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OZ 18

Richard Neville  
*Editor*

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## OZ 18

### Description

This issue edited by Andrew Fisher. Editor: Richard Neville. Design: Jon Goodchild. Writers: Andrew Fisher, Ray Durnat, Germaine, David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi, Fletcher Watkins. Motic: Felix Dennis. Research: Jim Anderson. Artists: Martin Sharp, Bob Hook, John Hurford, Don Heywood, Phillipe von Mora. Photography: Keith Morris. Advertising: Felix Dennis REN 1330 Typesetting: Jacky Lawton, courtesy, Thom Keyes. Pushers: Louise Ferrier, Bridgid Harrison, Cosi Pavalko.

Contents: Fold-out tabloid format, Crumb 'Fingerlickin' Good' cover. Struggling / dancing woman on inside cover. Andy Warhol interview. Summer Solstice poem. 'Eldridge Cleaver Welcome Here' photo. *Private Eye* ad. 'Emergency Yippie Report' by Jerry Rubin & Friends. Revolutionary Militant Student ad. Rules for the Black Panther Party. Michael X. Angelfood McSpade Robert Crumb cartoon. 'How to Commit Revolution in Corporate America – and in Corporate Britain' part 1 by G. William Domhoff. The Soft Machine interview by Michael Broome and Mary Moore and Joseph Strick film rumours. MGM Records ad. Middle Earth/ Roundhouse ad. 'The MC5 Kick Out the Jams!' LP reviews: Buddy Miles, Brian Auger & the Trinity, Tim Hardin, Zappa/Ruben & The Jets and Al Stewart. Terry Reid. RELEASE change of address/ad. 'The Rat Game' by Angelo Quattrocchi. 'Wind Up Black Dwarfs' by Clive James. Poverty cooking. IT subscription ad. 'What 'Paul Getty, the Freak Horseman of the Djmaa El Fna, and the Nude Texan Girl from the Albert Hall Alchemical Wedding Did Last Month' – Richard Neville on Marrakesh and his meeting with Lee Heater. Full page *How to Achieve Sexual Ecstasy* ad.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 24p

### 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.



3 Shillin' OZZ 18



USA 60c.  
DENMARK 3Kr.  
HOLLAND 2G.  
GERMANY 1.8 DM.

Khatmandu and Marrakech  
Hairy hippies

The Soft Machine  
Andy Warhol  
The MC 5

Michael X  
Jerry Rubin yippie

Destroy corporate capitalism  
Whatever happened to Gandhi

Join the students and see the world

**FINGERLICKIN'  
GOOD!**







I see, well, I don't really, but ... what are you doing now?  
We just finished a film ... it's Viva fucking a guy for two hours, but we can't show it Not even at the Garrick?

Whirr Whoosh Click

Andy, dahling, how are you? You look well ... Andy these men are from the ad agency and they ... they can explain

Yes, we uh ... we saw your posters at the Museum of Modern Art and we like what you do ... we have a client who needs an ad, a poster for a display and we thought you might well we'd like you to do the job, if you're interested ... here, let me show you

What's that?

It's an idea our boys cooked up ... you see, wait let me show you, where's a plug? Here's one ... you don't mind do you if we just unplug it for ...

... it's a good idea, we've already sold it to an airline. Now our artist drew up this idea, and we'd like you to think along the same line ... how do you like it?

It's nice.

What about you, don't you like it

No, not really

Oh ... well Mr. Warhol, what do you think. Now like I said, we've seen your things and like your stuff, you certainly know what you are doing, we just wanted to give you a few ideas, know what I mean?

Uh, sure

If you just think about it, we'll give you a ring in a day or two

Uh, could I keep this

Sure, where can we put it

Here I'll take it

Well Andy, I've got to go too, call you later

Bye

Sure

Did you really like the poster.

Uh ...

Will you take the job though

We need the money, law suits and the phones and all, I'll probably do it. We've done this sort of thing before and

Like the Schraft's 'Underground Sunday'?

Yes, but I really didn't understand the fuss they made over it, it only took half an hour Andy, I'm going out for dinner, want something

Where are you going ... I'll have a hamburger and coffee, how about you, want something

Sure, I'll have the same

You can get something different, they have different sandwiches

No, Hamburger is fine, thanks

You sure?

Sure, how much is it

That's okay, I'll pay for it

Here ...

How's your sandwich

Fine thanks

You got the recorder working again? I'm really sorry about that

That's okay, they're pretty sturdy little machines

It's great, how much does one cost

Somewhere around 70 dollars I guess

Isn't this yours

No, we borrowed it

Just a minute, let me get the phone ... Sorry about all these interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've got to go out for a while, you're welcome to stay and see some films, then we could talk some more, or do you want to come back some other time?

Thanks, I think I'll wait

Fine, be back soon

Sure

whirr whoosh click

Excuse, me, but do you work here

No, not really, but there's someone in the other room

Thanks, but I'm looking for this girl, my daughter. She left home and we just thought she might have come around. This is her picture, she's a good girl, not bad looking either. She talked about 'Andy' and the Velvet Underground so much, she met him at some party she said, well we just thought that she might have come around here ...

I wouldn't know, like I said, I don't work here, but if you ask someone they ...

I don't want to bother anyone, especially

Mr Warhol, but we were just worried about Sue, that's my little girl's name, and my wife has read about Mr Warhol in the Times and, well, she was just afraid my little girl might have gotten mixed up with, well, in trouble

Sure, I know what you mean. Tell you what, write down your name and address and your daughters name and I'll ask Andy about it when he gets back. I'm sure that if he knows anything, he'll get in touch with you

Thanks a lot, I really don't want to pester you, but my wife's been on my back for a week to come down here, anyway, if she's old enough to leave home, she should know what she's doing

I'll tell Andy

Here you can show him her picture, in case she's using another name or something

Sure

Thanks again

I'll tell Andy

an hour later

Hi, sorry I took so long. You like the rushes

What ... oh, the films

What'd you think ... you don't shoot do you

Not really, no. How about you

No, these shots aren't too good ... have any more questions

whirr whoosh click

Enter Spaced Out Type and Hippie Side Kicks

Andy, remember me?

Well, uh no, not really

But Andy, I remember you ... we met at Maries, remember, last summer

Andy, the phone company wants you

Tell them I'm at my lawyers

We already told them that

Well, make up something

What's That?

A Tape recorder

They say they know you're stalling and that if they don't get their money, they'll disconnect at noon tomorrow

Tell I'm working on it

It's not on is it?

No, its not

What's your name?

Lazarus, what's yours?

My friends call me Billy

Do those two call you Billy?

Oh, they've been taking care of me; and when I told them that I knew Andy, well they brought me down right away. They've been very nice to me

I see

Andy, after all this time, and I'm not even talking to you. Andy, I want to be in one of your films

Sure, uh, what do you mean

Oh, Andy, I feel just like last years flower child ... that's why I'm wearing a headband, and this shirt is Indian, I mean India Indian

It's very nice, I don't think I've ever seen one in blue before

No, you don't see them much any more. I could get one for you ...

That's okay, but I'd never wear it

How about the bells

They're nice too

Andy, I feel like I want to take off all my clothes and run naked, you know what I mean

Uh, sure

And I want to be in one of your films like all those other nice people

Oh, I see

I just knew you'd understand, you always did ... you know, uh I forgot your name Lazarus

Oh, I know a song about Lazarus, by that Indian girl Buffy St Marie

Yeah, that's the one ... do you know it too?

No, but why don't you sing it and I'll record you

But you said it wasn't working

It's not, but I'll turn it on, here

No, I couldn't sing ... what time is it

About six-thirty

Oh, I'm late ... can I use the phone ... thanks. Oh, damn, he's not there. I've got to leave Andy, but here's my number and when you need me just call, I'm always at home. Bye.

whirr whhoosh click

# SUMMER SOLSTICE

*Listen, everyone –  
it's the 21st of June  
so let's all celebrate –  
with explosions before dawn  
shouting after dawn  
a renaissance breakfast  
and the smell of grass  
all morning*

*at noon the pope will have an erection  
and all business men  
liberated for lunch  
will be seduced by belly dancers*

*after lunch free money for all  
on the city hall steps*

*then general uproar and revolution  
until three  
followed by love injections  
at kiss mobiles at 4*

*from five until sunset  
electronic bands  
will circle the city  
and break down jail walls  
with amplified sound*

*at dinner-time a tidal wave  
of loud laughter  
and after dark a power failure  
so films made under  
the influence of drugs  
can be shown against  
the night sky  
and all city parks will be thrown open  
to everyone out of their minds*

*by midnight the happy eye of the storm  
will enter the full moon  
and at three am everybody on earth  
in twosomes and threesomes  
will fall down on the grass  
and hug and kiss under blankets  
until the end comes  
when the polar ice cap melts  
and all cities of the world  
will sink into the sea  
and the family of man  
will die in its sleep*

*that's tomorrow but today!  
the 22nd it's the 21st*

*so –  
let's bust up the joint!*

HYDE MANHATTAN PARTNOW

ELDRIDGE  
CLEAVER  
WELCOME HERE



No. 185  
Friday  
17 Jan. '69

# PRIVATE EYE

## WINNER OF GRANADA TV 'IRRITANT OF THE YEAR' AWARD







For this experimental format OZ acknowledges the inspiration of San Francisco's great music paper Rolling Stone.

February 1969

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of the Doors, of people buying and selling (Dominic sells his rings), medallions of the Tibetan calendar go for 1s.6d. Over the way is the *International* — of beautiful porridge and toasted cheese sandwiches, winking Christmas tree and chicken chow mein — it's warm and the food is good — Kathmandu is just one long food trip.

New places to go to — the *Cabin* where hash candies are 6d. a block, one of their hash candies put me on a horror trip for two days and people have been known to run freaking from the cabin; but ganga and chillans pass round and you can score either hash or ganga at the Cabin — they have the best music in town.

The *Capital* which still cater for Nepalese but is also overrun by Europeans — it's an eating place and good for that — also the Star restaurant. You can also stay at *The Matchbox* for 2s. a room — that's by the river — there are places all over town to stay.

The *Tibetan Blue* is still going but no longer makes the scene — it's got 'please to smoke no hash' on the wall. *The Globe* is defunct with no plaque to mark its demise. Round the corner from the *Tibetan Blue* is the *Government Shop* and everybody scores hash here — it's the season for hash.

The cabbage swiping black bulls swipe cabbages and everybody does what they have to — there are a lot of people up here though everybody said that everybody else was going to Goa for Christmas but that was in Delhi. In Delhi you stay in Janpath Lane, or I stayed at the Banerjee at 18 Fire Brigade Lane — the *Cellar* is the place to go and I didn't go — exit Delhi.

*Benares* is the hip place to stay — on a houseboat moored on the Ganges in full view of the prayers on the ghats and the burning bodies. Me, I'm slowly going to Pardichamy and the ashram there and then probably to Bangkok but that's some time ahead. I shall miss the lotus living on the Ceylon beaches.

Love Rosemary.

Dear OZ,

You published a small article about Gary Butler and his girlfriend Kathy in your September issue (I believe) of last year, in reference to a raid on their flat and him being charged with illegal possession of a drug, which resulted in him being sent to the Borstal Wing of Wormwood Scrubs. He is now at South House, H.M. Borstal Institution, Feltham

Middlesex, (his number is 129), where I visited him recently.

He asked me to convey the accompanying booklet to you with the hope, that you might find something printable he is, not surprisingly, rather depressed under the present conditions.

Yours sincerely  
Werner Thomas  
22 Rodney Road  
London SE17

Here are two extracts from the booklet:

Tw as on a cold wet sunny day  
They came to take poor me away  
Chained by the wrists they pulled me thither

My sweat stained body was all a shiver

He seems to be withdrawn said the fuzz

Quite right  
Poor me died six times that night.

To love is to hurt  
For love always hurts  
Pain tremors, killing hate  
Are all forms of violence  
Violence: love of  
To break someone's head  
I hate violence  
I enjoy hating violence  
It gives me something to do.

Dear Richard,

Whoever you gave two pages in OZ 17 to, to deliver an attack on the ICA and me without having the guts to put his/her opinions is either a) a plain coward, b) someone who nurses such an unutterable grudge against me that they tremble to affix their name to their feelings or alternatively c) a vast international conspiracy dedicated to my downfall.

That's a joke of course, but behind the joke I'm serious: the cloak of anonymity, the use of secrecy for public attacks, poisons relationships, and can lead to paranoid fantasies as in c). I'm not normally a paranoid person, but I'll confess that once or twice over the past weeks I've stopped short asking myself 'could it have been X? ...'

Although your brave Sir Galahad of the cultural revolution makes some quite interesting points about ICA policy which under other circumstances I'd be prepared to discuss, I'm not at present willing to wrestle blindfold, or pick combat with a hit-and-run masked bandit.

You were kind enough to warn me in advance that you were going to print a piece about the ICA in OZ 17, and generous enough to invite me to reply to it. It is however unkind and sneaky

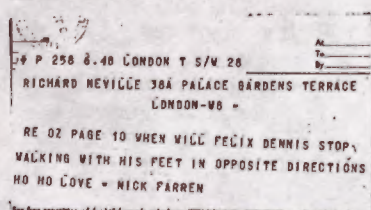
to print unsigned onslaughts, a practice more fitting for Beaverbook smut-hounds or totalitarian witch-hunters than for a mag like OZ which proudly pins up the banners of sexual ecstasy (which implies wholeheartedness) and cultural liberation (which implies commitment to your own words and thoughts).

Michael Kustow.

Dear OZ,

Here is an idea for DROP OUT CITY in London. DROP OUT CITY would be a group of run-down slum properties (for cheapness — you guessed) — grouped near each other, providing FREE 24 hour protection from the elements, somewhere to kip in your roll. No rules, supervision or put-downs, equals to a man. During the day, FREE MEALS could be provided from another place, perhaps staffed by participants from DROP OUT CITY, therefore no need to pay them (crude but honest). Later on, more buildings could be acquired for an ART GALLERY, showing produce from any artists, giving them a chance of a semi-permanent show. The same principle applies to other areas of CULTURE (sub or otherwise), e.g. THEATRE, cinema, etc., charging the PIN-STRIPE brigade but again FREE to DROP OUTS. This way the CITY might, just might, pay its way. But here and now, the money to start the thing could come from POP SHOWS or some such, artists CONTRIBUTION to a fund, as in other BENEFIT shows. Am I making a good case? I didn't pass my 11 plus you see, so slightly illiterate. Will somebody please see what I'm trying to say and make a better job of it? You, we, everybody, could start right now, it would fulfill a lot of the things which have appeared in your mag! Workless society MONEYLESS society, SHELTER for the FREE. HELP on details could, would come from SYMPATHISERS in estate agents office's and so on. It needs somebody in a better position than me to have the NERVE and FORESIGHT to start the BALL ROLLING. To my eyes, it seems so possible.

Paul James,  
60 Askew Road,  
London W.12.



Dear OZ,

In reply to David Ramsey Steele's article in OZ 17. First of all I wholeheartedly agree that a moneyless society would be very groovy providing it was made up of unselfish, loving, compassionate people; qualities which are unfortunately lacking in the greater percentage of the human race. He also calmly assumes that the level of industry would be maintained at its present rate, an assumption which is sadly miscalculated. If you were to offer the average man the abolition of money i.e. incentive and in return for his daily grind food, clothes and shelter he is more than likely to tell you to piss off. This would not only wreck our own standard of living but would do nothing to alleviate the problem of the world's population starving. Man does NOT possess benevolence towards the underprivileged of this world even with money, let alone

without it. His main concern is number one and that goes for this generation as well as the capitalist one we are all living under.

Even if machines did all the menial jobs, as Ramsey Steele suggests we would still need to import as this country is not self-supporting. I can see the scene now; thousands of people jostling at the dock side screaming 'meat! meat!' as an Argentine boat comes in and meanwhile there is machinery for an irrigation plant in India standing rusting on the quay.

The whole idea is ludicrous.

Love and bewilderment,  
Roger Hillier,  
60 Fairholme Road,  
London W14.

Dearey OZ,

Just a word or two hundred to try and put right any people who think that if we all follow David Ramsey Steele's reasoning in 'smash cash' we will attain a beautiful world.

There is nothing wrong with money as a means of buying and selling goods and services — it is man's corruption of the monetary system that is its downfall — NOT the system.

Can anyone honestly believe that there will ever be enough resources on this minute planet of ours to give everyone in the world what they want. Sure, everyone can have clothes, some kind of house, adequate food, etc., but there will never be enough to let everyone live in a big house, have as much food as they can eat, etc. The resources of the world are rapidly being outstripped by the global population!

The other main fault in his reasoning was that he said 'abolition of money means abolition of (among other things) nations and frontiers, armies and prison.' — Just think of how many wars between nations have been caused by purely financial considerations. Another quote: 'In a moneyless world work would be recreation and art' — find enough people who regard refuse collection, public toilet cleansing, lorry driving, coal delivery, etc., as 'recreation & art' and you would be OK — but I can't see us getting anyone to do these kind of essential jobs.

It is us, the human race, that is at fault. We cause all the misery, pain, murder & starvation of our fellow beings — no system could corrupt us. It takes a corrupt person to initiate a corrupt system.

Hope you get the message,  
love,  
Samuel.  
6 Wanbleddian Gardens  
Cardiff.

Dear OZ,

Rupert Anderson may as well gripe at his arse for shitting as at politicians for telling lies.

He criticises Shelter and then suggest the need for 'a well organised network of Social Workers' to help 'problem families'. The well-meaning liberal and the 'fully trained social worker' within the present set-up can do nothing but take the news-worthy stink out of the whole filthy issue of homelessness.

