two bodies and one head!"



Gal's mom, Mrs. Riley, prays every day that Caroline will recover



Hideous double-headed freak was result of foul mating between leper & teen virgin Caroline



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GET OUT! THIS IS  
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I have never had much time for in the depth interpretation, the 'what we're trying to say is', or the supposedly hidden meaning, in music. The Dylanologist and the intellectualiser are to-day's rock Philistines. And so with Quintessence' first LP, in Blisful Company, I was very happy to accept it as one of the most joyous and spontaneous records I had heard since the balmy days of Traffic, and Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring.

**Notting Hill Gate**, for example, transcends a tendency towards total banality in the lyrics and achieves the status of a minor classic. Having missed Quintessence on the battlefields of Implosion, All Saints Hall and the Speakeasy, I was surprised to find the group is still very much your typical English blues rock outfit. The eastern influence is there, of course (there's more than a touch of Asian ecsticism in *Gange Mai*) but having heard of the Quintessence life style and seen from afar members of the group swanning around the Grove in their robes and sandals, I had expected an oriental trip at least as heavy as George Harrison's. Partly to find out why In Blisful Company succeeds so brilliantly, partly because I happened to meet Shiva the group's vocalist in Portobello Road one afternoon, I found myself cross legged on a cushion in his incense laden pad, sipping peppermint tea, slightly distracted by the Indian petit-point of the carpets and wall hangings, mesmerised by the caste mark on his forehead, listening to his serious, gentle talk.

*"Behind the music is a very close family life in which basically, we are all following the same philosophy which is the quickest way to realisation of God for us. We are fairly organised, with meetings outside group practices, at which the families get together in one of our pads and sing mantras, especially Hare Krishna. This brings about a much closer communication among the families, and in particular among members of the group when playing."*

I wonder how much family harmony there was behind Blind (virtuosity for its own boring sake) Faith.

*"The inner circle of the Quintessence amounts to six individual families, about twenty people. Occasionally we have kirtan which is devotional singing, used to invoke Krishna Consciousness. It produces a state of complete relaxation and happiness. Getting audiences to join in, which we always try to do, frees their minds from fetters, makes them forget earthly problems."*

In Blisful Company is in fact, a devotional record. Religious music, closely identified with Quintessence's faith and way of life. None of your gloomy hymn-singing, Wesleyan moral fog, but akin to Italian Renaissance church music, which, produced at a time when Christianity still had something going for it, was rich, passionate and inspired.

*"The best way I can express my feelings about God is through my music and I want all my physical actions directed towards this."*

The group's Swami, and study of the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads have left indelible marks, and Shiva is now an orthodox Hindu, a long way from his days as Phil Jones, singing with The Unknown Blues, a still unknown pop group in Australia.

*"To transcend their egos, all members of the band take part in the kirtan, but some are more involved in occultism, a western path towards realisation. This is why we still have as much an English as an Indian sound — the music necessarily reflects both philosophies. At the moment our sound is simple, but eastern influence is likely to grow, and we may issue an album devoted entirely to chanting, which may be more difficult to understand."*

My musical appreciation capabilities being, by an unfortunate quirk of birth, permanently stunted (I am tone deaf), I will no doubt be left behind as the group makes their journey to Bombay and all points east. When I departed, Shiva was playing an electric organ and Vidya — his wife, was making another peppermint tea.

*"The message that we are trying to put across in our music is that it is within the grasp of everyone to attain infinite knowledge, love and peace. Every track on the record reflects upon the infinite consciousness which prevades everything."*

Which brings me back to where I started. The music comes first, the message comes second. Even when it's a beautiful message like that. For Quintessence, the two are inextricably intertwined. But the direction they are going is not that of the majority of those who will buy and love the record. The music of Quintessence says a thousand things, and you can pluck from it what you will.

Jim Anderson.

There are many groups that seem to go on for years at what you might call the Klook Kleek level. In other words, they achieve a mild sort of reputation but never manage to break out of the endless round of one nighters up and down the country.

If the music business was all fair and honest — credit where credit was due and so forth — one could say that this kind of group didn't succeed because it didn't deserve to: because it just didn't have what it takes to turn a Klook Kleek group into a Royal Command performance act. As it is, of course, success depends less on how well you can play than who you know (how else do you explain the Ryan twins?). Maybe this is the reason why Mighty Baby (nee the Action) have been around for so long without ever really making it. Perhaps they haven't got engaging accents, or they aren't evil-looking enough, or they're not as under-privileged as they ought to be — I don't know.

The important thing about Mighty Baby (right — enough soft-selling) is that their first album is very good indeed.

Obviously their music slightly resembles the hard rock-blues that the Action used to play. I don't think it's too whimsical to say that it's pure electric music throughout: Mighty Baby seem content to explore the possibilities inherent in a drums/bass/lead/organ/sax line-up — they're not into the we're-as-versatile-as-any-symphony-orchestra thing. They make a king of Buffalo Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely imitative — you get the feeling that they write all their own material because they want to express themselves in their own way, not because somebody told them that to progress in the business you have to do your own numbers. Every track is, to a greater or lesser degree, satisfying, there are no space-fillers.

The best numbers on the album are those, like 'House Without Windows' and 'A Friend You Know But Never See', where they lay down and develop a solid rock and roll riff. Here you can see the advantage of playing for years: each musician instinctively maintains and enhances the balance of the song. Unlike those bands which are merely showcases for one soloist Mighty Baby are a group in the fullest sense.

The sleeve is good too, dig the frantic Martin Sharp front cover.

John Leaver.

**John Mayall The Turning Point Polydor 583571 Push as you pull Led Zeppelin Two Atlantic 599198**

Pump and Jump, Pick and Bash are at it again. The Undercurrent of Led Zeppelin has become a reality. Varoom!!! Are we big enough to accept their brute force? Shugashug, bokbok. Go away you pox, let me hear it. Baby baby baby.

Robert Plant is screaming songs in tune, Bonham and Jones are stomping, and Flash Harry Page is showing his class. They define heavy. Plant is no longer just a member, he's out front leading Led Zeppelin. He's singing duets with the Jones' bass continually, the Flash is happy filling the gaps. You can't describe the pieces as songs, you can't whistle them in your maisonette. I mean the Fifth Dimension did 'Sunshine of Your Love'. 'Squeeze me til the juice runs down my legs' has got to remain pure Plant.

I promise you after one hearing you will not return Page, Bonham, Plant and Jones. You could win a bird for the night with Led Zeppelin Two. I think Page was trying too hard on the first album, the sweat was honest but overpowering. But as much as you attack this one you can't dent 'What is and what should Never Be', 'Ramble On', and the middle section of 'The Lemon Song'. At first hearing there are some unnecessary things. Bonham's drum solo, the electric claptap on track one, the Burdon intonation on 'Thank You'. But they serve some purpose in providing contrast for the brilliant bits. Notwithstanding the heavy blues business, there are musical chuckles woven into the album. This is a must when you're smashing ears with a million watts. Sadly, there are a lot of musicians who lack humour.

A huge bonus is the joyous physicality not present on any other record since Bayou Country. The simmering melancholia in many of the records released over the last three months is a bore even if it's a description of the way things are. A bit of 'wham bam thankyou mam' from the leading gut-rippers may exercise the soft scene.

John Mayall and Led Zeppelin have the same audience. They've got to

difference between them that counts. Mayall's voice is scratchy but Plant's hair is curly. In fact Mayall tries to look after my head, and Led pulls at my heart.

That John Mayall, there's a man who's stuck to his guns. The British have been searching for him for 20 years, a homegrown jazzman, recognisably British in mode and music. Clap clap clap. He's been round and he's found himself. Hear it all on 'Turning Point'. If you add Reggae we have equality with U.S.A. on all musical fronts. Clap clap clap. Jesus what a relief, we can provide a complete alternative music for the free world. Applause.

If Miles Davis dropped dead tomorrow, there would be somebody to take his place. Not so with Mayall. He's a one man band, literally and metaphorically. Silence. And he's not dead yet. Rousing cheers, cheers. I'd love to stay, but my wife's warming up the headphones, we've got the Gary Burton import on the Dual. That's what you're up against Mister Mayall.

Turning Point has some great harmonica, the drumless rhythm section is not too strained. The new boys are learning fast. Hear it at least twice.

T. R. Zelinka

**A teeny bopper reviews King Crimson — In the Court of the Crimson King. Island ILPS-9111**

I have the record — a present from last month's beautiful freak, Lee, for having looked after his cats and goldfish while he struggled with arch enemy P.C. Pulley — and it sits in rather isolated pink and purple glory as far as possible from the previous crown of my record collection; The Trogs Greatest Hits. I didn't really hear much of King Crimson at their free Hyde Park concert — I was fully three hundred yards away, much distracted by a long-haired 13 year old boy who pissed on me from the branch of a tree, chanting skin heads, and a couple of wandering fuzz who caused the girl I was with to accidentally stub her joint out on her dress. Paranoia, I certainly wasn't at the Speakeasy for the gig that (according to usually unreliable sources) for some obscure sociological, rather than musical reason, King Crimson has forever after been trying to live down. I read somewhere that the group has been over-exposed, over-acclaimed, over-promoted, over-rated and the victim of what is known as The Group Hype. Anyway, it must be obvious by now that until I got the record I had not heard King Crimson play a single note. I felt nervous. Read quickly through the lyrics inside the cover. Very poetic I suppose. 'Call her moonchild/Dancing in the shallows of a river/Lonely moonchild/Dreana in the shadow/of the willow.' What was this? Not another Gandalf's Garden group! Admired the hideous cover. Those nostrils! Accidentally played the second side first and wondered if I was going to get value for money. Sounded like Donovan. Tyrannosaurus Rex? — drawing two names out of my limited repertoire. Moon shot mood music. Very pretty. Very cool. Then bam! A full blooded heavily orchestrated classical theme — **In the Hall of the Mountain King**. I mean, **In the Court of the Crimson King**. No connection really, but brought up on Greg and Buddy Holly I get confused. I turned up the treble to enjoy the harsh screams of **21st century Schizoid Man**, thought it was Paul McCartney singing **I Talk to the Wind**, found **Epitaph** the most original and beautiful track on the record. I sat very still on the floor throughout. No dancing.

Pop music has travelled a long and increasingly sophisticated way to arrive at something as finely chiselled as King Crimson. But the end of this particular road is near and King Crimson (or Blind Faith, or Quintessence, or Mighty Baby or Soft Machine or whatever) at the Purcell Room, the Wigmore Hall or even Ronnie Scott's is a probability in the near future. Look what happened to that thing called jazz. 15 year olds now are never going to grow into King Crimson. They will instead be starting the long process of doing the same thing to reggae or whatever new thing their musical imagination gets into. As for me, I'll never make it to the Purcell Room, but there's always those nostalgic journeys into the past — Conway Twitty at The Talk of the Town, Bill Haley at the Speakeasy, things like that.