Surely what is wanted most is for the lid to be pulled off until the smell moves the bastards to do something about it, and more important than rhetoric is suggestions as to how this can be done.

I.





# EMERGENCY YIPPIE REPORT

Dear friends,

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestoes: euphoria, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

A lot has gone down since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and smack, Nixon has replaced Johnson, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Colombia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergartens and elementary schools. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly — not the way many paranoids expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Chase that shit out of your head. That's not The American Way.

The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So:

Huey Newton is in prison

Eldridge Cleaver is in exile

America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects. America's jails are Black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in retaliation.

Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up with lawyers and boring shit for years. Is that why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the old Berkeley audaciousness gone. Shit, three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. 'Politico' has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

Meanwhile, the cops are smiling.

Tim Leary is up for 30 years and how many of our brothers are in court and jail for getting high?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to

plasticwasp9-5america.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J Edgar Freako's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Through the power of arrest, the cops have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed drug communities like the Haight-Ashbury.

Spock faces two years in the pen

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soapboxes and repeat Spock's words. Fuck. No one hardly said a word.

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced? Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, re-interpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman spoke so oozingly about?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as a test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

Campus activists are expelled and arrested

Participants in any campus outbreak now are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream — but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep.

War resisters are behind bars

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3-to-6 year sentences for refusing the draft. Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

Stockades, federal prisons and courts are full of men who have defied the military, and who now must face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

Add it up:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

The pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other coloured peoples. If America's own children — the brats of her white middle class — insist on acting like blacks, well, shit they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to 'make it' in America today? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a 'white nigger' movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

Embarrassed by the national press and the Walker Report, Daley needs a scapegoat in the pen. I am not going to be anyone's scapegoat.

America used to use HUAC to shit people up, but HUAC can only silence a movement that is afraid of itself. Pierson appeared before HUAC in October and said I told him that the yippies were planning to 'assassinate Daley and the other national politicians' and overthrow the government 'within a year.' He sounded like he was on an acid trip.

The yippies love HUAC. For us it is a costume ball: a chance to project to the children of the world our secret fantasies, a la McLuhan. What a gas it was to see the headline: 'HUAC BARS SANTA CLAUS.' HUAC is all bullshit; it has no power.

What is not bullshit is an official government document in which the Department of Justice admitted in December, 1968 to a Virginia appeals court that it maintains 'electronic surveillance' of me. The document, 12660, is signed by C Vernon Spratley Jr, US Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the US Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit.

It says: 'The government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance.'

Electronic surveillance!

The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, of my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder.

No need anymore for suspicion — it's admitted. And what can I do about it? Nothing.

The New York cops, using an illegal search warrant and phony drug possession charges; the Chicago cops, using an agent provocateur and spy; the Department of Justice, using bugging; and the Chicago courts, using frame-up felony charges, \$25,000 bail, and travel restrictions, have joined together in a criminal conspiracy to deprive me of my civil rights. That's about all the shit they could throw at me in six months.

I've got to raise a lot of money to stay out of jail: for everything from lawyer's fees to organizing a propaganda fight against Daley's Neanderthal Republic. A Jerry Rubin Defense Committee is being organized. Please try to help. Make contributions to 'Rubin Defense Committee' and mail to 5 St Marks Place, apt 16, New York 10003, New York.

These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement: Is it real or transparent? Does it just concern issues, or is it a whole new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions?

Are we creating a New Man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the bullshit we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40?

I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and the white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites the movement is an existential choice.

One way to feel whether or not we have

something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action.

Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 21 years old and his eyes often ask me that question.

The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in-fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another.

That collective identification then becomes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts:

MESS WITH HIM AND YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH TOO.

If 1968 was 'The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla,' then 1969 will be 'The Year of the Courts.' We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and 'free elections.' Maybe Pigasus should become a judge.

Lenny Bruce put it right: 'In the Halls of Justice, the only Justice is in the Halls.' Courts come on as sacred as churches. Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven.

America's courts are the nation's toilets. And in America's jails, human beings are forced to live like animals.

Martin Luther King saw civil disobedience and arrests as moral thrusts aimed at stirring the population and government to action. His death dramatized the death of innocence.

The police, district attorneys and judges use arrests freely: to get activists off the streets, to tie us up in endless judicial and legal procedures, and to serve as a warning to others. Arrests become a form of punishment and detention.

For the cops, an arrest is almost as good as a conviction.

To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration, is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishing her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression.

Americans like to believe that this is a country of 'fair play.' We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails.

An offensive against the courts and jails — including direct action and direct legal and financial aid to the victims of the system — would be the most immediate link that a white movement could possibly make with blacks and poor whites: the country's shit-on, the "criminal element".

As a beginning let's organize massive mobilizations for the spring, nationally coordinated and very theatrical, taking place near courts, jails, and military stockades.

The demonstration should demand immediate freedom for Huey P Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown, Harlem 5, Harlem 6, all black prisoners, Timothy Leary, the Oakland Seven, all drug prisoners, all draft resisters, Benjamin Spock, Jeff Segal, Martin Kenner, me, Fort Hood 43, Catonsville Nine and Milwaukee 14, and all white political prisoners, and





amnesty for deserters and draft evaders.

Our search for adventure and heroism takes us outside America, to a life of self-creation and rebellion. In response, America is ready to destroy us.

America, like the Roman Empire, is falling apart. Repression reveals the speed of America's fall. When you challenge America, you soon find that underneath the pretty words about democracy, lies a mad, arrogant beast who will tolerate no disrespect or opposition.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965 I was active in campus demonstrations at Berkeley, travel to Cuba, and anti-war actions like stopping troop trains. In those days America thought it could solve its problems with white demonstrators by quickly winning the war in Vietnam.

But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement became part of a massive youth movement, student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettos burned. The solution to rebellion at home became for LBJ a military one, and his administration turned the problem over the FBI, CIA, Red Squads, the cops and the courts.

I guess I began really asking for trouble when, after working as project director for the siege of the Pentagon, I helped organize the youth festival and demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

The yippies were the most public, anarchic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen.

It made LBJ very uptight to realize that incredible youth-rock festival was going to be held in Chicago the same week he was scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look silly were the hippies.

But LBJ dropped out. Bobby Kennedy looked like he was going to get the nomination and through his charisma put the yippies on the shelf. On June 5, Sirhan assassinated Kennedy, and yippee popped back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13 three New York narcotics detectives, carrying a mysterious search warrant, stormed into my Lower East apartment, angrily tore a Castro poster off the wall, and arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana.

They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yippee plans for Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an informer was in my apartment with me and he saw dangerous drugs there. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. Narcotics police, who use corruption to get high, invented an informer to get a search warrant. Attorney Bill Kunstler is now attacking the warrant.

A Red Squad detective later told a New York Post reporter that this was the first blow against the yippies, whom he said were agents of the Communist Chinese importing dope into the country to destroy American youth.

Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot. The cops use marijuana busts as a handy club against blacks, longhairs and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you got trouble. If you are a longhair, a political activist, and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are).

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2-15 years in the state pen.

When I arrived in Chicago for the yippee festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me day and night. It was typical Chicago police harassment. Round the clock they tailed the half dozen people they thought were 'leaders.' They were there when we went to bed at night and they were there when we got up in the morning.

For me they cooked up a special treat. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as an agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony rap.

At 10.30 p.m. Wednesday, Aug 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off an empty downtown street in Chicago by four plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged and told by the head of the Chicago Red Squad:

'You guys ruined our city. You, you Rubin are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail here for a long time'.

By chance, Jack Mabley, a columnist for the conservative Chicago American, happened to be in the streets when I was picked up. This is how he described what happened:

'No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin... was walking west on Washington... A girl (Nancy) was with him...'

'An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop besides Rubin. Three men jumped out. 'Come on Jerry, we want you,' one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.'

'I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.'

'This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state.'

I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at \$25,000,

more than the usual bail for accused murderers.

Two months later, on October 29, the Cook County Grand Jury returned an Illinois State indictment against me on two counts of 'solicitation to commit mob action,' a felony punishable on each count of 1-5 years in the state pen. Pierson's bullshit provided the basis for each indictment.

Pierson lied by saying that I shouted through a bullhorn, 'Kill the pigs,' thereby supposedly soliciting others to mob action the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug 28 in Grant park. The incident is supposed to have taken place after cops attacked the crowd when the American flag was lowered, during the rally preceding the Mobilization march.

Anyone who was there during that time, including people with photographs or films, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney: Frank Oliver, 30 North LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois, 60602.

Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a yippee Richard Speck. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. (Illinois?) The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J. Daley.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward.

'I am Spartacus!' shouted one slave.

'No, I am Spartacus!' shouted another.

'No, I am Spartacus!'

'No, I am Spartacus!'

'No, I am Spartacus!'

With love, Jerry Rubin

(with a little help from my friends, Nancy Kurshan, Martin Kenner, Arthur Naiman, Stew Albert, Gumbo, Jim Petras, David Stein, Sharon Krebs, Robin Palmer, Ken Pitchford.)

## SMALLS

Deep Analysis from handwriting. Details: Consultant Graphologist, 25 Belsize Crescent, London NW3.

Some-one from Newcastle-on-Tyne sent us 36/- P.O. for subscription without including name or address. Who was it?

Oliver Foote where are you? Write to Ron McAlary c/o OZ.

Man would like to meet young girl. Any colour for friendship. All letters answered return post. Write Peter Box No. 2 OZ 18.

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FREE BOOKLET. I AM GOD. B. SCHWARTZBERG, 610 E. 13 NY NYC USA.

The management theory behind the conglomerate is that roughly 70 per cent of management expertise is common to all enterprises; the balance is particular to the product being made. On this basis there is no reason why a small high-powered management team sitting at the centre of affairs should not be able to control an octopus with an unlimited number of tentacles.

What distinguishes a conglomerate is not so much the type of company as an attitude of mind. Most firms are in business to make things; a conglomerate is in business to make money.

THE OBSERVER, see page eleven

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What will you say when she asks:

# DADDY-WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE DEAN CALLED THE POLICE?



Why don't we do it in the road

## Behind the Barricades or buried in Classes?

These days there's only one place for an active man or woman.

**JOIN THE STUDENTS  
AND CHANGE THE WORLD!**

Vietnam talks . . . . . non-proliferation treaties . . . . . negotiations and relief in Nigeria and Biafra . . . . . the world is threatened with peace.

**JOIN THE ARMY . . . AND go to sleep.**

There are only 7 actual wars in the whole world . . . and most of these are piddling border skirmishes kept going for publicity purposes, and in which you are not eligible or welcome to fight anyway. But for the man of action, the world still has room. The battlefronts have shifted, that's all. The seat of war has moved to the campus, and now, there is a Korea for you as a *Professional Student*.

In the final analysis, universities depend for their achievements on the human factor — on the intelligence, versatility and strength of character of their student leaders. So, for more than an academic interest in revolution, become a *student*.

Look at what the new student is doing already in the first weeks of 1969, and you will see that somewhere, somehow, there is a rewarding place for you. The year is off to a whirlwind start. **YOU** as a student, can keep it that way.

**LONDON:**

Forcible removal at the London School of Economics of gates

Read below where its at. Complete the coupon and send it to your favourite student organisation.

erected by authorities to restrict freedom of student movement. 26 arrests. Confrontation with police at Bow Street. Successful occupation of ULU by students forced re-opening of LSE, closed by director Adams following student protest.

**PARIS:**

Occupation and sacking of Rectory building following meeting to protest against refusal to show films of the events of May and June. Fighting with police, who charged a group of 1000 students. 200 arrests. National Union of French Students has called for mobilisation against police provocation.

**BESANCON, NANTERRE, VICENNES, CAEN:**

Occupations, strikes, violent clashes with police and authorities. Boycott of elections for university committees of staff and student.

**BERLIN:**

Hundreds of students clashed with police after demonstrations against the Social Democratic Party and the Greek Military regime. 500 students attacked the Persian embassy in protest against the Shah's regime, and dispersed by police wielding batons. Barricades erected at the Free University. Violent strikes and protest actions caused closure of the Law School.

**PRAGUE:**

Following upon the death by fire of student martyr Jan Palach, thousands of students have demonstrated their solidarity against the new regime.

**MADRID:**

Demonstrations following upon the death of a student while under arrest have led to the imposition of a state of newspapers, threw up barricades, and clashed with police.

**BARCELONA:**

The university is closed until further notice following disturbances in which authorities allege that militant students ransacked the rectors office and attempted to throw him from a window. The students were protesting against the arrest of several of their leaders.

**TOKIO:**

Hundreds of students held out in the university's Yasuda Assembly building for two days against 9000 police. At one stage students held most of the university buildings. The final police assault took eleven hours. Elsewhere, 1500 students sealed off a square mile with petrol soaked barricades. A total of 443 students were arrested. The students were protesting against close defence ties with America.

**KYOTO:**

500 students battered down gates to help colleagues in occupation of campus buildings. Clashes with rival students. For the past year in Japan, students have occupied more than fifty campuses.

**DACCA:**

A march of 5000 students to pray for the soul of a student shot a few days earlier. Barricades raised and thirty injured. Police and army have fired on crowds, and several hundreds have been arrested.

**RAWALPINDI:**

Six students were injured when police opened fire on student demonstrations. Student violence has created political unrest all over Pakistan.

**SAN FRANCISCO:**

Mass arrest of 483 students, following demonstrations and strikes at State College. At Berkeley, violent demonstrations involving hundreds of students resulted in the departure of Ronald Reagan's limousine under a hail of eggs and rocks. At San Jose State College, students stormed campus buildings after faculty members threatened with dismissal after participation in a strike.

**LOS ANGELES:**

At UCLA (as at the San Francisco campuses) a continual state of unrest amounting to revolution. At New York Queens College, Brandeis University Massachusetts, Swarthmore College Pennsylvania, the story is much the same.

From Montreal to Mexico City, from Brussels to La Paz, students demand radical change. Revolution is being fomented with tactics of confrontation developed in the streets of Chicago last August.

Can you fit into the brilliant, brash, fast-moving action-filled world of the **NEW STUDENT**?

It is all happening for the **NEW STUDENT** in 1969.

The Universities need you.

**BE THERE.**

**JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS:**  
*and be a step ahead.*

To:

**RMS**

Please send me full particulars about how I can become:

Full time ☐ Part time ☐

(Tick which is appropriate)

Revolutionary Militant Student

Date of Birth:

My educational qualifications are/will be:

**A Time to fight:**

**Berlin:** SDS, I—Berlin 15, Kurfurstendamm 14 West Germany.

**England:** Tom Fawthrop, C/o Soc — Soc Hull University, Hull.  
David Triesman (Essex University) 128 Alderman's Hill, N 13.  
David Adelstein, C/o Soc — Soc London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London WC 2.  
Revolutionary Socialist Students Federation, 59 Fleet Street, London WC 2.

**Japan:**

Kakamaru Zengakuren. (Revolutionary Marxist Zengakuren) which is a splinter group of the National Federation of Students' Self Governing Assos. Yoshimasa Yukiya, 1—1 25 Maniyama, Nakano—Ky, Tokyo.

**France:**

J C R (Jeunesse Communistes Revolution) C/o Rouge, B P 201, Paris 19.  
National Union of French Students, C/o P S U, 81 Rue Mademoiselle, Paris 15.

**United States:**

S N C C (Students Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee) 360 Nelson Street S W, Atlanta, Georgia.  
Young Socialist Alliance,

P O Box 471, Cooper Station, New York, 10003.

S D S (Students for a Democratic Society) 1608 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.  
N M C (National Mobilisation Committee)

**Canada:** Y S A (Young Socialists Alliance) 32 Cecil Street, Toronto, 2B, Ontario, Canada.

**Belgium:** J G S (Jeune Garde Socialiste) can be contacted at the Universities of Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels.

*These organisations are nation wide on individual campuses. There are splinter groups and even more radical independent organisations. E.g. at Berkeley, contact third world liberation front or Black Students Union.*





■ *OZ has lost its printer. Not because we're broke. Not because we're obscene. Not for any of the usual reasons publications lose printers. But because on October 20th 1968 this item appeared in, for God's sake, the News of the World.*

**T**HOUGH Mr Woodrow Wyatt, Labour MP for Bosworth, sports a fancy line in bow ties and select names like Pericles Plantagenet and Petronella Aspasia for his children, he has never been considered particularly avant garde.

It seems unlikely that he would deliberately go beyond the mildly unorthodox behaviour which has made him so much more newsworthy than the average back-bencher.

But the fact remains that one of his associate companies is now linked with the printing of the "underground" magazine OZ.

The current issue carries no printer's name, but Mr Wyatt's business headquarters at Banbury confirm that it was printed at Middlesbrough by an associated firm.

Mr Wyatt doesn't have control, but he does take a close interest in the management of this company.

He can hardly have been aware of the true nature of OZ.

How can he fail to be shocked by advertisements which offer do-it-yourself formulas for the drug LSD?

Can he approve of the obscene poem or of the dirty pictures? Or of the advice to pot smokers?

Clearly not.

We then read in the next weeks News of the World this:

**M**R WOODROW WYATT, MP, tells us that the North Riding Publishing Co., of which he owns 45 per cent, has decided not to print the "underground" magazine OZ in future.

We were officially notified of this decision some time after the News of the World. There was publicity about our problem in the press. We wrote an angry letter alleging breach of contract. As a result Woodrow Wyatt & Co (otherwise known as North Riding Publishing Co Ltd) printed another three issues of OZ. This one is the last.

In January we wrote another letter to North Riding Publishing Co Ltd asking that it continue printing OZ we pointed out amongst other things that OZ had the money to pay promptly, that we had never been prosecuted and that we brought in overseas currency. But the answer was no. we have to find another printer. Which will be difficult because most other printers seem to think like our present lot - which is why we'll probably come out late next time.