Jim Anderson

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After all, tomorrow is another day.

SCARLETT O'HARA





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Thanks to David Nutter for the photograph on p.30 and drawings by David Powell p.42/44, David Goard p.36, Chris Rogers p.22, Alan Stephenson on p.37/46 and Steve Morris (who did more than we could use) p.52.

The musical 'Hair' is not exactly to my taste, but even at its most corrupted, Hair generally reflects the Underground's belief that one's politics and lifestyle should be identical. Its authors would no doubt be amused by the irony of Gloria Stewart being turned from the cast for exercising her fundamental democratic right to protest — she disrupted the auditions for another musical, the Black and White Minstrel Show. "I have yet to speak to a Black person who did not fail to express anger and disgust at the mere mention of the Minstrel Show," she told OZ. "The traditional show was conceived in an era of the Ku Klux Klan and economic slavery of our people. It was born when lynching, rape, castration and miscegenation were commonplace in the so-called United States of America. Let us not forget that the 'Americans' in this case were newly arrived English immigrants who started the whole damned thing. Is such a tradition worth preserving in the name of good entertainment fit for Grandmothers and elderly ladies in such a great country?"

OZ presents below a selection from the many letters Gloria received as a result of her protest (original spellings):

Gloria Stewart  
Why don't you get wise to yourself? Why do you imagen English people put up with negros?  
Its because the vast magoritie of them are stupid enough to imagen that negros are all singing and dancing people., like in the Black and white Minstrel Show. Instead of mean vioucos evil minded bigots who hate everything white, and are out too destroy and defile and smirch it. And I hope that you are not under the misaprension, that all your white friends are completely intergratet and do not notice your colour or your monkey type features. Because I can tell you now that when all the bars are down, and they are looking for a word to describe you and your kind, you will always be a black bastard, And your white boy friends will climb into your bed, will not be be able to get out of it fast enough., till they tell there pals about the bit of Black ham they had away last night. So lets face it you are black, you will always be black, your descendents will be black.  
You dont belong to this country, but we have to put up with you. If you and your ilk and any real pride and self respect, you would not try to force yourselfe upon, people who dont like or need you. So leave the black and White Minstrel show alone, and let the idols have there fairy tales.

Signed Al White  
p.s. After working with niggers I cant even stand nat king cole ella fitzgerald? dina washington Share Mayhan Brook Benton Sactahome, you name them I hate them. Why dont youghome, back to your family tree? please by bye black bird!!!

Can you not even leave we ordinary people of Great Britain just **one** show that is not polluted by this filthy generation, white or coloured? We are sick of your style of show?? The Black and White Minstrels are beloved of **decent** people who do not care if the artistes are white or coloured. Just a happy band of **ladies & gentlemen** who give us entertainment even fit for elderly ladies. But your generation would not understand that and, no doubt, would like to take over the whole show and pollute it by your filth. Because Margaret Snowden and the Establishment applaud your sort of thing do not think decent people do so too. Go back to your own country from whence all this pollution came. "Can any good things come from America?" You have racialism on the brain. I am an ex-Lillis girl, have travelled all over the world and still remained friends of all races, creeds and colours. The only thing that matters is to be a good artiste and that is why the Black & White Minstrels will be remembered affectionately long after such degrading shows as yours will be forgotten, thank the God whom your generation rejects.

unsigned

Why not keep your big mouth shut about the Black & White Minstrels show. We are sick of your type, expressing your views about what **you** think of our people in our own country — so shut your big fat lips — We don't like what we have been forced to have in a white country. By the way why do you call yourselves by English or Scottish names — We prefer the Minstrel singing to your filthy type of show. Go home. Tell the others to get their hair cut.

unsigned

**THIS IS ENGLAND!** If you, and the coloured community that have invaded **MY COUNTRY** object to white people blacking their faces then clear out to your own jungle and hovels that the vast majority have come from.  
To approach a princess re the subject was colossal cheek and ignorance and proves how **jealous** you are of the white man who cannot be held responsible for black or coloured **skins!**  
As for dignity!!! How many blacks try to whiten their skins, straighten their hair. Wear european clothes and wigs and eat our food, etc. etc. etc. Now you come here lower our standards abuse, cause mischief, filth everywhere, morals nil, except to invade our best clubs, hotels, whilst we sit meekly by!  
Had it not been for the courageous leader and our own brave **white man** in the British isles during the last war **YOU AND YOUR LIKE** would not be living in luxury, demonstrating, causing mischief, bringing drugs & jungle behaviour to this once clean honest country. **YOU WOULD ALL** be slaves. I predict **SLAVERY WILL RETURN.** You would like the white man exterminated. Your own to be rulers. Should that ever happen my prediction will come true. We pour the ratepayers money into your country's more so since

home rule, where does it go. Why do you and your like flock to this overcrowded island?

**YOU AND YOUR LIKE CANNOT DO WITHOUT THE WHITE MAN.**

We are not fools. We know what is going on the black power, etc. If this lot succeed god help you and your lot eventually. You will be slaves to your own kind.

We whites have had enough.

unsigned

Miss  
Why don't you mind your own business, and go back to the States we can do without any foreigners over here, especially the bloody wogs. Fuck the white man's burden.  
P.A. Dawes.

Written on two pieces of toilet tissue:  
You been making too much noise and protest — about what nigro woman? If you don't like it nor do we like you and we don't like the noisy you make. Soon wer going to teach you a lesen you won't like either you and some other filth like you. We know were to get you and we will soon then we'll see what your black face looks like with some razor stripes. So remember shut it — your noise and your black monkey face —

signed, The nigro knite  
(drawing of a dripping dagger.)