■ *'The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. . . Elect us and we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order our republic shall fall.'* (Excerpt from a campaign speech made in Hamburg in 1932 by Adolph Hitler.)

■ *We wrote to the distributor who used to handle Australian OZ and asked if he could sell London Oz. This is his reply:*

*'Many thanks for your letter.*

*I was sorry to hear 'OZ Aust' had finished, however the fact that it had to be tamed down the past twelve months, handicapped it saleswise but at least, kept all concerned out of the courts, I suppose.*

*Regarding your suggestion of me handling London OZ. Believe me I would really like to say yes, as I think it would sell quite well here.*

*However the issue you sent me, (No.15) I consider, would be much too hot for me to handle, especially as the powers that be have clamped down solidly on this type of literature.*

*About the only places where they will let books and newspapers of this type be sold, are in Newsagents shops and of course I do not distribute to Newsagents.*

*Even in shops they are supposed to be placed where teenagers etc cannot get hold of them.*

*The Newsagents usually keep them under the counter until an enquiry is made - then they may sell them.'*

#### ■ RULES FOR THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

Every member of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY throughout the country must abide by these rules as functional members of the party. CENTRAL COMMITTEE members, CENTRAL STAFFS, and LOCAL STAFFS, including all captains subordinate to either national state, and local leadership of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY will enforce these rules. Length of suspension or other disciplinary action necessary for violation of these rules will depend on national decisions by national, state or state area, and local committees and staffs where said rule or rules of the BLACK PANTHER PARTY WERE VIOLATED.

Every member of the party must know these verbatim by heart. And apply them daily. Each member must report any violation of these rules to their leadership or they are counter-revolutionary and are also subjected to suspension by the BLACK PANTHER PARTY.

1. No party member can have narcotics or weed in his possession while doing party work.
2. Any party member found shooting narcotics will be expelled from this party.
3. No party member can be drunk while doing daily party work.
4. No party member will violate rules relating to office work, general meetings of the Black Panther Party, and meetings of the Black Panther Party anywhere.

5. No party member will use, point, or fire a weapon of any kind unnecessarily or accidentally at anyone.
6. No party member can join any other army force other than the Black Liberation Army.

7. No party member can have a weapon in his possession while drunk or loaded off narcotics or weed.
8. No party member will commit any crimes against other party members or BLACK people at all, and cannot steal or take from people, not even a needle or a piece of thread.

9. When arrested Black Panther members will give only name, address, and will sign nothing. Legal first aid must be understood by all Party members.
10. The Ten Point Program and platform of the Black Panther Party must be known and understood by each Party member.

11. Party communications must be National and Local.
12. The 10-10-10-program should be known by all members and also understood by all members.
13. All Finance officers will operate under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Finance.

14. Each person will submit a report of daily work.
15. Each Sub-Section Leader, Section Leader, Lieutenant and Captain must submit daily reports of work.

16. All Panthers must learn to operate and service weapons correctly.
17. All Leadership personnel who suspend or expell a member must submit this information to the Editor of the Newspaper, so that it will be published in the paper and will be known by all chapters and branches.

18. Political Education Classes are mandatory for general membership.
19. Only office personnel assigned to respective offices each day should be there. All others are to sell papers and do Political work out in the community, including Captains, Section Leaders, etc.

20. Communications - all chapters must submit weekly reports in writing to the National Headquarters.
21. All Branches must implement First Aid and/or Medical Cadres.

22. All Chapters, Branches, and components of the Black Panther Party must submit a monthly Financial Report to the Ministry of Finance, and also the Central Committee.
23. Everyone in a leadership position must read no less than two hours per day to keep abreast of the changing political situation.

24. No chapter or branch shall accept grants, poverty funds, money or any other aid from any government agency without contacting the National Headquarters.

■ Another item from the Alfbach. Under the note 'Today's thought: Who so beset him round...do but themselves confound - Bunyan', Sydneys' Daily Telegraph (one of the States two main morning papers) ran this lead editorial:

The Australian louts in London who are busy organising demonstrations against our Prime Minister (Mr. Gorton), are recruited from an expatriate band of no-hopers whom all normal Australian visitors avoid like the plague.

It is obvious from the placards they are carrying that they are pushing Communist-inspired lines on racialism and the Vietnam issue which they expect some of the delegates to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference will adopt to attack Australia.

The Communist-slanted pro-Aborigines movement is being whipped up by these renegade Australians who haven't been in this country for years, and have never talked with Aborigines in their lives.

In Mr. Gorton they have picked on the wrong target.

He is a man with an acute awareness of the Aborigines' problems, and has appointed a special Minister to deal with them.

During his tour of Northern Australia last September Mr. Gorton spoke with many Aboriginal groups and displayed a profound sympathy for their welfare.

In fact there has never been a Prime Minister who has had their interest more at heart.

Many of the African delegates to the Conference will undoubtedly press their views on the Rhodesian question on Mr. Gorton, who holds the same views on this subject as Mr. Menzies.

Though Australia may consider some aspects of the Rhodesian situation as deplorable, we are not going to support any black African calls for armed intervention in the dispute.

If it came to the stage where the Conference was swamped by the armed-interventionists, and Mr. Gorton's position became untenable, he would have considerable support if he walked out.

He could then suggest that any such deliberations in the future be limited to members capable of reaching at least a broad basis of agreement, and who see in South-east Asia graver problems than those of Rhodesia and its future.

OZ has a new office:

52 PRINCEDALE ROAD, W 11,  
(the old Release office.)

All subscriptions, magazine purchases, accounts and general business should go to that address only. Telephone: 603-4205

Editorial will remain at  
38A Palace Gardens Terrace W 8. Tel: 229-4623.

**SUBSCRIBE TO OZ**  
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**ISSUES**

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**NO 5 AT £1, NO 4**  
**AT 10s**

Please send me the following back issues:  
one year's subscription

I enclose

Name

Full address



# MICHAEL X



I've always made it clear to anyone coming on physical with me I have only one thing to do — that is die. I know how to die and it doesn't bother me that much.

Anyone coming at me I am prepared to kill him.



First the gaol thing. It was a little complicated in some ways. I'd rather use one person to illustrate it. The deputy editor of New Society, I've known him for a number of years, Brian Lapping, he tells me how he is so very sorry I went to jail and what an unjust sentence it was. But he has a newspaper, an organ, he could have used his newspaper to talk about it, to talk about what he really feels, but he didn't use his newspaper to talk about it, so I don't believe him. Here I get a really clear illustration of what is really happening in England, the gutlessness of the people, the country is in a sense deteriorating into nothingness. Because they talk about being sorry, but they don't feel strongly enough. It all ends up with a lot of rhetoric. He was a friend of mine for a number of years but he didn't feel strongly enough to come and see my wife, how she was, which I find a really inhuman approach. Surely he could have visited to see if my wife had company to talk to for one day during the time I was in prison but their humanity doesn't extend out there. The dehumanising thing of society has got into all of them. So personally I have hard grudges against a lot of people, which I still feel.

In Jail one suffers racism all the time. One of the things about truthfulness is that if you sincerely believe the things you are doing and you're doing it, one does not worry about the consequences like in jail and I've been to a number of them during my sentence, I was in Oxford, Brixton, Bristol, Stafford, Swansea, I kept being moved round from one jail to the next. I finally settled at Swansea. In Oxford, the prison governor was a reasonably kind fellow and there were one or two prison officers who acted like human beings. But there were a considerable number of them who acted like total barbarians. Men who would encourage prisoners to have a go and seek out that black savage. Inside, you have to fight your way out of these things, make it clear that you are prepared to act that way too. I've always made it clear to anyone coming on physical with me I have only one thing to do that is die. I know how to die and it doesn't bother me that much. Anyone coming at me I am prepared to kill him. The result was that I had to move from there to Stafford. In Stafford, I don't know what happened there in a way it was frightening. I arrived in the evening when the prisoners are being settled down for the night. The prisoners in the wing knew I was coming there, I don't know how, I could hear them screaming in the night, 'You black bastard, we'll get you' and lots of things. But it's not surprising because I hear it on the street anyway. But when you are alone in a cell and you hear these screams from every side it is rather frightening. Your life is threatened in a very real sense. You know in the morning you are going to have to come out amongst these screaming people and you have to come to terms about how you are going to walk. You know fear can be smelled on a person, so you become extremely strong with these fellows. I was there a little over a week. I was shut away in a place called the hole, which was under the cell landings — people shut there are either violent or for punishment or as they say for their own protection from other prisoners. I so I was told was being protected, you can't argue. I wanted to be among the prisoners. I knew they didn't know why they wanted to kill me. I was prepared to work it out in any form with them. But being shut away they can think you are hiding. I talked with some of the others held in the hole when we all went out to empty our piss bowls, they were supposed to be violent men but they saw me as another human being, talked prison talk and were cool. In exercise I had to walk by myself. I could still hear men in the cell blocks around screaming at me.

Privileged prisoners also spat at me when I was exercising. I had a cut up with one of them. He followed me into the toilet wanting to punch me up and then split but it worked the other way. He was just a bully, he didn't know anything about fighting. So I was taken away, put in a cell and stopped exercising. Finally shipped to another prison. This happened all the time.

At another prison they wanted me to work in a prison factory sewing mailbags. Now this is a waste of time. Machines can do that. I told a prison officer I didn't want to do it, explained why, which took a lot of time. He said here you have to do what you are told to do. He had weapons all I had is my fists. At the reception desk I knew an officer from Cardiff and he had told me a man in for sex crimes had been cut up in the mail bag works. So I told the governor about this and that I didn't want to go but if I had to I wanted to be in the same department where I could have a knife. I said if I go in there I want a knife and I'll cut up anyone who's aiming to cut me up. He went through the whole scene telling me about accidents and I told him I'd been in enough jails to know what 'accidents' mean. So I was put in the hole again, this time for punishment not for protection. I was not to be given food etc. but that didn't worry me because I wasn't eating anyway, it was



the beginning of the Muslim celebrations and I was on a 30 day fast, which rather confused them, I was supposed to be in for punishment and they didn't have any rules to guide them in my situation. The governor came to see me and talk a number of times while I was there for a month. I told him how I'd like to talk to the other prisoners, maybe I could learn something and they could learn something from me, I could give them other ideas to think about instead of just sitting in the prison factory all day and then in their cells at night. He came on very understanding and said he'd like to help. He was one of the reforming kind and wanted to have new ideas, but then he'd say, you're in prison and there are certain rules we have to go by.

At Swansea I was placed in the execution wing, where the murderers are. I passed through a few prisons on the way and a lot of things happened in all of them. It was rather nice in a way in the execution wing sleeping where hanged prisoners had — outside was the block where their necks were popped off. My window looked over the cemetery too, where they are buried, except it isn't a cemetery but a big lime pit. I would sit at night looking at it in the company of all those dead souls, rather nice, and sometimes write a bit.

After I came out the organisation had gone through considerable changes.

RAAS, the organisation I served before I went in was functioning differently because you had brothers like Frankie Dymond or Frankie Y who was in the running of things, and Frankie's methods to say the least are rather unorthodox. So I came out to find a different body to what was originally set up — which was in many ways extremely good. One can then go on to other things. So I drifted around a bit, looking and talking here and there about prisons and about the past year and things because that's what most people really wanted to talk about. Then I ran across a group in London, a very small group which was called the Black Eagles and a very young fellow called Dakus Absou, who is very nice I was very pleased to meet him. He was in Trinidad where he got in trouble constantly, being arrested every so often, so he came to England to do something serious like study law which he thought would be the right thing to do, in order to understand the law somewhat. Studied and qualified as a barrister, then started lecturing at a couple of Universities. In York, where I first ran into him, he began to want to use his energies and his talents towards people inside the ghettos, those who had the problems he had when he was 18. When I met him he was 24. This was a few months ago when he was getting these young brothers together and talking

the selves, walking the street has changed a lot, their attire is different, their clothes are not drab and grey like their mothers' were.

All the young kids today, the revolutionary ones running around saying we are going to change the system, when I ask them what will they replace it with they say it will evolve out of us. Well that's not a good enough answer for me, I want to be damn sure and very clear in my mind and break it down to what I am building towards I want to see. I know what is the alternative society, our society has a value system that is quite different to the European value system. The European on the other hand has looked and tried at all kinds of things, like capitalism, conservatism, socialism. We see the alternative society, what it is, one must be clear in your mind what the alternative society is, people may say that that isn't very much but it appears to me like it's all, so I get a different perspective. When people say the area you live in is dirty and degrading I don't believe them because where I live that is home. I can't go measuring my home by anyone else's, which is another of the strange things that happens in white society. If I understand my home and the people inside it I understand all these things, I understand how to exist on very little. I live on very few pounds indeed. I exist on very little. I have 9 in my house and I have to provide their daily bread. It's different for those in bigger houses with fewer people. They live on in a week what I live on in a month. And this is the sort of thing you have to understand to do economic planning, for our Black Nation here, and there is a Black Nation inside of the White Nation and its functions, it really works. My main priority will be human beings, and I can't be indifferent. I'm not like the Black Panthers in America. I don't want to chase round getting a gun because a gun means a bomb, and I don't see why anyone would want to support us or be with us if our ultimate aim is to take Mr Wilson's finger off the button and put mine by in its place. Surely our function is to dismantle that machine which is running riot.

The Black Eagles are completely different to the Black Panthers. Any influences that we have is from the Nation of Islam. We have lived in our communities, we are not looking for any real radical change, we are not looking to fight anybody. I'm most certainly going to defend my home against anybody. Like when the police came to my home recently, the newspapers said I came downstairs with a knife. If 4 men bust into my place I'm not going to receive them like guests. I only fight if I'm threatened, I defend myself. I don't see Enoch Powell's speeches as a threat to me. I'm a threat to him, because I'm showing something quite different than what he can possibly show. His game is one where the Labour party is there and the Conservative party is there and one or the other of them will play games, one will have a go and then the next one will have a go. There is no change that can come out of them because each one complements the other. It is in the interest of each one to make sure the other exists, because otherwise they'd crumble into nothingness. That's their system. Enoch Powell talks about us being a threat to the very core of nationhood and he's absolutely right. Look what we have done to the young people, what we have done to you, surely that's a threat to HIS nationhood. He can see very clearly the change. I understand very clearly what he is saying. He is aware of the change of values of the young white people. I don't see Powell as a terrible man at all I find him one of the most honest. I respect honesty, if some of his proposals were implemented — like shipping black people



back and so on I don't know if that would be such a bad thing because back in my island is an awful lot of sunshine. I think it is in the interests of the people here to shut us in and not let us out.

I've definitely been harassed by the police. Definitely harassment. They came with a search warrant to look for stolen money. They only searched for an hour, 9 people, 5 rooms, they knew what they wanted to find and then they left. They were looking for something bulky as well as what they found, like guns, and weapons. I still have faith that somewhere there is honesty. Those police they must have to convince some magistrate that there were guns at my place and surely he or someone will want to know why they came to find something and didn't do it. Why didn't they search for the stolen money they came with the warrant for. I have to live with the problem of the difficulty of communicating in court. But if I allow that to stop me trying then I'm working for nothing. I tried before and now I'll try again. Too bad if I have to go to jail. I'll come out and try again.



# hip pocrates

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Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him at PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California. Mark your letter: OZ.

Dear Dr.Schoenfeld,

Regarding your column warning about literal blow jobs:

A few years ago, one of the psychiatric journals carried a paper on an unusual accidental death of a woman following coital foreplay.

Her lover had an impulse to blow air into her vagina which he proceeded to do vigorously. She had just stopped menstruating and her vascular system was therefore directly vulnerable. She complained of pain immediately and died within a few minutes - a rather gruesome outcome to what began as an erotic whim.

COMMENT: Or as a well-known Berkeley backgammon expert said, 'No, no baby, blow is just a figure of speech!'

QUESTION: Could you please tell me if there is any other word for 'clitoris'? That's just too scientifically proper for bedroom talk, but neither my boyfriend nor any of my other friends have been able to find one that seems natural to say.

We agreed that 'clit' from 'Candy' was only a little bit better so your suggestions really will be appreciated.

ANSWER: Three syllables does seem out of proportion but I've never heard another word for this unique organ which has pleasure as its only known function. Perhaps there are readers with other suggestions.

QUESTION: I am a single girl of 23 who has a most frustrating problem - I am unable to reach a climax (except through cunnilingus or masturbation) because I have a hooded clitoris.

I know there is an operation to remove the hood, but I am also sure I could not afford it. Therefore I write to you to ask if you might know of any positions that would help me reach a climax.

I have tried all the well-known positions (and other types too) but I'll be damned if I can ever climax through intercourse!

ANSWER: I doubt that a 'hooded' clitoris is the cause of your complaint and surgical procedures seldom are the cure.

Sexology Magazine (a useful source of information - don't be

put off by the lurid covers) recently featured an article claiming a useful treatment for this very common problem.

If a woman can reach a climax through masturbation or manipulation by her partner, she is gradually trained to reach orgasm through intercourse. A kind of conditioning takes place. The climax is achieved first when penetration begins and eventually during complete intercourse. (A female's orgasm is almost always caused by clitoral stimulation, direct or indirect).

Patience and perfect frankness between partners is required if this treatment is to be effective.

QUESTION: As a relatively straight guy who showers every day and keeps his hair short, I've never been a great admirer of hippies. But lately I've begun to wonder. With a receding hairline I have become conscious of the scalps of others and yet have seen few bald spots among the hippie population.

Does keeping one's hair long and allowing the natural oils to gather by not washing slow down the fall-out rate of hair? I'll do anything to save myself from becoming bald.