It is against such a background of British bigotry that Michael Abdul Malik has embarked on what seems like his most constructive attempt to 'harmonise' race relations so far — the revitalised RAAS (Racial Adjustment Action Society) a supermarket size communal complex at 95-101 Holloway Road, N.7, Baskerville. It is an educational project including discussions groups, films, a restaurant, library, and school. In return for any donations (minimum 27/6) RAAS offers an autographed first edition of the book 'From Michael de Freitas to Michael X' which will be sent post free.

On October 27, Stansall Tilley and Kent of Scotland Yard entered the OZ office with a warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. They confiscated one copy of OZ 23 (The Homosexual issue and the only one left in the office) and various files relating to printing, distributions and binding. Minutes before their arrival we had been tipped off by a phonecall from IT — police had also searched their office for "obscene literature" — ie the homosexual OZ. Nothing more has been heard from them yet, but we soon will, judging from a subsequent charge against the directors of IT: "conspiring with persons inserting advertisements and with other persons to induce readers to resort to the said advertisements for the purpose of homosexual practice, thereby to debauch and corrupt public morals contrary to common law".  
Another charge brought against the three directors, Peter Stansall, Graham Keen and Dave Hall, alleges that public decency was outraged by "lewd,





disgusting and offensive matter — contrary to common law". These come up at Wells Street Magistrates Court on January 16 and are then likely to proceed to the Old Bailey. The 'common law' charge means that, unlike a prosecution brought under the Obscene Publications Act, the usual defences (artistic, literary merit etc) are not available. Yet another example of Britain's swinging new permissiveness occurred last month when one of the people said to be connected with Europe's first English Language Sex paper, Suck, was imprisoned at Harwich for three days. He was returning to England from Amsterdam with copies of the first issue. They were confiscated, he was summarily incarcerated and later deported. Anyone wishing to obtain further information about Suck should write to: Joy Publishing, Alexander Boerstraat 20, Amsterdam, Holland.

## "Revolution In Our Lifetime"

During the death throes of English Rolling Stone, many people received a photostat copy of a private letter sent by Jann Wenner, (founder and editor of US Rolling Stone) to Jane Nicholson, the UK editor, initially hired by Wenner. The source of the photostat copies is not known. The letter in part, reads:

"Your business practices are appalling and the level of expenditure is not justifiable either by the quantity or the quality of what you have been doing. It cannot be called a "write-off loss" incurred when beginning or expanding a new business, because all the basic costs have already been met. If you did not have what is apparently unchecked drawing power on Mick's money, you would be bankrupt with no hope of every breaking even. You are spending his money with recklessness and carelessness and soon he or his financial advisers and accountants will realize it.

Nearly every direction, instruction and policy you and I agreed upon has not been followed. You have done very little that I have asked and this has led Trans-Oceanic to the edge of financial disaster and made it an editorial laughing stock.

I have no objection whatsoever to a separate edition in London, one with its own distinct and unique character. But you have assembled, paid and put in print a group of people — all of whom I dig — who can only be honestly described as rank amateurs. I am sorry to say it, but the English edition of Rolling Stone is not even as good as I.T. or OZ. What you have done in altering our material and in adding your own has been appalling.

If I felt any assurance at all that you would follow my directions, I think the situation might be salvageable, but you have consistently disregarded them on down the line. The more British material you add, the more advertising declines. Jane, I have not heard from anyone — whether in the underground or in the music business or publishing, whether English or American — I have not heard so much as just **one** favourable comment about the English edition. Every time I get your new issue I ask myself: What are we doing being involved with these people? It's embarrassing to me and it is a travesty on what Rolling Stone has ever done or meant. Is this some kind of joke?

What has happened to Rolling Stone in London bears no resemblance to what Mick and I originally discussed and planned for us to do in England or Europe. It has become farce, and I can no longer be a part of it. . . . You are a bunch of amateurs and kids playing at the game of publishing, taking a ride on the established reputation and material of Rolling Stone and on Mick's bank account. Mick arrives in Los Angeles in

mid-October and I hope that we will agree on what has to be done. In the meantime, I would suggest that you suspend operations and payroll for the next month and ask Rupert to have a chartered accountant audit the books. I hope that Mick and I have will have a solution soon and put this mess into workable shape, but it means turning the entire operation around and restructuring it from top to bottom. Sincerely, Jann Wenner Editor

Since that letter was sent, English Rolling Stone has changed its title to 'Friends' and the staff have received various warnings from US Rolling Stone's solicitors that injunctions will be served if Friends resembles its former self in any way. Meanwhile, the printer, Woodrow Wyatt, never a man to rely on when the chips are down, has demanded from them an impossible £10,000 indemnity.

Another paper crippled by administrative disputes is **Play**, a breezy, intelligent tabloid 'concerned with young people and the creative arts'. On November 18, Inter Action, the trustees of **Play**, suspended publication indefinitely. The editors intend to continue with their own paper, **Generation**. 'People pretend to bend over backwards in their concern for young people,' says Mike Segal, one of the ousted Players, 'and wonder why they get nothing back but hatred and distrust'. **Generation** wants its readers to 'think about kids' and to involve themselves with young people in a constructive and creative way. More information: 01-836 9329.