ANSWER: Anything? When I read your letter I immediately thought of two hippies you may not have seen. One is Bob Ockene, a New York Bobbs-Merrill editor and Yippee whose cherubic face seems to be enhanced by his shiny head. Bob's beautiful wife is apparently not turned off by baldness.

The other is Max Scherr, editor of the Berkeley Barb, who seems to have hair growing everywhere except the top of his head. Max's beard reaches to his waist. Sometimes he stuffs part of it under his peaked cap.

The length of one's hair does not hasten or retard normal male pattern baldness so I imagine most of the hippies you have seen are of an age when baldness is rare. And, contrary to popular belief, hippies who long forego bathing are shunned by their fellows, not because of conventional uptight sterility standards, but due to that erotic sense organ, the nose.

Hair grows from structures in

the skin called follicles. Each tiny follicle contains an oil or sebaceous gland and an involuntary muscle. 'Gooseflesh', a reaction to cold, fear or other stimuli, occurs when the involuntary arrector pili muscles contract and move hair vertically, lift the region around each hair and depress the surrounding skin.

The rate of hair growth varies from one individual to the next and may be slower or faster at times even for one person. But in general hair grows 1.5 millimeters to 2 millimeters per week (approximately 1/25th of an inch). All of the hair except for a small part beneath the skin is 'dead' material. If you think you can spare one, pluck a hair from your head and look at the bottom of the hair shaft - that's the only live part. The rest, in effect, is pushed out or grows from this base.

Recently, I received a letter from a fellow in Los Angeles who had heard that bull sperm could increase the rate of hair growth. I told him it was a lot of bull. No known food or shampoo can increase the speed at which hair grows.

The length to which hair will grow also varies greatly from one individual to another. I've been writing mainly about head hair, but, of course, hair grows all over the body on everyone. Even people who seem relatively hairless have fine hairs which may



be seen on close examination under a strong light.

The hairs on an individual body may vary in length from a few millimeters to almost five feet. Life expectancy for an individual hair varies from 3 to 5 months for the eyebrows to 2 to 4 years for head hair.

Hair becomes more lustrous and fluffy after washing because soaps and shampoos remove oil and dirt particles which coat the hairs and cause them to stick together. The oil is usually secreted from the sebaceous glands of the hair follicles while dirt particles may come from the polluted air of cities or even from rooms densely filled with cigarette smoke.

I know of one Berkley co-ed whose roommates share a common smoking pastime. Her boyfriend claimed he could get stoned just by smelling her hair.

QUESTION: I am a 17 year old boy living with my parents in a small town. I have been hearing and reading quite a bit about THC.

Since it's still legal, it would be a boon to us small-towners who want to turn on but are missed by any drug traffic.

Where can I get some THC? ANSWER: THC, or tetrahydrocannabinol, is thought to be the active ingredient of marijuana. Because the synthesis of this drug is so complicated and expensive, any 'THC' sold on the black markets is almost surely not synthetic marijuana.

Capsules of a drug said to be THC and selling for \$1.50/ each were recently collected in the Haight-Ashbury and analysed in the Pharmacology laboratories of the University of California. The capsules were found to contain not THC but a sedative used for treating animals.

Most dealers know little about the purity of the drugs they sell. The most widely known underground (al) chemist believes that a dealer with any feelings at all for other people will use this drug on himself first before selling it to others.

The establishment has no monopoly on dishonest - though they've more than their share of the market.

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# HOW TO COMMIT REVOLUTION IN CORPORATE AMERICA

## AND IN CORPORATE BRITAIN

### Part One. The Analysis.

There are three aspects, I think, to any good revolutionary program for corporate America. These aspects are closely intertwined, and all three must be developed alongside each other, but there is nonetheless a certain logic, a certain order of priorities, in the manner I present them.

First, you need a comprehensive, overall analysis of the present-day American system. You've got to realize that the corporation capitalism of today is not the 19th-century individual capitalism that conservatives yearn for. Nor is it the pluralistic paradise that liberals rave about & try to patch up. Nor is it the finance capitalism of the American Communists, who are frozen in their analysis of another day.

Second, you need relatively detailed blueprints for a post-industrial America. You've got to show people concrete plans that improve their lot either spiritually or materially. There's no use scaring them with shouts of socialism, which used to be enough of a plan, however general, but which today only calls to mind images of Russia, deadening bureaucracy & 1984. And there's no use boring them with vague slogans about participation & vague abstractions about dehumanization. You've got to get down to where people live, and you've got to get them thinking in terms of a better America without the spectre of Russia, rightly or wrongly, driving any thought of risking social change out of their heads.

Third, and finally, you need a plan of attack, a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — before most people get involved in revolutionary activity they take a mental look way down the road. Maybe not all the way down the road, but a long way down. They want to know what they are getting into, and what the chances are, and whether there is really anything positive in sight that is worth the gamble. In short, I suspect that most people just don't fit the formula that seems to be prevalent in America: get people involved in anything — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing demonstrations, rat strikes, draft demonstrations, whatever — and gradually they will develop a revolutionary mentality. According to this theory, apparently, people will realize their power & want more if they win the rat strike, or they will wise up if they are hit on the head by a peace officer at a draft demonstration. Well, maybe that works for some people, but I wouldn't count on it, and I wouldn't rely on it to the exclusion of all else. Actually, most people seem to sink back into lethargy when the rats are gone, or nuclear testing in the atmosphere is abandoned. And I know of no convincing evidence that getting people hit on the head or thrown in jail makes them into revolutionaries — certainly many of those who believe this didn't become revolutionaries this routine. So, ponder carefully about this activity for activity's sake. You need a plan of attack, not just some issues like peace rats. And one thing more on this point: that plan has to come out of your analysis of the present socioeconomic system & out of your own life experience — that is, out of the American experience, and not out of the experiences of Russia, or China, or Cuba, all of which have been different from each other, and are different from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and as it moves new realities arise and old theories become irrelevant. New methods become necessary. If you expect to be listened to, you will have to look around you afresh and build your own plan, abandoning all the sacred texts on What Is To Be Done.

An analysis of the system, a set of blueprints, and a program for gaining power. That is the general framework. Let me now say something more concrete about each, admitting in advance that some points will be touched on only lightly and that others, which should be read as friendly criticisms of past & present efforts of American revolutionaries, may be too cryptic for those who have not observed these movements or read about their beliefs & strategies.

As to the analysis, here I will be the most cryptic. The name of the system is corporation capitalism. Huge corporations have come to dominate the economy, reaping fabulous, unheard-of profits and avoiding their share of the taxes, and their owners & managers — the corporate rich — are more & more coming to dominate all aspects of American life, including government. Corporate rich foundations like Ford, Rockefeller & Carnegie finance & direct cultural & intellectual innovations,

corporate rich institutes & associations like the Council on Foreign Relations, the Committee for Economic Development and the Rand Corporation do most of the economic, political & military research and provide most of the necessary government experts & consultants. As for the future, well, Bell Telephone is undertaking a pilot project in which it will run a high school in the Detroit ghetto, and Larry Rockefeller has suggested that every corporation in New York 'adopt' a city block and help make sure that its residents are healthy, happy & non-riotous. Adopt-a-block may never happen, and corporations may not run many high schools any time soon, but such instances are symbolic of where we are probably headed — corporation feudalism, cradle to the grave dependency on some aspect or another of a corporate structure run by a privileged few who use its enormous rewards to finance their own private schools, maintain their own exclusive clubs, and ride to the hounds on their vast farm lands. For even agriculture is being corporatized at an amazing rate. Family farmers are in a state of panic as the corporate rich and their corporations use tax loopholes to gobble up this last remaining bastion of 19th-century America.

Much work on this necessary analysis of corporation capitalism, or feudalism, has been done, but much more needs to be done. It is a scandal, or, rather, a sign of corporate rich dominance of the universities, that so little social stratification research concerns the social upper class of big businessmen, that so little political sociology research concerns the power elite that is the operating arm of the corporate rich... indeed, that so much of the social sciences in general concern themselves with the workers, the poor, and other countries — that is, with things that are of interest to the corporate rich. If you want to know anything interesting about the American power structure, you have to piece together the hints of journalists, read the few books by a handful of Leftists who are academic outcasts, follow the research reports of two excellent student groups, and listen to & read Dan Smoot. Dan Smoot? Yes, Dan Smoot. Properly translated, he has a better view of the American power structure than most American political scientists, who of course merely laugh at him. He may not use the same labels I would for the men in charge (he thinks David Rockefeller & Co. are communists or dupes!), but at least he knows who's running the show. It is truly a commentary on American academia that he & one journalist — Establishment journalist Joseph Kraft — have done the only work on the all-important Council on Foreign Relations, one of the most influential policy-forming associations of the corporate rich. While the professors are laughing at Dan Smoot and equating the business community with the National Association of Manufacturers & the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Smoot is keeping up with the activities of the richest, most powerful, and most internationally oriented of American big businessmen, the vanguard or corporation feudalism.

This really brings you to your first revolutionary act. Research one thing & one thing only — the American power structure. Withdraw your libido from 12th-century Antarctica, historical criticism of Viking poetry, and other such niceties, and get to where you are: here, America, the 20th century. Just turning the spotlight on the power elite is a revolutionary act, although only Act One. Ideas & analyses are powerful, and they shake people up. The problem of would-be American revolutionaries has not been an overemphasis on ideas, but the use of old ones, wrong ones, and transplanted ones. That's why C. Wright Mills grabbed American students & parts of American academia. He had new, relevant ideas & facts about the here & now — he exploded old clichés & slogans, and, I might add without being autobiographical, for Lincoln Steffens & Bertrand Russell had already done the job for me, I think he created more radicals with his work than any hundred Oakland & Los Angeles policemen with their billy clubs.

But analysis is not only important so you can better criticize the system. It is also necessary in developing blueprints & plans of attack. As to the developing of blueprints, to go beyond mere devastating criticism of the system you have to understand it so you can figure out what kind of a better system you can build on it. The most important & obvious point here is that you will be building on a fully industrialized, non-farming system. This means that your post-industrial society can look very different from systems built on pre-industrial, agricultural bases such as was the case in Russia, China & Cuba.

As to the importance of a good analysis in developing a program for taking power, this is essential

because it tells you what you can & cannot expect, what you can & cannot do, and what you should & should not advocate. Let me give four examples:

- 1) Corporation capitalism, if it can continue to corporatize the 'underdeveloped' world and displace small businessmen & realtors in the cities, may have a lot more room for reforms. In fact, if creature comfort is enough, it may come to satisfy most of its members. Be that as it may, and I doubt if it can solve its problems in a humanly tolerable way, the important point is that no American revolutionary should find himself shocked or irrelevant because the corporate rich agree to nationwide health insurance or guaranteed annual incomes, or pull out of one of their military adventures. And don't get your hopes up for any imminent collapse. Better to be surprised by a sudden turn that hastens your time schedule than to be disappointed once again by the flexibility of the corporate rich. This means that you should rely on your own program, not depression or war, to challenge the system and bring about change, and that you should have a flexible, hang-loose attitude toward the future.
- 2) Corporation capitalism seems to be very much dependent on overseas sales & investments, probably much more so than it is on the military spending necessary to defend & extend that Free World empire. And even if some economists would dispute this, I think it is 100% safe to say that most members of the corporate rich are convinced that this overseas economic empire is essential — and that is what affects their political & military behaviour. Thus the corporate rich fear... nay, more than that, have utter horror of isolationism, and that suggests that you revolutionaries should agree with conservatives about the need for isolationism.
- 3) The American corporate rich have at their command unprecedented, almost unbelievable firepower & snooping power. This makes it questionable whether or not a violent revolutionary movement has a chance of getting off the ground. It also makes it doubtful whether or not a secret little Leninist-type party can remain secret & unpenetrated very long. In short, a non-violent & open party may be dictated to you as your only choice by the given fact of the corporate leaders' military & surveillance capability, just as a violent & closed party was dictated by the Russian situation.
- 4) The differences between present-day corporation capitalism & 19th-century individual capitalism must be emphasized again & again if you are to reach those currently making up the New Right. Those people protest corporation capitalism and its need for big government & overseas spending in the name of small business, small government, competition, the market place — all those things destroyed or distorted by the corporate system. You must agree with the New Right that these things have happened, and then be able to explain to them how & why they have happened: not due to the communists, or labour professors, but due to the growing corporatization of the society and the needs of these corporations.

Now, as to your second general need, blueprints for a post-industrial America. Blueprints are first of all necessary to go beyond mere criticism. Any half-way moral idiot can criticize corporation capitalism, anyone can point to slums, unemployment waste, phony advertising, inflation, shoddy goods, and on & on. To be revolutionary, you have got to go beyond the militantly liberal act of offering some criticism and then asking people to write their congressman or sit in somewhere so that the authorities will do something about the problem. And it is necessary for you to self consciously begin to develop this plan because it is not going to miraculously appear after a holocaust or emanate mystically from the collective mind of that heterogeneous generalization called The Movement. Individuals are going to have to develop aspects of these blueprints, wild, yea-saying blueprints that you can present with excitement & glee to Mr & Mrs Fed-up America. It is not enough to be for peace & freedom, which is really only to be against war & racism. It is not positive enough. As a smug little man from the Rand Corporation — a consultant for the other side — once reminded me, everyone, even him, is for peace & justice. The differences begin when you get to specifics.

G. William Domhoff  
from the Entwistle Project.

To be continued

THE OBSERVER,  
2 FEBRUARY 1969

None the less conglomerate power can pose problems and the Monopolies Commission ought to start its inquiry with the guidelines laid down last May by the US Department of Justice.



# Mōzic

# The Soft Machine

## Joseph Strick to film Pollard in Naked Lunch rumours

When the Corporation sends out their hipster to make a film on Pop he has an easy job on his hands. The previous week he could have been finishing a documentary on PRIMITIVE DANCE & THE NEUROLOGY OF ECSTASY. But the change to a new subject will not be too difficult because Pop has become the kind of cultural compendium where all the birds sing. No editing problems. An image of the Queen (Elizabeth) waving from a balcony is as acceptable as a Russian tank on fire. Total consciousness, baby, and long live Marshall McLuhan.

Our hipster opens with a close shot of Donovan, the shy mystic smile/Cut to blurred focus corn field/Dissolve to cotton, then the cotton pickers/Cut to Negro in Vietnam/Cut to pop singer who says yeah he's got a thing about guns and violence, it's all there in the music.

Images bounce along with the continuity of a conversation led by Eamonn Andrews. Both viewer and critic will find it seductive.

Then the newspapers send out their hipsters for the cosy approach to Pop. Thus — 'I was expecting four Afghan hounds with chocolate drop eyes to come padding to the door, but Paul met me in a Fairisle sweater whose brightness disguised a hangover. In the background I heard Bartok (Yes, I did say Bartok!) playing gently on the stereo.' Or MAUREEN CLEAVE TREMBLES AFTER TALK

SESSION WITH MORRISON. SHE APPROACHES THE MYSTERIES OF THE MYTHIC CROTCH. Then our MC goes on from this experience to the Bachelors, the approach is the same. But not our film maker. He is permanently on the heights of the super-cool where the air is pure ether and there are no horizons.

In his film he will refer to the Soft Machine and/or John Cage, Zen, Satre, Ubu Roi, Phenomenology & others too numerous ... He is bound to mention the Soft Machine because the name itself implies access to the inner sanctum of the avant garde. You don't have to listen to the music — it's enough to know of their existence. So when Kenneth Allsop mentions the Soft Machine in Nova (her Novacain) the horrible graceless suspicion arises — Has he heard the group? Both journalists and consumers use the name of a group like the Soft Machine as credentials of their complete cultural awareness. This Cabalistic (and cutely — cabbalistic) air surrounds this particular group. They have so far escaped the full treatment from all the journalists who are so determined to communalize the esoteric. (Pop is such a sweet comforting model of the democratic process. Anybody can make out, they don't even have to change their accents. And Kenneth Tynan might offer his high-octane spittle by way of a blessing, e.g., The Beatles are true Marxists in their control of the means of production).

Nobody has made any "all-human-life-is-there" claims for S.M. music. Not yet anyway.

Ten years ago the present members of the Soft Machine were (their own words) obnoxious little hippies in Canterbury. They listened to a lot of Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Webern amongst other classical and modern musicians. They played together at intervals over the next five years but did not come together as a group until the Daevid Allen Quartet was formed (The group was mentioned in Downbeat at the time as part of the stirrings of avant garde jazz in Britain). Their drummer left a straight pop group, the Wild Flowers, to join the quartet. The organist, Mike Ratledge, came down from Oxford, mistimed an application for Ph.D course and started playing with them. Daevid Allen was doing Jazz/Poetry, Electronic music and Indian-influenced material.

They ran through the usual little black book of names and ended up with the Soft Machine, a group which began playing tightly-controlled pop tunes before moving into looser improvisational work. Club and College gigs piled up in the first year, the obligatory commuting up and down the M1

Left stranded for work in the first summer, they moved to the South of France, playing at a polystyrene club designed and built by Ian Knight and Keith Allbarn. The

French police came down on the club for 'attracting undesirables.' They moved along the coast. Then a combine of promoters (Victor Herbert, Jean Jacques Lebel, Allan Zion (director of film Who's crazy? with The Living Theatre) got them to perform at the Picasso play, La Desir attrape par la queue. French television shows followed, gigs in Rotterdam, the occasional live British show. Daevid Allen, lead guitarist, was banned from the country for work permit reasons (he later left the group).

During this time they attracted the attention of people not directly concerned with the pop world. American composers such as Earle Browne said 'The S.M. are playing the music I want to write.' Mark Boyle provided the light-shows for the group's work from the beginning. They came back from France, move with M.B.'s Sensual Laboratory to Edinburgh, followed him to Paris for the Biennale where M.B. won the sculpture prize. There they played on a happening called 'St Genevieve et le tobogan,' accompanying the dance of Graziella Martinez.