**Grass Eye** (63-67 Market Street) Manchester is a crisply and originally presented Underground paper produced by a 'loose bunch of radicals who support people's struggles to find a way out of the mess we're living in' and well worth sending a shilling for. Other Mancunians feel 'it is time for another OZ to emerge' and will soon be launching **Growth**, a monthly mag of fun and revolution. The comparison with OZ is already bringing them bad luck with printers. . . . anyone with suggestion or manuscripts write to Dave Robinson, 56 Crow Hill North, Alkington, Middleton, Manchester.

No doubt encouraged by their acceptance for distribution by W. H. Smith's, **Time Out** too are joining in the Manchester Underground Press explosion. Those interested in co-operating with **Time Out**,

Manchester, write to their London offices at 70 Portobello Road, W.11.

Darcy police are offering £50 for information leading to the conviction of cannabis possessors according to the publishers of a new pot-related magazine, **Free Expression**, 22a Kingsway Ave, Mapperley Park, Nottingham.

The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics by Alan Aldridge never got erotic enough and has led to problems. The publisher, for instance, can only afford to use illustrations in the book. The Beatles have dropped the song **Revolution** and all naked girls carrying hammers and sickles. Some artwork never even made the UK edition. Photographer Bob Sanderman (he did the Blind Faith cover) was to illustrate the song **Yesterday** with a double page close-up of a cunt. 'I didn't mind,' says Aldridge, 'but I knew there would be problems.' For **Yesterday** David Bailey proposed the picture of a limp prick. Some of Aldridge's own illustrations had to be dropped. Dell, the American publishers, who had paid

£40,000 and ordered ¾ million copies before it was published, expected a children's book — to be marketed through the national Children's Book League. Originally Dell objected to 13 pieces of artwork, but finally accepted four alterations. However, they insisted that several Beatle quotes concerning drugs be dropped from the book. Aldridge himself is slightly disappointed with the standard of his own work because he had to rush it through in nine weeks. Several artists failed to deliver their commissions, leaving even more work for Aldridge's studios. He thinks the British publishers, BPC did a "fantastically good job" but says also that the "Americans dominated the whole fucking issue and BPC were beholden to them". He is also somewhat bemused by the lack of response from the Beatles who received most of the £25,000 advance paid by BPC. BPC themselves are delighted with Aldridge. "The book's a bloody good product", smiled their man as he navigated his face with a flexless Philishave, "we've sold the rights to 36 countries and it's still selling". The Portugal edition will contain no illustrations, no songs and a 'revised' cover.

A friend went to watch the Springbooks at Twickenham. Although not with the mass of demonstrators, when they began chanting, he was immediately he was bundled off with extravagant force to the nearest police station where he joined a queue of 150 demonstrators and policemen. Suddenly, the Detective Sergeant who had arrested him clutched his stomach and fell to the ground screaming, 'Why did you hit me?' Horrified at this behaviour, our friend raised both his hands and shouted to the crowd: 'I want everyone here to see that I am being accused of striking this man and that I have not touched him. . . . I have assaulted no one'. Our friend is soon to face an assault charge and urgently requests anyone who witnessed the incident to contact him OZ at 'Springbooks' OZ, 62 Portobello Road, W.11.

John Lennon has given the Digger Action Movement the 25 acre island of Dornish, off Ireland. Anyone interested in joining the community envisaged there or any other Digger projects (free stalls in Portobello Road, head schools and urban communes) contact Sid Rawle, 116, Lower Cippemham Lane, Slough, Bucks.

From The People, 30/11/69

**A LOVE LIFE has been given by the National Health Service to a wife whose husband is a paraplegic — paralysed from the waist downwards.**

**He has been supplied with an artificial sex organ (price £15) after his application, supported by several doctors, was approved at high level at the Health Ministry's headquarters. Said his 38-year-old wife: 'The psychological effect was fantastic. It has made a new man of him.' Said her husband, a 40-year-old war disabled ex-army sergeant: 'I feel like a real human being again.'**

The cock was supplied by OZ's most persistent advertiser, Pellen Personal Products. 'Yes (disabled) men . . . it can be done!'

**The Love Germ** by Jill Neville, Weidenfeld and Nicholson 25/-. This book is about VD and the Paris Revolution 1968. It is a fantastic, earth shattering, dynamic, brilliant, beautiful, touching, sensitive, unbelievable, out of sight, deeply moving book written by my sister. **RN**

## THE LAST OF THE WINOS

They're playing mock rock at Buckingham Palace. Originality went out with Alice and the bathwater. To complement American Ambassador Annenberg's penchant for reproduction Chippendale furniture and reproduction language (remember 'elementary processes of refurbishing and rehabilitation?') goes a current royal craze for reproduction pop, played by this season's favoured group, the DARK BLUES; one quartet, three former Oxford boys, one music salesman. If the GPO mislaid your invitation, you will have missed hearing them play at Prince Charles' 21st.

They are dedicated to playing most of the current hit parade so that when you walk into the room you think it's the record.

Nigel Tully, computer man at IBM, group leader, slim, English blond sideboards, neat short back and white lacy stretch shirt, tight shiny yellow trousers. 'For gigs we wear see-through red lacy shirts, usually black trousers. It's not a uniform, just a bloody good marketing idea.' Sober suits during the day. 'We don't have an identity to sell. We're there to give audiences what they want. Audiences are a phenomenon. Whether they're hairy,

dinner-suited or dukes, they all want a good time.' Charles came up and said thank you very much. His 21st at the palace: 'We accepted before we went that it wasn't going to be a "yeah" night and we didn't play rave-up numbers. The Queen didn't drop her wig; they were just nice ordinary people having a nice ordinary party.' The DARK

BLUES have played together for 8 years, 'good crap rock and roll. My three great gods are Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent. There's no-one who can arouse that old chair-slashing excitement any more. . . . I don't particularly want to break out of the capitalist wages scene. I doubt if we could satisfy an Underground audience; we haven't tried to get that kind of work.' Politics? 'I refuse to have positive views about anything that doesn't affect me directly. . . . Athenian democracy is probably the right way to run a country — a democracy of the elite, you only get to have a vote if you're bright, good at something.' Drugs? 'I've never tried any, never been offered. No-one has ever said, "Here, try some hash". But I think I'd probably try it. Are the DARK BLUES a sexy act? 'Nah.' Pushed is anything important? 'I think that drinking good wine is terribly important and drinking bad wine is a bad thing. My philosophy is to go along with good thinking — I'm not particularly convinced there was any good thinking about Haight Ashbury.'