An American tour with Hendrix followed directly on this. They worked there for three months. In New York they recorded their first L.P. with Tom Wilson (Producer of Mothers', the Animals and the first man to put Cecil Taylor on record). There was another three month tour, again with Hendrix.







The group have returned to this country where they are working on the second L P. They hope to avoid live performance and tours after the American experience, with the exception of possible Continental tours with Ronnie Scott & Roland Kirk. They are at present rehearsing for the L P. A new bass player has joined the group.

*The first L P has not been released in this country. Copies were available in the import sections of shops like Music Land in Berwick Street, Soho.*

## INTERVIEW



*Mike Ratledge, organist with The Soft Machine.*

The interviewee prefaced the text below with the fact that he had no opinions on any subjects. It was 'ridiculous to attempt an interview.' The tape recorder was switched on. The interviewer gives the impression of being both stupid and innocent — which is quite genuine. For him, pop begins and ends with the Four Seasons & the work of Phil Spector — a fact of no particular relevance.

FW: Are you an Underground group?

MR: That can mean two things. Are we regarded as the subject of cultisms in the Underground? The answer to which may or may not be true, it is not for me to say. The second thing is whether that is desirable. I would say that none of us wish to be a cult in the Underground. The Underground is basically what Taylor Meade described it as — 'Doing something for nothing.' And that's what it's turned out to be. When you're asked to do an Underground benefit, and the promoter starts talking to you in terms of the art you're offering, you know very well that you won't get any money for it, you'll even have to pay your own expenses. It means no organization, the stage will be a shambles, the P A will be hopeless and everything else. But good things have still come out of the Underground. The U F O was good when Hoppy was running it. It

was well run. But the Underground is usually shambolic.

FW: Would you like to be dissociated with the Underground, move out, make a lot of money, a lot — like Hendrix?

MR: I'd hate to have the position of Hendrix in terms of his work schedule and what it's doing to him. I'd hate to be on the road months at a time, working every night and never rehearsing. I mean, still playing numbers like Hey Joe after three years to an audience that shows it doesn't listen to what you're playing because the applause at the beginning of a number when it identifies it is louder than the applause you get at the end. That's all they're interested in.

FW: Off-stage sounds like a nightmare. What's it like?

MR: Exactly as they say it is — working with Hendrix it is anyway.

And travel in the States with a pop group is like a luxury purgatory. You stay in Hiltons, then a Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the airport first thing in the morning. Another Cadillac Fleetwood meets you, takes you to the hotel. You wash, the Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the gig and back to the Hilton. You sleep. In the end it completely destroys your sense of geography. You're manipulated like a piece of baggage. You have no control over the direction your life takes. It's like those experiments where they deprive rats of control over their bodies. In the end you suffer from depersonalisation, loss of identity. It sounds heavy but it does happen like that. There is no longer any 'I' that travels, the travel subsumes you, there is no such thing as place because air destroys that as a form of travel. And America is constructed in such a way that it denies any individual differences from place to place. This is the blueprint for America.

FW: Alright.

MR: What do you mean alright? I haven't finished yet.

FW: O K What about American groups?

MR: There are the Mothers' and the Spirit. They were the only two groups I was interested in, or impressed with at all. (pause) There are four types of groups. Firstly, the group that has technical proficiency on their instruments and have got ideas of their own. The Second has ideas but no technical proficiency. Then those that have no ideas of their own but have the proficiency. And lastly, those who have neither ideas nor technical proficiency.

FW: But they have publicity.

MR: Yes. The Mothers and the Spirit come into the first group. There are thousands of other groups that have either technique or proficiency. Or blues groups doing blues arrangements better than the people did them originally. Then there are weird underground groups in places like Chicago who have ideas but no proficiency — like the M C Five. But most are not worth mentioning because they are so

technically bad.

FW: What about the Doors?

MR: The Doors I can't really see, except as a sociological phenomenon. The Doors are a chance for all the little teenyboppers in the States to think they're digging something avant garde when they're not at all. They have got all the symptoms of being avant garde. They've got the proselytising lyrics, the sex figure of Morrison who masturbates on stage, so he's really iconoclastic and you're worshipping an iconoclast — who is not actually moving the art forward in any way. They go into old blues riffs, none of them are proficient, they have no authority on stage, their sound is appallingly weak. In all the ways that pop music has broken through in five years, they don't possess any of these features that caused the breakthrough. Hendrix contributed a new searing sound. But they have no sound identity. They're contributing nothing musically.

FW: Groups like the Jefferson Airplane — how do they fit into the scale you just suggested?

MR: The J A and the Big Brother Holding Co. are big cult figures on the American underground.

I've never seen the J A live, but apparently they're much better than on record. They're too tidy on record for me and the soloists aren't what they're reputed to be. They have strong voices sure. But there's still a blues tyranny in America basically. To be a substantial hit you have to be a blues group. B B & T H C are not an avant garde group. They're just a big super-charged, super-heat blues group. You read in the papers in England about the avant garde in America, their names — when you hear them they're just blues groups.

FW: You started as a straight jazz group and moved into pop. This isn't typical, because the usual group starts with blues and ends up with an avant garde reputation. But you never were a blues group.



MR: This jazz/pop thing is very difficult. There are two types — the jazz group that goes into pop, and the pop group that goes vaguely into jazz. Don Ellis and Gary Burton have gone into pop. And in a peculiar way they tend to lose something. Whereas pop groups going into jazz don't. Jazz groups going into pop tend to misconstrue what the actual excitement about pop is. They tend to simplify their structures, but what makes pop is the sound. The excitement of the sound is something which somebody like Don Ellis hasn't got, nor Gary Burton. So they lose both ways. Whereas pop groups in jazz, if they're any good, maintain the excitement of the sound. The best example of this is the Mothers', although they're not really a Jazz/Pop group — there's no such middle stream. But they use devices as in jazz, and they have jazz soloists. But they still have the tough rock sound. The Spirit is another example of this.

FW: Do you have a tough rock sound?

MR: It's tough. I don't know whether it's rock. It's very distorted and individual.

FW: If somebody who manufactures hits (like Spector used to) came to you and asked to record for him — would you?

MR: No, largely because you can't calculate a hit ever. It's chancy. So you'd be left recording something which is neither a success nor a pleasure to perform. The only thing to do is to do what you really like doing. (pause) Supposing Jim Webb came up to me with a song. That's a better example. I wouldn't mind doing it if I liked the song — but not as the Soft Machine. That would be unfair on what little public we have. But I love playing with other people whatever music they play. If Kevin in the group did a pretty-pretty single I wouldn't mind playing on it with him. But not as a Soft Machine. It just confuses the consumer.

FW: How do you react to pop journalism?

MR: The basic trouble is that all journalists are outside us. i.e. they don't play instruments, they've certainly never played in a pop group. They probably, until recently, haven't listened to pop music, not until the Beatles. They're not equipped in terms of musical knowledge to make any kind of judgement. If they confined themselves to saying who they liked and didn't like that would be acceptable. Unfortunately, they try to give musical reasons why they approve. These musical reasons tend to become a series of cliches that people bandy around, which usually have no relevance to the people they're talking about. A specific instance is Tony Palmer who claims qualities for The Cream which they don't possess. He says they expand the structure of common pop song chords, whereas they're still using blues structures basically, and more than any other group around. It's the same for all groups designated avant garde. It reminds me of the beginning of jazz where they tried to make jazz respectable by comparing jazz musicians to Stravinsky & Schoenberg & Bartok. But this is confusing the form because each medium has its own syntax. To make cross-judgements is confusing. It doesn't respect the identity of the medium, like all people writing film criticism in terms of theatre. Thereby you miss the basic point of what cinema is. So Tony Palmer and the rest of them — when they talk about the Beatles being better or as good as Schubert or Schoenberg or whatever are missing the point about what makes Pop special and different from these people. Cross-judgements simply confuse rather than illuminate. Apart from not being really desirable.

FW: So how would you evaluate the Soft Machine in your musical terms?

MR: It's difficult. I think we're using a lot of things that modern jazz is now using. The most recent numbers use time-signatures like 13/4 and 9/4. We're tending to get more onto a completely compositional basis and not the idea of the



cyclical song that's repeated. We're getting away from the idea of a song as a repeated structure A B A. And more onto song as complete composition. With our definite structure, the structure is a straight fifteen minutes which doesn't actually repeat, which is more of a classical procedure if you like, but then that's not saying that we're jazz/pop or that we're classical. That simply confuses it. We have a straight pop sound inasmuch as it's very abrasive, direct and immediate.

Most criticism tends to be based on this pointless comparative system. To say we're like Coltrane or like Cecil Taylor doesn't really help all that much.

FW: Well, you particularly sound like those people to me.

MR: Sometimes it might. But I know that everyone in the group has liked Coltrane at some stage, and the group feeling he got was something one liked. But I prefer to think that we had assimilated it. Because what makes it worth talking about us, or any other group, is what makes them different from the people they've been influenced by.

FW: Is there a pop-musician who even approaches Coltrane as a musician? I'm sorry.

MR: Certainly not in the terms of technique. But they have things which Coltrane doesn't have, and vice versa. I personally don't think that pop has got to the stage where I'd rather listen to any pop group than Coltrane. I'd rather listen to Coltrane any day. You see, you idiot, I don't see that there should be this exclusive choice. Everybody tries to set it up in terms of exclusive preferences.

FW: What of the present claims for pop music, claims which I find pretty screwy, that it is the complete reflection of our time, pop singers being its best interpreters.

MR: As MacIntyre would say — That's either trivial or false. Either you make it tautologically true in terms of retrospective criticism that every artist has always reflected his age — he has no choice. Or it's false because certainly the people one meets in the pop world, have no motives in

those terms of expressing this thing.

FW: Some of them make these precious claims for themselves.

MR: So do a lot of other people. We all over-estimate our importance, and quite often this is necessary to survive. If you didn't think that you were doing something worthwhile you'd never do it, so again that's inevitable.

FW: I think pop music's importance is over-inflated. Why is there this importance attached to it?

MR: In the last ten years it's been possible to get a lot of money from pop. It was always true of people like Presley. But now the 'star' thing isn't so strong. Today it's friends next door who make a record and become successful or make money. There can't be a person living who doesn't know through somebody or other a pop group that's actually made a lot of bread. So it draws more and more people into it, like supposed intellectuals and everybody else. There's this possibility of so much money to be made. And in the early fifties there was a beginning of a whole concern with the gap between the cultures. Michael Tippet used to have a big thing about the high brow and low brow culture. With this concern the gap began to narrow. At the same time things were becoming more available.

FW: So if poetry made people a fortune, we'd probably now find thousands of poets — is that what your reasoning?

MR: If you could make a huge amount of bread from writing poetry it would work this way. Money means a/ you'll be a social success b/ you have dozens of chicks c/ it means amazing publicity d/ money must imply a large audience because nobody makes a lot of money without a huge audience e/ it would have to involve a personal confrontation.

If all these conditions were satisfied you would find poetry practised by thousands of people.

FW: What about you?

MR: I'd do whatever I like doing. It sounds strange but I don't do things for economic motives. I fantasize about doing

things for money like robbing banks, or huge advertising cons, or writing a con novel. But I never do it.

FW: Why not?

MR: Because I'm too fucking lazy, and I have no real conviction that they would ever work.



Both questions and answers ran out at different points in the interview. To start things off it was necessary to establish what the Soft Machine were NOT doing. As below.

MR: There is nothing to connect us with people like Cage in terms of operational procedures. We don't use chance methods like throwing the I Ching, or I.B.M. random charts, or throwing coins or that stuff. Occasionally we have written a piece which is written by chance in that every note and the rhythmic structure of the piece was written by chance. But that's not our basic working procedure.

FW: You play a long number though called WE DID IT AGAIN? What was that all about? For five or six minutes, or more.

MR: Everybody in the group saw it in a different way. Robert saw it as a chance to do soul drumming for thirty minutes or whatever it was. Kevin saw the whole idea of the repeated figure as being spiritual liberation, the ultimate effect.

FW: Being boring?

MR: It was his idea that if you find something boring, a basic Zen concept, then in the end you find it interesting. And there is something in that if you listen to something repeated in the same way your mind changes the structure of it each time, the ear either habituates or forces a change on it itself, which is similar in a way to the stuff Terry Riley's doing. I saw it mainly as an irritant source.

FW: For yourself or the audience?

MR: I saw it directed at the audience. And the only times I wanted to use it was when I felt like saying fuck you to the audience. But Kevin wanted to use it at any time possible. And Robert saw it as a gesture too. Kevin saw it half way between this spiritual liberation thing, and showing how hip we were. These ostenato techniques. I saw it as an irritant source though mainly.

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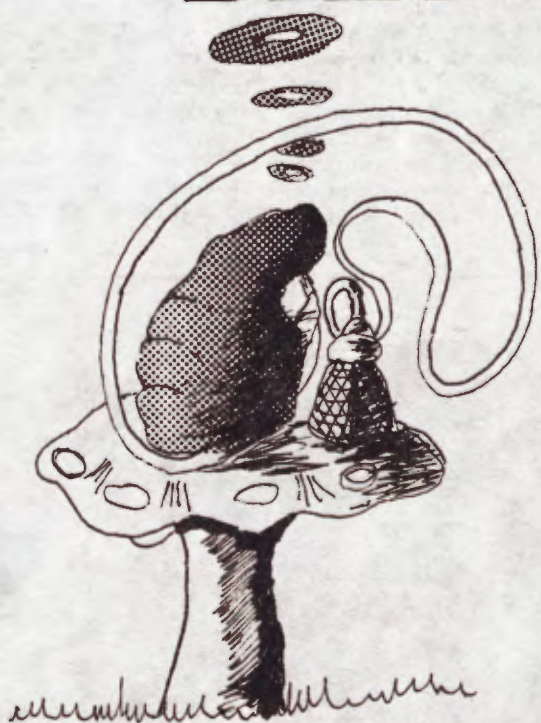
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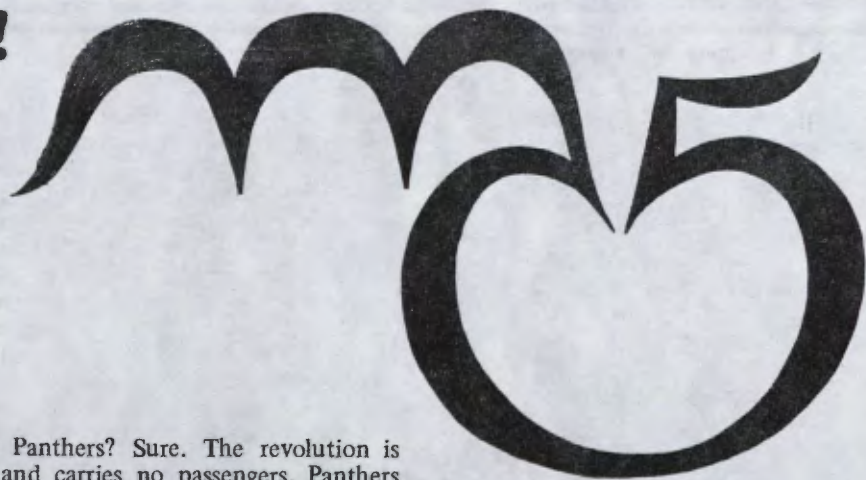
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# The MC5 kick out the Jams!



Hands clapping, fast as boots marching at the double.

Then the hoarse preaching roar of Brother J C Crawford. This is a White Panther church. Brothers and sisters, I want to see your hands up there. I want to hear some revolution out there. It's time to testify. Are you ready to testify? I give you a testimonial. The MC5!

This is a record. The real thing is in concert. Feel yourself at Fillmore East, crushed in heat and light. Then at this moment, Rob Tyner, the MC5 lead singer, sprints on stage, leaps high in the air, his body writhing through the strobes; then, as he hits ground:

**KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHERFUCKERS!**

The MC5 album will be released here in a couple of months, on Elektra EKS 74042. While you're waiting for it, buy a pair of stereo headphones. On the day, invest in a considerable sized piece of dope. Put the volume on full through the headphones; bass three-quarters round to full, treble neutral. Be sure you are already stoned.

During the next 40 minutes, any vestiges of attraction 3000 years of western culture may have for you will be burned and smashed out of your head. The MC5 provide the definitive trip. They fuck your mind with a white poker, and they stay in. And at a certain point, primally aroused, you move too, they melt in your head seething and shaping. You pour with sweat and energy, the jerks forming into your own unique rhythm, which takes over from the music. It wraps you; then you wrap it, surging electrically and chemically. Now you can feel how it would be to live at the point of orgasm every day. Now you are a microcosm of the world. You are on fire. Burn!

When the police went beserk in Lincoln Park, Chicago, breaking people with clubs, one band stood firm and played. The MC5. Norman Mailer was there, and this is what he felt (*Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, published in Penguins on 27 February):

*A young white singer was taking off on an interplanetary, then galactic, flight of song ... the sound screaming up to a climax of vibrations like one rocket blasting out of itself, the force of the noise a vertigo in the cauldrons of inner space - it was the roar*

*of the beast in all nihilism, electric bass and drum driving behind out of their own non-stop to the end of mind. ... There was the sound of mountains crashing in this holocaust of the decibels, hearts bursting, literally bursting, as if this was the sound of death by exploding within, the drums of physio-logical climax when the mind was blown, and forces of the future, powerful, characterless, as insane and scalding as waves of lava, came flushing through the urn of all acquired culture and sent the brain like a foundered carcass smashing down a rapids, revolving through a whirl of demons, pool of uproar, discords vibrating, electric crescendo screaming as if at the electro-mechanical climax of the age.*

'Hey, think the time is right for a palace revolution/ But where I live the game to play is compromise solution' sings Mick Jagger in *Street Fighting Man*; and we think of Brian Jones, ashen and alone in the dock. But Detroit (Motor City: Motor City 5: MC5) is solid and militant. The hippies and the Panthers dig each other, share mores, and are politically bonded. The MC5 are now the emblem of Detroit in insurrection. They turn on blatantly; and the police know that if big arrests are made for smoking, then Detroit could be in flames again, as it was in summer 1966. Eric Ehrmann in *Rolling Stone*:

'There are more politicized hippies in Detroit and its surrounding areas who have helmets, gas masks, tear gas and home made Mace along with other ordnance paraphernalia than any other city currently in insurrection'. Peace is up to the police. Meanwhile, in freedom, the MC5 liberate their energies, and ours.