If the way to the royal psyche is through the DARK BLUES, then Plan your Party now. Inquiries to agents: Party Planners, run by Lady Elizabeth Anson, 229 9666. As a result of publicity about the royal gigs their fees are going up, though I couldn't find out how much the palace paid. The DARK BLUES are turning royal blue fast. **MV**



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# WEDDING ALBUM

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#### Books received:

**Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair** by Pablo Neruda.  
**Poems 1956-1968** by Leonard Cohen.  
**Poems** by Adrian Mitchell.  
Published by Jonathon Cape at 8/- each.

Lush, overblown, romantic poetry of love, in the grand old operatic manner from Chilean Mr. Neruda, who is, as Jerry Lee Lewis would put it 'one of the best poets in the business.' Consider a verse from **Drunk with Turpentine: Drunk with turpentine and long kisses, Like summer I steer the fast sail of the roses, bent towards the death of the thin day, stuck into my solid marine madness.**

Love, life, passion and a lot of the pain, without the music from Canadian Mr. Cohen, including **Suzanne takes you down**. Take a look at the index of first lines in the back of the book (A kite is a victim you are sure of. Claim me, blood, if you have a story. I am locked in a very expensive suit. My lady was found mutilated. Towering black nuns frighten us, etc.) and you will learn a lot about Leonard Cohen and probably read the poems as well.

If you liked Aldermaston you'll love English Mr. Mitchell, although he himself tends to be a little circumspect: Most people ignore most poetry/because/most poetry ignores most people! Not as many pages as Cohen, but you get instead a highly developed social conscience, four children's poems (Lovers lie around in it./Broken glass is found in it/Grass/I like that stuff. Tuna fish get trapped in it/Legs come wrapped in it/Nylon/I like that stuff - Eskimos and tramps chew it/Madam Tussaud gave status to it/Wax/I like that stuff - Cigarettes are lit by it/Pensioners get happy when they sit by it/Fire/I like that stuff and so on for several more quite delightful verses) and poems like this:

**Fascist Speaker**  
**Armoured like a rhinoceros**  
**He hurls his tons into the crowd.**  
**From half a dozen minds he rips**  
**Triangles of flesh and blood.**  
**Six shouts, six cardboard banners rise**  
**Daubed with slogans saying Pain,**  
**But wilt and tear in the hundredfold**  
**Applause of men as mild as rain.**

**Embers** by Peter Cadle. Fopo, 18 Honeygate, Luton, Beds. 1/3.

**Watershed**  
**Between**  
**Happiness and sorrow**  
**Tears and laughter,**  
**Rapture and agony,**  
**Life and death,**  
**One millionth of an inch.**  
*Jim Anderson*

#### **The Confessions of Aleister Crowley ed by Kenneth Grant and John Symonds** **Cape 59s**

Poet, mystic, painter, publisher, mountain climber, heroin addict (on and off), gourmet (food and women) - Aleister Crowley had a sort of poetic life-hunger peculiar to the early 19th Century. He inherited £40,000 from his father, a Plymouth Brethren fanatic, which enabled him to finance his climbing expeditions to Mexico and the Himalayas and publish his books at his own expense.

Crowley was an expert on the use of drugs (not a crime in the early days of the century - Freud turned his friends on to cocaine, telling them he had discovered the 'wonder drug'). Crowley introduced anhalonium (another name for mescaline) to Europe, and wrote the best study of heroin addiction up to that time in 'John St John'.

On the publication of these deliberately literary (and therefore much censored) autobiographical confessions last month, his reputation as 'the wickedest man in the world' did not fail, and reviewers made heyday of his perversions and the bizarre events of his life. Whatever personal experience these reviews contained, most of it was of the 'I once saw Crowley . . . etc.' variety, and by and large they put Crowley down as a charlatan, or at best, misguided.

The main problem with Crowley, and the reason for the widespread fear of him, is that he was completely self-motivated. His biographer, and tenacious holder of the Crowley copyrights - John Symonds - denounced Crowley on TV for his 'lack of discipline' basing this on Crowley's dictum 'Do what Thou Wilt, shall be the Whole of the Law' and conveniently forgetting the complementary rider - 'Love is the Law, Love under Will.' Mr. Symonds, filled with pious Christian bigotry, is frightened by 'Do What thou Wilt' which in fact, simply means that Crowley recognized no greater authority than himself on earth. Symonds's slightly hysterical attitude has been given some edge by the fact that the Underground has picked up Crowley - Symonds cited the picture of Crowley on Sgt. Pepper, but neglected to mention his own fury when Kenneth Anger announced he was going to do a film on Crowley. (Anger owns the Abbey of Thelema in Sicily and has cleaned the whitewash off Crowley's paintings there) Magic is undefinable and mysterious. What magicians are really trying to do is tap the hidden wellsprings in their bodies and minds.