The MC5 have been playing in and around Detroit for some years now. Their surge started in March 1966, when Allen Ginsberg, fresh from India, appeared at a big Detroit concert with them. The bridge was John Sinclair, then a post-Beat entrepreneur/writer/poet. Sinclair connected Ginsberg's energies, new to America, with rock and roll energy. Beat meets beat. Sinclair was then running a local artist's workshop, which then changed its name to Trans-Love Energies. And these new energies became focused after the summer 1966 Detroit fires. The MC5 are now the band of Trans-Love Energies, and live in a big house in Ann Arbor, from which a violently radical sheet, *Fifth Estate*, is produced by Sinclair, who combines being their manager and being Minister of Information for the white Panther party - Eldridge's equivalent.

White Panthers? Sure. The revolution is now, and carries no passengers. Panthers are not racists. So what do White Panthers stand for? Maybe there's too much echo of Ginsberg and Corso in Sinclair, but this is what he says in the *Berkeley Barb*:

I heard Stokely Carmichael in 1966 call for '20 million arrogant black men' as America's salvation. And there are a lot of arrogant black motherfuckers in the streets today - for the first time in America - and for the first time in America there is a generation of visionary maniac white mother country dope fiend rock and roll freaks who are ready to get down and kick out the jams. Our programme of rock and roll, dope, and fucking in the streets is a programme of total freedom for everyone.

What kind of programme is that? The revolution is its own programme. What kind of revolution is that? Hear some more MC5 sound.

Detroit is the machine city: a place where you can only win or lose. The MC5 harness these ruthless rhythms. They thrust raw chunks of Hendrix, the Who, Screaming Jay Hawkins into their sound, melting and binding them with Detroit's incessant pulses of metal, engines and fire. Picture drummer Dennis Thompson, stripped to his pants, sweat streams flickering off his body. The noise doesn't let up. The band modulate only at maximum volume. The point at which you take over the sound is the point at which you rock with it, roll with it, know that it is the level at which we all live after breaking through to the other side. It takes a brave man to listen to the Velvet Underground when stoned, because they do more than break through. They describe their own world on the other side: horror trips of worms and canker and no connections; and this world can fasten on you. The MC5 only break through. They are the only band ahead of the action. Their jet stream of energy directs, focuses and releases your own energy, for you to use for your own needs and desires. This is what Sinclair is saying his way. This is what Rob Tyner screams ecstatically, out of his mind at 130,140,150 decibels, piercing the pain level, the amps shaking and roaring, his audience becoming with him, in him, so that he is their shaman, possessed by his own forces to fuck and purify and whirl himself and them and us into the vision of all our worlds, clear, unblocked, and moving fast as light:

**'Kick out the jams, yeah, kick out the jams, KICK EM OUT KICK EM OUT'**

*The rest is our affair. Whose else?!*

At a lower energy level, Jim Morrison has this quality (and his own personality). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are going to be very big in America in 1969; and hardly known in Britain ('Cos in sleepy London town/There's just no place for a street fighting man'). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are an enormous hype; much like Christ. They are a young band, with the utter lack of hesitancy of 20 or 21. They will probably become a teeny bopper band. Good. Then, They'll zero straight into kids' heads. Rock and roll never destroys: it creates mental autonomy. Grow up with the MC5, and no-one will ever pull a fix on you; no politician will masturbate your mind. Sandy Pearlman, describing the recent MC5 riot at Fillmore East in *Village Voice*:

*Rock and roll is no political instrument. It's autonomously powerful. Politics is a phase and an inspiration to rock and roll. Rock and roll's forms autonomously tend toward energy release and focus. In the competition of energy scenes these forms are, in fact, more efficient than those available to the American Revolution.*

Taoism is what we need. To a Taoist, nature (=, to the West, personality) and nature (=, to the West, the world) are indivisible. And, for a Taoist priest, emblem of the people, if the world is wrong, then, inevitably, his personality must be wrong, except, for him, there is no way to speak separately in this way. So, for the world to be put right, he must first purify himself. The act is more than symbolic; it is the only way. And this is our only way, also. We must strip the world of abstraction, of rationalisation, of principles, of ideologies: of all verbal and institutional power structures. We must make the world us-sized. Then we move; then it moves; then we are people again, and the world is human again. The MC5 speak. They speak for us. Of our own autonomy, and potential autonomy.

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# LPREVIEWS

## EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL

Buddy Miles Express Mercury 20137 SMCL

The Express has made the bend... He is coming on down the tracks. Shaking steady... Shaking FEELING — Shaking LIFE!... enthuses Hendrix on the liner notes. But something went wrong at Sunset Sound, Hollywood, last October. Something that probably doesn't notice live; not with a thousand watts of shattering Wrap It Up it wouldn't; not with the demented High Priest of the Electric Church storming the stage like a berserk Sherman tank it wouldn't. But it's there, the question mark, there on the album, the nagging doubt — Is Superspade really a super spade? Can he make it on his own? Is Buddy Miles really James Brown, Arthur Conely and Otis Redding rolled into one monstrous, ugly genius. Bloomfield used to say he was. A lot of people used to 'know' he was. But on Expressway To Your Skull that's just not what comes across.

Of course he's good. Of course he can play superbly. Listen to the only instrumental on the album, Funky Mule. Here, as on no other track, the band is incredibly together. Miles is in his element, effortlessly displaying all the qualities of the gutsy, funk drumming that made his name in the Flag; a masterful display of technique and emotional feel. Here too, Jim McCarty on guitar breaks out to solo brilliantly, the snorting repetitive brass of Herbie Rich Marcus Doubleday, Virgin Gonsales and Bill McPherson piling up the pressure, forcing the pace; and all the time Buddy is there, pounding, thrashing, flailing like he owned eighteen limbs. On this track the seeds sown in the ashes of the Electric Flag reap a rich harvest.

So why doesn't it all work? It doesn't work because Buddy can't sing like Redding, Conely or Brown. He has a good voice, but it's just not that good. And it doesn't work because Buddy is superspading three

quarters of every number. The other members of the Express hardly get a look in. It's sad to see a brass section as competent as this reduced to unimaginative honking on tightly reined riffs and used only as a vehicle for B M's grunt-grunt vocals. Their solo potential is enormous and amply illustrated whenever the opportunity arises. Like at the close of Wrap It Up where the whole band merges into a free-form cacophony of discordant 'Coltrane' one tastes for a moment the promise of what hopefully is to come.



Perhaps it would be as well to remember that Expressway To Your Skull, now over four months old, was recorded pretty soon after the groups formation — perhaps a little too soon after — since which time, if the Atlantic grapevine is to be relied upon for once, they have been, 'going thro' changes'. Let's hope that one of those changes is related to material. By the fourth cut I was beginning to sick up on another helping of 'Good God

Almighty...Uh...Uh...My baby's comin' back/back down the railway track. Yes she is... ohhhhhh...Yes she is...nah, nah nah, nah, nahnah', especially as the album only consists of seven numbers. The Buddy Miles Express is a great band, all it basically lacks is someone who can tell Buddy Miles when to button his fat pussy and make with the machine gun he uses as a left hand.

Felix Dennis

## BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY

'Definitely What' (Marmalade 608 003)

There are two types of group in London. To see one type of group you get stoned and go to Middle Earth; to see the other type you get drunk and go to Blaises. Brian Auger & the Trinity fall into the latter category.

Brian Auger's image used to be in the same bag as that of Zoot Money's in the days when he had his Big Roll Band, did numbers like I Go Crazy and took his trousers off on-stage. On Definitely What, which features Brian Auger & the Trinity without Julie Driscoll, there are some good examples of Zoot Money's slightly anachronistic type of humour.

However, although two numbers on the album (George Bruno Money and John Brown's Body) show signs of this type of influence — one is, in fact, dedicated to Zoot Money — the other show that Brian Auger is making a determined attempt to break away from leaping music.

To this end the group is augmented on many of the tracks with brass and strings. Sometimes the arrangements work — on Far Horizon, for example where the brass creates a moody, nostalgic backing to the reflective vocal — and sometimes they don't. Day In The Life, for example, goes on for too long without enough variation. Bumpin' On Sunset on the other hand,

another instrumental number, succeeds because more care seems to have been taken to make the various instrumental parts hang together.

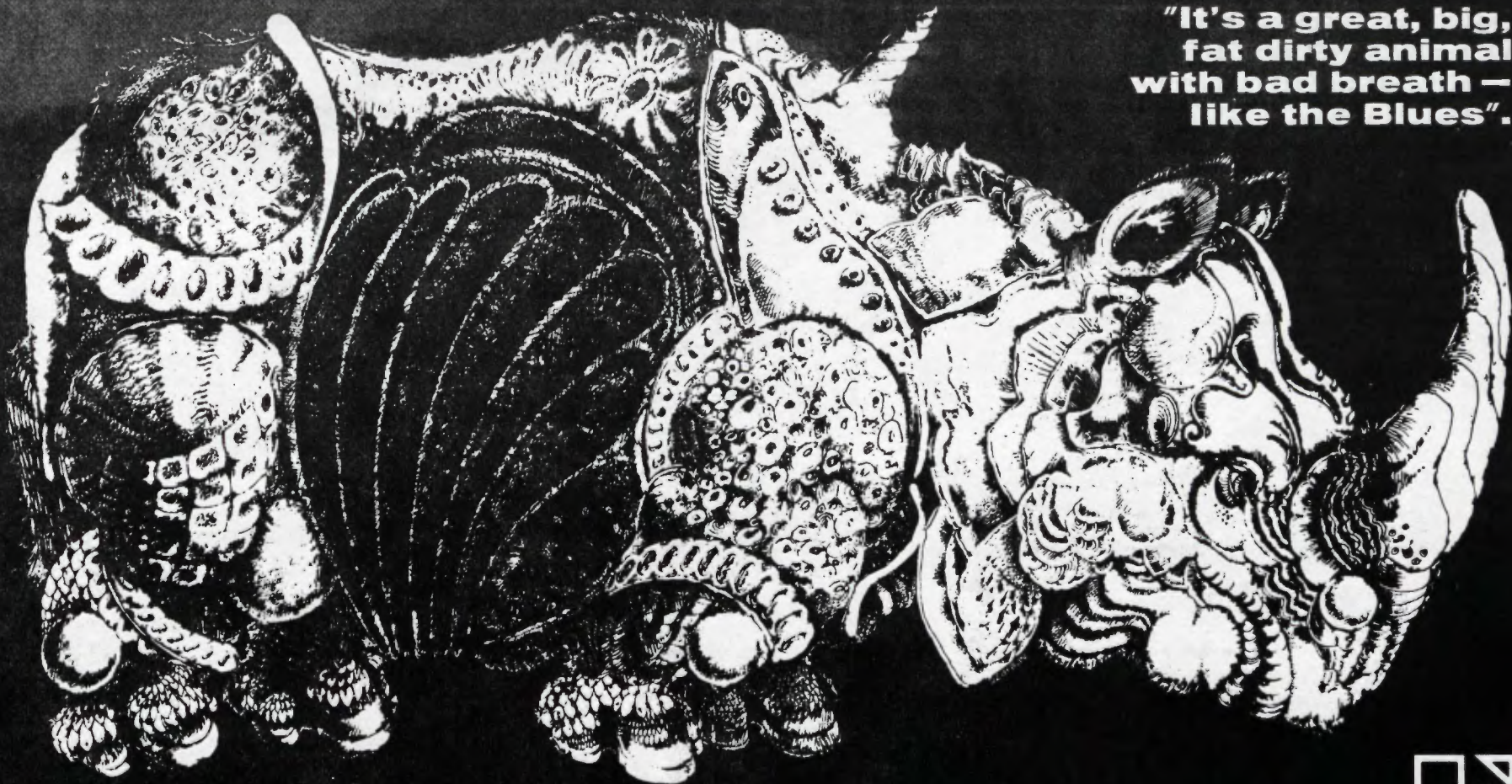
In a couple of places, however, the album really explodes. On Red Beans and Rice, Brian Auger's pyrotechnic organ-playing and his really superb rhythm section generate as much excitement as, say, the Cream do on Spoonful. The bass and drums don't just lay down the beat, they drive it along as if they were trying to outdo one another.

The self indulgent bits (like George Bruno Money) apart, this is a very good album, worth listening to because, if nothing else, it demonstrates that Brian Auger and The Trinity deserve wider recognition in their own right with or without Julie Driscoll.

John Leaver

## LOVE CHRONICLES. Al Stewart. (CBS 63460)

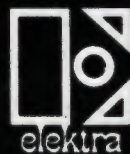
If Al Stewart's first album, *Bedsitter Images*, was less than perfect it was because of the over-produced, anything-and-everything- goes musical arrangements. *Love Chronicles* is his second album and, if anything, there seems to have been a reaction in the opposite direction; now the arrangements, by comparison, seem positively subdued, with suitably restrained drumming and, on most tracks, a rather unambitious mixture of acoustic and electric guitar, the latter whining away at mundane linking phrases like a dog worrying a well-chewed bone. All in all, then, nothing very exciting, and it all serves to highlight Stewart's voice, ever-dominant, which unfortunately doesn't always live up to this showcase (albeit a slightly dusty showcase) treatment; its nasal quality sometimes irritates (some of the tracks sound as if Stewart had a head cold when he recorded them) and its poppy slickness



"It's a great, big, fat dirty animal with bad breath — like the Blues".

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doesn't seem entirely suited to the subject matter of the songs.

The songs, of course, are the redeeming feature of the whole affair. They elevate it from just another pop-folk LP to a major and important one. Stewart knows better than anyone else on the scene today how to write effective narrative folk lyrics. He's remained uncomplicated where Dylan has gone off into ellipsis, and where Paul Simon has floated off into whimsy and romantic fantasy, Stewart has remained with his feet in a tangible and intriguing reality: 'Maurice,' said Renee, 'Why didn't you say that you'd be so late./The supper that I made is ruined again./Is there anything you'd like?'. 'No, nothing,' he replied/Standing by the stairs, not looking in her eyes, so stupidly Male.

There are six tracks on this album. In Brooklyn, Old Compton Street Blues, Ballad of Mary Foster, Life and Life Only and You Should Have Listened to Al are all longer than usual and the sixth is the eighteen minute magnum opus Love Chronicles itself. Described variously as a love story (by Stewart) and a sexual odyssey (by his publicists, who are prone to that kind of thing), this is in fact a confessional song about sex which subtly and creditably avoids the conceit and sexual-bragging of Don Juanism. It's tender, its thoughtful and it's an original experiment in pop music to compliment the assured genre writing of the other tracks.

It would be a pity if this album became memorable only as the first pop LP to feature the word 'fuck', when there are so many other good and equally memorable things about it.

Graham Charnock.

#### CRUISING WITH RUBEN AND THE JETS. Mothers of Invention. VERVE IMPORT. (V6 5055-X)

The Mothers are doing something different. Perhaps the cynicism has disappeared or the irony become more subtle. Zappa always gives the impression of being formulated in what he does. In Rubens songs he is doing just this. None of the hard acid freakout here.



The impression that the record seeks to create is of nice quiet kids singing nice quiet little rock songs. The big bad freaky boys don't do it anymore anyway they do it in a different way.

Their own description of this music is 'greasy love songs of cretin simplicity! They sing these they say because they like to sing them. The songs are nice to listen to, sweet beat, unremarkable sentiments. 'We made a wish and threw a coin/Since that day our hearts have been joined. I gave you all my love/There's nothing left for me to do but cry. Stars in the sky they never lie/Tell me you need me/Don't say goodbye.

Ruben is everywhere though you might not recognize him in his space helmet and bombed out shades. He likes to bop, eat ice-cream soda in the drugstore, ride in space ships, play hell in Vietnam and throw coins in the fountain of love.

The mothers are singing harmonious space age rock and roll with dwardy - doop/oh wah pulsating rhythm and funny junkie articulations of parodied virtue. The shadows of the fifties when we used to hold hands in the back rows of cinemas and make it in the parking lot. Deseri is the groovyist chick around and jelly roll gum drops are good to eat.

Memories are trivial, only experience is meaningful. Time is present; ghosted with

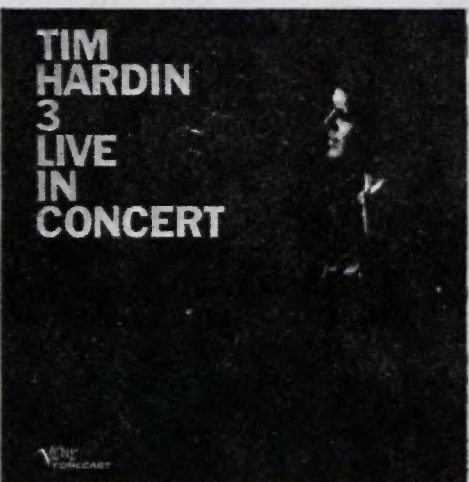
the spectres of everything. So the beat goes on.