With his expert knowledge of logics and mathematics to support him Crowley blew the minds of those pussyfooting around with magic which at the time was little more than Sunday afternoon entertainment. He introduced Egyptian and Vedantic traditions and to rid his neophytes at the Abbey of the ego, he issued them with razors to cut themselves with whenever they said 'I'. Sex was an open part of the rituals, and many dilettantes went crazy or committed suicide. Crowley still horrifies people by saying that he wanted to sacrifice someone in a sex-magick rite. He would be hated less if he had actually done so (as the Nazis did as a matter of course). Writing about

it is apparently a greater crime. Other justifications for Crowley's 'wickedest man in the world' title? - he practised black magic (Crowley would deny this. He thought Christ was a student of the left hand path because he tried to control the body); he fucked a few women and left them; enjoyed anal sex; used heroin and was mean to his friends (especially Victor Neuberg); was arrogant and contemptuous of the Establishment ('You're all a pack of cards') and didn't mind owing money to people. In short Crowley was the epitome of that mythical Wicked Person you are told about at Sunday School.

Crowley remains a scapegoat and whatever merit or interest his ideas have are still shrouded in a mist of misleading publicity. 'Wickedest man in the world' is puritanical bullshit. Crowley is straight, unlike the people who handle him and overprice his work (he wanted his Equinox to sell for 1/- a volume). The leader of the Druids 'was a man - he lived', as Maugham once said, and that's all you need to remember about Crowley.

*Ian Stocks*

**Benadette Devlin The Price of my Soul** (Andre Deutsch, 25s also in paperback) Witty, committed, breathless; as Irish a yarn as an Englishman could wish, this is Bernadette's and People's Democracy's story from the beginning. The familiar tale loses nothing in her telling: best of all, it emphasizes precisely those shortcomings in the movement that need exposing if committed radicals are to do more than stagger from barricade to barricade. From the splits with the Old Left to the 'dealings' with the 'sympathetic' members of the government, whose every promise was as false as our own Prime Minister, Bernadette lays bare the limitations of protest action. Nothing can be done in Westminster: 'What we have now is a kind of Animal Farm, all-pigs-are-equal system, whereby the pigs with MP after their name are entitled to sit in the farmhouse, and the rest of us are just common four-footed animals'. Nothing can be done without some organization that can provide new recruits when the old ones are tired. Nothing can be done if everyone emphasises their own purity of doctrine and refuses to recognize anyone else's: in Ireland this is a simple matter between Catholics and Protestants.

Bernadette wants people to realise what can be achieved by organized action which not only embraces all kinds of beliefs amongst young people, but also the real suffering of the Irish working class, of whatever religion. She believes that action and organizing in the streets is one of the most important tasks facing radicals. But, as the French students found after the May events, you can only build after the barricades if you've formed an organization that works, however loosely, at the bottom: the famous grass roots. Bernadette's upbringing taught her to take on personal responsibility for her actions - this is what she has tried to do in the fight for civil rights. If the movement gets anywhere, people will have learnt to take that kind of responsibility. This is a good book for those who believe 'it can never happen here'.

*Peter Buckman*









### Mighty Baby: 'Mighty Baby' (Head HDLS 6002)

There are many groups that seem to go on for years at what you might call the Klooks Kleek level. In other words, they achieve a mild sort of reputation but never manage to break out of the endless round of one-nighters up and down the country.

If the music business was all fair and honest — credit where credit was due and so forth — one could say that this kind of group didn't succeed because it didn't deserve to: because it just didn't have what it takes to turn a Klooks Kleek group into a Royal Command performance act. As it is, of course, success depends less on how well you can play than who you know (how else do you explain the Ryan twins?)

Maybe this is the reason why Mighty Baby (nee the Action) have been around for so long without ever really making it. Perhaps they haven't got engaging accents, or they aren't evil-looking enough, or they're not as under-privileged as they ought to be — I don't know. The important thing about Mighty Baby (right — enough soft-selling) is that their first album is very good indeed.

Obviously their music slightly resembles the hard rock-blues that the Action used to play. I don't think it's too whimsical to say that it's pure electric music throughout: Mighty Baby seems content to explore the possibilities inherent in a drums/bass/lead/organ/sax line-up — they're not into the we're-as-versatile-as-any-symphony-orchestra thing. They make a kind of Buffalo Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely imitative — you get the feeling that they write all their own material because they want to express themselves in their own way, not because somebody told them that no progress in the business you have to do your own numbers. Every track is, to a greater or lesser degree, satisfying, there are no space-fillers.

The best numbers on the album are those, like 'House Without Windows' and 'A Friend You Know But Never See', where they lay down and develop a solid rock and roll riff. Here you can see the advantage of playing for years: each musician instinctively maintains and enhances the balance of the song. Unlike those bands which are merely showcases for one soloist Mighty Baby are a group in the fullest sense.

The sleeve is good too, dig the frantic Martin Sharp front cover.  
*John Leaver.*

### Byrds Preflyte Together Records ST-T-1001 (Available on Import only)

During the past five years few groups have captured our imagination like the Byrds. In a sense, the West Coast movement began with them. They were the first rock group to be signed by Columbia in the States, forerunning Moby Grape, Spirit, Blood Sweat and Tears and United States of America, etc. They were one of the first bands to understand the importance of Dylan's songs and they were the first group to produce music from a communal environment. At one point fifteen or twenty people were directly involved in the creation of their music.