So where are the ticket stubs to the chemical gardens for rusty shit people? Are the ashen faced heros of all the grooves sitting on the birdshit spattered fence and whistling for true love through the bars of the 7th cage on the left.

Bryan Willis

#### TIM HARDIN LIVE IN CONCERT. MGM Verve Forecast (VLP 6010)

'You know this' says Tim Hardin as he drops the opening notes of Misty Roses. He's damn right you do. You've heard it on the first album. You've heard it at the Albert Hall if you went to his first concert in England last July. You've heard it if you



were at the New York Town Hall on April 10th last year you'll hear it again if you buy his new LP.

It's a beautiful record with sound that washes over you like gentle water then rears in rasping protest at a pain so personal that it excludes the listener. But apart from an eulogy to friend Lenny Bruce, the songs on this album are no more new than Don't Make Promises was when released last year to coincide with his English concert.

How long can you play that song again and still get the same applause? From the claps wedged in between each track of Tim Hardin 3 it seem's he's still getting it from the fans. A tribute to his ability to weave new magic with old songs. But it isn't enough to freak out an amalgam of oldies with the tinkle of a hippy bell from the drummer, Donald Macdonald, and one new song.

Private sorrow may be the merchandise of poets, but we look to poets for constant creativity and Tim gets bogged down by his insatiable appetite for excess. He pours out his love-songs with the same generosity (self-indulgence?) as rum and coca cola and as with rum and coca cola or whatever, you either dig it and turn on or don't and cut out. Presumably there are those people who are so dedicated to the Hardin myth that they'll dig his music from here on out. But Tim Hardin sells Tim Hardin's pain with a label spelling MGM, profits to Koppelman and Rubin, and he's in dire danger of drowning in it. His tribute to Hank Williams is both elegant and moving. We know you've been places he's been, Tim - but Lenny Bruce was a brilliant comic head not just a tragic figure and the words to the song don't match the strength of the music.

I know Tim thinks Misty Roses his best song, but its the fact that he can erupt out of maudlin introspection into something as funny/witty as Smugglin Man which makes him great.

That ruthless sense of humour should produce more than just one song and it's time he wrote something new.

Danaë



## TERRY REID



Dougal

Terry Reid had just returned from his phenomenally succesful tour of the States when he recorded the following interview for MOZIC last month. Accompanied by Pete Shelley on organ and Keith Webb on drums this nineteen year old former member of Peter Jay's Jaywalker's had been electrifying American audiences for the past three months, playing alongside, and holding his own, with established names like Country Joe And The Fish, Buddy Miles Express, Procul Harum, Jeff Beck, Canned Heat and The Cream.

Reid's music is not 'progressive'. It is joyful, uninhibited, hard core soft rock, brought across with a combination of naivety and sweat, (it is not usual for Reid to pass out on stage), and aided by the group's ability to exactly gauge an audience's mood and adapt their performance accordingly. If Reid was a painter he would be Constable; if he could write he would be Fleming. How exactly did you come to get your present band together?

Well, I was with Peter, (Jay), for around two years playing hard and mostly on the road, when I got to this stage where I felt like I had to get a band of my own. I guess every musician wants to do that at some period, and that's what happened to me. Must be about a year or so ago, Christmas before last, and I met Keith through this organist guy... Pete came later, just before the tour, so really he's only been with us for just over three months, but already he's got his own thing together... as it turned out I was bloody lucky, both those guys are fucking good musicians.

And the US really helped us, almost forced us, to develop musically. You know, America is a great place for making a band; or breaking it of course.

Did you notice any immediate differences between audiences here and those you played to in the States?

Differences? Oh yeah, there are differences alright. Like sheer quantities, you know? That theory about everything over there being bigger is definitely not a hype. It's not a hype, it's a way of life. Like for

instance here, in Britain, you might play to a few hundred, maybe even a few thousand in the Albert Hall or Wembley, but in the U S that would be ridiculous. You get used to playing to thousands, six thousand, ten thousand even twelve thousand and that could be in almost any major city. The Cream show at Madison Sq. Gardens pulled over 21,000 and at the Miami International Pop thing there were almost five times that over a period of three days. I mean 100,000 people is a lot of people. I would say size was the major difference.

Then there's this other thing you know. Take here; if you're top of a bill but you play say medium to poorly, well, you're still almost certain to go down better than the rest of the show. It's almost a tradition. But that doesn't apply so automatically over there. Kids will listen to you; you get more of a chance. We found time and time again that if you play well and play for your audience you can steal a show. Jeff Beck he did that.

Do you think maybe that's why you did so much better in America than you have done here, up to now?

Yeah, that was one of the main reasons. Bang-Bang helped too of course.

Were you satisfied with Bang-Bang?

Well, that album was produced with the tour in mind, it was designed to coincide. We needed something to take over with us, that was why it was only released in the States, and consequently the whole thing was rushed. We didn't spend enough time on it and I... well, lets just say it wasn't as good as it could have been. Anyway, it certainly won't be released in Britain now, although I understand that it has sold well in America. We'll be recording a new album for release here in the very near future.

Your producer, Mickie Most, has been quoted as saying, 'There is no art in gramophone records'. Do you agree with that statement?

I don't think that you can say that. I'd be prepared to, like, to accept that a small proportion of today's pop, say one or two of McCartney's songs, might in a hundred years time be recognised as... as art. But





only time can tell. Anyway is it that important? Surely what is important about pop music today is its role in our generations lives. Isn't that, like, more relevant? Man, I believe that rock, pop, whatever you want to call it is a vital release. I think kids in America, here, all over the world are using it to escape from the daily shit-grind. It's a turn on, a gas, a happy thing. That's what it should be too, a happy thing. The 'progressive', or so called progressive scene is bogged down in doom, people are sick of wracking their brains trying to figure out what the words mean. Kids want to be entertained not preached to... it's all got out of hand. When I perform am I producing art? Am I fuck. I'm trying to turn kids on, trying to make people happy... that's what I'm here to do, that's what I'm paid to do.

So you wouldn't agree with John Peel's statement about pop being the warning drum of an imminent social revolution? No, I wouldn't agree. He's... well, like, he's coming on too strong. Man, Lennon and McCartney's songs may have caused so many million wet knickers but they won't produce a 'social revolution'.

OK. Leaving wet knickers and revolution behind us temporarily, what bands really impressed you during your tour?

Oh wow, that's very difficult. There are so many good groups in the States. Procul Harum are just too much. They are so good live, incredible from start to finish. The whole band is together, and the guitarist... ridiculous. Cream of course. We caught them several times, played on the same bill a few times. The split was beginning to show though. Sometimes they were brilliant, sometimes they were fucking miserable. Buddy Miles has got together a nice scene now, they are so loud! Canned Heat the same, loud, but excellent. Then there were the GTO's. Girls Together Occasionally that stands for, Three chicks in LA, very freaked out; never seen anything like these. They were really good, and good to us! The only nice thing about Christmas was the cake they baked for us. Some cake.

The Grateful Dead I didn't dig too much. In fact I couldn't believe it, they were so

bad. And Country Joe etc were a disappointment. Probably because we caught them just before they split. Did America appear to be a violent country to you?

Yeah, in many ways I guess it is. Though it's amazing that it all the gigs we did I never saw one fight break out in the audience. That's something you wouldn't get in this country... man, I'd rather play the Appolo Theatre, Harlem than Glasgow anyday. We nearly got bottled in Glasgow one time, not because we were bad like, just because they didn't like the looks of us. There were no scenes like that in any of the gigs we did in the US.

The cops? Oh, just about as uptight and corrupt as in Britain. You're more likely to be damaged permanently in a tangle with the American fuzz though, if you see what I mean. And there are some cops there, like over here, who seem to have a fair understanding of the kids. Like in Atlanta, which is basically a very, very uptight town, there were cops at the concert we played there who were gently leading away a bunch of kids tripping out. No rough stuff. No arrests like. Just gently leading them out.

I think that some of the cops in the States are beginning to realise that kids are going to smoke and take acid no matter how the law stands... anyhow, I'm sure that pretty soon one state or another is going to try legalising hash. It's too late for them to stop it now; the number of people that smoke in America is ridiculous. This is true, listen. I met a 15 year old girl, the daughter of an FBI official who was turning on really regularly. At 15 she could roll a perfect joint. I'm not saying that's good or bad man, I'm just saying like there it is.

Will you be going back to America in the near future?

Oh yeah, almost certainly. The bread is there, you can earn up to 4000 dollars a gig without too much trouble. There's nowhere in this country you can earn that sort of bread. But right now it's just good to be back. Three months is a long time to be away.

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# THE RAT GAME

Angelo Quattrocchi in Paris, end of January:

Kids are forced out of schools and beaten, while you are told of Che Guevara, Vietnam and other shows. High school kids rebel to their teachers-jailers. Daily they perform the rites of the next revolution, by desecrating authority. The armies of the state beat them up. Unmask a teacher, you'll find a copper. The show retreats further into the land of unreality, where soap bubbles ads are reaching paper cunts. Here, we ignore those who want to die stupid. Breakfast, tube, job, telly, sleep, breakfast. Deface their advertisements, ridicule their teachers, laugh at their Parties. Since our first raid in May, they live in fear, we in hope. They have bought five thousand new coppers. We have acquired tens of thousands young workers, who despise their Trade-Union leaders. Hundreds of thousand are doubtful, doubtful that one penny more can change the misery of their daily life. If you don't listen to telly, you'll soon hear the police sirens, rapists of dreams. If you don't read the papers, they'll send you a party member home. If you say no to your parents, they'll put you into the army. How long can they last? In their supermarkets, you still buy their last dead god, parcelled in merchandise. Where will it snap? In university-factories, in factory-universities, there were the assembly

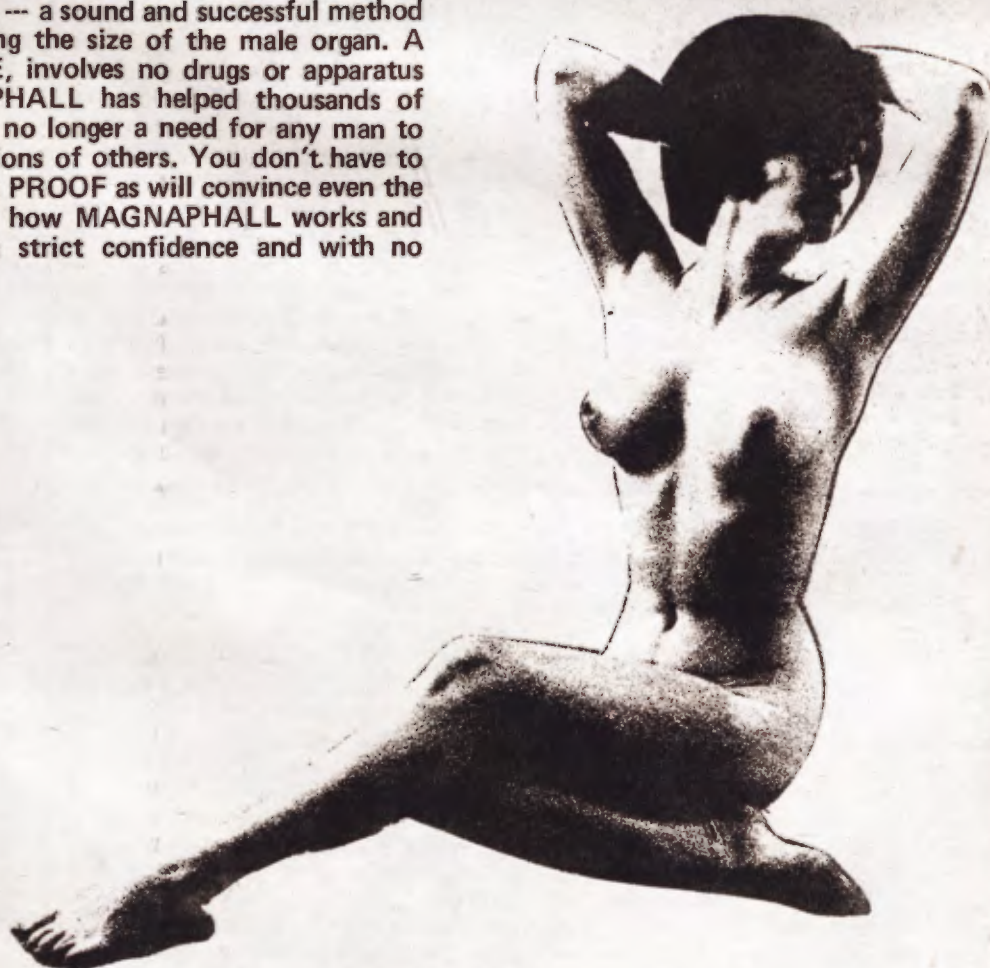
lines of the canned minds your waste. Or in the churches-supermarkets where they buy time of your life and give you survival in exchange, and boredom. The king is naked, shivering. Strip the king and strip the teachers and strip the manager and the banker. In the caverns of housewives' minds the rats are squealing. Omo is washing their life away. The rattling of coins exchanged from dead hand to dead hand has for too long covered the gentle and piercing cries of orgasms. Much has been learned. The millions of private tragedies, exposed to the sun, have revealed the nature of the collective fare. Who can endure it? The more I want the revolution, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make a revolution. Do not drop out. Drop in. Drip in. Fuck your neighbour, fuck him well and slowly, with determination, on the common pavement, then together you can go shopping, for fun. Don't listen to those who want to teach you how to make a revolution, or how to make love, they are dry priests. They sell you Marx in grocery shops, as long as you stay quiet. Lenin you can buy at the chemist, as long as you wait till tomorrow. Here, in Paris, we amuse ourselves by defacing their ads, laughing to their faces, playing with the rat, which, when prodded, takes always the shape of a copper. Not before long, it will be time for the festival again, when we'll take over their concentration camp factories and their universities, releasing them finally from their long fear.

From Action, newspaper of the movement in France. What has made the bourgeoisie tremble, what gives them cold sweat? France is melancholic. Like always, politicians lie, but without much conviction, out of habit, excusing themselves for using too trite devices to mask the truth. Because truth is too clear: the bourgeois are done in, dead. Big trusts still control the state, De Gaulle their servant, the coppers are at every corner, stolid as ever, sinister clowns perform daily on tell, reciting rosaries of irrelevant nonfacts. Unctuous managers of ignorance, called professors, administer carcasses of myths, handling dollars of examination papers. It is undeniable. But something bigger, an innocent blinding reality is laid bare to stupefied millions of citizens: the bourgeoisie has the power, but it stinks. Even its faithful servants murmur it in private, only they console themselves with the knowledge that it stinks elsewhere too, the american and russian bourgeoisie stink as much. It is a cancer, which May has revealed, suddenly, and for ever. The ruling class is drowning in shit. Hiding its head in its own vomit, where it's choking to death. All that helped its digestion is now filling its throttle, its knowledge of itself, its discovery of its unreality, the realization of his absurdity. When, everywhere, a son despise his parents, a student refuses to stuff himself with solemn lies and questions the teacher, when the workers refuse to be conned by their leaders who betray them, when artists don't want to be clowns anymore, then the cracks in the wall become so big that even the moles see them.



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# WIND UP BLACK DWARFS

The present generation of revolutionaries are precisely the people who are unwilling to be specific about the conditions of the immediate revolutionary future — the subject about which, as Orwell once contended, every revolutionary is forced to lie. Faced with the assertion that the liberties embodied in this country's institutions should be protected in the first instance, the revolutionaries proclaim those liberties meaningless by continually widening their definition of 'system.' British liberties are thus not *really* liberties because of the Americans; American liberties are not *really* liberties because of the Vietnam war; everything active in the system, even that which criticises, limits and modifies the system, is just part of the system — except the revolution.

The historical strength of the classic Left in this country has been its practical recognition that society can be, and has to be, treated bit-by-bit even though an intellectual commitment to an ideology apparently insists that anything less than a total upheaval is meaningless. The revolutionaries, these newest of new brooms, noting only the failings and writing off all actual improvements achieved over the last century as a movement of history for which nobody is responsible and for which credit need consequently not be given, are able to present this strength as a weakness, and to suggest that a great number of honest men and women have been wasting their time.

This is a persistent and extremely unenticing *failure of the imagination*, usually ascribable to conceit but in the case of the better part of this generation, I am sure, ascribable to a generous passion. This revolutionary generation, overwhelmed by the fact that a lot of people are still getting hurt, saves its maximum rancour for anyone who suggests that a total solution might hurt even more people and hurt them worse. If your creed is all or nothing, the man you hate most is not the man who offers nothing but the man who offers something. Suppose you accept the premise that Vietnamese children are frying in their own fat because of something intrinsically murderous in the American capitalist 'system'; and accept further premise that the British 'system' bolsters the American; and the further premise that the overthrow of our 'system' is a *required gesture* against the American 'system' and on behalf of those children. Then the man you hate is likely to be the man who tries to break down this chain of consequence — the man who says that the continuity of British society has an absolute virtue independent of the welfare of the Vietnamese children and that to contend otherwise is simply to be rhetorical. A man talks like that is bound to appear a demon, since he scorns directly the most self-consciously generous of all youthful sympathies — the sympathy that says, like Eugene Debs, 'while there is a soul in prison I am not free.'