Now a new American record company has dug up a master of old Byrd recordings and released it in the States under the title 'Preflyte'. All of the material was recorded in 1964, before the Byrds signed with Columbia, and the album contains the original recording of 'Mr Tamborine Man'. It is a beautiful L.P. The music is naive and in places imprecise, yet it has an incredible vitality and charm. Through it we can clearly see the Byrds early influences — the Everly Brothers, the Beatles, Chuck Berry and Dylan. It helps us put their later music into perspective and, more important, shows clearly why, despite never having produced a really world class album, the Byrds have become a legend.

We identified with the Byrds. The Beatles hair was growing — but the Byrds had grown theirs longer. British groups were still wearing uniform on stage — the Byrds played in jeans and T-shirts. They were untogether, moody and unpredictable and, when everyone about them was hustling into the Liverpool scene, the Byrds produced a new sound. Their teeny tour in 1965 was a disaster. We weren't ready for them. When they came back two years later they got a twenty minute ovation after a two hour set at Middle Earth.

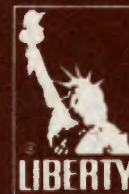
But the album isn't just a point of reference. Some of the music compares with any they subsequently recorded. 'Here Without You' is gentle, melodic and emotional. 'You Don't Have To Cry' has a strong Beatles influence but all the Byrds trademarks are there — Jim McGuinn's voice, the vocal harmonies and the unmistakable guitar sound. And, of course, there is 'Mr Tamborine Man'.

The original Byrds have long since parted but their influence is as strong as ever. Through Crosby Stills and Nash, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Dillard they are producing music of the highest quality.

We didn't realise it at the time but the Byrds were the first American super group.

*Bob Harris.*

# KEYNSHAM BO LO DOOG

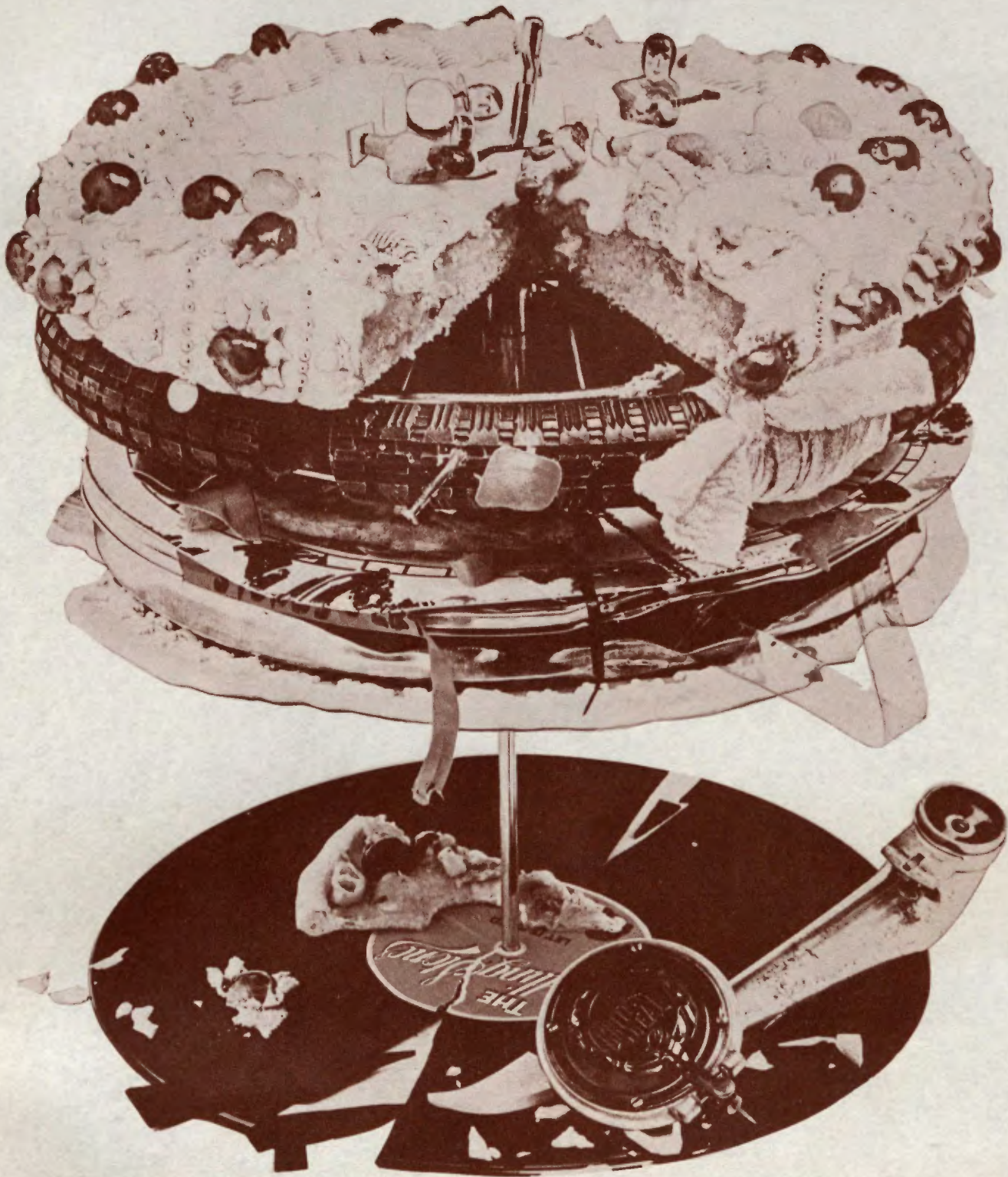


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