Now that sympathy, and not much more, is to the credit side of the ledger. On the debit side the entries are densely packed and piling up fast. Leaving aside the greater part of the Underground which is content to enjoy its practical existence in a

non-theoretical continuous present, hasn't the remarkable thing about this particular revolutionary generation been that it advances its own innocence, its own impatience and its own ignorance as positive qualities? There seems to be this general impression that society doesn't *have* to be analysed or understood in its dynamism, that it is in fact static and needs to be replaced holus-bolus by a new and true dynamism in which all values will have their genuine beginning. In the fervour of this general impression, the objective nature of intellect as regarded as a drawback; the analytical heritage is reduced to symbol-ridden myth in which Rosa Luxemburg becomes a swinger in a maxi-skirt; and the emotional initiative passes to the 'invisible international', the gentle people who are supposed to be everywhere and will effect a universal change of heart once they solve the problem of asserting their will without coercion. But as you can see already, merely to expound is to expose. This new revolution, while relatively (not wholly) guiltless of philosophically justified brutality, is nevertheless *characteristically* anti-intellectual, ahistorical and obscurantist. Ideology, pared down to a mood-determined minimum of 'ideas' and all the more powerful for being free of analytical determinants, attains a new spreadability, like butter left a long time in the sun. Anyone can have a go. If you feel young and all the world looks wrong, you're in. The residual dislike of the bourgeoisie, though vociferous, is determined by rejection of mores rather than analysis of class-function. This is why classic Left figures like Grass in Germany and Pasolini in Italy were unable to discommodate the young student revolutionaries by accusing them of being what they in fact were — well-heeled sons of daddy and mummy. The revolution as a whole, rather than having 'objective class-enemies' in the old Stalinist sense, only has *objective intellectual enemies* — people who feel broadly what the revolutionaries feel but think differently about the revolution. It's a sweet set-up. If you want a revolution, no matter how much of a bastard or idiot you are, you're part of this most popular of all popular fronts. If you *don't* want revolution, no matter how deep your concern for liberty, mercy and justice in individual cases and in society at large, then you are part of the system — this static system which has never *really* changed, until last year in Paris and of course next week here.

The classic Left in this country over a long period has largely managed to free itself from ideology by realising that 'society' is simple a word doing limited linguistic duty for a complex actuality that *always* changes. Gradually it has abandoned the notion of stasis (along with its counter-notion, crisis) and come to see that society is merely coherent — it is not rationally interrelated and is therefore not subject to being totally changed any more than it is subject to being totally described. This is not a mud-hut country where you have to break up the ceiling in order to make furniture; nor is it a high-rise country in which the bourgeoisie suddenly falls into

the basement to re-emerge, black with dust, as Nazis; it is a *mature* society much more complex than any metaphor which can be thought up to describe it.

The huge upheavals which look total in other lands, in this land are held closer to the surface and squeezed further into time, giving the apocalyptic revolutionary, whose hunger is as much for brute experience as for justice, the opportunity to say they never happen. In fact these upheavals cannot be stopped happening — except, paradoxically, by revolution, which *really can* arrest history in Hegel's definition of the word (the story of liberty growing conscious of itself) or anyway slow it down to a crawl. The revolutionary approach to politics, fastening on the superficial similarities of our society and say, Batista's Cuba, recommends revolution *here* because of its necessity *there*. But these supposed similarities ('capitalist') are absolutely nothing compared to the differences between the two places as *states*. Britain is so immeasurably more advanced that it is practically indescribable — which is most of the trouble.

The logic of the thing is ruthless. Since all the world is the system and nothing in the world is not the system, the countries which naively offer the maximum of tolerance may be regarded as its weakest points. The complex countries, the centres of revolutionary *thought*, while not immediately the most vulnerable to revolutionary activity are certainly the most hospitable. This ought logically to mean that they are the last places one should try to start a revolution, but no, it has come to mean the opposite. Retaining from classical Marxism only a vague notion of capitalism as a social concept, and inflating this notion into an even vaguer interpretation of the *state* (a job Marx himself never systematically tackled), the revolutionaries inflate *that* into a vision of the world where justice, love, peace, creativity and sanctity cannot *really* exist until everything is changed. The grimly ironic thing is that it's exactly the way the Americans think about Vietnam, where they, too, are trying to impose an interpretation of reality on reality itself. And of course it is killing them. Like a fire-breather who has taken too much fuel into his mouth, they have ignited a flame which is running backwards inexorably towards its trembling source, and their own steadfastness can only concentrate the inevitable explosion. But if American society is wrecked, must ours be wrecked with it? Isn't this just the time to realise that Britain is an inherently pluralist society with its own uniqueness to protect against both American and revolutionary interpretations of reality? This country is a centre of *civilisation* — which is a phenomenon complex and valuable beyond any sociological opinion which can be formed of it, beyond any political concept which can be derived from it, and beyond any single idea which can be had in it. At present it is being held in contempt by young people whose love of justice is unquestionable but who do not realise that to a certain extent this is a passion they were bred to feel here, in these islands.

Clive James



## POVERTY COOKING

### SPRATS (Crunchy & Delicious)

Total cost around 2/6d. Feeds three or four. Cooking time 20 mins.

#### Ingredients

Most fish is very cheap around this time of the year; you'll find that you can buy a pound of baby herring, sprats, for anything between 1/4d. and 1/8d. One thing to look out for at the fishmongers though is the general condition of the fish. If they look old, listless or jaded around the gills than you can take it that they *are* old. Don't buy them and don't let the fishmonger put you on about how he was up at four in the morning collecting them from the market. Finally, you'll need four or five medium to large potatoes, some flour or breadcrumbs and two or three ounces of margarine.

#### Method

Peel and put potatoes on to boil in salt water. Using a sharp knife cut off the heads of the sprats and dispose of them. Split the fish with the knife down the front and clip off the tails. Next, remove guts and intestines, (messy but essential), running your fingers down the backbone to remove any blood that may be left. Wash

thoroughly and leave to drain for a few moments before dipping in flour or breadcrumbs. Fry gently in margarine, (you can use cooking fat of course but it does tend to taste greasy), until both sides of the fish are brown.

By this time the potatoes should be nearly ready. Chop these into flat scallops and removing fish from pan, fry for two or three minutes to flavour. When serving pour a small quantity of the fat over fish and potatoes to moisten. Don't worry about removing bones — these are entirely edible. This meal is nourishing, delicious and dirt cheap. Try it.

#### Golden Rule

Do *not* put wet fish into the pan, they must be dipped in flour or breadcrumbs.

### BALLSED UP BOLOGNESE

Total cost around 4/8d. Feeds four to five. Total cooking time 25 mins.

#### Ingredients

1 packet of spaghetti, (Lily Brand if you can get it), ½ lb mincemeat, oxo cube, ¼ oz cheddar cheese, 1 onion and flour.

#### Method

Lower spaghetti into a pan of salted, boiling

water, holding ends in one hand and bending strands by softening in the water. Chop onions and mix with mincemeat in another pan of water, crumbling in an oxo cube as you bring to the boil. After 10 minutes add flour and water paste, (previously mixed in a cup), stirring well in. Cook for another 10 minutes, remembering to keep a watchful eye on the spaghetti in the other pan. When serving, drain meat and spaghetti thoroughly and sprinkle each dish with grated cheese.

#### Golden Rule

Don't allow the spaghetti to overcook, it must be tender but not soggy. Also be sure to previously mix the flour with a little cold water, if you don't it'll go lumpy.

Felix, Dougall & Anson.

NEXT MONTH — ROAST TRAFALGAR PIGEON



# WHAT PAUL GETTY, THE FREAK HORSEMAN OF THE DJMAA EL FNA, AND THE NUDE TEXAN GIRL FROM THE ALBERT HALL ALCHEMICAL WEDDING DID LAST MONTH



Typically, I was a day too late for the first annual Love In held at the local park in Marrakesh, Morocco, on Christmas Eve, where hundreds of European/U S heads freaked out on acid punch and a potent repertoire of improvised narcotics, including Marjoon — walnuts and peanuts, honey, cream, coffee, yoghurt, chocolate, pomegranates and other mysterious substances compounded into a fudge with the leaves — not the buds — of the keif plant and which offers a stunningly faithful impersonation of old fashioned Western LSD. Some of the more voracious Christmas trippers developed de-hydration symptoms (incessant pissing) and landed in hospital where the very un-Florence Nightingale Berber nurses apparently proved an effective ant-acid.

This Love In was convened by Lee, who had published an open invitation in IT and had created a special passport stamp to commemorate the occasion, reading 'Brothers of Eternal Love'. Lee and I met as soon as my bags were unpacked and he took me immediately to his crash pad in the Mellah, the Jewish section of town which is renowned for its Kremlinists — unlike, as it turned out, Lee's residence.

Upon arrival Lee flourished a keif-filled Indian chilm, whereupon some of the inert cadavers who littered the crash pad floor came to, well not *life* exactly, but to a ghostly characture thereof, a state of befuddled vegetable life expectancy, as the water pipe was passed from communal hand to mouth. Cream's Wheels of Fire was on the cassette, but rotating wearily because the batteries in Marrakesh are from Shanghai, called White Elephant, and they are not joking. A friendly neighbourhood policeman called by to share the pipe and improve his English. Inger, a bald headed Swedish girl, sat in the corner mumbling and scratching. ("Shaving is the only way to get rid of head lice known" said Lee, who had wielded the scissors.) Mahommed, a westernised local, passed around the fried fish and bread. A Danish couple projected a light show on the ceiling, the usual confused homage to abstract expressionism, a quiet Australian wrote poetry in the corner. And so a pot cloud descended, within minutes of arrival, and all attempts at retrieving a few unstoned moments for the next few weeks proved fruitless. Which is as it should be. Staying cool in Marrakesh would be like Alice not falling down the hole.

It is said that 57 per cent of Moroccans officially smoke keif and certainly none of the other 43 per cent ever seem to show up in Marrakesh. A small packet (about three tablespoons) costs 2s. The ancient popeyed, grinning Merlin who sells candy to the kids on the way to school, distributes hash cookies in the Medina at twilight for 1s.8d. each. You can score blue cheer acid all the way from the West Coast for £1 per capsule. It is the most unparanoid drug scene this side of Kathmandu, although as I was leaving there were familiar rumours of Hippie purges. Some speculate on the home market by exporting keif stuffed camels, but cheques are difficult to clear in Marrakesh, even if the mail survives the Arab postal gauntlet. All my letters were either lost or opened by local postal authorities. (One last hazard: the girl at Poste Restante has an eccentric command of the alphabet.)

The great central square, Djmaa el Fna, is a combination market place, play ground, circus and freak show which rarely closes: percussionist families, snake charmers (the cobras are toothless but don't tell the fat rich tourist), magicians, mystics, shooting galleries, soup ladies, pin

heads, and the galloping clove-foot gentleman, who wears a saddle, whips himself and neighs. (Sometimes, I am told, he plays the carriage. . .)

In the market you can unearth rich velvet caftans, antique leather Berber satchels, gay striped blankets, the priceless jewelry now the rage of Paris, embroidered sandals, baskets and carpets. Or bathe, like you never have before, in a dark steamy dungeon under wooden buckets of hot and cold water, among writhing silent black bodies.

Mohammed found me a suspiciously cheap four-roomed Moroccan house, built around a tiled courtyard, with orange and lemon trees and sparrows. I traded a transistor radio for a table and settled down to work, but not for long. A friend warned us that the house had a crazy landlord attached, he was now in hospital but if he ever escaped our lives were in danger. We were further unnerved when the Arab lady upstairs began affixing great bars to our shared doorway.

Meanwhile, Lee kept calling to make sure I stayed high.

## Biographical Digression:

Lee is a prodigiously bearded lice-ridden dishevelled deserter from the American Way of Death, thirty-six years old, but looks older, from California. His philosophical change of life was ushered in with LSD. 'I first took acid when I was thirty-three and instantly became one of Sergeant Pepper's Band.' Before then, Lee had served with the United States Army in Korea; from where he returned home to marry an heiress. Marriage did not purge him of his life-long addiction to pederasty. He spent two years and much of his wife's money bribing himself out of goal after the first conviction. In the early sixties, when pot began to raise its head on United States campuses, Lee was a police informer. He was later converted after unexpectedly catching some of his best friends rolling joints. By 1967 he had discovered acid and he decided to drop out to Kathmandu, Nepal. The decision was not entirely unconnected with a scheduled court appearance in a few days time on another child molesting charge.

Lee arrived at Buddha's birth place with tons of money and a record player. He headed straight for the Blue Tibetan Coffee House, the appropriate H Q at the time, hooked up his machine and blew Sergeant Pepper to the Himalayan Sherpas and the stunned assembly of hippies (this was 1967, remember). Lee Pied Piped the entire Blue Tibetan clientele on to a passing tourist bus and headed far into the foothills. When the driver lost wind, Lee bought the bus on the spot and continued to the edges of Dhulikhel, nineteen miles away, where he discovered a paradisaical Himalayan hill top and established a commune. Lee equipped this with tents, sleeping bags and assorted camping gadgets.

After a few idyllic weeks, they were visited by the men from Reuters and the consequent publicity set up disastrous results, providing an apt parallel to the press's simultaneous corruption of Haight Ashbury. The commune was scattered by the usually docile Nepalese, Lee was arrested and frogmarched, hand-cuffed, through the Kathmandu streets from the Blue Tibetan to gaol. Where he spent 10 nights before being loaded aboard an outward bound flight . . .

Lee had lived in Morocco for a year and he lived by the absence of his stolen passport: 'I am the happiest man in the world without that document, the Poste Restante gives me my mail, the bank cashes

my cheques'. This last item has now petered down to \$10 or \$20 a month, from the \$500 bus-buying days, but Lee still gives it to down-and-outs with equal abandon. He somehow scrapes together enough money for a house, and he accommodates and feeds anyone who needs it. A sincere relic from Hippie land, Lee hasn't molested *anyone* since taking acid, much less little boys. He is warm friends with many Moroccans and a gifted guru to those passing through.

He knows the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Book of Tal, Sergeant Pepper virtually by heart, has renounced worldly possessions, uses water instead of Andrax and probably has the unhealthiest chromosomes this side of Timothy Leary. For some of his entourage the going is too tough. Three weeks after the Love In, Inger could still mouth only one sentence "I don't know", and the last I saw of her was twirling aboard the Casablanca bus with friends who were shipping her home to hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into a) the Paris, healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, drop out, artists, writers, stray Living Theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Hotel de France (7s. per night) huddling high around Beatleful cassettes: and

b) Vogue and gin upper class freak outs who orbit around Paul Getty's holiday house and sip coolness in the twilight shade of outdoor cafes.

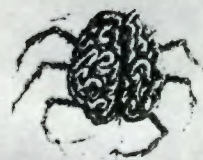
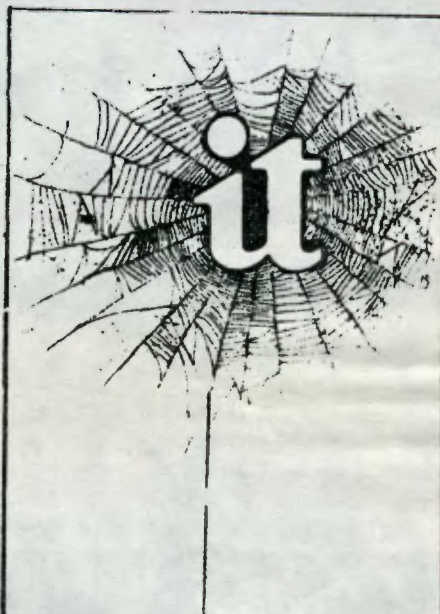
The Madman first came at 4 a m, hurling his empty wine bottles at the reinforced door, which happily did not give in (the only bad Arab is a drunken Arab, which is why alcohol, not keif, is discouraged, Mr Callaghan). Neil Phillips, (who wrote the scary Greek gaol piece in the last Oz) came to town and I quickly moved him in for protection. (Sorry about that, Neil.) Two exotic witches from the Hotel de France began feeding me with extraordinary hallucigens which they had extracted from a man called Ackmed from Tangier, who is famous for turning on Mick Jagger, among thousands of others. It was in the drugged haze of these last few days that countless clowns began popping out of the mirages. The blonde Texan lady who I had last seen naked inside the Albert Hall flowed into the courtyard one afternoon and giggled tumultuously. A soft gentle trio of Americans, Michael, John & Rick (who slept in a walnut factory) wove spells of magic and mystery. Breathless Bill Butler, of Brighton's Unicorn Bookshop, brought urgent and nonsensical gossip from London. A long time resident came with tales of local fuzz busts and warnings of mass deportations.

Finally, inevitably, on the last night, the madman slid silently into my courtyard while I was engrossed, with friends, in the ceiling shadow patterns projected by a paraffin heater. There was a brief struggle, which I lost, and he carried inside a whale-like Moroccan prostitute in a white petticoat and flamenco lipstick, then he proceeded to cunilinga in the court yard, much to the dreamy fascination of my stoned companions. I danced around like an epileptic faggot, ordering someone to go find the cavalry. Why was I so afraid? The madman was harmlessly exploring the bowels of his beauty, on my porch now, and offering extra portions of the house rent free if only I would turn up "zee moozic". His grinning maiden lumbered towards my petrified genitals, whereupon someone returned with a solo rescuer, who took one look at the chaos, boggled incredulously and fled. The madman

spotted some Western flesh and was anxious to barter. Perhaps we could have even reached a deal, but marjoon has a habit of making even the mundane sensational, so that this particular evening's not uneventful circumstances were rendered, to say the least, farcically incomprehensible. And this was just the prologue to a night rampant with insanity.

I know that the madman kicked in the door of a nearby travellers commune and that the police raided my house, leaving when no one opened the door. Lee strayed into the dream, somehow frightening a pregnant Moroccan, getting locked in a room and beaten by six outraged relatives. (Sorry about that, Lee.) Friends bundled us on to the Casablanca bus, the tambourine man pressed a hash cookie in my hand. The watch said four hours, but we knew the journey took ten minutes. Next we sat in a Paris transit lounge being laughed at by Jet Set stockbrokers, and woke up in London in bed with Marrakesh flue — something Alice never caught.

Richard Neville.



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